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ments is chiefly admitted in the distaste of honest. Nearly all political controversy, and a great part of literary criticism, is anonymous, although the names of the principal contributors to periodical literature may be known in a limited circle. Political journalists would on good reasons be disinclined to accept badges and ribbons from any Minister to whom they were not unusually devoted; but the most faithful admirers and eulogists of great statesmen would only incur ridicule if they accepted such a reward for their enthusiasm. The popular opinion of the vanity of authors is not without foundation; but the vast amount of knowledge and the quality of intellect which find anonymous expression prove that the English virtue of pride, shared by some members of the literary community. The same feeling gives effect to the prohibition against acceptance of foreign Orders, which is thought by Lord Houghton to be mere usurpation. Although no penalty attaches to the use of Continental stars and ribbons, decoration which is not recognized by the English Court or Government seems to most persons not worth displaying. To sentimentalists it may probably appear a melancholy truth that the aristocracy and the upper classes have a general share with Royalty the power of depreciating the value of all honours which imply no advancement in social position. Lord Stanhope would probably shrink from the duty of wearing the Grand Cross of the Literary Order; and it might also be conferred on Lord Houghton, or on the Duke of Argyll in consideration of his work on the Reign of Law. It would be difficult to find half-a-dozen other peers who have published as many volumes; and it unfortunately happens that distinctions which have no association with rank are generally regarded with indifference. The Americans, the first establishment of the Republic showed good sense and good sense in not importing outlandish orders and decorations, and though a human love of titles has in the United States found other vents, every citizen who of himself Honourable must have held some honorary distinction; even the humblest citizen has a compulsory distinction.

A considerable body of the Comte would have been argued that to bring him to trial in the most certain means of establishing his guilt. Since that time the degree of M. RANC's proceedings of the Commune has been pretty well ascertained. It is not denied that he was a member of the Commune only for the first ten days of its existence, or that he resigned his place in it as soon as it was finally committed to overt hostilities with Versailles. To insist on his prosecution, therefore, is to maintain that these facts alone constitute a *prima facie* case against him. It is impossible that a party which holds this view should ever live at peace with its political adversaries. The whole doctrine and practice of proscription is involved in it. M. RANC is blamed because he did not at once admit to himself that no compromise was possible between Versailles and Paris, because he wished to find some means of saving the great city which had just been captured by a foreign enemy from undergoing further humiliation at the hands of its own countrymen. He tried to do what, if he had succeeded in doing it, would probably have gained enthusiastic praise from many of the men who are now foremost in denouncing him. The lesson which every Radical will draw from this is that the most violent counsels are the safest. If to have tried to moderate a revolution is a crime against the State, the safest course is to do your best to secure the impunity which belongs to successful revolution. In the same way the Prefect of the Rhône is absolutely careless of distinctions between one kind of civil funeral and another. It may be that all M. Beulé's allegations against the Lyons Free-thinkers are well founded. Their object may, as he alleges, be not so much to clear their own consciences from the appearance of consenting in death to a religion which they rejected in life, as to annoy persons of different views by making the numbers of those who repudiate Christian burial appear very much larger than they are. But all this may be granted without the Prefect's decree being rendered any the more tolerable. M. DUCLOS does not pretend to draw any distinction between burials which have no other object than to annoy and irritate and burials which merely give honest expression to man's convictions. The funeral of M. LITTAÉ, Lyons, and the funeral of a choir boy whose father was from his father by the Association of the Lyons Free-thinkers, M. DUCLOS's statement of the facts is a full and complete answer to the charges.

in the morning. The party which applauds this decree proves by so doing that it is as ready to offer insults to its adversaries as it is to resent insults offered to its own religion. While it professes only to be anxious that no one shall be buried without Christian rites who has not deliberately rejected them, it really desires that the bodies of those who deliberately reject Christian burial shall be subjected to all the indignities which can conveniently be offered them.

When we see what things are possible under the Duke of BROGLIE's rule, we are more than ever disposed to regret M. THIERS's precipitancy in resigning office. What could the Assembly have done, supposing that he had chosen to take no notice of the vote of the 24th of May? There were two courses open to him, either of which would probably have paralysed any action that the majority might have attempted to take. Either he might have fallen back on his constitutional rights and dismissed his Ministers, taking care of course that their successors should be equally ready to carry out his policy and no other; or he might have pleaded his own anomalous position as an excuse for continuing to govern without a Parliamentary majority. When once it had been made clear that M. THIERS did not mean to yield to the Assembly, a reaction would have set in in the ranks of the majority which would probably have given him the victory in the next critical division. The fact that he was willing, while the majority was not willing, to appeal to the constituencies, would have been a sufficient answer to any sneers about personal government, since readiness to stand the ordeal of a general election is as good a test as can be found of the genuineness of a ruler's belief that his policy is acceptable to the mass of his countrymen. M. THIERS preferred to take a course which is formally more unimpeachable, but he has taken it at the cost of handing over France to the intrigues of an unscrupulous coalition. An adherence to constitutional formulae of which the consequences are so immediate and so obvious hardly rises above political pedantry.

WOMEN GRADUATES.

THE question respecting the rights of women to be instructed and obtain degrees in the sciences has just been decided by the University of Edinburgh, which has just been decided by the judges, has raised some questions general in principle. In June 1869 Miss JEX BAKE and some other ladies of such the Senate of the University asking the Senate to recommend to the University Court, the governing body of the University, to sanction the matriculation of women as medical students, and their admission to the usual examinations, separate classes being formed for their instruction. The Senate decided to recommend that women should be admitted as medical students, and in November the University Court resolved that women should be admitted to the study of medicine—that is, that instructions should be given in separate classes, which the medical professors were permitted to hold, and that they should be subject to the general regulations of the University as to matriculation, attendance on classes, and examinations. These regulations were approved by the Chancellor, and thus acquired all the validity which the University authorities could impart to them. Several ladies subsequently passed the preliminary examination, were duly matriculated, and completed the first half of the course of study required for graduation under recognized teachers. In October 1871 two of the ladies intimated that they wished to undergo the first professional examination for a degree, were examined, and duly passed. So far things had gone with them tolerably smoothly, but now their difficulties began. In order to complete the study requisite for a degree, they had to go through another set of attendances on professorial classes, and they discovered that some of the professors declined to make up separate classes for them to attend; and, independently of this, the Senate intimated to them that, in the opinion of its legal advisers, women could not be admitted to degrees, being disqualified by their sex. The ladies had recourse to law, and they asked that the University authorities should be ordered to ensure their having proper instruction, and that they should be declared entitled to have a degree conferred on them when they had fulfilled the ordinary conditions as to attendance at lectures and passing examinations. Lord GLENELG was the judge who had to decide the case in the Court of Session, and he decided that, as the ladies had been admitted under the regulations of the University Court,

they had a right to graduation if they could but get the necessary instruction; but then the Court had no means of making the University afford any instruction, except in separate classes, which the professors might hold or not as they pleased. Both parties were dissatisfied with the decision, although the ladies, so far as it went, claimed it as a victory. But, in the first place, it was inoperative, for it left their receiving the requisite instruction a mere matter of chance; and, secondly, it grounded their claim to graduation on the special circumstance of particular regulations having been issued. They wished that the case should rest on broader grounds, and accordingly, when the Senate appealed to the full Court, the ladies asserted that women were exactly on the same footing as men for all purposes of University instruction and graduation, and that not in medicine only, but in law and theology, and every other faculty, women had at common law a right to be matriculated, to attend the same classes with male students, and to receive their degrees in the same way. The Lord Justice GENERAL, being also Chancellor of the University, was made a party to the suit, and there were therefore only twelve judges to give their decisions. All these twelve judges are agreed in saying that women have at common law no right to demand to share the studies of men at Universities, and no right to demand degrees. Five of the twelve, of whom Lord Gifford is one, think that it was a mere matter within the option of the University to let women study and take degrees or not, but that the University of Edinburgh, having chosen to do so in the faculty of medicine, is bound to give degrees to women who can obtain the necessary instruction, although no legal means exist of ensuring that such instruction shall be given; and seven are of opinion that the whole course of the University, so far as it has hitherto pointed to the graduation of women, is illegal, and that no Scotch University can of its own authority admit women to degrees.

Much of the case was that of a purely local and temporary character, and turned on the effect of a particular set of regulations; and this part of the subject need not be pursued further, except that it may be remarked that the Senate, although it acted with a want of caution and consideration in permitting women to matriculate and go through the first steps necessary to a degree without having determined whether it could or would grant degrees, yet was clearly justified in submitting to a law the importance of which, whether for women or for the University, was not clear. No one doubts that not only an Act of Parliament, but that the Crown by a mere exercise of its prerogative, could empower the Universities to grant degrees to women; but the ladies argue that no such new power is necessary, and that the existing constitution of the Universities is such that women can claim just as much as men can to have degrees conferred on them. To establish or to refute this claim it was necessary to go far back into the history of the Universities, and the industry of counsel collected a very curious and interesting mass of materials bearing on the point. A printed case was delivered on each side, and both cases, and especially that for the Senate, were drawn with great skill and care, and will henceforth constitute very valuable documents for all interested in University questions. The University of Edinburgh was formed on the model of that of Glasgow, and that of Glasgow was formed on that of Bologna. Much curious antiquarian research was therefore bestowed on the question whether, under the constitution of the University of Bologna, women were admissible to degrees. That there have been instances, though very rare, of women being appointed to teach in the University of Bologna appears certain, and it may perhaps be admitted that women received degrees from the University. But it is not clear that any woman ever received a degree without the special injunction of the Pope or Emperor that she should receive a degree; and it is not disputed that the Crown may interpose its authority either on behalf of any one woman or of women generally. There is, however, no trustworthy evidence to show that any woman ever studied at Bologna and obtained a degree as the natural sequence of her studies. The Scotch judges did not rest their decisions on what had taken place at Bologna. It was by a reference to Scotch academical history and by the interpretations they put on that history that they were guided. It is incontestable that no woman has ever studied and graduated in a Scotch University. The custom of centuries runs entirely in one way. What is the interpretation to be put on this custom,

allowed to prosecute their studies for a long time, and then disappointed of receiving a degree, this natural expectation disappointed. It is not to be seen that women generally who wish to be doctors are under a great disadvantage which should be removed if possible. No woman is allowed by law to practise as a doctor unless she can obtain a degree from some University in the United Kingdom, or a qualifying licence from a medical association. These qualifying licences seem practically very hard for women to get, and in any case a woman doctor cannot compete on fair terms with a man if he is to be allowed to get a degree and she is not. As the degrees of foreign Universities are not recognized here, a woman cannot get a fair start as the law now stands, if she wishes to practise as a doctor occupying a clear and undeniable legal position. It is true that she is equally debarred from practising as a barrister or solicitor; but then society has for the present made up its mind that it will not have women barristers or women solicitors. The peculiar hardship under which women wishing to practise medicine suffer is that, while they find that society admits that they ought to be allowed to practise as doctors, and especially in branches of medicine relating to their own sex, they are kept out of the profession by rules requiring them to take a degree, while no University will give them a degree. The minority of the Scotch Judges seem to have been struck by this, and to have thought that a University might give them degrees, making such regulations as it might think proper for preventing the scandal of mixed classes. Nor does any one doubt that a charter from the Crown would remove all the difficulties in the way of the Scotch Universities granting degrees to women. The real question, therefore, is whether the Universities should be empowered to grant medical degrees to women. That they should be so empowered appears the simple, but is not, we think, the true, solution of the difficulty. Degrees must be given not only after examination but after instruction under authorized teachers; for otherwise the standard of the University would be lowered, and women would not really be placed on an equality with men, as no one would believe that a mere examination was as good a test as an examination coupled with a certificate of having received proper instruction. Women must be enabled to study medicine as well as to take a medical degree. But the teachers whose time is occupied in teaching men cannot be expected to go over all their work again for the benefit of a handful of

them when the Church Catechism is taught—or whether a new and otherwise unneeded school shall be built in order that they may learn to read and write in a room the atmosphere of which has never been polluted by the recitation of sectarian formularies. But the latter way has the merit of being in conformity with the facts, which the former has not. The clergy of the Church of England are not, in the sense which Mr. DALE attaches to the term, a priesthood at all. The instances in which there is any serious attempt to pervert the secular education of children into an instrument of underhand or overbearing proselytism may probably be counted on the fingers. As Mr. FORSTER told the Rochdale deputation on the same afternoon, it is strange, if such breaches of the law are matters of daily occurrence, that they are not reported to the Education Department, considering that there are thousands of persons all over the country watching the operation of the Act, with the view of finding out whether it is strictly obeyed in this particular. Before the Dissenters' case can be made out to the satisfaction of any reasonable politician, it must be shown that the conscience clause is after all a failure, that it does not protect the conscience of the parent, or prevent him from being virtually compelled or cajoled to let his child be taught a religion which he himself disbelieves. Show me a single case, says Mr. FORSTER, in which the law has been disobeyed, and I will take care that the Parliamentary grant is withdrawn from it. A school from which the Parliamentary grant had been withdrawn on this ground would cease to be a school conducted in accordance with the regulations contained in the 7th section of the Education Act, and consequently would cease to be a public elementary school. The 3rd Clause of the Amending Bill provides that the Guardians shall not make relief or allowance dependent on the child's attending any public elementary school other than such as may be selected by the parent; but this leaves them the right to refuse relief or allowance if the parent sends the child to a school which has ceased to be a public elementary school. Mr. DALE will hardly deny that if the "priesthood" are to have the elementary education of the young in their hands, subject to a rigid conscience clause, they can scarcely make very much of their opportunity. Unless there is something occult in the influence of reading, writing, and arithmetic when taught in the parson's school, the first step to carrying out the Ultramontane conspiracy is to defy or evade the rule which limits religious instruction to certain hours, and leaves it to the parent to decide whether his child shall attend school during those hours or remain away from it. The Nonconformist organization must be worth very little if it is unable to bring cases of such defiance or evasion to the knowledge of the Education Department.

self Honourable must have held compulsory clauses from the present Bill. A considerable section of the Conservatives would have made common cause with the discontented Liberals, and though it is probable that the Government would have been able to carry their scheme, it is still possible that they might have failed to do so. It is clear that, in the long run, compulsion would have lost more by being absolutely rejected, even if only for a time, than it will lose by further postponement. Again, assuming that a Bill making compulsion universal had been carried, under what circumstances would the experiment have been tried? It would have been tried in a time of great languor on the part of the Liberals, and of immense unwillingness on the part of the ratepayers to pay anything more than they pay already. Whatever had been the machinery by which compulsion was brought to bear, it would have involved a certain increase of local expenditure and a corresponding increase of local burdens. Instead, therefore, of compulsion being tried, as it is now, by School Boards who adopt it of their own free will, it would have been tried by School Boards distinctly hostile to the experiment. On the whole we believe that, in spite of these drawbacks, elementary education would have been a gainer by the assimilation of the English to the Scotch Act; but there was enough to be said on the other side to make the reluctance of Mr. FORSTER's colleagues intelligible, if not heroic.

The Dissenters' objection was very fully stated—it has never had to complain of any omissions in this respect—at the Westminster Palace Hotel on Tuesday. Mr. DALE has discovered that Mr. FORSTER is an agent in the great Ultramontane conspiracy which has its branches in every country in Europe. This may be regarded as a new and improved version of the Jesuit in Disguise argument. We are familiar with it as applied to Mr. GLADSTONE or as stated by Mr. WHALLEY; but there is some novelty in its application to Mr. FORSTER, and in its employment by a Liberal of real ability and otherwise of perfect sanity. The real question at issue, says Mr. DALE, is the question whether the priesthood shall have the elementary education of the young in their hands, or whether it shall be under national control. This is a far more imposing way of stating the dilemma than to say that the question is whether little TOM or HARRY shall be allowed to learn reading and writing at the parson's school—with full right reserved to their parents to withdraw

The philanthropic objection to the Bill is founded on the notion that contact with the Guardians, even though the payment received from them be called allowance and not relief, will tend to increase the number of paupers. To us this objection seems of so little weight that we only regret that the Bill does not go further, and call the allowance made to enable a parent to obey the law in the matter of educating his child by the same name as is given to the allowance made to enable a parent to obey the law in the matter of feeding his child. The real danger lies in the opposite direction. In Manchester, for example, there are something like four thousand children receiving education at the expense of the ratepayers. It can hardly be doubted that, if the parents of these children were ranked as paupers by reason of their children's schooling being paid for from this source, the great majority of them would find means to pay the school fees. Suppose that the parents of a hundred children were unable to do this and became paupers, which is the more dangerous alternative—that the parents of a hundred children should become actual paupers, or that the parents of four thousand children should learn to regard the community as bound in some undefined way to take the burden of educating their children off their shoulders? Why this lesson should be less injurious where educating children is concerned than where feeding and clothing children is concerned, is more than we can understand. No doubt it would be a melancholy thing to see a parent who had been making a valiant struggle against pauperism succumb under the added weight of a school fee. But is it a less melancholy thing to see a parent who has been making a valiant struggle against pauperism succumb under the burden of having to feed his child as

well as himself? The spectacle of a man sinking into pauperism through no fault of his own, is always a sad one; and if it is avoided in the former case by calling the payment made to him by the Guardians allowance instead of relief, what can be said against avoiding it by the same easy process in the latter case also?

The ratepayers' objection, which has inspired Mr. TORRENS to move the previous question, is the weakest of the four. Whatever other charges may hereafter be removed from the shoulders of the ratepayers and planted on the shoulders of the taxpayers, it is hardly possible that the cost of educating paupers or semi-paupers should be amongst them. The educational allowance provided for in the Bill is sufficiently near akin to other forms of poor relief to make it essential to subject it to the restriction involved in local collection. If the money wanted to pay the school fees for children whose parents are too poor to pay them is ever drawn from the national exchequer, a national poor rate, and its inevitable accompaniment, national bankruptcy, will not be far off. Of course Mr. TORRENS does not see this—the professed friends of the ratepayer rarely do see the consequences of their own proposals; but any one who takes the trouble to follow the arguments by which the previous question will be supported will see for himself that they have only to be carried a little further to bear the construction here put on them. In the interests of sound finance, as well as of elementary education, Mr. TORRENS's amendment ought to be visited with summary and decisive rejection.

LORD STANHOPE'S PROPOSED ORDER OF MERIT.

AS Lord STANHOPE's sympathy with men of letters is undoubtedly genuine, he may be congratulated on the failure of his proposal to create a literary order of knighthood. An affected superiority to external distinctions would be entitled to little respect; and the great majority of writers of books probably share the tastes and feelings of the class to which they generally belong. The comparative rarity of titles and decorations reconciles ordinary Englishmen to the unadorned condition which is their inevitable destiny; but those whom birth, or fortune, or official rank, or the mere reach of titular promotion, display for the moment, feel a natural indifference to the labels which find their superiority to their neighbours. The aristocratic institutions and customs of the country have produced more or less regular gradations of a society which is essentially one. Professional or official precedence is almost exclusively valued because it usually confers a certain social rank. Even civic knights enjoy a local superiority over envious rivals; and medical baronets, both in virtue of their wealth and of their personal distinction, take their natural place in the hereditary equestrian order. After the cession of the Ionian Islands, the order of St. Michael and St. George, previously confined to officials who had served in the Mediterranean, was converted into a mode of recognising the merits of eminent colonists; and the Government of the day took into consideration the means of giving lustre to the new distinction. Accordingly several eminent Englishmen who had at different times served in the Colonial Office were induced to lend their names to the order as decoys. Since that time the colonists have appreciated a title which they might have despised if it had been strictly confined to themselves. An Order of Merit would only indicate the opinion of the Crown or of the Minister of the day that the recipient had attained a certain standard of literary excellence. Although opinions are changing, English taste would still be offended by an official appraisal of the abilities and performances of scholars, historians, and novelists. There is no objection to the occasional bestowal of a title on an author, a painter, or an architect, but it would be inconvenient that a decoration and title should be claimed as a right on pain of resentment and dissatisfaction. The rank of a Knight Bachelor is not highly exalted, but an Academician who is knighted is so far on a level with an Attorney-General or a Judge. The comparative estimation of acquired and of hereditary rank is curiously illustrated by the privilege claimed by sons of peers of declining knighthood when they are promoted to legal or judicial offices. The Order of the Garter has for centuries retained its acknowledged pre-eminence because it has with undeviating consistency been bestowed as a reward of rank, and not of merit. If poets and novelists were made Knights of the Garter, there would be often a

appreciating its greatest achievements. Mr. DISNEY, himself a brilliant writer, has neither cultivated the society of his literary equals, nor indicated in his books any knowledge of their works. Lord PALMERSTON's great abilities were compatible with an amusing ignorance of books. The only literary judgment which he is known to have formed or borrowed was the whimsical proposition that SHAKESPEARE's plays were written by BACON. Sir ROBERT PEEL, though he was a scholar, anticipated Prince ALBERT in his habitual preference of science to literature. Lord PALMERSTON's contemptuous indifference to genius and merit was conspicuously illustrated by the pension which he bestowed on an illiterate buffoon who called himself poet-laureate to an African savage. Mr. GLADSTONE would dispense the favours of the Crown more justly; but there is no security for the competence or honesty of his successors.

Among the lower rank of authors, the definition of a literary man is a man who makes a livelihood by some kind of written composition. There is no reason why a great author should not maintain himself by his industry; but minor novelists, collectors of gossip, and even manufacturers of rhymed burlesques, form the bulk of the class which in former times derived its name from its supposed residence. The so-called literary community frequently affects a democratic contempt for the rank and titles which have hitherto seemed unattainable; but the creation of an Order of Literary Merit would produce among the minor votaries of the Muses painful excitement rather than supercilious indifference. A careless Minister would find it easier to decorate BAVIUS and MÆVIUS than to be incessantly pestered with their sarcasms and complaints. It would be necessary to extend the distinction to women, who probably now write the greater number of novels; and it must be confessed that the greatest living novelist is a woman. Even if the Crown, on the suggestion of the House of Lords, had created the Order, its value would in the first instance have depended entirely on the willingness of the principal living writers to imitate the self-sacrificing Knights of St. Michael and St. George. If Mr. TENNYSON, Mr. BROWNING, Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, Mr. DARWIN, Mr. FROUDE, and Mr. FREEMAN had declined the honour, Grub Street would have been ashamed to accept the leavings of Parnassus or Acadamus. Another class of writers, of whom some are deficient neither in ability nor in influence, would have been

ments is hardly omitted in the distaste of the hour. Nearly all political controversy, and almost all of literary criticism, is anonymous, although the names of some of the principal contributors to periodical literature may be known in a limited circle. Political journalists would for good reasons be disinclined to accept badges and ribbons from any Minister to whom they were not unusually devoted; and the most faithful admirers and eulogists of great statesmen would only incur ridicule if they accepted such a reward for their enthusiasm. The popular opinion of the vanity of authors is not without foundation; but the vast amount of knowledge and the quality of intellect which find anonymous expression prove that the English virtue of pride is shared by some members of the literary community. The same feeling gives effect to the prohibition against the acceptance of foreign Orders, which is thought by Lord HOUGHTON to be mere usurpation. Although no penalty attaches to the use of Continental stars and ribbons, a decoration which is not recognized by the English Court or Government seems to most persons not worth displaying. To sentimentalists it may probably appear a melancholy truth that the aristocracy and the upper classes in general share with Royalty the power of depreciating the value of all honours which imply no advancement in social position. Lord STANHOPE would probably not shrink from the duty of wearing the Grand Cross of the Literary Order; and it might also be conferred on Lord HOUGHTON, or on the Duke of ARGYLL in consideration of his work on the Reign of Law. It would be difficult to find half-a-dozen other peers who have published as many volumes; and it unfortunately happens that distinctions which have no association with rank are generally regarded with indifference. The Americans from the first establishment of the Republic showed good taste and good sense in not importing outlandish orders and decorations, and though a human love of titles has in the United States found other vents, every citizen who styles himself Honourable must have held some public function; every Colonel and Major has been connected with a military organization, and the innumerable Judges sit or have sat on the Bench. Insular conceit suggests that in England the happy mean has been attained. Knight-hoods of the Bath, of the Star of India, and of St. Michael and St. George are cheap and legitimate rewards for public service; and the Garter supplies the exceptional want of an object of desire and ambition to those who have nothing else on earth to which they can aspire. The distinctions which may from time to time be fitly conferred on men of letters ought not to be of a kind exclusively appropriated to themselves.

MARSHALL OF WEAVERHAM.

THE hitherto undistinguished name which heads this article has been brought into sudden publicity by the proceedings at the Eddisbury Petty Sessions last Monday. On Tuesday morning Mr. WILLIAM MARSHALL awoke and found himself famous. But local notoriety is not enough for a spirit hungering after distinction, and Mr. MARSHALL's exploits deserve to be known and appreciated beyond the narrow limits of his own neighbourhood. We will say with frankness that we are not going to praise him. It may be fairly doubted, however, whether he has sufficient intelligence to distinguish praise from blame. Judging from his amusements, he probably belongs to that unhappy class which is given to brutal sports because it is dull, and dull because wealth which it does not know how to use has raised it above the necessity of making a living by unskilled labour. The mere fact that he is talked about may minister to the soul of Mr. WILLIAM MARSHALL all the excitement that it needs. So far as the matter rests with us, this modest craving shall not go unsatisfied.

The 23rd of May last was a high holiday at Weaverham. For weeks beforehand Mr. MARSHALL's energies had been devoted to the organization of a Great International Cockfight. The nations represented were England and Ireland, and the battle was to be fought out in Mr. MARSHALL's harness-room. The birds were brought in early in the morning, and at three o'clock in the afternoon Mr. MARSHALL and his friends were beginning to taste the sweets which cruelty and gambling yield when combined in judicious proportion. At this point the police were announced by means of a horn blown by a scout. Mr. MARSHALL had seen all his doors and windows properly secured, and hoped perhaps to stand a siege for several

hours. Unfortunately his walls were not so high but that they could be scaled, and by this means the police made their way into the stable-yard. Mr. MARSHALL's friends were too modest to care about being known. The organizers of a Great International Cockfight ought to have been superior to such weakness, but the facts that they all objected to their names being taken down, and that two of them jumped over the wall and ran away in time to avoid recognition, make it clear that in this respect these heroes were only human. We must do Mr. MARSHALL the justice to say that he himself was far above feeling any shame in the matter. He had been warned by the Police Superintendent that everything was known, and that if he persisted in going on with the cockfight he would be interrupted. But his spirit only rose under opposition. His proud answer was, "I will give the police a 'run up' for it," meaning, as the Superintendent tamely translated the phrase, "that he would persist in the cockfight, and that the police must 'catch them if they could.'" This is the first aspect in which this disgraceful case calls for notice. Mr. MARSHALL and twenty-six other gentlemen, many of them said to "hold high position in the county," have not only broken the law, but broken it after formal warning. With what face can men of the upper classes talk of enforcing the law against the lower classes when they themselves persist in defying it? Here are a number of persons—gentlemen by courtesy—detected in treating the law with as much contempt as could have been shown it by the professedly criminal class. Indeed, if the professedly criminal class had the advantage of a previous warning, it would usually be better advised than to persevere in its designs. The inevitable lesson which the criminal class will draw from the facts is that Mr. MARSHALL and his friends are allied with them in spirit, however far they may be removed from them in circumstances—a lesson which, however just it may be, is not likely to increase their reverence for the existing state of society. It is clear that some alteration of the law is needed to meet cases where the offence is deliberately committed after warning given and received. It is not the same thing to break the law thoughtlessly, and to break it of set purpose and with the avowed intention of taking the consequences. This kind of temper should be met by making the consequences very much more serious than they otherwise would be.

So far we have treated the affair as simply a breach of the law committed by persons who ought to have known better. There is another aspect of it, however, in which Mr. WILLIAM MARSHALL comes out to still greater disadvantage. To defy the law must always be an act deserving high blame; but whereas there are some actions which are only censurable because they are forbidden by law, there are others which are disgusting and degrading in their own nature. Supposing that Mr. MARSHALL had been a poulterer or bird-catcher, and had been detected plucking live fowls or mutilating singing birds, he would have been justly punished for his cruelty. At Weaverham equal cruelty was done, not to make a livelihood, but to amuse men too incapable of finding amusement in anything except the infliction of pain. It is conceivable that simple cockfighting might be defended on the plea that game cocks will fight even when left to themselves, and that there is no cruelty in letting them indulge their natural taste for warfare. But how about the preparation which Mr. MARSHALL's victims had undergone? The account in the *Daily Telegraph* describes it in these terms:—"The natural spurs were cut off" to be replaced with steel spurs—"the body completely plucked, the throat shaved, and the head denuded of everything in the shape of feathers which would enable the opposing bird to obtain a hold and so stop the fight. Matters were so arranged that the only way in which the bird could escape was by winning the battle." And the *Times*' account describes the floor of the harness-room—before the fight, be it remembered—as "covered with feathers"; and says of a man named MATTHEW HARFORD, who had come in charge of the Irish cocks, that "his face was scratched, and that he was nearly covered with down and feathers"—pretty good evidence as to the nature of his employment for some time before. It is of no more use, of course, to argue with Mr. MARSHALL or his friends than it would be to argue with the aforesaid poulterer or bird-catcher. Indeed, of the two, the tradesman would probably better repay the process than the gentleman. There is only one way in which Mr. MARSHALL can be reached; and that, though he has escaped for the time, we sincerely trust may yet be brought

to bear upon him. As we understand the short accounts given in the London papers, Mr. MARSHALL was summoned before the Petty Sessions on the charge of "permitting or suffering a place to be used" for the purpose of cock-fighting; and for this offence, subject to the decision of a case which was asked for in the Court above, he was fined 10*l.*, which in his case is probably equivalent to no punishment at all. But the facts disclosed suggest that it may be practicable for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to proceed against him for aiding and abetting in the preliminary barbarities. The poulterer detected plucking fowls alive would in all probability be sent to prison without the option of a fine, though to him a fine might mean serious inconvenience. If Mr. MARSHALL can be convicted of ordering or sanctioning the plucking of fowls alive, there will be far more reason for sending him to prison than there would be in the case of the poulterer. The originator of a Great International Cockfight enjoys no doubt inherited wealth—it is pretty safe to say that he has not made it for himself—and to fine him is merely to make his pleasures more costly, and therefore perhaps more agreeable. It is not uncommon for a magistrate to tell a poor man who has been convicted of grossly ill-using some animal that the case cannot be adequately dealt with by a fine. We submit that Mr. WILLIAM MARSHALL'S is precisely a case of this sort. Nature has probably gifted him with a happy insensibility to everything but bodily inconvenience; and imprisonment with hard labour does entail bodily inconvenience. One element of prison discipline, however, we would willingly spare him. Instead of being subjected to solitary confinement, he should work out his sentence in company with the six-and-twenty other gentlemen of Cheshire—"many of them," it is said, "occupying high positions in the county"—whose names have not yet been made public, but to whom we promise their full share in Mr. MARSHALL'S honours whenever they are made public. If it is worth while to have a law against cruelty to animals, it is worth while to show that it is a law which is no respecter of persons.

THE SHAH AND SOCIETY.

THE Keighley Republican Club, we learn from the newspapers, has passed a resolution expressive of disapprobation at the reception accorded to the Shah. The Shah undoubtedly represents all that is opposed to Republicanism; covered with the results of unproductive labour, he must be the bugbear of political economists and Free-traders. Shah-worship is incompatible with the prospect of an enlightened democracy; the Club is disgusted, and perhaps the Keighley gentlemen who compose it have a dim consciousness that the enthusiasm displayed during the past fortnight will be ascribed by their opponents to the influence of that Conservative reaction which is paralyzing the country. On the accession to office of the Conservative party mutual concessions will be made between the Shah and Mr. Disraeli, affecting the exercise of the franchise, and all persons objecting to despotism will receive one hundred blows on the soles of their feet. In these days nothing can be done without a deep reason to account for it. An Eastern potentate could not be led by curiosity alone to pay England a visit; nor could the English populace take such an interest in him were not hidden motives at work. What the nature of some of these motives is, philosophy has not been behindhand in explaining to us; and a lively writer in the *Spectator* informs the world that the explanation of the popular desire to see the Shah is to be found in "the symbolizing craving of the idealist feeling." There is nothing which conveys an idea so clearly as the use of present participles, and this interpretation leaves but little to be desired.

London has certainly never had such a lion; and if the largest ballroom in St. James's Square could have advertised the appearance of Joan of Arc or Aspasia, Joanna Southcote or St. Paul, the anxiety to catch a glimpse of our illustrious visitor would have left the room empty. Rational conversation has been suspended; had the countryman waited until the stream of Shah-talk had run by, he would have waited to eternity, i.e. for the fortnight during which he had secured rooms at his hotel in Albemarle Street. Cynicism has been silent; there has been so much to do and so much to stare at, that there has been no leisure to criticize. Yet English society was not prepared for this visit by any extensive acquaintance with the kingdoms over which the Shah rules. There are human beings who, like Lord Pollington, have been to Teheran; there are others who have read the travels Lord Pollington published when he came back; but the great mass of people who thrust their heads between bars, climbed up lamp-posts, gesticulated out of windows, and paid ridiculous prices for reserved seats, had neither been to Teheran nor read *Half Round the Old World*. The diamonds no doubt have a great deal to do with it. Treasures, whether hidden or revealed, exercise the strongest effect upon the human imagination, and the realization of wealth

has a special influence over all. "An emperor in his night says Goldsmith, 'would not meet with half the respect emperor with a glittering crown.'" The interest felt in the Shah may be traced on all sides. Stories relating to the Shah have resounded in obscure country houses within a week after they were current in town. To see the Shah was the first and highest object of life, but the next has been to hear stories told about him. His name excites the ardour of provincial etymologists. Does he like this? what does he think of that? what English institution will he found first on his return home? or will he not hire some country house near London, send for one or two wives in deference to our habits, and take his seat in the House of Lords? We may suggest to intending lessors that, in case of any damage done, they will not obtain compensation from the Government, as Mr. Evelyn did in 1698, when the sum of 150*l.* was paid to him on account of the state in which his house was left by the Czar after his three months' visit to Wotton. Knave might be given up to the Shah pending the proceedings now being taken—an arrangement which would be sure to recommend itself to its reverend and noble owner. Our late visitor has seen all we have to show—our fleet, our soldiers, the resources of our State, the pleasures of our leisure hours, our country palaces, our well-dressed society. He has run through in a fortnight what many men might not see in the course of years. Sight-seeing has been made as easy to him as that most laborious of occupations can be made. All classes of the community have shown the same interest in him. Even the emankments past which the express trains hurried have been lined by men, women, and children, who surely must have entertained a hope that the Shah would prove himself a worthy descendant of pre-historic man, which himself out of his saloon, and run along the tops of the carriages until he reached the engine. Unfortunately he has behaved much as an English gentleman would behave, and has sadly disappointed the expectations of those who were ready to chronicle any reversion to an Eastern type. One newspaper expresses an anxiety to see his diary. This is a natural wish, and in order to calm the popular mind we give the following telegram, as one which suggests itself as bearing the impress of truth upon it:—"Light of my eyes and thirty-first favourite, I write this from the metropolis of a distant island, where the ruler, following the course always adopted upon similar occasions, has lent me her palace. I have been to Stafford House and the Zoological Gardens, and have seen all the different classes of which this great and thriving country is composed. I will explain to you on a subsequent occasion the different modes of manufacture in vogue in the chief towns, the details of the last census, and the statistics of the proportions between the male and female births, which I learnt from the Lord Mayor and other municipal functionaries, at various entertainments given to me. I am much pleased by the many ingenious contrivances to economize labour, and I have bought for you a curious piece of mechanism, a black bear which shakes its head in a most interesting manner. Everything is done to gratify my search for information. The populace, mindful of the policy which has always governed my actions, and aware of the improvements I have effected at home, has testified its enthusiastic sympathy with my visit. The affairs of this nation are conducted by two Houses, which deliberate in the capital. One is the House of Lords, which plays and watches a game called Polo, of great utility to the people. The other is the House of Commons, which I am informed has done nothing during the course of this year but dine last Saturday at Greenwich. I have been wholly unable to understand the nomenclature of political parties; but the Grand Vizier is at present engaged in the task, and a Select Committee of the House of Commons has been appointed to supply him with information. Among the many useful and admirable institutions of this country, this, though not to be compared with Madame Tussaud's Exhibition and the Crystal Palace, has especially struck me, and I shall introduce it on my return home, and thus be always able to moderate and check the inroads of democracy by referring its demands to the consideration of a Select Committee. Two of my suite will explain to you the working of the press, or the free expression of thoughtful opinion. They are at present engaged in mastering a popular work called *Magnoll's Questions*, by the study of which many of the Ministers of this country have risen to eminence, by following in whose enlightened steps I shall be enabled to reign over a happy population. Keep my slaves in order, and let two hundred be harnessed in remembrance of me. Adieu."

Such has been the impression produced upon the Shah, the cost of telegraphy having exercised a natural effect upon the diction itself. As the telegraph becomes more widely known, pleonasm and titles must die out, as nobody would in these practical days pay an extra guinea to be called King of Kings. We have already seen that it is in obedience to its symbolizing craving that the populace has been in a delirium of excitement during the Shah's visit. *Plus sapit vulgus, quia tantum quantum quis est sapit.* The reason of the welcome given to the Shah by the leisured classes is no less clear. Society is governed by the necessity of providing occupation for its unmarried members. Unmarried women form the majority of every household, and nothing checks their steady increase from decade to decade and from year to year. Food is plentiful; neither famines nor fevers decimate them; Malthus is not read. To the elder succeed the younger, equally healthy and good-natured, equally unable to "dress on 15*l.* a year as ladies." London has grown unmanageable. The number of persons who accept are out of all proportion to the number of those who give, nor does society sympathize with the difficulties and disappoint-

means of those who endeavour to provide for its amusement. It is therefore only natural that the mother of a large and increasing family should find her symbol in the Shah. Just as Dr. Primrose represented the quintessence of monogamy, so the Shah represents the polygamic element, and suggests the one conceivable method of providing for our surplus female population. The politician may see in him a firm ally, the financier the gain of new concessions, but the mother will dream of fresh woods and of untrodden pastures, where the younger members of her family may browse in peace. Let the sceptic go to a London breakfast. The road is lined with carriages containing three or four women in each. With the exception of two policemen not a man is to be seen. The host has gone out of town for the day, and the hostess is in the garden eating bread and honey under a tree; the lawn is covered with gowns displaying a combination of colours which even without the intervention of the Shah would make the season of 1873 a remarkable one. Mankind is represented by an author or an editor, four boys up for a cricket match, and a friend who is paying a visit. The men who ought to be there are spurring little ponies, or shooting pigeons—noble pursuits through which an outlet is found for that surplus of physical energy which we are told cannot be restrained, and which has made England what it is. If the day is a wet one the entertainment is turned into a tragedy. The rain drops through the leaves and the guests are obliged to crowd into drawing-rooms. There is a smell of wet clothes, a cry for carriages not forthcoming, as the coachmen have not finished their breakfast at the neighbouring public-house. Nor is the evening free from similar troubles. There are girls enough for twenty bulls, and men enough for two. Even, therefore, if three take place upon the same night, the consequences are disastrous to some one. There are perhaps twenty houses in London to which nearly everybody goes who has not some real excuse for absence, but the one we are speaking of does not belong to this category. At half-past eleven there are three little boys at the foot of the staircase, trying to look as if they had not been there half an hour, putting on their gloves for the tenth time, unknown to one another, and disregarding the entreaties of the hostess, who, having heard of their arrival, has sent a servant to implore them to come upstairs. The two ballrooms have about forty women in them, and three fathers who are on their way either to the House of Commons or their beds. Those well-known faces fulfilling the functions of ball-room signs, beaming with a settled placid instinct, have already secured their seats for the evening. By the side of each a daughter stands, just come out, wondering whether the one man she knows in London, fed with frequent dinners at her father's house, and who never fails her, will dance with her this evening. Her fate is to stand there. He has gone first to the ball where the Royalties are, and then to the one which has the best supper. The room's "untrampled floor" is very sticky, and at half-past twelve the host is angry, and commits the fatal mistake of imagining he has some jurisdiction in his own house. Thirty more men, it is true, have come; but six do not dance, and four are at supper with the one young married woman whom the hostess asked. At half-past two the ball is over, and chaperons wake from their dreams of Teheran, and to the fact that the world is vanity. Such are too frequently the results of an expenditure of three or four hundred pounds; redress is needed, and the Shah is its symbol. Among the stories lately current, in which we place full reliance in common with the others we have heard, is one to the effect that the Shah has not an ancient dowager in order to discuss the question in all its bearings. The interview was most satisfactory, and a concession was granted, which, though upsetting to some extent the present relations between the sexes, is likely to remove all the difficulties against which society has now to contend. When the terms of the concession are made public, we shall comment more fully upon them.

EVESHAM.

IT used to be the boast of poets that warriors and rulers owed their immortality to them. It is certain that, in the long run, the immortality of the poet outdoes that of the warrior and the ruler. The Avon—the Avon, that is, of Mid-England—is, as we all know, Shakespeare's Avon; it runs by Stratford; it passes under the east end of the choir where Shakespeare is buried. It would be only a few here and there to whom the name of the river would suggest the thought that it also flows by Evesham, and that it passes under the site of the mightier choir where once lay the mangled relics of Simon of Montfort. It may perhaps even be needful to remind some admirers of Sir John Pakington that they will find him no better than a will-o'-the-wisp, if they go to Evesham to seek for what he once assured the House of Commons that they would find there, "one of the most beautiful abbeys in England." Any one who goes to Evesham, hoping to find either a living minister like Tewkesbury or a dead one like Glastonbury, will certainly come away disappointed. But he will find the site, and recorded history will enable him easily to call up the appearance in times past, of a monastery which stood high even in the monastic land of the Illicene. Nowhere were ancient religious houses thicker on the ground than in Worcestershire and Gloucestershire. And nowhere have their material fabrics been more largely spared. And it is precisely because they were ancient foundations that they have largely been spared, and also that, where they have not been spared, they have for the most part been utterly swept away. Worcestershire and Gloucestershire were as distinctly a Benedictine land as Yorkshire was a Cistercian land. Bristol was

the only house of much importance which belonged to any of the later orders. Hence, as a rule, the monasteries of this district either were planted in towns which already existed, or, when they were planted in the wilderness, towns grew up around them. Hence they either survive as cathedral or parochial churches, or they are utterly swept away. Besides the mother church of Worcester, the minsters of Gloucester, Bristol, Tewkesbury, Pershore, the Malvern, and Deerhurst still remain, whole or in part, as the living churches of dioceses or parishes. Winchcombe, Kingswood, and, we must add, Evesham, have perished.

When the battle was fought in the House of Commons over the bodies of the boroughs of Wells and Evesham, and when Sir John Pakington's imagination ventured on the daring flight about the beautiful abbey, it might have been remarked that the wager of battle was a very fair one, inasmuch as the two disputants were towns of essentially the same class. Wells and Evesham, like Lichfield, Peterborough, and a crowd of others, are towns which grew up under the shadow of some great church. Wells grew up under the protection of its Bishops, Evesham under the protection of its Abbots. And this fact is not without a bearing on the great event which has made the name of Evesham more famous than the names of Pershore and Winchcombe. The battle of Evesham was fought at Evesham purely by accident. It was fought there because it was there that the armies happened to meet. Evesham was not a walled town, or a castle, or a point defensible in any other way, which a general like Earl Simon would have chosen of set purpose as his permanent head-quarters. It is quite certain that, had he had the choice, he would never have picked out the battle-ground of Evesham to fight on. He was on a march; the town and its abbey made a convenient night's halting-place on the march, but they did not supply a post which he meant to defend or could have defended. At a smaller place he might not have been tempted to halt; at a greater place he might have been tempted to stay longer. As it was, had the battle not happened when and where it did, the Earl would equally have left Evesham on the day after he reached it.

The monastery had its beginnings in the first years of the eighth century. The legend told how Egwine, Bishop of Worcester, going to Rome to defend himself against certain false charges, fastened his feet with iron fetters, and cast the key into the Avon, at an uninhabited spot where a peninsula was formed by a bend of the river which was then all covered with brambles and brushwood. The name of the place the Latin writer gives as *Hethoum*. A comparative mythologist will say that it is the ring of Polykrates over again, when the story goes on to say that the key was found inside a fish which Egwine bought for his dinner at Rome, whither he had somehow got with the fetters still on his feet. This was of course a sign that he might unlock his fetters, and he accordingly came back, cleared of all crime, to become the abbot of the spot where he had thrown the key into the Avon. Improvements were at first only of a temporal kind; he cleared out the peninsula and set sheep to feed in it. Perhaps however they mystically foreshadowed a spiritual flock, and, when a divine vision was vouchsafed to one of his shepherds—his name is given as *Force*, though the *es* looks not a little like the sign of the genitive—he began the foundation of a monastery, and, in honour of the seer, changed the name of the place to *Eofesham*. Thus arose the famous abbey of Evesham, and under its shadow the little town grew and threw out a suburb called Bengeworth, on the other side of the Avon beyond the bridge. Here a church was built by Leofric and Godgifu; and here, after the Norman Conquest, rose a castle, which it was the great exploit of an abbot of the middle of the twelfth century to destroy and turn its site into a churchyard. But the town itself, its ecclesiastical buildings, and its now grass-grown streets, are to be found within the original possession of Egwine, on the right bank of the Avon.

The fortunes of the abbey—as the house was for the most part, though it did not always escape the common fluctuation between monks and canons—are described at great length in the local history, and sometimes they come across, or rather mingle with, the general course of national affairs. Thus the Abbot Æthelwig, who was in possession at the time of the Norman Conquest, plays a considerable part in the history of those times; and, if we have our suspicions of a man who showed such consummate prudence as to be in equal favour with Edward, with Harold, and with William, they are at least balanced by the munificent charity which he showed to the victims of the great harrying of the shires to the north of him. As usual, the Bishops of Worcester and the Abbots of Evesham did not agree; and a great part of the monastic history is taken up with disputes between the two churches, sometimes about estates which were claimed by both, sometimes about the Bishop's right of visitation. We should remember, with regard to disputes on this latter head, that a visitation not only shocked the feeling of monastic independence, but was a costly burden to the monastery or other church that was visited. Synodals and procurations are the survivals of a state of things when the entertainment of the Bishop and his train was no small charge even on the revenues of a rich abbey like Evesham. The history of the abbey in the early part of the thirteenth century is most minutely and graphically told by Thomas of Marlborough, a monk of the house who rose through various stages of monastic office to the dignity of abbot. He has recorded the struggles, in which he himself bore a great part, which the monks had to wage at once against the alleged encroachments of the diocesan and against the more undoubted mischief of a most scandalous and oppressive abbot, Roger Norreys by name, who they complained had been

forced upon them by Archbishop Baldwin. The whole narrative of this time is one of our most striking bits of local history, and it is something more than local, for it rivals the adventures of Giraldus himself as a picture of the doings at the court of Rome. Meanwhile building was going on vigorously, and our descriptions enable us to call up a picture of the fallen minster almost as clearly as if it were there still. The ecclesiastical buildings of Evesham, not reckoning the present church of Bengeworth, form a group like those of Coventry, though whatever might have been the precedence against the two minsters, the surviving churches of Evesham certainly cannot venture to compare with those of Coventry. Two parish churches, not very remarkable, except for the singularly beautiful vaulted chapel of late work on the south side of one of them, lay to the north of the abbey church, which has altogether vanished. The churchyard is approached by a gateway on the north, containing fragments of Norman work, and by another to the east, over which rises, as at Bury St. Edmunds, a stately detached bell-tower, the work of the last abbot, Clement Litchfield. This tower stood near the north transept of the minster, whose eastern limb projected into the fields rising above the river and a small tributary stream which joins it at this point, while the nave ran parallel to the parish churches. The grouping of the bell-tower with the spires of the two churches is still a striking one, and when the great abbey church itself rose proudly above the river, it must have been one of the most striking to have been found anywhere. Nothing now remains except part of the entrance to the chapter-house; but large portions, including some of the bases of the great Norman columns, are oddly enough preserved in the grounds of a house at a little way from the town, near the actual scene of the battle. The church, which thus in a figure still remains, and of which careful digging would very likely lay bare the whole extent, was begun in the days of the Conqueror. Abbot Æthelwig laid by great savings of money for the purpose, and his successor, the first Norman abbot Walter, who held the abbey from 1077 to 1086, actually began the work. Now it is to be noted that the church which Æthelwig designed, and which Walter began, succeeded one which was built by the former abbot, Mannig, between 1044 and 1054, and which was finished and consecrated in the latter year. It is inconceivable that so recent a building could have been already ruinous, or that it could have been deemed unsightly on account of any change in architectural style. It is plain that at Evesham, as everywhere else, the Norman and Normanizing prelates despised and rebuilt the English churches simply on the ground of their small size, though the church of Mannig is itself described to be larger than that which went before it. Walter finished the eastern limb only in about the same time that it had taken Mannig to build his whole church. A later abbot, Maurice, between 1096 and 1122, built the chapter-house and other of the ecclesiastical buildings. His successor Reginald freed the abbey from the dangerous neighbourhood of some knightly houses, and thought of surrounding the town with a ditch. From this he was dissuaded by his uncle Milo, Earl of Hereford, who told him that, if the town were fortified, the King would most likely take it to himself. In this abbot's time (1122 to 1142) the nave was begun, but it was not finished till the days of Abbot Adam, who sat from 1160 to 1191. This slowness makes it almost certain that the nave of Mannig's church still survived, and was pulled down bit by bit. Then came the bad times of Roger Norreys; but even then the tower was built by the personal sacrifices of the monks themselves. This was a central tower over the choir; for a few years later, in 1207, it fell and damaged the presbytery, but the damage was repaired and the tower rebuilt. A little later the presbytery itself was furnished with towers, perhaps only turrets, and it seems that there was also a detached campanile, probably a forerunner of that which is still there. This was a work of the thirteenth century, and it could have been of no great age when Earl Simon's barber, Nicolas by name, climbed it to look at the approaching army.

The church was consecrated, along with so many other great churches, in 1239, and we are thus able to get a general notion of the appearance of the abbey and its appurtenances as they stood when they sheltered the patriot army on the night of August 3rd, 1265. The Earl came from Kempsey, where he crossed the Severn; that place was a manor of the see of Worcester, and the patriot Bishop, Walter of Cantelupe, accompanied the army. The march from Kempsey must have led them by the town and minster of Pershore, a minster more lucky than that of Evesham, in that a noble fragment of its fabric is still standing, but whose monks, unlike those of Worcester, Gloucester, Tewkesbury, and Evesham, have made no contributions to English history. The bend of the river must have caused the host to enter Evesham over the bridge by way of Bengeworth, with the east end of the minster, its massive Norman majesty but little changed by the completion of the towers in the earliest form of Gothic, rising in all its stateliness above them as they drew near. But the march was made in the evening, and it is for astronomers to tell us whether there is any chance of the pile having been lighted up to yet greater solemnity by a rising moon. At the moment of the Earl's coming the post of abbot was vacant. We always picture to ourselves a Benedictine Abbot as the ideal of a Don, as a Head of a College magnified to a colossal scale. The prudence of such a dignitary might perhaps have caused the Earl to receive a less hearty welcome than he met with from the patriotism of the monks. In the train of the deliverer even the Bishop of Worcester was welcome.

The next day, as the Earl was making ready to march to the relief of Kenilworth, came the surprise, the fight, the martyrdom. The banners of Edward and his followers must have been seen on the ridge of the low hills to the north of the town, which are crossed by the road to Alcester and Kenilworth. A point called Battle-well, near the turnpike, preserves the memory of the fight. But, as the enemy drew near from three points, as the patriots were disordered and scattered—the Welshmen especially flying and seeking shelter in the gardens with which the hill-sides seem already to have been covered—the fighting was probably spread over the whole ground between the town and the crest of the hills; and there is nothing like the ascertained site of the standard on the hill of Senlac to mark where the second champion of England fell. The day of the battle was one of storm and thunder, and it was deemed that the elements showed their sympathy for those who were dying in the good cause. The monks of the abbey, who had welcomed the host the evening before, were allowed to bury the bodies of the slain, and what was left of the Earl himself, within the choir of their minster. By the fate which seems to have been in store for all the heroes of English history, the destruction of the church has carried with it the destruction of the tomb, and we should now look in vain for any sign of the resting-place of Simon of Montfort as for the resting-place of Alfred, Edmund, Harold, or Waltheof.

HOSPITALS AND CHARITY.

THE little debate which took place in Committee on the Rating Bill on the question of exempting hospitals helps to bring out some of the difficulties of dealing with these institutions. It is quite true, on the one side, as was urged by Sir R. Baggallay and other members, that the hospitals do a great deal of the work which would otherwise fall on the workhouse, and so far they tend to diminish the rates. On the other hand, however, as long as they are exempted from rating, they increase the amount which ratepayers have to pay. Each parish has to raise a certain sum in order to cover its expenses, and if hospitals are exempted, then the other ratepayers are taxed so much the more. It is possible that the ground on which a hospital has been erected may have been previously occupied by some private person, who had of course to pay his share of the rates; but as soon as a hospital comes into the district, all the ratepayers are taxed on its account. Mr. Gladstone merely stated a simple fact when he said that the exemption of hospitals from rating was tantamount to a compulsory levy on the population for their support. No doubt hospitals are public institutions, working for the public welfare, but then they are doing public work in a private and irresponsible manner. The truth is that hospitals do not fit in very well with the present state of things. Formerly the hospitals had the field all to themselves; but the theory of the existing Poor Law system is that provision shall be made for sick paupers at the public expense. It would appear, therefore, either that provision is made twice over for the sick poor, first by the ratepayers, and next by private charity, or that the hospitals accommodate a different class from that provided for in the workhouse infirmaries. Of course there is nothing to prevent private persons starting any number of hospitals at their own expense, but that is a very different thing from imposing a compulsory tax on the community for their support. It is already in the power of the Guardians, with the sanction of the Local Government Board, to vote contributions to such institutions; but it would be equally absurd and unjust for Parliament to oblige a parish to subscribe to the maintenance of any hospital which chose to set itself up in that particular district, whether the ratepayers liked it or not. Nothing can be more preposterous than that the public should be taxed for the benefit of institutions which are conducted in an entirely irresponsible manner, and are absolutely independent of all public control. And this is really the weak point of the system on which hospitals are at present carried on. Except in so far as the subscribers exercise a fitful and imperfect influence, the administration of the hospitals is practically free from any kind of check or supervision. The School Board system probably indicates the future of the hospital system. Hospitals which seek assistance from the ratepayers must put themselves under the supervision of boards elected by the ratepayers.

There can be no difficulty in determining the conditions on which the public should be taxed for the support of hospitals; but even as regards private subscriptions, it may be questioned whether the present system of management is likely to improve under the influence of Hospital Sunday. Some disappointment has been expressed at the comparative smallness of the sum which was collected on that day, and it seems to be assumed that the object of the collections is one which everybody must approve, and that it is only a spirit of stinginess and illiberality which has prevented people from contributing more handsomely. It is by no means clear, however, that there is not room for grave doubts as to the expediency of the arrangement which has just been set on foot. For our own part, we have the most sincere and cordial sympathy with the various organizations for the relief of human misery which are to be benefited by the subscriptions of Hospital Sunday; and we are quite willing to admit that, on public grounds, it is desirable that they should be kept up in as efficient and flourishing a condition as possible. It is only because we are afraid that Hospital Sunday will be apt to have a prejudicial effect on these institutions that we have our doubts about the wisdom of going

on with it. We need not enter into the details of the arrangements connected with this appeal. The general result is that the public is appealed to on a certain day in behalf, not of any particular hospital, but of hospitals generally, and that the money thus obtained is divided among a large number of institutions in proportions which have been fixed beforehand by an irresponsible Committee. It is obvious that there must be at the outset a considerable difficulty as to the distribution of the money, and it is scarcely possible to lay down any satisfactory rule on the subject. It may be plausibly argued that a great establishment in capital working order, which is really doing a vast amount of good work, is entitled to a larger share of public support than a little struggling affair that has a difficulty in keeping itself alive from one year to another. Yet the argument might just as plausibly be turned the other way. It might very fairly be said that the great institution had had a good start, and could almost take care of itself, whereas the little one stood in need of special protection and assistance. It is not to be supposed that no new hospitals are ever required, or that old hospitals will always be fully adapted to the wants of the age. There must be fluctuations in these things as in everything else. But can the Hospitals Committee be trusted to take these fluctuations strictly into account in apportioning the money of benevolent people? Will there not be a danger of old-established influential institutions securing a majority of votes in the Committee, and consequently the lion's share of the subscriptions, to the comparative exclusion of smaller bodies, which may possibly be more deserving of assistance? Assuming, however, that all this part of the business can be satisfactorily arranged, there still remains the question whether the money thus collected and divided will reach the hospitals in the way most calculated to promote their efficiency.

Whether the hospitals will obtain a larger amount of subscriptions by a general appeal than by separate efforts on behalf of particular institutions, is a question which can be answered only by actual experience. In any case, it may be taken for granted that, if Hospital Sunday is once fairly established, a considerable sum will be collected every year, and the amount will tend to an average. In some years it will be a little more, and in other years it will be a little less, but the average of a series of years will doubtless be a sum which can almost be calculated beforehand. Thus the different hospitals will be able to reckon pretty safely on receiving in this form a regular annual revenue, and the money will come to them without any effort on their part, and will be given by people who are influenced by feelings of general benevolence, but who take no personal interest in any institution in particular. At present the hospitals stand in direct personal relations with the people who furnish them with subscriptions, or at least with the majority of them. As a rule, a man who subscribes to a particular hospital takes some interest in it. It may not be a very active interest. He may have no share in the management of it, nor even any means of directly influencing or controlling the managers. But he probably reads such reports as may be sent to him, and listens to what is said about it in general conversation, and perhaps he even goes so far as to make some inquiries on his own account. If he feels very strongly about any part of the administration, he has no difficulty in bringing his views before the managers, who will naturally feel bound to pay some attention to the representations of a good subscriber. In any case it may be assumed that, even if no actual communication takes place between managers and subscribers, the former have at least a pretty good indication of the feelings of the latter in the state of the subscription list. It is well-known that, even as it is, the administration of some of the hospitals is by no means satisfactory. They are too often conducted in an extravagant way. Vast sums are spent in brick and mortar, and the staff expenses absorb a large share of the revenues. There is also a good deal of carelessness as to the classes to whom charitable relief is granted. There is little or no inquiry as to the circumstances of the applicants, and there is reason to believe that a considerable number of persons who are perfectly able to pay for medical attendance obtain gratuitous treatment, simply because the managers of certain hospitals are chiefly concerned in keeping their hospitals going, without caring very much who are the people who get the benefit of them. The hospitals which are also medical schools have a twofold function. They are intended to provide for the relief of the sick poor, and to furnish professional instruction to medical students; and the latter of these two objects is, we suspect, that to which the greatest importance is sometimes attached. We imagine, however, that most persons who subscribe to a hospital do so for the sake rather of the patients than of the students; and that their idea is that they are helping to relieve distress, not to provide cheap education for professional men. There is no reason, as far as we can see, why the education of medical men should be made a matter of public charity; but one of the results of Hospital Sunday will certainly be to relieve the managers of hospitals which are in fact medical colleges more and more from whatever check is at present imposed on them by the desires of direct subscribers, and to secure them a regular annual income free from any conditions whatever. We have no wish to speak disrespectfully of the managers of hospitals; but of course they are only men like the rest of us, and, human nature being what it is, it may be doubted whether it is good for them, or for the institutions under their charge, that they should be released to this extent from the very small amount of responsibility and control to

which they are now subject. If, as the promoters of Hospital Sunday hope, the subscriptions of that day go on increasing, we shall see a large annual revenue handed over, without any sort of check or control, to an irresponsible body of administrators, who can deal with it just as they choose, and who may perhaps apply it to purposes very remote from those set forth in the homilies of the day. Each hospital, as long as it can manage to get a good proportion of its friends on the Distribution Committee, will get its fixed share of the money. The people who give the money will give, as the Scotchman swore, "at large," without caring for one institution a whit more than for another, and the body of subscribers which is now attached as a sort of supervising influence to each hospital will in a great degree be broken up. Those who have any acquaintance with the present administration of the hospitals will hardly be disposed to think it well that a check which requires to be strengthened should be practically abolished.

We suppose that most people will admit that loose, indiscriminate charity is a bad thing; but it is difficult to imagine a more perfect example of this sort of bastard benevolence than the subscriptions which are given, on an appeal from a chance clergyman, to a comprehensive group of charitable institutions, regarding the individual merits of which the preacher has nothing to say, and probably knows nothing, and in which the subscribers take no sort of personal interest, most of them probably being ignorant even of the names of the establishments to the support of which they are contributing. Charity, we are sometimes told, like mercy, is twice blessed, for it blesses those who give and those who receive; but it is doubtful whether charity bestowed in this comprehensive manner from motives of abstract benevolence or the impulses of fashion might not prove to be something very different from a blessing to both parties to the transaction. As far as the givers are concerned, there can hardly be a more spurious or mischievous form of charity than that which enables a man to settle accounts with his conscience by the payment of a few sovereigns or shillings in a lump sum, without being troubled to exercise his mind in any way as to the respective merits of different institutions or the comparative necessities of human suffering.

THE COBDEN CLUB.

THOSE masters of the ceremonies who showed the sights of England to the Shah made one grave omission, for they did not take him to the dinner of the Cobden Club. He has seen how we fight by sea and by land, how we lodge our sovereigns and our princes, how we dance, how we dispense civic hospitality, how we forge guns, and how we rule England and India by counting *francs* in the House of Commons. But there is one absolutely unique English institution which he has not seen, and that is an English political dinner. He has not seen the solemn feasts in which we combine rhetorical devotion to the name of an eminent public man or to a stirring political cause with an absolute devotion to the handiwork of the cook. He has not seen the marvellous dexterity with which we can do honour to a stern political economist, a hater of unproductive expenditure, by eating one of the biggest and most luxurious dinners that the culinary genius of this country can set on the table, or that its wealth can buy. The Shah will have gone away from England with a pitifully inadequate idea of her political, culinary, and rhetorical resources, because he has not been permitted to measure the combined forces which lie in a superficial respect for the memory of Cobden, a fanatical zeal for the ministrations of the kitchen, and a touching eagerness to follow Mr. T. B. Potter. Still we invite the intelligent gentlemen of his suite to cast a glance back to this marvellously British combination before they finally sink into the stagnant ways of the East. We assure them that they will miss a considerable part of our civilization if they do not give a place in their minds to the scene which they might have witnessed at Greenwich last Saturday.

An eminent political man dies, and forthwith his countrymen seek to do him honour. They utter eloquent praises in the legislative assembly which he influenced by his keen intellect and homely rhetoric. They set up statues of him in the public places. They half canonize him in biographies. They form a Club to keep alive the memory of his name, his good deeds, and his principles. Nor could the most puritanic criticism find grave fault with these phases of hero-worship. But the Club is found on examination to be such an institution as it has never entered into the heart of any other race of beings than Englishmen to conceive. It belongs to a typical series of English institutions, and it is the most remarkable of the series. The Pitt Club gave the great constitutional statesman the incense of Tory convivialities. The Fox Club gave the great leader of the Whig party the incense of equally fervent, and equally inarticulate, tributes to the grandeur of the universal history which began with 1688. But the possibilities of culinary and vinous adulation were not exhausted until the combined genius of the Reform Club and the kitchen brought into being the Cobden Club. The authors of the triumph had to overcome what might have seemed an insuperable barrier to the twin gratification of their appetites and their economical sympathies; for their hero had lived an unusually simple life. His wine-cellar was never famous for its bottled stores of the sunshine which falls on France and Portugal. He never gained a reputation either as a gourmand or as a giver of good dinners. In fact, he rather leaned to the austerities of the anchorite than to the luxuries of a sybaritic self-indulgence. Nevertheless, the

combined devotion of the Reform Club could think of no more appropriate homage to his memory than a yearly ritual which should be recited at Richmond or Greenwich by Mr. T. B. Potter, which should annually cost each worshipper three guineas, and which should praise Free-trade with the fervour of whitebait and champagne. For the sake of appearances, it is true, the devotees have also published three or four books to prove the wisdom of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest. They have put forth Mr. Cobden's own speeches in two handsome volumes. They have also published two volumes of essays which deal with economical subjects, and which represent what Mr. Cobden himself might have said if he had become a little bolder and a little duller. But these literary eccentricities cannot have cost more than a few shillings apiece, and the grand function of the annual three guineas is to fatten Free-trade by feeding the worshippers of Cobden. So the high priest of the ceremonies, Mr. T. B. Potter, arranges that they shall have what the Indians call a "big drink" in honour of Cobden and Free-trade before they go off to the moors.

The whole scene is typically and delightfully English in its grotesque oddity. A good dinner is a good thing, and it is only anchorites or pigs who can despise a good dinner at Greenwich on a cool summer evening, with the breeze from the river blowing into the windows of the banqueting-room; but, if we want such a luxury, let us take it manfully and openly instead of pretending that we eat our way through fifteen or twenty courses to show our devotion to the principles of economic science and to the memory of Mr. Cobden. The *Times*, it is true, kindly argues that the annual Cobden Club dinner may be used as a bait for drawing eminent Free-traders to England, and that they may thus be filled with an evangelical fervour for the propagation of the faith; but it is not easy to see how Mr. David Wells or M. Laveleye can have been filled with apostolic ardour for spreading the creed of Richard Cobden by the stimulus of turtle, whitebait, and Pommery *très sec*. They could profit, however, by the apostolic counsel of the Chairman, Mr. Milner Gibson, who is an old Corn Law leaguer. They had also the privilege of listening to Mr. Goschen, who has written a very puzzling book on the puzzling subject of foreign exchanges. They could likewise hope to gather counsel from the eloquence of Mr. T. B. Potter, who is supposed to sum up his economical tenets in the comprehensive clause that he who believeth not in Free-trade shall without doubt perish everlastingly. But we are very sorry for Mr. Wells and M. Laveleye if the Greenwich speeches are to furnish their most vivid memory of what Englishmen mean by Free-trade. Mr. Milner Gibson argued that the principle of Free-trade was unlimited competition, and hence that the Government was guilty of an economical heresy when it took the telegraphs into its own hands. It would be difficult to find a better specimen of the Manchester School Philistine. Mr. Gibson implies that Free-trade means unlimited competition; but unlimited competition between whom? Between individual men? If so, any company of traders is a corporate violation of Free-trade, for they restrict the possibilities of competition by massing together so much capital, and carrying on their business on so large a scale, that no single trader can enter the lists with them. The larger the company, the less are the possibilities of competition. And the tendency of our time is to fling trade more and more into the hands of large corporations, armed with enormous capital, and set in motion by a crowd of partners. Some of these corporations have got a kind of monopoly already. The Harings or the Rothschilds can beat smaller firms out of the market, and can exact their own terms within certain limits, because their enormous wealth enables them to command that certainty and that quickness of execution which may be all-important to a borrowing State. Mr. Gibson must believe the tendency of modern commerce to be essentially protectionist if he holds the principle of Free-trade to be violated by whatever lessens individual competition. And what does he say to the Bank of England, which is a glaring monopoly? What does he say to the London and Westminster Bank, which, although the fruit of competition, has gathered such power that no new joint-stock bank could hope to draw the same profits by offering the same terms? What, above all, does he think of such virtual monopolies as the Great Western, the London and North-Western, and the Great Northern Railways? We hardly suppose Mr. Gibson will say that there ought to be absolute "Free-trade" in railways. He would scarcely allow any set of adventurers to make a line from anywhere to anywhere. Even the great principle of unlimited competition would not soothe his nerves if half-a-dozen competing railways were to be run through his own property, and if his garden, his shrubbery, his park, his library, and his drawing-room were all to be handed over to an army of navvies. He would draw the line somewhere. He would admit that the State must exercise some control over the railway system for the sake of the public convenience—or, in other words, that it must create what is practically a monopoly in order to avoid worse evils. But the Manchester School has always denied that the State might reasonably do manufacturing or commercial work for the public, and Mr. Cobden's last speech in the House of Commons was a plea for the abolition of the Government dock-yards and arsenals, on the ground that their work could be more fitly done by private capitalists. The *reductio ad absurdum* of that principle was reached when Mr. Roebuck sarcastically suggested that tenders should have been invited for the work of capturing

Sebastopol, and that the Redan should have been taken by private contract. At all events the Government does a great deal of work which might probably be done more cheaply by private hands. The taxes might certainly be collected by private enterprise. The Post Office would of course go down in the whirlpool of unlimited competition. Nay, the system by which we regulate the succession to the throne is a glaring violation of Mr. Gibson's wholesome rule, for he must know many deserving young men who would gladly do the duties of the Prince of Wales for a mere trifle. Cobden's magnanimous offer to act as the King of England for three hundred pounds a year, and to pay his own cab-hire out of the modest stipend, showed a true appreciation of the Manchester gospel. We need not say that on the question of the purchase of railways by the State our practical conclusion is the same as Mr. Gibson's; but if such a measure were in itself feasible and desirable it would be absurd to object to it as being a violation of Free-trade. No such narrow definition of Free-trade was given by masters of political economy like Mr. Mill, who had looked at life and society far too broadly to let himself be blinded by such confused pedantry as that which drew forth the applause of the Cobden Club.

At the risk of shocking the members of that body, we must further ask whether Mr. Cobden is an idol who can be worshipped every year with profit. He was undoubtedly a very able and high-minded man, gifted in a wonderful degree with the qualities which draw forth the applause of counting-houses. He would have been the greatest statesman that England has ever seen, if England were nothing more than a great corn-exchange, and if the law and the prophets of legislation could be summed up in the maxim that we must buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. But he seemed to be smitten with intellectual barrenness as soon as he left the broad and definite ground of arithmetical proportions. He was constitutionally incapable of understanding any question which was complicated by the subtle forces of national sentiment, historical sympathy, or religious passion. His mind was too much like a logical machine, and it was too little guided by wide and generous sympathies, to give him a true insight into the deeper problems of his age. He would have been a consummate master of statcraft if men were exclusively governed by the rules of arithmetic; but he too often talked like a foreigner, or like a man who had nourished his instincts only on bills of lading, when he was dealing with these passions and those yearnings of nationalities which create the real difficulties of statesmanship. He had "the completeness of a limited mind," and also the barrenness. Hence he has left no seeds of quickening influence beyond the narrow province of Free-trade. We should not dream of going to his speeches for guidance when we went to deal with those menacing forces of socialism, democracy, and apostolic zeal alike for religion and anti-religion which are keeping the Continent in a turmoil, and which may yet disturb our own insular calm. His measuring wand and multiplication-table seem a triviality and an impertinence in the midst of these passions. Such a man may be an admirable guide when a nation is arranging its finances in a time of profound quiet, and when statesmanship does not rise far above the atmosphere of the counting-house; but he ceases to be a hero in a season of volcanic heat. With a less symmetrical mind than that of his fellow-worker, Mr. Bright is equipped with a far wider range of sympathies and a richer glow of passion; and hence he has a readier and more general sagacity. Mr. Cobden is the hero of middle-aged statisticians. His fascination does not extend to younger men who are forming their creed by the light of all the influences which are shaping this age, nor does it reach those older men who are the products of a wide and rich culture. Nevertheless, he was a very eminent Englishman, and we could wish to see his name more fitly honoured than by merely making it an excuse for eating the most luxurious dinner of the season.

THE ENGLISH LAKES.

WE doubt whether the ordinary tourist gets half as much pleasure from his tour as he would willingly cheat himself into the belief that he enjoys. Unless, indeed, restlessness and happiness go easily together, his pleasure must be rather limited. He is constantly oppressed with the feeling that that which he has hurried on to see must be seen with all despatch, for that which lies next along the road loudly calls for him. He is overcome with the dread lest on his return home he may be put to shame by being forced to own that there was one sight which he had not seen. Instead of consulting his own happiness, and doing each day what seems good in his own eyes, he has laid down a law for himself which must on no account be broken. He has fixed the number of miles he shall travel each day, and rather than break through his plan he will pass through the finest scenery in a fog. We have often sat watching for an hour together a long stream of tourists, and have felt how many there were who, for all the real happiness they were getting, were disquieting themselves in vain. Now, though we ourselves profess to have attained in the highest degree the art of enjoying a tour, yet this knowledge we did not arrive at in a day. We remember the time when we hurried up a mountain in order to hurry down it, and passed a view, as we passed a milestone, on our way to the next. We remember the time when we had scarcely arrived at our comfortable inn before we began to fear lest we should be too late in leaving it, and never stayed long enough in any one place to feel it in any way homely. We are still as fond of walking as ever, as

much as ever delight in all the rights we have as "commoners of air," but we can say in the words of Dr. Newman's beautiful poem,

I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

The time for autumn rambling is near at hand. Many a man weary with the din of this big world has his maps out in the evening, and forgets his long day's work in the excursion he hopes to take in August among the mountains. To those who do not value mountains as the old King of Prussia did his Guards, simply by their height, we would venture to give a few hints on the best way of seeing, and seeing with enjoyment, our own Lake district. We know that if we begin to talk of Cumberland to a member of the Alpine Club, he would impatiently reply,

Non omnes arbusta juvant humilesque myricæ.

We once indeed met a distinguished member of that illustrious fellowship who, having begun his education either at Winchester and New College, or at Eton and King's, and completed it on the top of the Jungfrau, naturally regarded the universe as an equilateral triangle, the three sides of which were formed by his school, his college, and the Alps, while he himself was the apex. There is this satisfaction for such as ourselves, that a race of mountaineers is rising who, having "done" the Caucasus, despise the Alps, while if we live a few years longer we may hope to hear the members of the Himalayan Club talk of the Matterhorn as an Alpine Club man talks of Scawfell. But there are many who do not care for excessive heights so long as they get mountain climbing, who ask only for wild scenery, and for solitude in which to enjoy it. Now the ordinary walker, we maintain, can get as much solitude in Cumberland as in Switzerland, and in a certain sense greater freedom. Any one who is a good walker, and who is at all able to use map and compass, can—unless perchance on the Scawfell range—go with thorough safety everywhere alone. We have in Switzerland constantly found our way barred by glaciers which we could not cross unaided. The passes where guides were not needed were often kept in by narrow limits, so that there was no escape from other tourists, or from the tormentors who with marmots, flowers, or horns, were anxious to get all our money. But in our Lake district there is nothing on the mountains to keep a man from striking to the right or to the left as he pleases. The range of cultivated land goes but a very short way up the hill-side, while there are no deer-prievers as in Scotland to shut up whole mountain ranges. The Lord of Ulva's Isle, by the way, with Lord Ullin's daughter would have had a bad chance at the present time, especially in the Braemar district, for while behind him "down the glen rode armed men," in front of him would be a band of keepers to stop him as a trespasser. But Cumberland lies open to everyone:—

Yet Nature's charms, its hills and woods,
The sweeping vales and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.

It is curious how, with such complete freedom as this, the tourist keeps as much in beaten tracks as the ants that cross a garden walk. They toil along on a hot day between the stone walls which too often enclose the roads, while on either side of them, high up on the hills, they might have struck out for themselves a path which would equally well bring them to their destination. While, therefore, parts of the Lake district are overcrowded, there is the deepest solitude to be found for those who will look for it. How often can one walk for six or eight hours together and see no one but the shepherd on the fell across the valley! To how many a mountain top can one climb, so long as one avoids Helvellyn, Skiddaw, and Scawfell, and never meet a soul. But no doubt a tourist requires to have a certain familiarity with a district before he can easily, when alone, find his way into all its hidden beauties. It is for this reason, we think, that so much more real pleasure is got by a long stay in one or two places than by flitting from spot to spot. But besides this, he gains that greatest of all enjoyments of scenery, the enjoyment which springs from knowing a view so well that one almost looks upon it as a friend. Perhaps the best head-quarters for a man who can walk well are Grasmere, Buttermere, and Wastdale Head. At each he might stay for weeks together and never grow weary. The "Prince of Wales" Hotel at Grasmere is all that an hotel should be; but often enough there is not a bed to be had. Let the tourist, if such he finds to be the case, order a room for as early a day as he can, and pass over Silver How by Meg's Gill, into Langdale, where he is sure of a room. For, however crowded Ambleside, Grasmere, and Keswick may be, there is always a clean bed to be found in the inns up the quiet valleys. If a tourist, as is often the case when he comes to the Lakes, is on his first mountain tour, he cannot do better than take Mackereth, the Grasmere guide, to give him a few lessons in mountaineering, and some notion of the way the ranges lie. If, however, he is already free of the hills, let him get a copy of *Jenkinson's Guide* (Stanford), and he will easily find his way. So carefully, indeed, is this work executed, that we see on turning to it that it not only gives the clearest directions for going from Grasmere by Meg's Gill into Langdale, but also for returning. The writers of guides often forget that the directions which will take a man right one way are altogether useless if he should happen to come the other way. Some who seek the quiet of the everlasting hills may find Grasmere too full of passing life for thorough enjoyment. But from no place can a greater variety of mountain walks be gained, and

gained in a few minutes. The tourist has not only Langdale within easy reach, but Easedale, with Codale, most solitary of tarns, and Sergeant Man, which commands a view as fine as its name is curious. He has Far Easedale, leading either to Wythburn, or higher up to Blea Tarn, almost as lonely as Codale, or by Grasmere Gill into Borrowdale. He has the range of which Helm Crag, "with the dark hollows of its crater-like summit," forms the glorious end; while on the other side of the valley he has Helvellyn, too much trodden to please us, the Giredale Pass, and, better still, Greenhead Gill, the scene of *Michael*, the most pathetic of all Wordsworth's poems. Along the side of this Gill, most rightly called Greenhead, he can gain the whole Fairfield range and the most unbroken solitude. While the neighbouring summit of Helvellyn is beset with noisy tourists, Fairfield and Rydal Head, though offering equally fine views, are deserted, for no one can say—the metre will not allow of it—I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Rydal Head. From the top of these mountains there is a descent into the solitary valleys leading on to the Kirkstone Pass. But in trying to reckon up all the walks that Grasmere affords, we may cry out with the poet "*quo fessum rapitis!*"

From Grasmere let our tourist, sending his luggage by coach, make his way to Buttermere either by Far Easedale, Borrowdale, and Honister, or by Langdale, Rossett Gill, Esk Hause, the pass between Great Gable and Green Gable, and so to the head of Buttermere. The little "Fish" Hotel at Buttermere he can make his headquarters, with ranges of hills around him as solitary as can be. If he has only seen Buttermere between eleven o'clock and four, the time when tourists most do congregate, he does not know how quiet a spot it is for the rest of the day. This part of each day he can spend on the mountains round, returning to a quiet dinner in the evening on the char or trout from Crummock Water. The ranges round Buttermere are rarely walked over, and yet there are few mountain walks that afford finer views than the narrow range of Red Pike, High Stile, and High Crag. The ridge is so narrow that on one side one looks down into Easedale Lake as one walks along and the valley of the Liza, and, on the other side, into the valley where Buttermere and Crummock Water lie. Let the wanderer climb up the ridge early in the day, with his lunch in his bag, and he will with pleasure watch the shadows travelling round the hills till the last rays of the sun striking on Great Gable warn him that it is time to scramble down the steep descent to Scarf Gap. He may be glad as he passes Gatesgarth to prepare himself for the way that still lies before him by a glass of milk at the farmhouse, with its name so pleasantly suggestive of Icelandic legends. Another day he can spend on Grasmere, with its sides all in ruins, and its grassy top; and another on Great Robinson and the Dale Head, while Honister and Great Gable will give him enough to do for a third. Easedale, too, lies within a pleasant walk, with its quiet little inn at the end, and its churchyard, the scene of Wordsworth's poem of *The Brothers*. Each evening after he has rested, if he is fortunate enough to have a moon, let him not forget to spend an hour or two on Crummock Water. This lake not only, in our opinion, surpasses all the other lakes for natural beauty and grandeur of scenery, but also, happily, it has its beauties still unmarred by the hand of man. Whatever arguments may be advanced for or against small holdings generally, it is an advantage to have some of our finest bits of scenery each in the hands of one owner who will watch over them as a lover over his mistress. There are no steamers on Crummock Water, and no yachts. There are no villas or imitation castles along its shore. Its shores are pretty much as they have ever been, and its beauty is "bright as on creation's day." The day will come, we fear, when each one of our lakes will become, like Windermere, a second Thames at Richmond. Happily we have still left to us Crummock Water, Easedale Lake, and Wast Water. From Buttermere our tourist can pass over to Wastdale Head, and in the quiet old farmhouse just below the Sty Head Pass he can spend with pleasure all the fine days of an ordinary Lake summer. But space fails us here, and we must leave Wastdale and its walks to some better opportunity.

The great drawback of the Lake district is no doubt the rainy weather, but rain loses half its terrors to a man who is not restless to hurry on. Any one travelling as we recommend him can walk as much as the best, and can have at the same time a change of clothes always at hand, and half-a-dozen of his favourite authors into the bargain. But, above all, he will stay long enough in each place to see it in all its changing beauties. He will know it when the sun is in the east and the shadows are thrown one way, and when the sun is in the west and the shadows are thrown the other way. He will have seen it too in all the drowsiness of the second or third hour after noon. What man who has been fortunate enough to have known from his boyhood some beautiful spot of ground, however small, but must feel that he is ever discovering in it fresh beauties; and shall a tourist who arrives at Grasmere or Buttermere, or Wast Water, tired and hungry, pretend to have seen it—lake, mountains, valley, and all—in the three or four hours that he divides between his meal and his view? Those who have the keenest enjoyment of scenery will be found to be like those who have the warmest friendships, in that their love is not widely spread.

THE ANTI-CONFESSIONAL MEETING.

THE meeting of Monday last at Exeter Hall will no doubt be trumpeted by the organs of the Church Association as a great success. The Hall was full, though not crowded, and the applause was so persistent and uproarious as to elicit a formal remonstrance from the secretary of some Society assembled in the room below, though it may be observed that a sturdy minority, who lost no opportunity of testifying their disagreement with the speakers, managed to hold their own throughout. But the meetings held to denounce the confessional, even when it is expressly announced that "there will be no immoral allusions," are always numerous and noisy, and the combined attractions of Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Newdegate—who stated that this was his first appearance at Exeter Hall—would alone command the enthusiasm of the No-Popery public. Moreover just at this moment the Bishops happen to be almost as "spicy" a subject—we believe that is the right word—as the confessional. There were, indeed, roughly speaking, two points that chiefly struck us in the tone of both speakers and audience. In the first place, one cannot help being impressed with the odd notions of reasoning which seem to prevail among this class of religionists. No well-informed and candid man, Roman Catholic or Protestant, will deny that the confessional is liable to grave abuse, and has before now been abused as well for immoral purposes as, far more frequently—especially under Jesuit auspices—for the indirect attainment of political or quasi-political power. This does not of course affect the theological merits of the question, or prove that confession is a bad thing; but it shows that it may be made a bad use of, and requires to be kept under strict control. Nor would it be difficult so to present the matter, by careful adjustment of some facts and considerations and omission of others, as to make out a very plausible case against the whole institution. But of this the speakers could not be expected to know anything. What does strike us as odd is that educated men should imagine that the constant reiteration of vague charges of "hideous bestiality" and "putting the priest in the place of God" can have the slightest tendency to convince any one who is not convinced already. Yet, with the exception of a running fire of abuse of the bishops and the Ritualists, and some ingenious attempts to prove that the form of absolution in the Prayer-Book is never meant to be used, being merely—as a friendly critic in the *Daily Telegraph* expressed it next day—"fossil remains," these were the topics on which speaker after speaker rung the changes. The second point that obtruded itself prominently on our notice, was the vehemently anti-episcopal tone of the Chairman and the meeting. Though Lord Shaftesbury drew down thunders of applause by comparing "the four hundred priests who signed the petition to Convocation"—they were everywhere else correctly described as 483—to the four hundred prophets of Jezebel, his repeated flings and sneers at the bishops were received with still more rapturous delight. His denunciation of the "mealy-mouthed" debates in the Upper House of Convocation on the "disgusting" petition which "they praised by faint condemnation"—instead of at once denouncing it as "a foul rag of Popery, stained with the pollution of the red lady of Babylon"—and of the "soothing syrup" of the Archbishop's letter to himself, and the significant allusion to the abolition of the episcopate or the removal of the bishops from the House of Lords, were among the most telling points of his lengthy discourse. When at the close he asked "Who was to blame for this attempt to pollute the Church of England?" the Hall resounded loud and long with cries of "The bishops!" and his final exclamation, "If the Church of England is faithless to the principles of the Reformation, let her go, and all the bishops with her," was received with applause, not inaptly reported as "tremendous." It was the same with the other speakers. Mr. Dallas Marston was severe on the bishops for not at once revoking the licences of all Ritualist curates, and met the obvious objection that it is unfair to punish curates for doing what cannot be prevented in incumbents, by the rather strange reply that "he maintained it was fair to Jesus Christ." Mr. Newdegate again made a great hit, by contrasting the "vigorous action" of Bishop Tait, in 1858, in suspending a London curate for hearing confessions (with the full sanction of the then Archbishop of Canterbury) with the apathy of Archbishop Tait and his successor in the See of London in 1873. Considering that the suspended curate is now comfortably settled in a Hampshire vicarage, and that the practice of confession is said to have alarmingly increased in the diocese of London during the last fifteen years, the inculpated prelates might perhaps rejoice that vigorous action had not proved as successful as could have been desired.

The meeting opened with a long and highly polemical prayer by Mr. Daniel Wilson, the matter and manner of which would have led ordinary hearers to suppose it was addressed in form, as well as in fact, rather to the audience than the Deity. At least it is difficult otherwise to account for its rhetorical and argumentative tone; but Mr. Wilson began by observing, "Before speaking to one another, we desire to speak to Thee." Then came Lord Shaftesbury's speech, of one hour's duration, which was the *chef-d'œuvre* of the evening. Of his savage attacks on the bishops and the "four hundred prophets of the groves" we have already spoken. But, in fact, more than half the speech consisted in an impeachment against the Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom his Lordship had been having a very unsatisfactory private correspondence, and his suffragans. The petition of the four hundred and eighty was "most preposterous, most inconceivable, most hateful," and "a positive scandal to Holy

Scripture"; if the rubric was in favour of confession, "what had the people to do with the rubrics? Let the rubrics go to the winds." No doubt "a rather large minority were in favour of these practices, but there were still seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal," and who apparently were quite ready to emulate Jehu's treatment of the Baal worshippers. His Lordship proceeded to explain "the nature of the sacrament of confession" by reading out the anathemas of the Council of Trent on those who deny it; and then came of course the staple authority made and provided for all such occasions, that "hideous" and "bestial" Latin work in ten volumes, far better known on the platform of Exeter Hall than anywhere else, the theology of Peter Dens. And who, asked the speaker triumphantly, gave that work his *imprimatur*? The late Archbishop Murray, "the most liberal and innocuous of Roman Catholic prelates." Now we never read a word of Peter Dens, and can quite believe that, like many medical treatises, it contains some very unpleasant matter. But we should like to ask Lord Shaftesbury "who gave his *imprimatur*?" to a little work which we found ourselves obliged to read, much to our discomfort, some years ago, not in Latin, nor in ten volumes, nor addressed to experts, but an English pamphlet of about one hundred pages, sold for a shilling, addressed to the general public, and hawked about the streets of London for some months—till it was suppressed under Lord Campbell's Act—for the edification of every schoolboy or schoolgirl who chose to invest in a more racy shilling's-worth of filth than Holywell Street could venture to offer. It purported to be a collection of the most "hideous bestialities" culled from Dens and other kindred works, and collated much on the plan of the *Epigrammata Obscena* at the end of the celebrated edition of Martial, with the further attraction of an English translation, sometimes both in prose and verse, and English notes of an indescribable kind. This edifying manual for penitents, called the *Confessional Unmasked*, was published and circulated by the "Protestant Electoral Union," and warmly defended by Mr. Whalley; some fifty thousand copies had been sold before it was suppressed. We cannot help thinking that Lord Shaftesbury, whose sincerity and personal character are above suspicion, might profitably look nearer home before he again attacks the "bestialities" of poor Peter Dens and Dr. Murray's *imprimatur*. From Dens his Lordship passed to a very different writer, who is, we believe, a professed unbeliever, but whom he apparently supposed to be, or to have been, a Roman Catholic priest. It was certainly amusing to hear a long extract read out from Michelet's work of thirty years ago, *Priests, Women, and Families*, as giving the testimony of a writer "who had the widest possible experience of the confessional," and still more amusing to find the audience improving on the strange hallucination of their chairman, and testifying by indignant cries of "Who's his bishop?" that they supposed M. Michelet to be an Anglican confessor describing his own sacerdotal functions. Whether his Lordship's final suggestion, which was apparently meant for a joke, that those who honestly believed in confession ought to be ready to submit to the "test" of appointing female confessors, was derived from Michelet, we cannot say, but its point is not obvious. Even if Christianity, like Paganism, had its priestesses, the most ardent apostle of woman's rights might well scruple to entrust such a delicate task to their hands. Lord Shaftesbury thought so too, for he said that in that case "every confessional box in England would be broken up for firewood in six weeks." Granted; but, we ask with trembling, has Exeter Hall adopted the Jesuit maxim that the end sanctifies the means?

Three Resolutions, all directed against the recent Ritualistic petition, were moved and seconded, but the keynote is struck in the first, which we reprint entire:—

1st.—"That this Meeting views with sorrow and indignation the Petition lately presented to the Upper House of Convocation by 483 Clergymen of the Church of England; regarding such Petition not only as a defiant proclamation of false and Romish doctrine and practice, but also as a most reprehensible attempt to undo the great work of our glorious Reformation, and to bring the Church of England into re-union with the Church of Rome."

It was moved by the Common Serjeant, Sir T. Chambers, chiefly known as the indefatigable patron of those love-lorn swains who are consumed with a hopeless passion for their wives' sisters. The bishops, as well as the Ritualists, had rather a bad quarter of an hour with him too; but his great point, which was supported by a quotation from Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's *Essay on Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity*, was that confession was a monstrous interference with individual liberty; on which we should merely observe with the old schoolmen, *distinguebuntur*. If confession is imposed by law, as was formerly the case in the Roman States and other Continental countries, the objection is pertinent enough; but how voluntary confession can be an interference with freedom of action it is hard to see, except on Mr. Froude's principle that true liberty consists not in governing yourself, but in being governed by good laws. Only, in that case, a Roman Catholic Government may fairly send all its subjects to confession. Mr. Dallas Marston, who seconded the Resolution, gave a rapid sketch of the growth of "the Catholic movement," which ought to be called Roman Catholic, during the last thirty-five years, and mourned over the declining influences of "grand saints like Hugh MacNeils." He considered, however, as we have seen, that Ritualist curates might be summarily disposed of, and an alteration of the law to facilitate the ejection of incumbents must be made a hustings question at the next election. But the Rev. J. Bardsley, who moved the next Resolution, can hardly have thought any change in the law necessary, for he insisted at great length

that Ritualist and Roman Catholic teaching on confession are identical, and that the existing Prayer-Book excludes everything of the kind. Mr. Newdegate, who followed him, advised an appeal to the common law. He thought Ritualist incumbents should be proceeded against for breach of contract, and also, if we rightly understood him, for conspiracy. And he warmly commended the noble example set by the Vestry of St. George's, Hanover Square, which had that morning presented an address against confession to the Bishop of London. We must confess to having ourselves been irresistibly reminded by this procedure of the Resolution passed in the Papal Aggression year by the Vestry of one of the smallest parishes in Exeter, "That the Vestry of St. Mary-Steps defies the Pope and the Devil;" and we cannot help fearing that the result will in either case prove about equally efficacious. To be sure the Churchwardens of St. George's had one very practical object in view, for Mr. Fleming paid the Bishop the dubious compliment of expressing a significant hope "that his lordship would give a proof of his sound Protestantism," which is therefore not beyond suspicion, "by appointing to the vacant incumbency of All Saints (Margaret Street) a sound Protestant clergyman." We know pretty well what Mr. Fleming means by "a sound Protestant," and he must know well enough that such an appointment as he suggests would break up the large and influential congregation of one of the finest modern churches in London. But then "the principles of our glorious Reformation" must be vindicated at all costs, and the first of those principles is private judgment—that is, of course, the private judgment of "sound Protestants," not of congregations addicted to what the St. George's Vestry call "objectionable ceremonies, and superstitious practices," and worst of all, to "auricular confession."

What answer precisely Mr. Gladstone may intend to give on Monday next to Lord Sandon's demand for the introduction of a Government measure to put down Ritualism we cannot venture to predict. That it will be sublimely oracular is what experience would lead us to expect. Nor can the Premier well be blamed if he shrinks from meddling with a theological controversy which the united wisdom of the episcopate has confessed itself powerless to solve. To most persons beyond the sacred precincts of Exeter Hall and Printing House Square, the fact has long since become familiar that the Church of England is divided into three parties, none of which could be expelled without imperilling the very existence of the Establishment. Lord Shaftesbury himself distinctly admits that the Ritualists are "a large minority," and this is even more than he ventures to claim for his own followers, when he compares them to the faithful remnant of "seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal." There is no need, however, for entering on a minute analysis of the relative numbers and strength of the rival sections of the Church. There are undoubtedly thousands of clergymen who never were a chasuble or waved a thurible who would raise a cry of *procurus ardet* if the Ritualists were to be forcibly ejected; and—what is still more important—they have a large and influential body of laymen at their back. Under these circumstances, it is not wonderful that the bishops, however favourably disposed, should hesitate to make themselves the tools of the Church Association. The "soothing syrup" of their utterances, as we have before now observed, is not a very dignified mixture, but the sort of theological Harvey which Lord Shaftesbury desires to substitute for it would hardly improve the hash. They will best consult both their dignity and their personal comfort by not barking too loud when they are not prepared to bite.

Meanwhile Mr. Newdegate has had another opportunity since Monday of coming forward as the champion of outraged Protestant liberties by moving for a fresh Commission of Inquiry into Monastic and Conventual institutions. There is, indeed, a closer connexion than may appear at first sight between the anti-confessional and the anti-conventual crusade. Convents and confession are alike abhorrent to the "sound Protestant," which is an excellent reason why he should keep clear of both the one and the other. But it is not equally obvious why those who conscientiously, however unreasonably, desire to confess their sins or take the veil should be precluded in the name of liberty of conscience from gratifying their wishes. The Commission of 1870 answered every reasonable purpose that could be alleged. One speaker on Wednesday paid Mr. Newdegate the ambiguous compliment of comparing him to Bismarck. But there is at least one important difference between them. Those who most bitterly condemn Prince Bismarck's "persecuting" policy will be the last to deny that it is thoroughgoing and effective, so far as such drastic methods can ever be expected to produce the desired effect. But the German Chancellor, while he strikes or persecutes those who are quite able to strike hard in return, and whom he professes to consider dangerous enemies of the State, would hardly condescend to an ignoble and profitless warfare with some hundreds of defenceless ladies, whose worst offence against society is that they have thought fit to leave it. Fortunately the House of Commons is a more impartial tribunal than Exeter Hall, and even the united eloquence of Mr. Newdegate and Mr. Whalley, who seems to have objected to any toleration of Roman Catholicism, failed to allure it into a stupid exhibition of injustice.

THE MILITARY OFFICER OF THE FUTURE.

UNDER the old system British officers, if not possessed of much book learning, nor profound students of the theory of war, were, as a rule to which there were few exceptions, fine, manly fellows, capital practical soldiers within the limits of

regimental duty, high-spirited, honourable, conscientious, generally well born, and almost invariably popular with their men. It is true that from want of inducements they were somewhat idle, and were apt to speak of professional work as a necessary evil, to be reduced by frequent leaves of absence as much as possible. They were not much given to troubling themselves about military science, for the natural reason that there were few instances of tangible profit having resulted from such an employment of their time. Off the parade ground, they were rather puzzled as to how they should handle their men, and, though tolerably well acquainted with the Field Exercise, were not very ready at adapting it to sudden emergencies, or modifying it to meet unforeseen circumstances. They were rather addicted also to self-indulgence and dandyism, till the rough conditions of a campaign forced them to adopt a more Spartan style of living; still, when necessity demanded, they could and did bear the severest privations cheerfully enough. Their favourite maxim, however, was that they should enjoy themselves as long as they had the means of doing so, and, when these were wanting, make the best of things. Always shirking uniform and getting away from the regiment whenever they could, they nevertheless were proud of their profession, and looked on the regiment as their home. In short, they were full of contradictions; for when things went smoothly, they never ceased grumbling, and, had they been quartered in Paradise, would have sworn they were bored to death, and that it was "a beastly hole"; yet, if they took the smooth ill, they put up with the rough in the most admirable manner. To outsiders they seemed to have few thoughts beyond racing, billiards, smoking, drinking, and dissipation generally, and to be a careless, not to say heartless, set. But, when really tested, they soon showed that they had been libelled. For unselfish devotion to comrades of all ranks, for gallant exposure of life whether in the battle-field or in the midst of an epidemic, for kindness and generosity to the poor and helpless, for conscientious performance of duty at any sacrifice, they were unequalled. The consequence was that, wherever British officers led, British soldiers followed; whatever British officers ordered, British soldiers promptly and cheerfully did, and the word of a British officer was acknowledged all over the world to be sacred and thoroughly trustworthy. He did, when in quarters, sometimes drink a little more than was good for him, but the excess was caused rather by sociability and hospitality than by a vulgar love of liquor. He was, when young, given to talk a good deal of nonsense about horses, and to affect a knowledge of the Turf, but he seldom was tainted by the mean vices which nowadays seem to be almost inseparable from racing. He was not a very intellectual gentleman, but he was a gentleman to the backbone, jealous alike of his own honour and that of the regiment. Another great characteristic of the British officer of what we may call his *camaraderie*. Every man who belonged to the same cloth was *primâ facie* a friend, and had a claim to his good offices; touch one, and the whole body of officers burst out into wrath. We speak of the British officer as he existed in the pre-Crimean days, but since then a great improvement has taken place. Drinking has gone out of fashion, swearing is, save in certain exalted places, no longer considered a mark of smartness, and essential to the securing of the proper performance of duty. Officers are now all fairly educated, while some are highly accomplished. The art of war is studied; not so much as it should be perhaps, but still the man who reads professional works and attends professional lectures is no longer an object of ridicule to his fellows. The mental vision has been trained to deal with cases for which no rules are to be found in the drill-book, and the British officer both thinks and writes rather more than is sometimes quite agreeable to his superiors. Without losing his old virtues, he has added new ones to those which he always possessed.

It is important to consider what change the recent revolution in military matters is likely to make in the character of our officers, for on this the efficiency of every army vitally depends. Most races can furnish good raw material for the rank and file, but the stuff out of which excellent officers are made is less frequently met with. The influence of good officers on an army is simply incalculable, and compensates for much that may be defective in other respects. Take our Indian sepoy, and contrast their conduct when fighting under the leadership of British officers with that which they displayed when, during the mutiny, their chiefs were of their own race. Compare the conduct of the ordinary Chinese troops with that of Gordon's ever victorious army. Without good officers the best army in the world will accomplish little; moreover, good officers are much more difficult to get than a fair rank and file. One great cause of the continual French defeats after Sedan was the scarcity of experienced leaders, and the chief explanation of the wonderful efficiency of the Prussian troops, notwithstanding their short term of service, is to be found in the excellence of their officers. If we hope to be able, in case of need, rapidly to expand our own army, we too must take care that the cadres comprise first-rate officers and non-commissioned officers, or expansion will only produce bulk without corresponding strength.

The question is, what constitutes a good officer? The answer is, that in addition to professional skill and experience, certain moral qualities and social circumstances are required. In this country at all events, it is essential that the majority of our officers should be men of the degree of gentleman. The British soldier, to use his own expression, "mortally hates" being commanded by a man who has risen from the ranks. The reason is not far to seek. Not only is the Englishman essentially aristocratic in his

feelings, but a gentleman, accustomed to the position of a superior, to possess authority and to be treated with respect, can usually be trusted not to abuse power or to assume an overbearing manner towards his inferiors. There is also a clannish feeling which makes men like to be commended by the sons or brothers of those who were the local magnates of their native districts. Then a man promoted from the ranks is often rough in his manner, endowed with the *fortiter in re* without the *suaviter in modo*. He is apt to be wanting in kindly consideration in trifles, and he not only knows too much, but wants the tact which would teach him when it would be wise to shut his eyes. The consequence is, he unintentionally harasses the men. Finally there is the men's natural jealousy of an officer who but a short time previously had been one of themselves. The best proof, moreover, that soldiers like to be commanded by men of good social status is that, whenever they wish to give the highest possible praise to an officer, they speak of him as "a perfect gentleman." Apart, however, from these considerations, it is not desirable that commissions should be extensively given to non-commissioned officers. The natural tendency of mankind is downwards, and it is to be feared that, if there were many promoted sergeants in a regiment, the tone of the whole body of officers would insensibly deteriorate. Fortunately there is little fear of any great influx of this class, for in peace time and out of India a commission is not regarded by non-commissioned officers as being really a prize. In dealing, therefore, with the question of the military officer of the future, we need not further trouble ourselves with that part of it which relates to promotion from the ranks.

Officers who entered under the old order of things seem to be anxious to quit the service as soon as their circumstances will permit them to do so. At the end of another ten years, therefore, it is probable that the large majority of regimental officers will consist of men who have obtained commissions under the new system of unrestricted competition. Now we should like the public to understand what this means; for hitherto, save in professional circles, the subject has attracted very little attention. Lord Vivian the other day, by a question asked by him in the House of Lords, caused a good deal of light to be unwittingly thrown on this point by the War Office authorities. It appears that, practically, almost any candidate not actually known to the police as an associate of felon very soon goes up for examination, and, if sufficiently crammed, will obtain a commission. Theoretically there is a check, but a little examination of its nature will show that it is quite delusive. According to the regulations, a candidate must present a certificate of good moral character from the clergyman of his last parish, or from the head of the college or school at which he has been educated during the two preceding years, or some other satisfactory proof that he is a well-behaved lad. But we all know that certificates, as a rule, may mean anything or nothing, and that clergymen, in their charity and fear of giving offence, will seldom refuse the moral voucher demanded of them, provided the asker wears a decent coat and is not a notorious evil liver. As to heads of schools or colleges, they can hardly, without stultifying themselves, decline to give a certificate to any youth whom they have thought sufficiently well behaved to be retained at their establishment. Many lads spend the year or two preceding the examination with a crammer, who generally troubles himself little with anything but their studies, and who is moreover in great measure dependent for pupils on the good word of those whom he has succeeded in getting through the ordeal. Then there is the case of the "other satisfactory proof of good moral character." We presume this means that the family doctor, any member of a recognized profession, a householder, or even a relation, provided that he does not bear the same name as the candidate, will be permitted to give testimony as to morality. But the chief difficulty lies in the impossibility of fixing any rigid standard of character, and in the ill results likely to ensue from allowing every one to set up his own standard. What is good moral character as relates to fitness to enter the army? An austere clergyman may say that the young gentleman is reputed to be not so particular as he should be in the selection of female associates. Sir Wilfrid Lawson would probably consider that a lad who drank wine habitually, and brandy and water occasionally, was disreputable. A man of the world would look on such practices as comparatively venial offences; and it is doubtful whether the authorities at the Horse Guards would think the worse of a young man for drinking, provided that he did not get drunk, or for licentiousness, if no public scandal had ensued. The other day six hundred candidates presented themselves for examination; consequently six hundred persons must have sent in certificates of good moral character, and it is probable that every one of the givers of those certificates entertained his own notions as to what good moral character is. We learn that out of the six hundred candidates two had previously been removed from the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, for misconduct. If unfit to be cadets, they were certainly not proper persons to receive commissions as officers; and the fact that two students who had been removed for misconduct should have been allowed to compete speaks ill for the efficiency of the check which the Horse Guards officials pretend to exercise. Lord Lansdowne said that it was in contemplation to require from every candidate a list of the schools at which he had been educated since the age of twelve, in order that, if inquiry was deemed necessary, it might be made. It will be observed that it is not asserted that inquiry will be made, but

only that it *may* be made in some undefined contingency which may or not arise. But the fact is that no inquiries carried out either in the present or in the proposed manner can be deemed satisfactory. With regard to the two cadets removed from Woolwich, the Duke of Cambridge says that their characters were certified as faultless. "Anything more perfect than they were represented to be could not be conceived." It is also to be remembered that even if a lad is full of respectability and mathematical formulas, it does not at all follow that he is fit to be an officer. An officer should possess other qualifications than merely all the talents and all the virtues. He may have strictly observed the Commandments from his youth up, he may write Greek like a native of ancient Athens, solve the most difficult problems of mathematics with the ease of a senior wrangler, and know by heart the names of all Queen Elizabeth's courtiers, and yet not be a person to whom it is desirable to give a commission. His temper may be atrocious, his manners those of a boor, his associates from childhood upwards of the lowest and most vulgar description; and yet, according to the present regulations, such a man can insist on being made an officer.

Unless some change be made, there is nothing to prevent the army from being inundated with a class of persons who may be "officers," but certainly will not be "gentlemen." What we want is not a collection of mere crammed bookworms, but men who, in addition to being well educated, possess those other qualities which have hitherto caused the name of British officer to be respected throughout the world. Of these there is, we doubt not, an ample supply to be obtained. The great increase of work, and the manner in which the army has lately been dealt with, may render rich men less anxious than formerly to enter the service; but there are plenty of gentlemen, poor, but of good birth, many of them the cadets of noble families, who might easily be induced to apply for commissions. These are the men whom Mr. Cardwell should seek to attract. He does not, however, seem to care for them, and certainly no endeavour is made, either by raising pay or lowering expenses, to enable them to indulge in that costly luxury called serving one's country. Indeed it is said that, while on the one hand the Secretary of War patronizes clever "cadts," on the other the Commander-in-Chief makes no secret of his intention not to reduce the expenses of military life, so as to make it possible to men who have not independent fortunes. Mr. Cardwell has also broken up the officer's home—his regiment; so that altogether our anticipations as to the British officer of the future are far from being cheerful.

STAGE RIGHT.

THE prevailing practice of dramatizing novels gives increasing importance to a branch of the law of copyright which may be conveniently distinguished as stage right. There is at this moment a case pending in the Court of Queen's Bench in which the plaintiff and defendant are owners of two plays founded on the same story. This story was published in *Good Words*, and the author afterwards dramatized the story, and sold the play thus constructed to the plaintiff, but he neither published nor acted it. A few years afterwards the defendant produced upon the stage a piece which the plaintiff alleged to be an infringement of his right. We will assume the existence of that similarity between the two plays which must be necessary to found the plaintiff's case. Indeed, if both the plays were derived from the same story, this similarity could hardly be avoided. The plaintiff's claim of right may be founded either upon statute or common law. But the language of the Act protecting dramatic literary property is hardly applicable to the case. An author who has composed, but not printed and published, a play, has by the Act the sole liberty of representing that play; and any person who represents, without the consent of the author, "any such production, or any part thereof, shall be liable to a penalty, which may be recovered in an action by the author. It is obvious that this enactment was directed to the ordinary case of a play which is performed at a theatre but not published. It would prevent the employment by a rival manager of a short-hand writer to take down the words of a new play, as has been sometimes attempted. But in the case before us the plaintiff could not say that the defendant had represented his play, because his play had never been performed. A later Act provides that the sole liberty of representing a dramatic piece shall be the property of the author for the same time as is by that Act fixed for the duration of copyright in books. But this Act also fails to reach the case. It could not be said that the plaintiff was the author of the piece represented by the defendant. Thus the matter stands upon statute law. The author of a recent treatise on Stage Right contends strongly for the existence of this right by common law, and he is able to produce a recent decision of an American Court in support of his own view of what the law ought to be. But the existing law, we must confess, falls considerably short of ideal perfection. It is lawful, although shabby, to dramatize a novel without asking the author's leave. This, indeed, was what was done in the case now under consideration. A tale was published in a periodical, and a playwright seized it and turned it into a drama. If this is generally lawful, why should it be made unlawful by the fact that the author had himself constructed an unpublished drama out of his tale? The course which novelists who are also dramatists ought to take for their own protection may be seen in the example of Mr. Wilkie Collins. A play called the *New Magdalen*, was produced under

his authority almost simultaneously with the completion of his novel under the same title. No rival dramatist can now utilize this novel, because, although some of his work may be different from that of Mr. Wilkie Collins, the bulk of it will necessarily be the same, and thus he will offend against the statutes passed for the protection of dramatic copyright.

This treatise on Stage Right contains an interesting collection of cases, among which we find *Murray v. Elliston*, which occurred before the above-mentioned statutes were passed. Lord Byron's tragedy of *Marino Faliero*, of which the copyright belonged to the plaintiff, had been abridged by curtailing the dialogues and soliloquies, and had been represented by the defendant at Drury Lane Theatre. The advertisements described it as Lord Byron's tragedy. It was held that, as the law then stood, the plaintiff was entitled to no redress. Among modern cases *Reade v. Conquest* is one of the most remarkable. The plaintiff complained that his novel *It is Never too Late to Mend* had been dramatized by the defendant, and performed at his theatre, and the decision was that no action could be maintained for the alleged injury. This case, like that last cited, shows that authors have by English law only those rights which some statute gives them. The notion of copyright or stage right at common law, however it may have been encouraged by judges formerly, has been rejected in modern decisions which appear conclusive. There was a second case of *Reade v. Conquest*, in which the plaintiff sued for an alleged infringement of his right in a drama called *Gold*, which was the novel *It is Never too Late to Mend* in a dramatic shape. It does not clearly appear from the report whether this drama had been performed or otherwise published, but we assume that it had been. The plaintiff succeeded in this action, although he had failed in the former. The defendant alleged that he had taken his play from the plaintiff's novel, and not from the plaintiff's play; but the Court said that "a very considerable part of the plaintiff's play had been represented by the defendant." Mr. Coryton, the author of *Stage Right*, suggests, if we understand him rightly, that the second of these cases of *Reade v. Conquest* overrules the first. But if he means this, we do not agree with him. If A publishes a novel, and B dramatizes that novel, and publishes the play thus constructed, it may be that the publication of the play is an infringement of the copyright of the novel. But if B merely performs his play upon the stage without publishing it as a book, he is not liable to an action. But if A has not only published a novel, but has also published or performed a play upon the same subject, and B performs a play upon that subject, it will not be open to B to say that he took his play from A's novel and not from A's play. The Court will answer, "You are performing A's play, and are therefore liable to an action." In the case which we mentioned as still pending, A wrote both novel and play, but the play never in any way saw the light. Then B constructed his play from the novel and acted it. If, besides acting the play, he had published it as a book, he would perhaps be liable to A for an infringement of his copyright, as suggested in *Reade v. Conquest*. But this question cannot arise in the action, because the plaintiff is not the author of the novel and play, but merely an assignee of the play.

We believe that Mr. Reade, besides litigating questions interesting to authors, rendered to his brethren the further service of inventing the term "stage right," which Mr. Coryton has adopted for the title of his treatise. He quotes a curious account of the methods of protection which were adopted before any statute preserving stage right was passed. It was always the interest of the proprietors of a play to keep it out of print. There were two kinds of authors, paid authors and sharing authors. It was not the sharing author's interest to print his play, and the paid author lost the right to print his. The sharing author's parental feeling made him print eventually, but only when the theatre had worn the play quite out. The sharing actors, whose vanity sided with their interest, held the bought plays tight, and kept them out of print with the keenest jealousy. They kept them under lock and key; they hid them; they destroyed them. When all their precautions were outwitted, as happened now and then by double MSS. or shorthand, they applied to some great officer of State to restrain the printing, or they bought the printer off, or they closed their stage-door to the author. Printing enabled other theatres to play their pieces. Thus, the better the play, the less likely were the sharers to let it escape into print. No poet's work, unless he was a sharer, was safe. If Shakespeare had sold his plays out and out to a theatre, we should have lost many of them. It has been calculated that at least two hundred good plays of other writers have been lost from this cause. The case of Macklin v. Richardson, decided in 1770, is interesting in this connexion. Macklin was the author of a farce called *Lone à la Mode*, which was played at various theatres with his permission. He never printed or published the farce. When the farce was over, he used to take back the copy from the prompter. The defendants, who were proprietors of a magazine, caused the words of the farce to be taken down in shorthand and published part of it. The Court of Chancery granted an injunction to restrain the publication. The defendants argued that the representation of the farce on the stage gave a right to any one of the audience to carry away what he could and make any use of it. But this argument was rejected by the Court, and it was pointed out that an author does not by performing a play lose his literary copyright therein. The practice of keeping successful plays unpublished has descended to our own time. Many of the plays of the last ten years have remained unpublished, but the loss thus sustained by our national literature is tolerable.

The case of *Hime v. Dale* was an action for printing the words of a song called "Abraham Newland." Lord Ellenborough was inclined to think that such a publication was not protected by the Copyright Act then existing, but only because the word "book" did not apply to a single sheet. Counsel for the defendant drew the attention of the Court to what he called the libellous nature of the song, which he contended was such as to disentitle it to the protection of the law in whatever shape it appeared. "It professed to be a panegyric upon money, but was really a gross libel upon the administration of justice." He relied upon the words:—

The world is inclined
To think justice blind,
Yet what of all that?
She will blink like a bat
At the sight of friend Abraham Newland.

We should explain that Abraham Newland was an officer of the Bank of England, whose name appeared upon the bank-notes of that period. The Court remarked that the same argument would have applied to the *Beggar's Opera*, which was "sufficiently derogatory to the administration of public justice." In *Bosey v. D'Almeida* it was held that the adoption of "a considerable and recognizable part" of a melody was an infringement of the composer's right. It was said that the defendant's publication was adapted for dancing only, and that some degree of art was needed for the purpose of so adapting it, and that but a small part of the merit belonged to the original composer. "It was a nice question," said Lord Lyndhurst, "what should be deemed such a modification of an original work as should absorb the merit of the original in the new composition." It is the air or melody which is the invention of the author, and which may be the subject of piracy. You commit a piracy if, by taking not a single bar but several, you incorporate in the new work that in which the whole merit of the invention consists. It must depend on whether the air taken is substantially the same as the original. The original air requires the aid of genius for its construction, but a mere mechanic in music can make the adaptation or accompaniment. Returning to the case of plays, it may be remarked that a close adherence to the plaintiff's plot, with colourable variations only in the dialogue, names of characters, and scenes, would constitute piracy in the defendant. But the Court would hardly interfere if only the outline of the plot, however ingenious, were taken. This remark, which we borrow from Mr. Coryton, may perhaps be questioned, but it could not be thoroughly tested until some dramatist produces an entirely original plot, which perhaps is not very likely to occur. We all know that of the plays of Shakespeare there is hardly one of which the plot is not taken from a story already existing. "Servile copying," even of parts of a work, has been held in several cases to constitute piracy. An eminent judge has said that the test is, "Whether you find on the part of the defendant an *avowed* *faute*—an intention to take for the purpose of saving himself labour."

This little book contains both useful law and curious reading. If we think that the author's zeal for justice sometimes carries him a little beyond the strict letter of the decisions which he quotes, it is impossible not to sympathize with his desire to obtain the fullest means of protection for literary work. The subject is likely to continue to attract attention, as the conflict between novelists and dramatists will hardly be settled without further litigation.

REVIEWS.

THE FIRST LORD KENYON.*

LORD KENYON'S Life has been already told twice, with much fullness, and with a generally correct appreciation. There is a Life of him by Mr. W. C. Townsend, a diligent, fair, and able biographer, published in 1846 in the *Lives of Twelve Eminent Judges of the Last and Present Centuries*, of which Lord Kenyon's present biographer speaks well; and there is a second biography by John, Lord Campbell, which Mr. Kenyon complains of, and complains of, we think, without reason. Any Life bearing Lord Campbell's name would not be Lord Campbell's if it did not contain a certain quantity of oily twaddle and savoury innuendo; but in the case of Lord Kenyon praise really more than balances censure, and Lord Campbell cannot be justly accused of under-rating Lord Kenyon's merits. Lord Campbell's Life indeed is taken almost bodily from Mr. Townsend's, which makes Mr. Kenyon's dissatisfaction with Lord Campbell and perfect satisfaction with Mr. Townsend more singular; but the aggravations of Lord Campbell's more spicy style probably explain the difference. Lord Kenyon was a good man, moral and pious, and he was a learned lawyer, without cultivation or philosophy, and as a politician he was not only of mediocre ability, but also a very narrow-minded bigot. Mr. Kenyon, the present biographer, a feeble writer, seems to have fair intentions; but a relative is necessarily biased, and there are parts of Lord Kenyon's character—his parsimony, his strong temper, and his blundering in English and in Latin, which he was foolishly fond of inappropriately quoting on the Bench—on which Lord Campbell, following Mr. Townsend, amusingly expatiates, and on which Mr. Kenyon is naturally re-

* *The Life of Lloyd, First Lord Kenyon, Lord Chief Justice of England.* By the Hon. George T. Kenyon, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford. With Portraits. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

served. Lord Campbell's is certainly the truer sketch. For the bulk of his Life he has been indebted to Mr. Townsend, the results of whose industry he has freely appropriated; and it follows that the Life of Kenyon is generally free from such inaccuracies as abound in other of his Lives, chiefly Lives of earlier Judges. There is only one inaccuracy of any consequence with which Mr. Kenyon charges him, and in this instance Mr. Kenyon does not make out his case. The Dean of St. Asaph, Dr. Shipley, was indicted by Mr. Fitzmaurice for publication of a libel which was a political and constitutional tract, written by Sir William Jones, the great Oriental scholar, then lately appointed an Indian judge. Such a prosecution in these days would be considered ridiculous and monstrous. The case came before Kenyon, as Chief Justice of Chester, in 1783. Erskine was brought special as counsel for the Dean:—

The Dean of St. Asaph [we quote Lord Campbell] made an affidavit, showing that the supposed libel, which was a very harmless explanation of the principles of representative government, had been written by Sir William Jones, and that the prosecution was maliciously instituted by an individual, after the Government, by advice of the Attorney and Solicitor Generals (Mr. Wallace and Mr. Lee), had refused to prosecute. The Chief Justice professed great respect for Mr. Wallace, with whom he had several times exchanged the office of Attorney-General; but was highly offended by his opinion being stated that the "Dialogue" was not a libel.

Mr. Kenyon refers to and finds fault with this as "Lord Campbell's assertion that Mr. Wallace was of opinion that the publication was not a libel." Lord Campbell does not give his own opinion, but relates a statement made in Court; and as to the statement in Court, it would have had much plausibility even if it were not strictly accurate; the fact being that the law officers had declined to prosecute, and there being in Lord Kenyon's possession the following letter from Wallace, now published by Lord Kenyon's descendant, which the same descendant regards as inconsistent with the statement he attributes to Lord Campbell. But is it so inconsistent? Mr. Kenyon, whose nature is fair and temperate, introduces this letter with a statement of his own which goes far towards annihilating inaccuracy in the statement which Lord Campbell simply reports:—

The Government declined to move in the matter, but Mr. Wallace seems rather to have inclined to the opinion that there was ground enough to warrant a prosecution, though he could not advise the Government to undertake it.

James Wallace, Esq., to Lloyd Kenyon, Esq.

July 31, 1783.

Dear Kenyon,—I was in hopes to have seen you before you went on your circuit, but it is now impossible, as I am this moment sitting out for Margate. I have sent you the copy of the indictment. Lee and I could not join in a report. We thought the publication too vague to admit of the construction imputed to it. I thought it calculated to incite the people to ~~disrespect of public grounds~~—however, I gave no opinion upon that, as I thought it an improper thing to take the prosecution out of the hands of Mr. Fitzmaurice.

I am, ever yours,

JAS. WALLACE.

In this trial Kenyon showed a strong bias against the defendant, and that political bigotry which was a bad part of his character, and animated many of his later judgments when he was Chief Justice of England; and there is an advantage in Lord Campbell's Life, which in this case, as in others, goes a long way to compensate for his biographical vagaries and inaccuracies, that he criticizes with authority, as a Liberal judge and a sound constitutional lawyer, Lord Kenyon's prejudices and peditaries.

An important and interesting chapter in this book is devoted to the question of Lord Thurlow's conduct in 1789 about the Regency Bill, when King George III. was first taken ill. Lord Thurlow's great friendship for Kenyon quite justifies the biographer's digression, and Mr. Kenyon is able to supply some new interesting data for discussion from Lord Kenyon's diary, and from a correspondence of Lord Kenyon's son, the last Lord, with Lord Holland, the nephew of Charles Fox, and himself an honoured statesman. Thurlow was Pitt's Lord Chancellor when the King's illness rendered it necessary to take thought of a Regency. The Prince of Wales, closely allied with the Whigs under Fox's leadership, desired to become Regent as of right, and without any restrictions. It seemed inevitable that, on the coming of power into the Prince's hands, he would make a new Ministry of Whigs. The Whigs, advised by Lord Loughborough, who looked to the Lord Chancellorship in the expected Whig Administration, espoused the Prince of Wales's views as to the Regency. The Prince earnestly desired the support of Thurlow, and hoped and expected to gain it by a promise to make him Lord Chancellor. Fox, who was out of England when the King's illness began, and found on arriving in London the Prince's mind made up as to an endeavour to gain Thurlow and sacrifice Loughborough, went into the plan with undisguised aversion. There is no proof that Fox went so far as to make a formal offer to Thurlow; there is certainly none that Thurlow formally accepted any offer, and all the circumstances go to show that he did not. The intrigue begins with a published letter of November 9, 1789, of Mr. Payne (stupidly called Captain Itayna by Lord Campbell in his Life of Thurlow, but when he came to write Lord Loughborough's Life, he got the right name), Private Secretary of the Prince of Wales, addressed to Lord Loughborough. Sheridan, in Fox's absence, entered into the scheme, but expressed in a letter to Lord Loughborough of November 12 great dissatisfaction with Mr. Payne's officiousness. Nothing was done till Fox returned on November 24. Fox then made up his mind to ask Lord Loughborough to waive his claims in favour of Thurlow. "I have swallowed the pill,"

he wrote to Sheridan; "a most bitter one it was, and have written to Lord L., whose answer of course must be *consent*. What is to be done next?" He wrote to Lord Loughborough, and the answer is a reluctant consent. Parliament met, after an adjournment settled before the King's illness began, on December 11. Thurlow then acted with his colleagues. There are some published letters of the interval, one from Lord Loughborough to Sheridan, a letter from Loughborough to Thurlow and Thurlow's reply (this reply now published for the first time by Mr. Kenyon), and a letter from Fox to Loughborough, which is printed with the date December 26, but there must be a mistake in this date, and probably the true date is December 6. This is an important letter, for it relates a conversation with Thurlow, and states that "the negotiation is off, with an express desire on his part that no more may be said to him on the subject till the Regency is settled, and *advice* to the Prince to make his arrangements without any view to him." This letter evidently must have been written before the meeting of Parliament. On December 11, the day of the meeting of Parliament, Thurlow spoke so as to convince Pitt's friends that he "meant to stand by his colleagues"; even before this, on the 7th, a letter of Mr. Granville says that, "whatever object Thurlow might at one time have had in view, he has now taken his determination of abiding by the present Government and supporting their measures with respect to the Regency"; on the 15th of December, Thurlow, opposing Lord Loughborough, made his celebrated peroration on the many favours he had received from the King, "which, when he forgot, might God forget him," and Wilkes, standing as a member of the House of Commons by the throne and near him, exclaimed, "Forget you! he'll see you damned first."

The conduct of Thurlow on this occasion has been very harshly judged, as a piece of deliberate and decided treachery to Pitt. That Lord Campbell should have made a strongly prejudiced, ill reasoned, and highly exaggerated statement against Thurlow will surprise no one who knows anything of Lord Campbell's style and manner of biography; but the adverse judgment of so fair and moderate a writer as Mr. Massey is of importance. The real truth seems to be that eager overtures made to Thurlow by the Prince of Wales's desire, and probably by the Prince himself, were listened to, and that a negotiation proceeded for some little time, Thurlow not committing himself; and not only was there nothing in Thurlow's position to prevent him from listening and discussing—for he was personally on bad terms with Pitt—but even more, he was the Lord Chancellor, and known as the King's friend, whom it was especially proper for the Prince of Wales to consult with; and there is no proof whatever that he entertained any proposal for his own benefit, or did more than consult with political opponents who sought him for the most beneficial solution of a grave and embarrassing question. Pitt and his friends evidently had great suspicion of him, but between him and Pitt there was personal estrangement. Thurlow's private interviews with the Prince of Wales are amply accounted for by his being Lord Chancellor and the Prince's being heir to the throne; and any reserve towards Pitt about them by those unhappy personal relations, and by Thurlow's having been for some time a private adviser of the King. Before he was Pitt's Lord Chancellor he had been successively Lord Chancellor under Lord North, Lord Rockingham, and Lord Shelburne. He had refused to be Lord Chancellor in Fox and Lord North's Coalition Ministry, because, as he told Fox, "as Mr. Pitt is very acceptable to the King, and is in an extraordinary degree popular in the country, I have connected myself with him." When a state of suspiciousness exists, little things are easily misunderstood, and made to swell into grave charges. Lord Loughborough, writing to Sheridan when whatever negotiation there ever was was going on, and with ill-feeling towards Thurlow, said, "His conversations with you and Mr. Fox were encouraging; but at the same time checked all explanations on his part under a pretence of delicacy towards his colleagues." But it is an enemy who says that the delicacy was a pretence. Why might it not have been real? Lord Kenyon was during the negotiation much consulted by Thurlow, and was also in confidential communication with Pitt; he attended several Cabinet dinners. Lord Kenyon has left on record his belief that the charge of treachery against Thurlow was without foundation. On January 17 Lady Kenyon, writing to her sister, says:—"They" [the Opposition] "have coaxed and courted the Chancellor every way, and by every person, but he will not join them." Mr. Kenyon's desire has been to clear Thurlow's character, and we cannot but think that an abler writer, well using all the materials at his disposal, might have effectively done so; his narrative is very feeble and confused, and we infer that there are more of Thurlow's private papers behind which would have been useful for thorough disproof of the charges against him. We cannot confide in Mr. Kenyon's judgment in the use of his materials. This question about Thurlow is an important historical matter.

We are disposed to think that Mr. Kenyon would have done a more serviceable work if he had published Lord Kenyon's Diary complete, and all that is material in his and Lady Kenyon's correspondence, with simple illustrative notes. Mr. Townsend's Life is a very excellent one, as indeed Mr. Kenyon admits. To lawyers and students of legal history Lord Kenyon's Life, as the Life of a Chief Justice, is interesting. To others his Life has no interest beyond his connexion with political history, and his relations with distinguished contemporaries, as Dunning, Thurlow, Erskine, and Eldon; he was much consulted by King

George III. and by Pitt and Thurlow, and there are interesting scraps of connexion and correspondence with more eminent legal contemporaries. Lord Kenyon himself is in no way interesting. George III. told him one day, he records in his diary, "that Sir M. Hale, Lord Holt, and Lord Mansfield were great men and good men, but he would rather have Lord Kenyon than them all." This must have been pleasing to hear, and a descendant naturally records it with delight; but what is the real value of this royal eulogium? The biography shows us nothing better than a hard-headed, narrow-minded lawyer, an obtuse politician, and a virtuous, passionate, parsimonious man. Lord Kenyon's life loses much agreeableness by the author's having interdicted himself from the free use of the many capital stories of Lord Kenyon's penurious ways and blundering Latin quotations and English rhetoric. Coleridge's story of his having turned Julian the Apostle into Julian the Apostle may be apocryphal, but it not the less indicates a general belief in Lord Kenyon's confused mind, which again is proved by numberless similar stories. The *Term Reports* contain this specimen of his incongruous rhetoric:—"If an individual can break down any of those safeguards which the constitution has so wisely and cautiously erected, by poisoning the minds of the jury at a time when they are called upon to decide, he will stab the administration of justice in its most vital parts." Of what Mr. Townsend and Lord Campbell justly call indecent parsimony there is only one glimpse in Mr. Kenyon's biography, where he puts forward even as a virtue his more than simplicity in dress:—

Lord Kenyon was simplicity itself in his dress. Indeed, if the accounts of his contemporaries are to be believed, the simplicity amounted to absolute shabbiness. Erskine used to say he remembered his greatcoat at least a dozen years. A witness who was under cross-examination before him as to his shoes, which had been stolen, snarledly answered the question from the Bench, "Were they at all like these?" with the telling remark, "No, my Lord, a deal betterer and betterer."

There is not the least reason to doubt the truth of the accounts of contemporaries, and these stories of Kenyon furnish a rich treat in Mr. Townsend's able *Life* and Lord Campbell's *réchauffé* of Townsend. Two or three of the jokes about Kenyon, proving the general fame which cannot be without foundation, are so good as to bear endless repetition. A brother lawyer having mentioned to Jekyll that he once went into Lord Kenyon's kitchen and saw the spits as bright as when they came from the maker, "Why do you mention his spit," said Jekyll, "when you know nothing turns upon it?" Another time Jekyll said of his hot temper and his stinginess, "It is Lent all the year round in his kitchen, and Passion Week in his parlour." A hatchment was put on Lord Kenyon's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields after his death, with the motto *Mors janua vitæ*, the painter making the mistake of painting a instead of æ at the end. The mistake was pointed out to Kenyon's successor, Lord Ellenborough, who exclaimed, "Mistake! It is no mistake; he left particular directions in his will that the estate should not be burdened with the expense of a diphthong."

THE CHRONICLES OF ANJOU.

ALTHOUGH the collection of Angevin Chronicles which forms part of a valuable series of works issued by the Historical Society of France has been for some years before the public, it seems to be little known on this side of the Channel. Even in such recent books as Mr. Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest* the references are still to D'Achery's *Spicilegium* and the like, nor have we found as yet a single English instance of the use of M. Marchegay's collection, or of the new and very valuable materials he has brought to the illustration of the early history of Anjou. Important as the study of Angevin history must always be, whether in its bearing on the fortunes of England or on those of France, it is remarkable that the work is almost the first attempt which has been made towards a critical study of the story of the Counts. By some inexplicable ill-luck Anjou has fared worse in the matter of historical research than any of the provinces around it. For Poitou we have the masterly work of Bezy, for Brittany the great collections of Lobineau and Dan Morice. In later times the industry of M. de Jubinville and the Abbé Voisin has thrown a flood of light on the histories of Touraine and Le Mans. Anjou, on the other hand, remains without any adequate modern account of its past. The older books of Marolles and Bourdigne are of the most worthless sort, and the later narrative of Bodin is brief and superficial. As to the original authorities for Angevin history, they have remained till the appearance of the present work partly unprinted, partly scattered through the not very accessible collections of Labbé, D'Achery, and Dom Bouquet, while no critical attempt has been made to estimate their real worth or their relation to each other. Of the two volumes as yet issued, the first is by far the more important; its contents indeed comprise all the primary materials for the early history of the Counts—the autobiography of Fulk Rechin, the *Life* of Geoffrey le Bel, the account of the Lords of Amboise, the *Gesta Consulum*, and the history of the Counts by Thomas of Loches, a work printed for the first time, but in which the earlier Angevin history, as we have it now, really took its accepted shape. It is a considerable gain to get such a mass of materials as this, printed in a convenient form, and evidently edited with a good deal of care. Our gratitude,

however, is a little tempered by the absence of any prefatory statement either as to the manuscripts employed in the formation of the text or of the view which the editors have been led by their researches to take as to the relation and value of the works they have published. The omission is the more regrettable that the difficulty of ascertaining the real worth and inter-connexion of the authorities on which historians have for the most part relied in their account of the earlier annals of Anjou is very great indeed.

The first and most authentic memorial of Angevin history is the short autobiography of Count Fulk Rechin; and, if we believe its author, the information as to his predecessors which is given in it was derived from Geoffrey Martel, and represents all that the Comital House in the eleventh century knew of its origins. But this information, if we compare it with the accounts so glibly rendered only a century later, is of a somewhat startling sort. Fulk Rechin is diffuse enough about his own times; he has a good deal to say about Fulk Nerra and though he knows less about Geoffrey Grisgonnelle, he tells us of his Breton and Poitevin wars, and of his death at Marson. But of Geoffrey's predecessors he knows nothing but the names. "Quorum quattuor Consulum virtutes et acta, quia nobis in tantum de longinquo sunt at etiam loca ubi corpora eorum jacent nobis incognita sunt, digne memorare non possumus," says Fulk Rechin. It is plain from his words that the tombs in the cathedral at Tours, so well known in the twelfth century, did not exist in the eleventh. But more things had been built up in that interval of a hundred years than the tombs at Tours. If Geoffrey Martel and Fulk Rechin knew little of their own ancestors, the author of the *Gesta Consulum*, a century afterwards, knew, or claimed to know, a great deal. In spite of the falsehoods and inaccuracies which any one detects at a glance in this work, its historic claims have been generally admitted; Sir Francis Palgrave has transferred to his pages the story of a Breton woodman with which the *Gesta* open the annals of the Counts; and even Mr. Freeman, though correcting them at every step, allows them a certain authority. No one, however, has as yet investigated the question of the authorship of these *Gesta*, or of their relation to the earlier works on which they profess to be based. Now it is a remarkable fact that we appear to possess all the materials for the history of the Counts which were known to exist in the twelfth century. In the curious Proemium prefixed to the "*Historia Abbreviata Consulum Andegavensium*," printed in the volume before us (a preface which, as we hope afterwards to show, really belongs to another work), the writer thus reviews his authorities:—

Primus scriptor extitit Thomas Luchensis, qui breves chronicas nomine Odonis (or Adonis) abbatis intitulatas ut ab ejus ore audivi repperit, et multa que famâ vulgante cognovit addidit. Secundus, extitit Robinus Brito Ambiacensis qui ipsas chronicas emendaverunt, et quedam ad vivâ voce ab ipsis audivi addiderunt. Tertius ego ex multis historiis multa addidi.

It is plain that the last three works, that which followed this Proemium and its immediate predecessors by Thomas of Loches and Robin of Amboise, were simply expansions of the "breves chronicas," which bore the name of Abbot Odo or Ado—chronicles similar to, or it may be identical with, the earlier Annals of St. Albans, or the Chronicle of the Abbey of Vendosme, which are given by Labbé. Of the work of Thomas of Loches we know, till the appearance of M. Marchegay's book, only fragments such as those given by Dom Bouquet in his notes to the *Gesta Consulum*; but there were enough to suggest, what its publication in *extenso* proves, that it is to Thomas that we owe the main outlines of the story of the early Counts which the *Gesta* have made familiar. The forerunner Torquatius Tortulf at the Court of Charles the Bald, the adventures of Ingelger, the investiture of Fulk the Red, the piety of Fulk the Good—all, in spite of Fulk Rechin's ignorance of them, and the absence of every name before Grisgonnelle's from the short annals we have mentioned, make their appearance in Thomas. Geoffrey Greygown's own life is summed up in the two wonderful fights with Ethelwulf the Dane and Edalthing the Suabian; a mysterious Count Maurice, unknown to any other writer, is introduced between Geoffrey and Fulk the Black, and the account of the latter is made up out of extracts from Glaber and the queer stories of his adventures at Jerusalem. That of Geoffrey Martel is a little fuller; but here the work practically ends, for the three following Counts are dismissed in a few lines, and an extract from his biography by John of Marmoutiers, then just published, suffices for Geoffrey the Handsome. The character of the work in full is just what we might expect from the mention of it in the passage we have quoted; on the basis of the slight annals which bore Ado's name, and which were probably like those we possess, mere jottings of isolated events, Thomas of Loches has built up out of the stories of joster and jayvour a tissue of legends and fables which have passed ever since for the early history of Anjou.

As we remarked however before, this legendary matter has till now been known, not directly through Thomas, but indirectly through his copyist in the *Gesta Consulum*; a work which had the good luck to be printed by D'Achery in his *Spicilegium*, and which every historic scholar will thank the present editors for reprinting in this more accessible form. Now the *Gesta* as it stands is a rather mysterious production. First, we find it in a very odd place, serving as the second book of a history of the Lords of Amboise, which seems to have been put together soon after the accession of Henry II. to the English throne, and which we shall probably be pretty right in identifying with the production of Robin (or Robin) and Brito of Amboise.

mentioned in the passage we have before quoted. Before getting fairly to work on the story of the Lords of Amboise, Robin and Brito, if they are the authors, have chosen to indulge in two prefaces; the first, under the name of "De Compositione Castri Ambazie," being in reality an odd medley of jottings about Cesar, Clovis, Charles the Great, and Hugh Capet, while the second forms, as we have said, the work known as the "*Gesta Consulum Andegavensium*." Now the Counts of Anjou were overlords of Amboise, and a short account of them, such as the actual prologue to this second part promises, was natural and appropriate enough. "Nunc," says this prologue, "de Consulibus Andegavorum que scripta nimis confuse rudique sermone reperi quam verissime potero *paucis verbis, breviter et commode* enucleabo." But the puzzle is that the *Gesta* which follow in fulfilment of this promise are very far from being brief or in few words. On the contrary, they are long and verbose, nearly twice as long in fact as the main story which they prelude, the story of the Lords of Amboise. We believe that an explanation of this difficulty may be found in the very opposite difficulty which meets us when we turn to the "*Historia Abbreviata Consulum*" at the close of M. Marchegay's volume. As it now stands, this work is preceded by the elaborate Proemium from which we took the list of existing Angevin histories, and which promises us a work of some detail and elaboration. "Intentio igitur mea est," says the author, "vitam, mores, et actus antecessorum tuorum, Andegavorum Consulum in propatulo demonstrari." But this elaborate preface is at present followed by the "*Historia Abbreviata*," a brief summary of the character of each Count conveyed in a few lines. The probable solution of the whole matter seems to be that the two works have taken one another's place; that the so-called "*Historia Abbreviata*" is really the second portion of the work of the writers of Amboise, and that the Proemium, which now precedes this brief compilation, belongs to the *Gesta Consulum*. The more elaborate history of the Counts would naturally supersede the rougher and briefer tale of the *Chronicles of Amboise* in general popularity; and in this case it seems to have been doctored of its elaborate preface, and simply substituted for the earlier work without much care for the fitness of Brito's original prologue which was suffered to remain. If this be so, the authorship of the *Gesta* is settled, for John of Marmoutiers gives his name in the Proemium, and it is plain that we have in them a later work of the biographer of Geoffrey le Bel. The conclusion seems almost inevitable when we compare the character of the *Gesta* with the description of the work promised by John. "Tertius ego ex multis historiis multa addidi," he says, in the close of the passage of which we have already quoted an earlier portion, "et ad auctoritatem historie et studium audientium sive legentium nomine auctorum annotare curavi: I^{mo}. ex historia Francorum nonnulla; II^{mo}. ex historia Glabelli Rodulphi multa; III^{mo}. ex chronica Gualfredi Rechin aliquid; IV^o. ex dictis Magistri Rahini quidam necessaria; V^o. ex scriptis Gasterii Compendiensis, Majoris Monasterii monachi non negligenda." The promise of the Proemium tallies exactly with the real character of the *Gesta*. In the earlier portions of the work the romance of Thomas of Loches is simply dressed into historical shape by profuse quotations from Ainoin and Glaber, while his obvious errors are here and there corrected. The long account of Fule Nerra is drawn from the *History of the Lords of Amboise* and from the French chroniclers, but repetition and an utter defiance of chronology render it nearly worthless. On the other hand, the lives of Geoffrey Martel and of Fule of Jerusalem, with the latter of which John's work practically ends, are of considerable value. The whole work is in reality a bad specimen of the "classical history" prevalent in the twelfth century, and its author lies, exaggerates, fables, mis-dates, jumbles persons and events together in so wonderful a fashion that we can hardly wonder that the continuators of Bouquet resolved to exclude the *Gesta* from their collection, and were only driven from their resolve by the thought of their extensive use among historians.

Luckily for Angevin history we have, as has been seen, nearly all the authorities from which Thomas and John built up their tale, and from the middle of the tenth century the story of the Counts rests on independent and trustworthy sources. It is only the legendary period with which it opens which rests exclusively on the *Gesta* of Loches and Marmoutiers—in other words, on a series of monastic and poetic inventions whose origin we can pretty accurately date in the later days of Geoffrey le Bel. It is to the historic tastes of the Angevin Counts that we may very possibly attribute this perversion of their earlier history. Nothing is more remarkable in the series of rulers from Fule the Good to our own John and Henry III. than their strong taste for literature, and especially for historic literature. The autobiography of Fule Rechin stands almost alone among the historic productions of the middle ages. In one of the few characteristic stories of Geoffrey le Bel we find him studying Vegetius during a long and difficult siege, and turning his study to very practical account. The historical taste of Henry II. is remarked by most writers of the time, and his children seem to have inherited his liking for books. Richard and his nephew Richard, King of the Romans, were both troubadours. The literary side of John's character is almost the only one on which it is possible to dwell with anything but abhorrence. The taste of a Sovereign tells quickly on his Court; and as we may trace the influence of Henry Fitz-Empress in the great English historical school which sprang up in his later years, so the patronage of Geoffrey may have had something to do with the historical revival

in Anjou to which we owe the works of Thomas of Loches and John of Marmoutiers. But though the Counts may have encouraged it, the revival itself must be regarded as part of the great intellectual awakening of the twelfth century. The work of William of Malmesbury, however superior in historic and literary value, is a work of the same class with the *Gesta Consulum*. In both we see the same reaction against the jejune and disconnected annals which they aimed at superseding; the same endeavour to fall back on the models of classical history, which were again claiming the attention of scholars; the same effort after a literary style of composition; the same adoption of a literary rather than a chronological order of arrangement; the same tendency to enrich their work by sketches of character, by philosophical reflection, by the use of State documents, and above all by pretty stories, prose versions for the most part of the verses of ballad-singer or trouvreur. It is easy, of course, to dwell on the faulty sides of this movement, on the looseness and inaccuracy of statement, the muddle of chronology, the jumble of fact and romance which make us every now and then fling down our Malmesbury or *Gesta* in disgust; but the step from the annalist to the chronicler which they made really determined the shape which all after history was to assume. History has often since fallen back to the style of the worst chronicler, but it has never fallen back into the style of the mere annalist. Some attempt there has always been to trace events to their causes, to examine the influence of human character on the fortunes of men, to vary the story by episodes and poetic details; and every attempt of this kind we owe to the historic school of the twelfth century. Like most of the bold intellectual experiments of the time, it failed to realize its own conception, partly from the want of adequate materials, and still more from the utter absence of any defined critical method in the use of them. In England the poetic side was the first to be cast away. The cool scepticism of William of Newborough discarded romance, and the tendency of the great school of historians from Benedictus Abbas to Matthew Paris was to subordinate literary form and largeness of conception to an annalistic arrangement and documentary accuracy and fulness of statement. The more romantic element which the twelfth century had striven to introduce, on the other hand, crossed the Channel and flung off all restraints of truthfulness or morality in the gay and unscrupulous chit-chat of Froissart. Ever since the famous essay of Lord Macaulay it has been the constant effort of modern historians to bring together the discordant elements which William of Malmesbury and his rivals first dared to include in the scope of history. The effort has as yet been attended with very partial success, and the failure of one historic school to be accurate, and of another historic school to be human, may teach us a little indulgence even for such very bad specimens of the earliest attempts at a larger history as the twelfth-century chroniclers of Anjou.

BRENCHLEY'S CRUISE OF THE CURAÇOA.*

SINCE the appearance of *South Sea Bubbles* a lively current of interest has set in towards the islands of the Pacific. The vivid sketches brought home by the Duke of Edinburgh of the scenery, the people, and the goings on of the multitudinous groups which dot the Southern Ocean, together with the curiosities of art and nature exhibited by his permission to the public, gave an additional stimulus to this feeling. Mingled with the agreeable impression thus received of these favoured islands as abodes of native beauty, simplicity, and peace, there has been later still the thrill of horror caused by the atrocities of men-stealing adventurers, and the interest which follows the fate of thousands of French exiles among whom, together with much that was odious and criminal, there was much to claim and merit sympathy. The journal of a traveller of observation, taste, and feeling during a cruise among the various archipelagos of the South can hardly fail to keep alive the interest which had so much original matter to kindle it. The pleasure with which Mr. Brenchley's book, late as it is in coming forward, will be read, is marred indeed by the knowledge that the strong constitution of the writer had given way under the strain to which his passionate love of wandering, with its consequent fatigues, risks, and vicissitudes, had exposed him, and that—dying since the opening of the year—he was denied the satisfaction of seeing his work in print. Physically and mentally fitted in a high degree for the calling of a traveller and observer, Mr. Brenchley had devoted his energies for nearly twenty years to the personal survey of the globe, from China to Peru, from Oregon and the Rocky Mountains to the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, Australia, and New Zealand. The first four years of his roamings from 1849 were spent in company with the distinguished naturalist M. Jules Reiny, together with whom he visited California, the Salt Lake City, New Mexico, and the Southern continent as far as Chili. The joint work of the two travellers in French and English was deburred, in the opinion of their friends, from achieving the success it deserved, mainly by the expensive form in which it was presented to the public. A tour to the East after an interval was interrupted by the serious illness of M. Reiny at Ceylon, which deprived Mr. Brenchley of the companionship of his friend. Alone he visited China and Mongolia, made a trip to Japan, proceeding to Australia,

* Jottings during the Cruise of H.M.S. *Curacoa* among the South Sea Islands in 1865. By Julius L. Brenchley, M.A., F.R.G.S. With numerous Illustrations and Natural History Notices. London: Longmans & Co 1873.

and thence to New Zealand, which he reached towards the end of 1864. After being employed upon a short mission into the interior in conjunction with the late Lieutenant Mende, who afterwards published a spirited account of their ride through the disturbed districts of New Zealand, Mr. Branchley left Auckland for Sydney. Thence he proceeded on the cruise which is the subject of the volume before us. On his return to Sydney, where he excited much interest by exhibiting his collection of novel and curious objects, he once more started for China, making his way back to Europe by the great desert of Gobi, in the depth of winter. Of his collection, consisting of birds, fishes, insects, shells, canoe models, and native works of various kinds from Japan, China, Siberia, and Russia, a portion has found its way to the British Museum, but the greater part has been presented to the museum of his native town, Maidstone. Unhappily, he was scarcely spared to put into shape for publication the valuable notes and observations amassed by him during his Southern cruise.

Towards the end of May, 1865, H.M.'s steam-frigate *Caracra* was being fitted out at Sydney, under Commodore, now Admiral, Sir W. Wiseman, for the purpose of displaying the British flag among the island groups of the Western Pacific. An invitation to Mr. Branchley, who had just reached that port, to become his guest during the cruise was eagerly accepted. Norfolk Island and the lesser Islands adjoining it were first visited. Passing Raoul, or Sunday Island, the most northerly of the Kermadec group, lying N.E. of New Zealand, about five miles in length and decidedly of volcanic origin, rising to a height of sixteen hundred feet, the *Caracra* came next to Niue, or Savage Island, whence a number of canoes came off with spears, shells, fruit, &c., for barter. Among the natives was a young abino, whose reddish-yellow hair and fine clear skin led our author to accept him as of English blood. He was a pure-bred native, not knowing a word of English. The natives were found, for the most part, good-looking, strongly built, and of a cheerful and amiable disposition. The women, who seem modest and gentle, have splendid teeth, and soft hands, with delicate taper fingers. One young girl was met with in an island runble, fitted from head to foot to be a model for a sculptor. The missionaries have here had great success. Not a pagan exists in the island, and nearly every one can read and write. This result is the more noteworthy owing to the fact that Cook, who first discovered Niue in 1774, having been set upon by the natives, and re-embarking without inlicting bloodshed, took the innocent revenge of naming it Savage Island. The intermediate history of this people shows indeed that they were far from deserving, as a rule, the stigma thus cast upon them. For beauty and richness of scenery, though presenting a lower type of native physique, nothing can well surpass the Samoan or Navigator group, of which Tutuila especially won our voyager's admiration. The missionary who came on board with Muunga, the intelligent chief of Pango Pango, reported a strong desire on the part of the natives to be placed under British protection, which the commander felt constrained to set aside. Tree ferns rising to a height of forty feet are met with on the island. The soil towards the higher ground was found strewn with boulder-like masses of lava, so slippery as to require the hands in aid of the feet to effect a passage. The island, some seventeen miles in length and from two to five in width, appeared to Mr. Branchley to be in part composed of basaltic strata. The climate, having a tendency to develop brain diseases, as well as fever, with elephantiasis following, scrofula, phthisis, ophthalmia, and intestinal worms, is not to be regarded as healthy. A cascade called Pishi-tali, the Great Fall, reputed to be 2,000 feet in height, was found by Lieutenant Meade, though very grand and beautiful, not to reach half that height. From several of the mountain peaks seen as the ship coasted along, as from the little isle of Lattie, white smoke showed the activity of the volcanoes with which most of these island groups abound in greater or less degree, the most typical of all being apparently the regularly intermittent crater of Asur, in the Tanna Islands. Of the Tonga or Friendly group, including Hapai and Vavau, gathered thirty years back into a native monarchy under King George Tuboa, the most conspicuous feature consists of the social or domestic usages, in particular those connected with the periodical brew of "kava," the ceremonies attending which are given in full detail. The strange prehistoric monument of Tongatabu, figured in the book before us—two upright monoliths of stone, with lintel superposed, bearing a large circular bowl of stone, of a texture, the officers report, not met with elsewhere in the island—is supposed to have some reference to these ancient kava ceremonies. The population, which is dwindling, now amounting to some nine thousand souls, belongs to the great Malayan family, as do the Hawaiians, the Tahitians, the Marquesans, the Samoans, and the New Zealanders. Though nearly all can read and write, scarcely any advance has been made since Cook's time in handicraft or any industrial pursuit. The climate requiring no clothing, and bread-fruit, with other produce, being abundant, native indolence has its way, in spite of the energy and intelligence of the king. A poll-tax of five dollars a head annually is enforced with rigour. Constitutional government, introduced by King George in 1862, has beneficially supplanted the rule of the native chiefs. We fail, however, to find the regulations enacted by the first Tongan Senate, promised by Mr. Branchley as an appendix to his work.

The little island of Ovalau, the first reached of the Fiji group, rich and dense as was the vegetation along gorge and valley, was marked to the eye of a naturalist like our author by the strange absence of birds. The natives who flocked to meet the party were supremely ugly, with immense mouths and large pro-

gnathous jaws, resembling monkeys rather than men, though some among the crowd were tolerably robust and strongly made. Most of the women had the little finger of one hand, if not of both hands, amputated, and one of the men had likewise lost a finger, a custom which our author does not attempt to explain. On the main island of Viti Levu the voyagers were hospitably received by Thakumbau, the dignified sovereign of Fiji, whose open and good-humoured countenance made it hard to believe that he had been the out-and-out cannibal of earlier days, when he was in the habit of indicating with his club the bodies hung up by the feet in the royal harem which were to grace the repast of the day. Near the mission-house stands a great banyan-tree, the sacred *akau tabu*, or tree with the forbidden fruit, into the thick trunk of which is sunk a slab of stone five feet square by way of table for the cannibal feasts of old. On the branches of this tree used to be hung parts of the bodies of victims of both sexes, the tree being at times perfectly loaded with this singular and repulsive fruit. Behind this was a row of slabs, against which the brains of the sufferers were dashed, Thakumbau having been noted for his skill in catching up the children of his enemies by the heels, and dashing them at the slabs. Another gentle vagary was to race a victim by the leg and arm hand foremost along the dancing ground until his head was split against the stone, the surface of which, two feet or so from the ground, has been worn smooth by the thousands of skulls that have been dashed against it. It is a common Fijian saying that not all the waters of the ocean could ever wash away the blood with which the soil of the island has been saturated. Happily this is of the past. It is hoped that cannibalism will ere long cease to disfigure any part of Fiji. It has all along been indeed *tabu*, or forbidden, to the common people and to women, being the monopoly of the chiefs. Protests have already been made against it from many places, as Nakelo, on the Rewa river. Thakumbau in his converted state struck his visitors by the decorum and cleanliness with which his food was served, a general clapping of hands following upon the subsequent washing of the royal hands and mouth. An interchange of civilities ensued upon the entertainment, the King being so pleased with the Commodore's present of a Westley Richards as to give in turn his great kava bowl, of which the volume before us gives a woodcut, round which in heathen times the great ceremonies and mysteries of the kingdom were celebrated. It was in its presence that the ancestors of Thakumbau, and that monarch himself, if not actually crowned, were confirmed in their sovereignty. Many a sad tale could be told of orgies committed and scenes of carnage enacted, when the legs of this bowl were seen steeped in human blood. At Tanna, in the New Hebrides, cannibal practices still prevail to a frightful extent, human flesh being preferred to pork, and that of a native ranking with connoisseurs before that of a white, the latter having, it is thought, a salt taste.

New Caledonia, which was reached by the *Caracra* after visiting the Solomon Islands, is briefly described by our author, who shows a more lively interest in the state and history of the natives than in the development of French rule and artificial usage. We do not get many details of the condition or number of the convict population, which had not as yet been swollen by the influx of condemned Communists. Among the things of note to which he refers are the proofs of a more advanced civilization once having existed on this island. Remains of ancient aqueducts, in one case eight miles long, also paved roads and fortifications, are met with. Irrigation is carried out on a scientific plan, the slopes of the hills being covered with rectangular patches, round which water is made to flow by channels leading at intervals to the river. On the other hand, gross license and horrid habits, together with grovelling superstitions, have come down to the natives from their forefathers. Women go to battle, keeping in the rear till they see an enemy fall, when they rush forward, pull the body away, and prepare it for the oven. The priests go to battle too, but sit in the rear fasting and praying for victory. Their appetite for human flesh is, we are told, never satisfied. The teeth of old women are sown in yam patches as a charm to procure good crops, and the practice of setting skulls upon poles, which some would have it were the heads of friends kept as mementoes, has been similarly explained. The general impression left upon Mr. Branchley's mind by all he had seen of the various island races was one of hopefulness. There was evidence, to his view, of a power of spontaneous development, made manifest in their social organization, their creditable agricultural industry and skill, their progress in certain industrial arts, the decorum and even refinement of their manners, and above all in their capacity for absorbing the instruction and influence of a more advanced civilization. These remarks of his must of course be taken to apply only to the more select and leading tribes among the South Sea Islanders. As regards the fine arts, no words can speak so emphatically of their aptitude as the coloured drawing of a tie-beam from a village hall in Uji, one of the Solomon Islands, which forms the frontispiece, in which canoes, fishes, and other objects are figured in a style not a little suggestive of Egyptian patterns, whilst many of their weapons and utensils show a decided feeling for artistic decoration. The value of Mr. Branchley's book is very much enhanced by the correct and tasteful delineations of native birds, reptiles, fishes, shells, and insects, as well as by the admirable notices of them contributed by naturalists so eminently qualified for the task as Dr. Gunther and Mr. G. R. Gray.

THE LAST OF THE LYTHAMS.*

THE Last of the Lythams is a young lady with the romantic name of Vivia, whose disposition and general behaviour come so well up to the expectations raised in us by such a name that we are not in the least surprised when, in order to escape from an accepted suitor, whom she throws over in a magnanimous spirit on the appearance of a former lover, she disguises herself as a young man, and, evading pursuit in a manner as brilliant as it is unexplained, travels from what we may take to be the heart of England to a remote part of Ireland without hindrance or misadventure of any kind. Being probably unversed in the ways of novels, she is not so well prepared as the reader is for finding, when she reaches her goal, that she is face to face with the old lover for the sake of whose memory she has undertaken this remarkable flight. That such a meeting should take place in a lonely cottage on a wild night is perfectly in accordance with the theory of chances by which novels are guided; but the conduct of the two lovers afterwards is eccentric enough to be worthy of comment. The gentleman, who is held up as a model of good principle and breeding, no sooner finds himself in this rather awkward position, with the responsibility of taking proper care of Miss Lytham suddenly thrust upon him, than he finds a yacht excursion which he had projected "become almost a necessity. The dash of the foam and the rush of the wind were needed to reinspire him with that high strong spirit in which he had for some time been, and still proposed to be—the spirit of the mountains, not of the valleys—the spirit which rejected passion, and even in its philanthropy, was, unconsciously perhaps, contemptuous, doing its duty not for philanthropy's, but for duty's sake." To our ordinary notions the first thought of a gentleman should have been to set about rescuing Vivia in some way from her unpleasant situation; but we can scarcely expect a young man who habitually has been, and means still to be, in company with "the spirit of the mountains," as opposed to that of the valleys, and who from that proud eminence showers down benefits on the mortals beneath him with a lofty scorn, to be guided by any known usages of feeling or courtesy. And so the lady seems to think, for, far from expressing any surprise or displeasure at his intention, she insists upon accompanying him, and they perform together a wild voyage in which the author tells us the young man displays something like a Viking's enjoyment. From this we conclude that the spirit of the mountains is as much at home on the waves as on his native heights.

But we are plunging with undue haste into the midst of events which, in reading, we are supposed to work up to by slow degrees and with increasing interest. We first make the acquaintance of this lady, who has the honour of giving a title to the *Last of the Lythams*, as she rides through a wild part of Connaught with Everard Tylecote, the lover whom we have already mentioned. Part of this ride is performed with the gentleman's arm round the lady's waist, a method which we should fancy was better fitted for the sawdust of a circus than for the sand of an Irish coast. The author dwells with great tenderness on the scenes he is about to describe before he actually introduces us to the characters who are to take part in them, and informs us that "the pen is gently taken by Memory from the writer's hand, and thought reverts with an inseparable sadness and sweetness that gather round its retrospection." It might have been better for Memory to have adhered to her original inspiration, but she relents in favour of allowing us to witness a scene between these two young people desperately attached to each other, which, in consequence of a very mild objection made by the girl to a marriage against her guardian's wishes, ends in a quarrel of four years' duration. This guardian is her uncle Mr. Lytham, whose character, clearly intended to be the chief element of comedy in the book, might be called a burlesque on that of Mr. Collins in *Pride and Prejudice*, but that it lacks any trace of the humour which distinguishes that admirable conception of an opinionated and self-complacent fool. It may be amusing to meet in real life a gentleman who is at the same time so barren of ideas and so proud of the words in which he clothes them that he continually repeats those words; but the effect of reproducing this habit in print, where there is no real perception of the ludicrous to support it, is wearisome. The first speech uttered by this character is his best, and to give our readers an opportunity of judging what is the quality of the rest, we will quote a part of it:—"What I want," continued Mr. Lytham, expanding his dressing-gown with both hands, "is a nephew-in-law who will acknowledge—as everybody else acknowledges—my superior abilities, my insight into character, my extensive acquirements, my singular power of originating an entirely novel view of whatever subject may be under consideration." Wherever the writer seems to think that an infusion of high comedy is needed in his book—a thought in itself by no means ill judged—this unfortunate old gentleman is thrust forward, now planning a skittle-alley for the amusement of chaperons while their young charges are dancing, now scouring the country on horseback in pursuit of his niece, whose disappearance has abruptly broken up a fancy ball, in the full costume of Lord Hacon; at all times impossible and absurd. A better description than we can offer of him is given by one of the other personages, who justifies the character he lays claim to for penetra-

tion by calling him an old Pantaloon. This piece of unconscious satire levelled at himself by the author is put into the mouth of a Mr. Forster, whom Vivia is induced to accept as her betrothed, partly from weariness and a sort of liking for the man himself, partly from the assiduous recommendations of her uncle, whom the young man fools to the top of his bent—a task, as may be guessed, of no great difficulty.

It is of course to be expected that the acceptance of this young man should be the cue for the reappearance already mentioned of an older and preferred adorer, and that then should ensue the various vicissitudes without which no novel is complete, leading by tortuous ways and hairbreadth escapes, which we need not follow more minutely, to happiness and satisfaction to the author at last. We are introduced in the course of these adventures to a series of people more remarkable than life-like; a bishop who, having revoked a clergyman's licence for no apparent reason, replies to a gentleman who courteously inquires into the case by losing his temper, rising from his chair, and telling his visitor with a strident voice and an unpleasant look to leave the room; a set of match-making mothers, whose vulgarity rises to being repulsive; and a Yankee storekeeper, who gets drunk at a county dinner, and succeeds in obtaining a seat in Parliament without having been naturalized as a British subject. After this unexampled feat it seems quite in the proper course of things that, when there, he should threaten to gouge the Speaker's eye out. The chronicles of these persons' lives are relieved by frequent comments from the author, who appears as a sort of gently cynical chorus, railing from time to time with mild invective at the insincerity of the human race. This habit of continual reference to himself is one of the worst into which an inferior novelist can fall. It is only when such a master-hand as that of Thackeray pulls the wires that the reader can bear, without resenting it, to be reminded that the people in whom he is asked to interest himself are but the puppets of the author's brain. Even in the works of that most skilful artist, that so-called cynic, of whose superficial bitterness the rank and file of novelists (among them Mr. Baddeley) can reproduce some semblance, while they fail to see the deep pathos, the tender wisdom, the kindness that must be cruel—even in his works this practice has at times a jarring effect, such as is produced by the call before the curtain of a great actor in the midst of a stirring drama. We must, however, congratulate the writer whose book is before us on the extreme versatility of his style. He seems to us to be a person of an impressionable temperament, whose writing always reflects that of the author whose words are at the time most fresh in his memory. Thus, while we find him in one chapter revelling in a Swinburnian flow of high-sounding periods and alliterations, and telling us of "memorial (sic) sunshine that returns to slay us almost with its sweetness," in another he will affect a Tacitean terseness, and describe the movements of his characters in this fashion:—"Herself standing. Mr. Lytham reading a big book. Mr. Lytham and Forster arm-in-arm."

A little further on we seem to recognize the influence of the Guy Livingstone school, when, at a critical moment in the hero's life, a remark of Euripides flashes through his mind; and elsewhere we detect vague reminiscences of the Latin Grammar when the author coins the remarkable phrase—"It would have pitted you almost to see that face." This, however, is but one instance of a noble defiance of convention in the matter of grammar which runs all through the book. In the next page, for instance, to this strange sentence, we find one quite as unexpected:—"The mountains skirted the road no longer; looking back, their range appeared diverted, and trending away from the road under the opal sheen, which also showed, in front, a few scattered lights of a town." This we can confidently recommend to Civil Service Examiners as a test for correction to such men as they may wish to pluck. We are perhaps presumptuous in assuming that it is the opal sheen (of what we cannot hope to know) which shows the few scattered lights; but with this impression on our minds we were reminded of a German opera, the *Nachtlager von Granada*, in the course of which we saw the tenor take up a small candle to look at the moon.

Mr. Baddeley sometimes takes daring flights into the regions of technicalities, as when he tells us that his hero makes an application to a Court of Common Law with the object of procuring a "mandamus" or injunction, and that six law lords sit on the occasion. The author is probably not aware that he has used as synonymous two terms which are so far different that while the former means a command to do some specified act, the latter in most cases means a command not to do it. Perhaps, however, he has done this advisedly, conscious that amidst such events and such people as he describes, a serious employment of legal machinery would meet with about as much respect and be about as efficacious as a policeman in a pantomime. Yet we cannot help thinking that he has studied the language of Acts of Parliament when we read his definition of love:—"Love is the meeting of two spirits of which each invests the other with its own best attributes, having regard at the same times to the capacities of the spirit so invested." This only wants a "whereas" thrown in to make it fit for a place in any statute. It is in one of his serious moods that Mr. Baddeley gives this new and striking description—a mood in which he contrasts the conduct of his hero and his villain before they go to bed. Forster, the profligate adventurer, unable to sleep, "partially dressed himself, took out from a travelling case a small silver-topped bottle which he always carried with him—it contained curaçoa—and a work bound in a limp yellow cover, probably a French novel."

* *The Last of the Lythams*. By R. Whieldon Baddeley, Author of the "Village of the West," "Cassandra, and other Poems," &c. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, 1873.

Why probably? Surely Mr. Baddeley ought to know the language and character of the book which his own villain reads. And why do villains always drink curaçoa? Meanwhile the hero is occupied with what the writer calls "seldom-born utterances of the soul"—is in fact praying.

We will not accuse Mr. Baddeley of profanity after the apology which he makes for dragging the most sacred names and subjects into the thick of a flippant novel, but we cannot acquit him of bad taste. In conclusion, we cannot do better than refer to a remark made by the author himself at the beginning of his work in a pretentious and high-flown passage:—"Hope is strength, but memory is sweetness." We can only say that when we came to this there was but little strength in our hope of the *Last of the Lythams*, and in its memory there is no sweetness.

DEAN ALFORD.*

WE have here the simple and loving record of a happy, industrious, and holy life. It is no doubt impossible for a near relative to form any but the most partial and imperfect estimate of the public or literary career of a dear husband or parent, or of the exact value of his labours when compared with those of others toiling in the same field. Mrs. Alford's good sense has prompted her to delegate this portion of a biographer's task to such as were better able to accomplish it; and not the least interesting feature of her volume is the insertion of letters, all bearing on that point, several written at her own request, and for the express purpose of this memoir, from her partner's early friends, Dean Merivale, Archdeacon Bickersteth, and Mr. E. T. Vaughan; from Bishop Ellicott, Dean Stanley, and Prebendary Humphrey, his colleagues in the work on which his heart had long been set, the revision of our Authorised Version of the Scriptures. Every other qualification for the office which she has undertaken Dean Alford's widow possesses to the full; deep and earnest sympathy with his character and with his manifold pursuits, an admiration of his higher qualities too judicious and true to tempt her to be blind to his venial faults; an intimate knowledge of all that appertained to him from the first dawn of childhood up to the hour of his departure from us, which has born the singular and rare privilege of one who was his cousin by birth, the trusted companion of his schoolboy and undergraduate years, almost a sister before she dreamed of becoming his wife.

Henry Alford was born in London on October 7, 1810, his father then practising as a special pleader, and making rapid progress in his calling. Left a widower a few months afterwards, he bade adieu to the law, took holy orders, and became an exemplary clergyman of the Evangelical school. Henry, then his only child, was "a tender delicate plant," but very precocious, wonderfully ready in acquiring learning, and fond of reproducing it in little books, some written as early as from six to eight years old, when his father was his teacher and spiritual director. Unlike most of his distinguished contemporaries, he never enjoyed the unspeakable advantage of the discipline of a public school, but was sent first to a small seminary at Charmouth, in Dorsetshire, then to another at Hammersmith, and at fourteen to Ilminster Grammar School, almost within sight of his father's house at Curry and his uncle's at Henle, with whose children he kept up that affectionate intercourse which so powerfully influenced his future life. Mr. Allen, the headmaster at Ilminster, deservedly enjoyed a high provincial reputation, and proved to him a skilful and conscientious teacher; but the ill effects of the absence of the sharp competition and thorough systematic training which could not be looked for in such a place must have been painfully felt, though never complained of, when he had chosen the Greek Testament as the study of his life. This defect of his education is lightly touched upon by one who perhaps may have known something of its drawbacks from his own experience, an honoured and zealous associate in the "Revision by Five Clergymen" (1856-61).

The Dean was from the first a thoroughly good scholar; but, if I may so express myself, he was so rather by instinct than by direct study of details. . . . Our frequent discussions did us all good, and especially our quick and clever colleague. He entered, I remember well, with the keenest interest into the delicacies of grammatical criticism. His fine perception made him appreciate distinctions, and his clearness of thought enabled him to express them with ease and precision. He became soon more than a match for most of us in our gentle encounters, and he acquired, with characteristic rapidity, that technical knowledge which up to the time he had not fully acquired, but for which he evidently had always a natural aptitude.—*Br. ELICOTT, Life*, p. 499.

Quickness of apprehension, indeed, was the special quality for which Henry Alford was conspicuous; it proved the source at once of his intellectual strength and of its weakness. Without it he never could have done the work he did; had it been counterbalanced by patience and mental self-control, his career as a writer would have been less versatile, possibly less popular, but would have produced more considerable, or certainly more permanent, results than can now be looked for.

One other characteristic of his early youth, yet more honourable than his ardent thirst for knowledge, is brought out very prominently in these pages, especially in his schoolboy, but hardly boyish, letters to his future wife—namely, the devout spirit which gave life and reality to his every word and action. In this respect he reminds us of poor Kirke White, for whose "Remains" he had a

genuine and well-grounded liking, and whom he so far closely resembled in that the religious musings of both are wholly free from the conventional tone of the narrow clique in which they were brought up, and from whose trammels the Dean in after times so effectually emancipated himself. No wiser, more delicate, or more tender letter was ever penned by a lad under fifteen to a girl of nearly the same age than that which he addressed to his cousin on her confirmation (*Life*, pp. 15-17), and which she may well be proud to make known to us. With him, in every period of his literary course, study and prayer went hand in hand. The more severe the mental toil, the more humble and thankful it made him. This inner life of the heart, of which the outer man gave no obtrusive intimation, was the well-spring of that frank gaiety of spirit which sometimes made him a little forgetful of the nice proprieties beseeching his ecclesiastical dignity, and gave a keen zest to his enjoyment of the domestic bliss and well-deserved prosperity with which his cup was crowned even to the brim.

After spending one year at Acton as a private pupil in the family of Mr. Bickersteth, the father of the present Bishop of Ripon, and of his friend the Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation, Henry Alford commenced residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, in October 1828, and there pursued the same course of industry and devotion which had marked his career hitherto. He complains at times of idleness, though it is hard to see how his self-reproach can have been deserved, only that the most diligent mind cannot be always on the stretch, and that it was ever one of his gravest errors to regard hours spent in wholesome rest as merely wasted. In his second year he gained a college scholarship, in his third year the Hall University scholarship, a little out of turn, and became one of a bright intellectual circle which included the younger Hallam and Alfred Tennyson. Of his degree, which came in due course (1832), he says that it "far surpassed his wishes in every respect"; he was thirty-fourth Wrangler, and eighth in the first class of the Classical Tripos—no inconsiderable rewards of a pure and well-spent youth.

Encouraged by his hardly-earned success, he soon left Cambridge for Henle, to make a proposal of marriage to his cousin Fanny Alford, having "three weeks before his arrival considerably written her a letter to prepare her for that step." He was not then twenty-two, but he writes thus in the journal which he carefully kept from boyhood up to within five days of his death:—

Let me look at the step which I have taken. The choice is for life. Can I live with none else to depend on, none else to trust in, none else to love? I think, with God's grace, that I can. Sixteen years of attachment have done surely their part to rivet my heart stronger upon hers; and though I know my faults of temper and of want of forbearance, and also hers in some points, yet I hope to be able, if to any one to her at least, to be loving and kind always and by all means.—*L*, 76.

The favourable answer, about which he could hardly have been very doubtful, was followed by three years of engagement. Next came his first publication, an anonymous little volume of *Poems and Poetical Fragments*, some of which he never cared to reprint. It had always been his set purpose to take holy orders, after the example of nearly all his family for several generations, and he prepared for the usual examination with more than usual faithfulness, in spite of the claims on his time made by seven pupils, and by his efforts to obtain that great object of a young scholar's ambition, a fellowship of Trinity; the prize being rendered all the more precious in his case, inasmuch as it had often been missed by men who had taken a higher degree than his. Just after completing his twenty-third year he was ordained as his father's curate by the late Bishop of Exeter, whose gracious yet solemn manner impressed the new Deacon, as it did every one else who approached him on like occasions. Next year came the final struggle for the fellowship, when, the number of vacancies happening to be as many as six, he was elected, together with the present Master of the College and Professor Birks. He was all the more gratified as he had well nigh despaired of success. "If they elect me Fellow, they must be grievously in want of fellows," he had written some months before, when poring over Berkeley's metaphysics, for whose subtleties he would have as little relish or capacity as most persons of equal calibre. This position gained, he now looks to gratify his long deferred wish. "Having got my fellowship," he assures his betrothed, "I shall now proceed to devise methods to rid myself of it as soon as possible." His own ambition soared no higher than a country curacy and pupils; but his kind college tutor, the good and genial Peacock, afterwards Dean of Ely, held with his post at Cambridge, as was then lawful, but never could have been desirable, the small college living of Wymeswold, in Leicestershire, of which he was glad to relieve his conscience by resigning it in favour of Alford. There was a bad house, a population of 1,200, and a yearly income of 110*l*., but the vicarage was thankfully accepted, the marriage took place early in 1835, and this obscure village became for eighteen years the residence of the wedded cousins. Over the details of their domestic life the lady's womanly reserve naturally throws a veil. Of their four children, the two sons, called by the saintly names of Clement and Ambrose, the great Fathers of the Church in Italy, were taken away from their parents, the latter when ten years old, and under circumstances peculiarly sad. Dean Merivale, in commenting on this happy union of those who had loved so long, speaks of it a little bluntly considering to whom his letter is addressed:—

Many a young man has done the like, and has not shown himself brave therein, but foolish, rash, and selfish. But it was not so with Alford. He

* *Life, Journal, and Letters of Henry Alford, D.D., late Dean of Canterbury*. Edited by his Widow. London: Rivingtons. 1873.

justified, I would say he glorified, his act by the unwavering courage and confidence, and the untiring exertion with which he faced and battled with the consequences.—*Life*, p. 438.

His friend would probably have rejoined that he saw nothing glorious in the matter, and as little that required justifying in any way. Mrs. Alford allows us one, and we fancy only one, glance at her husband's settled judgment on the subject twenty-six years later:—

Sunday, March 3, 1861.—The occupation of writing to you is ever for me a daily pleasure. I am holding intercourse with one who has been my choice, and God's choice for me, to brighten my childhood, to stimulate my youth, to bless my manhood, to cheer my advancing years; but I did not sit down to write a love-letter, so let me tell my tale.—*Life*, p. 318.

At Wymeswold, besides the care of the parish, and the weary labour of teaching six pupils, with no change in the lesson, but only in the learner, he undertook the restoration of the church, which was completed in 1846 in a fashion quite rare at that period. It was a work grievously needed, and severely tested his pecuniary resources, but one of its immediate fruits was to bring him under the most unmerited suspicion of a leaning to opinions with which he had less real sympathy than any other cultivated churchman of his day. Indeed, his dislike of Romanism, and all that seemed to him to approach to it, would do credit to the *Record* or the *Rock*. This sacred task had been preceded by others less congenial to his taste and habits, the building of a school and new vicarage house. All these approaching completion, his vigorous mind now directed itself to what proved in the event the great performance of his life, an edition of the Greek New Testament "for the use of Theological Students and Ministers," more worthy of the subject and of the existing state of Biblical scholarship than the slight volumes of Dr. Burton, or the dreary compilations of Valpy and Bloomfield. It is almost incredible, but for the well-known tendency of even experienced writers to underrate the time and labour required for carrying out their immature designs, to know that in 1843 and later he imagined that the work would occupy two thin octavo volumes, and might be finished in a year. This calculation, it hardly need be said, he soon found wide enough from the mark. He wanted help from the German commentators, and had to cultivate a more intimate familiarity with their difficult language; he was ignorant of many other things, the whole subject of textual criticism and the writings of our elder English divines being among them. These defects he hastened to supply with characteristic zeal and diligence, so that when his first volume containing the Gospels was published in November 1849, it took its place at once as the only veritable edition of these holy books deserving the name. The freshness and independence of thought, the outspoken treatment of difficulties, real or supposed, the vigour of his style, the unaffected piety of his tone, moved readers, learned and unlearned alike; and not the least those who were best able to perceive and lament his many errors and shortcomings. The great fault which pervaded this whole work was doubtless a certain almost petulant impatience in dealing with ordinary modes of interpretation and exposition, a prejudice which he hardly attempted to conceal against orthodox schemes for reconciling apparent inconsistencies, even when they might have very well commended themselves by reason of their intrinsic goodness. Other blemishes were removed in subsequent editions, anxiously, cheerfully, even humbly corrected, but this never; and the first impression which the young student is likely to receive from some of his speculations is the very opposite of what he would have himself desired; and this not through any doubt respecting revealed truth in general that ever clouded his mind, but merely that in the excess of candour he was willing to concede to the adversary all he could fairly claim, and something more.

For in faith as well as in practice Alford was emphatically a Christian man, too firm in his convictions to be shaken by every wind of controversial debate, even on subjects the most momentous. If his reviewers occasionally drew inferences which they deemed logical from his ill-considered expressions respecting inspiration and the inspired books, he never assented to their conclusions, and it must be confessed that the faculty of close and sustained reasoning was not one of his most prominent intellectual powers. As a freshman at college, he declared that he always estimated men in proportion as they estimated the New Testament (p. 35), and in his mature prime he somewhat perplexed a lay friend who spoke to him about modern scepticism by his unfeigned surprise that it could be seriously regarded as having any danger for God-fearing men; saying, with a quiet simplicity, "Well, I have never felt tempted to go from my anchorage" (p. 267). But the most remarkable proof of his calm assurance of belief is afforded in a letter to Dr. Colenso (September 15, 1862), who had ventured to send him the proof sheets of his first volume on the "Pentateuch," in the vain hope of gaining his sympathy and countenance. It is indeed a model of severe yet courteous rebuke:—

I have looked through a considerable portion of your book, and coming engagements will prevent my going on with it. So I return it by this post. I must say, that all your arguments do not seem to me to affect our position with regard to the Pentateuch. It seems to me that there are two ways of approaching and considering this subject. First, from the unbelieved point of view, proceeding thus to argue from the improbability or discrepancy of details to the unhistorical character of the whole; this method assumes that we understand all the details, and deal with them as ascertained and undoubted elements in the inquiry. Secondly, from the believing point of view, proceeding thus to argue from the acknowledged historical character of the whole to the existence of a key to difficulties of detail, provided we could thoroughly understand all circumstances regarding them; this view assumes Jesus Christ to have been the Son of God. If He was,

the Pentateuch is historical; for He treats it as such. The former of these methods, it seems to me, is yours. The latter I am content to be mine. I send you a volume of sermons which I have just published.—P. 356.

Our space is nearly exhausted, and we have yet left Alford at Wymeswold, struggling with the cantankerous parishioners for whom he had done his utmost, and ready at times to think that any new vicar would be more useful to them than they would let him be. His father, when dying, had counselled him to embrace some fair opportunity of getting to London. During his occasional visits thither another of his varied gifts had become known to his friends. He was a good preacher, not eloquent in the strict sense of that much abused term, certainly not too deep for his hearers, but intelligent, clear, interesting, earnest, and eminently practical. The office of minister of Quebec Chapel was put at his disposal in 1853 by Mr. J. H. Gurney, in whose parish of St. Mary's, Marylebone, it is situated; and after some hesitation in consequence of the scruples of his wife, who did not at once appreciate the advantages of the change, he left the village in which the eighteen best years of his life had been spent. His new position was not in some respects much to his mind; "the sort of soldier of fortune character of it," he once said, "would corrupt an angel with pride"; but he made the best of the ugly place and of its fashionable congregation. One novelty he introduced with excellent results. The custom of attending Sunday afternoon service at such churches had not then set in, when it occurred to him to commence a series of extemporary expositions at that time of the day which should embrace some definite portion of the New Testament, and, while mainly intended for those who were not acquainted with the original Greek, should be helpful and suggestive to such as were. The experiment was most successful, and many persons now in London, including not a few ladies, first acquired from these lectures a lively interest in Biblical reading which has been to them a solace and source of happiness ever since.

Three or four years of this life of hard study, mingled with active ministerial labour, brought him early in 1857 to his highest preferment, the Deanery of Canterbury. As this was among the most suitable, so was it the most popular of Lord Palmerston's ecclesiastical appointments, though Dean Alford hardly found in the post that abundant leisure for book work which one of his congratulating correspondents had promised him. A bishopric he would have thought it cowardly to refuse, but he knew its anxieties and oppressive load of routine duty too well to covet an office not peculiarly congenial to his habits and temperament. The first priest in the English communion for, *pace* a rival claimant, such the Dean of the Metropolitan See must be—he might well feel that he has reached the summit of legitimate ambition, and enjoyed his fresh honours with unaltered thankfulness and modesty. By reason of some stupid bungling in the early days of the Ecclesiastical Commission, the county of Kent has two Cathedral cities and no resident Diocesan. Hence the Deans of Canterbury and of Rochester are called upon to take a position in regard to the religious and civil business of their respective neighbourhoods which does not naturally pertain to them. Alford threw himself with avidity into this part of his duty, as into every other, while still prosecuting his Biblical studies, which comprised the completion of the Greek Testament in 1860, eighteen years after he had begun it, and several new editions of its separate volumes; his share in the "Revision by the Five Clergymen"; his *New Testament for English Readers*, wherein the information accumulated in the Greek Testament is reproduced in a more simple form; together with such a mass of miscellaneous papers in the *Contemporary Review*, which he edited from its commencement in 1866, and in other periodicals, as when seen enumerated in the Appendix to his *Life* is enough to sicken the heart, while we contemplate them almost with dismay.

For these incessant and varied labours were slowly, but surely, bringing the strong and energetic man to a premature grave. In 1870, the last year of his life, the sixtieth of his age, the Dean undertook two separate enterprises, one being an attempt to popularize the study of the Old Testament, as in his book for "English Readers" he had done for the New. This gigantic task he began with even less previous knowledge of the Hebrew literature than he had of Greek grammar and criticism twenty-seven years before. He intended, no doubt, as then, to learn as he went on, reserving corrections and improvements for subsequent editions. On November 15 he records in his journal "Finished Exodus xxv. and left off work for the present." That work was never resumed, nor will the portion which has been published since his death add much to his reputation. The second labour of the year could have cost him little trouble, and was full of pleasurable excitement. Immediately after putting forth a Revised Translation of the New Testament (of which 25,000 copies were sold in a few months), it became his duty to advocate in Convocation and to help in carrying out in person the Revision of the English Bible now in progress. He had hoped for and looked forward to it all his life long; he took his share in it with undiagnosed satisfaction. His short notices of the sessions in his journal are full of enthusiasm, though one of his colleagues seems to think that "in general he kept himself in the background, as if he felt that his suggestions were sufficiently before us" already. The truth is, he was ill, complaining of constant headache and sleeplessness, until at length, on the 16th of December, acting on imperative medical advice, he went to the Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster Abbey in the morning, took leave of the Revision Company, gathered up his books, patiently and quietly went home,

resigned to the Divine will in all things. He carried on other business after study had been interdicted, painted a little (for he had recently taken a fancy to water-colours, and had himself illustrated his last work, *The Riviera*), even preached in the Cathedral on New Year's Day, 1871, and on Sunday, the 8th of January, then took to his bed, and died quite unexpectedly on January 12, in the presence of his loving wife.

Authors there are, and those not the least deserving that honourable name, who deliberately postpone immediate popularity to the cherished hope of permanently enriching the literature of their country, or of making fresh accessions to the sum of human knowledge by their original researches. Such a one was not Dean Alford. His great aim was to influence for good the living generation, and in this effort few have succeeded so well. He essayed too many things to excel in all. In his youth his poetry had been spoken of in the same breath as Tennyson's; a few years later and he was nowhere in the race. But though his writings may be superseded or forgotten as time goes on, the example of his pure and simple life remains in this volume for the instruction and encouragement of all Christian students. A nobler spirit has seldom adorned the higher places of the English Church; no truer ally, no more generous and placable opponent, than he will readily be met with amidst the trials of life. To have known and valued Henry Alford will long be a source of heartfelt satisfaction to many others, besides those immediate friends whose names are linked with his in this beautiful and touching life by his Widow.

MURRAY'S DIALECT OF THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES OF SCOTLAND.*

WE think that we have not for a good while past had anything to do with the Philological Society, though we certainly have had a good deal to do with its offshoot, the Early English Text Society. But at any rate we are well pleased with the volume of their issuing which we have now before us. Mr. Murray, who has already come before the world as one of the Early English Text Society's editors, has gone into his subject thoroughly, fully, and scientifically, and, what is specially to be noticed, without the slightest trace of national prejudice. There is all the difference in the world between Mr. Murray and the people who write books about the dialects of their several districts by jotting down any words which would seem strange if they saw them in the *Daily Telegraph*, and then making some guess about Danes and Saxons, perhaps about Jews and Phœnicians. Mr. Murray, it is plain, is a real philologist, and he does not let his philology give way to any local point of honour. His subject is the dialect of the Southern counties of Scotland, and he brings out with all truth and clearness that that dialect is simply one form of English. If he had chosen to add that it is the purest surviving form of English, we should feel no call to argue against him. His historical introduction is one of the clearest expositions that we ever saw of the plain facts of the case, ethnological and linguistic. The case is of course a very plain one, but national prejudice on the one hand, and the confusion arising from the use of ambiguous words on the other, have tended to make it seem to many to be hard to understand. To any one who has the smallest knowledge of history or philology, there is of course no need to prove that what people commonly understand by Scotch is really only Northern English, and that the only true Scotch is the Gaelic or Irish. But there are many whose minds have been puzzled enough by the use of a confused nomenclature to make a clear and scientific statement like Mr. Murray's very useful. He goes through the whole thing from the beginning, fully taking in and fully setting forth the relations of the three parts of what is now called Scotland—the English, the Welsh, and the Irish parts—to one another and to England. It is no part of his business as an historian of language to discuss the claims either of the earlier or of the later Edwards in their political aspect, but he in no way shirks them so far as they bear upon his subject. He records the commendation of 924, and adds:—"Thus early began that theoretic recognition of the supremacy of the Bretwalda, or King of England, which another Edward tried to reduce to practice, and which was only finally repudiated at Bannockburn." The cession of Lothian is brought out with equal clearness, without Mr. Murray dogmatically deciding, as he was in no way called on dogmatically to decide, how far it belongs to the reign of Edgar and how far to the reign of Cnut. The state of things in the eleventh century is well set forth in the following statement, though we know of no evidence to fix the exact degree of kindred between Malcolm and the house of the Northumbrian Earls:—

The history of the Scottish kingdom during the tenth century exhibits the struggles of two dynasties, one of which was by marriage and sympathies more connected with Northumbria, and courted the English alliance; the other identified with the North-East, and more exclusively Celtic in its leanings. The Celtic or native line found its greatest representative in Macbeth, who, after the defeat and death of Duncan, ruled over the original Scotland, while the Anglo districts south of the Forth remained attached to the family of Duncan. It was rather as a king of Lothian, conquering Scotland, that Malcolm Ceannor, son of Duncan and the Northumbrian earl's daughter, at the head of an Anglo-Saxon army, overthrew Macbeth and recovered the crown of his fathers.

Later on in his introduction, Mr. Murray gives a good many

examples of the confusion which has been made, both in past generations and quite lately, through people not understanding that what they are in the habit of calling Scotch is simply the Northern English, the natural language of the whole country from the Trent to the Forth. He tells of the "vagaries" of the older inquirers who "asserted for the Scotch an origin independent of the Anglo-Saxon, which has been variously sought (and found) in the Pictish (whatever that might be), the Norwegian, the 'Sulo-Gothic'—anywhere indeed rather than in the old Angle or Northern English of Lothian or Northumbria." He then goes on to tell about men of education, both English and Scotch, who could not understand how the hermit Richard Hampole could have written his good Northumbrian—in their eyes "Scotch"—in the south of Yorkshire, and thought that he must at any rate have been a Scotchman settled there. He tells also of a learned Scotch judge who gave judgment in this sort on the *Pricks of Conscience*:—"You call it Early English, but it is neither more nor less than broad Scots." He shows, on the other hand, that, down to the fifteenth century, the most patriotic and English-hating Scottish writers, Barbour, Blind Harry, and the rest, never thought of calling the language in which they wrote by anything but its natural name of *English*. In those days Gaelic was called *Scottish*, but as, from the fifteenth century onwards, English began to be called *Scottish*, so Scottish began to be called *Irish*, a name against which there is of course nothing to be said. The change in the use of the names is nothing to be wondered at. As the English of Lothian, under the name of Scots, became politically quite separate from the kingdom of England—as the difference, became more and more marked between their dialect of English the dialect which formed the courtly and classical dialect of Scotland, and that other dialect of English which formed the courtly and classical language of England—it is in no way to be wondered at if they began to apply the Scottish name with which they were so familiar in every other way to their language, as well as to everything else that belonged to them. When John Fordun said that two languages were spoken in Scotland, "*Scotica et Teutonice*," the expression marks the transition stage. Patriotic Scotsmen were beginning to dislike calling their language English; so Fordun called it by a name which was at once vaguer and had a grander sound.

Mr. Murray gives us a map, in which he carefully shows the present boundaries of Celtic and Teutonic speech in modern Scotland, and further marks the extent of the several dialects of each. The Celtic area is still, in geographical extent, slightly the larger of the two, though we need hardly say that population would tell quite another story from that which is told by square miles; and, in order not to be unfair to the declining speech, Mr. Murray has marked as Gaelic every district where any Gaelic is really spoken by any portion of the really native inhabitants, even though English be the speech of the majority. This distinction needs to be carefully drawn, because there are places—the great towns, for instance—where there is a certain proportion of Gaelic-speaking immigrants. But while we speak of Gaelic as the declining tongue, we must not forget that there are districts in which it has shown itself as a conqueror. Having, for instance, wholly driven out the language of the Scandinavian settlers on the Western coasts and islands. The Gaelic he divides into three dialects—Northern, Central, and South-Western—the third of which runs a little way on to the coast of Ireland, opposite Cantire. This last district is, it seems, gradually lessening; but within it the connexion between the Gaelic language, as spoken in Ireland and in Britain, rises from close kindred to absolute identity. Of English dialects in modern Scotland Mr. Murray recognizes eight, which he arranges in three groups. The dialect with which he is more immediately concerned is what he calls that of the Southern counties, "including Annandale, Eskdale, Teviotdale, and Etrick Forest." This is the purest and most unmixed old Northumbrian; because it remained a purely local speech, while the dialect of Lothian and Fife became the courtly and classical type of Scottish-English. In both these districts the Northumbrian has the ground all to itself, and everywhere south of the Forth it has had it to itself ever since the sixth century. This district of course answers to, and is in fact a continuation of, the great region of Central and Eastern England from which the Britons altogether vanished. But as, all along the Western side of England, we have a greater or smaller area where the British language has given way to the English without a complete displacement of British population, so the same thing is to be seen in Scotland. Thus English is the universal tongue of Scotland south of the Firths of Clyde and Forth. But while, in the eastern half of this district, as in Central and Eastern England, English is in the strictest sense at home, in the Western half it has, as in Cornwall and in a large part of Wales, simply displaced Celtic dialects, British in Clydesdale, Gaelic in Galloway. Here the Celtic languages have wholly vanished, but not without giving a certain tinge in pronunciation and the like to the English spoken within them. Still more then in the North-East, where English is daily encroaching on Gaelic, the Celts who adopt English do not adopt it without modifying it in some slight degree. The Northern and Western dialects are in this way distinguished from the absolutely unmixed English of the South-East—absolutely unmixed, we mean, as far as anything borrowed from Celtic neighbours is concerned.

In the North-East Mr. Murray seems rather unwillingly to admit a Scandinavian element also; but he is wisely on his guard against that exaggerated belief in Scandinavian influences, either

* *The Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland; its Pronunciation, Grammar, and Historical Relations, &c. &c.* By James A. H. Murray, F.E.S. London. Published for the Philological Society by Asher & Co., London and Berlin. 1873.

in England or Scotland, which at one time was in fashion. We may surely look for some Scandinavian element in the North and North-East, but it should be always remembered that Lothian, like modern Northumberland and the bishopric of Durham, belongs to that part of old Northumberland in which the Danes did not settle. There is no more reason to look for any Danish element between the Tees and the Forth than to look for it south-west of Watling Street. The difference between the several forms of English spoken in Scotland seems still to be very considerable, especially in the matter of pronunciation. In this last Mr. Murray—who is a disciple of Mr. Ellis, and, as such, he sometimes gets into distinctions too delicate for us—marks off with great care the differences to be heard in distinct and sometimes very small districts—differences which sometimes make natives of other parts of Scotland altogether misconceive the meanings of whole sentences. Of this last Mr. Murray gives some amusing instances. Thus he mentions a small district of Berwickshire where *ch* in *chance*, for instance, is sounded as *sh*, and where, if we rightly understand Mr. Murray, men talk neither of the *kirk* nor the *church*, but of the *shursh*.

Of the purely English districts, especially of that which is the immediate subject of his book, Mr. Murray remarks that, both in its retention of old forms and in its adaptation of new, the dialect bears the character of a language which has, so to speak, lived by itself and has not been influenced by other tongues:—

The dialect of the Southern counties of Scotland is, as we have seen, distinguished by its proneness to develop diphthongs out of vowels which were originally simple in Anglo-Saxon, and which remain simple in other Scottish dialects; while, on the other hand, it retains a series of grammatical distinctions characteristic of the old North-Angle speech which the others have dropped, probably in imitation of the Erse, Pictish, or British idioms which preceded them. These facts indicate that the Teutonic speech has in this district come less into peaceful contact with pre-existent languages, and thus yielded less to their influence than the same dialect further west and north, and that, having been longer established on the soil, it has, in its system of sounds, received a fuller phonetic development here than elsewhere.

On the other hand, in the districts which answer to Cornwall, where English has supplanted Gaelic or Welsh, where the speech is English but where the local nomenclature is Celtic, we see the way in which the extinct language has influenced its successor. This comes out in some points of pronunciation and other details, and it is marked in another way in the local nomenclature of the Galwegian district to the South-West. In the English district the surnames are of the same class as those in England, the patronymic being formed by adding *son* to the Christian name, whether of English, Norman, or Hebrew origin. In the purely Gaelic country the Gaelic *Mac* is prefixed to names Gaelic by origin or by form, while in the Galwegian district the *Mac* is prefixed to names of the English class. Wilson, Macdonald, Macwilliam, are fair specimens of the three classes of nomenclature. Mr. Murray does not tell us the exact geographical limit of the class of names which is the converse of the Galwegian, names where the Teutonic ending is added to the Celtic prenominal, as in Donaldson and Ferguson.

We have made our remarks chiefly on the more general part of Mr. Murray's book. But we never saw a book on a local subject go more thoroughly or scientifically into its own subject. We should like to know something more about the Slogan of the town of Hawie, which is given as "Tyr-ibus ye Tyr yo Odin," which is explained as good North Anglian. "Tyr huc us, ze Tyr ze Odin." Now Odin, and Tyr too, are Scandinavian forms; if the Slogan had really been handed down from the times of North Anglian heathendom, we should rather have expected to find the gods bearing their English names of Tiw and Woden.

In one or two places we have been a little amazed to hear Mr. Murray talking about "Semi-Saxon." We had really thought that that decaying tribe had been so thoroughly cut off that even Mr. Furnivall had for some while shrunk from the perilous honour of their Ealdormanship.

AMERICAN JOURNALISM.*

MR. HUDSON has thought it necessary, with a view perhaps to raise the minds of his readers to a proper pitch of awe and admiration, to preface his history of American journalism with a collection of remarks made by various eminent men, from Mr. Anthony Trollope to Napoleon I. and Mr. H. W. Beecher, on the influence and value of the press. One of Mr. Trollope's characters, it seems, has somewhere observed that the editor of *Jupiter* is of much more consequence than the Lord Chancellor. Thomas Jefferson declared that he would rather live in a country with newspapers and without a government than in a country with a government and without newspapers; but it may be doubted whether Mr. Jefferson, if he had survived to this day, would really have thought that the opportunity of perusing any number of four-cent broad sheets was a sufficient compensation for having to endure the rapacious tyranny of New York Kings, or the anarchy of Louisiana. Those who are familiar with some aspects of American journalism may possibly be disposed to agree with Mr. Wendell Phillips in thinking it "a momentous, a fearful truth, that the millions have no literature, no school, and almost no pulpit, but the press; not one man in ten reads books, but every one, except the very few helpless poor, poisons him-

self every day with a newspaper." More recently we find the Bishop of Western New York asserting that "the Press is King," and asking, "if journalism is so powerful, who shall save us from such journalism as made the Commune possible in Paris?" When Mr. Henry Ward Beecher says that "in our day newspapers keep pace with history and record it," he scarcely does justice to the enterprise of some of the journalists of his own country, who, not content with keeping pace with history, occasionally succeed in outstripping its slow and commonplace movements. Another of Mr. Beecher's profound reflections is that "in the United States every worthy citizen reads a newspaper, and owns the paper he reads," and the sense of ownership goes perhaps somewhat beyond the possession of the sheet which has just been purchased. The position of a journalist in a democratic society is not very different from that of the court fool of another period. His relations with his master are intimate and confidential; he enjoys the emoluments and privileges of a favourite, and his tongue has also considerable license; now and then he can slip in a sharp word or two even about the great man himself, and to the great man's face; but he must be wary how he mixes criticism with flattery; his first obligation is to please, to humour, to amuse; and he must take care to follow his master's moods, and always to jump to the right tune. There is no country in the world in which the press fills so conspicuous and, in its way, so powerful a position as in the United States. There is a vast number of newspapers; they have an enormous circulation, and are eagerly read; and journalists hold prominent rank among public men, and often obtain official appointments of much dignity. And yet it is impossible not to see that, as a class, journalists in America are not treated with genuine respect and consideration. Something of contempt mingles with the patronage bestowed on them. Their eagerness to fall in with the popular mood and to pander to the passions and prejudices of the hour is too evident, and servility degrades their efforts to please. As a rule, an American goes to a newspaper, not for sober counsel or accurate information, but for mere amusement and excitement, just as a weary prince might turn to a smart storyteller. No doubt there are exceptions, and the gallant stand which was made by the *New York Times* against the scoundrelism of a paramount fiction whose misdeeds the other newspapers did their best to screen and palliate will be remembered as an instance of honourable and courageous independence. Journals of this class are, however, by no means common, and the familiar type of journalism would seem, unfortunately, to be still that of the *New York Herald*.

"Of all the newspapers published in the United States, very few comparatively," says Mr. Hudson, "live half a century. While the press is ever existing, ever increasing in number and power, individual newspapers are begun, thrive for a time, create a sensation, possess an influence, and then disappear." There are not fifty papers, it appears, in the country over fifty years old, and of these not a dozen are known beyond their own States. "Is not this a curious fact?" Mr. Hudson asks; and perhaps it is a fact which is not without its significance. According to the latest returns—those for 1870—574 daily papers were in course of publication in the United States. There were also 107 papers published three times a week, 115 twice a week, and 4,295 weekly publications. The circulation of the daily papers for the year was in round numbers 800,000,000, of the weeklies 600,000,000, while the aggregate issue of all the political and literary periodicals of the country was over 1,500,000,000 copies. The number of newspapers and other periodicals has more than doubled since 1850, and represents for the most part a fresh and recent growth. The oldest existing newspaper in the country is the *Portsmouth* (N. H.) *Gazette*, which dates from 1756, and the next oldest the *Newport* (R. I.) *Mercury*, which was started two years later. The earliest newspaper sheet printed in America appears to have been Harris's *Publick Occurrences* (Boston, 1690), which was intended to be published monthly, but of which only one number was ever issued. Mr. Harris in his prospectus stated that one of his objects was that "something might be done towards the curing, or at least the charming, of the spirit of lying which prevails among us"; therefore nothing would be published except what he had reason to believe to be true, and if any material mistake was committed, it would be corrected in the next number of the paper. And, further, Mr. Harris undertook that if any well-minded persons would trace out the name of the "first raiser" of any false and malicious report, he would expose the offender's name in his pages. "It is supposed," he said, "that none will dislike this proposal but such as intend to be guilty of so villainous a crime." It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Harris that his "proposal" might be turned to account by the very class against whom it was supposed to be directed. It is interesting to know that the first newspaper in America was expressly started with a view to baffle and counteract the spirit of lying. Mr. Harris's excellent intentions, however, failed to satisfy the authorities. He had dared to touch on questions of civil government and military matters, and his first number was accused of containing "reflections of a very high nature." So it was ordered that it should be not only a first number but a last, and was instantly suppressed. The explanation of this summary proceeding is to be found probably not so much in the contents of the paper as in the character of the publisher, who had been known before he left England as a "brisk asserter of English liberties," having indeed published a book with that very name, and undergone fine and imprisonment. In 1704 appeared the *Boston News Letter*,

* *Journalism in the United States, from 1690 to 1872.* By Frederic Hudson. New York: Harper. London: Sampson Low & Co.

which was started by Campbell, the postmaster, and eleven years afterwards the *Boston Gazette*, the speculation of another postmaster, who had replaced Campbell. "I pity the readers of the new paper," said Campbell; "its sheets smell stronger of beer than of midnight oil. It is not fit reading for people." It would seem that the personal feuds of American editors are an old fashion. In 1721 the Franklins brought out their *New England Courant*, which, according to precedent, sneered at Campbell's print as "a dull vehicle of intelligence," and another paper war began. Benjamin Franklin, after having worked in composing the types and printing off the sheets of the *Courant*, was employed to carry the paper to subscribers. He also wrote articles for it, unknown to his brother, disguising his handwriting, and slipping his contributions at night under the door of the printing office. The elder Franklin was imprisoned for an alleged libel on the Assembly, and the *Courant* was also denounced by the Mathers for having insinuated that "if the Ministers of God approve a thing, it is a sign it is of the Devil," "which," said Increase Mather, "is a horrid thing to be related." He was afraid that, if the Government did not interfere, some awful judgment would come upon the land. In 1728 Benjamin Franklin established the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, which he managed for thirty-five years. He was bold and outspoken, and frequently in hot water. "My friends," he once said to some of his opponents, "any one who can subsist upon sawdust pudding and water, as I can, needs no man's patronage." The spread of revolutionary feeling gave an impulse to journalism, and towards the middle of the last century a number of new journals were established. In 1760 the *Boston Gazette*, which had been started five years before, appeared with a new device. Britannia was struck out, and Minerva substituted. The goddess held in her left hand a spear surmounted by a Cap of Liberty, while with her other hand she released a caged bird which flew towards the Tree of Liberty. This was ten years before the Boston massacre, and fifteen years before the fight at Concord. The Government had its own organs, but the populace had a ready way of answering their arguments. The office of the *Royal Gazetteer* was destroyed, and the publisher of the *Boston Chronicle* was driven from the county. Incidentally we come upon the etymology of the word "gerrymandering," meaning the arrangement of constituencies with a view to party votes. Governor Gerry of Massachusetts had been engaged in this work in 1811, and some one likened the shape of the districts he had marked off on the map to a salamander. "Call it Gerrymander," said another, and so the word passed into current use. The first daily newspaper in the United States was the *American Daily Advertiser*. It was published in Philadelphia in 1787 by Benjamin Franklin Bache, a nephew of Benjamin Franklin. There were then only thirty-seven newspapers of all kinds. In 1835 there were 1,258 daily, semi-weekly, and weekly papers; and though, as Mr. Hudson points out, American journals are apt to be short-lived, the fertility of the press is unabated.

One of the most striking features in the history of American newspapers is the danger to which those connected with them are exposed when they offend the public. In 1789 a band of armed Federals took possession of the office of the *Aurora* in Philadelphia, and beat the editor and his son within an inch of their lives. During the war of 1812-15 between England and the United States, the mob twice demolished the offices of the *Baltimore Republican*, which was opposed to the continuance of the war. In more recent days, Colonel Webb, the editor of the *New York Courier*, found it necessary to bring his West Point education into practice; he turned his building into a fortress, armed his porters, editors, clerks, printers, and friends, and quietly waited an attack. The mob marched down Wall Street prepared to demolish the establishment. They halted before it, but all within was still and silent. The mob was packed in a narrow street expecting the signal to begin the assault, when some one told them of Webb's preparations. In a short time the street was empty. During the "draft riots" of 1863 the office of the *New York Tribune* was surrounded by a mob of five thousand people, some of whom had got within the walls, and had begun to set it on fire, but the courage of the police and a timely scare drove off the rioters. Mr. Hudson's pages are also enlivened by historical notes on the duels of editors. The *Vicksburg (Mass.) Sentinel* is supposed to have been associated with the greatest numbers of duels. One of its editors, Dr. Hagan, fought several duels in consequence of a controversy about cotton. He had also desperate encounters in the streets with a rival editor, which ended in a duel. Afterwards he "became involved in more *rencontres* in the public thoroughfares, but he gave up the practice of constantly carrying arms." He was himself killed in the street by a man who took offence at an article reflecting on his father. The next editor was badly wounded in a duel with "yagers at fifteen paces," and his successor a day or two afterwards was attacked in the street and killed his antagonist. The succeeding editors were thus disposed of:—

James Ryan killed by N. E. Hammet of the *Whig*. Next, one Walter Hickey, who had several rows, and was repeatedly wounded; he was soon after himself killed in Texas. John Lowins was imprisoned for the violence of his articles. [Perhaps he thought the gaol was the safest place to live in.] Mr. Jenkins, his successor, was killed in the street by H. A. Crabbe. Crabbe was afterwards murdered in Sonora. F. C. Jones succeeded Jenkins, but soon afterwards drowned himself.

Most of these encounters occurred some twenty or thirty years ago, and of course duels and assassinations are comparatively rare now. But it does not appear that they have altogether

ceased. In 1868 the editor of the *Southern Opinion* of Richmond was shot at his office door; the assassin was tried and acquitted. In 1867 the editor of the *Warrenton (Ga.) Clipper* was shot in the street, and a band of the Ku-Klux revenged his death by breaking into the gaol where the murderer was confined, smoking him out of his cell, and lynching him. In 1870 a Chicago editor was cow-bided by an English actress who felt aggrieved at his criticism of her performance. Mr. Hudson describes the "moral war" which broke out in 1840 against the *New York Herald*, and gives a careful catalogue of the epithets hurled at that journal and its editor. "Obscene Vagabond," "Veteran Blackguard," "Moral Leprosy," were among the mildest of them. However, the *Herald* could use strong language too, but Mr. Hudson relates an anecdote to show that it is impossible to use language strong enough to produce any effect on some classes of the community. One day the *Herald* published a slashing article against some prize-fighters, one of whom afterwards called at the office in a friendly way, to say the "boys didn't mind." "You newspapers," he said, "can't use words strong enough to make the boys heed. Did you ever hear them talk among themselves? They mean business. No paper can publish what they say. Your article is milk and water. The boys won't notice it." Mr. Hudson does not omit to chronicle the fact that "interviewing" was first introduced by the *New York Herald*, at the time of the John Brown raid in 1859. It may be noted as an interesting feature in the history of American journalism that even before the middle of the last century a couple of newspapers were printed in German in Pennsylvania. There are now, it appears, one hundred and forty-two "superior journals" in that language in the United States, some of which have a considerable circulation, and exercise considerable influence.

KATHERINE'S TRIAL.*

WE scarcely know "Holme Lee" in her present book. Usually so quiet in her style, she has here at times adopted a certain roll and rollick evidently quite foreign to her nature, and has besides fallen into slipshod and the anti-nominative heresy to a bewildering extent. It is strange how a writer who hitherto has shown an appreciable amount of loyalty to good taste and good grammar should have suffered herself to write such sentences as "Kate's daily task." "Came an interruption." "Gardener was pruning the standard rose-trees that would be so beautiful in summer, looking in at the lower window." And "Kate's mutinous face" may be pretty-polite for pert, insolent, ill-tempered, but it is not English so much as translated French; and when "Rous tries to dissipate Kate's dolour," we involuntarily expect him to say "By my hallidame," or "By're lady," as the natural sequence. So when Colonel Eliot, speaking of his sick brother, says, "Does the young lady fear that we may withhold from our kinsman any succours he is capable of receiving?" we look for a grave and black-robed leech to enter the sick man's chamber, not an English doctor sent for by telegram; and when Joyce says, "The mistress talks that she has a fear upon her," we are inclined to call her Joyce the bower maiden, or Joyce the tirewoman, instead of the conventional lady's-maid, house-keeper, or nurse—all of which functions she fulfilled. But this odd kind of mediæval talk is common to all the characters. Rous calls Katie "sweetheart," which we imagine to be a very rare appellation from a nineteenth-century lover to his cousin, if even his *fiancée*. An old woman, speaking of Mrs. Eliot's former beauty, says:—

"The mistress is in a poorly fashion now-a-days, and what a grand-looking lady she was before you were born, Miss Kate! Many's the time I've said to Joyce, 'The mistress has never been her own woman since little Miss was born.' . . . She had a noble way with her before, an' carried her head like a queen. Now she goes creep-mouse, and her figure is that shrunken she looks straight up an' down, like a yard o' pump-water," &c.

Also, again, we would suggest for future consideration that a heart is not "gnawed upon" by a tooth, however sharp and malignant, and that "without ever setting foot on water" is an awkward expression, only to be equalled by "Rous was in the enjoyment of his good-natured spirits."

The book opens with the old theme of the rough running of true love:—

A February afternoon, purple and very still as it drew towards dusk. Rous Eliot made the road fly behind him on his way to Katherine. And for an hour before he came, Kate stood furtive at her window, watching. For he it known that these two were lovers, and that their love was forbidden.

A swift tall figure appeared under the limes. Katherine laughed to herself, and flew downstairs, crying in a joyous voice of well-simulated surprise: "I do believe that Cousin Rous is here!" And, in fact, there my lord was: wanting a welcome, but not wanting the coolness that can dispense with it where it is not offered.

After the meeting between the lovers comes the home dinner, when Kate dresses herself in a "sky-blue silk with a trimming of fringe, and white camellias in her hair and bosom"; and after the dinner comes a talk between Rous and his uncle the Squire, short and to the purpose, wherein the latter refuses his consent to the marriage of the young folks on the plea of cousinship. To all appearance, he refuses without much chance of obedience from the lovers. Rous, in reply to his uncle's assurance that he

* *Katherine's Trial*. By Holme Lee, Author of "Kathie Brand," "The Beautiful Miss Barrington," &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1873.

believes his love is quite disinterested though Kate is an heiress of no mean expectations, answers sturdily, "If we could change places on the spot, sir, I would have no wife but Kate." "And I promise you, Rous, that I will never marry while you are a bachelor," echoed a brave sweet voice at the door, and Kate, sent with a message from her mother, advanced into the light of the fire." After this we have the preparations for a hunt, with Rous "in pink, a perfect dandy, and in exuberant spirits," and a rivalry in horsemanship between a Miss Buxton on Sprite, and Kate on Bonnybelle, wherein the former beats. Of course the day ends with the inevitable accident. Was there ever a hunting scene in a novel that did not result in a "spill" of greater or less gravity? This time it is only the poor Squire who gets damaged; neither Kate nor Rous, as we feared in the beginning; and the elder gentleman's hurt is trifling in itself, though important in its consequences. But how is it that all the names of horses and of places in books seem so made up and so unnatural? One hunting lady may quite probably call her horse Sprito, and another may call hers Bonnybelle; a Slyboots also may "take his fences, Mitcham fences and all, like a bird"; but whether they are sweeping out of sight beyond Bently Furrows, cantering across Hollerby Wold, or craning at these same Mitcham fences, horses and men—the country gentlemen, parsons, lawyers, and doctors from Steepleton, the market town, with Robinson the landlord of the Swan Inn, one of the best mounted men in the field, and "ragtag and bobtail," in a sentence by itself, "in due proportion"—all look like figures cut out of cardboard, and with no more vitality in them than there is in those tin horses and their riders wherewith infant gamblers play the game of "Newmarket" for sugar-plum stakes, called by Holme Lee familiarly "goodies." There are certain things of which one can write at second-hand, and a hunting-field is one of them.

The author must forgive us if we tell the story and betray the little secret of *Katherine's Trial*. The work is so slight, the characters are so sketchy, and the leading circumstances so few, that we see no other way of dealing with it. It will not take us or our readers long to get to the end of it, for the whole plot can be put into a very few words. It is simply this. Katherine, who has been brought up as the daughter and heiress of Mr. Eliot of Bently, is not his child at all, but the motherless offspring of an artist, whom Mrs. Eliot and her confidante Joyce bought seventeen years ago from the caretaker, and fostered it on the Squire as his own. For what purpose the lady committed this crime is not very clear; seeing that she was fond of Rous, her husband's nephew and heir—"The poor lady loved Rous better than her girl," says the author. "He had been with her, a wilful (very) stout little boy, through those early years of disappointment when no Kate was, which accounted for it perhaps"—so that why she should seek another child, at such a cost and such a risk, is among the great unexplained motives with which novelists deal. The interest of the tale is centred, first in the decision of Katherine's father, when she finds him, as to whether he will claim and retain her, or leave her to her old life and the people who have been so long her true, if not real, parents; secondly, in the decision of Colonel Eliot, the Squire's brother and Rous's father, as to the marriage of the two young people. No longer cousins, the Squire's objections have fallen to the ground; but not being exactly equals, the Colonel's are in full force. However, everybody is supremely amiable; and even the Colonel, who seems at first inclined to play the part of a Bengal tiger, and make himself disagreeable, comes round before too late, and gives his consent and blessing with the rest. John Fenwick, Kate's father, having married again, and being but a poor man painting for dear life at Ravenna, thinking wisely enough that his hands were as full as they need be with his present wife and three children, declines to interfere with Katie and her arrangements; and beyond a good-natured liking and some artistic admiration for the strange daughter so oddly brought to life again, he seems to have cared but little for the adventure. The sketch of the artist in his Italian home, simple, poor, affectionate, and cultivated, is very well done altogether; and the contrast between Katie's nervous excitement and somewhat exaggerated sentiment and his coolness when they first meet is natural enough. The description of him as he appears when entering the "Golden Eagle," whether Mrs. Eliot has sent for him to come, reads like a personal sketch:—

He halted half a minute in the doorway, as if he thought there must be some mistake—a little gentleman in loose brown velvet clothing, a young man still, with a fine forehead, a ruddy complexion darkened by the sun, tawny hair and luxuriant beard scattered over his white waistcoat—an exquisitely neat and clean little gentleman, as English as if he had never been out of England.

Presently "Kate" is spoken of. "Mr. Fenwick glanced from one to the other in visible perplexity. 'Kate—who is Kate?' he asked in a low undertone, speaking more to himself than to them." On which he is told that she is his own daughter, and Rous goes for her:—

As she entered the room John Fenwick stood up, and stretched out his hands to her. There was not light enough to witness the finer shades of their emotion, but there was quite light enough for each to know the other again. They were silent for a full minute. Katherine thought she had a very young father. John Fenwick thought he had an amazingly pretty daughter, much too old for him, so he said: "Ah, well, we shall be play-fellows, that's all!" and Katherine said, "Yes," with April sunshine flowing over her face.

The cloud of her vagaries was dispersed. The neat little bearded gentleman was not embarrassed by the situation. Perhaps he was yet too astonished to be embarrassed. "I see a likeness over strong to be denied," he said, when they were set down. And then he waited with an air of deference for the poor Squire to speak again.

Then John Fenwick goes away, quite content that things should be as they are; and for his next meeting with his daughter appoints the chapel where he was working, as "the daylight hours were precious." All this is sober, unexcited, and prettily told, but the book is altogether too slight for anything to have much effect; and, above all, too much space is given to a kind of amateur handbook of Venice. We have a little bit of Murano and Salviati's great glass manufacture, which is neither a picture nor instruction; then we are taken to Torcello, where, if there had been "goodies" to buy, Katherine would have bought them for the ragged cherubs who begged of her, and where "Attila's stone chair, standing knee-deep in weeds," and the "ancient church that marks the site of the first city of refuge built by the people who founded Venice," are of course introduced. At the Academy we have the pictures, and the Grimani Miscel in the Ducal Library has a turn; the Scuola di San Rocco is somehow made subservient to the general plan, inasmuch as Katherine and "Maddie," her ancient French governess, Madame Roussel, an elderly lady with "a nice old face," go thither, to get out of the way when the Squire is taken ill; and so on. But we have a kind of uneasy feeling that we are being treated as children when they are ailing, and are having instruction administered to us in the form of amusement, just as they have japed hidden in their junn.

We have rarely to find fault with Holme Lee for an over-lax tone either of sentiment or speech, but *Katherine's Trial* has one or two blemishes which we do not like, and of a kind we scarcely expected to find in any work of our present author. Whatever lovers may do in private, and they all do silly things, authors should be as reticent as themselves, and as discreet as chaperons. They should either not allow familiarities at all, or they should not betray them. When Madame Roussel surprises "Kate sitting on Rous's knee, making him read out of the same book, and Kate only looked round and said it was 'Murray,'" we fancy that the old French *gouvernante* would have made some stronger remonstrance than she did, or that the lovers would have had more modesty in her presence. To be sure "Kate made a faint of moving, but Rous said 'Sit still,' and she was beautifully obedient." No wonder the old lady said, "You English lovers take a great deal of liberty." We do not think that all girls are granted quite so much liberty as Kate, or that fathers and old ladies allow them to wander about a foreign town alone with their lovers, morning, noon, and literally night; that they may stay out beyond stated times, be folded in arms, and kissed in company, not only at "good night" and "good morning," but "even when there was no occasion, when they were leaning on the window sill, feeding the pigeons." For our own part, had we a pretty, playful, mischievous-faced little girl of seventeen, like Kate, to take care of, we should be vastly more particular than either Mr. Eliot or Madame Roussel; and with every possible respect for the Rous of the occasion, we would keep her a little closer within bounds, and a little nearer under our own eyes than did they. Neither do we think any of the people concerned very wise in the open-mouthed publicity they gave to Mrs. Eliot's secret; and the way in which Kate was married to Rous, by what seems the Squire's death-bed, then taken off that very day alone to Ravenna, by her artist father John Fenwick, is funny, to say the least of it. On the whole, this is not Holme Lee's masterpiece; and it would not take a monstrous amount of genius to do immeasurably better.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE noticed some time ago the *Mémoires inédits* and the *Manuscrit de ma mère*, which form the first instalment of Lamartine's posthumous works; we have now to speak of the publication of the poet's Correspondence. The two volumes before us extend from the year 1807 to 1820*; they refer therefore to Lamartine's youth, and include the letters which he wrote between his departure from college and his marriage with Miss Birch. We gladly welcome this interesting collection, because it places the poet in a light altogether new to us. The works of his mature age and of his declining years—the *Mémoires inédits*, for instance, or the *Souvenirs et portraits*—gave us a kind of idealized Lamartine, very much touched up for effect, and in which the author of *Jocelyn* appeared as through a prism. The *Correspondance* is, we can clearly see, the simple reproduction of nature, and we like it all the better. We find the young man indulging freely in all the enthusiasm which liberty, love, and generosity can inspire; in the town or in the country, at Paris, in his excursions through Italy and Savoy, he fascinates us by his genuine appreciation of all that is truly great and beautiful. As years roll on, however, the necessity of settling to some definite employment brings down Lamartine for a while from the sphere of the ideal; he enters the *garde-du-corps*, then tries to become Secretary of Embassy, and, when difficulties present themselves, he falls, like Jean-Jacques Rousseau, into a fit of melancholy. At the same time he endeavours to establish his reputation as a *littérateur*; he writes a dramatic poem on the subject of Saul; he prepares a political tragedy the hero of which is to be Julius Cæsar; he even begins an epic composition entitled *Clovis*. At last the *Méditations politiques* are published, and M. de Lamartine finds himself at once Lord Byron's rival in glory. Here it is that the second volume of the Correspondence leaves him. The persons to whom these letters

* *Correspondance de Lamartine*. Publiée par Mme. Valentine de Lamartine. Vols. 1, 2. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

are addressed do not form a very numerous group; M. Aymon de Virieu, M. de Bienassis, Madlle. de Canonge are the principal; the warmth of the poet's friendship for them is so touching that we would fain know something about the persons who could inspire such sentiments. Why does not Madame Valentine de Lamartine give us at least a few biographical details which might make us love them too? This is a desideratum which we should like to see supplied in a preface to the subsequent volumes.

The *Poésies inédites**, published in the same shape as the Correspondence, and forming part of the same series, are of very unequal merit. The tragedies to which we have above referred are interesting chiefly as giving the early promise of what the poet was to be afterwards. The fragments of the poem *Les visions* are more remarkable, because they introduce us to the scheme of a great work, two entire parts of which alone have been left complete; we mean *Jocelyn* and *La chute d'un ange*. As for the improvisus and album-verses collected here, we think they hardly deserved to be handed down to posterity. M. de Laprade's glowing preface is at the same time an *éloge* of the poet, and also an expression of regret at the taste of the present generation, which neglects the higher and purer style of composition for the moretricious beauties of occasional writing.

M. Léopold de Gaillard collects, under the title *Les étapes de l'opinion*†, the fortnightly political articles contributed by him to the *Correspondant* between June 25, 1871, and July 25, 1872. He thus gives us the history of a year which will ever occupy an important place in the annals of France; and, whilst he relates the events of those stirring twelve months, he shows how the weakness of the Government and the incapacity of the Emperor led to the disasters from which his country has so bitterly suffered. M. de Gaillard, making himself the mouthpiece of public opinion, represents M. Thiers as adding one more name to the list of statesmen of genius who have founded the historical greatness of France. This estimate bears date June 25, 1871; one year afterwards, our author, agreeing in this respect with General Changarnier, tells his readers that France is gradually, methodically, and legally drifting into Radicalism. Such are the two extreme points between which M. de Gaillard carries on his political criticisms. His book is written in a moderate tone, and will be found very interesting.

M. Feuillet de Conches, by the publication of a sixth volume, has brought to a close his series of letters and documents of every kind respecting Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and Madame Elisabeth.‡ We need not re-open the sharp controversy which this work has occasioned; but we may remark that, since the attacks of M. Geoffroy and other critics, M. Feuillet de Conches has been much more cautious in his selection of letters; and if all the previous volumes equalled in value the one before us, there would be little reason for complaint. The historical papers here printed refer to the years 1791-1793, and they illustrate chiefly the trials of the various members of the French royal family. Notes and explanatory documents abound, amongst which we have remarked an interesting account of the diplomatic negotiations which M. Feuillet de Conches had to undertake with the view of obtaining leave from the Austrian Government to copy certain letters preserved in the Vienna State Paper Office. This volume contains, besides six facsimiles of autographs, a portrait of the Queen and a drawing by Louis David representing Marie Antoinette on the way to the scaffold.

The cheap collection of dramatic works published by Messrs. Hachette & Co. for the use of schools § contained, up to the present time, only some of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of P. Corneille, Molière, and Racine. But the *répertoire* of the French stage is rich in tragedies and comedies which, though they cannot be placed on the same rank as *Athalie*, *Le Cid*, or *La Misanthrope*, are nevertheless very remarkable, and deserve to be studied. A selection from the plays of Voltaire, Regnard, Destouches, and Beaumarchais should, in our opinion, form an essential part of any series of French classics; and new editions of comedies such as *Le Grandeur*, *Le Légataire universel*, and *La Métempsichouse* would soon be very popular. By way of starting in that direction, Messrs. Hachette have issued a reprint of *L'avocat Patelin*, one of the most amusing specimens of the French mediæval stage, revised and modernized by Bruyès. This play is followed by several long extracts from the original farce, and illustrated by short notes, grammatical and historical.

M. Pelletan || is very angry with the Conservative party; he accuses them of cowardice, of selfishness, of betraying at the eleventh hour those to whom they had given their allegiance, and of being the champions of all desperate causes. He writes with such warmth, and his style is so animated, that many readers will no doubt be won over to his views, notwithstanding the unsoundness of some of his arguments. He awards all due praise to the English Conservatives, and finds in that very panegyric a fresh motive for attacking those who in France have endeavoured to carry out the same system of policy. A little reflection might have taught him that the historical antecedents of the two countries, differing so widely as they do from each other, must necessarily affect the attitude of political parties, and that the French Conservatives may think themselves called upon to follow a course of action which

elsewhere would be impossible. M. Pelletan cannot bear the idea that on the other side of the Channel the Republic should be regarded by many persons as existing only on sufferance; and in order to show the duty of establishing it definitively, he describes the various political opinions which now divide his country, taking Joseph de Maistre, Lamennais, Béranger, and Lamartine as the incarnations of Clericalism, Rationalism, Caesarism, and Republicanism respectively. These four portraits are brilliantly sketched, but it would be easy to raise objection on the score of likeness; and as for the epilogue, in M. Pelletan quite sure that all French Republicans understand the Republic in the same sense as he does himself?

The cause of materialism* has been pleaded so often lately in France, and with such apparent success, that a work written from the extreme idealistic point of view is quite a novelty. M. Paul Ribot goes almost beyond Bishop Berkeley, and maintains that we know absolutely nothing of the outer world. Form, colour, sound, distance, all the qualities which belong to matter, are, he says, mere modifications of our own thought, and it is our own individuality that we find in the various objects brought under the cognizance of our senses. It follows from this hypothesis that the limits of physical science are extremely narrow, and that we are in perfect ignorance of the fundamental laws upon which that science rests. On the contrary, as he contends, if we study our soul, we find ourselves immediately in a world every part of which we can readily explore, and the facts we thus master enable us to lay down a set of rules, or laws, indisputable in their character, universally applicable, and containing, if we may so say, the whole formula of life. M. Ribot's intentions are praiseworthy, and he has done good service in exposing the sophisms of materialist writers; but his own system, like that of Bishop Berkeley, is open to much criticism, and he falls into the error of taking for granted certain propositions which require demonstration, and which, we think, cannot be clearly proved. He is right, however, when he says in his preface that discussions bearing upon the existence of God and the immortality of the soul are never out of place. Whatever the scientific observers who share M. Auguste Comte's views may say, the study of phenomena is not sufficient to satisfy man's intellectual cravings.

M. Laugel's book on England† is one of the best we have read for a long time on the subject, and we have no hesitation in preferring it to the amusing volume of M. Taine. He knows our country more thoroughly, and a long residence amongst us has enabled him to acquire that accurate acquaintance with English institutions and manners which a few months' visit can never impart even to the most sagacious observer. For a superficial foreigner, and more especially for a Frenchman, the political greatness and apparent stability of England at the present time form a singular problem. How is it that, whilst the whole of Europe is convulsed by revolutions, Great Britain alone seems to weather the storm, and to advance steadily on the road of necessary reforms without being every now and then stopped by civil war? M. Laugel finds the solution of the problem in the welding together of the races which have made up the English people, and in the religion which the majority has adopted. The Celtic lightheartedness and the Teutonic "brutality," mixed so as to form a happy equilibrium, have, on the one hand, concurred to form a nation whose strong common sense is happily tempered by imagination and the spirit of enterprise; whilst, on the other, Protestantism has taught the English that the conquest of Heaven is not the only one which deserves the efforts of human activity. "The spirit of the Reformation"—we quote M. Laugel—"drives man into life, not as a victim, but as a warrior. . . . The best, the holiest, according to the spirit of the Reformation, are, or should be, likewise the strongest, the most skilful, the happiest; let us say plainly, the richest." This curious definition of Protestantism, as a ready and convenient scheme for making money and for getting on in life, recalls a famous ex-Chancellor's grateful recognition of the temporal blessings which he owed to the Christian religion.

After a series of journeys through Turkey‡ which have extended over eight years, M. Albert Dumont publishes the results of his observations. The Turks, the Albanese, the Slavonians, and the Greeks, are the four races settled in the peninsula of the Balkan; our author describes their moral and political condition, and endeavours to show how far the good qualities which distinguish them counterbalance and explain their faults. His book is full of interesting details on nationalities with which we are very imperfectly acquainted; the Bulgarians, for example, whose antipathy to the Greeks is one of the most curious expressions of the spirit of Pan-Slavism. If we may believe the Agram newspapers, classical civilization was in no respect whatever the work of the Hellenes; the fellow-citizens of Thucydides, Demosthenes, and Plato merely imparted to other races the beauty of their language, and the share generally ascribed to the Greeks in the history of the world belongs to the Slavonian people.

The history of the French stage during the mediæval period, such as we attempted to describe it a little while ago, is full of interest, and it can now be easily studied, thanks to M. Édouard Fournier. Coming down to more recent times, and following the chronological succession which takes us from the days of Villon, Clément Marot, and Marguerite de Navarre to

* *Poésies inédites de Lamartine*. Avec une préface de M. V. de Laprade. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Les étapes de l'opinion*. Par L. de Gaillard. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Louis XVI., Marie-Antoinette, et Madame Elisabeth*. Lettres et documents publiés par M. Feuillet de Conches. Vol. vi. Paris: Plon.

§ *L'ancien Patelin; comédie en trois actes et en prose*. Par Bruyès, avec des notes par Gustave Masson. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

|| *Les uns et les autres*. Par Eugène Pelletan. Paris: Pagnerre.

* *Spiritualisme et matérialisme*. Par Paul Ribot. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *L'Angleterre politique et sociale*. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Le Balkan et l'Adriatique*. Par Albert Dumont. Paris: Didier.

those of Corneille and Racine, we are glad to take again as our guide the excellent critic we have just named*, and to consult the texts published with so much care and elegance by Messrs. Sanchez & Co. Twenty authors are represented in this gallery, and the plays selected by M. Fournier from a very extensive *répertoire* have many qualities which recommend them to the reader. The leading characteristic of the dramatic productions now published is their want of originality; the classical writers of Greece and of Rome were boldly imitated by Jodelle and his contemporaries; the frequent intercourse of the French with Italy and Spain led playwrights to borrow from the poets of those two countries, and we know that Pierre Corneille's earlier comedies were cut out of the rich materials left by Calderon and Lope de Vega. Larivey's six comedies are perhaps those where plagiarism appears in the most barefaced manner. Odet de Turnèbe's *Les contents*, which M. Fournier has taken care to give us, is on the contrary one of the few specimens of real French style which the Renaissance presents us with; and, curiously enough, imitations of foreign models were so thoroughly recognized during the sixteenth century that La Monnoye, in his notes to Duverrier de Vanprivas, endeavoured to trace *Les contents* to Girolamo Parabosco's *I Contenti*, whereas the only similarity between the two plays is to be found in the title. One of the most amusing features of the volume before us is the introduction of two *farces tabariniques* as examples of a style of literature which, though far from dignified in itself, supplied Molière with many a useful hint. About Tabarin, the author, actor, and mountebank, little is known, and of the burlesque comedies with which his name is associated only a few extracts are fit for general reading; but still no *catena* of French dramatic literature would be complete which excluded at least a mention of the buffoon who three hundred years ago attracted audiences as large and as enthusiastic as those which gather around Punch and Judy. Rotrou and Bois-Robert, two of Corneille's contemporaries, supply the last pages of M. Fournier's volume with comedies which serve to show what had taste prevailed on the French stage on the eve of the production of *Le Menteur*.

It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that even Pierre Corneille is from beginning to end an unexceptionable model of style and of correct taste†; on the contrary, we see him in his earliest works taking his models, not at home, but on the further side of the Pyrenees, and unravelling the complicated imbroglia of *La surmante* and *La reuve* in a language vigorous, it is true, but full of archaisms. *Polyeucte*, *Le Cid*, *Horace*, *Anna*, and *Rodogune* show us the poet arrived at the full maturity of his genius; but the decline soon follows:—

Après l'*Agésilas*—Hélas!
Mais après l'*Attila*—Hélas!

This new edition gives us, besides all the dramatic works of Corneille, his life by Fontenelle, and a glossary of obsolete words and phrases. M. Giffroy, the celebrated actor of the Théâtre Français, has added to it a series of full-length coloured drawings representing one of the leading characters in each play.

The limits of a single volume would have been much too small for the publication of any of Corneille's works besides his dramas; Racine, on the other hand‡, wrote less, and therefore his recent editors very properly reprint his *Œuvres complètes*. The poet's correspondence, his fugitive pieces, his history of Port Royal, are all in their way admirable; and we even question whether the interesting series of letters which he wrote to his son and to Boileau have not charmed many readers who fail to appreciate the beauties of *Britannicus* and *Phèdre*. As Fontenelle's biographical sketch of Corneille forms the indispensable complement of the poet's works, so no edition of Racine should be deemed complete which did not include the memoirs of his life written by the author of *La religion* and *La grâce*. They introduce very naturally one of the best instalments of M. Laplace's collection.

General Vinoy speaks on military subjects with the authority of long experience.§ His object is to explain the military position of France, and to show how the army can best be reorganized. What are the resources which the country can supply from the recruiting point of view? how did the old law operate? what will be the probable consequences of the new law? Such are the topics discussed in the first part of the present work. The author then goes on to examine the actual condition of the French army; and, after giving his views on the mobilization of the troops in time of war, he concludes with a few general remarks. The point upon which General Vinoy lays the greatest stress is the necessity of making each department a centre for the assembling of reserve forces. Under the old system, which is still adhered to, there are 258 depôts, and therefore, if we suppose that circumstances require the summoning of an army of 800,000 men, we shall have 480,000 reserve soldiers travelling from one end of France to the other in quest of their centres; whereas, if the system of departmental rendezvous were adopted, there would be only eighty-seven localities appointed, and the grouping of the soldiers would be much more quickly performed. Some of General Vinoy's suggestions may be open to objection, but his work is conscientiously done, and deserves to be studied.

* *Le théâtre français au XVI^e et au XVII^e siècle*. Avec une introduction, etc., par M. Édouard Fournier. Paris: Laplace, Sanchez & C^{ie}.

† *Théâtre complet de P. Corneille*. Paris: Laplace, Sanchez & C^{ie}.

‡ *Œuvres de Jean Racine*. Précédées des mémoires sur sa vie, par Louis Racine. Paris: Laplace, Sanchez & C^{ie}.

§ *L'armée française en 1873*. Par le général Vinoy. Paris: Plon.

M. Ernest Duvergier de Hauranne* is one of the most distinguished members of the moderate Republican party, and his articles contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* have placed him at once amongst the leaders of what must be called, we suppose, the *centre gauche*. He believes in the ultimate triumph of the Republic, but that triumph, he honestly admits, can be secured only on one condition; no extreme policy, no leaning towards Radicalism on the one hand or Royalism on the other. Besides, as he says in his preface, although the friends of M. Gambetta and the supporters of monarchical institutions may call themselves *irréconciliables*, they are not so mad as they would make us believe. The most important thing to do at present is to dispel, if possible, the fears which many people entertain at the mere mention of the words "Republic" and "Republican." If it is true that all Republicans are not austere patriots and virtuous citizens, it is equally certain that they are not all necessarily soldiers of the barricades, thieves, cut-throats, or even dirty *sans-culottes*. Such is the argument of M. Duvergier de Hauranne's preface; the book itself consists of four chapters, besides a concluding *résumé*, where he gives us his scheme of government, which includes, besides a President, two Houses of Parliament, both elective. The prompt cessation of a provisional state of things is, we are told, a matter of necessity; but the only possible issue, says M. Duvergier de Hauranne, is the Republic, because it will transform at once a powerful majority of politicians from being conspirators into firm Conservatives, while the other parties—Radicals or Royalists—are so insignificant that they can give no cause for alarm.

Some years ago M. Naquet published a work in which, discussing certain important social and political questions, he merely treated them as hypotheses or utopias†, without any reference to the actual state of things in France. The volume he now gives us is, on the contrary, essentially *de circonstance*; for it professes to describe the best Constitution that our neighbours on the other side of the Channel can adopt. M. Naquet is a good deal more advanced in his opinions than M. Duvergier de Hauranne. According to him, there are two kinds of order: 1st. The fictitious or Monarchical order, necessarily resting only upon brute force and the stupidity of the population; 2nd. The natural or Republican order, arising from the harmony of interests. M. Naquet asserts, indeed, that natural order is to a certain extent independent of the form of government, but still he considers as absolutely null—he does not even deign to notice—the existence of constitutional monarchy in France between 1815 and 1848; much more, he absolutely refuses to the nation the right of re-establishing monarchical institutions. One Legislative Assembly, and a President of the Republic acting as a mere delegate of that Assembly—such is M. Naquet's system, reduced to its simplest expression. The members of the Assembly might, however, be inclined sometimes to encroach upon the rights of their constituents; accordingly our author proposes the creation of a supreme political court, enjoying the privilege of a "suspensive veto" against all unconstitutional laws; that is to say, he suggests something very much like the famous Committee of Public Safety.

We have already more than once mentioned the *Bibliothèque universelle et revue suisse*‡. The number for June, just received, contains, amongst several very interesting articles, an important one on Liberty, by M. Ernest Naville, and a capital sketch of the Genevese novelists and *chansonniers*, which is particularly worthy of attention because it introduces us to a number of literary characters who, although very little known out of Switzerland, are really writers of considerable merit.

* *La république conservatrice*. Par Ernest Duvergier de Hauranne. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *La république radicale*. Par A. Naquet. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *Bibliothèque universelle et revue suisse*, No. 186, June 1873.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE SHAH AT PARIS.

THE arrival of the SHAH has been a source of great amusement and delight to the people of Paris. They have seen in his reception an occasion for many jokes, and at the same time an opportunity of exhibiting what the capital of capitals can do when it chooses. It is a long time since Paris has had a holiday, and it has been charmed to break the long dullness of its state of siege, its monotonous politics, and its hard times by a few days of childish gaiety. It has been impossible, however, for Parisians to treat the SHAH with the same gravity with which Londoners received him. They have never lost sight of the drollery of making so much of a petty Oriental prince. Nor was it possible that, in the present feverish state of the political world, the SHAH should not be made somehow or other the instrument of different parties. The Republican papers do not much like the frivolity which is so ready to stare at and admire a despot; and one ardent Radical, who was arrested for hissing at the SHAH as he passed, explained that his vehemence was to be accounted for by his belief that, in hissing the SHAH, he was hissing all the Kings of the earth. The Royalists of all shades are on the contrary charmed with the SHAH, and congratulate themselves on the eagerness with which the crowd rushes to look at any one who comes with the prestige of a sovereign. Paris, said one ardent politician, has been now nearly three years under a Republic, and when something like a King comes it is as pleasant as the first dish of new peas to a man who has been going on through the winter with nothing but potatoes. But when the SHAH, although he satisfies the thirst for Royalty, is much better fun than most Kings, for he and his Oriental ways are capable of being made the themes of endless pleasantry. In England we sometimes have reason to regret that there is too little reticence as to what Royal people do or do not do, and there are some occasions when the veil of private life is lifted by the hands of vulgar curiosity. But in Paris there is no notion that any reticence at all is desirable; and if it is sometimes difficult to procure information, it is always easy to invent. Whether the many anecdotes and foolish stories told of the SHAH are true or false it is impossible to say, for no one cares, and to be amusing, not to be true, is the aim of the aspiring journalist. The Parisian journals gravely announce that on the night previous to the date of publication the SHAH took his coffee at eleven and went to bed at twelve. This is interesting, and who is there to say it is not true? The Correspondent of one of the most enterprising journals entertained his readers on Monday with a long account of the heroic and at length successful efforts which he had made to get near the SHAH at Cherbourg. His irrepressible zeal had been rewarded by his being able to make and communicate a great discovery. This secret which he whispered so pleasantly to the Parisian world was that he had actually sat so near the SHAH that he could say positively that HIS MAJESTY had not been shaved for two days. To discover or invent this, and to let all Paris share the delightful secret, seemed to the writer the height of fun, and no doubt most of his readers thoroughly sympathized with him. A still better opportunity for light sportive writing was afforded by an incident, real or imaginary, which marked the SHAH's journey to Paris. There was a station where he was to stop, and everything was done to make the most of the great event. The Préfet and the Sous-Préfet and the Maire were there, and the military and the firemen, and the usual young ladies with bouquets, and the Maire was proceeding to read a beautiful address,

when it was discovered that the SHAH was asleep. No one dared to wake him, and he slept tranquilly till he was carried far away from the scene of the honours intended for him. The confusion of the eager provincials and their respectable authorities under a stroke of fortune so disastrous and so unexpected was a delightful theme for Parisian writing; and no one who did not appreciate the comic side which the SHAH's coming has presented to the Parisian mind could really understand how he has been received.

Paris, however, has not only had its little laugh at the SHAH; it has received him with a welcome intended at once to do him honour and to show him what Paris was like. Before he came to England, a story was adroitly started that he had confided to some unknown person that his really serious object in visiting Europe was to see England and make the English his friends. In the same way, before he got to Paris, the Parisians were informed that his dream of dreams, the desire that had carried him through weeks of sad exile, was to see and taste the delights of Paris. That he should have his wishes fulfilled and know the charms of the city of pleasure was the wish of all Parisians. They have not spent much money on their welcome. Most of what they have disbursed on his account will have gone in fireworks and gas. But then he has seen Paris, and there is no one in Paris who does not honestly believe that this is quite enough for a Shah. There is nothing which could happen under the sun that could for a moment shake the belief of the Parisians in their capital, or even dispose them to see any painful associations in anything or any person forming part of an exhibition in which they considered the glory of Paris to be involved. The SHAH entered Paris by the Arc de Triomphe, and was there received by Marshal MACMAHON. The Parisians managed entirely to lose the memory of the last entry into Paris made through the triumphal arch, and they determined to seem never to have heard of Sedan, and complacently assured each other that it must be a source of ineffable pleasure to the SHAH to find himself in the same carriage with that "great warrior," the Duke of MAGENA. The entry into Paris was a remarkably pretty sight. There were the flags and the troops to which visitors to Paris under the Empire have been so long accustomed; and there was an enormous crowd evidently and honestly delighted in at last seeing a spectacle, after the dismal period during which spectacles have been impossible. At Versailles the entertainment was as successful as anything in London; and it may be some comfort to Frenchmen to know that once in a way the desolate grandeur of Versailles has been put to some use. The Palace was there, and the magnificent fountains were there, and all that had to be done was to add some fireworks, and to turn on plenty of gas. Besides the superior beauty of the city, the Parisians have sought to show the SHAH two things in which they could boast a superiority over Londoners. They have devoted themselves much more than we did to Persian Lions and illuminations. Everywhere there is to be seen the extraordinary animal with a dagger in his front paw which represents the warlike majesty of Persia; and the illumination at Versailles culminated in a scene in which, according to the language of an enthusiastic journalist, the lion of Persia appeared in an "apotheosis of flame." The spectacle of the night fête to be given to-morrow will be magnificent, if the weather is favourable. The course of the Seine and the bridges will be lit with a variety of colours, and on the Trocadero the SHAH will be seated in a blaze of glory, and be honoured with an expenditure of gas which he would

doubly value if he could but understand how dreadfully dear coals are. The review of Thursday was an excellent opportunity of showing him how good an appearance the best part of the French army can still make, in spite of all the reverses of war. But the preparations for the review were the cause of one of those differences behind the scenes which unfortunately so often attend the arrangement of great scenes both in public and in private life. There were many deputies who did not like the way in which the Assembly was being treated. It was the Sovereign of France, and yet the members of this sovereign power were totally eclipsed by the Marshal, and by military men and officials. As a derisive Royalist journal said, the deputies who waited for the SHAH on Sunday on the steps of the Bourse Palace looked more like dealers in rabbit-skins than sovereigns. There was wrath at Versailles over this, and after a very warm and angry discussion the majority voted that at the review the deputies should have a tribune all to themselves, and should appear in official costume. What this official costume was to be it was impossible to say positively, and the same derisive journal assured its readers that immediately after the vote one of the deputies, whom it named, rushed off to buy, by way of official costume, the first black coat he had ever had in his life. As a sign of the times the assurance with which the monarchical journals at once proclaim the sovereignty of the Assembly because they think the present majority will favour their schemes, and ridicule the deputies for believing that the Assembly, as sovereign, is entitled to public honour, is worth noticing, and may give rise to some painful thoughts as to the future of France.

The French candidly avow that the visit of the SHAH has no political interest for them. Sometimes they talk feebly about the Chinese war, and the miserable settlement in Cochin China, and even go back to the Syrian Expedition, as they call it, and make believe as if they had a share more or less supreme in the fortunes of Asia. But the more sensible exponents of public opinion recognize that after the German war there is no real good in using language of this sort; and they even, with a quiet and dignified regret, refer to the recent treaty concluded at Berlin by which it is stipulated that Germany shall interpose its good offices if Persia is threatened by any European Power. Germany has been the conqueror in a great war, and they recognize that it is the privilege of a conqueror to claim a right of intervention in the affairs of distant nations. In old days France had the reputation of being at the head of military authority in Europe, and therefore it was then the right of France to see that other nations did not go to war without its permission; but times are changed, and this special glory of France has passed into other hands. No effect of the war is more marked than this indifference of France to what is going on outside France. Its own internal struggles and its domestic difficulties absorb its attention. Every incident is turned into an occasion of struggle between the Clerical and the Liberal parties; and even the visit of the SHAH has called forth a letter from General DE TEMPLE, a noted partisan of the Right, in which he deprecates the frivolity with which France honours a Mussulman Prince while it leaves the Pope beneath the yoke of his enemies. His countrymen have not the slightest wish to risk a son or the life of a soldier in order to give the Pope back what he has lost; but then, on the other hand, they make it equally clear that, in paying honour to a Mussulman Prince, they do not wish to protect imaginary interests, or to pretend that the key of the great Eastern question is in their hands. They prefer to dwell on the safe and incontestable influence which France exercises over distant nations by her manners and her language. They point with satisfaction to the fact that the only European language which the SHAH speaks is French, that the French language and literature are studied at Teheran, and that among the officials of the SHAH many Frenchmen are to be found. This is a source of gratification which no one can deny or grudge to the French, and there can be no doubt that the SHAH recognizes that, now that he is in Paris, he has reached the centre of a civilization which hitherto has been supreme in its pliability and its power of adapting itself to nations of the most different races and creeds.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

IN the debate on the question of the salaries of Irish Civil Servants, Mr. GLADSTONE claimed with some reason for himself and Mr. LOWE the credit of being the only direct representatives of the public interest. There is no doubt that the House of Commons is often more lavish or more liberal than the Government; but it may be questioned whether uncompromising resistance to all demands for increased expenditure is the best mode of securing economy. Both Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE laid great stress on the binding nature of the contract between clerks in the public offices and the State. Some of the Irish Civil Servants obtained their posts, as Mr. GLADSTONE asserted, in times when their friends were out the knockers of official doors in their urgency to provide for relatives and friends. Mr. LOWE contended that, if the cost of living had become less, the Government would not have made a corresponding reduction of salaries; and he inferred that, having taken the chance of variation in either direction, the malcontent clerks ought to acquiesce in the bad bargain which they now find that they have made. Mr. GLADSTONE, on the other hand, referred to a motion which was once made for the reduction of salaries on the alleged ground that the cost of living had at the time been diminished; but, on the whole, Mr. LOWE was justified by ordinary practice in his assumption that the clerks would have got the benefit of increased cheapness. It is odd that neither Minister perceived that he was proving too much; because, if contracts are to be considered as conclusive, no salary of an occupant of any office can ever be increased, except for the purpose of retaining his services when he proposes to resign. The alternative of retiring from an underpaid service is scarcely ever available. It is difficult to pass into a new profession or employment; and every public servant who throws up his appointment sacrifices his future right to a pension which he might have earned. It would scarcely be possible to make a rise of pay prospective by limiting the increase to new comers, who would consequently receive either actually or proportionally a higher remuneration than that which was allowed to their seniors in office. There must evidently be some point of reduction in the value of salaries at which the most fiscal Minister would find it necessary to make allowance for the increased cost of living. Mr. LOWE's general propositions afford no answer to the demand for better pay, if any case can be suggested to which they would be inapplicable. VOLTAIRE, in illustration of the parsimony of FREDERICK WILLIAM I., tells a questionable story of having given alms in the streets of the Hague to an ex-Prussian Ambassador. Even Mr. LOWE's sternness would give way to the spectacle of retired chief clerks applying for the tickets of the Modesty Society. There is no use in insisting on the sacredness of contracts between the State and those whom it employs, if public as well as private interests are sometimes promoted by adequacy of payment. It is perfectly true that salaries ought not to rise and fall directly with the price of provisions, for a young man who enters the public service knows that he is liable to suffer by the ordinary range of prices. Nevertheless, in accepting a salary, the substance of his contract is that he shall discharge his duties in return for wages which will enable him to live with a certain degree of comfort. If, in consequence of a change in the value of money, his expectations are disappointed, the State only adheres to the spirit of the bargain by replacing him in his original position.

The argument that there are numerous candidates for vacant places is equally inconclusive, though it may fairly be taken into consideration by a Minister. The audition for appointments in public offices is frequently founded on ignorance; nor is it possible to ascertain beforehand the quality of the candidates. Judicious employers never underpay their servants, although they might perhaps get their work done on cheaper terms. The manager of a great railway receives the salary of a Secretary of State, and the clerks and agents of wealthy merchants are far more highly paid than Civil Servants of equal qualifications. The social advantages and the certainty of the service of the State, as well as the contingent right to pension, are properly calculated as parts of the necessary remuneration; but, if official salaries are generally reduced in value through the rise of prices, the State can scarcely expect to compete with success for the services of the most highly qualified persons. If the guardians of the Treasury had relaxed from their systematic austerities, the House of Commons would have been more willing to remit the claims

of the Irish clerks to their discretion. Mr. Lowe indeed hinted at a possible readjustment of duties and of pay which would have involved the dismissal of some of the less fortunate claimants; but he still assumed that the total amount of Irish salaries was a fixed sum incapable of increase. The Commissioners who were appointed by the Government had reported in favour of a partial increase of salaries, and the Ministers might reasonably have consented to give effect to their recommendations. The vote of the House of Commons on Mr. PLUNKET's motion will probably induce the Government to redress in some degree grievances which might as well have been acknowledged in the first instance. The official Commission which has been instructed to investigate the case of the Irish clerks will almost certainly recommend some increase of pay. Mr. Lowe so far agreed with Mr. PLUNKET and the other advocates of the claims of Irish clerks as to hold that the pay for similar services ought to be as high in Ireland as in England. Mr. GLADSTONE added that the services were not in fact similar, because the greater amount of wealth and of business in England involved more laborious official duties than the simpler condition of Ireland.

In his evidence on the more general question of the cost of the Civil Service, Mr. Lowe laid unexpected stress on the importance of encouraging candidates from public schools, or, in other words, of imposing a social as well as a literary test of competence. It was, he remarked, inconvenient that public servants who are necessarily brought into contact with the educated classes should be ignorant of conventional forms or unable to aspire their vowels. The advantages of large schools of the higher class are undoubted and numerous; but probably Mr. Lowe might have little objection to domestic training if only it were given in a refined and cultivated home. When the system of competitive examination was first devised twenty years ago, all but the fanatics of the new creed foresaw that it might have a tendency to lower the average rank of future Civil Servants. It was highly desirable to promote habits of industry, and to require a certain amount of attainment; but it was possible that the loss might preponderate over the gain if the clerks in the chief public offices ceased to be gentlemen. Mr. Lowe seems to suspect that the process of degradation has commenced, though it may be admitted that the expense of education has to some extent excluded the lower middle class from competition. It is not known that many Civil Servants are condemned by the test of the aspirate; and their general capacity is probably neither greater nor less than that of their predecessors who owed their appointment exclusively to patronage. Even if Mr. Lowe's recommendation of an increase of salary at the commencement of service is adopted, the public officers are not likely to be filled with University prizemen. The Civil Service examinations are, like races of half-bred horses, adapted to second-rate capacities. If the heads of civil and military departments at any time require the services of the ablest men of the day, they must persuade Parliament and the Government to hold out inducements which may compare with the prospects of professional ambition. It is evident that for the transaction of ordinary routine business no rare faculties are necessary. Mr. GLADSTONE acutely observed that it is impossible to give an adequate reward to extraordinary merit, because the same scale of payment would immediately be applied to the encouragement of mediocrity. The prizes of the service are few, and many of them are properly left open to external competition; but certainty of subsistence, and the contingent chance of a pension, compensate in some degree for the dullness of an unambitious career. Zealous and active officials sometimes write to the newspapers to recommend for themselves and their colleagues harder work accompanied by higher pay, and even to denounce the whole system of superannuation; but there can be no doubt that the more prudent majority understands better the conditions of the service. Even in the interest of economy, Mr. Lowe is fully justified in his desire to maintain the social character of the Civil Service. In England, if not in other countries, it is found that an occupation which confers a certain rank is sometimes chosen with but little regard to pecuniary advantage. The list of candidates for the army is crowded, notwithstanding the scanty pay of officers, and the numerous vexations in the way of shifting rules and successive examinations which official ingenuity has devised. Before the abolition of purchase, the greater number of officers received in the form of pay but a moderate interest

on the sums which they had advanced for their commissions. The clergy, having for some generations been taken from the upper middle class, still retain, notwithstanding the relative diminution of their incomes as compared with those earned in other professions, much of the social consideration which was acquired in the days of pluralities and of ecclesiastical prizes. It is not improbable that a calling which offers so little chance of profit or of distinction will hereafter fail to attract the same class which has hitherto given the Church its worldly position. The same danger will beset the Civil Service if it is systematically underpaid.

The Government has, in deference to the vote of the House of Commons, properly undertaken to consider the alleged grievances of the Irish clerks. It may therefore be assumed that Mr. GLADSTONE's rigid construction of contracts, and the severe indifference of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to the price of provisions, are for the present waived. It was fortunate for the complainants that Irish patriotism always in similar cases overpowers petty distinctions of religion or politics. Mr. DOWLING sided with Mr. PLUNKET in his effort to obtain some further contribution from the Imperial Treasury to the relief of a special class of Irish necessities. It was in vain that the Ministers suggested the ingenious fallacy that some of the underpaid clerks were probably Englishmen or Scotchmen. It was well known that the majority were Irish, nor will they grudge the participation of their alien colleagues in any boon which they may be lucky enough to obtain. The precedent of the Prussian functionaries who have lately received a large increase of pay from the most thrifty Government in Europe was not explained away by Mr. GLADSTONE's well-founded statement that Prussian salaries had been before miserably insufficient. The Prussian Government has probably not modified its established estimate of the just price of official labour; but it has found that payment in a depreciated currency was equivalent to a reduction for which there was no reasonable excuse. As Mr. GLADSTONE observed, the low rate of payment could never have been maintained, if there had been in Germany the same professional and commercial competition as in England; yet there seems to be no reason why the proportion of English and German salaries should now be altered.

SPAIN.

THE Spanish Cortes have for two or three weeks occupied themselves during a season of unwanted tranquillity with the ostensible business of framing a Constitution; but, before they commenced their organic labours, they adopted the far more practical course of suspending the so-called constitutional guarantees which nominally restrain the power of the Government. It was thought to be the most distinctive excellence of the last Constitution, now three years old, that it positively prohibited the irregular practices which had prevailed during the entire reign of ISABELLA. As long as there were no political enemies to terrify or to punish, the ordinary laws were more or less scrupulously respected by the Minister of the day; but many months seldom elapsed without a real or imaginary conspiracy, which was followed by the death or deportation of the ringleaders at the will of the Government. The last Constituent Cortes not unnaturally fancied that laws might be so contrived as to ensure their own execution. As a security against periodical violations of law, they solemnly enacted that the law should never again be suspended. At that time both the country and the Cortes were seriously bent on effecting national regeneration; and perhaps it was thought that public opinion would secure the maintenance of the new Constitution in spirit and in letter. Some disappointment was probably felt when PRIM and his successors found it necessary to recur to the familiar methods of suppressing resistance and maintaining authority. As often as the Carlists in the Northern provinces or the Republicans in the towns began to be troublesome, the Government always proclaimed or practically established a state of siege, instead of referring political offences to the ordinary tribunals. The normal irregularity is perhaps indispensable; nor is it possible to conduct Spanish affairs in accordance with amiable illusions; yet there were probably a few enthusiasts who hoped that the establishment of the Republic would at last harmonize the doctrines of liberty with the necessities of government. Habitual malcontents or conspirators who had at last

attained the object of their efforts forgot that they would in turn be exposed to the jealousy and to the machinations of temporarily defeated parties; nor was it easy in the moment of triumph to recognize the wide differences by which the various Republican sections were divided amongst themselves. Since the proclamation of the Republic, several little revolutions have been accomplished at the dictation of the mob of Madrid. FIGUERAS, who had never ventured to resist popular force, finally retired from office under threats of disturbance. His successor has taken courage to demand from the Cortes the necessary power of maintaining order, and for the present he has impressed the armed rabble with a salutary conviction that, if they again attempt to usurp the functions of the Government and of the Cortes, they will be summarily shot down in the streets. The inevitable progress from anarchy to despotism has seldom been more conspicuously illustrated.

One curious result of the firmness displayed by PI Y MARGALL and his colleagues is the political isolation of the dominant faction. The Moderates and the Progressists have never affected to take any part in the government of the Republic; nor are either the respectable classes or the numerical majority of the Spanish people in any way represented by the Cortes. When the Assembly first met, it was found, like other bodies of the same kind, to contain a majority and a minority, and the supporters of the Government were, by the necessities of their position, compelled to be in a certain sense Conservative. The extreme or irreconcilable Democrats, though they found themselves outnumbered, might have exercised a limited influence in Opposition, if they had not shared the intolerance which characterizes all Spanish factions. It seems never to occur to Continental Republicans that Assemblies must be ruled by majorities, and that the weaker party must be content to be outvoted. It was natural that the political allies of the mob of Madrid should object to a measure which was professedly directed against their supporters; but, on the other hand, the Cortes might reasonably assert its own independence and the supremacy of the nation which it nominally represents over the populace of a single city. The irreconcilables were entitled to any credit which might attach to the ostensible champions of liberty, and, if they had been content to wait, they might probably have found opportunities of revenging themselves on the majority. Instead of taking advantage of their Parliamentary position to watch and to check the Government, the minority expressed their indignation at the suspension of guarantees by retiring in a body from the Assembly. As the PRIME MINISTER lately said, abstention in Spain means conspiracy, and there can be no doubt that on the first occasion the extreme democrats will conspire against the Government and the Cortes. That all the other parties are waiting the effect of divisions in the Republican ranks is not a consideration which weighs with the irreconcilable faction.

The most important article in the proposed draft of the Constitution is a power of suspending all constitutional rights to be exercised by the President. It seems that the Republicans, who have up to this time been in constant opposition to lawful authority, have during their brief tenure of office suddenly discovered that in the natural gradation of political necessities order takes precedence of freedom. The new article of the Constitution will, if it is adopted, be strictly analogous to Mr. LOWE's abortive Bank Notes Bill, which also was intended to regulate unavoidable irregularities. As it is perfectly certain that any Spanish Government which may be formed will, legally or illegally, suspend constitutional guarantees, it may be thought expedient to confer on the President a prerogative which he would certainly exercise if it were formally withheld. It seems hardly worth while to make so many revolutions for the purpose of ultimately arriving at the result of normal or periodical despotism. The future President, relieved from the necessity of breaking the law as often as a conspiracy is formed or suspected, will have more leisure to devise other occasions of exceeding or violating the Constitution; but it is perhaps unreasonable to discuss seriously the limitations of an instrument which is made to be broken and in a short time to be forgotten. The Constitution which will probably be adopted by the Cortes is not injudiciously framed on the most appropriate model. A Federal Republic naturally borrows its institutions from the United States, though the American Union was, as its name implies, a new combination of distinct elements, while Spain is about arbitrarily to split up into thirteen little States. It is proposed that, as in America,

the Lower House shall be elected by a popular vote, and that the members of the Senate shall be nominated by the provincial Legislatures. The Central Government will reserve to itself the control of the army, the coinage, and the Customs, while domestic matters will be committed to local legislation and administration. Like the Confederate States of 1861, the Spaniards propose to improve upon the American Constitution by rendering the President incapable of re-election after a four years' term. It will not be easy to devise any practical method of removing from office a President who, with the army and perhaps the people at his back, desires to extend his term of office. O'DONNELL, NARVAEZ, or PRIM would assuredly not have voluntarily made room for an incapable or hostile successor when they had all the reins of government fairly in their grasp. An American President can always be replaced without public inconvenience, and in a country which respects its own laws usurpation after the close of a term of office is wholly impossible. A President in Spain, if he desires to command respect, will not confine himself to the duties which may be prescribed by the Constitution. Unless he has real power, he will be unable to render useful service, and personal influence which cannot be transmitted to a successor may in many cases be the sole condition of effective government.

The adjustment or division of functions between the central authority and the provincial administrations will not be satisfactorily accomplished by legislation. If the Federal Republic at any time attains a real existence, the relation of the States to the Federation will be determined by a comparison of forces, and not by the speculations of ingenious projectors. It is not improbable that the main object proposed to himself by CASPIAR, who seems to guide the deliberations of the Cortes, is to limit as far as possible the operation of the centrifugal tendencies which he nominally approves. If Spain is to remain a nation, the fundamental institutions of society cannot be made dependent on the caprice of local Assemblies, which may perhaps be controlled by clubs. In Catalonia and in Andalusia Republican doctrines are by many of their adherents identified with the abolition of the rights of property, and with all the wild theories of the International Society and the Paris Commune. The Federal Government cannot, if it would, be neutral between parties which are separated by an impassable division. In all cases those who are defeated will appeal to their countrymen, who have not ceased to be Spaniards because they have been separated by novel divisions. If the President is vested with authority to maintain order in all parts of the Republic, the rest of the Constitution possesses but secondary importance; nor, indeed, will the legislation of the present Cortes exercise any permanent influence. By this time next year there will perhaps have been three or four fresh revolutions; nor can the greatest sagacity at present determine the future relations of parties.

ECCLESIASTICAL APPEALS.

THE amendment introduced on the motion of Mr. HARDY into the 18th Clause of the Judicature Bill will remove an anomaly which has been a cause of well-grounded annoyance to the thinking portion of the laity, no less than to a large number of the clergy. As the clause originally stood, in order (upon Lord SELBORNE's confession, in reply to Lord SALISBURY) that the Bill might not be overweighted, all appeals were to be referred to the Court of Final Appeal created by the Bill, "except appeals from any 'Ecclesiastical Court.'" Mr. HARDY proposed that this exception should be struck out, and that the same Court of Final Appeal should decide ecclesiastical and civil causes. The suggestion was warmly supported on both sides of the House, and cordially accepted by the Government. Some of the bishops may possibly take objections to the exclusion of their order from the final decision of ecclesiastical suits; but it may be hoped that an amendment introduced by one of the leaders of the Conservative party will be able to hold its own in the Lords' against any merely professional opposition.

The objections to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as a tribunal for deciding ecclesiastical appeals are twofold. In the first place, the Court is specially constituted for each trial; and, however great may be the care taken in the selection of the judges, it is impossible to keep the motive of the selection entirely above suspicion. Ecclesiastical persons can rarely be quite impartial, and they

naturally attributed to the secular authorities the bias which they feel they ought to exempt to show if they were themselves charged with the duty of making a Court. It is generally a Ritualist who is the object of ecclesiastical prosecutions; and if the judges chosen happen to be High Churchmen, or Churchmen of the GALLO order, it is at once asserted that the object of appointing them is to let the Ritualist defendant escape as easily as possible. If they happen to be Low Churchmen, a theory is at once started that the Government desires to make itself popular by getting a judicial condemnation of Ritualism. Consequently the judgment is discredited beforehand by the imputations cast upon the Court. It is impossible, so long as the Committee which is to hear the appeal is constituted in this way, but that these suspicions should arise. Religion is not a matter which is confined to the Law Courts; it is a matter on which judges may have, and may be known to have, opinions outside their legal character. When a man whose opinions are thus known is specially chosen to pronounce judgment in a case which concerns religion—which concerns probably some hotly controverted point in religion—it is useless to expect excited partisans to believe that there has been no thought as to the side which he will be likely to take when the votes of the Court come to be collected. Any one who cares to compare the opinions expressed by clergy of different schools upon the *PURDUS* judgment and the *BENNETT* judgment may convince himself that this is true. It is clearly desirable that the impartiality of a Court of Final Appeal should be unimpeached as well as unimpeachable, and happily the habit of respecting judicial sentences is so strongly rooted in the English mind that nothing but what looks like a distinct packing of the Court to suit a special purpose would be enough to break through it. It cannot be contested that the present mode of constituting the Judicial Committee afresh for each case it has to try has enough of this aspect to make it highly expedient to substitute a permanent Court.

The second objection to the present Court of Appeal in ecclesiastical cases rests on the anomalous mixture of the legal and clerical elements in the judges. A Court composed entirely of lawyers would be intelligible. A Court composed entirely of bishops would be intelligible. But for a Court composed of lawyers and bishops combined there is absolutely nothing to be said. A Court composed entirely of lawyers would understand that its sole business was to affix the precise legal sense to the formularies of the Church of England in all cases where to do so was both possible and necessary. The Judicial Committee has always asserted that this is the duty with which it considers itself charged. The meaning of a rubric or an article is disputed, and the Court has to decide whether the doctrine or the ceremony impugned can be taught or practised by a clergyman of the Church of England. This is a very proper function for a lay Court to perform. Nor would it be easy for the most rigid ecclesiastic to find any fault with its being entrusted to lawyers. If the point to be ascertained were what the doctrine and ceremonies of the Church of England ought to be, it might be fairly argued that it is one which belongs to the Church herself to determine. But as a matter of fact ecclesiastical suits never turn upon this point. A doctrine might be shown to be clearly contained in the Pauline Epistles or in the writings of a dozen Fathers, but if it were not also contained in the Book of Common Prayer, it might as well have neither authority in its favour. For the particular purpose of ecclesiastical trials, a line of the Book of Common Prayer or of the Thirty-nine Articles would outweigh all the Canonical Scriptures and the whole cycle of ecclesiastical tradition. The peculiar position of the Church of England as regards the civil power explains why this should be the case. It is part of the system upon which the Church is recognized as the exponent of the established religion of the country that her coercive jurisdiction over her ministers should be in subordination to the State Courts. The question asked on an appeal to the State Courts is not whether such and such a doctrine or ceremony is orthodox or expedient; it is simply whether it is consistent with the conditions under which the clergy enjoy the privileges and exemptions which mark them off from other men. These conditions are contained in the Articles and the Prayer-Book, and the interpretation of the Articles and the Prayer-Book has consequently come to be the sole matter with which the State Courts concern themselves in dealing with ecclesiastical cases. Now a bishop has no special fitness for this particular office; indeed it is quite possible that he may be specially unfitted for it. He has

probably more or less of sympathy with some one party in the Church, and the existence of each party in the Church is involved in the affixing of a preconceived sense to certain passages in the formularies. How is a High Churchman to admit that the Prayer-Book makes against him? How is a Low Churchman to admit that the Articles make against him? The occupation of either would be gone if he once acknowledged anything so disastrous. Supposing that a lay judge were to be convinced that this or that doctrine recognized in the Prayer-Book is subversive of the "principles of the Reformation"; he can thank his stars that he is a layman, and that it is no business of his to pull the Church through the difficulty. But, supposing that a bishop were in his secret heart to arrive at the same conclusion, how could he possibly announce the fact to the world? A bishop must either declare the Church of England perfect in all essential respects or take measures of some sort to make her perfect. The former is so much the easier process of the two that it is the one he is naturally led to adopt. But if he is to declare the Church of England perfect, he must interpret her formularies in the sense affixed to them by the party to which he belongs. A High Church bishop cannot say the Church of England is all that she should be, and immediately go on to say that the Church Association are right in their reading of the Absolution in the Visitation of the Sick. An Evangelical bishop cannot say that the Church of England is all that she should be, and immediately go on to say that Mr. BENNETT is right in his reading of the Communion Service. It is impossible therefore for a bishop to enter upon an inquiry as to what is the meaning of the Prayer-Book with a perfectly unbiassed mind; and the fact that it is impossible marks out a bishop as an unfit person to be a judge in ecclesiastical causes, as ecclesiastical causes are understood in England.

A question of some nicety was raised by Mr. VERNON HARCOURT in connexion with Mr. HARDY's amendment. Mr. GLADSTONE had said that the fact that the Judicial Committee delivered its judgments collectively was entirely out of analogy with the English judicial system, and it would seem natural that, when the jurisdiction of the Privy Council is transferred to a Court framed on the model of those in which the separate opinions of the judges are publicly stated, the rules of procedure should be altered at the same time. The same objection had on previous occasions been raised by Lord SALISBURY and other critics, and is, we believe, extensively felt. Mr. HARCOURT argues that it would not be an advantage, in the case of a conflict of opinion between the judges, to have public attention drawn to the fact. It must be admitted that one great use of knowing the reasons which lead a minority of the judges to dissent from the opinion of the majority is to decide whether it is worth while to carry the case any further, and this motive of course ceases to be operative as regards a Court of Final Appeal. The defeated party in an ecclesiastical suit will gain no personal advantage from knowing that the most able members of the Court were on his side if the decision of the less able majority cannot be challenged. But the defeated suitor is not the only person who has an interest in the matter. The judges themselves gain by the knowledge that their opinions will be set side by side with those of their brethren and weighed as well as counted against them; and the fact will have its weight in any future appeal upon a similar question. If there is any taint of partiality in a judge's mind—and where religion is concerned a lay judge, though he is free from the professional bias of a bishop, is not necessarily free from personal bias—nothing will so surely correct it as the knowledge that the reasons by which he professes to be guided will have to be explained to the Bar and the press, and to be compared with the reasons assigned for the opposite opinions given by other judges. No doubt the irrevocable character of a final decision is best expressed by a judgment which is in form unanimous; but a judgment is one thing, and the means by which each member of the Court reaches it is another, while the value of a final decision may be all the greater if it expresses no more than the authority which really belongs to it.

JUDICIAL PEERAGES.

LORD REDESDALE's proposal of conferring life peerages on three or four legal dignitaries found few supporters in the House of Lords. By a strange oversight, Lord REDESDALE, although he is the chief repository of the tradi-

tions of the Upper House, seemed to forget that, in accordance with the WENSLEYDALE precedent, a life peer appointed by the Crown would not be allowed to take his seat among the Peers. The constitutional objection which was rightly raised and maintained by Lord LYNCHURST and his coadjutors would in no degree be removed by the Address to the Crown which was the subject of Lord REDESDALE'S motion. The limits of the Prerogative can neither be restricted nor extended by the action of one or both Houses of Parliament, except in the case of some statutory provision; and it would be in the highest degree absurd to invite the QUEEN to create official peerages which would only confer on their holders a barren title and precedence. Mr. BRIGHT'S protest against attempting to tinker old institutions was both discourteous in itself and unseemly on the part of a Minister of the Crown; but the friends of the House of Lords may not unprofitably consider the advice of an enemy. The leaders of the House of Lords ought to be wiser than young Fellows of colleges who spend their time in writing pamphlets to prove that the revenues which they are fortunate enough to enjoy might be better distributed. In both cases revolutionary reformers desire nothing better than to obtain an admission that the reconstruction of Universities or legislative bodies is an open question. The House of Lords would derive no harm and little good from the accession to its ranks of three more judges; but Lord REDESDALE would thenceforth be reduced to vindicate the hereditary character of the peerage only on grounds of expediency. Official peerages would be preferable to life peerages granted at the discretion of the Minister of the day, because, as Lord SALISBURY said, the necessity of requiring professional distinction would serve as a check on the natural tendency of Governments to job; but the change, though it might be comparatively innocuous, is not worth the risk of disturbing ancient foundations. The bishops sit in the House for historical reasons, with results which, except to ecclesiastical and political fanatics, seem on the whole satisfactory. Chief Justices happen not to hold territorial baronies; nor is the secular atmosphere of the House of Lords necessary to dissipate their professional prejudices, and to make them more or less men of the world. The aristocratic contempt for professional rank is oddly illustrated by the rule which imposes on the bishops the necessity of wearing in the House a ridiculous costume and of sitting on a separate bench.

The opinion of the majority both outside and inside the House of Lords inclines at present to the creation of life peers; yet the discussion on Lord RUSSELL'S Bill showed that little or no practical benefit would result from the proposed change in the Constitution. The reasons which influence Lord SALISBURY'S judgment are intelligible, though complex; yet it is not easy to understand how an infusion of life peers would provide the House either with energy or with additional materials for industry. Lord SALISBURY'S sarcasms on the self-indulgent indolence of some of his colleagues were equally just and severe. No other function is so lavishly rewarded as that of a member of the House of Lords, though the remuneration for any services which he may render is not paid in money. It is intolerable that, in return for political influence and for social deference, a peer should grudge attendance in the House, or that it should be considered a favour to serve on public or private Committees. Impatience at the waste of time on business which would otherwise be wasted on pleasure is a proof not only of selfish frivolity but of political blindness. A statesman who excusably chafes at the restraint which his position imposes on his energy is justified in reproving the idlers and the coxcombs who shrink from the performance of easy duties. Lord MALMESBURY, though he protested against Lord SALISBURY'S censures, is not himself liable to the imputation of lowering the character of the House. The lawyers, the soldiers, and the politicians who might be selected as life peers would certainly not be careless triflers; but the House of Lords already contains many men of business, and a fair proportion of statesmen. Lord GREY, with true aristocratic instinct, suggested that, if Governments could create peers for life, they would perhaps be more chary in the distribution of hereditary honours. It was impossible to express more plainly the indisposition of the actual peers to recognize the equality of intruders who would be regarded as temporary assessors. The novel dignity would not be regarded as one of the highest prizes of ambition. It may be confidently asserted that, if Lord SALISBURY had not happened to be an hereditary peer, he

would greatly prefer a seat in the House of Commons to a peerage for life. It would be an affront to the owner of an ample fortune to offer him a life peerage; and a rank only bestowed on persons in narrow circumstances would be liable to disparagement.

The WENSLEYDALE decision has fortunately rendered it impossible for the House of Lords to try rash experiments without the concurrence of the House of Commons, and the more prudent peers will not be in a hurry to submit their constitution and privileges to a discussion which might not improbably be hostile. A curious case which is now pending may possibly throw further light on the extent of the Royal prerogative with respect to the creation of peerages. It is generally thought that the Crown has the power of imposing any limitations on the succession; but a peerage which shifts from the elder brother on his elevation to a higher rank to the younger is a remarkable novelty. The House of Lords will decide, under the guidance of the Law Lords, whether a peer who has been admitted to take his seat can during his lifetime be deprived of a barony in such a manner as to enable his successor to sit and vote. The peerage first conferred on Lord WENSLEYDALE was in one respect a more serious innovation than the BUCKHURST patent, because there was no limitation to heirs. On the other hand, a transfer of a peerage from one holder to another seems to be a greater anomaly. If the claimant is admitted to a seat, it may be plausibly contended that a limitation, not to heirs, but to official successors, would be equally within the power of the Crown. Lord REDESDALE'S scheme, indeed, included the further innovation of allowing the incumbent of any of the offices which were to confer a peerage to retain his rank and his seat for life after his retirement. Bishops who have resigned their sees are, for all but titular purposes, relegated into the condition of commoners; and even during their tenure of their offices they transmit no reflected dignity to their wives and children. Distinctions of this kind are to a great extent accidental, and they are tenable because they involve no semblance of principle, although they generally admit of historical explanation. Deliberate attempts to pour new wine into old bottles are liable to failure, not because they are necessarily indefensible, but because a dozen alternatives would be equally plausible. Extreme believers in the efficacy of competitive examinations would not be unwilling to apply their favourite device to the selection both of peers and of members of the House of Commons. Less extravagant projectors of reforms, though their proposals are not equally absurd, are nevertheless merely theorists.

It is possible that the results of the Judicature Bill may at some future time render it desirable to provide for the creation of a sufficient number of legal peerages. As the duties hitherto discharged by the Law Lords will be transferred to the Court of Final Appeal, the necessity of ennobling a certain number of eminent lawyers may perhaps become less apparent; yet it would be a cause for regret if the House were deprived of legal assistance in legislation because it will no longer exercise judicial functions. The House of Commons has been in the habit of paying much deference to the decisions of the House of Lords on questions of legal reform, because it generally happens that the House of Lords includes several of the greatest lawyers of the day. If for any reason Chancellors ceased to be peers, and if no other judges were raised to the peerage, it might be expedient to restore them to the House of Lords in a new capacity. A Chancellor who was a peer for life would hold an inferior position in the House of Lords, but he would be more highly esteemed than a life peer who might owe his position to personal interest or to the caprice of a Minister. It is not impossible that more sweeping constitutional changes may in the course of time render the whole controversy superfluous. There are many other possible modes of appointing a second legislative body besides the English hereditary system; and the only defect which has been found in modified copies of the English Constitution is that Legislative Councils are elsewhere, with few exceptions, utterly powerless. The House of Lords is a cause and a consequence of the aristocratic organization of English society; and it derives the power which it still retains from its peculiar composition. All discussions on life peerages imply a preponderance of hereditary peers, which again would reduce the life peers to comparative insignificance. If the system is to be modified, it would perhaps be more judicious to attach peerages to offices than to make the new dignity

into a badge of second-class merit. The innovation will probably be introduced, and perhaps it will produce no bad result; but the hope that the House of Lords will derive strength from the admixture seems wholly chimerical.

THE BOMBAY NATIVE PRESS.

THE Government of Bombay treats the Native press in a manner which does the highest credit to it as a paternal and despotic power. It does not interfere with the humble organs of local opinion, or bully the editors or writers, or put in force any of those systems of censorship which, under different forms, seem to have so perpetual a fascination for the Governments of Continental nations. It merely makes what use of native journals it can for its own instruction and guidance. A native official is appointed who translates every week into English all that he can find in fifty native papers which can edify the Government, and especially all complaints which are made against it and its officials. These translated extracts are printed in the shape of a weekly Report, and thus the Government knows what its subjects think, wish for, or resent, so far as the native press is an adequate and faithful representative of their opinions and feelings. The result is a very curious repertory of materials, which must seem of a routine and hackneyed character to men long familiar with India, but which to an English reader have the interest that attaches to everything that reveals the minutiae of foreign life. At this distance it is only very general and very vague information about India that most of us are likely to possess; and the natives are mere names and shades to us; whereas these Reports give us something like a Dutch picture of at least one side of native existence. Three numbers of the Reports taken at hazard, being those for the 19th of April and the 3rd and 10th of May last, will suffice to show the sort of things which the native press says, and which are collected by the Government for its own benefit. On the whole, the tone of criticism is friendly to the Government, either from policy or genuine conviction; and although there are occasional bursts of protesting and indignation, it is always assumed that the Government would do right if it were but better instructed. One paper complains loudly of the mode in which the Lushai expedition was conducted, and states that in the vengeance wreaked on the Lushais no distinction was made between the refractory and the innocent villages, and that "wherever the British force appeared there it committed 'havoc by sword and flame'; but then it goes on to hope that the enlightened, humane, and Christian Indian Government will keep its hand unsoiled by such crying iniquities for the future. Another paper is moved to wrath at the fact, for which it vouches, that Englishmen had lately been killing pigs in a sacred place; but it admits that any one who did not very well understand native usages might have failed to understand that it was a sacred place. Where a complaint is to be made there appears to be no shyness about making it. An instance is given where an invalid appealed against a sentence condemning him to six months of simple confinement, and got his sentence altered by the Appellate Judge into rigorous imprisonment for five months; a mode of treating the case which, it is ironically suggested, will probably lead to a great saving of public money, as, if this is the way applicants are treated, no one will appeal, and so the Appellate Courts may be shut up. When, however, the remonstrances of the press have been, or are supposed to have been, attended to, a warm recognition of this attention is made, and a paper which had busied itself with invectives against the Small Causes Courts is filled with grateful delight at being able to state that the Government has directed a formal inquiry to be made as to the working of those Courts. So far indeed is the native press from ignoring what it finds good, that one of the most enthusiastic pieces of writing in the Reports is devoted to an appeal to the natives generally not to let the occasion of the abolition of the Income-tax pass by without a unanimous expression of opinion on the part of all the natives of India, which shall adequately convey to "the good VICEROY" how much is felt to be due to him for his wise, generous, and courageous measure.

The subjects on which comments are made are at once very miscellaneous and very small. The natives seem to think that in the English Government they possess a friendly and superior sort of elephant, who is well known to

be able to tear up forests, but whose principal business is to pick up pins. One zealous adviser comes forward to give notice that some old buildings he knows of are not quite safe, and "if the authorities do not get them pulled down, their sudden fall may destroy many human lives." Another suggests that the operation of the Contagious Diseases Acts should be extended to private families, and although he frankly owns that he is "aware of the insuperable difficulties and dangers of carrying out his suggestion," yet he thinks the Government ought to have the benefit of knowing his views on the subject. Very little indeed in the way of facts to go upon suffices to start the pen of these ready writers. One journalist has heard some complaints against a contractor who has undertaken to keep a ferry-boat going on a river, and requests the attention of the sub-magistrate to this vague rumour. Another writer does not find his letters come to hand punctually, and imagining that the reason must be that the letter-carrier belongs to the district, and so has a home to go to, in which he mischievously stays, suggests that the carrier shall be transferred, and another carrier appointed, who, being a total stranger, will have no domestic attractions to prevent his walking about without intermission. Bad roads are a very frequent cause of complaint, and indeed, if it be true that one of the roads out of Poona is full of small pits, it is not to be wondered at that "passengers experience much pain from its uneven condition." The schools, too, are a favourite topic of criticism, and it must not be supposed that natives have any wish to spare natives, or to conceal their misdoings or shortcomings. The schoolmasters generally are stated in one paper to be very bad, and to be subject to no inspection; the Government is blamed for this, and asked to be more vigilant, although what is requested must be acknowledged to be kept within modest limits, when we find that the Government is merely called on to "remove from their offices schoolmasters who are hopelessly irreclaimable." Certainly there seems room for some alteration in the conduct of schools, if scenes are at all common such as that described by a writer who relates that "a grown-up boy was suspected of a theft, and one of the assistant-masters accused the boy of the above crime, at the same time calling him an ass, and dealing him a blow, which the accused and insulted boy returned." Native magistrates and officials again are not unfrequently assailed, and one special charge is made against a sort of Government bailiff, who, finding that a private creditor had placed an attachment on property from which the Government was looking for dues, immediately prosecuted the private creditor for theft, and a stupid magistrate actually sentenced him to fine and imprisonment, not seeing, as the acute journalist sees in a moment, that the whole accusation was invented by the bailiff to get his rival out of the way. It may be interesting, too, to those who watch with some apprehension the introduction into India of novelties not even adequately tested in England, that a native paper records that the great invention of competitive examination was suddenly applied in Surat, and broke down completely. A vacancy having occurred in a clerkship in a District Court, and there being about sixty applicants, it was resolved to dispose of the place by a competitive examination. Most of the candidates were "matriculated young men," but the examination, though very simple, was too much for them, and the indignant journalist pronounces the result "disgraceful to the matriculated students, and to the University which has matriculated them."

But the two great themes of hostile declamation are not of quite so minute a character. What the Government is more particularly called on to notice is the inefficiency of the police, and the abuses that are tolerated in the administration of small native States. One paper complains that a certain police-station is shut during the day, and no policeman is to be found there. It happened that not long ago a sudden fight was got up, but no policeman was in the neighbourhood. Anxious defenders of order sped to the next station, but with the same sad result. There, too, no policeman was forthcoming. A writer in another paper observes that it is a usual occurrence for policemen to absent themselves from their posts while assaults are being committed; and he notices as a circumstance unfavourable to the reputation of the police, that notoriously as soon as it is evident a crime is going to be committed, the guardians of the public safety disappear, just as if they had been paid for their connivance.

But the malevolence of the police goes further than mere passive acquiescence in crime. Policemen are stated to have a most unpleasant habit of throwing a complainant into utter confusion, either by expressing their total disbelief in his story, or by politely insinuating their conviction that, if the crime has been committed at all, the real culprit is the wife or the child, or some other member of the complainant's family; so that if he persists in his accusation, the next step must be the arrest of some one whose arrest would give him the greatest possible pain. Even policemen, however, do not appear to awaken so deep an indignation as misbehaving native chiefs. What, for example, it is asked, could be more monstrous than the conduct of a petty chief, who not only taxes pilgrims as if they were householders, but actually charges for each room the pilgrims occupy as if it were a separate house? Then there is a misdoer called the Jám, who has done something unsatisfactory, and whose conduct gives rise to a fine Benthamite sentiment:—"The case and pleasure of one ought to have no regard whatever when it is opposed to the happiness of the many; and if the Government recognizes this sentiment, it ought not to hesitate to exercise even some severity on the Jám." There is an even worse miscreant, called the Gúkwád, whose behaviour is such that "beautiful women of Baroda curse their personal charms, and try to hide them as soon as possible." The native press does not at all mince matters. It thinks that the Government can do everything that is good, and ought to do it. All that is necessary is that the Government should understand that the police are bribed, and that the petty chiefs are petty villains. The sum and substance of all these complaints is that a paternal Government, whose good intentions and whose power are beyond dispute, must be shown what is really going on, and then all will be well. It is scarcely possible that a greater tribute than this to the substantial merits of British rule should be paid by those who assume to speak on behalf of the millions who are ruled.

THE EDUCATION DIFFICULTY.

JULY is a month of evil omen for Bills which have not passed their second reading, and the Education Act Amendment Bill has enemies who will not be behindhand in making the most of the advantage offered by the lateness of its introduction. A good deal of pressure will be put upon the Government to withdraw, if not the Bill, at all events the controverted 3rd Clause. The Education League have apparently determined to accept the fact of their weakness in the present House of Commons, and to fix their hopes on that coming day when, having broken up the Liberal party and sent the present Cabinet about their business, Mr. DIXON and Mr. RICHARD will set about forming a Government. Still, though present defeats may be only the prelude to future victories, they are for the moment not joyous, but grievous; and the Dissenters have had so many of them that they may be forgiven if they wince a little at the very thought of going to a division. Besides, to be obliged to withdraw the Bill would perhaps be even more annoying to Mr. FORSTER than to be beaten on it, and for the last year or two to annoy Mr. FORSTER has constituted the Whole Duty of Dissenters. A good number of Conservatives would also like to see the Bill withdrawn, because in this way a certain undefined discredit would be inflicted on the Government without the Conservatives being saddled with the responsibility of helping to throw out a measure of educational extension. For some reason best known to itself the *Times* would not be sorry if the Bill were out of the way; and the *Daily News* has already urged Mr. FORSTER to reduce it to that colourless sort of affair which the *Daily News* could support without either enraging its Dissenting subscribers or having a finger in the disruption of the Liberal party.

We sincerely hope that the Government will be strong enough to resist these solicitations, prompted as they all will be by latent enmity in one form or another; and we appeal to those on both sides of the House of Commons who really value education to give it their best assistance in so doing. The clause which Mr. FORSTER is asked to withdraw does three things. In the first place, it extends compulsory education to some two hundred thousand children of the class for which compulsory education is especially necessary. The child of an outdoor pauper is of all children

perhaps the least likely to be voluntarily sent to school. His parents are so poor that they can neither find the money for the school fee nor forego the money which the child may earn by selling matches or turning somersaults. Again, the child of an outdoor pauper is bred up amid all the lounging, shambling associations which cling round pauperism, and the only chance of supplanting them by better associations is to be found in his being sent to school. Consequently, compulsion is especially necessary for him both because he will never get to school without it, and because away from school he will get no education except in vice, or in the shiftlessness which is usually the precursor of vice. If the Education Act Amendment Bill passes with the 3rd Clause uninjured, this compulsion will be effectively applied. The Guardians will have no power to give relief out of the workhouse to any parent who does not provide elementary education in reading, writing, and arithmetic for such of his children as are between five and thirteen years of age; and, if any further relief is necessary to enable the parent to provide such education, the Guardians will be bound to give it. When the numbers and character of the class affected by this regulation are taken into account, it would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the change in the law. It will get at least two hundred thousand children to school, and these the very children to whom school will do most good, and who, without such a change in the law, are the most certain not to be sent to school. A man professing to be a friend to popular education who, for party reasons, allows a Bill containing this clause to be shelved and defeated had better keep his professions to himself for the future.

Secondly, the 3rd Clause of the Bill does away with the system under which the School Board can, if it chooses, pauperize the poor of its district by taking for granted that they are unable to give their children the minimum of education which the law prescribes. Happily the dislike to a very high education rate operates in most cases as a check upon this most mischievous process. To give free education to the children of every man who thinks it pleasanter to spend his money in an extra glass of beer or an extra screw of tobacco than in the payment of school fees is necessarily a costly process, and economy consequently averts the mischief which uncalculating philanthropy is ready to inflict. But in some cases, as notably in Manchester, uncalculating philanthropy has carried its point, and the result is that the School Board sees inability to pay the school fee where less enthusiastic persons would only see indisposition. Administered in this way, a bylaw for enforcing school attendance becomes a system of free education of the worst kind. If all elementary schools were free, it might be argued that the expense of providing schools was rightly distributed over the whole community, because in one way or another the whole community profits by their being provided. But when inability to pay for a child's schooling is made the ground for giving free education, there is the same necessity for caution in determining what constitutes inability as there is in the corresponding case of inability to pay for a child's food. There can hardly be a doubt that, if the circumstances of the four thousand children now on the rates in Manchester were closely inquired into, the parents of the majority of them would turn out to be perfectly capable of paying the school fees, though not perhaps without some self-denial. If the Education Act is to be made an excuse for releasing parents from the obligation of denying themselves for the good of their children, the evils of the training it will give to adults will go far to counterbalance the value of the training it secures to children. The only possible way in which this evil can be prevented is by handing over the administration of educational as well as all other relief to the Guardians of the poor. The power of granting this sort of relief must be vested in some one, because if it were withheld altogether the application of compulsion would become impossible. You cannot punish men for not compassing impossibilities, and if a parent, on being ordered to send his child to school, could truly plead that he had no money to pay the fee demanded by the managers, the severest magistrate would find himself powerless. It is impossible, again, to limit relief to the remission of fees at a School Board school, both because the Church of England—which is still as powerful as all the other denominations put together—would not endure the slight thus put upon schools provided by the voluntary efforts of its members, and because the ratepayers would not endure the burden which the obligation to provide

School Board schools in every parish would necessarily throw upon them. Thus, by an exhaustive process, we arrive at the conclusion that the power of paying school fees must be retained, and that it must be vested in an authority which really knows the circumstances of those who apply for relief. The Guardians are the only body who answer to this description, and as such they are rightly substituted for the School Boards in the 3rd Clause of the Bill. Those who do not wish to see the problem of pauperism needlessly made more complicated than it is will do their best to carry the Bill through.

It cannot be contended for this 3rd Clause that it disposes of the religious difficulty. But it makes the religious difficulty less prominent. Under the 25th Clause of the Education Act each School Board is left free to choose whether it will pay the fees in voluntary schools or not. If it decides that it will pay them, it probably does so after a debate, and probably a division, which operates as a sort of challenge to public attention. After this challenge has been given, another authority has to be asked to pay the school rate; and here, though the experience of the Birmingham School Board will probably prevent matters from being again pushed to the extremity of actual refusal, there will still be an opportunity for further discussion, and for threats of violent action which in their influence upon the peaceful prosecution of the work of education may be almost as mischievous as violent action itself. Under the 3rd Clause of the Bill public attention will not be specially called to the question. There will be no room for debate amongst the Guardians whether a man who has truly pleaded inability to pay for his child's schooling shall have $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ a week given him for the purpose, for the law will leave them no choice in the matter. There will be no means of discriminating the infinitesimal fraction of the Poor-rate which is spent in this way from the rest of the charge, and a refusal to pay any part of the Poor-rate will cause such extreme inconvenience to the Guardians that they may be trusted not to show it any mercy. The result of all this will be that educational relief will be given where necessary with little or none of that irritation which now occasionally attends the process, and though the Education League may have the power to break up the Liberal party, they will not have the power, as under the 25th Clause of the Education Act it is possible they may yet have, to bring educational progress to a stand. This is the third reason why all true friends of education should use their best and most united efforts to get the Bill made law.

CHOLERA AND THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

MR. SIMON'S warning trumpet has again been blown to a people not, it is to be feared, very much better prepared against the enemy than when its attack was last imminent. Cholera has in some respects become more formidable in proportion as it has become less mysterious. When it was supposed to come and go as it listed, we were at all events ignorant of the danger until the disease had actually appeared. Now it is known that wherever there are certain well-understood forms of sanitary neglect, there cholera, if it comes, will find a mansion ready prepared for it. Mr. SIMON'S instructions contain nothing that is not familiar to sanitary students. The disease, he reminds us, is not likely to spread "unless in proportion as it finds locally open to it certain facilities for spreading by indirect infection." "The great sources of danger are the discharges of choleraic patients. Wherever these are thrown without disinfection into any cesspool or drain, they communicate the poison to all the matters that they find there." If this were all, the danger would not be very great; for, though the effluvia evolved by the matter thus infected is probably itself infectious, the great source of mischief is drinking water; so that, if this were kept pure, there would not be much chance of the disease spreading. But "if by leakage or soakage from cesspools or drains, or through reckless casting out of slops and wash-water, any taint, however small, of the infective material gets access to wells or other sources of drinking-water, it imparts to enormous volumes of water the power of propagating the disease. . . . Even a single case of cholera, perhaps of the slightest degree, and perhaps quite unsuspected in its neighbourhood, may, if

"local circumstances co-operate, exercise a terribly infective power on considerable masses of population." Wherever there is any leakage or filtration from sewers or cesspools into springs, streams, wells, or reservoirs, cholera, should it come accidentally into the district, will have the greatest possible inducement to remain in it. This is the precise assemblage of conditions which it most loves.

In an appendix to the Second Report of the Local Government Board there is a tabular statement which is of remarkable interest in connexion with this subject. It contains a summary of the Reports sent in by the Local Government Inspectors in eighty-one cases as to which inquiries were directed during the year 1872. We propose, even at the risk of wearying our readers by repetition, to describe some of those cases in which the conditions above mentioned were found to be present. At Abingdon the Report is, "Water supply mostly from surface wells in porous soil soaked with excremental and other filth." At Andover the water supply is obtained from wells "many of which are exposed to excremental pollution." At Bingham the surface soil is "saturated with excremental filth." At Bruton both soil and water are "polluted with sewage." At Bruton Latimer the water supply is "obtained from wells polluted by soakage from privies and cesspools." At Chatterley the water supply is "insufficient and polluted." At Ecton the wells are "polluted by soakage from privies and pigstyes." At Great Milton the water supply is "liable to contamination from excremental and other filth." At Hawkesbury Upton there is "sewage habitually soaking into wells." At Hersham the water comes from "wells polluted by soakage from privies and cesspools." At Hucknall Torkard the water is obtained from wells "which are in a porous soil and liable to pollution from privies and surface drainage." At Huddersfield some of the water supplies are "largely polluted with sewage." At Leigh polluted water is used "from wells close to drains, privies, and middens." At Monmouth the river is "polluted by sewage" and river water is supplied by the Company unfiltered. At Nunney the water supply is "obtained chiefly from a brook largely polluted by sewage." At Olney the soil round the well is "sodden with soakage from privies." At Porchester the water supply "is obtained from shallow wells into which the sewage soaks." At Rotherham "air, soil, and water are polluted with sewage." At Swanage "nearly all the inhabitants drink water exposed to pollution by sewage." At Swinton there is "soakage of excremental filth into the wells." At Tunstall the water supply is partly "drained from wells liable to pollution," and in another part of the district is "in part polluted from cesspools, privies, and pigstyes." At Wath the water supplied by Company is contaminated by sewage "and other filth." At West Auckland the wells are "contaminated by surface drainage." At Whitchurch water is "obtained from wells sunk in porous soil, saturated with sewage." At Urncantun the water is supplied from a polluted reservoir. At Bucknall, Chittlehampton, Clifton Keynes, Emberton, Knutton, Idanally, Melborne Port, New Hincsey, Pool's Dam, Radford, Seabridge, Tre-wolda, Wellington, the water "is polluted." It must be borne in mind that these inquiries were instituted, so to speak, accidentally, because of some special outbreak of disease in the neighbourhood. Probably a more systematic investigation would disclose hundreds or thousands of cases of the same kind. In fact, to drink water polluted by sewage is the normal condition of an Englishman, except in some few large towns where unusual pains have been taken to obtain water from a pure source, and to protect it against pollution on the way from the source to the houses. In every one of these hundreds or thousands of cases cholera can require no more favourable conditions than those which years of neglect, or partial and unintelligent improvement, have succeeded in creating.

The Local Government Board say significantly that the matters to which these inquiries related were usually of a sort in relation to which the local authorities have definite statutory powers and obligations, and they point to the Inspector's Reports as containing materials on which a judgment may be formed as to the extent to which these powers had been exercised and these obligations fulfilled. What the judgment so formed will be it is hardly necessary to say. There has in every instance been absolute default. It may be conceded, however, that, though the local authorities have had definite statutory powers and obligations, there had been down to the time when these inquiries were

undertaken considerable confusion and uncertainty as to who the authority was. The legislation of last year has put an end to this state of things, and in every district there is now one sanitary authority and one only. Consequently in every one of the places the condition of which has been described, there is a body of officials who have the power to remedy the evils in question, and who are bound by law to use their powers. It is just possible that an outbreak of cholera this autumn might frighten them into doing their duty without further delay. But, assuming that cholera keeps away for another year, it is safe to assume that the great majority of the places mentioned and of those not mentioned in which the sanitary conditions are identical will be no better off twelve months hence than they are to-day or were twelve months ago. The same indifference to the commonest laws of health which has prevailed hitherto will continue to prevail, and it will probably be confirmed and strengthened by unwillingness to do anything that will increase the local rates. Though sanitary improvements are economical in the long run—as the Guardians who have to support the orphans of the poor who have died from cholera occasionally find—they are costly in the first instance, and the ridiculous policy of refusing to make improvements which it is admitted ought to be paid for either out of the taxes or out of the rates, until it has been settled out of which of the two funds they are to come, which has lately been aired in the House of Commons, is too thoroughly parochial in its tone not to be sure of adoption in the country. The really important thing to know is not what the local authorities will do but what the central authorities will do. The matters to which these inquiries related are of a class in relation to which the Local Government Board, equally with the local authorities, has definite statutory powers and obligations. It has at its disposal certain means of compelling the local authorities to do their duty or to submit to having it done for them at their own expense. The corresponding tabular statement which will appear in the Report of 1873 ought to contain another column giving the action of the central authority in all cases in which the local authority has failed in its duty. It may be that the powers of the Local Government Board will turn out to be insufficient for purposes of coercion; but even a well-founded suspicion of this fact will not be a sufficient ground for inaction. Until the experiment has been tried on an adequate scale, it is impossible to say with certainty whether the existing law has or has not given the central authority a weapon of sufficient keenness to penetrate the mass of ignorant and interested opposition against which it has to contend.

MR. GLADSTONE TURNS THE OTHER CHEEK.

IT was said of an eminent man who was remarkable for his blandness and courtesy that, if by any accident he chanced to give offence, it was really quite a treat for the person offended, so sweet and soothing were the apologies which were applied to salve the wound. Strange things happen from time to time, and perhaps nothing stranger has happened for a long time than that the recollection of this courtly person should be suggested by anything that Mr. GLADSTONE might say or do. It is certainly startling to think of Mr. GLADSTONE in this connexion, but that only makes it the more delightful. If anybody was disposed to lament the odd sort of bungling by which the Government wantonly brought about a danger of collision on a question of privilege between the two Houses of Parliament, he would now be almost tempted to regret that these things do not occur more frequently, in order that we might become accustomed to Mr. GLADSTONE in the sweet and engaging character in which he has just presented himself. It is impossible to conceive how such a question as that relating to the Scotch and Irish appeals should have in the first instance failed to receive the serious attention of the Ministry, and it is even more difficult to understand how, if they had given two thoughts to the subject, they should have come to a decision one day which the next day, on the impulse of a moment, they were ready to cast adrift. It appears to be unnecessary to discuss the question whether the House of Commons has or has not a constitutional right to legislate on matters affecting the House of Lords. The Parliamentary history of our country shows clearly enough that questions of constitutional privilege have usually been determined by the balance of power between the bodies concerned. If, by perverse and

persistent mismanagement on the part of the Government, a conflict had in the present instance actually arisen between the two branches of the Legislature, all that the House of Lords could have done would have been to go on rejecting the obnoxious measure, and all that the House of Commons could have done would have been to go on sending it back to the House of Lords year after year, until one or other of the disputants got tired of an irritating and undignified quarrel. That there should have been even a momentary danger of such a conflict is sufficient to justify grave censure on the Government. There can be no doubt that in recent times the House of Lords has occasionally submitted on the initiative of the House of Commons to legislation affecting itself, which it would most assuredly have resented and rejected at another period of its history; and it is impossible to say what it might not now submit to if the Lower House were sufficiently resolute and persistent, and if it had the support of the constituencies at its back. Even if we were to admit the force of Mr. GLADSTONE'S precedents as applicable to the present occasion, that would not in the least affect our opinion of the mischievous muddling by which, without the slightest necessity, and out of pure wantonness and levity, the Government has rendered such a crisis imminent even for an instant.

However, apparently the clouds have rolled away, and we are basking in cheerful sunshine. After the novel and pleasing exhibition of Thursday evening, we are tempted to say that all is well that ends well. Mr. GLADSTONE'S pretty epilogue was all the more agreeable because it was rather unexpected. It is not every day that Mr. GLADSTONE appears under the influence of a "constitutional and prudential spirit." This was the soft, sweet opening note of his discourse, and it was delightfully maintained throughout. He himself gracefully described the performance as "an act of courtesy and consideration," and the phrase may perhaps be thought by light-minded people to recall the "acts" of another sphere which delighted their early days. Everybody must recollect the startling transition when MARS or VULCAN at full spin round the circus suddenly flung off his characteristic habiliments in order to witch the audience as a smiling and seductive APOLLO. Mr. GLADSTONE, while "most respectfully" doubting the soundness of the view which some members of the House of Lords were understood to have taken of the privileges of that Assembly, offered to alter the Bill to meet their wishes. The Court of Appeal will be fitted up with accommodation for a sufficient number of judges to deal with Scotch and Irish as well as with English appeals; but it will be left to the House of Lords, on its own initiative, to surrender the remnant of jurisdiction which it has preserved to the new body. If the House of Lords had been an American Ministry, Mr. GLADSTONE could scarcely have made a more meekly abject surrender of what, in his own opinion, are the undoubted rights of the body he represents. It is natural to wonder what has been the cause of this startling change in the mien and manners of the head of the Government; and, in seeking for an explanation, it is impossible not to be struck by the contrast which is presented by the austere arrogance of a few years since and the honeyed meekness of to-day. Coincident with this transition may be observed a significant decline in Mr. GLADSTONE'S authority. At least once a week the Government is defeated by its own supporters; and the Opposition has been angrily attacked for not attending in the House of Commons in sufficient numbers to defend the Ministers from the assaults of their friends. Sweet indeed are the uses of adversity. Conscientious Liberals will of course be anxious that the greatest Liberal Minister of modern times should have a powerful majority at the next election; only the moralist will reflect with a sigh on the deteriorating influence which a brilliant electioneering success would too probably exercise on Mr. GLADSTONE'S character. It may be feared that a little prosperity would undo all the good that has been brought about by a series of salutary humiliations, and in place of the servant of servants, we shall see again the haughty and uncompromising political dictator of five years ago.

WASTED INTELLECTS.

AFTER a certain period of life it becomes a very interesting study for anybody who has been educated at a large school or University to look back upon the promising friends of his youth, to observe which of them have fulfilled and which have falsified the

anticipations of their contemporaries, and to endeavor to select the secret of their career. In most cases the result is rather melancholy. There are few men whose biographers will be able to record with truth that from boyhood to old age they were recognized as both leaders of thought and of action. Biographers, indeed, frequently make some such assertion; but their biography, like history, is but too often an account of what might have happened rather than of what actually happened. It would be difficult to say whether we should receive with most incredulity the statement that a man showed unmistakable genius from his cradle, or the statement that the future genius began life as a dunce. As a rule, we are perhaps entitled to presume that unusual intellectual power gives symptoms from which its existence might have been inferred even at a very early age; but the question whether it was actually inferred is a very different one. If the biographer relies upon the testimony of his hero's mother, or of the hero himself, he will usually find grounds for asserting that even the dullest of mankind gave high promise; but maternal or self-regarding judgments are of small value at the time, and that value becomes infinitesimal when they are coloured by subsequent events. When, on the other hand, the judgment comes from the schoolmaster of the genius, it generally takes the opposite form. A schoolmaster is apt to be a timid animal. He does not like to pledge himself to the future eminence of a promising lad, for he knows how often such guesses fail to be verified, and of course he is inclined to condemn the vigorous plant which will not develop after the normal standard. What he has not seen cannot have existed, and the genius not revealed to the pedagogue must really have been a dunce in early life. The judgment of independent contemporaries is the hardest to obtain, but one might expect that it would be the most trustworthy. A boy's schoolfellows are tolerably impartial observers, and they are not guided by so exclusive a standard as his teachers, whilst at the University it is probable that whatever intellect he possesses will have begun to show itself.

Yet when we test the value of those early verdicts by comparison with actual results we shall probably find a very wide discrepancy. We think of some youth who was the delight of all his teachers, whose exploits at solving problems or writing Latin verses still furnish a traditional standard of success, and are fondly described by examiners indulging in professional gossip. We had fancied that the possessor of such brilliant talents had only to signify his choice of the sea or the place in the Cabinet which he would prefer. Nothing has happened to him; he has not broken down from ill health, or taken to immoral courses, or been unfairly weighted in the battle of life. And yet somehow he has failed to make any mark in the world. He has sunk into a commonplace respectable parson or lawyer, and been hopelessly passed by men who never astonished an examiner in their lives. Competitive examination, we may perhaps say, does not provide a sufficient test for genius; it levels the man of original power with the man who is a mere channel for the transmission of cut and dried knowledge. We have made the common mistake of confounding mere facility with power, and supposed that a man must be a great teacher because he was admirably docile. Moralists are fond of telling us that a habit of obedience is the best qualification for command. This doctrine may be true; or, like most such doctrines, may contain a half-truth; but certainly it does not seem to apply in the sphere of intellect. Rather, we should say that the ruler of later life is made out of the youthful rebel. Our greatest thinkers have first shown their power by kicking against established rules; and we are therefore looking in the wrong place when we seek for great intellectual power amongst those who have accommodated themselves most easily to the recognized tests of merit. If, however, we go further, we do not always make more satisfactory discoveries. Our memory recalls young men who showed their independence of mind by plunging into some pursuit not recognized in the narrow rules of our old system of education. They declined to master the Latin grammar, but they wrote what they took to be poetry, and we fancied that we recognized the Shelley or Byron of the coming age. Scarcely any modern poet of eminence has won high academical honours; and it is quite in accordance with precedent that the great singer of the future should be something of a *mauvais sujet* in his earlier years. And yet our private Shelley has not become a cosmopolitan Shelley. His verse-writing has sunk from being the aspiration of a great soul to be merely the elegant accomplishment of a cultivated gentleman; and he contents himself, according to the established formula, with being a moderately good critic instead of a creator. Or, again, we remember rash youths who muddled their immature brains in the labyrinth of metaphysical inquiry; and who have not yet given any final solution to the problems round which philosophers have been vainly gyrating for the last few thousand years. Or else our youthful genius felt himself born to command the applause of listening senates, and began his operations by denouncing things in general to the mimic parliament of the Union. He is not, however, able to read his history in a nation's eyes. Doubtless he had in some sense a great facility for stringing words together; and we need not go beyond the present Parliament to show that many such orators have succeeded in later life in astonishing a wider circle than that which listened to their first youthful eloquence. But not unfrequently we may hear the orator of our youth acting as dinner-bell to the House of Commons, or plodding contentedly through the ordinary round of pulpit commonplaces, and eschewing any flight

into the regions of passion or imagination as scrupulously as though liveliness were a deadly sin.

You will find, it has been said, in reading the biography of any great man, that he was acquainted with some one who appeared at the time to be greater than himself. Either the great man was generous enough to clothe his friend with his own imagination; or the friend, though really admirable, was a failure through some incidental cause. It may be doubtful which is the commoner cause of the disappointments which are undoubtedly numerous. The original judgment is of course constantly erroneous. People are apt to form a very inaccurate estimate of the qualities which are really most conducive to success, and, especially in early life, to overvalue pure intellectual capacity as compared with the force necessary to set it in action. The path to such success as can be obtained in our school days is free from many of the obstacles which overpower a man's energy in the rough uphill struggle of later life. Gray's contemporaries were right when they said that he was potentially a poet of a very high order. And yet the excessive delicacy of his temperament made him the least productive of all considerable poets; and, if it had been very slightly increased, might have entirely choked the productive impulse. He succeeded, and only just succeeded, in squeezing out a few lines which are amongst the most perfect in our literature. With his wide reading and exquisite taste, he might have produced other writings of permanent excellence. Enough was fortunately executed to give us some measure of his power; with a little less fastidiousness he might have produced far greater results; and with a little more, the spark which was so nearly quenched might have been altogether extinguished. A trifling excess, that is, in one of the ingredients in his composition might have reduced him to be mute and inglorious, though a considerable quantity was necessary to qualify him for poetical excellence. Few, if any, people can judge accurately on such delicate points of mental chemistry; and a slight error in their analysis may be fatal to the correctness of their judgment. A similar difficulty occurs in such a case as that of Coleridge. Who could have ventured to say with any decision whether his love of speculation would make him a great philosophical light, or cause him to degenerate into a mere intellectual voluptuary? The early friends who were dazzled by the extraordinary brilliance of his conversation would regard it as treacherous in any one to suggest that such vigour of thought could be neutralized by a deficiency of volition. If men like Gray and Coleridge have so narrowly escaped shipwreck, it is impossible to say how many men of equal powers may have been entirely cast away; and therefore how frequently these early vaticinations may have missed fulfilment, not because they involved too high an estimate of the positive qualities, but because they failed to take into account the baneful but occult influence of counterbalancing defects. Such errors of the judgment are still less surprising when we remember how much depends upon circumstances which could not have been foreseen. A man in every way qualified to command success may fail, not merely from downright calamities to life or fortune, but by some perversion of fate for which we are slow to make allowance.

We complain that the man whom we suspected of high abilities has never reformed the world or introduced a new philosophical method, because he has been vulgarized by partial success. He has been content to aim at a low mark, and to turn his talents into money instead of fame. The case is frequent and lamentable; but we ought to have been prepared for the contingency. A good many promising reformers, political or religious, have been spoiled for such purposes by marrying an attorney's daughter, or by the early falling in of a College living. And perhaps they ought not always to be condemned too strictly. We often hear complaints that this or that man whose first works gave high promises of genius is writing himself out for the edification of an indiscriminate public, and giving us mere weeds because he will never allow his intellect to lie fallow. And yet we may be passing too severe a judgment. Perhaps the poor man has a wife and twelve children. Is his first duty to his family or to the universe? Should he pay his bills or be a world poet? It is given only to a few to reconcile the two careers. He ought not, you will say, to have had the wife and children, and the remark is often well founded. But it is a hard doctrine for an affectionate person; and perhaps, after all, it is as well to be a meritorious father of a family as to throw double or quits for fame. Perhaps, after all, he was a modest man, and may even have taken the true measure of his abilities when he declined into the safer path. However this may be, such facts are enough to suggest how exceedingly complicated a problem we undertook to solve offhand when we assumed this or that promising lad to be the coming man. Give him the will, and the intellect, and the right conditions, and he may succeed; but to produce a genius of any high order, and to employ him worthily on an adequate task, you must secure the concurrence of so many circumstances, depending partly on himself and partly on his surroundings, that it is a kind of marvel when they all unite upon one man. To explain the opposite case, to show why the people whom we took to be dunces turn out to be distinguished men, would perhaps be more difficult, though it cannot be called very difficult to account for any degree of misconception in the partial judgments which we are able to form of each other.

There is, indeed, the gratifying reflection that our judgment of what constitutes success is to the full as fallible as our judg-

ment of the talents by which it can be commanded. Many of the men whom we calmly set down as failures may have been doing as much as those who have made ten times as much noise in the world. A great deal of the best work in the world is anonymous, if we do not confine the term to writing. The rising genius who has sunk out of sight may have profoundly influenced his generation, though we cannot trace the channels through which it has operated. A man who might have been a bishop and has become a quiet clergyman in a retired parish is popularly said to have failed; but even quiet clergymen may frequently sow the seeds of thoughts and works of which they will never reap any conspicuous harvest in this life. And fortunately the power of doing good service unobtrusively is not confined to the clergy.

LORD DE ROS ON MARS' HILL.

WE heard some time ago of a family who were so lacking in energy either for good or evil that it was said that it would take three of them to commit a sin. The number which it took to do a righteous action we did not hear; but it is charitable to believe that such an act might, by an effort, be got through by two of them. In the like sort we should have thought that it would have taken more than one man, even more than one peer of the realm, to make such a wonderful exhibition as was made by Lord De Ros on Monday night when talking about examinations at Woolwich. We should have thought that no one pair of shoulders could have borne so remarkable a load of ignorance. At any rate a man wishing to distinguish himself in the art of blundering— or rather in that more delicate art which, without exactly blundering, contrives to show off a more refined ignorance than any more blunder can— might lay in a good stock of materials by simply following Lord De Ros and picking up what falls from him, like the slave who picked up the stray dardies when Demokleides was admitted into the treasure-house of the Great King. There really is an art in these things, and we suppose that a man who has achieved something in this way, as in any other way, is anxious to show off his achievement to the world. Otherwise why should Lord De Ros, who got some reputation from a fairly-put together little book about the Tower of London—no connexion with Mr. Hepworth Dixon's bigger book on the same subject—have been so eager to explain to the world that he knew nothing about either the Athenian Areiopagos or Milton's *Areopagitica*? Whatever may be done to the candidates at Woolwich, no one would have thought of examining the Lieutenant of the Tower about any such matters. It would never have come into our heads to think whether he knew about them or not, if he had not sounded a trumpet before him that we might all come and see how thoroughly he did not know. But, as Lord De Ros has thought good to announce to the world a fact which he might so easily have kept to himself, we will venture to go a little further in the process of mental anatomy. We will at least try to point out the very remarkable and complicated state of ignorance which is implied in Lord De Ros's speech—a degree of ignorance which, as it is something to be first in anything, it is really a creditable exploit for a single man to have reached.

It appears that among the books used at Woolwich for examination are Chaucer, Spenser, the Epistles of Horace, and "other authors." In a former year Shakespeare was one of the subjects for examination, and Lord De Ros seems to have been much troubled in mind at the Woolwich candidates being put on in *Romeo and Juliet*. His only comfort was that so practical a man as Sir Lintorn Simmons had had nothing to do with choosing such dangerous writings. We do not know whether any of the plays of Shakespeare lurk this year under the phrase of "other authors," and we are left to guess what may be the amount of Lord De Ros's familiarity with any of these authors, named and unnamed, as he discreetly veils his opinion of them in a somewhat oracular formula. They are "authors from the perusal of whom a taste was likely to be formed in after-life, but who inspired distaste when imposed on young men who saw in them no immediate practical utility." We do not know whether Lord De Ros, as an Irish member of the other House is said once to have done, "spoke in Italics"; but on the whole it is more likely to be the *Times* which, by putting the name of Horace in Roman type and those of Chaucer and Spenser in Italic, seems to imply a belief that Horace was a real man, but that Chaucer and Spenser were only the titles of books. But directly after comes the great exploit, the record of which we must give in Lord De Ros's own words, or at least in those of the *Times*, which we trust has not misrepresented him:—

He also noticed the *Areopagitica*, which, though he was aware that the Areopagus was a Greek tribunal, puzzled him, and it was not till after vainly consulting several dictionaries that he found it to refer to a trial for homicide conducted by twelve gods and goddesses, when six being on one side and six on the other the accused was acquitted. This seemed a precedent for the recent proposal of a noble earl (Russell) as to Irish juries. (A laugh.)

The laugh may possibly prove that there are other noble lords who were as much in the dark about these matters as Lord De Ros himself. But let us see all that this little speech proves about the speaker. First of all, as Lord De Ros was puzzled at the name of the *Areopagitica*, it proves that he is not a reader of the prose works of Milton. In this perhaps Lord De Ros would be very far from standing alone. But Lord De Ros's puzzlement

proved more than that he had not read the *Areopagitica*: it proved that he had never heard of it. Now this is far more serious. There is a large class of writings, ancient and modern, which nobody is expected to have read, but of which it still is decent to know the names, and to have some general notion what they are about. We are afraid that with most people the prose works of Milton, with some perhaps his poetical works also, would come under this head. But Lord De Ros had not even reached this stage. All he could think of was that the *Areopagitica* must have something to do with the Areiopagos, and all he knew of the Areiopagos was that it was "a Greek tribunal." This may seem to imply that Lord De Ros not only does not read Milton, but that he does not read Lord Macaulay. The *Areopagitica* are mentioned several times in Lord Macaulay's writings, and mentioned in a way which might give any one who knew no more of the book than Lord Macaulay says of it a general notion of its object. After this, it is perhaps less wonderful when we say that Lord De Ros's confession shows that he has never studied Greek history or Greek literature either at first hand or second hand. A man who could not read a word of Greek, but who had read any History of Greece, we will not say Grote or Thirlwall, but the very worst History of Greece he could find, would surely have found out something more about the Areiopagos than this. We write from the memory of many years past, but we think it is Oliver Goldsmith who tells us that Perikles lessened the authority of the Court of Areiopagos, and that he did it out of jealousy, because the Court was made up of all those who had been archons, and, as he had never been archon, he could not get a seat there. Now the notion of Perikles wanting to be archon is something like the Frenchman's picture of the Duke of Wellington still dissatisfied in the midst of all his honours because he had never been Lord Mayor. But, setting aside the odd conception of the motives of Perikles, Goldsmith's mere statement of facts is perfectly accurate. Had the studies of Lord De Ros gone even as far as that, he might at least have learned that the Areiopagos was made up of mere mortal judges. He could hardly have thought that the archons were the same as the Twelve Gods, and that Perikles was disappointed because he could not, like Cains or Dometian, get people to make a God of him while he was still alive. Lord De Ros doubtless reads the newspapers; if so, he can hardly fail to have sometimes come across some such flourish as "the Areopagus of Europe." What that means we cannot reasonably expect Lord De Ros to know; because we certainly do not know ourselves, and we strongly suspect that those who talk in that kind of way do not know any better. Still, the oddness of the phrase might, one would have thought, have stirred up any one who, like Lord De Ros, had got so far as to know that the Areiopagos was a Greek tribunal, to go on a little further and find out whether it really exercised such sublime but rather vague functions over Greece, Europe, or the world in general.

But if Lord De Ros does not read Milton or Macaulay or the newspapers, we are at least bound to believe that he sometimes reads the New Testament, if not in the original, at least in the English version. Surely education at Woolwich has not become so strictly undenominational that Lord De Ros or Sir Lintorn Simmons or anybody else would object to the study of the Acts of the Apostles, at all events as an historical document throwing light on the early days of the Roman Empire. In that book we find an account of how St. Paul was led unto Areiopagos, how he stood in the midst of Mars' Hill, and there made a discourse which had the effect of winning over several of his hearers, and among them one of the Areiopagites themselves, to the doctrine which he taught. Lord De Ros can hardly be of a very inquiring mind if he read this account and never thought of finding out any more about the place in which or the body before whom the Apostle made that famous discourse, than simply that it was "a Greek tribunal." But if Lord De Ros, after his searching in the dictionaries, chanced to look back to the Acts of the Apostles, his state of puzzlement, instead of being lessened, must have been greatly increased. The setting forth of strange Gods is not exactly the same as a trial for homicide, but the main point is, before whom does Lord De Ros think that the Apostle was brought? According to his own account, it would seem that Lord De Ros must believe that St. Paul was arraigned before a tribunal of Twelve Gods and Goddesses. To say the least, this seems rather like setting one of the parties to be judge in his own cause, if the setting-forth of strange Gods is called on to appear before the old Gods themselves. But it certainly says something for the impartiality of the Olympians that the Apostle departed uncondemned, and must therefore have had at least six votes in his favour; nay, more, he would even seem to have made a convert on the bench. It is possible that there may be some text in which the name of Dionysios appears without the last *i*, and it may be held in Lord De Ros's mythology that it was the God of Wine himself who founded the bishopric of Paris and wrote the famous treatises on the Heavenly Hierarchy. If, as we were some time back taught by a grave divine, Woden founded the Church of Chester, we see no reason why Dionysos may not have founded the Church of Paris.

One word about the search in the dictionaries. We think that we have been able to go a little way in the track of Lord De Ros. We do not know whether Lord De Ros looked in the English Dictionary of N. Bailey, *οἰκολογος*. He would there have found, under the article "Areopagites," how they were "Judges of the Court of Athens, where malefactors were tried, and so called from a place near that city, where they sat, called *Areopagus*, or *Mars's*

Hill. The word "malefactors" is a little too vague, and to talk of the Areios Pagos as being near the city is an archaic way of speaking, savouring of the days when the Akropolis alone was the city. Otherwise one might say of this account that, like the nursery rhyme which sums up the whole reign of Henry the Eighth in the fact that he "was as fat as a pig," it is hardly adequate, but that it is true as far as it goes. But we suspect that we have lighted on the source of Lord De Ros's notion about the Twelve Gods in the larger Dictionary of Ainsworth. It was, we think, Sir Roger de Coverley who, when some ancient worthy was mentioned, chimed in with the remark that, when he was at school, he had read his life at the end of the Dictionary. The same way of seeking after knowledge which Sir Roger practised when he was at school Lord De Ros seems still to follow in his riper years. At the end then of Ainsworth's Dictionary we find two articles bearing upon the subject which Lord De Ros has taken in hand. The first is headed "Areopagita" and the second "Areopagus." We cannot help thinking that Lord De Ros must have failed to read the first, which we rather wonder at, as the word "Areopagita" looks more like "Areopagitica" than "Areopagus" does. But under "Areopagitica," besides the information, on Ainsworth's own authority, that "they judged in capital affairs with the greatest impartiality," it is stated, on the authority of Cicero, that "Solon primum constituit Areopagitas." Now we cannot suspect either that Lord De Ros cannot construe so easy a piece of Latin as that, nor yet that, if he could construe it, he would think that Solon created the Twelve Gods. So we are driven to think that Lord De Ros got his notions wholly from the next article, where "Areopagus" is explained to be "Mars's court at Athens," and the comment is added:—"They say it had its name from Mars's trial here for homicide before the twelve chief deities, on which occasion he was absolved by six votes; for, the votes being equal, judgment was passed in favour of the accused, 'Judicium capitis Areopago primum actum est,' Plin. 7. 56." Here, it is plain, is the source where Lord De Ros found his learning; but we think that he has hardly done justice to the great lexicographer, for Lord De Ros seems to think, if not that the trial of Ares was the only trial which ever took place before the Areopagos, yet at least that none but Gods and Goddesses ever sat there as judges. But Ainsworth clearly understood that the trial of the homicidal God before twelve of his peers was only the first Areopagitic trial among many, and that in after-times, as is implied in the quotation about Solon, mortal men were tried there by their peers also. Altogether we wonder why, in a military discussion, the Court of Areopagos should have aroused such undeserved dislike. It would surely have been a more ingenious and appropriate perversion to have taken for granted that a Court held on Mars' Hill must needs have been a Court-martial.

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

IT is not quite clear whether women expect, when they have got their rights, to keep their privileges also. When their education is completed, and they find themselves able to argue on an equality with men, do they expect always to have the last word? When they have ceased to claim or accept the protection of men, and have set up for themselves, are they still to be allowed to make personal remarks? When they are successfully competing with men in all the superior walks of life, and are driving them to emigrate, to scrub floors, and to jump off Westminster Bridge, do they hope still to get the corner seat, the clean side of the road, the first help, the front place, and the pick of everything? When all the public and private business of the country is in their hands, will they still find time for three meat meals in the day? And, above all, will they then still retain their most cherished privilege of tea and talk at five o'clock in the afternoon? As members of any profession, except perhaps the clerical, women can hardly expect that their day's work will ordinarily be finished before five o'clock, or that they will be able, as a rule, to make such a break in business between four and six as to get home regularly to five o'clock tea. Unless we are to presume a thorough change in office hours, in the times of the departure of the mails, and in all the business arrangements of the country; and, unless, along with all this, we are to reckon upon an entire exclusion of men from any share in settling such arrangements, it is difficult to see how five o'clock tea can survive the emancipation of women. We do not forget that some of the champions of woman's rights consider that, with her superior natural abilities and her extreme docility, supplemented by the right use of method, the emancipated woman will be able to perform all that man now does, without giving up any of her present feminine occupations; will be able to attend board meetings without abandoning any of her duties to her infant; will find time for interviews as well as for visiting; will superintend the clerks at her office while keeping due control over her domestic servants; and will conduct the affairs of her regenerated country without neglecting her painting, her music, her flowers, her pots, her drawing-room, or her dress. All this may be possible. It may be that woman will contrive to economize her time and her forces by a considerable development of what may be called household mechanics. There is perhaps no reason why, as she already has the sewing-machine, she should not have also the letter-writing machine and the dinner-ordering machine. We can even imagine that, by the application of some kind of power to a contrivance combining the

bottle and the baby-jumper, she may be able to hand over one of her most natural, but most unmanly, duties to a nursing-machine. And when machines have been invented for all the different household duties of women, it is of course perfectly conceivable that they may all be combined in one great domestic engine, warranted to do the work of an automaton housewife, or complete mechanical mistress and mother. Or perhaps it may be that emancipation will have such an effect upon woman that the glorious creature will find herself able to do what, since the world began, both men and women have been vainly trying to do—namely, to get two days' work out of one. There have always been people who have believed it might be possible to do this, just as there have always been people who, in spite of arithmetic and repeated failures, have maintained that "what's enough for one is enough for two." Mr. Kingsley, indeed, in his *Water Babies* went so far as to give us a formal prescription for getting two days' work out of one—namely, by "sticking to the good old Cambridge hours of breakfast at eight and dinner at five." But this, like any other prescription which fails to show how to double the length of the day, is a mere delusion for doubling the day's work; as any one may soon ascertain who will put himself to the extreme inconvenience of trying "the good old Cambridge hours." It is, however, futile to speculate by what means women propose to rise superior to the embarrassing conditions of time and force which at present regulate the lives of men, and to assume the cares and duties of men without dropping those which at present belong to them. All we know is, that the champions of woman's rights repudiate the hypothesis which used to be so cleverly illustrated by the late Mr. Leech, that the assumption by women of men's work, or, as it was then called, "Bloomerism," necessitates the employment of men in woman's work. Evidently they feel perfectly competent to do the one, and yet not leave the other undone.

Whether woman's work is, or is not, to survive the triumph of the new Bloomerism, it seems impossible that woman's leisure can do so. And with the loss of woman's leisure goes the loss of that special pleasure of women, five o'clock tea. Five o'clock tea is a rite for the due observance of which leisure is essential, and of which leisure is the most characteristic condition. The cups and saucers, the bread and butter, the new bonnets, the specimens of lace, the music, the talk, and even the very drink from which it is named, are all accidents of five o'clock tea. Nothing that is eaten, nothing that is drunk, nothing that is said or done at five o'clock tea, is so characteristic of the institution, considered as an art, as this one fact, that it is a mode of passing spare time. The art of taking five o'clock tea is, in fact, a branch of the great art of using leisure—an art which, if the rank and file of middle-class Englishmen ever possessed it, they have now completely lost. Englishmen of the professional and commercial classes have no experience of leisure. They know what it is only from hearsay; or, at the best, from recollections of their boyhood. The pressure of competition and the force of habit have turned all of them who are past thirty into mere working machines; and, though they are always longing for leisure, not one of them in fifty would know how to use it if he got it. It is not the least of the graces which charm us in woman that she is not drilled down into the same file with ourselves; that she is still allowed to have leisure, and that she still retains the art of using it. If a busy professional man gets a half-holiday, he has only two notions as to how he shall spend it. One is to work off arrears of private business, the other is to tire himself out with physical exertion. And he is quite right. He has lost the art of doing nothing, and he could not do it, however much he tried. Give him the prettiest corner of the drawing-room, a couple of his best friends, security from casual callers, and all the other most favourable conditions of an artistic five o'clock tea, and you will still find him quite incompetent to take it like a woman. The ease, the grace, the quiet, the repose, the absence of hurry, the charming aimlessness, the indescribable air of inaction, with which a woman takes her five o'clock tea, are all entirely beyond his powers. Let any one who doubts this, and who has a really charming woman for his wife, contrive an opportunity of watching her, himself unseen, while she takes her afternoon tea. He will then learn how great and how beautiful is the art of idleness.

Five o'clock tea has, of course, like every other art, some among its followers who fail to catch its true spirit, and seek to degrade it into a handicraft. Some women make a meal of it. Others try to make it do duty for a dinner-party. Some treat it as a religious or charitable institution, and meet together to make garments for the poor heathen—garments which, by the way, the poor heathen could not possibly wear, but for which they may get a trifle from some half-caste dealer—or to distribute tracts among our heathen poor. Others, of a more enlightened spirit, look upon it as a means of regenerating society, and meet to discuss, in the comparative privacy of their drawing-rooms, those more intricate and nasty problems of social life with which it is necessary that they should make themselves thoroughly acquainted in order that they may lend a helping hand to Professor Newman and Mr. Jacob Bright. One of the worst abuses of five o'clock tea, as most men will agree, is to turn it into a meal. There are women, happily not numerous in London, but dwellers chiefly in small country towns, who use five o'clock tea as an opportunity for gormandizing; and who systematically exchange visits at that time of day for the purpose of eating something that is newly in season, such as strawberries, or something for which they have a sneaking appetite, such as muffins. Men are of course carefully excluded from these orgies. Married women take care not to keep the feast in their

own houses, except on days when they are secure of their husband's absence. Edwin tears herself from Angelina, and goes forth on his day's work, deeply touched by the affectionate solicitude with which she puts to him the question, "Is there no chance of getting you back before seven, my love?" Could he turn back from the station ten minutes later, and see the little notes being sent out to Mrs. Doubledose, the doctor's wife, and the two little Misses Pumpkin, written thus:—"I shall be quite alone at five to-day. Do come and eat a muffin"—the current of his meditations would be changed. Rumour says that occasionally an uxorious Edwin has turned up an hour or so earlier than he was expected, and has felt himself to be, like the prophet of Pethor, a man whose eyes are opened. The disordered appearance of the drawing-room, the bonnet cast down here, the parasol there, the pocket-handkerchiefs, the neck-kerchiefs, the knitting, the tatting, the shawls, and the overshoes that lie in tangled masses over the chairs and floor and bestow every corner of that place, sacred, as he thought and as Cowper sang, to neatness and repose; the half-emptied cups and sloppy saucers, the strawberry stalks, the fragments of solid food; the embarrassed air of Mrs. Doubledose, arrested in the middle of her newest and liveliest bit of scandal, and the outraged look of Angelina—have, it is said, formed a tableau such as Edwin would long remember. Of course such complete exposures as this are comparatively rare. Usually the fragments that remain have been gathered up, the drawing-room has been smoothed down, and all traces of the revellers have been effaced, some twenty minutes or so before the unsuspecting Edwin applies his latchkey to the door; and the only evidence that remains of what has been done is to be found in Angelina's utter incapacity for dinner. "I have got one of my sick head-aches," she says, and Edwin, even in his most ungenerous moods, looks for no more approximate cause of her want of appetite than a too liberal luncheon, and seldom thinks of suspecting the true criminal, five o'clock tea.

Our limits do not permit a discussion of the other misuses of five o'clock tea. They are, no doubt, many and serious. But it does not therefore follow that the institution is in itself an evil, any more than it follows, because some women abuse their leisure, that all women ought to take to hard work. Nothing, says the proverb, is so bad as debased good. The corruption of the best thing is the worst. And it may be that the very villainy of five o'clock tea, when so abused, is an evidence of its value when uncorrupted.

NERO AND NAPOLEON III.

NOT the least interesting parts of M. Renan's curious book on Antichrist are those chapters which touch on the affairs of contemporary France. With the skill of a consummate literary artist, he draws or suggests a series of historical parallels such as used to be the most potent resources of sarcasm in the days of the Empire. Now that the Emperor is gone, and that the Empire only illustrates the irony of fate, there might seem, indeed, to be no reason why protests against the Napoleonic system should be veiled under descriptions of the ruin which the Cæsars brought to Rome. But M. Renan thinks differently. He is not more eager to prove that the Antichrist of the Apocalypse is Nero than he is to trace, with strokes of subtle and cruel irony, a likeness between Nero and Napoleon III., to draw a parallel between the Rome of the one potentate and the Paris of the other, and to point the defence of Jerusalem against Titus with such hues and tints of sarcasm as to bring into view the defence of Paris by the Commune. It is true that he does not once mention Napoleon III., that he makes only a slight and passing reference to the showy splendour of Paris, and that he does not say a word about the fanatics and ruffians who fought under Ferré and his colleagues; but his meaning is made all the more trenchant by so artistic a suppression of obvious names. And although M. Renan had no reason to fear that he would be punished if he should speak with open scorn of Napoleon III., or with open detestation of the Commune, he thought no doubt that it would add to the force of his satire if he so painted the past as to make it seem like an anticipation of the errors and the crimes which had been committed by his own countrymen in his own time.

The parallel between Nero and Napoleon III. is not of course intended to suggest that the Emperor of the French was as great a monster of depravity as the Cæsar, or indeed that he was a monster at all. The likeness is drawn between the artistic vanity of the one and the literary vanity of the other. Nero is painted as he appears in the pages of Suetonius and Tacitus. He is painted as a man who, while standing on the most giddy height of power on which any civilized State ever placed a human being, yet disdainfully flung away the dignities and gravities of empire to share in the triumphs of singers, sculptors, and all the other ministers to the passion for artistic beauty. Leaving the army to the care of powerful and treacherous pro-consuls, and placing the Empire at the mercy of armed ambition, he fiddled, danced, sang, and lived only for art. We are reminded how he was disgusted by the Romans because they did not appreciate the charms of his harsh and feeble voice; how he became enthusiastically fond of the Greeks because they obsequiously hastened to praise him as a master of music; how he went on with his singing and fiddling even after he heard that the legions of Gaul had revolted; how he consulted the Senate respecting a newly-invented

musical instrument in the midst of the tremendous peril which had come to the Empire and himself; and how in the moment of death he could think only of the magnificent voice which should be lost to the world when he should be gone. Nero's atrocities are painted by M. Renan with a burning pen, and the force of the satire is deepened by a subtle plea that Nero was not animated by the same tiger-like thirst for blood as the annalists of the Cæsars ascribe to Caligula. "Far from being incapable of friendship, he was often a good comrade." But, we are told, it was just that capacity for friendship which made him cruel, since he wished to be loved and admired for his own sake, and he was angry with those who did not pour out upon him their affection and their homage. He was indifferent to the rights of others, destitute of pity, and ready to slaughter thousands of innocent men and women to gratify a whim, because he had no moral sense; and he had no moral sense because he was essentially an artist. He proclaimed every day that the only serious concern of life was art, and that all virtue was a falsehood. The contempt of M. Renan goes so far as to picture such a personage as befits the *mardi gras*—a compound of fool, simpleton, and actor, clothed with the functions of an absolute ruler, and charged to govern the world. He was an Emperor of the opera. He was a *mélomane* trembling before the pit, and making it tremble. To such a being the government of the greatest State or the command of the mightiest army was a trivial matter in comparison with the symphonies of the lyre or the lines of a statue. And, pointing the finger full at Napoleon III., M. Renan bitterly adds that, although Nero's talents did not rise above mediocrity, he had some artistic endowments; for he painted well, and he was skilled in the art of sculpture. His verses were also good, although they had a schoolboy air, "and in spite of what has been said by calumny, he did compose them himself; for Suetonius saw the first copy of the Imperial manuscripts covered with erasures." Nero was wont to console himself with the reflection that his artistic talents might some day gain him a livelihood if the throne of the Cæsars should be taken from him, or if he should weary of its gilded trivialities. "One of the things which most flatter the vanity of those men of the world who occupy themselves a little with art or literature is to imagine," says M. Renan, "that if they were poor they could live by their talents." And the diseased fancies of Nero were quickened by the depravity of his time. It was an age of shallow rhetoricians, of gaudy artists, and of sensualists, who had lavished on vice the dignity, repose, and rounded completeness of art itself. An exaggerated importance was given to the practice of declamation. Buildings or statues were deemed great because they were gigantic. The Roman people craved big buildings, big statues, big gladiatorial shows, and big words. They were gorged with spectacles, and surfeited with blatant eloquence. The most typical character of Imperial Rome during that reign of transcendent immorality was Petronius, who gave the day to sleep and the night to business and amusement. "He was not one of those prodigates who ruin their constitution by reckless debauchery; he was a voluptuary profoundly versed in the science of pleasure." A fascinating friend, he did not lack ability, and, when it was the good will of Nero that he should die, he died with the nearest approach to Socratic dignity that lay within the reach of a philosophic voluptuary. Opening his veins, he discoursed with his friends, not about the immortality of the soul, but about the trivialities of the day, and the light airy songs of society, as if to show how much he despised both life and death. Then he rewarded some of his slaves, and caused others to be punished. And then he leaned forward in the sleep of death. M. Renan calls him a "sceptical Mémère"; and he certainly does recall the Academician whose scepticism was as complete as his culture, whose irreverent epigrams were the delight of literary epicures, and whose own passion for rounded beauty of phrase amounted to a kind of sensuality. Mémère passed through life saying, "Let us eat of the best and drink of the best, let us polish our French and coin our epigrams, let us flatter each other when we meet, and satirize each other when we are separated, for to-morrow we die." But on one side of his nature Petronius was also like M. Octave Feuillet's *Monsieur de Camors*, which has unhappily more than one original.

M. Renan does not intend of course to suggest more than a very limited parallel between Nero and Napoleon III. So far from despising state-manship, the late Emperor of the French risked everything in one effort after another to seize the supreme power in France, and, in his own way, he was eager to build up a reputation which should give him a place in history. But he had also a passion for the honours of literature. He toiled for years at the composition of one dull book in the hope that he might thus get a place in the Academy, and secure those personal honours which are given to men of letters, and yet are withheld from kings. Like Nero, he made his artistic tour in search of appreciation, fiddling as he went, and inviting all men to judge of his performance. He won his garlands also, for several pens saluted him as a great historian. Satire was also busy, it is true, and Sainte-Beuve left behind him in manuscript perhaps the bitterest passages that he ever penned on the old Cæsar and the new; but, if we knew the annals of Greece as well as we know those of contemporary France, we should find no doubt that Nero, too, was secretly made the victim of the bitterest ridicule which lay at the command of a decaying race. Nero did not go to Athens for plaudits, fearing perhaps to submit his pretensions to the severity of taste which still lingered in the chief home of art; nor did Napoleon III. invite the suffrages of the French Academy, lest the political partialities which had welcomed

even more flagrant mediocrities than himself should suddenly become jealous for the honour of literature if they could thus insult a Bonaparte. The French ruler did not consult the Senate about the construction of a musical instrument, but he brought out his own musical snuff-box whenever he addressed the representatives of the nation. His speeches were rhetorical exercises. They were the compositions of a man to whom the form of the expression was as much a matter of concern as the thing expressed. They were filled with the devices of the phrase-maker. They revealed a man posing for the sake of effect. He is like an actor to whom applause is the breath of life, and who carries his thirst for praise from the stage to the dinner-table and the clubroom, so that all his waking hours are spent in the exaction of homage. The literary vanity of Napoleon III. was fostered by the atmosphere of Paris. M. Renan's description of Rome might serve, and was of course intended to serve, for a description of the French capital. The Parisians place an exaggerated value on the art of rhetorical expression, and, as M. Renan himself has admitted elsewhere, they are more eager that a thing should be well said than that it should be worth saying. Their Academy is a manufactory of fine phrases and poor thoughts. They crave a succession of fine shows, huge buildings, and gaudy exhibitions; and thus the artistic author gave them the biggest work, the biggest opera-house, and the biggest Exhibition in the world.

Not content with suggesting a parallel between the old Cæsar and the new, M. Renan goes out of his way to read a direct lecture to those princes who seek to compete with men of letters, and it is easy to see that he is speaking for a moment to the Duke of Aumale and the Count of Paris. Indeed, it is difficult to disguise the conclusion that he is also satirizing M. Cuvillier-Fleury, who was the tutor of the Duke of Aumale, under cover of the half-contemptuous sketch of Seneca, who was the scholastic guide of Nero. Although he himself is one of the best of living writers, and although he usually speaks of his art in a sufficiently high key, M. Renan betrays in his new book something like contempt for its graces and subtleties. He thinks that nothing could be more mischievous to a governor than tastes and aptitudes for the practice of literature and art:—"Le gouvernement étant la chose pratique par excellence, le romantisme y est tout-à-fait déplacé. Le romantisme est chez lui dans le domaine de l'art; mais l'action est l'inverse de l'art. En ce qui touche à l'éducation d'un prince, le romantisme est funeste." M. Renan calls to mind no doubt those visionaries of the First Republic whose qualification for governing France in the greatest crisis of her history was a literary habit of playing the despot on paper, as befits men who, in the empire of their study, were armed with first principles and a belief in their omnipotence. He must also recall those turbulent masters of a loud rhetoric who in his own time seem to fancy that France can be regenerated by big phrases and marks of exclamation. But he has chiefly in view Napoleon III., who was fundamentally a man of letters rather than a man of action, and whose dreamy mind went in search of the ideals that naturally rise before a bookish recluse. His natural tastes and his early training instinctively made him think of how a thing would look on paper. He was perhaps the most "viewy" monarch who ever governed a great Empire for twenty years. If he had not been "viewy," it is true, he might never have gained the throne, although the probability was that the turmoil of France would in any case have brought a Bonaparte to the surface; but it was his "viewiness" more than any other infirmity which cost him his power. He was "viewy" when he went to war for the sake of Italy, and he did not display practical sagacity, but only his habitual indecision, when he stopped before the work was half done. He was still more "viewy" when he tried to found an Empire in Mexico, to restore, as he said, the balance of the Latin race. That was perhaps the maddest scheme which in modern times ever tried to cloak itself under the guise of practical statesmanship. He first tolerated and then resisted the gigantic growth of Prussia in a "viewy" way. His resistance to the nomination of the Prince of Hohenzollern was "viewy," and so was the flimsy pretext on which he went to war.

M. Renan describes the result of Napoleon's "viewiness" in his chapters on the defence of Judæa and Jerusalem against Vespasian and Titus. Jerusalem is of course Paris; Hassan is painted as a man of moderation, who knew that resistance was hopeless, and yet who held out rhetorical hopes of victory, in order that he might keep the Jews from rushing into the worst excesses of fanaticism. Few people, therefore, deem him a traitor; and he is the Trochu of Jerusalem. Vespasian may stand for the Thiers; Titus is the MacMahon. The fierce, fanatical Jews who defended Jerusalem and the Holy of Holies against the Versailles of Rome did the work of the equally fierce and fanatical Communists. Simon, the son of Gioras, who commanded the city, represents such Communists as Ranc; John of Giscala, who, with his assassins, was master of the Temple, may typify Ferré or Raoul Rigault, who had neither resources nor fear, but only passion; and Eleazar, the son of Simon, who belonged to the priestly race, anticipates Delescluse, a fanatic to whom Communalistic Republicanism was a religion. M. Renan has undoubtedly strained the parallel between Judæa and Rome on the one hand, and France on the other; but he has nevertheless penned a curious satire on his country, and his irony will be found, after all due abatement, shaded with much of the gloom of truth.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

ON a hot evening in July the House of Commons occupies itself with affirming after debate that it prefers international arbitration to war. It in effect desires the Government to signify to foreign Powers that this country has been "done" once, and would like to be "done" again. We may observe for the comfort of Mr. Richard that the settlement of international disputes cannot be difficult if one party will give, and allow the other to take, everything. Mr. Richard is doubtless impervious to ridicule as well as insensible to fatigue and heat. It was perhaps because his motion was raised above party considerations that so many Conservatives absented themselves from the discussion of it. The working-men have "thrown themselves into the movement" for international arbitration with "remarkable ardour," which it is our own fault that we have not remarked. The only perceptible emotion aroused by this subject has been at the Court Theatre, where the proposal to refer to arbitration the King of Bonny's claim to Scotland still excites laughter. However, we are ready to believe that upwards of one million of the working classes have spontaneously signified their adhesion to the principle of Mr. Richard's motion. Indeed, we should think that with adequate organization and expenditure the million might be made two. There can be no possible harm in resolving that arbitration is generally desirable, and the question whether it is practicable in a particular case must be left to the decision of Government. Mr. Richard argues that great wars have arisen out of small causes, which he thinks might have been removed. But he fails to see that, if the particular pretext for war between France and Germany had been taken away, some other pretext would have succeeded it. If Mr. Richard, or his million of followers, or the bishops and ministers of religion to whom he appeals, can persuade France to abandon the purpose of fighting it out with Germany at the first convenient season, by all means let them do so. He may rest assured that this country will not enter into European war unless compelled, but circumstances may arise to which arbitration would be inapplicable, unless as a decent contrivance for surrendering that which can only be preserved by fighting. Lord Clarendon obtained from a Congress held at Paris the expression of a wish that States would, before appealing to arms, have recourse to the good offices of friendly Powers, and no doubt mediation might be useful where war is not predetermined. However, Mr. Richard concurs with Mr. Gladstone in thinking that it was "a great triumph" to have elicited this declaration from the Congress. It is a pity that some other equally harmless platitude could not have been adopted by the House of Commons, so as to save the trouble of dividing.

Mr. Richard wishes the Government to represent to foreign Powers that we think arbitration is a good thing. The foreign Powers, if they felt called upon to behave civilly, would probably answer that they thought the same, and that is the utmost that would be done. Mr. Gladstone did not consider that this was worth doing, and we entirely agree with him. There is a practical difficulty in recommending the Geneva precedent, because the Powers which we address will naturally inquire whether we expect it to play England or America in the proposed drama. Mr. Richard considers the Geneva Arbitration highly honourable to England, but perhaps his opinion might not be generally accepted on the Continent. Lord Russell has always been a valiant penman, but we doubt whether even he would have the courage to omit from the Foreign Office a dissertation on the magnanimity of England in carefully and anxiously providing for an award against herself to the tune of three millions. We can conceive the polite sarcasm which such a despatch would evoke. Some years ago a public banquet on horseflesh was announced, and a person who was invited to it answered that, although he had occasionally eaten that viand when he could get nothing else, yet it had not occurred to him to boast of it. The view which many persons are disposed to take of the Geneva Arbitration is perhaps of a similar kind. But Mr. Richard desires that Lord Granville should invite the Ministers of Russia, Germany, and France to observe the placidity of the sheep under the shearers. It might be fairly answered by a Continental politician that the precedent, even if creditable to England, is inapplicable abroad. Besides, it must be confessed that recent experience does not tend to promote confidence in the efficiency of any international tribunal. However, Mr. Richard carried his motion against the Government, and as his supporters are probably not readers of the *Morning Post*, they may never become aware that he was indebted for his success to the fashionable entertainments which drew members away from the debate. Mr. Gladstone quoted with good effect from a work of M. Laveleye, who, desiring equally with Mr. Richard to preserve the peace of Europe, recommends, as the surest means of doing so, that Belgium and England should adopt a system of compulsory military service. Mr. Gladstone was careful to protest that he did not follow M. Laveleye in this opinion, but he cannot deprive the recommendation of the weight which properly belongs to it. It depends upon ourselves alone to carry out this recommendation, whereas Mr. Richard's plan requires the co-operation of other Powers. The only solid basis of influence abroad is security at home, and we shall never occupy our proper place in Europe until by some means we largely increase our defensive force. "For the sake of liberty itself, considerable armaments must be maintained." This is the judgment of M. Laveleye, and he must, as Mr. Gladstone says, have been pressed by powerful motives to adopt a conclusion so painful to him. If nothing else comes of the debate, it will be useful as a means of urging on the

progress of the country towards a condition of security. The growing cost of professional soldiers will gradually compel all citizens to share the burden of national defence.

The country is congratulated by Mr. Gladstone on having shown by accepting the decisions of Berlin and Geneva that its attachment to the principle of arbitration is not a vulgar and sordid attachment founded on a confident expectation of success. The world is invited by Mr. Gladstone to look forward to the gradual formation of a code of international law, and to the eventual creation of an International Court. But Mr. Gladstone would hardly represent this prospect as near or definite. Even Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who supported Mr. Richard, had the good sense to see that England had been "perhaps a little done" at Geneva; but he did not perceive the absurdity of our exhorting other nations to go and be done likewise. The most civilized nations of Europe have been exerting themselves lately to persuade the Shah of Persia that each is stronger than the other. As Sir Wilfrid Lawson says, we exhibited to the Shah our ships, our guns, our soldiers, and even our prizefighters, but we did not take him into a church. Sir Wilfrid Lawson fears that the Shah has been taught to drink champagne, and has been insufficiently impressed with the value of the principle of international arbitration. We so far share this apprehension as to believe that the Shah would be likely to see much more virtue in a big gun. The "Woodwich infant," like the principle of arbitration, requires a good deal of nursing, but we think it promises better to repay the care bestowed on it. Mr. Richard declares his conviction that, if the Award at Geneva had been the other way, the people of the United States would have willingly accepted it. We do not say that they would not; and if we think that they would have liked to tussle with us for the *Alabama* damages on the principle of "heads we win, tails you lose," it must be owned that in this respect they are only too like ourselves.

Although Mr. Richard has carried his motion, he must not expect that anything will come of it. He may console himself under disappointment by remembering that we can at any moment instruct and delight the world by exhibiting to it a second edition of the Geneva Arbitration. There are always open questions between us and the United States, and we can generally ensure the settlement of these questions by arranging arbitration upon terms unfavourable to ourselves. Providence, says Mr. Gladstone, has endowed England and America with advantages and facilities for the propagation of the principle of arbitration. If Mr. Gladstone had fully explained himself, he would probably have ascribed to America a readiness to base and to England a willingness to give. He might have truly added, that the mischief of war would be to both countries more serious than the price of any concession which could be made by one country to the other. At this point we think the parallel between the case of England and America and that of Continental countries fails. The French desired to march to Berlin in order to prove that they were the first military Power of Europe, as they used to be. The Germans desired to march to Paris, in order to cripple France, and to prevent her from troubling the peace of Europe in time to come. Lord Clarendon, with his "tact, good feeling, and ability," and his offer of mediation, was merely futile under such circumstances. When Germany prescribed the terms of peace to conquered France, some faint attempt at mitigating their rigour was made by England, and it was treated with contempt. Mr. Gladstone apprehended that, in endeavouring to check his friend Mr. Richard in his career of benevolence and philanthropy, his own conduct might be viewed unfavourably. A Minister must be patient and courteous to every one, and Mr. Gladstone could only hint that the speech which he censured was unpractical. "He did not wish to damp or chill the generous aspirations of the speaker." We may suspect that, if Mr. Gladstone had had a majority at his back, he would have treated the generous aspirations of Mr. Richard with rather less consideration. He saw great value in the motion, and he hoped that it would be withdrawn. Mr. Cobden once made a similar motion, and Lord Palmerston invited him to withdraw it, which Mr. Cobden declined to do. On a division Mr. Cobden was beaten, whereas Mr. Richard has succeeded. We shall of course be told that this fact shows that the principle of arbitration has made great progress since Mr. Cobden's time. But it rather shows that the independent members of the Liberal party are less than ever to be depended on. The present Government has sustained so many defeats and humiliations that one more does not greatly matter. The resolution can have no practical effect, and perhaps we may have next year a Parliament in which the "aspirations of philanthropy" will be chilled by contact with common sense.

LORD SANDON AND THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION.

OUR anticipations as to the kind of reply likely to be given by Mr. Gladstone to Lord Sandon's demand for a Bill to suppress the Ritualists have not been disappointed. The Ministerial statement was even hyper-episcopal in its diplomatic caution, and would certainly have established the reversionary claims of the Premier on the next vacancy of the see of Canterbury had he chosen a different line of life. And yet it is difficult to see what substantially different answer could have emanated from the Treasury Bench, even had the First Lord been a less accomplished master of the art of language. It was inevitable of course that Lord Sandon should consider it "unsatisfactory," and natural that he should gallantly propose to throw himself into the breach,

where prelates and premiers are alike afraid to tread. We spoke just now of episcopal caution, but it must be admitted that the two Archbishops, if they prudently excused themselves from the responsibility of action, have not been altogether felicitous in the phraseology of their now too famous reply to the sixty thousand remonstrants. One sentence especially, on which we took the liberty of commenting at some length the other day, has supplied the key-note as well of the frantic oratory of Lord Shaftesbury and his friends at Exeter Hall as of Lord Sandon's preliminary interpellation and of the Resolutions of the Church Association. Their Graces, it may be remembered, asserted that a considerable minority of the clergy and laity of the Church were endeavouring "to subvert the principles of the Reformation," and the cry has been taken up and re-echoed by all the organs of the Recordite party ever since, though neither those who originated nor any of those who have so loudly repeated it have attempted to answer the question we ventured to suggest as to what "the principles of the Reformation" are. A morning paper which is equally conspicuous for its uncompromising devotion to the Establishment and its intense dislike for all "extreme" parties, and especially for extreme High Churchmanship, frankly admitted last Tuesday that it was quite unable to describe these principles, though it was none the less indignant with the naughty Ritualists for "subverting" them. Whether Lord Sandon is better informed on the subject we cannot say, but at all events he kept his knowledge to himself, and contented himself on Monday with again quoting the indictment of the Archbishops without offering any explanation. He also referred to the four hundred and eighty clergymen denounced at Exeter Hall as priests of Babel, whom he rather inaccurately described as petitioning Convocation "for the revival of sacramental confession in the Established Church." It may fairly enough be presumed that the petitioners are in favour of such a revival, but they could hardly ask Convocation to restore a practice which they expressly alleged to be already "widespread and increasing," and what they actually did ask the bishops to do was to take steps for the "training, selection, and licensing" of fit persons for confessors. Of course, if confession is to be allowed to go on, this request would appear to be not unreasonable. The question really is whether confession ought not to be put down altogether; but meanwhile the bishops admit this to be beyond their competence. Neither, indeed, did Lord Sandon, though he pointedly included confession in what may be called the preamble to his inquiry, seem to be prepared with any practical remedy. His final demand had reference exclusively to a Bill providing a speedy and inexpensive remedy for parishioners against the introduction of objectionable ceremonies into their parish churches. To the preliminary inquiry Mr. Gladstone could of course only reply that the Government had no official knowledge of the Archbishops' letter to the Church Association, or of the clerical petition to Convocation, and that it had no responsibility in the matter. Lord Sandon's second question as to the intentions of the Government alone required a direct reply.

What the nature of that reply would be no sensible man could for a moment doubt. Mr. Gladstone would not of course commit the Government as to what measures it might introduce in the next Session of Parliament; nor was he likely to pledge himself to bring in a Bill based on the Report of the Ritual Commissioners in 1868. But Lord Sandon's reference to the Ritual Commission enabled him to deliver the highly oracular utterance which appeared so unsatisfactory to his questioner. He understood the recommendations of the Commission to be based on the principle of protecting members of the congregation against alterations in the ritual introduced against their will by the sole authority of the clergyman, and he considered that to be a sound principle. He did not add, what both he and Lord Sandon must be perfectly aware of, that a Bill based on that "principle"—unless indeed a trio of "aggrieved parishioners" are to be allowed, as in Lord Shaftesbury's defunct measure, to override the bulk of the congregation—would fail to go to the root of the matter at all. No doubt there have been foolish incumbents, and no doubt there are some still, who are willing to purchase what a high authority rather irreverently termed a display of "ribbons" at the cost of emptying their churches. But Lord Sandon can hardly be ignorant that a Ritualist incumbent is frequently egged on by a Ritualist congregation, while in a large number of cases he is partially or wholly dependent on his congregation for the maintenance of his parochial and ecclesiastical machinery, ribbons included. So clear indeed is this to Lord Sandon's admiring critic in the *Standard*, that he insists that, "whether a clergyman be subverting the principles of the Reformation in defiance of, or in collusion with, his congregation, he is equally guilty," and ought equally to be punished. He must not be allowed "to persevere in practices which are not legal, because they are acceptable to the people." The fiercest speakers at Exeter Hall the other day virtually said much the same. They did not merely complain that the prophets prophesied falsely and that the priests bore rule by their means, but also, what was worst of all, that the people loved to have it so. But this opens up a further difficulty. The *Standard*, to be sure, is quite ready with a solution. "The Established Church of England" is fully equal to the crisis, and can meet the aggressions of either Romanism or Ritualism if only she is allowed fair play; but that can never be the case under a Liberal Government, which "paralyzes her energies and undermines her influence." Let us have a sound Conservative Government, which will "strengthen the Church of England, strengthen her

episcopate, respect her Universities, protect her, in the enjoyment of all those rights and institutions which our forefathers so wisely conferred upon her," and all will yet be well. In other words, re-establish the Irish Church, restore University tests, give fresh powers to the bishops, whom the House of Commons has, on the motion of a leading Conservative, just decided to exclude from the new Final Court of Appeal in ecclesiastical cases, and in short repeal nearly all the ecclesiastical legislation of the present reign, and then the Establishment will be strong enough to stamp out Ritualism. Perhaps it would; but there is one element in the question which these advocates of the "thorough" policy always manage to overlook. Whatever rights the Established Church of England may possess by laws human or divine, it is composed, like all other Churches, established and unestablished, of the aggregate of its members, who happen just now to be divided into two or three large parties at mutual antagonism with one another, and to eject any one of them from its pale would be to endanger the entire fabric. The "principles of the Reformation," whatever they are, may be a very excellent thing, and we gather from Mr. Whalley's supplementary question to Mr. Gladstone that he is anxious to introduce a Bill for giving the laity, instead of the bishops, the power of enforcing them. But as the laity are quite as much divided as the bishops, that would merely be to give one party among the laity of the Established Church the power of expelling another. On the whole it is not very wonderful that, as Mr. Gladstone observed, "neither the present nor any former Government has ever been moved to bring in any Bill on the subject."

We need not expend many words on the reply of the Council of the Church Association to the letters of the two Archbishops, which virtually reiterates the demands of Lord Sandon and of the speakers at the recent Exeter Hall meeting. The Council naturally takes full advantage of the unguarded statements of the two prelates, which it, moreover, gratuitously assumes to "express the opinion of the whole Episcopal Bench." As it happens, one at least of the bishops has written a separate and, as many persons will be inclined to think, more temperate and sensible, reply of his own to the memorial of the sixty thousand. For itself the Association claims, in language which, if somewhat ambiguous, has the merit of boldness and originality, to represent "the great mass of the unattached laity of the Church." After congratulating the Archbishops on having "at last arrived" at an agreement with its own views, it proceeds to remark that "a body of persons in the Church (like the Ritualists), banded together in close union to accomplish its overthrow, is, in fact, engaged in a conspiracy which, if it related to the State instead of the Church, would justly be branded as treason." This sounds very like a truism, nor can the Archbishops wonder at the application immediately subjoined, to which their own language has, to say the least, given a great appearance of plausibility. "It seems inconceivable that, when the fact of such a conspiracy is known to the guardians and leaders of the Church, they should not feel irresistibly constrained without a moment's delay or hesitation to adopt the most effective measures in their power for the removal of these conspirators." Yet "the Council fails to discover any indication on the part of their Graces or of the bishops" of their intending to take any such steps. The fact of course is that their Graces are too well informed to entertain the extravagant notion which they have allowed the memorialists to attribute to them; but it may be admitted that the charge of looking on quietly while "the enemy is openly and actively sapping the foundation and laying a train to blow up the edifice," is unanswerable as an *argumentum ad hominem*. In this dilemma the Church Association generously comes to their rescue, and suggests a short and easy method of dealing with the "conspirators." In the first place, the licences of all Ritualist curates should be summarily revoked; and, in the next place, all Ritualist incumbents should be prevented from officiating out of their own dioceses. That such a policy would be widely resented as oppressive and unjust is more certain than that it would answer the proposed end any better than the brilliant suggestion of the *Times*, that bishops should decline to confirm in Ritualistic churches. Accordingly still more stringent measures are ominously hinted at, for the Archbishops and bishops are "most earnestly exhorted to rise to the greatness of the emergency; it may prove to be their last opportunity." Certainly, if they were to make any serious endeavour to carry out the programme sketched out for them by the Church Association, their last opportunity of acting in their present capacity might not be very far distant. For what with the conspirators "laying trains to blow up the edifice," and the guardians and leaders taking "new and vigorous" measures to blow up the conspirators, the hapless Establishment, sore beset by friend and foe alike, might be expected before long to tumble about their ears, and to involve both parties in a common ruin.

FLAGS.

WHEN an illustrious foreigner visits England, we line the streets through which he passes with all the flags that we can find; and if the colours are pleasing, we neither know nor care whether they signify anything or nothing. Variety of colour and arrangement is necessary for distinction of signals, and a man-of-war carries for the performance of ordinary duty the means of ornamenting herself for festal days. The extent of the code of naval signals may be estimated by the fact that a flag existed in the signal-books for every word except one of Nelson's message, to the fleet

before Trafalgar. In Nelson's time the signal for close action was familiar to the British navy, and the most welcome sight to the lookout man at Portsmouth or Plymouth was a cruiser in the offing with "The enemy at sea" flying from her masthead. If the British fleet was in port when that news arrived, the admiral would hoist without delay Blue Peter, of which signal the meaning will be best learned from the French name of it, "pavillon de partance." The system of telegraphing by flags depended on a clear atmosphere for success, and many instances are recorded of signals being imperfectly understood. Nelson on a memorable occasion pleaded the loss of an eye as his excuse for not seeing a signal which he was determined to disobey. It may be doubted whether simplicity and clearness have been sufficiently regarded in framing existing codes of signals. It would be easy to arrange so as to help both eye and memory more than appears to have been thought necessary. The existing codes are probably to a great extent traditional or accidental, and they display far less symmetry than would be expected in a modern work. If we take, for example, the alphabet, excluding vowels and *x* and *z*, we need only eighteen flags, and it would seem to be easy to select these flags upon some system which should require only three colours. Thus we might take vertical bars of blue, white, and red, and make six different arrangements of them; and, again, we might take horizontal bars and make six different arrangements. Thus we should get twelve signals, and the remaining six might be formed with only two colours. Such a system would help memory; but perhaps it might be said that a signallman has nothing to do except to remember flags; and as regards the use of more colours than are needed, some admiral's wife may have thought them pretty. Night signals are necessarily restricted both in colour and arrangement, and yet they are made to answer the purpose. To take a more familiar instance, the Post Office telegraph employs only two signals, the dot and the dash of the Morse system, or the corresponding signals of the needle or the bell. Yet, by combining and repeating these signals, all the letters of the alphabet, and not merely consonants, are transmitted. Having regard to the necessary simplicity of this system, it is rather surprising to find both the Royal Navy and the Merchant Service indulging in gorgeous combinations of colour, as if for the sake of making ships look pretty on a holiday.

A magnificent collection of *Flags of All Nations* has been printed by Messrs. Housell Brothers, who, as flag-makers to the Admiralty, have the means of ensuring perfect accuracy in their work. Our remarks on the unnecessary complication of commercial codes of signals will, we think, be supported by an examination of the pages of this work. But it may be admitted that, if all the flags in the book were hoisted at once, the effect would be very pretty, and this during a gala period, like the Shah's visit, is principally important. We understand that Messrs. Housell's representation of the standard of Persia has been declared by the highest authority to be accurate, and they have doubtless taken equal pains to ensure correctness for the grotesque emblems of the nationality of Cochin China. Their language is open to occasional criticism. Thus their description of the Union Jack is evidently incomplete. It ought to contain, and does contain, three crosses, for St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick; but, taking the description literally, it only contains the two former, and the latter would seem to have disappeared, perhaps through the baleful influence of the *Upas-tree*. We read in a book of heraldry that "Constantine the Great carried a red cross in a white field, which is now the ensign and flag of England, as the blue field and white cross or saltire is the flag of Scotland." If we examine the Union Jack by the light of this passage, we shall find in it a red cross in a white field for England, a white saltire cross in a blue field for Scotland, and a red saltire cross on a white field for Ireland. The two first crosses were combined previously to 1707; the third was added in 1801. The name "Union Jack" is supposed to be derived from the signature "Jacques" of King James, who ordered the combination. We doubt whether the term "American Union Jack" is not a misnomer. The British Union Jack, placed in the corner of a red or blue flag, constitutes the red or blue ensign. The American national flag was doubtless designed on a certain analogy to that of England. The white stars on blue ground answer to the Union Jack, and the bars of white and red make up the complete flag which answers to the red ensign. But it is carrying the analogy rather far to treat the stars in the firmament as representing union, when they may quite as well signify independence. We find in the same volume the "red ensign of Victoria," which is the ordinary British ensign, with five white stars on a red ground, signifying, as we conjecture, the five Australian colonies, which are united neither in fact nor disposition. The leading ideas of the designers of the flags of Christian nations appear to be the cross, the star, and a combination of three colours. France and Holland use different arrangements of blue, white, and red; Italy uses green, white, and red; Belgium uses black, yellow, and red; and the North German Confederation uses black, white, and red. All these are adaptations of the same idea. The tricolour is still regarded as the symbol of liberty and progress, although it has been too often used to consecrate despotism. The Spanish flag, once well known and formidable at sea, consists, or did consist, of mingled stripes of red, yellow, and red, with the castle and lion surmounted by a crown on the yellow stripe. As this flag is manifestly unsuitable to a republic, we shall perhaps see one more variety of the tricolour. Both Denmark and Switzerland bear a white cross on red ground. Norway and Sweden have crosses compounded of red, white, blue,

and yellow. Greece has a white cross and white stripes on blue ground. Austria combines black, yellow, red, and white. Russia for some purposes uses a cross of blue and white, and for other purposes superadds red; but the Imperial eagle or some other mark distinguishes this cross from any that is used by England. The Portuguese ensign bears a coat of arms upon a flag composed equally of blue and white. The Turkish ensign is a white star and crescent upon a red ground.

An interesting history of flags might be written to accompany these representations of them. The flag of the Trinity House, which is probably ancient, represents a ship carrying merely a red St. George's cross on a white ground. This flag was carried by the ships of Kings Edward III. and Henry V. The man-of-war of the present day carries, or would carry if she had a mast, the red St. George's cross on a white ground, with the Union Jack in the upper canton. This flag is the white ensign. The blue ensign is a plain blue flag with the Union Jack in the upper canton. It is carried by hired transports and other vessels which are employed in the Queen's service, without regularly belonging to it. The red ensign is formed similarly to the blue, and is the proper flag of the British merchant service. The Admiral of the Fleet carries the Union Jack at the main. It was thus carried by Earl Howe on the 1st of June, 1794, and by Earl St. Vincent in 1800 and 1806. An admiral carries the red St. George's cross on a white ground at the main, and a vice-admiral and rear-admiral carry the same flags at the fore and mizen respectively. Formerly there were three classes of admirals in each rank, distinguished by the colours of their flags, and it was usual to form a fleet into divisions similarly distinguished. Thus Nelson was a Vice-Admiral of the White at Trafalgar, while Collingwood and Lord Northesk, who served under him, were respectively Vice-Admiral of the Blue and Rear-Admiral of the White. The order of rank was blue, white, red, corresponding to the rear, van, and centre of the fleet. The British navy, both royal and mercantile, is supplied with flags which contain no reference to the Royal arms. The Admiralty flag is a yellow anchor on a red ground. The Prince of Wales's flag bears the Royal arms with a distinguishing mark which ought to be described in heralds' language if described at all. There are in this volume two flags, one marked "Persia," and the other "Shah of Persia." The former bears the lion and sun, which have become tolerably familiar to British eyes; the latter bears stars, crescents, a scimitar, and other symbols not easy to describe. The most simple flags are the best. An old writer on heraldry, from whom we have already quoted, says:—"Observe, that the plainer the coat, the nearer antiquity, and the simpler the form, the more gentle the person. Therefore labour to keep thy coat close girt to thee, which is the final cause of all countenance." The fleur-de-lis of old France was simple, and the oriflamme was so. The tricolour is also simple. The flags of the Ottoman Empire, and Austrian Empire, are inconceivably complicated with eagles and other devices not easily discernible. The simplest of all flags is that of plain red, which is still borne by Morocco, although no longer the terror of the Mediterranean, and which a party in France would substitute for the tricolour. It is remarkable that the crescent and star are found not only on the flags of Turkey and Persia, but also on the banner of Buceleuch, which Scott has made so famous. We all remember the prophecy that the young heir of Buceleuch

Should tame the unicorn's pride,
Exalt the crescent and the star.

The same devices were borne in banners on the field and in flags on shipboard. The raven of Norway was known and feared alike in the rivers and in the plains of the countries which the sea-kings invaded. "St. George's banner, broad and gay," has floated both from donjon tower and masthead of line-of-battle ship. Clan Alpine's pine waved equally over lake and hill. When the warlord of Brankome looked forth from his tower, he did not need a pair of spectacles and a book of heraldry to distinguish enemies from friends. The white lion of Howard on the one side and the bloody heart of Douglas on the other were easily seen and known. Naval colours are required sometimes to disclose, and at other times to disguise, national character, and for either purpose it is convenient to use something that can readily be recognized. The use of standards and the whole science of heraldry as thereon depending is derived by the learned in this science from the East. We read in the Book of Numbers:—"Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by their own standard with the ensign of their father's house." The writer who quotes this text tells us in the next paragraph that at the siege of Troy Hector bore on his surcoat of silk "sable two lions combatant or." This information was probably derived from the same source as was open to Shakespeare when he brought the tale of Troy upon the stage. Alexander the Great, says the same authority, bore a lion rampant, and the ancient Persians a bow and quiver. If heraldry came from the East, it is not wonderful that military titles should have followed. We exhibited the fleet at Spithead to the Shah as the most national of all sights, but he might have reminded the Admiralty who entertained him that the title which they bear is Arabic. If the Shah is not King of Kings, the First Lord of the Admiralty is certainly Lord of Lords. Ptolemy, Patriarch of Alexandria, writing in the tenth century, calls the Caliph Omar Amīr al-Mumēnin, which he translates Imperator Fideiūm. Thus both the name of admiral (el omar) and the cross which he bears upon his flag came from the East. The Union Jack and the tricolour of France are combinations of the same "three bright colours, each

divine"; but the French flag was invented at a time when Christianity had been temporarily superseded. England has walked steadily in the old path, and her fleet has sailed under the cross as long as it had a masthead from which it could fly an ensign. During many centuries, whatever other banners were carried by English armies, the banner of St. George was always foremost in the field. It was not without significance that the lion of the Kings of England, which was the emblem of strength, followed the cross of the nation, which was the emblem of faith.

HONOUR IS SATISFIED.

IT is difficult to write seriously of the duel between MM. Paul de Cassagnac and Ranc. Modern French duels are hardly ever mortal, unless some blunderer happens to be involved in a quarrel, as was the case when an Englishman named Dillon was killed a few years ago. He had never had any lesson in fencing until after the challenge had been given and accepted; and it was said that his master taught him only one thing—namely, the guard which is technically called *tierce*. It has been often said that a slight knowledge of the use of the sword is worse than none, and that the best chance for a novice is to go in resolutely at his antagonist by the light of nature. Irishmen succeed in this plan in novels, but the odds would be heavily against them in an actual encounter. Happily the combatants of Monday last had had long practice, and neither was likely either to kill his antagonist or to be himself killed. It would have been safe to bet on this result, and perhaps the principal object of the duel was to obtain notoriety for the performers. O'Connell began his political career by a duel, but he fought with the pistol, which is much less manageable than the sword, and he killed his man. A report, apparently published on authority in the *Gazette*, tells us that this duel had been expected for six or seven years. The performers had doubtless carefully rehearsed their parts, and were prepared to "satisfy honour" at a moderate expenditure of blood. The same sort of thing used to be done in a less pretentious way among ourselves. An extant handbill of the year 1709 contains a challenge and acceptance to meet and exercise at sword and dagger and other weapons. James Harris, master of the noble science of defence, who formerly rid in the Horse Guards, and had fought for a hundred and ten prizes, and never left a stage to any man, declares that he will not fail, God willing, to meet the brave and bold inviter George Gray, at the time and place appointed, desiring sharp swords, and from him no favour. We by no means suggest that this was a "put-up thing" between Messrs. Gray and Harris; but live and let live is a wholesome maxim in all trades. There would be much threatening, posture, and clashing of steel, the spectators would feel that they had their money's worth, and Messrs. Gray and Harris would live to fight another day. Sometimes arrangements were made beforehand, as appears from a letter in the *Spectator* stating that the writer overheard two masters of the sword in an alehouse agreeing to quarrel on the next opportunity. The following dialogue ensued:—"Will you give cuts or receive?" "Receive." "Are you a passionate man?" "No, provided you cut no more nor no deeper than we agree." All this may have been said, and when not said it was implied; and if you change the weapon to the rapier, and the scene to a café, you will get a tolerably correct idea of the sort of tacit understanding on which duels among French journalists are now conducted.

The reporter says that "the slightest mistake would imperil the life of him who committed it"; and no doubt this is true, but the performers had been practising for six or seven years in order that they might not commit mistakes. We know nothing of the source to which they may have applied for instruction, but we do know that the art of fighting duels without serious results is taught in Paris, and we also know that if a party of two principals and four seconds go out to fight in the early morning, preparation for breakfast for six is usually made at an adjoining tavern. An eminent member of the English prize-ring was once heard to say that he was never so much injured in a fight but that he could do a good deal of harm to a beefsteak within twenty-four hours after the battle. If two strong men untrained and beery fight with fists, one of them may kill the other. But a fatal result hardly ever ensues from a scientific prize-fight. It is much the same with the bullies of the French press. One account represents that M. Gambetta was confident that his friend M. Ranc would kill M. de Cassagnac. We should have felt tolerably confident that he would not. The only redeeming feature of these political duels would be the possibility of occasionally getting rid of one of the parties to them. But this possibility is very remote. The space covered by the movements of the combatants was only eighteen yards, and there is a tradition that two fencing-masters began a duel at one of the gates of Hyde Park and finished at the other. Some of the best descriptions ever written of duels with the sword are to be found in Scott's novels. The feats of horsemanship which he makes his heroes perform are astonishing and incredible, but their performances with the sword are like pictures from actual life. One feels inclined to quote the duel in *Peveril of the Peak* in reference to M. Ranc and his friend M. Gambetta. Julian Peveril runs Long Tom Jenkins, the Duke of Buckingham's man-of-all-work, through the body, and the Duke, inquiring into the particulars of the combat, is informed that the hostile sword "fortunately avoided the vitals" of Long Tom Jenkins, to which the Duke answers "Damn his vitals!" That combat was fought in a street of London

in a ring formed by watermen. The recent duel, in which also the vitals of the combatants were avoided, appears to have been fought on turf, which is by no means suitable for a display of scientific fencing. It would have been more convenient, alike to performers and spectators, if a public room with a nicely boarded floor could have been engaged for the purpose. The arrangement for the neutralization of Luxemburg was lately mentioned by Mr. Gladstone as creditable to the diplomatic talent of Lord Derby. The authors of that arrangement will doubtless be gratified to learn that they have provided an arena for the gladiatorial exercises of French journalists. We do not quite understand why the performers took the trouble to travel to such a distant theatre, unless it was to give greater *éclat* to the performance. The present Government of France depends, according to the declaration of its chief, upon divine and military power for its support; and we question whether either of these powers need feel obliged to interfere with a duel between MM. de Cassagnac and Ranc, even if the interesting event should be announced to be "brought off" on French soil.

It must be owned that the journalists of Paris have not always avoided serious consequences in their duels. Dujarier was killed by Beauvallon, and it was said that Lola Montez, who was to be married to Dujarier, offered to take her lover's place, and would have fought Beauvallon with either sword or pistol, if she had been permitted. She was mistress of her weapons as well as of much else; while Dujarier could wield only the pen. In the trial which arose out of this duel Dumas appeared as a witness, and referring to his own dramatic writings, received from the President of the Court the retort which has become proverbial—"Il y a des degrés." Dumas stated that Dujarier came to his house and told him that he was going to fight a duel, and taking up a sword which lay in the room, Dumas saw that he did not know how to hold it. He advised Dujarier to choose pistols; but afterwards learning that Beauvallon was to be the opponent, retracted this advice, his motive being that, as Beauvallon was an expert swordsman, he would perceive Dujarier's incapacity and disarm him. Unfortunately Dujarier became aware of Dumas's motive, and, thinking his honour concerned, insisted on pistols. There was next an attempt to invite the interposition of Grisey, who was one of the first fencing-masters of the day, but this failed for the same reason. Dumas then sent Dujarier with his own son to a shooting gallery, where he made shockingly bad practice. It was his first duel and his last. Dumas was asked at the trial whether a swordsman of reputed skill could honourably exercise that skill upon a novice, and he evaded the question by remarking that there are "dark" swordsmen who practise elsewhere than in public rooms. Being pressed further he answered that, when you get upon the ground, questions of generosity and delicacy, which are very fine questions, disappear before the question of existence. The history of French duelling would furnish many amusing chapters. General Ornano was so good a shot that after the first fire he addressed his antagonist, General Bonnet, with the question, "What, sir, are you not dead?" It appeared that the ball had been turned by a five-franc piece in Bonnet's pocket, on which Ornano remarked, "Vous avez bien placé votre argent." An important branch of the business of the old fencing-masters was the teaching to a pupil some secret *coup* by which an opponent might be disabled. It is still possible to impart mysteries, or at least to pretend to do so; but one Parisian fencing-master would hardly undertake to show to another a new thing. The resources of a science which is necessarily finite must have been exhausted long ago. The really formidable fencers are the men who do common things with superior quickness and force. It is difficult for the most accomplished veteran to contend against the life and agility of youth. This was well seen in the year 1851 when Pons and Prevost, two of the best men of their time, came to London as an essential part of an exhibition of the results of civilization. Pons had carried a lance in the campaign of Moscow, and was therefore considerably over fifty years of age, while Prevost was in the prime of life. There has not been so good a match seen in London since; but as it cannot be doubted after this week's experience that the sword is an important agent in modern society, we shall expect that the best French artists in duelling will be invited to the International Exhibition. We observe with regret that the literary side of modern duelling has been inadequately developed. The writer in the *Gaulois* is a poor hand. He should take for his model the columns of *Bell's Life* during the palmy days of prize-fighting. Every movement of every round was pictured, so that the instructed reader could see the men as if he were on the ground. This style has now become obsolete, and perhaps the chief masters of it have been engaged as Special Correspondents of the daily newspapers, and have brought their power of close observation and accurate description to bear upon the movements of kings and emperors. "The duel had lasted fourteen minutes." This statement of the *Gaulois* is rather too much in the style of Falstaff's "whole hour by Shrewsbury clock." The writer could hardly be ignorant that a combat with swords could not be maintained with vigour and without pause for anything like that time. The combatants came up smiling, just like the pugilistic heroes of *Bell's Life*, but the picture of their movements is a mere daub. It is impossible to judge whether the performers in this, which is to our eyes a grotesque proceeding, will obtain applause or ridicule from Parisian society. We think that if Frenchmen cannot do without duels, they might at least fight upon their own soil. Luxemburg exists under a sort of

arrangement of the Great Powers of Europe, who may thus be regarded as keepers of ropes and stakes for the convenience of French gladiators. Perhaps Mr. Richard, or some other member of the Peace Party, would move an address to the Crown on the subject of applying arbitration to the quarrels of French journalists. Lord Granville might be instructed to write a despatch on the impropriety of turning Luxemburg into a cockpit.

SCULPTURE IN THE ACADEMY.

THE common verdict of inferiority which has been passed this year upon the picture galleries of the Exhibition does not seem to us to be deserved by the sculpture. This is not below the average—a low average it must be allowed—of recent years. If Mr. Foley, beyond comparison the best on the list of full Academician sculptors, as usual, is conspicuous by his absence, two or three of our least satisfactory artists are not obtrusively presented; and, considering the difficulty of this art, where there is so little middle ground between real excellence and complete failure, the number of pieces deserving more or less of praise, it will be seen, is fair. We should not expect more from any foreign contemporary Exhibition. Yet the unideal character of the art of the day, which has been of late the subject of so many criticisms, reveals itself here also in the fact that one of the most popular statues shown ostensibly belongs to that "realistic" school which is with justice held to be antagonistic to the loftier and more truly sculpturesque conception of the beautiful.

Portrait busts, although of course numerically the most important portion of the display, need not detain us long. If there be few of merit, those need not be surprised who do not take that Utopian view of art and its possibilities which secretly underlies the severe attitude towards English artists lately assumed by some of our critics. Really good portraiture—portraiture which adequately renders the most characteristic expression of a man, and places his best soul before the eyes—must always be a very rare thing. Even in painting it is so, with its comparatively larger range of expedients; how much more in sculpture! Thus if with two or three genuine portraitists in marble, we have a crowd who supply the inevitable demand in a manner which, if satisfactory to the sculptor, must be satisfactory to him alone, we pronounce no severe criticism in duly pointing out the fact. The demand seriously outruns the supply of ability. Only a secret wonder must be reserved why, when this manifestly is so, sitters and their friends do not take warning by the state of the market, and refrain from an annual waste of money on wares which have no artistic right to existence.

Under the above head we must class three busts by Mr. Williamson—Sir W. S. Maxwell (1439), Mrs. Norton (1421), and Lady Roslyn (1426); all poor and empty pieces of work, with little rendering of character or technical skill. Mr. Boehm's terra-cotta of Mr. Whistler (1410) is feeble and convulsive; his marble bust of Lord H. Russell (1515) tame and heavy. M. Carpeaux has an unsatisfactory head of M. Gounod (1415), which he does not redeem by work in the inventive direction; his "Spring" in the Central Hall being a disagreeable piece of crude naturalism. This artist once promised better things—a category under which we cannot include some familiar exhibitors—Mr. Theed (Sir A. Clifford and Sir H. Holland); Mr. Adams Aton (1573 and 1575); Mr. Durham (Model for the Lord Mayor); Mr. Brodie (Mrs. Haugh); Mr. Noble (1573); and Mr. Summers (Duke of Edinburgh). This last is "executed for the Art Gallery, Melbourne," where it will be a trial to the loyal memories of the inhabitants.

The "Lord Lonsdale" by Mr. Stephens (1566), though not carried far, brings us to a better class of art. A female head by Mr. Griffith (1418) is ladylike and pleasant; his other bust (1440) shows some character. Two by Messrs. Malempré and Thomas (1448 and 1450) also deserve notice; and there is a pretty, natural air about Mr. Handley's bust of a Child (1493). Several pleasing medallions in low relief are exhibited by Mr. Bruce-Joy. There seems to us to be in his work a tendency to protuberance and over-smoothness, perhaps almost inevitable in the material; but it has some real refinement and look of character. This sculptor's bust of Professor Adams (1583) also has merit. Miss Thorneycroft's medallion of a Lady (1595) should be noticed, and the likeness of Mrs. Anderson (1577), by the late Miss Durant—an artist whose life was unhappily not spared to do justice to her ability. Mr. Woolner's bust of Professor de Morgan (1549) shows much power and massiveness; the truth to nature which marks his work gives the surfaces a play of light and shadow, which in its turn communicates to the head the inestimable look of vitality. This quality, similarly obtained by the artist's mastery, distinguishes Mr. Butler's powerful bust of Mr. Pulling (1556). These two heads detach themselves at once from their neighbours in the row by their superior lifelikeness; and the effect is the more remarkable because both appear to have been executed under the great disadvantage and difficulty attending posthumous work.

Of monuments the display is singularly scanty. The figure of Sir G. F. Seymour, by Count Gleichen, is a fair specimen of the "recumbent" class—a style, to our thinking, recommended rather by its sentiment than its sculpturesque effectiveness. Wolfe's lines on Sir John Moore may have been present in the artist's mind when modelling the Admiral's figure; he lies in his cloak with a look of repose and of likeness to the living features. The treatment wavers between "realism" and "idealism," without exactly com-

binning them, and the modelling shows some indecision. More study seems to be here required. We must express a strong hope that the model for a monument to Lord Mayo by Mr. Forsyth (1487) does not represent a commission actually tendered. Although this artist has been not unfavourably known for mural or architectural sculpture, nothing that we have previously seen of Mr. Forsyth's has shown natural power or acquired training in any degree adequate to sculpture of the high monumental class; and this model promises only failure. A feeble Britannia and India (apparently) are seated back to back below the pedestal carrying a simple equestrian figure. It is obvious that there is nothing here beyond average churchyard ideas, and words are not required to prove the total inadequacy of the design to the commemoration of the honoured Viceroy.

The "Whewell," by Mr. Woolner (1516), takes its place, we suppose, in Trinity Chapel as a companion to the Macaulay exhibited some few years since. Whether as the representation of a more sculptural figure, or as the artist's maturer work, we should rank this as his highest achievement in the style. The action is simply that of a student breaking off from his book to enter upon argument—one characteristic enough of the late distinguished master—yet the whole figure has an air of such mobile vitality, that, like the famous old statue at Florence, one would expect it to answer if spoken to. This result, which testifies to what we might call the complete vitalization of the material, is due in part to the lively likeness in the head, in part to the perfect truth to natural form which underlies every part of the draperies, in part to the skilful arrangement of the lines. Every fold has its intention, and plays its portion, recognized or not, in the total effect. Dr. Whewell was a man who truly deserved a monument of this character, and the College which he served so faithfully may be congratulated on the addition of so grand a work to those which already have made their Antechapel famous in art, not less than in its associations. Let us remark on this statue, what applies to the Outram to be presently noticed, that the presence in each of modern dress in no serious way interferes with the grandeur and beauty of the respective designs. They have not the added advantage which the Greek sculptor hence obtained; but they are sufficient to prove that the so-called "impracticability" of modern costume is only a mode of expressing the inadequacy of a sculptor. The "realistic" and the "ideal" are so intimately blended, that the eye is neither offended by commonplace nor cheated by unreality. This is the true ideal of a personal monument.

It is a descent from this, the only conspicuous specimen of the "great style" in the Exhibition, to turn to the scanty group of ornamental work. Not that fair pieces are wholly absent; but those which are of ideal character lack force, and those with force lack poetry and elevation. These latter are the qualities the deficiency of which, however little regarded in the present day of general low aim in art, prevent us from fully endorsing the popular verdict on M. Dalou's otherwise meritorious "Pyssame" (1560). Terra-cotta, indeed, lends itself with peculiar facility to work of this "naturalistic" kind, with its abrupt angles and general raggedness of surface; yet the liveliness and feeling of M. Dalou's group would have lost nothing by a more poetical rendering. There are also some coarse touches—the mother's foot, the animal eagerness of the infant's mouth—touches true indeed to life, but, we will add, not true to the sphere of art, except art of a lower character than has been the artist's aim. Yet the arrangement of the figures and the mother's expression are so charming that M. Dalou has decidedly made good his claim to be looked on as a man of promise in a region where promise is rare. Naturalistic sculpture is, indeed, far below the "terribil via" of great art; yet it is desirable that we should have it at its best. Let us hope that he may follow the "better way," and not vex our eyes again with such figures as the "Music" and "Painting" (1528 and 1529), which are of an almost incomprehensible ungainliness in expression and attitude. His two other statuettes (1600 and 1601) have also little to recommend them.

There is some simplicity in Mr. Lawson's "Girl and Tortoise" (1467), although the treatment is too smooth; insipidity being the counter danger to coarseness in this branch of the art—witness Mr. Marshall's "Tiddlers" (1538). This, however, has grace and understanding of the art; it is happier than Mr. Stephens's "Eve's Dream," of which the best point is that it renders the sleeper's uneasiness with truth. A little terra-cotta by Mr. McLean (1483) is a pleasing imitation of the antique. Mr. Halse's "Girl Sketching" (1506) is pretty, but, like Count Gleichen's figure, wavers in style between the "ideal" and the "naturalistic." Mr. Fuller, happily abandoning for once that showy and sensuous mythology by which he gained some reputation, has given us nature and expression, though not as yet fully mastered, in his pleasing figure of "Little Nell" (1543). It is much praise to have dealt with a subject of this nature with the good taste here shown.

Let us add a word of welcome to Mr. Foley's equestrian group of Outram—although placed without Academical walls—the most spirited recent work of the kind in the sculpture produced here, or, so far as we know, on the Continent. Highly as we have always rated Mr. Foley's ability, reckoning him indeed as one of the few, the very few, artist-sculptors in the true sense among us, we had not known that his art was likely to reach a point of such masterly animation. Yet, animated as the group is, it does not transcend the rule that repose is of the essence of sculpture. It is the momentary pause of a rested action which Mr. Foley has given, "the wave at the instant of bursting," as we have seen it somewhere characterized. What a difference between

this noble work—noble only because true at once to nature and to art—and the tameness of such an equestrian group as Chantrey's in Trafalgar Square, or the spasmodic pretension of the "Cœur de Lion" at Westminster! The least educated eye can unconsciously feel the contrast. We put this group quite in the first rank among its rivals. Only the prestige of the antique could rank it below the Aurelius of the Capitol. The modelling of the body and limbs of the famous "Colloone" horse at Venice is sharper and abler; but the figure there is unworthy of the bearer. Some small points may be observed in the Outram open to criticism. But, on the whole, considering what this arduous art has been in old days and is now elsewhere, we think that Englishmen (and the Academy also) may be well satisfied with a school which has produced in the same year two pieces so grand in style and so masterly in technical rendering as Woolner's "Whewell," and Foley's "Outram."

REVIEWS.

JACOB BÖHME.*

THE mystical shoemaker of Görlitz, who contrived to make his voice heard pretty clearly through the din of the Thirty Years' War though he wrote on subjects utterly unconnected with the day's politics, is now chiefly known in England through the medium of a translation of his chief works by the Rev. William Law, author of the once popular book, *A Serious Call to a Religious and Devout Life*. The translated works fill four quarto volumes, and are illustrated with plates which are not only exceedingly well executed, but curious to the highest degree, some of them elucidating the mysteries of the German Theosopher by virtue of a contrivance similar to that often employed in the construction of valentines, but much more elaborate—one plate, in some cases, opening eight or ten times to show symbolically the whole process (say) of the Fall and Regeneration of Man. Nothing corresponding to these plates is to be found in the German edition of Böhme; they seem to have been exclusively the work of the English translator, whose task, be it observed, was in every respect admirably executed.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century the influence of Böhme was manifested in England by the writings of John Pordage, Thomas Bromley, and Jane Lead, which will still be found on the shelves of a certain class of theological booksellers. In France he had a more recent and more celebrated disciple, Saint-Martin. But nowhere did he acquire such high celebrity as that bestowed upon him by the leading German professors of philosophy about two centuries after his death. With Schelling and Hegel he was one of the mightiest precursors of modern metaphysics, and it is scarcely too much to say that he and the long-ignored Spinoza were lifted up about the same time, and by the same hands, to unanticipated glory. When Böhme had preached of an abyss (*Ungrund* or *Urgrund*) as the common source of good and evil, whence emanated discordant principles that were afterwards to be reconciled, he could scarcely fail to be recognized as an intellectual ancestor by the post-Kantian teachers. He has also no doubt another class of readers who, although in his time he was preached against as Antichrist, approach him as a writer of good books to be venerated as the *Pilgrim's Progress* is venerated here by most of the orthodox Dissenters. Such a class, however, has little influence over the world of independent thought, and it is to his speculative admirers that his new fame is to be solely attributed.

It is not our intention here to attempt a reduction of Böhme's widely dispersed thoughts into the dimensions of an outline. Even with a few hundred pages at command, it would be difficult to elicit a semblance of order out of the mass of chaos; the *rudis indigestaque moles*, consisting of theology, metaphysics, astrology, alchemy, and Cabbalism, thrown together in the most wondrous confusion. To the biography of Böhme we here chiefly confine ourselves, making use of a book compiled with singular industry and research by Dr. Fechner of Görlitz. To those of our readers who have not read this particular book we believe the information afforded will be entirely new. The Life prefixed to Law's translation is meagre in the extreme, and is evidently derived from the least trustworthy resources.

Jacob Böhme was born in 1575 at Altsoidenberg, a village near the small town of Seidenberg, in Upper Lusatia (Oberlausitz), situated on the borders of Bohemia. His parents were opulent persons, belonging to the better class of peasants; and, according to documentary evidence, his name may with equal plausibility be given in eight different shapes (e.g., Bohem, Bohem, &c.), which, however, do not comprise the name "Bohmen," accorded to him by his English admirers. His paternal grandfather Ambrosius owned a considerable estate, and held the municipal office of *Gerichtschöppe* (assistant judge). His father, also named Jacob, was the sixth of Ambrosius's seven children, and the youngest son; and he himself was the fourth in a family of five, to which Jacob senior, by virtue of a second marriage, added three daughters. On the death of Ambrosius in 1563 his estate descended by law to his youngest son, Jacob senior, who bought out the other heirs at the price of six hundred marks. From this somewhat obscure

* *Jacob Böhme*. Von Dr. Hermann Adolph Fechner. Görlitz: Oberlausitzische Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften. 1871.

record we may conjecture that something like the law of Borough-English prevailed in Lusatia, accompanied by a recognition of some claim on the side of elder children. These dry facts, though they relate to a number of very obscure persons, are so far interesting that they are opposed to a common opinion that the Theosopher sprang from the lowest depths of poverty. This opinion is derived from Abraham von Franckenberg, the most elaborate of Jacob's biographers. He was an ardent admirer of the inspired shoemaker, and the account of his life which he wrote in Latin in the year 1637, and which was afterwards translated into German, is the authority commonly used when information respecting Böhme is desired. Nevertheless his authority loses much weight when we find that he did not become acquainted with the Theosopher until 1623, that all he knew about Jacob's early life was obtained through conversation held in that and the following year; and moreover that his information was not committed to paper till about thirteen years afterwards. It should be added that Franckenberg always shows a decided predilection for the marvellous, laying himself open to the suspicion that he would instinctively attribute an event rather to a miracle than to a natural cause. There is something that smacks of the patriarchal days of Israel in the story that, while Jacob Böhme was tending his father's cattle on the Landskrone, the mountain opened before him and he was favoured with his first vision; but Dr. Fechner, who knows all about the country, quietly observes that the Landskrone is about four leagues distant from Altseidenberg; and, far from being open for common pasturage, it belonged at the end of the sixteenth century to the municipality of Görlitz. The combination of a desire to extol the spiritual worth of Böhme with a wish to depreciate his social status is very natural. The more abject the ignorance of the prophet, the more unquestionable is the value of the supernatural gift.

The fact is, our information respecting Jacob's early days is most scanty. He was sent by his parents to the town-school at Seidenberg, and there received what was considered a good plain education, chiefly because it was understood that, on account of his delicate health, he could not pursue the calling of his father, but must become a tradesman. In his fourteenth year (1589) he was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Seidenberg, and after becoming a journeyman, and going through the proscribed "Wanderjahr," he settled down (1599) as a master of his craft in Görlitz, and shortly afterwards took to himself a wife, by whom he had six children, and with her lived in uninterrupted felicity for five-and-twenty years. It is a great mistake to regard him as a mere dreamer. For a long time he worked hard at his trade, and in about eleven years (1610) had saved up enough to buy a house. When, however, his fame as an inspired writer had been established among an aristocratic clique (of whom anon), he gave up business and relied on the assistance of his newly acquired friends. The supplies, though liberal, were not always sufficiently prompt to meet the demands of an honest man with a wife and five children: so he was forced now and then to have recourse to some material work, and for several years made woollen gloves, some of which he sold to the peasantry of the district, while with the rest he paid a yearly visit to the market-place at Prague. On one of these occasions he witnessed the triumphant entry of the unfortunate Elector-Palatine Frederick into the capital of Bohemia, in 1619, and recorded the fact in a letter still extant. Another letter, written three years afterwards, refers to the horrors of the Thirty Years' War.

By this time he had advanced in theosophy, for in a letter to a friend written in May 1621 (or 1622) he gives a list of his principal works as already in existence, and his earliest book, called *Aurora*, was the result of twelve years' meditation. The observation of the mixture of good and evil in the world seems first to have set him a-thinking. He fell into a heavy sadness, as he tells us in the book just named, when he beheld "the great deep of the world, also the sun and stars, also the clouds, the rain, and the snow, and contemplated in spirit the whole creation of this world." Therein he found in all things, animate and inanimate, in wood and stone as well as in man and beast, evil and good, anger and love. When he reflected further on the "little spark" man, and considered what might be his relation to the Universe, and found that in this world the godless thrive as well as the pious, and that barbarous nations occupied the best countries, he became more melancholy than ever; and he believes that at this crisis the Devil filled him with heathenish thoughts, which, however, he forbore to communicate. After a severe struggle, the description of which exactly corresponds to the "wrestling in prayer" familiar to our Methodists, his spirit burst through the gates of hell to be received into the "innermost birth of the Deity" (*die innerste Geburt der Gottheit*), and this triumph resembled a resurrection from the grave.

In this light [he proceeds] has my spirit forthwith seen through everything, and in all creatures discovered God, who He is and how He is, and what His will is; and forthwith in this light my will was mightily impelled to describe the Divine Essence (*das Wesen Gottes*).

That, in the belief of Böhme, his theosophy, which comprised theology, metaphysics, and a sort of natural science, was immediately derived from Divine inspiration, there is no doubt; but his frequent assertion that his knowledge does not come from man must not tempt us to the conclusion that he never read the works of other authors, or was entirely free from their influence. In his letter of May 1621 he comments on the opinions of other thinkers, especially Valentin Weigel, who was more than thirty

years his senior, and with whom and Paracelsus he is frequently classed.

At the time of which we are now speaking only two forms of Christianity were legally tolerated in Lusatia—namely, the Roman and the Lutheran Churches, which were frequently allied with each other during the Thirty Years' War against the Calvinists, whom they regarded as a common enemy. Crypto-Calvinists, who attended the Lutheran service and agreed to the Lutheran ritual of baptism, and also, from one of their early leaders, were sometimes called "Schwenkfelder," were so far negatively heterodox that they avoided the Lord's Supper. They chiefly consisted of the nobility of the rural districts, who, thrown out of their old sphere of activity by improvements in the art of war which rendered their military services in a great measure useless, and by suppression of the robberies in which they had once indulged, had betaken themselves to theology and literature, seasoned now and then with a little alchemy. That the Crypto-Calvinists could have been at all admirable in the eyes of the open Calvinists of Scotland or Geneva we may naturally doubt. It is certain that, although Böhme remained true to the Lutheran Church, which hated him to the end of his days, his illumination no sooner became known than the Crypto-Calvinists, the theosophers, the alchemists, and the prophets gathered round him as round a common banner, and regarded him as a source of heavenly light. Among the populace, and even the tradesmen of the town, he had no adherents whatever; and it is worthy of note that the names of the sponsors to his children, who belonged to that class, are not mentioned in any of his numerous letters. His patrons were exclusively aristocratic and professional, a few physicians of the school of Paracelsus numbering themselves among his pupils, chiefly on the supposition that they had found a brother alchemist. The nobles were apparently more wholesome company than the doctors, for it was through his intercourse with the latter that he fell upon a notion of an odd sort of philology, which combines the theory that there is a natural connexion between verbal sounds and the things to which they refer with the patriotic belief that the German tongue is the one in which the association between sound and sense was most clearly expressed. Let him not, however, be accounted an early father of that comparative philology which is so widely cultivated at the present day. He simply represents a mongrel branch of Cabbalism, which prescribes the chopping into syllables of certain German words, and attaching a distinct meaning to each of the separated particles. We have a notable instance of the method in his second work, the *Three Principles*, where he thus discourses of the German word *Himmel* (Heaven):—

The syllable "*Him*" proceeds out of the heart, as out of the form of the Father, or out of the soul's essence, and puts forth upwards into the *Ternarium-Sanctum*; then it compresses itself with both lips, and brings down the angel's name, inasmuch as the syllable "*Mei*" denotes the humility of angels, that they do not exalt their heart, flying with pride into the Trinity; but, as Isaiah says, &c.

Of such deep meaning is the simple fact that the short vowel "*i*," impelled by the aspirate, is checked in its course by the labial "*m*," which is followed by the obtuse "*e*." That stuff of this sort, whereby anything may be made to signify anything, can in no way advance the cause of science, we need not explain, and unfortunately stuff of this sort is very largely to be found in the pages of our Theosopher. Such passages are the most damaging element in his works, for they sorely tempt even an expectant reader to fling aside books in which the oracular teacher seems anxious to proclaim himself "no philosopher at all," after the most approved fashion of Pope's parrot.

At the head of Böhme's noble friends stood, perhaps, Karl von Ender, to whom many of his letters are addressed, and who, having read the *Aurora* with delight, had it copied at once, and circulated it largely among his acquaintance. To his name many others are to be added, and it may be surmised that he not only taught but learned much from his patrons, who were all more or less liberal and enlightened, and distinguished themselves in an intolerant age as the upholders of toleration. The opinion has, indeed, been expressed that Jacob, far from being an original thinker, was merely the mouthpiece of others; but this depreciation seems to have been excessive, since on the authority of Heggenicht, one of his most trustworthy biographers, it was never doubted during his lifetime that he was really the writer of the works that bear his name. In contributing to his creature comforts Böhme's noble friends were most valuable. He often resided for weeks upon their estates, and when at home was liberally assisted by them with money and articles in kind, which through the pressure of the war could only with difficulty be purchased.

Toleration was not, however, generally prevalent in Görlitz, where the mob consisted for the most part of orthodox Lutherans, who dreaded nothing so much as a union with Calvinism, whatever that word might denote. A great man among the clerical chiefs of the populace was their "Pastor primarius," Gregorius Richter, in a battle with whom the theosophical shoemaker was engaged during many years of his life. One of the copies of the *Aurora*, industriously circulated by Karl von Ender, had fallen into his hands, and he made it the theme of abusive discourses from the pulpit, greatly to the surprise of the author, who did not know how he had incurred so much animosity. In the course of July 1613 the outcry against Böhme had become so violent, in consequence of the stimulants administered by Richter, that the Municipal Council, seeing that there was imminent danger of a

riot, felt obliged to take cognisance of a matter which it would gladly have ignored. The Councillors, it should be observed, were the least fanatical men of the town, and when on the 26th of July Jacob was summoned before them, it was with the view, not of persecuting, but of protecting him. After an examination he was dismissed, having handed over to the Council the MS. of his *Aurora*, which was safely locked up, and having promised to abstain from authorship in future. The forfeiture of his MS. did not greatly affect him, since, as we have said, there were other copies of the book in circulation; but the prohibition against writing more was a heavy affliction, inasmuch as, convinced of the sanctity of his mission, he felt that, in obeying man, he was rebelling against a higher authority. At last, urged by his friends, he resumed his theosophical labours, and towards the end of 1619 had sent the greater portion of his *Three Principles* to Karl von Fñder. The difficulty caused by this act of disobedience would possibly have been overlooked had not his noble friends the Herren von Schweinichen caused two of his treatises, which afterwards formed a portion of the collection headed the "Way to Christ" (*Der Weg nach Christo*), to be actually printed in 1623. By this act of covert rebellion the wrath of the Pastor Primarius was awakened anew, and he denounced Jacob, not only as a fanatic, but as a drunkard, who imbibed brandy all day except when he varied it with beer and wine. Richter himself had not the best character for sobriety, and the shoemaker was able to repay him in his own coin:—

The Herr Primarius [remarks Jacob] says that I am fond of drinking foreign wine and brandy. There he judges me by himself, thinking that others do as he does. No; we poor people can't afford wine, we must put up with a drink of beer, if we can even get that. The Herr Primarius, forsooth, must have his foreign wines, if we little people must content ourselves with something weaker. We can see by the wine-blossoms on his face that he drinks stronger wine than I do; for no such spots are to be found on mine. He drinks more foreign wine in a week than I do in a year; but I know where the shoe pinches. He knows that by the Divine Ordinance I am often invited to the houses of great nobles, and therefore he thinks that when we meet, we sit tipping together, just as he does with his companions.

This choice little passage is enough to show that Böhme could write with unquestionable perspicuity on occasion. That he was proud of his high company will be seen more clearly presently.

The little printed book which had brought him into trouble is one of the least characteristic of his works. The Councillors before whom it was laid rather liked it than otherwise, and even many citizens of the better sort regarded it with admiration. But the rabble of Görlitz were under the leadership of the indefatigable Richter, and the poor shoemaker had no sooner returned home from a visit to one of his noble Silesian friends, Herr Hans von Schweinichen, than in March 1624 he was again summoned before the Council, who were merely doing their best to please all parties. He confessed the authorship of the book, but pleaded that he was innocent of the printing. A mild warning that he should settle elsewhere at his earliest possible convenience was the result of the proceedings.

At the period when these events occurred the Lusatian provinces had recently been pawned by the Emperor to the Elector of Saxony, who was then their sovereign prince. Now the fame of Böhme, greatly increased by the persecutions of Richter, had reached the Saxon Court. The higher clergy thought that a shoemaker who had written a book was a sight worth seeing, and the report that he was a dangerous heretic, in a fair way to become an heresiarch, was certainly not of a kind to damp curiosity. Alchemy was also in fashion, and the Elector (John George I.) maintained a physician, who was also an alchemist, to superintend his laboratory. An invitation from Benedict Hinkelmann, the Court Alchemist, who regarded Jacob as a brother craftsman, was most welcome to him; for though the official prosecution was little more than nominal, he was so frequently mobbed and hooted in the street that his spirit was nearly broken. On the 9th of May he set off for the Court of Dresden, where he was hospitably received by Hinkelmann, and became the nine-days' wonder of all the courtiers, who read his little book with avidity. *Der Weg nach Christo* is altogether free from the peculiarities which shine out in the earlier works, and the most pious clergymen failed to discover wherein its heresy consisted. The most important event that occurred to Böhme during his sojourn at Dresden was his formal "Colloquy" with the Upper Consistorial Court in the presence, some say, of the Elector. Unfortunately there is very scanty information respecting this Colloquy, so little indeed that sceptics have been found to doubt whether it was ever held at all. Dr. Fechner arrives at the conclusion that, though the date of the meeting is not accurately known, the Colloquy certainly did take place, albeit not in the presence of the Elector. It resulted in what may be called the acquittal of Böhme, and a disapproval of the conduct of the Primarius expressed by high authorities. But there was one mystery which the Theosopher could not penetrate—namely, the law by which fashion is regulated. Petted for several weeks, and elated by his triumph over his adversary, he thought of residing at Dresden on a handsome competence, held in high respect for the rest of his days. But it had been discovered that he could not make gold; and, utterly forgotten by his Dresden friends, he returned to Görlitz, where, during his absence, his windows had been broken by the mob at the instigation of the Primarius. He again visited his old friends; but after a few months was sent home dangerously ill, and desired to receive the Sacrament in the Lutheran form. His persecutor Richter had died some time before—namely, on the 24th August, 1624—but the spirit of persecution was not

extinct, and the last offices were but unwillingly performed by the clergy. Before the Sacrament was administered he was severely examined as to his orthodoxy, and the questions and answers that were respectively put and given on the occasion are recorded with the signature of the minister. Early in the evening of the 17th November, 1624, he expired, his last words having been "Now I go into Paradise."

HADDAN AND STUBBS'S COUNCILS AND ECCLESIASTICAL DOCUMENTS.—VOL. II.*

WE cannot open this volume without a feeling of sadness, as we think that it is a posthumous work of the great scholar who had taken it in hand. It will be remembered that the first and the third volumes of the series have been already published, but that the second, on which Mr. Haddan was engaged, was kept back on account of his weak state of health. "When," says Professor Stubbs, "in 1871, the third volume of this work was published, a hope was entertained that the second, which had been delayed by the illness of the editor, might soon follow it. The death of Mr. Haddan," he adds, "by which the whole Church of England suffers a severe loss, has summarily disappointed that expectation." The loss of such a man as Mr. Haddan, a scholar of the true breed, one as far as might be unlike the courtly and popular pretenders of the day, one who loved learning for its own sake, and who gave himself up to seek after learning with equal industry and acuteness, is indeed one which it will be hard to make up. And when we see that such a man as this remained up to his death the hard-working pastor of a poorly endowed parish, when the highest title that can be put in his title-page is the dreary sham of "Honorary Canon of Worcester," we are inclined to cry out against the disposers of English Church preferment. It is for men like Mr. Haddan that Deaneries and Canonries are meant, but it is not to men like Mr. Haddan that they are commonly given. Rectors of large parishes who find their work too light for them, College Heads who have not any work at all, Professors whose incapacity is detected, sometimes by their hearers, sometimes by themselves, find such things to be nice bits of plurality which are very convenient for filling the pocket. Such men are not only promoted once, but are moved on anon from stall to stall, as may be most comfortable. But to apply such things to their right end, to give a great ecclesiastical scholar the means of carrying on his studies—we believe we might say of saving his life—is of course not to be thought of. Only we should like to know what are the feelings of those who divide the comfortable revenues of Christ Church and Westminster and Rochester, when they think that Mr. Haddan died an "Honorary Canon," and that one of the prebends of which they receive the revenues as mere appendages to duties elsewhere would probably have saved so valuable a life for English scholarship.

In Mr. Haddan's former volume, the first of the series, he brought together all that is really known about the ancient British Church. In so doing he scattered to the winds a mass of dreamy talk which had done much to confuse our early history. His most important argument was negative; he showed how very little there was to know. But when a vast shadowy superstructure has been piled up upon no foundation at all, this negative service is the most valuable that can be done. In the present half-volume he has carried on his inquiries through the other Celtic parts of our island, what we may call Scotland and its appurtenances, British Strathclyde and English Lothian. Did anybody ever ask himself why the two archiepiscopal provinces of England differ so widely in extent; why Canterbury rules over so much wider a territory than York? The cause is simply that, while Canterbury has contrived to establish and maintain its authority over all the lands to which it ever laid claim in theory, the greater part of the lands to which York laid claim in theory has contrived to escape from its authority. The theoretic claims of Canterbury took in Wales, and Canterbury did conquer Wales. The theoretic claims of York took in Scotland, but York never could conquer Scotland. It not only could not conquer the proper Scotland; but as the Scottish name and power advanced, and took in a good deal of what had been England, the borders of the York province actually fell back. In the original conception of things, Eadwinesburgh by the Forth, the most northern fortress of England, was part of the most northern diocese of England, that of Lindisfarne or Durham. As the land between Tweed and Forth came to be reckoned Scottish, the English Bishop and his Metropolitan lost this portion of their territory. To the west too the old Northumbrian diocese of Whiturn or Candida Casa also gradually became Scottish ground, and fell off from its English allegiance. The only one of the distant suffragan sees of York which showed any zeal for its metropolis was the Scandimvian Church of Orkney. And that was doubtless because it was Scandinavian and not Scottish. As Scotland never came in, as Lothian and Galloway fell away, as Orkney was transferred to the metropolitan jurisdiction of Trondhjem, York was cut short indeed. The latter part of the present volume is largely taken up with disputes about the jurisdiction of York over Scotland, just as a large part of the first volume was taken up with disputes about the jurisdiction of Canterbury over Wales. It is

* *Councils and Ecclesiastical Documents relating to Great Britain and Ireland*. Edited, after Spelman and Wilkins, by Arthur West Haddan, B.D., and William Stubbs, M.A. Vol. II., Part I. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1873.

only the result which was different in the two cases. The long dispute which the controversial vigour of Giraldus has made famous ended in the overthrow of any traces of the ecclesiastical independence of Wales, while the last document in the present volume is the Bull of Clement the Third which established the ecclesiastical independence of Scotland.

Two stories then, in their formal aspect, are the same, with this wide difference in their result. But we must not forget one important practical difference between the two cases; the relations between the English Church and the Northern Celts were in one important point very different from the relations between the English Church and the Western Celts. Canterbury did not in any sense or in any degree get its Christianity from the Briton, while York very largely got its Christianity from the Scot. Add too that the succession of the Metropolitan Bishops of Canterbury went steadily on from the beginning under Augustine, while the York succession was interrupted almost as soon as it began, and the metropolitan position of the Church of York was not for some time fully established. Altogether the Northern metropolis has been much less lucky than the Southern; but it is worth remembering that it started in theory from the same point, and that they were meant to divide the Isle of Britain equally between them.

Mr. Haddan begins with the Northern British Church, that of Cumberland or Strathclyde. He treats this in the same way as he did in the first volume, beginning with a chronological summary, then giving the documents with such notes as he deems needful, and lastly appendices carefully recording all existing monuments, such as inscriptions and the like, which bear upon the matter. For the early history of Cumberland, the most perplexing part, we do not hesitate to say, of all British history, Mr. Haddan finds exceedingly little to put together. But, as in the case of the Southern Britain, it is something to know how very small our real materials are. Then comes the second period, from the beginning of the tenth century to the end of the twelfth, marked by the rise of the see of Carlisle, and the gradual separation of the sees of Glasgow and Galloway or Whithorn from the jurisdiction of York. This however went on longer in the case of Galloway than in that of Glasgow. For Galloway was not mentioned in the list of Churches separated from York by Clement the Third, and it may be remembered that in the Register of Archbishop Walter Grey, which we reviewed some months back, there was still a good deal about the relations between the Churches of York and Whithorn.

This part of Mr. Haddan's work is strictly a continuation of the former volume in which he dealt with Welsh matters. It winds up the history of the British Churches in Wales, Cornwall, and Cumberland. But before he leaves this branch of the Celtic race, he has a division of the "British Churches abroad." First comes the Armorican Church, which leads to the famous dispute between the Churches of Tours and Dol as to the claim of Dol to Metropolitan rank. A dispute in which Gregory the Seventh and William the Conqueror took a part comes within the range of general history. This controversy, which of course was in the end settled in favour of the Frankish metropolis, was part of the same story as the like controversies between the Celtic and English Churches in British. The metropolitan claims of Dol are the exact parallel to the metropolitan claims of St. David's. With the Scottish case the parallel is less exact, as no Church in Scotland made any claim to metropolitan rank till long afterward.

But Dol and its fellows—we suppose we must not say its suffragans—do not form the only case of British Churches beyond the sea. The diligence of Mr. Haddan has found out a British Church in Spain, that of Brutoña in Galicia, which is spoken of in the acts of the early Spanish Councils as "*Ecclesie quæ sunt inter Britones*." In 830 the city was destroyed by the Saracens, and the see seems to have merged into that of Oviedo. We should like to know how many scholars of our day beside Mr. Haddan and his colleague would have been able to fish up such a fact as this. But this is not all. Mr. Haddan takes occasion to find out other British settlements on the Continent, and to discuss the "*Brittia*" and the "*Bretannia*" of Procopius. Then, with all this, we have a record of every early monument in Cumberland and in Brittany, and of every British saint who appears in Armorica. Mr. Haddan did indeed go thoroughly into his subject.

But the greater part of the volume is devoted to the ecclesiastical history of the proper Scotland and of that part of Northern England which gradually came to be merged in it. Here we have all the documents, historical notices, monuments, and references of every kind, from the first vague mention of Christianity among the Picts in the year 400, till the final separation of the Scottish Churches—Galloway, of course, not being reckoned—from the obedience of York in 1188. The first period, before St. Columba, has no documents to show, and all the notices of it come in less than a page. Yet the period is not without existing monuments; for, to mention no other, it takes in the famous Catstane, which Mr. Haddan duly enters in his list, but does not even stop to refute the belief that it commemorates a genuine grandson of Woden. In the next period Mr. Haddan comes across the Ouldees, about whom controversialists on one side and another have had so many dreams, but of whom Mr. Haddan, who writes in the interest, not of controversy, but of truth, makes rather short work. The true spelling, it seems, is "*Keledei*," that is, according to the more probable derivation, "*Servi Dei*." We understand therefore that Mr. Haddan rejects the derivation from "*Cultores Dei*," and—though we tremble a little at venturing ourselves where we may get lost in an Irish bog—that he takes the first

syllable to be that "*Gille*" which is found in so many proper names, and with which some people are to this day familiar in the form of *gilly*. Keledei, Mr. Haddan says, were first heard of in Ireland in 792, and the word was "*at first merely an Irish appellation for a monk (Céle-dé), and is first found as the name of a monk of a special and more strict rule, differing however in no way whatever from the doctrine and ordinary discipline of the then Church.*" In some later cases the word seems to have meant something more like secular canons living according to rule of Chrodegang. They are first heard of in Scotland about 800, and about 1150 they began to give way to monks and canons of the usual orders under the Anglicizing influence of David. Traces of them however are found as late as the middle of the fourteenth century, and it may be something to know that grants to the Keledei of Loch Leven are among the few historical acts of those two grossly calumniated persons, King Macbeth and his pious wife Gruoch.

We need hardly say that Mr. Haddan's collection of Scottish ecclesiastical matter has an interest which is by no means purely Scottish or purely ecclesiastical. More than half of this volume is really made up of materials for the history of the formation of the kingdom of Scotland—a formation which of course includes a large dismemberment of England and the swallowing up of the outlying Northern Wales. There is no department of the history of Great Britain on which such a collection as this does not throw light. The book is as wonderful in its workmanship as it is wonderful in its results. The combined industry and acuteness with which Mr. Haddan knew both how to find out and how to make use of every scrap of knowledge in any quarter which could in any way bear upon the subject, has often made us wish to see how Mr. Haddan would have succeeded in direct historical narrative. It is sad to think that that hope can now never be gratified, but it is also some comfort to think that his work is left in the hands of the only living Englishman capable of carrying it on.

ADAMS'S NEW BRUNSWICK.*

HAD all our officers of either service the intellectual energy and cultivated taste of Mr. Leith Adams, there would be no more complaints of the tedium of up-country or foreign stations, or of the hopeless monotony of a voyage by sea. The love of nature and the ardour for accumulating knowledge would seldom fail to find material for beguiling the traditional ennui of country or colonial quarters, whilst the desire for increased familiarity with natural objects would grow with what it fed on. Over two-and-twenty years with the 22nd (Cheshire) Regiment have given Mr. Adams scope for exercising his knowledge and industry as a naturalist on a wide and most varied scale, and he has a right to speak as one of authority as to the spell which lies in pursuits of this pure and elevating class to beguile the ills of climate or social seclusion or professional stagnation. He has been always at work in his wanderings to and fro. He has made observations in India and Thibet, the Nile Valley, and the Maltese Islands, and he has brought back with him no less thoughtful or instructive jottings from his rambles by field and forest in the comparatively little known and unhaunted regions of Eastern Canada. Without pretending to the compilation of an exhaustive or systematic treatise on the natural history of New Brunswick, his diligent labours in field work have enabled him to bring together a mass of valuable, and in many respects novel, facts in illustration of the physical features, the zoological, vegetable, and geological wealth, and even the ethnological characteristics of that portion of the Canadian Dominion. It is especially in what naturalists call field studies that the least has been done by scientific labourers in the New World. For, although almost every animal and plant and rock has been precisely named, classified, and described, very little, as our author pleads, is known of their geographical distribution, dependent as this knowledge must be upon correlating and harmonizing the labours of local and independent observers. Here the knowledge of botany, physiology, and chemistry, combining with that of human anatomy to make up the curriculum of a medical education, has stood our author in good stead, as the varied nature of his observations amply proves. Even as bearing upon the elucidation of obscure and puzzling forms of disease, with their causes and remedies, the study of the grand principles of the structure and functional agencies of the lower organisms, as well as of surface geology and even mineralogy, has its place among the inquiries of the physician. A glance at the natural history map of New Brunswick which Mr. Adams has prefixed to his work will show the multiform and comprehensive research which he has bestowed upon his subject. The distribution of beasts and fishes—the bear, the beaver, the lynx, the mink, the many kinds of salmon, sea and lake trout, the herring, the cod, the oyster, the lobster—will be seen at once. Coal seams are indicated by black lines, and arrows point out the directions of glacial scorings. Nor are the tides omitted, rising in the instance of the narrow bight of Miramichi to the unparalleled maximum of 53 feet. Ancient Indian kitchen middens have their sites specially marked along the coasts and inlets, as near St. George and St. Andrews, at the terminus of the Woodstock Railway, on Deer Island, Campo Bello, and the Grand Manon. In a district where the Stone age can hardly be said to

* *Field and Forest Rambles; with Notes and Observations on the Natural History of Eastern Canada.* By A. Leith Adams, M.A., M.B., F.R.S., &c., Staff Surgeon-Major. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

have passed away, the study of palæolithic implements and weapons is attended with peculiar interest, while the habits, modes of living, and physical aspect of the Stone folk of both Europe and America receive instructive illustration from the study of the existing races of this Northern region of the New World. Mr. Adams's remarks upon the native Indians and half-breeds whom he came across in his rambles, of specimens of whom he has made lifelike sketches, show both acuteness and sound sense. Whatever of romance or chivalry still lingered around the red skins whom Fenimore Cooper loved to draw for us has long ago vanished, and with it almost all hope of any thorough or permanent elevation of these tribes to civilization and brotherhood with the white population. The white man, however, should at least try to enable his poor brother, "whom his own imported vices have in the main brought to demoralization and doom," to die out in a respectable manner.

Mr. Adams's professional experience has enabled him to put on record valuable details touching the influence of a sub-frigid climate like that of New Brunswick upon the European settlers at large as well as upon the troops under his medical charge. To one newly arriving from Northern Europe there is something, he remarks, disappointing in the aspect of the middle-aged of both sexes. Instead of burly, well-nourished farmers in a land where the materials of good living so abound, sallow, weather-beaten countenances, and spare, emaciated frames predominate among men of forty, while the pallid faces of the women indicate often ten years in advance of their real age. Important causes in connexion with habits of life, food, and climate are here at work. Close stoves, salted provisions, ill-baked bread, even if not aided by alcoholic excess, combine with the natural vicissitudes of extreme and suddenly changing temperature to undermine the stamina of life. The most trying times of the year are the thaws of spring and the setting in of the cold months, at the rapid transit which passes for autumn. Consumption and other pulmonary diseases are most fatal at midsummer, after the variable weather. In winter pneumonia, the characteristic disease of the climate, is most prevalent. The deterioration in physique so much remarked upon in the existing settlers is traced by our author in part to the fact that the first immigrants and reclaimers of the woods were an exceptionally hardy and vigorous race, their successors feeling less demand upon their bodily energies; and in part also to sameness of food and the listlessness induced by extremes of climate. Closeness of intermarriage, especially among the French settlers, has brought about the most frightful of evils. Elephantiasis, or Greek leprosy, has become a settled plague among the poor creatures. Nothing can well be more repulsive than the aspect of the group pictured here from the leper hospital of Tracadie. In a valuable appendix Mr. Adams furnishes convincing proofs from the records of this lazaretto connecting this shocking malady with the consanguinity of the inmates. That settlers of English origin had caught and died of this disease was a report the truth or falsehood of which he was unable satisfactorily to ascertain.

The migration of birds formed a prominent part of Mr. Adams's observations, and the facts he has set down are such as have much value for the naturalist. Following up the general principle, laid down by Professor Baird, referring the geographical distribution and periodical movements of the birds to the combined influence of climate and the physical characters of the continent, he divides North America into two grand ornithological regions, the Eastern or Atlantic, and the Western or Pacific region. His sketch-map of the continent shows how their respective lines of flight are determined by the set of the mountain ranges and the local elevation of the land, as well as by the shore-lines and valleys. A great advantage is possessed in these respects by the New World in the mountain chains, bays, rivers, and depressed lands having a northerly and southerly trend, instead of one from east to west like the Alps and the Mediterranean, across the track of the winged wanderers, as well as the migrations of land vertebrata or denizens of the sea. Enormous flocks of Canada and Brent Geese and other wild fowl pass over New Brunswick in spring and autumn to and from their breeding grounds north of the fiftieth parallel of North Latitude, the main body reaching Southern Florida by the end of October. Flights of golden plover have been observed to pass over the city of St. John like a cloud of locusts from dusk nearly throughout the night. Something like eighty species of North American birds are found choosing Cuba for winter quarters, that island and the Bahamas standing in much the same relation to these birds as Malta and Sicily do as resting places to the migratory birds of Europe. Perhaps the most striking fact is that of the humming-bird being born so far North, and winging its way alone to Mexico and the West Indies. Its instinct in this respect must be regarded, Mr. Adams reasons, as inherited, these tiny birds not being gregarious. A drawing of one of these lovely harbingers of spring, the ruby-throated humming-bird, from the master-hand of Mr. Gould, appropriately embellishes the title-page.

Well may a naturalist like our author dwell with ecstasy upon the beauties and the winning ways of these delicate creatures as they fit among the orchises, the peach blossoms, or their favourite currant flowers, to the discomfort of their scarcely tinier rivals, the humble bees, the males chasing each other in courtship of the more plainly attired female. Mr. Adams never found their nests, although he has watched a pair for hours. They build indeed, he says, in gardens and orchards, affecting the same fruit tree for years, the nest having been seen by some observers built upon the horizontal branch of an apple-tree, disguised by a covering of moss. The dull green of the female forms a protection from the eye of birds

of prey. The purple and the cliff swallow are said to have been unknown in Eastern America until shortly before the Revolutionary War—an instance of the influence of civilization on the distribution of birds. They are now regular summer visitors along the Bay of Fundy. None of the swallow tribe lag much beyond the end of August in the more inland districts, barely remaining three months in the country.

The effects of abnormally cold seasons both upon animal and vegetable life furnish many interesting particulars to an observer from more temperate climes, while the grand traces of glacier action open a field of inexhaustible inquiry to a geologist. Experience of the still more stupendous phenomena of the Himalayas has been of service to our author while speculating on the significance of glacier markings and boulder deposits as evidences of the height and distribution of the ice masses of a former period. To the theory of icebergs and floating ice-islands as the cause of these flatings or depositions, as advocated by Dr. Dawson, Mr. Adams is strongly opposed, though admitting to a great extent the effect of the glacial sea, and of the gradual depression of the land at the close of the Glacial period. To his mind, having witnessed far grander phenomena from the Indian hills, it is no stretch of imagination to conceive a vast field of ice at one time pouring down the slope above St. George into the long fiord below, calving there its bergs, which floated away laden with rocks and *débris*. That the whole, or a tithe even, of New Brunswick and Northern America was wholly submerged he has no belief, albeit a depression to some extent undoubtedly took place. With reference to the vexed question of the opposite directions of striation on the rocks of the Saguenay River and elsewhere, who knows, he asks, whether there may not have been a centre or centres of dispersal far out in the present bed of the Atlantic, which sent their glaciers in opposite directions, as now seen in the case of the Alps and the Himalayas? The book abounds throughout with evidences of careful observation and thoughtful suggestiveness. Its completeness is greatly enhanced by a list of the mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians, and fishes of the province, in which the writer's own experience and study have been supplemented by the aid of scientific friends and the reports of official observers. The meteorological figures for a year will moreover be found of much service towards estimating the range and the effects of climate in a province which is so exceptional in many important respects.

PASCAREL.*

NO one can deny that Ouida has a certain kind of power, and no one can grant her any kind of delicacy. Like the traditional *supérior*, no subject is sacred to her, and she rushes into the heart of themes which better writers than herself and bolder thinkers fear to handle. She uses only the strongest and most violent colours for her work, and she lays them on with a trowel; of the harmony produced by half-tones and tender shading she knows nothing, and as little of delicate pencilling or suggestive indication. Everything with her is done with a barbaric lavishness of material the net result of which is a coarse and fatiguing glitter; but, though we know of no author who is so clever as she is in endowing intrinsically worthless elements with an appearance of richness, we know of none with equal pretensions who is content with such paltry materials. Her chief literary quality is a flux of words and her dominant characteristic audacity. If we analyse her rushing gorgeous sentences, full of sound and colour as they are, we find only some poor, meagre, little thought as the residuum; and even when her phrases are sentimental, the action of her stories too often appeals to a prurient taste. Her ideas are like an artist's lay figure, the same thing draped up in a dozen different costumes, but always the same thing underneath, and that thing wooden.

Pascarel is scarcely what its second title implies, "Only a Story." We would rather call it only a wordy rhapsody on Italy, art, and love; each in turn and all commingled, with a small accidental thread of narrative running through as the excuse. But, though the story is slight and the *dramatis personæ* few in number, it is odd how many in proportion are improper people. The father of the heroine, Mr. Tempest, is an English gambler, *roulé*, cheat, and vagabond. He broke the heart of the mother of his four children—an actress, who was not his wife—and he left those children themselves to starve, if so it should please Providence and their old nurse Mariuccia. Pascarel himself, the strolling actor, who wanders about with his plump little mistress Brunotta, two lads, three poodles, and a monkey; who has been a student at the University at Pisa, and who talks the loveliest rubbish imaginable, whole pages full of high-sounding nonsense; who is the people's friend and the people's favourite, tender to weakness, courteous to poverty, inflexible in self-respect before ruck and wealth, poet, artist, warrior, patriot, with whom the heroine falls so madly in love, and who repays her love with such chivalrous devotion—even Pascarel himself is only a shaky kind of Christian, on some rather vital points, of which one is that old-fashioned virtue called cleanliness of life. But this is evidently not one of Ouida's ideal characteristics, and the cynical frankness with which she narrates her hero's exploits in the way of mistresses suggests an odd estimate of moral character. He has one actual mistress in the present, another in the past; he loves "L'Uccello," Miss Tempest, the heroine; and between times he takes up with "painted women," Astra and L'oppea, when he is deserted

* *Pascarel: Only a Story*. By Ouida, Author of "Chandos," "Tricotrin," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, 1873.

by Brunotta and discarded by L'Uccello. As a set-off, however, he improvises with graceful passion, has a fine voice and a handsome face, talks art and artistic history as fluently as a river runs, is simple in his gastronomy, and does not need much sleep; and thus he is in every way a fitting hero for the unreal, fantastic world which Ouida evolves out of that undigested chaos of thoughts and perceptions which she would probably call her imagination if she had to give it a name. Then there is a certain dark-eyed insolent cousin who woos L'Uccello with that fierce yet dastardly kind of love which consists in passion and insult, and who, to force her to his will, betrays the fact of her illegitimacy, and receives a blow for her answer; and, further, we have glimpses of orgies, highly-coloured and improper, and ridiculous exaggerations of Italian Bohemianism and Italian life, wherein poverty is made the nurse of every virtue, and to be a vagabond without a roof to cover you or a crust of bread to eat, is to be joyous and free, innocent and loving, as no one can be who is hampered by the cares of respectability and the duty owing to clean linen. It all sounds very fine; but we suspect the reality would prove quite as far removed from Ouida's representation as the high-souled brigand, standing on a rock, looking up to the lurid sky, and discoursing on the vanity of men and the emptiness of life, is different from the brigand of real life, the dirty, cowardly ruffian who joins the brutality of a cut-throat with the craft of a pickpocket, and leads a life of filth and wretchedness. To wander about with a booth and a troop of dogs may look well enough when the little scene is set, and the flash and flare of the entertainment are answered back by the shouts of the peasants and the finer giggle of the townsfolk; but the reality of cold and hunger and fatigue, even in sunny Italy, must often prove penance enough for all the ordinary sins of the trade. Ouida will probably set us down as Philistines for thinking that any man of education and refinement who could take up such an occupation, and find his happiness in it—and in a Brunotta—must be wanting in all that makes humanity noble, or raises it above the grosser instinctive pleasures into the orderly dignity of civilization.

The heroine, L'Uccello, the fair daughter of the scampish English gentleman and his mistress, is one of those impossible characters which writers every now and then please themselves by offering to the public as studies of human life and social possibilities. Left by her father to the care of old Mariuccia, her nurse, always in the direst poverty and generally hungry; suffered to run to the right and left about the streets, and finding her sole playmates in the sons of the people—barefooted geniuses, beautiful as angels and ragged as scarecrows; the favourite model of a knot of impecunious artists, "good lads" as she calls them, who crown her with tinsel and give her, on account of her beauty and her voice, the sobriquet of L'Uccello; absolutely unguarded—in Italy, too, where the very peasant girls are looked after by their mothers—she comes to the age of fifteen as innocent as *Fleur de Marie* herself. She dresses in the rich purple velvets and embroidered satins of her mother, the actress, and trails about the streets like a cabinet picture by Veronese a little the worse for wear. When reduced to the last extremity, she and one of her chums, a rugged brown-legged boy, by name Raffael, dressed in the loose shirt and red sash of a Venetian gondolier, stand by the Duomo at Carnival time and sing, and make a good thing by it:—

The answer came from a hundred hands at once—from above and around, on every side.

Paper money fluttered to her feet; loose silver rolled like sugar-plums; here and there a piece of gold flashed like a star through the air; flowers and toys and gilded horns of sweetmeats, and ribboned playthings of the pageantry were all showered upon them from the balconies above and from the throngs around, until their arms ached with stretching for the gifts, he his red berretta, and she her amber skirts.

Great ladies, leaning in the draped galleries of old palaces, cast down money with lavish hands; white-coated soldiers, laughing over their wines at the marble tables, tossed bright florins to swell the store; a child-noble in his gala-costume of white and gold and powder and jewels, ran down some palace steps and shyly thrust a roll of notes into the singer's hand, and hastily lifted his soft smiling mouth to kiss her cheek; the poorest of the people sought in their leather pouches for some copper pieces to give.

In vain the boy and girl, being honest, protested, laughing and crying both at once—"Basta, basta!—enough enough!"

In vain; the golden shower did not cease until, in the distance, as the first of the patrician pageantry appeared on the entrance of the square, there arose a glad shout,—"The Gala! the Gala!"

And the populace, kindly of heart, but fickle of temper, turned to the new pastime, and the little noble ran to his people, and the great ladies looked the other way, and the golden chariots rolled under the historic walls, and the sea of the bright masque surged outward; and the children were forgotten where they stood.

After which comes by a man with "the dark, poetic, historic face of Florence," who gives L'Uccello an old seal ring, an onyx cut with the heads of the Fates, "dropped into her amber skirts, amongst the violets of Parma and the daffodils of Tuscany"; and who, passing her again, delivers himself of an aphorism, then dashes onward into the shadow chased by "a gay and giddy throng of masks thrashing each other with coloured bladders, and chasing him with tumultuous shouts as of a band of mummies to their chiel." This is Pascarello, or Pascarel; and of course the meeting is a case of love at first sight, as becomes a heroine who begins life in a purple hood and amber satin skirts, singing in the streets for money, and so innocent of evil that when she forces her way into a disreputable masked ball she knows nothing of the significance of what she sees, and only wants to know what "Pascarel" means. That she should not know the name of the most popular strolling player in Italy was, to say the least of it, strange for a young lady whose life seems to have been mainly

passed in the streets with the people. But we suppose we should have no stories written at all if common sense and probabilities were necessities; and when heroines are of the kind which an unfriendly fortune lets loose on the world at an early age, we must believe in the existence of some good spirit which hoodwinks them as young hawks are hoodwinked, and acts the part by them of Ulysses with the Sirens, stopping their ears so that they shall not hear what every other street child hears twenty times a day, or, hearing, shall not suffer by the lessons conveyed. When L'Uccello, whose real name seems to be Speronella, is at the Veglione in her "yellow skirts stained with many a crushed fruit and bruised flower in the old glad days of her wanderings," her "hot little hands" holding the onyx ring to her breast, her "cheeks burning like wild poppies," her "hair in a lustrous tangle"—it was fair hair and it curled—"her eyes like burning lamps, in the thinness of her hunger-worn small face," her "mouth scarlet and parched with excitement," innocent as a young nestling, but woman enough to know so well that she "looked handsome," and "that the people would look at her and say 'bellina'";—Mariuccia is dying by the cold hearth and the empty cupboard, because of which la donzella had sung in the streets that day. Speronella sees her hero of the onyx ring, and he rescues her from an insolent Mousquetaire who "lifts her from the ground and plunges into the wild gallopade that was rushing down the boards like a troop of riderless horses on San Giovanni's day in Florence," and who is none other than her future cousin; and the hero, "in a flash of ruby and white," like the Florentine Florindo, talks sentiment and biography to her, and takes her home and kisses her hand—so she has not lost her time, though she does come to such sorrow over-leaf. After Mariuccia's death Nella gathers all her possessions together and sets off for Florence vaguely, to find her father. She falls into evil case by the way, and has her little purse cut which contains the whole of her wealth, sixteen florins all told. While she is lying on the ground crying, Brunotta comes up to her through the trees to console her; and then Pascarel appears in his true character, but beautiful as ever, as the strolling actor, formerly the tinker's son, travelling from place to place with his lads, his beasts, and his supposed sister. Nella joins them, though she does nothing to help the general funds, only moons about with Pascarel, exchanging sentiments of marvellous length and spasmodic form, and falling daily deeper in love with the gifted tinker's son, he doing the same by her on his own account. Then Brunotta, in a not unnatural fit of jealousy, tells L'Uccello that she is Pascarel's mistress and not his sister, and politely intimates that she must be a fool not to have seen it before, and so begs her to go away and not interfere with her any longer, nor try to take her place. No heroine who wore amber satin and purple velvet, and who respected herself, could forbear to fall ill on such an announcement, and consequently Nella runs away and falls ill; but instead of being taken to a hospital, she is picked up by a generous old creature who gets her living by darning silk stockings. When she recovers she gives Pascarel his dismissal grandly. Then she is reclaimed by her father, dressed like an old picture, and taken to balls in a dress whereof the train is cloth of gold, and the scarlet skirt beneath sown with little diamonds; and then after submitting to the insolent addresses of her father's cousin, and learning that she is illegitimate, she strips off her finery, and once more runs away; this time to find Pascarel as the returned hero, whom they make up their quarrel, and agree to undertake life together, on the basis of "a little laughter and a great love."

We have been obliged to leave unnoticed the rich bits in this *pot-pourri* of fine words and poor ideas. "The stream, hot and red, like the blood from a murdered man's throat," is however less fine than nasty as a simile for bronze-casting; and the light of the sky, "always tender and dreamful like the eyes of a woman who lies awake and remembers the kisses of her lover," is simple nonsense. But nonsense is Ouida's stock in trade—nonsense masked in high-sounding words which clang and clatter, as she would say, "bravely," but which will not bear close examination either of manner or matter, and which weary all but the very vulgar and the very ignorant, people whose coarse palates must be tickled with highly spiced food, and whose empty minds are satisfied with the semblance, not the substance, of thought and poetic feeling.

EARL RUSSELL ON CHRISTIANITY.*

EARL RUSSELL'S *Essays on the History of Christianity* are only worthy of attention because it is he who has written them. In themselves they are dry performances, far richer in quotation than in argument, and showing that their writer has travelled, in a fashion, over a large field of inquiry and speculation without any correspondent enlargement of mind. It might be said of a different kind of man, if he had written such a book, that he had a mental coldness which froze the surface of the subject with which he was engaged, so that he was able to glide easily over it without perceiving either its depth or its difficulty. But the essays are attractive as the work of a statesman whose whole course has been marked not so much by high ability as by a certain acrid and penetrating sincerity, and who has played an important part both in general politics and in politics as related to religion. We cannot forget, if we would, his famous Durham

* *Essays on the Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe, from the Reign of Tiberius to the end of the Council of Trent.* By John Earl Russell. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1873.

Letter, and its issue in the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, a measure which proved so wholly inoperative that it might have taught Earl Russell not to trust much in his rheological researches to isolated literary documents. Earl Russell, again, was answerable for the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Bishopric of Hereford; and in this case also his act produced at the time a lively sensation, but led ultimately to no remarkable result. But when he looks back on his distribution of patronage, he is able to congratulate himself both on the purity of his motives and, all things considered, on his success. More far-sighted, as he hints, than the State, he aimed at paying a conspicuous homage to science by conferring on Sir John Herschel the office of Master of the Mint, which had been held by Sir Isaac Newton. As to ecclesiastical appointments, he offered the Deanery of Carlisle to Dr. Tait, and thus helped him forward on the road to the Archbishopric of Canterbury; he advanced Dr. Milman to the Deanery of St. Paul's, thereby indirectly facilitating the study of Church history; and by recommending Dr. Dawes to the Deanery of Hereford, he called attention to the fact that not only reading, writing, and arithmetic, but elementary knowledge of various kinds, may be taught successfully in an elementary school. On these points Earl Russell has been careful to refresh our memories, and if he had not taken the trouble of so doing, we should freely have admitted that he is a remarkable man, whose opinion is worth having on any subject with regard to which he may choose to express it.

Earl Russell, with the simplicity and candour which are among his most favourable characteristics, gives in the preface to his essays a list of the works on which he has principally relied. First and foremost come Dean Milman's *History of Latin Christianity* and Jortin's *Remarks on Ecclesiastical History*; in another rank are Mr. Matthew Arnold's *St. Paul and Protestantism*, Dr. Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, Mr. Lecky's *History of the Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe*, and Dean Alford's *New Testament for English Readers*. He has of course consulted other works; thus he quotes at some length Dr. Samuel Clarke as an authority on the Christian faith, observing at the same time, with a pleasing ingenuousness, that "his Arian heresies may as well be omitted." Gibbon is also referred to, and so is Bishop Butler, not to mention a variety of modern writers; and the Bible is used freely in a broad and uncritical spirit. But when these qualifications have been made, it will still appear that Earl Russell is quite right in placing Milman and Jortin at the head of his authorities, and giving a secondary but yet important place to Mr. Arnold, Dr. Newman, Mr. Lecky, and Dean Alford. The list of books is one which points to fearlessness and openness of mind on the part of the inquirer who uses them, rather than to thoroughness of research. Earl Russell may have read them, and in some sense have mastered them, without any approach to mastering his subject. We can imagine that he would not feel obliged to pay particular attention to an octogenarian divine who claimed to have a definite view of politics on the ground of having studied some such books as Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, Macaulay's *History of England*, Mill on *Representative Government*, Mr. Disraeli's *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, and Mr. Moncreux Conway's *Republican Superstitions*. It is of less importance what has been read than what are the results of reading and reflection; and to Earl Russell's results, and the nature of the evidence on which they rest, we may now briefly proceed.

Early in his essays he sees his way to asserting that the religion of Christ has three main foundations; the first foundation being, that God is a spirit, the maker of heaven and earth; the second, that Christ was sent from God, and revealed to men the message of God; and the third, that Christ died for mankind. The assertion of these three foundations is introduced with long quotations from the Gospels, in which, however, there is no peculiar relevancy to the form of Earl Russell's statement. No popular preacher could quote passage after passage more unsystematically, or leave the text to produce its own impression with less assistance from orderly and intelligent comment. Earl Russell, in fact, is essentially uncritical in his use of Holy Scripture. He accepts the canon as it stands, without any appearance of independent investigation, and he does not seem to know how many questions debated among learned men he assumes when he writes "The treatment of heretics is thus prescribed by St. Paul in his Epistle to Titus, the first bishop of the Cretans." There is no strict conformity to Scriptural language in the statement just quoted from his essays; for, according to St. Paul in an undoubtedly authentic epistle, other foundation can no man lay but Jesus Christ, whose religion therefore has not three foundations, but one. Earl Russell's position, again, if tried simply by its contents, is far from being obviously true or consistent; for if, as is generally supposed, the spiritual nature of God is part of the message of Christ, the first of the two foundations disappears by absorption in the second. In fact, we have nothing here given us by Earl Russell but a general view, put in somewhat careless language, and incapable of proof or disproof.

Following the example of our author, we pass on naturally from the foundation, or foundations, of the Christian religion to the formulae in which Christians have endeavoured to express its principal truths. He soon reaches the Nicene Creed, and disposes of it with remarkable rapidity. Six pages give us a history of the Nicene Council, and an estimate of the results to which its decision has led. Earl Russell sums up as follows:—"One thing

signal for centuries of bloodshed. Thousands of human beings died to confirm or contradict a doctrine which none of them understood." If he means to assert that no Christian whatever understood, or was capable of understanding, the great issue raised and ruled one way at Nicæa, he is greatly and transparently in error. The question was whether Christ was really God, or the first and greatest of created beings; and on the answer to this question depends now, as it did in the fifth century, the distinctive character of Christian worship. It is by no means clear that, if the Nicene Council had left the matter open, one drop less blood would have been shed, or that the speculations of Christians would have been confined in consequence to subjects which Earl Russell thinks intelligible. On the contrary, the controversy might have been prolonged without losing its bitterness, and it might have been discovered after all that nothing better could be done than to state a clear and decided belief in clear and decided terms.

Having briefly disposed of the Nicene Creed, Earl Russell proceeds to the Athanasian. Here again it will be as well to quote some of his own words. He says:—

It will be found that the schoolmen always preferred the logic of Aristotle to the word of Christ. Indeed, their object was not so much to follow Christ as to build a new edifice of theology with the materials which they borrowed from the Greek philosophers. The consequence was the Athanasian Creed, of which the author is unknown. It has been adopted by the Church of Rome and the Church of England, and has been made the condition of salvation by the ingenious schoolmen who preferred logic and metaphysics to the sublime simplicity of the Gospel.

If there is any meaning in words, we have here a new theory about the date of the Athanasian Creed, which Earl Russell tells us is a consequence of the preference, and object, and method of the schoolmen. With some misgiving we turn to Earl Russell's great authority, Dean Milman; and we find him teaching that the remote ancestor of scholasticism was John Scotus Erigena, who lived in the time of Charles the Bald, that is, about the middle of the ninth century. Dean Milman further informs us that the rudimentary scholasticism of Erigena was by no means a system of rigid formula, but rather a full, discursive, speculative science; so that if we put the statements of Earl Russell aside by side with those of the really distinguished scholar whom he is proud of having promoted, we are obliged to infer that the Athanasian Creed is the consequence of a system which was quite in its infancy, if indeed it can be said to have been born, when a grandson of Charlemagne was king. If we can accept this conclusion, we can afford to be quite indifferent to theories which connect the creed with Charlemagne; and Mr. Foulkes and Mr. Duffus Hardy pass together into the background while disputing about the date of a Psalter. It is really too absurd; and Earl Russell, as he wrote on, seems to have become conscious of the absurdity; for some pages later we find him saying:—

It would not be correct to attribute what is called the Athanasian Creed to the authorship prevalence (*sic*) of the great schoolmen of the thirteenth century. Still, failing any authority which would enable me to give the date of the introduction of that Creed, or to name any person who did not shrink from avowing its authorship, I will insert here what I have to say upon that head.

And then he proceeds to make a rather indefinite use of Dean Stanley, Gibbon, and Tillotson. He is so courageous a man himself as to make us wonder that he has indirectly accused the anonymous author of the Athanasian Creed of moral cowardice, which is one of the last accusations to which, so far as we can judge from the Creed, that writer is really open. But Earl Russell suffers an evident deterioration, both of reasoning power and temper, while dealing with this part of the subject. Speaking of medieval doctrine as exhibited in that systematic and logical form of which the Athanasian Creed is the great surviving example, he observes:—"According to this new faith, a man must subscribe to a number of propositions he could not understand, but need not be very solicitous whether the commandments, 'Thou shalt do no murder,' 'Thou shalt not steal,' and other moral laws, were neglected or observed." If the Athanasian Creed is accepted as a representative document, it scarcely supports Earl Russell in this remark; for, though its earlier portion is full of awful threatenings with regard to the consequences of doctrinal error, we find towards its close the exceedingly strong moral statement:—"They that have done good shall go into life everlasting, and they that have done evil into everlasting fire."

But the Church of England, though retaining for the present the Athanasian Creed, is, according to Earl Russell, in as flourishing a state as she has ever reached. She is largely indebted to the action in recent years of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, and, to go further back, she has carefully avoided in her Articles two sources of error—the superstitions of the Church of Rome and the fanaticism of the Church of Calvin. Here Earl Russell touches on a subject which may serve as a final test of his skill and discretion in the treatment of theology. If we look at the whole of her formularies, the Church of England is certainly not Calvinistic; but if we confine our attention to the Articles, the case is not so clear. Here is an opportunity for our distinguished amateur theologian to prove himself master of at least a portion of the great field embraced in his essays. No profound learning is necessary for going nearly to the bottom of the matter; no apprehension of the spirit of remote centuries; no disinterring of difficult volumes from the dust of venerable libraries. The Thirty-nine Articles are perfectly accessible, and proximately correct accounts of the views of Calvin

scarce, nor hard. The dissection of certain Articles and the comparison of their statements with a definite doctrinal system is just the sort of work in which a clever thoughtful man, with a critical turn of mind, and a sense, such as he might gain by three hours' conversation with an expert, of the salient points to be examined, might find deep learning rather an encumbrance than an assistance. How then does Earl Russell prove, or attempt to prove, that the Articles of the Church of England are not Calvinistic? He simply quotes the latter half of the Seventeenth Article. We have thus only left us the choice between thinking him very profound or very superficial, and the weight of evidence inclines to the less favourable alternative. He leaps to his conclusions elsewhere, and probably employs the same method in this case, for there is not the slightest symptom of his being aware of the points on which the English reformers sided with the Lutherans rather than with the Calvinists. He speaks in one place of "the Protestant divines who opposed at Lambeth the theory of Calvin," in seeming forgetfulness that from Lambeth issued those supplementary Articles which, if they had been adopted by the Church of England, would have done all that words could do in the way of making her Calvinistic. Indeed Earl Russell would be disinclined to consider at length any differences between Lutheranism and Calvinism by his disposition to censure the two reformers together. The following is the last quotation from his book with which we shall trouble our readers. Having repeated his censure of the Nicene Council, he proceeds:—

The anonymous author of a third and anonymous creed was not satisfied with Christ's humility, and undertook to affirm that He was equal to the Father. With a similar ambition and equal presumption, Luther and Calvin undertook to point out the way to heaven, and throwing aside the words of Christ and the teaching of St. John, St. James, and St. Paul, declared that by faith alone man could be saved. They disclaimed the words of Christ in reference to the Pagan centurion and the Jewish scribe; they looked aside when they were reminded that God is Love; they refused to accept the words of St. Paul, "Faith, hope, and love, these three; but the greatest of these is love."

So Earl Russell passes along the centuries, using his acuteness like the spear of Ithuriel, and detecting the latent fiend. When they come under his hand, theologians in general fare badly; the Nicene Fathers, the author of the Athanasian Creed, the schoolmen, Luther, and Calvin, however unlike each other, are involved in similar condemnation. So far as theology is concerned, age has not mellowed the acerbity of Earl Russell's judgment; he inclines almost habitually to the darker view of the characters and opinions he introduces, and is all but wholly destitute of that literary charity which is a humane virtue, if not a theological grace.

The professed range of Earl Russell's essays is from the reign of Tiberius to the end of the Council of Trent; and we may therefore be excused from following him beyond that range down to the present day. On the important subjects which lie on the edge of religion and politics, and which are assuming new forms with astonishing rapidity, his opinions are in all essentials what they have been for many years. We can scarcely imagine that a single person of ordinary intelligence will have his views of the Papal Syllabus, the Vatican Council, or the O'Keefe case, modified by anything that Earl Russell has written respecting the Nicene Council or the general result of the Reformation. Indeed Earl Russell himself may be assumed to be as safe from the influence of his own theological essays as any of his readers. He has carried all his peculiarities with him back to the fourth century, and returns from Fathers and Councils to modern politics as little changed as the typical Englishman usually is by a month's run on the Continent.

AMERICANISMS.*

WE English are far too apt to think our own way wisdom, and to look with scorn upon the doings of our neighbours, and more especially upon the doings of our kinsfolk in America. All ways of speaking and acting which strike us as being specially vulgar or disagreeable we at once denounce as Americanisms, thereby showing the very low estimation in which we hold our transmarine cousins. This estimate, be it false or be it true, is in most cases the result of personal observation of the swarms of Yankee tourists who, year after year, by their very presence, take the bloom off our summer holiday. They crowd in upon us in railway carriages, they empty our favourite dishes at *tables d'hôte*, pouring into our ears the while bitter complaints of the worthlessness of all they get when compared with the comforts which they have at home, where we devoutly wish they had stayed to enjoy them. Of course it may be said that in this way we see only unfavourable specimens of the race, and that, to judge of any nation with anything like justice, we must go to their country and study them there. Now that steam has practically shortened the distance between Liverpool and New York into something not much longer than a journey from London to Edinburgh used to be in our grandfathers' days, a tour through the United States has become very little more difficult than a tour on the Continent. Still very few of us take advantage of this great facility of intercourse. We shrink from plunging in among a whole nation of people who speak our own language through their noses, and who

call us men and women and our servants gentlemen and ladies. We dread having no nourishment set before us but meat-pies and chicken-fixings, and perhaps seeing even these unwholesome meats gobbled up before we can secure our modest share. The current British opinion of the manners and customs of the dwellers in the States might almost be summed up in the words of the skipper who went to investigate the social economy of certain savages, and sent home, as the result of his voyage, the brief report—"No manners, customs beastly."

Then, for those who really seek for information about America and American ways, there are the travellers' tales, a fresh crop of which spring up yearly, though those who read them and put their faith in them would do well to bear in mind the French proverb, "A beau mentir qui vient de loin." These travellers too, who are for the most part young men, seem to make their observations chiefly on young ladies as being to them the most interesting section of society. They report that, besides women doctors, women lawyers, clergywomen, and all the rest of the wild sisterhood who range at will across the American continent, there are American girls who, with all the grace and elegance of Frenchwomen, and the easy simplicity of Englishwomen, have in addition a certain fragile beauty and vivacity of thought peculiarly their own, and wonderfully winning. They tell also of social intercourse on so free and easy a footing that young people may enjoy one another's society without their pleasure inflicting a proportional amount of penance on their elders. This state of things these travellers find so pleasant that they even venture to advocate its introduction into the old country, though at the mere proposal of any such revolution they have the whole army of chaperons up in arms against them, prepared to resist such innovations to the death. These good ladies feel that, should Mrs. Grundy countenance the scandal of young ladies going unchaperoned into society, their reign would be at an end; they would have to think out some higher way of keeping that influence over their come-out daughters which their present privilege of acting as constables to them confers. No wonder then that they try to put off the evil day of the introduction of so-called American manners.

With American manners, however, the book before us has nothing to do. Mr. de Vere treats only of Americanisms so far as language is concerned. Of these he says with great truth:—

The largest part of so-called Americanisms are nothing more than good old English words, which for one reason or another have become obsolete or provincial in England, while they have retained their full power and citizenship in the United States. Thus all the provincialisms of the Northern and Western counties of England have been naturalized in the New England States.

Besides these "old friends with new faces," as Mr. de Vere calls them, which form one of the longest chapters of his book, and among which we find many a good English word now unhappily fallen out of use at home, the language spoken in the States has been enriched by a motley host of recruits from other nations. We find there Indian words, and Negro words, besides a mixture of French, Spanish, and High and Low Dutch. With so many sources to draw from, we might with some show of reason expect to find the vocabulary of our American cousins rich in words suited to express the nicest shades of meaning. But they seem to have an unlucky gift for making new and bad words, and choosing to use the words thus made rather than the better ones which are already within their reach. Hence it comes that slang words are so rife among them that a stranger must of necessity consult a dictionary if he would get at the meaning of the queer expressions which he hears in daily talk or reads in the daily papers. This constant stream of slang, which is the force at work in the destruction of all modern languages, seems to come pretty equally from both ends of society. The ignorance of the lowest rank, which lets them have at command but a very small part of the stock of words in any language, leads them to invent new ones to express their meaning. On the other hand, the idea of exclusiveness, which is the very life of their society, leads to the use in the highest rank of certain words and phrases not current in any other. Ignorance of these words and phrases at once betrays the intruder into their charmed circle; but still they are just as much slang as the slang of pickpockets or watermen. Thus every rank of society, every trade, every profession, every family even, has its own particular jargon. But it is clear that the slang which originates among the better educated classes must be the most dangerous to any language, as it is the most likely to force its way into the literature of that language. Mr. de Vere agrees with other writers on the subject in looking on the clergy as the chief offenders in this respect. As by the "clergy," however, we find that he means ministers of all denominations, it does not surprise us much to find such verbs as "to fellowship," "to happily," "to donate" "to funeralize," and strangest of all "to doxologize," laid to their charge. This doxology does duty in many different ways. Under the still odder form, "sockdolager," it has become an every day word, and stands for the end of anything and everything, "from a word that closes a debate to a blow that finishes a fight." "Sorkdolager" means also a double hook, the two parts of which close with a spring as soon as the fish bites, as if in grim expression of the unavoidable result.

In the geographical names can still be traced the history of the different districts over which the Indians, the Dutch, and the French by turns held sway. The memory of the Red Man lingers in the musical names still borne by the lakes and rivers

* *The English of the New World.* By M. Schels de Vere, LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

whose waters were skimmed by his canoe long before the white man dreamed of his existence. Still, too, the white conqueror is universally known by the name *Yengge*, now *Yankee*, which was the Indian's attempt at saying "English," and by which he distinguished the New Englanders from the dreaded "long knives" of Virginia. French names have suffered more than Indian ones at the hands of the English settlers, who in dealing with them have yielded largely to the temptation we all feel to turn a name which we don't understand into something that shall have a meaning, no matter how absurd that meaning may be. Thus "*Bois Brûlé*" has become "*Bob Raly*"; "*Chemin Couvert*" "*Smack Cover*"; and, strangest of all, "*Rivière du Purgatoire*" is now known as "*Picket-wire River*." Another instance of this tendency of the popular mind is found in the name of the flower *Lobelia*, now invariably written "*Lowbelia*"; while another plant of the same family, but of larger size, is known only as "*Highbelia*."

Some of the most picturesque words still to be heard in the States were left there by the Spaniards; such are "*Savanna*," originally a linen sheet, "*corral*," "*stampede*," "*Jomacke*," and so on. From the Spaniards, too, come the words used to indicate the different degrees of colour, from the full-blooded Negro down to the *Mustee* and *Mustafina*. With "*Quadrone*" and "*Mulatto*" we are all familiar, but it is something new to learn that "*pickaninny*" is a corruption of "*pequeno nino*," little child; and that *Sambo*, which now stands for a black, pretty much as "*Paddy*" does for an Irishman, is neither more nor less than the Spanish "*Zambo*," handy-legged.

In treating of the High and Low Dutch infusion, Mr. de Vere makes an elaborate apology for the carelessness of his countrymen in calling both alike Dutchmen:—

It is a misfortune peculiar to patronymics in American hands that they suffer a sad perversion of meaning. As few journalists even care to distinguish the Scot from the Englishman, and are apt to call both alike Englishmen, so people throughout the Union are in the habit of confounding the Dutchman and the German, and call them all Dutchmen.

"It is evident," he adds, that this arose not from a tendency to underrate, as when Frenchmen were dubbed *Froggies*, and the like, but from a courteous effort to call the Germans by their own name "*Deutsch*," which, being somewhat difficult to pronounce, readily changed into "*Dutch*." It is strange that, having got so near the truth, still Mr. de Vere does not see that *Deutsch* and *Dutch* are merely the same word with a slight change in spelling. That he does not see it is clear, for he goes on to plead as an excuse for this use of the word "that the German immigrants themselves but too readily acquiesced in the designation, and adopted it themselves." Surely he did not expect the people who show their devotion to their Fatherland in every way but by ~~striving~~ in it, to deny their nationality by refusing to bear its name? Nor does it seem to strike him that the name *German* would, to a newcomer fresh from *Deutsch-land*, be perfectly unmeaning. The Dutch words, High and Low, seem to cluster chiefly round the frying-pan and the market-stall. The *Knickerbocker* days are recalled whenever "*cookers*," "*noodlejees*," "*speck and applejees*," "*apple-snits*," or any of the other dishes sacred to the memory of the notable *Vrowjees*, appear on the table. They linger, too, more picturesquely in the "*stoop*" of the house porch, the "*bush*" of the uncleared country, and the "*Paas-Blummachee*" and "*Pinxter-Blummachee*," names still borne by the flowers which bloom most freely at Easter and Whitsuntide.

One of the greatest peculiarities of the Yankees' English is the odd use which they make of good English words. They talk of a fine "*suit of hair*," meaning thereby not a penitential garment but abundant tresses. In the same way stones are "*rocks*," pieces of linen "*rags*," earth "*dirt*," and so on. Other words, again, which have fallen to the lowest depths of disgrace in this country have with them kept their ancient dignity. First and foremost of these is "*bug*." That harmless monosyllable, for which English affectation has contrived countless euphemisms, is in America freely applied to every sort of beetle. There are "*tree-bugs*" and "*rose-bugs*," "*gold-bugs*" and "*squash-bugs*"; in fact, every variety of bug. We have even heard of a Yankee who went all over the wonders of the British Museum with the utmost indifference till he came to the Colossal Beetle, when he stood still in delighted admiration, exclaiming "*My eyes, what an almighty big bug!*"

Another class of words which are, in the truest sense, Americanisms, are those suggested by the physical features and the natural history of the country. Mr. de Vere would have us believe that the use of exaggerated expressions, especially among Western men, is due to the influence of the prominent features of the landscape of the West. It is thus that he seeks to excuse the constant misuse of the adjectives "*tall*," "*steep*," and a host of others. We cannot quite agree with this theory. Would Mr. de Vere convince himself, or any one else, that the mind of the man who speaks of a "*pretty loud smell of varnish*" is unconsciously influenced by the roar of Niagara, or by the roll of the thunder among the great mountains of the West? The habits of the racoon and the opossum have likewise given the Yankee many highly suggestive words. From their well-known trick of taking refuge in a gum-tree when hotly pursued, a "*gum-game*" is now the favourite word for any sly attempt to get out of a difficulty. Among plants, the hickory-tree has furnished a convenient adjective, which at once explains its own meaning to all who know the durable yet pliant nature of the wood. General Jackson was known as "*Old Hickory*," and a "*hickory shirt*" or a "*hickory coat*" are garments that will stand any amount of wear and tear. A hickory Catholic, too, is one free from bigotry and asceticism.

Perhaps it is owing to the hickory nature which the Roman Catholic Church puts on in the States that it gets on so well with all the other strange sects which flourish luxuriantly there, and whose sundry peculiarities give a colouring to the social life and to the language. To which of them all Mr. de Vere himself belongs we cannot quite make up our mind, for he seems to have some views about festivals which are quite new to us. We know that the question of the observance or non-observance of Christmas Day was one of the provoking causes of a long and cruel civil war, but we did not know before that there could be two opinions as to the reason why the day is kept at all. Yet Mr. de Vere begs his readers not to forget

the one *Dutchman* whom all American children hold dear and in great veneration. This is Santa Klaus, as the name is commonly though erroneously written, in reality *Klaas*, the abbreviation of *Nicholas*, a Dutch saint of undoubted nationality, whose name is heard everywhere when his own day, Christmas, is drawing near.

Perhaps Mr. de Vere has studied hagiology at the same source as the lady who bought Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* in order to read up the story of St. Ursula with her attendant virgins, and such other legends, before going for a tour on the Continent. If so, it is not surprising that he knows so little about the patron of thieves and children. Still even an almanack would tell him that the day dedicated to the Saint is the 6th of December, and not the 25th; and, considering that he makes it a matter of conscience to limit the term *Dutch* to Hollanders only, we are somewhat surprised to find him calling Saint Nicholas, who, if we mistake not, was born somewhere in Lykia, a *Dutchman*. So complete a vocabulary as that which Mr. de Vere has here put together of all the queer words and phrases in use among his fellow citizens ought certainly to be of great service to travellers who meditate a visit to the States. If they study it well they will avoid being called to order for such mistakes as calling a possum a "*creature*" instead of a "*varmint*," and will be above showing any signs of surprise when they are told that a lady is "*rubbing her gums upon the mat*."

LEWIS'S JUVENAL.*

IT is a satisfaction to find fruits of scholarship and liberal studies in our younger public men, and a dash of Juvenal is not a bad element in a modern training for politics. Mr. Lewis has already distinguished himself as a speaker in the House of Commons, and we may hope that his translation of Juvenal will be profitable to others as well as to himself. He has not only given us a careful and skilful translation, but his annotations are very serviceable in assisting us to an adequate appreciation of the satirist:—

Juvenal [he says in his introduction], in depicting character, in drawing scenes, even in turns of expression, is of all ancient authors the most distinctly modern. . . . If we believed in the metempsychosis doctrine, we might almost believe that the soul of Juvenal reappeared in Hogarth. . . . There are many ancient writers with regard to whom it is necessary for us to make a considerable mental effort in order to throw ourselves back into the times in which they wrote, and to conceive the tone of thought which prevailed in their day. Juvenal, when the difficulties of another kind which mark his writings have been surmounted, requires no such effort. In his way of looking at things, and especially at the grotesque side of things, in his word-painting, in his illustrations, he is essentially a man of the present day. He has been accordingly often imitated—by Bohn and Johnson, for instance—while such writers as Aristophanes and Plautus are incapable of being modernized with any degree of success.—P. 217.

While the truth of these remarks is incontrovertible, it may be doubted whether the talent for writing original satire, or of reproducing it in numbers, still exists amongst us. And if, as is undoubted, satire is at all times a wholesome corrective of abuses in political and social life, the next best thing to having a band of satiric poets is to imbue speakers and writers with a spice of the Juvenalian tone, and to arm them with the weapons which Juvenal wields so powerfully. Mr. Lewis makes out a good case against modern translators. Madan's literalness is marred by obscurity of expression. The prose version of Evans, in Bohn's series, though spirited and scholarly, is in many passages untrustworthy on account of doubtful renderings. If a reader manfully sets himself to pick out the meaning of Juvenal without the aid of a translation, he must either resort to the incomplete and long-delayed edition of Mayor (the instalments of which promise much gain, as we showed a little time since, to the student of Latin and to professed scholars, but suggest to those who have less time to spare, as they do to Mr. Lewis, "*a thin stream of commentary on Juvenal, running under the surface of a vast sea of citations and excursions*"); or he may struggle with the enigmatic notes of Mr. Simcox, in the Juvenal of the *Cætana Classicorum*, against which—unless the new edition has removed a patent fault—Mr. Lewis has hit a blow not a whit harder than was deserved, in a citation of six consecutive notes on the first nine lines of the Fourteenth Satire as a perfect specimen of what "*notes for boys ought not to be*." We might add—nor for men either; for this annotator ignores the process of conveying his meaning in full, and expects students to divine from a single sentence, condensed over-much, the drift of what it was the duty of an interpreter to make perfectly clear.

* *D. Junii Juvenalis Satiræ. With a Literal English Prose Translation and Notes. By John Delaware Lewis, M.A., Trin. Coll., Camb. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.*

There is more help, it must be allowed, in Prior and Escott; but something fuller and more helpful still has been a desideratum; and this Mr. Lewis, to our thinking, has gone far towards furnishing. Beneath the Latin text in each page he gives a well-considered translation, not too literal to spoil the zest of striking passages and descriptions, and he appends in the latter half of his volume a body of notes which exhibits such research, skill of illustration, tact in selection, and discrimination in weighing conflicting interpretations, as mark him out, if not as a scholar of the dry-as-dust old-world type, yet certainly as a most agreeable and trustworthy interpreter of a classical poet. Into all his criticism he imports a refreshing common sense. He is not enamoured of a clue to interpretation in proportion to its reconditeness and its far-fetchedness; yet it is evident that he has so read and pondered his author as at times to have discovered a clearer connexion in Juvenal's train of thought and process of arrangement than editors of greater pretension have so much as dreamed of. As an instance of this we may notice his handling of a passage in the Third Satire (vv. 139-43), where he not inaptly traces a connexion between *servat* in the lines—

Quantum quisque suâ nummorum servat in arca
Tantum habet et fidei—

and *servavit* in the verse almost immediately preceding them—

Vel qui
Servavit trepidam flagranti ex æde Minervam.

Working out the sentiment of these lines, and glancing at such proverbial expressions of it as the "*assen habous, assen valens; habes, habebis*" of Petronius, he sees an allusion to *servavit* in *servat*—e.g. "You will get more credit by saving money than by saving a goddess." In the same spirit, discussing the lines—

Agmine facto
Debucent olim tenues migrasse Quirites! (162)—

"The poor among the Romans ought long ago to have emigrated in a body"—Mr. Lewis explodes the far-fetched allusion to the secession to Mons Sacer, but he is alive to the figure of *rapid προδουλιαν*, which the satirist uses. He notes the comic martial tone of the beginning of Juvenal's sentence, and its unexpected and designedly impotent conclusion:—"The poor Romans ought long ago to have formed themselves into array, and—*migrated*." Such nice discoveries of point and connexion must always be judged of by their likelihood, but we confess that these two recommend themselves to our judgment as both probable and ingenious. Nor is Mr. Lewis, though evidently quick to detect niceties, so enamoured of what is far beneath the surface as to overlook what is suggested by a plain view of the cases in point. In Sat. I. 105, "*Sed quicunque tabernæ Quadringenta parant*," he adopts Heinrich's view that the five banking-houses in the Forum mentioned by Livy (xxvi. 27) are meant, and not five shops let out to rent. Thus the sense will be, "My transactions on Change bring me in an income of four hundred thousand sesterces," and the difficulty of a very high rent for a Roman shop is avoided. Again, at Sat. IV. 112, the allusion to "*Fuscus marmoreâ meditatus proelia villâ*" is diversely taken by commentators to mean (1) that Fuscus studied the art of war in his villa; and (2) that the degrading life of a Roman senator in his day did not suit him, and so he pined for active service. Mr. Lewis espouses the first view as most consistent with the satirical tenor of the preceding words, and he is here borne out by Mr. Simcox in one of his redeeming notes, to this effect:—"Fuscus, whose heart was on war, though he had no better school for fighting than his villa, might as well have died of braving Domitian as of blundering in Dacia." Upon the words "*Rupto poscentam sulfura vitro*," "*calling for sulphur matches in exchange for broken glass*" (v. 48), Mr. Lewis throws the true light by quoting Martial, i. 41, 4, 5—"Qui pallentia sulfurata fractis Permutant vitreis"—and showing that, whereas there is no evidence of the use of sulphur in mending glass being known to Juvenal and his contemporaries, the exchange of broken glass for sulphur-matches was common and notorious.

Another proof of this new translator's care, as well as acumen, is the decision with which he sets Evans and other translators and annotators to rights with cause shown wherever he differs from them. Thus at ii. 153—"Sed tu vera puta?"—he corrects the obviously unsound translation, "Nevertheless do thou believe them true?" and renders the words "But suppose them true;" explaining their drift to be a query of the satirist—"How, if for argument's sake we allow the popular Inferno to be true, with Charon and his skiff, and all the rest, these wretched fellows would be received, when they got there?" At ii. 170 he renders "*Sic pretextatos roserunt Artaxata mores*," "Thus it is they carry back to Artaxata the manners of young Rome," rightly deeming this version more in keeping with the context, which speaks of the contamination of Armenian hostages by a prolonged stay at demoralized Rome, than the interpretation which makes Artaxata the nominative, and "*roserunt*" equivalent to "recalls" or "imitates"—i.e. "So Artaxata imitates young Rome's manners." Again he ventures to correct Dryden's clever version of iii. 72, where he brilliantly mis-translates

Viscera magnarum domuum, dominique futuri.
Work themselves inwards, and their patrons out.

"Glorious John" evidently jumped at the conclusion that slaves, foreigners, and adventurers, such as the satirist was speaking of, insinuated themselves into great houses more summarily and speedily than the text warrants. The rendering is antithetic, but

forced and strained beyond what the Latin justifies. Mr. Lewis limits the sense to "Who are destined to gain complete control over these great houses," and parallels Juvenal by a reference to Lucian. The expression "*diruque a ponte satelles*," applied by Juvenal in Sat. IV. 116 to Catullus Messalinus, who had been a Roman governor and a consul in the reigns of Vespasian and Titus, has been misunderstood by almost every annotator and translator, and Mr. Escott only represents his fellows when he renders it "a beggar fresh from the bridges." But Mr. Prior, who has many merits, though his little edition is not faultless, had already seen that the words only mean "a hateful originating satellite," and Mr. Lewis hits the true sense by translating it "a horrible satellite of the bridge-kind," and explaining "*satelles à ponte*" as "a satellite such as one might pick up at one of the bridges," "a beggarly flatterer." In v. 153—

Tu scabio frueris mali, quod in aggero rodit
Qui tegitur parvâ et galeâ, metuensque flagelli
Disce ab hirsutâ jaculum torquere capellâ—

Mr. Lewis translates "You enjoy a scabby apple such as on the rampart the monkey gnaws, who is dressed up with a shield and helmet, and in dread of the whip is taught to throw his dart from the back of a shaggy goat." He is quite right in taking the words to refer to a monkey and not to a recruit, and we are rejoiced to find that he not only pooh-poohs the objection of Mayor and Simcox, that "*ab equo jaculari*" is not found in Latin, but also cites evidences of the use of "*ab equo*" in such collocation from Propertius and Ovid. The passage from Propertius had already been communicated to us by Mr. Calverley, when, in reviewing Mr. Simcox's *Juvenal*, we demurred to so sweeping a statement.

In many other instances we might illustrate the thoroughness of Mr. Lewis's critical work, did we not fear to tax our readers' patience. It must suffice to say that he scarcely ever disappoints us when we want clear translation, or borrowed light upon a dark passage. Take for an example a reference to the Jews in Satire VI. 158, 9:—

Observant ubi festa mero pede sabbata rogas,
Et vetus indulget sentibus clementia porcis.

Mr. Lewis translates literally, "Where kings observe their festive sabbath with naked feet, and long-established clemency is indulgent to aged pigs," and notes that this is an instance of the confused idea which Juvenal and his countrymen had of Jewish ceremonies, though in xiv. 96-106 he gives a fair enough sketch of their creed. What is most important, he illustrates the phrase "*mero pede*" very nicely by "*calceâ meri*" in Prudentius Peristeph. 6, 91. By the way, however, he is scarcely correct in saying, upon Satire XIV. 251 (cf. X. 247), that Hesiod's statements about the crow's longevity are not found in the extant Hesiod. Fragments of four or five lines, embodied in Goettling or Didot's editions, ought to take rank as part of Hesiod, and this passage with others of the fragments has been recently translated. *Apropos* of longevity, we may just notice the nice little point of criticism which Mr. Lewis makes on Satire XI. 64, where he discusses whether Juvenal did not rather imitate Martial, Epigr. X. 48, than Martial him, as Gifford would have it supposed. The question turns on Juvenal's speaking of himself as an old man in v. 203 of the Eleventh Satire. Our newest critic on Juvenal reasonably holds that too much weight should not be attached to this, especially in the case of a satirist; and he cites the language of Thackeray about himself as an old man, when he was but forty, as well as that of Persius, who in point of fact died comparatively young, in his Prologue and his First Satire. Throughout Mr. Lewis's notes such questions as this will be found elucidated by a happy bringing together of the new and old. A quotation has already been given from Mr. Lewis's introduction, drawing attention to the singular "modernness" which invests Juvenal's images and portraiture. A host of illustrations of this trait in his Satires might be given; but it will serve the purpose to string together a few of them, with Mr. Evans's modern parallels, or our own. When in iii. 5 the satirist says, "*Ego vel Prochyta prepono Suburrâ*—a lonely island to a thoroughfare at Rome—it is, as Mr. Lewis suggests, as if he had said, "I prefer even Lundy Island to Cheapside." The mention in the same satire (115) of "*gymnasia*" and "*facinus majoris abolæ*" suggests to him an antithesis between the "undergraduate's and the doctor's gown." The allusion, in "*perituri cista Latini*"—"the chest of Latinus" in danger of his life (vi. 44)—to the hair-breadth escapes of intriguers, which would often be represented in farces such as *Latinus* played in, is excellently paralleled by Falstaff's clothes-braket; the "gold coins inscribed with '*Dacicus*' or '*Germanicus* in a rich dish" (vi. 204-5) are like "so many Victorias" (or "Napoleons") shining on a plate. Elsewhere a son-in-law is ineligible because "*puellæ sarcinulis impar*"—i.e. "unequal to furnishing a trousseau for the young lady." Fortune-hunters buy rich presents of fish from the provinces to offer to wealthy widows, who will sell them again, just as nowadays duplicates of wedding presents are conveniently swapped or resold to the jeweller. Two little parallels we may add which may interest the ladies. Messalina [save the mark!] puts on a flaxen or yellow wig, because that was the fashionable colour for the hair at Rome (vi. 120), and her own hair was black; and two lines in a later part of the same satire (454-5)—

Nam quæ docta nimis capit et facunda videri
Crure tenus medio tunicas succingere debet—

suggest a very ancient precedent for the use of "Bloomers."

Apropos of the wines served to guests at the rich Roman's table

according to their grades, Mr. Lewis quotes from Stocker a story how at the close of the last century the claret at a visitation lunch never got beyond the rectors to the curates below the line. What would the curates say to this nowadays? Before concluding our remarks we must show, by two examples of Mr. Lewis's pertinent and copious illustration, how very closely satire is connected with epigram. In Sat. VI. 229 Juvenal says of a woman who in modern times would have figured as a bigamist over and over again:—

Sic crescit numerus: sic fluit octo mariti
Quinque per autumnos, titulo res digna sepulchri.

The translator we have been reviewing quotes as a parallel Martial's Epigram, IX. 16:—

Inscripit tumulo septem celebrata virorum
Sic fecisse Chloë: quid pote simplicius?

The double-entente in "so fecisse" may be taken to mean that she had put up the tombs of, or done for, eight husbands. In Booth's *Epigrams*, p. 45, the original is rendered thus freely:—

In Stepney churchyard seven tombs in a row
For the reader's soft sympathy call;
On each—my dear husband lies buried below
And Chloë's the widow of all.

In the same satire (v. 276) the language which Juvenal addresses to a deceived husband "Tu tibi tunc *cornica* places,"—i.e. "You are delighted with yourself then, you hedge-sparrow"—is explained by one scholium to refer to the bird which hatches the cuckoo's eggs instead of its own, and Mr. Lewis accepts and endorses the fitness of this nickname for one who is rearing up as his own the children of an interloper. We are reminded of the adagial epigram:—

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
That she had her head snapt off by her young.

And so apparently is Mr. Lewis. The Sixth Satire is one which it is a mixed pleasure to read. It abounds in splendid bits of satire, at the same time that it is in many parts coarse and gross. We are not sure that the translator has omitted quite as much of it as he might have done; but we are quite sure that he has brought to bear upon it and its best points a degree of acuteness and judgment which are highly to his credit as a critic and scholar. Whatever his future career, he will not have found it lost labour to translate and annotate Juvenal; and we have no hesitation in recommending his work to our readers, more especially to those who are adults.

WALKS IN FLORENCE.*

WE can scarcely hear too much of Florence; after all that has been written, more remains to be said. The two sisters who conduct the traveller in these pleasant "Walks" have made themselves by residence and reading familiar with the streets, the churches, and the galleries of that city of flowers. The work may be used as a trustworthy guide-book; we have examined its pages for the purpose of detecting what might have been forgotten or left out, and throughout we find the most painstaking compilation from the best authorities. This comprehensive completeness is perhaps all that the public has a right to look for in a work which is of the nature of a handbook, and yet the general reader would have been glad if it had been compatible with the authors' plan to throw more life into the narrative and greater individuality into the criticisms. From a literary point of view the sentences are too uniform in construction, the style is timidly pruned down to almost a bald simplicity, and though praise is due for the suppression of that emotional writing which is the bane of female authors when they approach fine-art topics, we could not have blamed the intrusion of touches such as give charm to the criticisms of Mrs. Jameson. The famed Boboli Gardens, which commonly betray travellers into the use of highly coloured superlatives, are by the Misses Horner thus depicted in the faithful style of a catalogue or inventory:—

Tall trees and hedges of bay, cypress, olive, ilex, and other evergreens divide the ground into endless walks, shady pathways, and groves adorned with statues of unequal merit and varied with water containing gold fish. Above all towers the noble stone-pine, and beneath are banks of roses and grassy lawns, which refresh the eye, fatigued by the glare of the city. In the midst of a large sheet of water near the Porta Romana is a group of statuary by Giovan Bologna, placed on what is called the Isolotto, from whence the ground rises abruptly; and an avenue of tall trees and hedges, with statues at intervals, leads to a plateau, commanding, towards the south and west, splendid views of the town and surrounding country. The little meadow on the plateau is called L'Uccellaja, probably from having at one time been a bird-snare, so common around Florence. A little higher is a winding staircase, the entrance to the garden of the Cavaliere, where there is a casino or villa, with a small garden, from whence is obtained a distant view of hill and valley in the direction of Arezzo and Rome, &c.

The accounts of the picture galleries are careful and even critical, in proof of which may be quoted the well-considered verdicts passed upon works that have been for some time under controversy. Thus the genuineness of the "celebrated picture," "The Three Fates," by Michael Angelo, in the Pitti Palace, is properly called in question; in like manner doubt, at least as to the name, is thrown on the so-called portrait of the "Formarina" in the Uffizi. When we were last in Florence it had become the fashion to assign this forcible and highly coloured head and bust to one of the Venetian painters. We would have wished for less timidity

on the part of the authors in coming to some decisive opinion on a still more dubious work, "The Last Supper," in the refectory of a suppressed convent, ascribed with the easy credulity of Florantine critics to Raffaele. After careful examination of the work itself, with drawings and other evidence adduced on the spot, we have never been able to make Raffaele responsible for this inferior production. We are glad to see that Signor Cavalcaselle is among the disbelievers; Mr. Layard, too, in a monograph for the Arundel Society, asserts that the work "is certainly not" by Raffaele.

The Convent of San Marco, in the days when we knew Florence, was not accessible to ladies, but under the new régime the cells are open to women as well as to men; consequently the frescoes by Fra Angelico, who decorated the monastery in which he dwelt, are described in detail by the Misses Horner. It is scarcely to be expected that anything fresh can be said of these oft-lauded spiritual creations; but at any rate the little that is stated may be trusted as far as it goes. Thus when we refer to one of the most important of these compositions, "The Crucifixion," we find the remark, "The background was probably once blue, but in its present state is a dull red." Opposed to this common sense explanation, and in face of the fact known to all students of Italian frescoes that the blue of lapis lazuli falls as dust from the wall, exposing the ground beneath, there has been advanced the theory that the red which now fires the background to this Crucifixion was expressly chosen by the artist as symbolic of the woe in which nature shared when the sun was darkened and the veil of the Temple was rent in twain. That pictorial effects beyond the ordinary course of nature are looked for by certain writers may be judged from M. Rio's reflections, suggested by this very picture:—

Every time [writes this mystic critic] that Angelico painted Christ on the cross, tears flowed as abundantly from his eyes as if he had assisted on Calvary at this last scene of the passion; and it is to this sympathy, so real and profound, that we must attribute the pathetic expression he has imparted to the different personages who are witnesses of the crucifixion.

It is impossible to conceive of a greater contrast than that between the passage just quoted and the whole tenor of the work now under review. These "Walks" are not reveries, but realities; these criticisms are not triumphs of faith, but truths of the rationalistic intellect. Yet, while they have the merit of being clear and concise, they naturally lack the spiritual insight which often reward students who indulge in mysticism and emotions and acknowledge the sway of imagination.

The chapter devoted to the oft-described Mausoleum of San Lorenzo is distinguished by touches of thought altogether unusual in these pages. The whole family of the Medici, it is curious to observe, are here treated with a scorn which is but natural to writers whose family name is known in the annals of liberty. Turning from the Medici to the sepulchral monuments, the Misses Horner are entitled to speak of sculpture, inasmuch as the use of the chisel is not unknown to them; a careful posthumous bust of their friend Mrs. Jameson was executed by one of the sisters. Unwonted ardour animates the tribute paid to Michael Angelo, whose character as a man and whose genius as an artist equally command respect. We are made all the better to understand "Il Pensiero"—the statue to Giuliano, the youngest son of Lorenzo the Magnificent—by the quotation of a sonnet written by the Duke in defence of suicide:—"It is not cowardice, nor does it spring from cowardice, if to escape the terrible things which are in store for me I hated life and longed for its end." It will be remembered that Michael Angelo has made the head meditative and melancholy from the solemn shadow cast by the helmet. "What from beneath the helm-like bonnet scowls?" asks the poet Rogers; "is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?" "The mien is noble, most majestic." The colossal recumbent figures on the tomb of Giuliano, which rest, after "la terribil' maniera," in a kind of uneasy unrest, "represent Night and Day, typical probably of Death and Resurrection." The two companion figures on the opposite tomb personify Twilight and Dawn. The following criticism on these four allegorical statues proves how greatly these volumes would have gained in animation and power had the writers more often ventured to give free play to the pen:—

The majestic female figure of Night, or Death, is wonderfully real. She is crowned with poppies; an owl is at her feet, and beneath her pillow is a mask, symbolical of the body from whence the spirit has departed. Though not beautiful, there is such an awful grandeur as well as repose in that queenly woman, that we can well comprehend how in a period of war and cruelty, treachery and injustice, when good men were harassed by doubt and truth was shrouded in darkness, Michael Angelo must have found peace for a few hours whilst embodying the image of deep, if not dreamless, sleep. In contrast to Night, or Death, is the huge figure of Day, or Resurrection, rising from his rocky bed. . . . Michael Angelo might have intended to represent in these four allegorical statues the times in which he lived, when those very Medici had brought shame, grief, and ruin on their country. Dawn awakens to sorrow, Day rises wearily, Twilight brings repose, but Night alone is to be envied the calm of sleep; but she too must wake.

The changes which have been rife in Florence within the last ten years do not afford as much novelty of material as might have been anticipated. We are told, however, that under the government of Victor Emmanuel the Tuscan people have little cause to regret the loss of the old Grand Duke, whose drowsy mind and manners have been satirized by one of his former subjects thus:—

The Tuscan Morpheus gently moves along,
With poppies and with lettuce garlands crowned;
Eager for immortality he drains
Our pockets and the marshes.

* *Walks in Florence.* By Susan and Joanna Horner. With Illustrations. London: Strahan & Co. 1873.

Florence we remember as far back as the memorable year 1848, when the late Grand Duke thus caricatured remained still the idol of his people. We happened to be present when, on his triumphal entry into Siena, the horses were taken from his carriage. The taxes were then light, living was cheap, the Tuscans were content and given to *festas*; in the churches might be seen women who for refinement and beauty seemed to have but just stepped from a canvas of Raffaello; the galleries were free to students, copyists, and the public generally; along the streets, when the cool of evening came, might be heard young men with guitars singing Italian songs in company as they walked homewards after an excursion beyond the city walls. Florence has suffered much since those days, and she is certainly not more pleasant, at least to lovers of art and of simple modes of living. We do not account as very important the fact recounted in these pages "that the Palazzo dei Pitti is no longer inhabited by an Austrian prince." More in the way of an improvement may be the embankment of the Arno down to the Cascine. Other works, not without importance, have been put in hand or completed. For example, the unfinished façade of the Cathedral had given rise to a proverb; whenever any work would never be ended, the saying was "La non sarà; già, l'opera di Santa Maria del Fiore." The new Government undertook the completion of this façade. In like manner was opened the covered way which connected the Uffizii with the Pitti Palace. Changes have also taken place in the Piazza del Gran Duca, now the Piazza della Signoria; and revolutions have been wrought in other parts of the city. It is not clear to how recent a period these volumes come down; we observe no mention of a late announcement that Michael Angelo's "David" was about to be removed from the open square to the adjoining gallery. In Florence and other cities where every stone is an historic monument we are always fearing what change may come next.

One of the vicissitudes inevitable with the lapse of time is that the living join company with the dead; thus Campo-Santos once scantily tenanted have become populous. There are few spots that the English traveller visits with more interest than the Protestant burial-ground in Rome, where are the simple graves of Shelley and Keats. And now kindred associations cling to the Protestant Cemetery of Florence; here lie buried Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Theodosia Trollope, Arthur Clough, and Theodore Parker. We regret to find that this "God's acre" is not so picturesque as formerly. Recent demolitions have spoilt the quiet seclusion of the spot, and in place of ivy-covered walls and tall old cypress trees there are now only a neat iron railing and a few spruce shrubs.

OFF THE SKELLIGS.*

TO clear up at once what to most people would present a geographical puzzle, we will begin by explaining that the Skelligs are two bold and bare peaks off the South-West coast of Kerry. The Great Skellig is described as standing nearly ten miles out to sea; and, in a storm, the "powdoring spray" of the Atlantic billows is sometimes known to wet the ledges of rock three parts up the thousand feet of sheer and towering precipice. This monster crag, as well as its companion the Lesser Skellig, peopled by and resonant with myriads of gannet, has been selected by Miss Ingelow to give a title for her story, because the whole action centres round a sudden and terrible adventure which breaks in upon a quiet yacht cruise in the immediate neighbourhood of the rocky giants. Uncle Rollin's yacht (he is uncle and guardian to the heroine, Dorothea Graham) finds herself one dark night running straight upon a burning vessel; and she by and by contrives to track out and to rescue the greater part of the passengers and crew, as they drift along on the forlorn hope of a raft. And here the thread of the narrative, in its crudest and simplest form, may be conveniently indicated. The most remarkable of all the passengers, and the man who, at tremendous risks and by superhuman efforts, has succeeded in keeping things together on the raft until the yacht brings relief, is Mr. Giles Brandon, who comes on board so battered and scarred and blackened by the fire that he is at first taken for a common sailor, but who turns out, when surgical skill and Dorothea's nursing have been brought to bear upon him, to be a gentleman of cultivation and of fortune. He is more than this, for he has been largely concerned in working out schemes and experiments in philanthropy, and is altogether a man of originality and of power. Quite early in the second volume, while the yacht is still moving quietly onwards towards a favourable port, it becomes sufficiently clear that Dorothea and Mr. Brandon are destined, unless some cruel and insufferable counterblast strikes across the course of events, to reach the final and absolute companionship of marriage. It is in her unique conception of a sequel, from this point to the end of a fourth volume, that the real power and distinctiveness of Miss Ingelow's narrative are principally to be remarked. Both Dorothea and her patient, whose qualities are brought into excellent relief by juxtaposition with Tom Graham, the admirably drawn brother of the heroine, are too sensitive, too reserved, and too much beset by those uncertain speculations about each other which never fail to arise in highly sensitive natures, to admit of their going through the ordinary experience known as "falling in love." A profound interest appears in either

case to pass into love without the consciousness of such a transition. And in the meanwhile an obstacle to a deeper and more permanent understanding does arise, in a quarter entirely unsuspected by either. For Giles Brandon has a half-brother, everybody's favourite and his own into the bargain, a spoiled young rogue over six feet and under twenty years, who thinks fit to fall in love with Dorothea himself; and, not content with that, he goes on to propose marriage, succeeding at last in not only carrying the point of a settled engagement, but in getting the day of marriage fixed, immediately after which the young pair are to emigrate to a home in New Zealand.

We are indicating, as we said before, only the crudest form of the narrative, and we may as well make that complete before commenting on the interesting and delicate workmanship of the superstructure. Valentine, who has unwittingly raised what seemed a hopeless barrier across the path of the bemused lovers, each unconsciously deluding and each deluded, is himself the cause of its removal. The day of the wedding draws near, the invitations are sent out, all the orders given, and the preparations for New Zealand in a most advanced stage, when, at the eleventh hour, the mercurial bridegroom plays truant and finds that he loves another. He is in reality far more boy than man, in spite of his inches; half of the charm which he had found in the engagement turns out to have arisen from the dignity and importance of the situation, and especially from an irresistible pleasure in "cutting out young Prentice," an idiotic and philandering schoolfellow; and he thus collapses at the first touch of reality in his career, finding a certain Lucy Nelson to be "the loveliest of her sex," and desiring henceforth to regard Dorothea as "the dearest of sisters." After this explanation the end is not far off. Giles and Dorothea, though the situation is not at first an easy one for either, soon begin to see things under clearer and truer lights; the mists of doubt and misunderstanding melt away, and they are safely married at length, though not until the very last page of the story, nor without one concluding hitch during the progress of the very ceremony itself. The history of this little accident gives so good a specimen of Miss Ingelow's minute and characteristic method in narrative that we shall make no apology for quoting it entire:—

But, as if it was quite impossible that anything concerning me could be done as other people do it, all on a sudden, while Giles held my hand, a thought seemed to flash straight out of his heart into mine, that he had forgotten the ring. I was quite sure of it. He did not even put his finger into his waistcoat pocket, as a man might have done who had bought one and left it behind. There was no ring: he had forgotten it.

A pause.

"Fanny?" said Mr. Mompesson; and Mrs. Mompesson, with all the good will in the world, and with Mr. Crayshaw to help her, tried to get her ring off her dear fat friendly hand, and tried in vain.

Giles almost groaned. He had expected me to be more than commonly nervous. Now seemed some ground for it; but real and sheer nervousness often goes off when there is anything to be nervous about, and I now felt very much at my ease, and whispered to Giles that a ring would be found somewhere. So it was. The clerk had darted out of the church at the first sight of Mrs. Mompesson's hand, and in a few minutes he returned, following a lovely, fresh-complexioned young woman in a linen sun-bonnet, and with a fat, crowing baby on her arm. She was out of breath; and, coming up to Giles quickly, she thrust out her honest hand, and allowed him to draw her ring off, and marry me with it. A healthy-looking young fellow, in a paper cap, which he presently removed, came slouching in after her, and looked on, unable, as it seemed, to repress an occasional grin of amusement; when the ceremony was over, they followed us into the vestry, and we all sat talking a little while, till some rings were brought from a shop for me, and Giles chose one and paid for it. Then I felt that I was Mrs. Brandon.

He returned the ring he had used to the young woman, but I observed that she made her husband put it on for her again; and, as he did so, he remarked to Giles, with a certain quaint complacency, that wives wanted humouring, and for his part—he might be wrong—but he considered it was their due. Then in all good faith, assuring him that he would never repeat what he had that day done, he set his paper cap on his head, and retired with his family; while we, having taken leave of our friends, stepped out into the fields, and departed together, to begin our story.

These four volumes make up a novel of a very unusual kind. There is such a plenitude of circumstantial narrative—and we cannot omit a remark, in passing, on Miss Ingelow's advanced stage of proficiency in the details of nautical description—that a superficial reader might fail to detect the carefully conceived plot, slowly but consistently developing itself. In Giles and Dorothea we have the portraiture of two highly sensitive and sympathetic natures, mystifying themselves and each other by the sheer intensity of these innate characteristics, and weaving a network of embarrassments where there was not the slightest occasion for them. Such a tangle, when once begun, may become still more cruelly and perhaps hopelessly confused by the sheer force of circumstances; and this, too, is cleverly illustrated as the narrative proceeds. Dorothea, until quite late in the course of events, believes Giles to be devoted to another woman, who turns out to be the invalid and elderly sister of a lady who, after rousing his immature enthusiasm, had died years before. Again, Giles distinctly perceives the shallow and transient nature of the boyish attachment on the strength of which the brother whom he loved was going to take from under his very eyes the woman whom he loved better, and he tries his best to awaken Dorothea's perception on this head in good time. It was an awkward task, and ended only in "confusion worse confounded." The straightforward Giles himself is taken in by the belief that the heroine is moved by a genuine and passionate attachment for her boy-lover; the fact being that she has drifted into the engagement partly from the reserve and reticence of the elder brother, partly from her mistakes about him, partly from the fact that Valentine's amusing qualities

* *Off the Skelligs.* By Jean Ingelow. 4 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co.

make him often her only resource in the country house where they are all staying after the voyage and the rescue, and chiefly because he, who seemed alone to care about her, was also for the most part a fragile creature to whom she could render real service. And so on through a number of events and influences and situations, the connexion and interworking of which is carried out with a degree of art and skill very effectively concealed under an apparently artless narrative. Valentine is the most completely original character in the book. He is the late-born son of the fine old Squire who is Giles's stepfather, and what with his youth and his too rapid growth and his weak lungs, and consequently slipshod home education, he appears on the scene at nineteen an ingenious and impudent rattle, with enough humour to make his impudence generally amusing, and enough vivacity and grace to ensure its being forgiven. When disturbed by his brother in a *l'été-à-l'été* with Dorothea (a most frequent occurrence with them, as among other duties she kept him regularly at work with his books), the scapegrace is equal to the occasion:—

"Now, Giles," said Valentine, "I'm improving my mind; Miss Graham is telling me a story. And if you want to come in, come in! and don't stand blocking out the light. Well, go on, Miss Graham. 'She was sailing right in the wind's eye,' didn't you say? 'when he most unexpectedly, closed it; and they wouldn't have been able to trim the sails if one of them hadn't been torn to ribbons, which they naturally used for the purpose.'"

"Nonsense!"

"Ah! it's very well to say nonsense; but I've heard Giles say that if it was possible to use a sea-term erroneously, you had the wit to do it. Your brother says the same. No, it wasn't exactly that, St. George, that we were talking of. She was telling me, that in a ship the yards in sailing before the wind are braced square, and the mizen sail alone is usually in a fore-and-aft position. Isn't that a nice thing to know? I'm glad they brace the yards square, it does equal honour to their heads and hearts."

"Touching confidences," said Mr. Brandon; "but, Miss Graham, come and sing to us."

And again, when forbidden—in vain, as it soon proved—to adopt a more familiar mode of addressing his new friend than the formal and usual one, he retorts:—

"No; I believe if you had as many names as the *Smilax simulata*, you would like to be called by them all. I saw a plant labelled once for the benefit of the ignorant public in Kensington Gardens—*Smilax simulata*—the Simulated Smilax, a Smilaceous plant. What do you think it was? why, a wallflower!"

As to Dorothea herself, notwithstanding her many perversities and her great facility in marring her own prospects of happiness, she is on the whole distinctly and naturally conceived, and her part is worked out consistently to the end. In her strength, as well as her weakness, in her aims and her motives, in her successes and shortcomings, she is always thoroughly feminine, an excellent point in the delineation of such a character; and her momentary collapse, both in *physique* and in resolution, after the first few days of her solitary life in London, is admirably described, and tells with good results upon the general effect which she produces.

Giles Brandon is the least happy conception among the characters which stand out in most prominent relief. Miss Ingelow has to some extent shared in an error not uncommon among female writers of far less genius and imaginative power. The temptation that beguiles some such producers of fiction is to paint their chief hero more demigod than man. Miss Ingelow has not gone to this extreme; but the perfection of various kinds with which Giles has been invested fail to produce a harmonious or attractive whole. George Eliot is apt to run into the other extreme. She is seldom so felicitous as when she is withdrawing the veil, with a somewhat ruthless hand for the most part, from some of the meaner phases of masculine weakness. No man has ever been described by her so self-reliant as the two women Dinah and Dorothea Brooke. Miss Ingelow prefers to exhibit an ideal of the nobler qualities in a man; and the worst that can be said of her ideal is that it is overdrawn here and there to the point of becoming oppressive; we lose the man in the unrelenting philanthropist, in the reformer who desires to be a sort of minor Providence to his species, and in the sublimely unselfish, but singularly ill-judging and miscalculating, lover.

Besides the three who may be called, in a sense, the protagonists of the story, there are several minor figures of varying importance in the development, and all made to move and speak with vivid interest and definiteness of characteristic. The chief of these are Uncle Kollin, the owner of the yacht which, for some while after her eventful rescue from the Ipswich boarding-school, was Dorothea's home; Tom, the quick-witted, but highly selfish and undesirable, brother; Brand and Mrs. Brand, the steward and stewardess on board the yacht; Anne, a practical *dévote*, the high-minded servant of Dorothea; and several members of the household to which Giles and Valentine belong. All of them would well deserve some special remark if our space allowed. But we must be contented to notice one more striking feature in *Off the Skellings*, and then conclude. This feature is the very remarkable and elaborate study of precocity with which the novel opens. Tom and Dorothea Graham are both described as children of most unusually developed intellect, and the whole thing is done with a precision and circumstantiality which suggest the conviction that Miss Ingelow must have had actual models or memories before her eye. The children live their busy little lives, first near the wharves of a tidal river, passing many blissful hours amidst the never-enough-explored aisles and recesses of a minster hard by; and later, on the edge of a great wide common, dotted all over with hillocks, and covered with broom and heather and hawthorn-trees. They invent a language of their own, and discuss the question of weak

and strong preterites; they repeat scenes from Shakespeare till Tom gets a brain-fever, and on his recovery indemnifies himself for the loss of his favourite copy of the plays by teaching scenes to his little sister, who lisps through them with a most moving enthusiasm; and among other adventures, they visit and feed for days an escaped convict who has sought a temporary refuge in the minster tower. This episode of "our man" in the tower is told with much the same perfection of narrative power that Victor Hugo has thrown into the opening scenes of *Les Misérables*; and the life in the nursery and on the common is described with a minuteness and vitality that remind one of the methods of Erckmann-Chatrian, and with the same charm and delicacy that have won for Miss Ingelow's poetry the position which it holds among English and American readers. Altogether we repeat that the novel is a very unusual one; of great, though unequal, merit; full of detail and interest; and relieved throughout, even in its more serious passages, by touches of humour of which we have been unable here to convey any adequate idea.

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THE ANARCHY IN SPAIN.

THE Spanish Ministry, after an unprecedentedly long existence of three weeks, is once more in course of reconstruction; and the Right of the Cortes, consisting of members who were lately regarded as extravagant Republicans, has placed itself in opposition to the Ministry. The struggle of Parliamentary factions for a momentary tenure of power is really of infinitesimally small importance. If Señor PI Y MARGALL proves himself a vigorous and determined ruler, he may possibly restore, by the exercise of absolute authority, some kind of order; but he can only act through military officers, on whom at the best he will be practically dependent. The progress of anarchy in the meantime is rapid and uninterrupted, and the irreconcilable party, corresponding with the supporters of the Paris Commune, lose no time in illustrating the tendency of the doctrines of the International Society and the extreme Republicans or Socialists. At Alcoy the agents of the International organized an insurrection, which was conducted with more than Spanish ferocity. The Mayor of the town, who is said to have spent his fortune in promoting the cause of the Republic, was brutally murdered; and another Republican, not violent enough to satisfy the popular taste, is reported to have been boiled in oil. These energetic measures will form an admirable topic for the English sentimentalists who have defended or excused the massacre of the Paris hostages by the Commune. It will be stated that the leaders of the Alcoy outbreak were singularly benevolent persons, who had on various occasions uttered the finest phrases, and that their unfortunate victims had not been sufficiently penetrated with the enthusiasm of humanity. The philanthropists who wish to turn the world upside down are laudably consistent in their determination to establish an entirely original code of morals as the basis of the new institutions. The Alcoy patriots seem to have committed the venial error of over-estimating their strength. General VELARDE, who lately escaped from his mutinous troops in the North, has entered the town with a Government force; but he has not been able to arrest the ringleaders. In more important places the aimless or unintelligible revolt of the ultra-Republicans against their own representatives seems to be more successful. A body of rebels under General CONTRERAS, lately a military and political leader of the Republican party at Madrid, has seized the town of Cartagena; and it is said that one of his principal associates is brother of one of PI Y MARGALL'S colleagues. In Barcelona the malcontent faction insisted on the adoption of rigorous measures against the supposed favourers of the Carlists; nor were they convinced by the cogent arguments of the Governor, who told them that the best way to check the advance of the Carlists would be to march against them. The prototypes of the Spanish Republicans in 1793 drew from the successes of the allied invaders precisely the same practical deductions which now recommend themselves to the judgment of the Internationalists. The base rabble of Paris and their instigators constantly excused their murders on the pretext that, in condemning their political enemies at home, they were combating the enemy on the frontier. The Government of Madrid will probably assert on the other hand that the Internationalists and other rebels are acting in complicity with the Carlists, to whom they undoubtedly afford a welcome diversion. It will evidently be impossible for the Ministers to despatch reinforcements to the North while one town after another rises in insurrection, not so much against the Government and the Cortes, as against any possible authority. It is for the most dangerous of their

present opponents that PI Y MARGALL and CASTELAR have for years been unconsciously working.

The Cortes and the Ministers are learning at the expense of their country the useful and costly lesson that obedience to law is the first condition of national existence. Declaimers against the abuses of royalty now vie with each other in exhortations to the Government against the exercise of unseasonable clemency. The rebels of Alcoy are to be peremptorily shot, if only they can be caught; and the troops are instructed to put down the rebellion if possible by force. In some cases the possession of office alone distinguishes the faction in power from their mutinous adversaries. Señor SENER fanatically supports the anti-religious doctrines of the International Society; and PI Y MARGALL himself began his career by introducing into Spain the valuable proposition that property is robbery. The principles avowed by the insurgents of Alcoy and of Cartagena are not now promulgated for the first time. It has long been known that the bulk of the Republican party were revolutionary Socialists, although the more decent leaders repudiated the subversive doctrines of their supporters. It was not through any blind feeling of loyalty that the respectable classes and the bulk of the community have constantly expressed their antipathy to any kind of Republic. Government by the dregs of the populace is nowhere desirable; and in Spain the rabble is more thoroughly demoralized than in any other country. If the period of anarchy should unexpectedly prove to be brief, the nation will perhaps scarcely have paid too high a price for the exposure of the delusion of a moderate and decent Republic. It is incredible that the monstrous fabric projected by the Internationalists should be tolerated in a civilized community; and it has now been ascertained that a Republic, reversing the formula of M. THIERS, is in Spain the form of government which divides parties the most. It is highly probable that personal intrigues may have co-operated with political fanaticism in producing the recent disturbances. With a body of unknown and undeserving upstarts occupying, by a random selection, the chief posts in the State, military and political adventurers are naturally encouraged to try their own chance of obtaining power and pay. CONTRERAS is not a reputable officer; but he may perhaps think himself as good as the subaltern deserter who is, or lately was, Minister of War. If he can establish himself in force at Cartagena, he may probably march on Madrid in the name of the Federal or Irreconcilable Republic, and for the purpose of making himself Minister or Dictator. The officers who for the present remain faithful to the Central Government may, in case of success, become not less formidable rivals of their present employers. Service in the Republican campaign on one side or the other is likely to be more profitable and more popular than dangerous and laborious campaigns in the North, where one general after another has forfeited any little reputation which he may have previously acquired. The Carlists have made far more rapid progress since the meeting of the Cortes than during any former part of the Civil War; and some political observers even think it possible that disgust at the crimes and follies of the Republic may at last produce a reaction in favour of Don CARLOS. An abler and more popular Pretender would by this time have placed himself on the deserted throne; and it is impossible to foresee the consequences which may result from the present anomalous circumstances. If no other alternative remained, SANTA CRUZ himself might perhaps be preferred to the savage assassins of Alcoy and to the helpless rhetoricians who struggle in vain against the caprices and bloodthirsty passions of their adherents. Nevertheless

there is at present no proof of the existence of Carlists in the centre or South of Spain.

One of the strangest peculiarities of the present state of affairs is the voluntary self-effacement of the party which includes the bulk of the nation, the whole of the middle classes, and the soldiers and politicians who till lately governed the country. SERRANO, ZOREILLA, and SAGASTA are silent or absent, while obscure adventurers exercise power which is only limited by the contemptuous disobedience of their own unruly faction. Even FIGUERAS has disappeared from the political scene; and CASTELLAR, who holds no office, is, except the Prime Minister himself, the only known member of the nominally dominant party. As PLY MARCILL truly said, retirement in Spain means conspiracy, and the mere inaction of the old parties conveys a formidable menace to the Republic. The effect of the misfortunes which were largely due to their own factional mismanagement has probably been to unite Moderates and Progressists in support of the candidature of Prince ALFONSO, son of ISABELLA. All the more or less Liberal parties have been uniformly opposed to the pretensions of Don CARLOS, who on his side has neither the fact nor the largeness of mind which would enable him to win over temperate adversaries. The reason for postponing an attack on the tottering Republic is evidently the disorganization of the army. If it had been possible to trust the troops, the great majority of officers would have willingly followed SERRANO in an attack on the present Government, which could scarcely have been resisted. It may now be prudent to wait till the miscarriage of the ill-omened Republic is absolute and complete. The restorers of order will, sooner or later, profit by the universal indignation which is produced by daily catastrophes in the Northern provinces and the towns. The friends of Monarchy will not, when their opportunity arrives, think themselves bound to pay any deference to the Assembly in which they are not even ostensibly represented. FIGUERAS and CASTELLAR dissolved the late Cortes without a shadow of legal right, and their opponents and probable successors will not be more scrupulous. It is perhaps not wholly impossible that the Republican Cortes themselves may repudiate their origin and political designation. The minority of extreme Republicans has already left the Assembly, and the residuary body is in its fright and confusion becoming more and more Conservative in its tendencies. A year ago few Spaniards cherished any strong attachment to the throne; but a short experience of the Republic and its Republican enemies will perhaps once more have made royalty popular. The faction which assassinated PERU, and which tried more than once to assassinate AMADEO, has been tried by a temporary possession of power with results which cannot be misunderstood. Some of those who are still brawling against the supposed enemies of the Republic will become ready converts as soon as it becomes evident that the Republic is out of fashion. At first, perhaps, a few sanguine dreamers shared the belief which was less excusably held by some leading English journalists, that a Revolution accomplished without effusion of blood was destined to produce an orderly and peaceable Government. The illusion is now effectually dispelled, and the conversion will be still more sudden and complete if the irreconcilable faction obtains any temporary success. That open negation of right should be the foundation of permanent authority is simply incredible.

MR. FORSTER'S BILL.

MR. FORSTER has withdrawn some valuable matter from the Education Act Amendment Bill, but he has left a good deal remaining. The most important element in the 3rd Clause is preserved, for DENISON'S Act is still to be made compulsory; but the administration of educational relief is to be left in the hands of the School Boards. As regards the latter point, the Government were met by the difficulty that, whereas the Guardians have shown a singular unanimity in opposing the proposed transfer of the duty, the School Boards have shown an equal indifference to the prospect of being relieved of it. They must know that they have no machinery adequate to the proper investigation of the cases which come before them, and consequently that there is a very great chance that the money of the ratepayers will be wasted. They must know that, if the power to pay school fees is not to be unused in their hands, it must occa-

sionally be exercised in a way which will offend a part of their constituents. Yet in spite of this they have seen the Bill violently attacked without saying a word in its behalf. If any considerable number of School Boards had sent up petitions in favour of the Bill, Mr. FORSTER would probably have been able to resist the pressure of the Guardians. He could have insisted that, on such a question as this, a School Board which declares its own unfitness for the work thrown upon it is a more trustworthy witness than a Board of Guardians which does not pretend to plead that it cannot do the work, but simply that it does not wish to do it. The want of any support from the School Boards would have forced Mr. FORSTER to rest his case upon the intrinsic merits of the proposal. He would have had to show that School Boards and Boards of Guardians are alike ignorant of the interests of the community; that the power to which the former cling is only a means of pauperizing parents under cover of educating their children; that the dislike of the latter to have the power made over to them is the dislike of men who consult their own popularity in preference to their constituents' pockets. But when the persons who are asked to surrender a certain power betray a decided desire to retain it, and the persons to whom it is proposed to hand it over declare their extreme reluctance to being invested with it, the position of a Minister becomes one of considerable difficulty. The House of Commons seldom likes to go against the opinions of experts on their own subject, and the opinions of two classes of experts were against this part of the Bill.

Further, as Mr. FAWCETT pointed out, some of the sympathy and support which might have been enlisted on behalf of the proposed transfer had been lost by the imperfect and contradictory manner in which it was to be effected. The distinction attempted to be set up between educational relief and parochial relief has no foundation either in logic or in common sense. The law ordains that every man shall supply his children with the necessities of life; and, in order to meet the plea of inability, it ordains that under certain circumstances the means of supplying these necessities shall be provided at the cost of the community. The effect of making attendance at school compulsory is to include elementary education in the list of necessities which a man must supply to his children, and which under certain circumstances the community will enable him to supply to them. There is nothing in this extension of the term "necessaries" to justify any distinction between the action of the community in the two cases. If help given to a man to enable him to supply his children with the food which the law compels him to give them is parochial relief, why is not help given to a man to enable him to supply his children with the instruction which the law compels him to give them equally parochial relief? Mr. FORSTER did not directly answer this question on Thursday, but he set up an appeal *ad misericordiam* against a more stringent application of the analogy. "Take the case," he said, "of a poor widow who had by a hard and bitter struggle kept herself from receiving outdoor relief. Because they imposed on her the duty of having her child educated and helped her to do it, to say that she had become a pauper notwithstanding all her sacrifices—and once a pauper always a pauper—would be very hard indeed." No doubt it would be hard, but unfortunately in dealing with these matters we have to choose between inflicting occasional hardship and making the condition of the pauper dangerously attractive. Mr. GLADSTONE said the other day of the Civil Service that it was difficult to pay the best men in it as they deserve, because a crowd of average men would rush in to share in their advantages; and what is true of Government servants is still more true of paupers. No really effective test can be devised to mark off the widow who by a hard and bitter struggle has contrived to do without parish relief from the widow who has always regarded outdoor relief as a means of support secured to her by Providence. It may be suspected that Mr. FORSTER himself would hardly push his illustration to its legitimate results; but if he does not, it rests with him to show why it is not equally hard to impose on his poor widow the duty of feeding and clothing her child, and to refuse her any help in discharging this duty, except on condition of becoming a pauper. As a matter of fact, it is not likely that the case of educational destitution contemplated by Mr. FORSTER would often occur. To aid those who are genuinely struggling to keep themselves above pauperism is one of the most legitimate functions of private charity; and a widow of this type would

probably not find school managers inexorable in the matter of fees. It is to be regretted, however, that this part of the 3rd Clause has been withdrawn, because, though it declared that educational relief was not to be confounded with parochial relief, it inevitably would have been confounded with it. The payments would have been made by the same official, and by an official identified in the minds of the poor with the whole system of poor relief. The widow instanced by Mr. FORSTER would have felt as much repugnance to going to the relieving officer to get money to buy her child schooling as to going to the relieving officer to get money to buy her child food. Thus the clause, so far as it was operative at all, would have operated in the direction in which Mr. FAWCETT wishes that the Government had gone.

The only speech of much importance which was made against the Bill on Thursday was that of Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH. He objected to what remains of the 3rd Clause, on the ground that to make DENISON'S Act compulsory would be to introduce the principle of compulsory education into parts of the country where it is at present unknown, to alter the basis of our Poor Law system, to impose on the Guardians a duty which it would in many cases be out of their power to perform, and to cast on the ratepayers a burden of unknown and indefinite magnitude. To those who regret that Mr. FORSTER'S Bill did not extend to England the educational legislation already adopted for Scotland, the first of these objections is really an argument in favour of the Bill. That it will introduce the principle of compulsory education into parts of the country where it is at present unknown is its best title to support. The alleged change in the basis of our Poor Law system is only the imposition of a new test to prevent the plea of destitution from being abused. Just as wise Guardians refuse to give a pauper relief unless he is willing to come into the workhouse, and to surrender the precarious wages which he might perhaps earn out of doors, so the law will now refuse to give him relief unless he gives up the money which his child might earn for him, but which would be earned at the risk of the child itself being brought up to pauperism. As to the alleged impossibility of making the grant of relief dependent on the children being sent to school in cases of sudden and urgent necessity, such as the sickness or infirmity of the applicant, or the burial of a pauper, it is certainly true that the enforcement of the condition may have to be suspended until after the funeral, or until the person requiring medical relief is out of immediate danger of death. But as soon as the case settles down into one of the ordinary phases of outdoor relief, there will be no difficulty in applying the law beyond the difficulty common to all Poor Law reforms—that though they save money in the long run, they are occasionally costly for the moment. But a change which educates two hundred thousand pauper children, most of whom would otherwise grow up without education, will not only help to dry up the fountain of pauperism for the future, it will also tend to divert some of the existing pauperism into better modes of subsistence. If all children under thirteen were at school, there would be a large increase in the demand for adult labour, and by this means slackness of work, which is one cause of pauperism, would be lessened. To make DENISON'S Act compulsory is to do something in this direction. Again, there are paupers who contrive to live on a joint fund composed in part of the children's earnings and in part of outdoor relief. To make DENISON'S Act compulsory is to cut off the former element, and so to force men who are doing nothing for themselves either to supplement their children's labour by their own or to submit to coming into the workhouse. On the whole, therefore, the Bill, even in its present reduced form, is a real educational advance. If it does not carry us as far forward as either we or its author wish, it may at all events form the starting point for that larger measure which will come with better times.

PARIS.

PARIS has been having a holiday and has enjoyed it; but it has enjoyed it as people enjoy a holiday whose life is full of care and anxiety, and who seek in a moment of distraction a rest from pressing troubles. No doubt the state of things at Paris is better than it was some little time ago. The traces of the German and the Civil War have in a great measure disappeared. The houses which bore marks of contest have been patched and refaced, and on the roads

where the fighting was most furious and the destruction greatest new lines of houses have sprung up. A traveller may, for instance, pass from Paris to St. Germain through a continuous series of decent houses and tidy villas, most of which are occupied and well cared for; and the easy circumstances thus indicated, and the energy with which the ravages of war have been repaired on a road where there was so much deadly fighting, show that Paris still preserves much of its old wealth and high spirit. Nevertheless it is quite true that Paris is suffering. Its commerce is languishing. Work is hard to get and very precarious, and the poor of Paris suffer more from the doubt whether their means of living may not soon fail them than from actual privation. What rise of prices there has been tells more against the poor than against the rich. A stranger finds Paris, if anything, less dear now than it was under the Empire. In spite of the new burdens of national and municipal taxation, the keepers of hotels and cafés have not raised their prices, and have even perhaps diminished them. They are so anxious to attract strangers, and are so afraid of the competition of each other, that they are content with less profits than they used to look for, and so prices are kept down. The wealthier residents find the cost of some articles of food increased, but houses are cheaper, and it is only a few tradespeople, such as fashionable milliners, who can venture to put on extra charges to cover the losses. But for the mass of Parisians rents are about the same as before the war, the competition being great enough to prevent a fall, but not great enough to permit proprietors to recoup themselves for the new taxation they have to bear. How long even this amount of competition may continue is doubtful. In every street there are notices of houses to let and apartments to let to an extent quite unknown under the Empire. But while their rents remain for the present much the same, the poor find the cost of many necessities of life increased. Meat and coffee are decidedly dearer; and the condition of Paris is to be judged, not by the very poor, but by those to whom meat is an occasional, and coffee an habitual, necessity. There is no great amount of actual distress perhaps among this class, but there is the most wearing anxiety lest actual distress may be coming on them. And there is an increase not only of pecuniary difficulty, but of demoralization in Paris. The war did enormous harm to Paris by engendering habits of idleness, drunkenness, and insubordination. Families complain that they cannot find the same sort of servants they used to have before the siege. The general character of the Parisians is that of a very industrious people, but they have been to some extent spoiled by the war; and they are being still more changed by the long, sickening period of depression through which they have passed and are still passing.

What keeps Paris up for the moment is the sanguine belief that all this is only a provisional state of things, the end of which must arrive at a definite period. September is the time Paris fondly assigns to its present state of wretched uncertainty. Things may go on as they are till the Germans have quitted the country, but then Paris must have its chance again of being a bright, flourishing capital, with assured prosperity. Paris, in company with forty-three departments, is in a state of siege, and a state of siege cannot last for ever. To the eye of a stranger the effects of the state of siege are not apparent. Paris is as safe as it ever was, as well lighted, guarded, cleaned, and managed. But to Parisians the fact that the city is in a state of siege is ever present. Arrests are continually going on, and although the persons arrested were in most cases really mixed up with the Commune, and although the ordinary Parisian detests the Communists, and thinks it a very good thing that they should be kept down by any amount of arrests that may be necessary, yet these perpetual arrests keep up the general sense of excitement and alarm. Paris, too, is shut out of the politics of France. The Assembly of Versailles is a body which, hating and humiliating Paris, receives from it in return neither respect nor esteem. There is much gratitude to M. THIERS, and a feeling that he really did great things, and has been unfairly set aside. Still, as he was to be set aside, Marshal MACMAHON is a very creditable President, and does well enough to fill the post during the short time which has to elapse before the happy change comes which must accompany the liberation of the territory. That this change is to be brought about by a new insurrection or by a revolution in which Paris is to take a leading part does not probably enter the thought of the ordinary Parisian. What he bases

his expectations on is that, as Paris is suffering from the want of a definitive form of government, and as the obstacle to the establishment of a definitive form of government offered by the German occupation will soon be removed, the longing of the capital for a state of things in which it may once more breathe freely and make money, and feel some confidence in the future, is somehow sure to exercise an irresistible pressure on public affairs. Paris may be in some measure deceived in this. The present Government will evidently do its very utmost to prolong the present provisional régime, under cover of which it is exercising one of the most singular dictatorships known to history. Paris may have to bear its burden of uncertainty, and to sink into depths of pecuniary difficulty long beyond September. But still it is impossible to believe that Paris is altogether wrong, and that the daily sufferings, mental perhaps rather than bodily, of hundreds of thousands of persons in a city like Paris can remain for many months unheeded.

If it is asked what is the future to which Paris looks forward, the answer is not very easy to give. But it is not a very hazardous assertion to say that what the ordinary Parisian would really like is the restoration of the Empire. The clerical and legitimist party is strong in Paris, as everywhere else; but it is a clique with the ideas and the ways of a clique, and it has grown wonderfully silly with the amount of success it has gained, and under the influence of a time of great excitement. It lives more than ever in an atmosphere of miracles, visions, and pilgrimages. Its bitterness is the bitterness of people who honestly believe that every one who is their enemy is the enemy of God. The Republicans form much the most active, intelligent, and serious of the parties of Paris, and they are perfecting a machinery for carrying elections, not only in Paris, but throughout the large towns, which must have considerable results, unless it is suppressed by force before it has had time to produce its inevitable results. The majority of Parisian voters are Republicans, and a Republic would have perfectly satisfied Paris if it had been such a Republic as M. THIERS contemplated— a definitive Republic, with the Legislature at Paris, with a large allowance of Presidential pomp, and a willing army to support it. But now the Parisians ask themselves whether a Republic can give them what they want, which is the revival of trade, an influx of strangers, the return of rich families, and plenty of work. The Empire gave them all this, and perhaps the Empire would give it them again. It is the incidents of their daily life, and not any political leaning to Imperialism, that make them fancy that, with the Tuileries rebuilt and NAPOLEON IV. lodged in it, Paris might be itself again. What checks this tendency more than anything else is, perhaps, the character of the Imperialist party. Nothing can surpass the insolence, the frivolity, and the recklessness of the Bonapartist press. But the family of the late EMPEROR is not unpopular, and Parisians have taken it into their heads, or, at least, in talking to Englishmen affect to believe, that the restoration of the Empire would be very welcome to England, and that Englishmen would swarm round the new throne, and set a fashion which the rest of the world would imitate, and thus make Paris delightfully rich in a moment. When M. THIERS saw his fall imminent, he warned the Duke of BROULLE that in securing a momentary triumph he was really paving the way for the Empire he detested. Perhaps the detestation of the Duke for the Empire may have diminished by this time, as there is not a single vice of the Imperial Government which he has not found time to copy; but, at any rate, if he still dreads the Empire, he has, so far as Paris goes, every reason to believe in the prophecy of M. THIERS. It is not for a moment to be supposed that the destiny of France is to be determined by the passing wishes of any number of suffering Parisians. To estimate the real chances of the Empire we should have to look, not to the state of Paris only, but to the state of the whole of France. But what Paris thinks is worth studying, for Paris has always its own importance, and its opinions give more or less of a clue to the state of opinion in France generally. And of Paris we think it may be said that, if those who are now perplexed and downcast with uncertainty could but be assured that the provisional state of things which makes them so miserable was going before long to end in the restoration of the Empire, they would for the most part be extremely well satisfied. Under a restored Empire they would naturally rush once more into opposition, but their empty pockets and heavy hearts inspire the thought how delightful it would be to have an Empire to oppose.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

THE treaty of last year between England and the Netherlands has produced for both parties unpalatable first-fruits. In exchange for their settlements on the Gold Coast, the Dutch obtained a release from covenants by which they were restrained from extending their possessions in the Eastern Archipelago. It was probably in consequence of the provisions of the treaty that they have since prosecuted a quarrel with the Sultan of ATCHIN in Sumatra, which has resulted in a temporary check. In a more favourable season, after providing the necessary reinforcements, the Dutch will undoubtedly repair the discomfiture and reassert the superiority of their arms. In Sumatra, as in Central Asia, civilized Powers have become irresistible in their conflicts with barbarians; nor are the consequences of the unequal struggle generally subjects for regret. Captain SHERARD OSBORN indeed regards with alarm the prospect of a future war in which the English trade with China will be harassed by cruisers issuing from the ports of Atchin; nor is he reassured by the suggestion that Holland is scarcely likely to be engaged in war with England. For Holland, he says, Germany must be substituted in speculating on future events; and it is impossible to say that the greatest Power on the Continent may not prosecute ambitious designs to the detriment of England in distant seas. Happily some of the steps in the progress of Germany to maintain supremacy in the East still remain to be accomplished. Holland has first to annex Atchin, and afterwards to be annexed by Germany, before some undiscoverable cause of quarrel can bring the China trade within reach of a hostile German fleet, which has yet to be built. Even if the danger were more imminent, the occupation of Atchin by the Dutch cannot be resisted without a deliberate violation of the Treaty of 1872. It may be doubted whether, even if the West African settlements had not been ceded, the English Government would have been disposed to insist on any technical objection which might have been raised to the extension of the Dutch territories in the Eastern seas. It has become necessary to acquiesce in the possession by foreign States of many positions which might in case of war be used for hostile purposes.

The transfer of the Dutch settlements on the Gold Coast has also been followed by a war; and there is reason to fear that the town of Elmina, lately under Dutch protection, has been burnt by the English forces. The Fantees, a cluster of tribes who have long acknowledged some kind of allegiance to the English Government, have been attacked in superior force by their savage Ashantee neighbours. The defeated Fantees have taken refuge in the English settlements; and it would seem that a part of the inhabitants of Elmina sympathized with the invaders. Some English troops, probably belonging to coloured regiments, have set fire to the town, and have established themselves in the Castle. The Administrator, who is luckily a military man, was at the date of the last accounts taking measures for the defence of the settlement; and it may be hoped that the Government will lose no time in providing him with sufficient reinforcements. A handful of marines landed from the vessels on the coast, inflicted a defeat on the invading army; but the Ashantees immediately rallied so far as to threaten an attack on Cape Coast Castle; and it was thought prudent to consult the health of the marines by sending all who could be spared on board their ships. The native allies of the English Government are probably quite as troublesome as the enemy, especially as they are crowding down to the coast in the most unhealthy season. Philanthropists and peacemongers will probably seize the occasion of the West African war to denounce the policy of extending or maintaining English dominion in uncivilized countries. If Mr. CORDEN were alive, he would prove in a lucid pamphlet that the Ashantees were the most injured of mankind, and that English misgovernment was the sole cause of the unfortunate misunderstanding between two amiable negro tribes. It is highly probable that blunders may have been committed; but Imperial nations, or nations which have been Imperial, must be prepared from time to time for collisions between their dependents and their neighbours. In spite of the unambitious doctrines of the Colonial Office, it will be found indispensable to beat off the victorious Ashantees, and to convince the protected chiefs that their safety depends on the maintenance of English power. In the meantime Mr. RICHARD and his majority in the House of Commons

may profitably inquire whether the King of ASHANTEE could not be induced to refer the quarrel to arbitration. He has probably complaints to urge with reference to runaway slaves which would be admirably suited for reference to a benevolent International Tribunal.

The Colonial Office has taken the opportunity of the war to publish a correspondence which throws no light on its causes or its probabilities, though it illustrates the oddities which are necessarily produced by the contact between civilization and barbarism. It cannot be said that the scanty contributions made to the discussion by the Home Government indicate the smallest comprehension of the whimsical difficulties which perplex the local authorities. Colonial Secretaries seem always to hold that embarrassing problems are best solved by the application of cant and commonplace. Two years ago it occurred to a few half-educated young natives to construct, probably with the aid of some white adventurer, a new Constitution for a proposed Fantee Confederacy; nor can it be denied that the project displayed a certain kind of ingenuity. The kings and chiefs were to form a Confederacy under the nominal sovereignty of a King, who was also President, to be practically governed by a Ministry of men of education, or, in other words, by the authors of the Constitution. The attention of the African SOLONS to material works was shown by an article in the Constitution providing for the construction of a certain road "fifteen feet wide, with good deep gutters on each side"; and, probably on the suggestion of a Wesleyan missionary, compulsory education was to be established wherever there were Wesleyan schools. By far the most important article provided for the levying of taxes; and indeed it was afterwards suggested by an irreverent English functionary that the sole object of the entire scheme was to impose a tax on the transit of goods from the interior to the coast. The imposing document was signed with the marks of thirty or forty kings or chiefs, most of whom afterwards either disavowed their signatures, or professed their ignorance of the nature of the constitutional instrument. The acting Administrator of Cape Coast was one of the old-fashioned public servants who combine with an unhesitating determination to maintain English authority an instinctive contempt for negro legislators and for their sham Constitutions. When a deputation brought the Constitution under his notice, he summarily locked them up on a charge of high treason, and required the only respectable member of the proposed Ministry to repudiate his complicity with the transaction. The delinquents were soon after released on bail, nor had they been at any time exposed to serious danger; but some of them wrote indignant letters to a journal called the *African Times*, under various imaginary signatures. Lord KIMBERLEY intimated that the acting Administrator had displayed an excess of zeal, and Mr. POPE HENNESSEY, as his superior officer, expressed an opinion that the Confederation on the whole deserved encouragement. There is much reason to trust the judgment of an experienced public officer who declared that the kings and chiefs would retire from the combination if they found that it diminished their authority. One proposal which the Colonial Office at once rejected as imposing a charge on the Imperial revenue had a practical look. It was recommended that the kings and chiefs should become Government officers at modest salaries of 50*l.* a year for the kings and 25*l.* a year for the chiefs. The plan seems to have deserved consideration; but Ministers in the present day never propose to the House of Commons any expenditure for so irrelevant a purpose as the maintenance of English influence among barbarous tribes. The constitutional experiment has now been rudely interrupted by the Ashantee invasion, and the English Government will be compelled to assert its supremacy by proving its protective power. The Fantees are probably susceptible of some kind of military discipline, which may enable them under English officers to resist their hereditary enemies. The students who have learned to read and write imperfectly, and to mimic European phrases, will be relegated to their natural insignificance till the danger has passed over. Africa is not yet in a condition to be ruled by talk.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE position of the Ministry does not improve as the Session approaches its close. It is probable that they will carry the Judicature Bill and the revised Education Act Amendment Bill; and if the Conservative peers are as eager to get away from town as the Liberal members of the

House of Commons seem to be, they may also carry the Rating Liability Bill. But the Parliamentary reputation of a Government is often decided by the treatment accorded to motions they oppose. It is the little foxes of the Session that do most to spoil the Ministerial grapes—the divisions in which Ministers find themselves day after day, as during the past week, with miserable majorities varying from fourteen to four, or see the House of Commons pledging itself to some absurdity without having the power to prevent it. Independent members are having a good time just now. They may not always succeed in bringing on their motions, but if they can bring them on, there is no saying how the voting will go. The Opposition may be away dining, the Liberal members may have their own reasons for not opposing a crocheted which is supported by some of their most influential constituents, and with a Government deserted in this way by friends and foes, nothing is too wild to gain the honours of an unexpected victory, or at the least of a narrow defeat. A custom of leaving the Government to take care of itself is very easily established, and there are so many ways of spending a July evening more pleasantly than hanging about the House of Commons, ready to rush in at the sound of the division bell, that it is no wonder that, when it is established, it should be honoured with a very constant observance. Lord HARTINGTON lays the main blame of this state of things on the Opposition. Formerly, he said in his speech at Nottingham, the Opposition has been content to have two or three field-days on great political questions in the course of the Session, but it has not sought to embarrass the Government on every night of the week. It is very natural that a member of a Government which is never allowed to sleep at its post should think this harassing warfare unfair as well as inconvenient. Cooler observers will say that it is for an Opposition to decide what modes of attack will best suit its purpose, and that it will only be made more content with its selection by the discovery that the Government dislikes it. A field-day on some great political question is just what an Opposition wants when its object is to turn out a Ministry, or to ascertain how near it can come to turning it out. But there are often periods when it has no desire and no power to turn a Ministry out; while, at the same time, it is not at all disposed to let the shining hours go by unimproved. If the Conservative leaders chose to speak frankly, their answer to Lord HARTINGTON would probably be something to this effect:—We don't want to beat you upon any question important enough to give you an excuse for resigning or dissolving. The languid and discredited life you are leading is exactly the life we wish you to lead. Every small reverse or narrow victory lowers your character in the country and improves our chances in the elections. It is possible, of course, that you may retrieve your character in some degree if the day of dissolution is postponed; but the chances are against it, and on the whole, it is our best policy to wait. To weaken an enemy by a series of small surprises is as legitimate a part of strategy as to worst him in a pitched battle.

No doubt from a Liberal point of view all this is very unsatisfactory. It is exceedingly unlikely that any further legislation of much value will be got out of the present House of Commons, and there is no immediate prospect of its being replaced by a new one. Some advisers of the Government make this state of things a ground for recommending a dissolution in the autumn. They say with great truth that Governments rarely grow stronger when Parliament is not sitting, and that the coming recess will be employed by the Opposition in the manufacture of all kinds of charges, which the Government will have no opportunity of answering without a sacrifice of dignity. The charge that Ministers are afraid to face the country, that their own members are not in all cases sure of their seats, and that even if they themselves get safe back to Westminster they know that their majority will be left shipwrecked in more constituencies than they dare to calculate, is far too telling not to be well worked between this and February. There is no use, it is said, in putting off an evil day when it will only become more evil by postponement. The boast that the feeling of the country has so changed that a general election will give the Conservatives a majority has been so often made that to delay putting it to the test looks like, or will certainly be said to look like, an admission that it is probably true. Whether it is true or false, it is time that the experiment should be made. If the Conservatives have a majority in the country they cannot too soon have a majority in the House of Commons, and be saddled with

all the difficulties and responsibilities which the possession of a majority carries with it. If they have not a majority in the country, the baselessness of the claim they have set up cannot be too soon demonstrated. Under these circumstances, for a Liberal Ministry to put off a dissolution is to show that it fears its fate too much, or is conscious that its deserts are small.

There is great force in this reasoning, and if the Government were really putting off a dissolution, it would be altogether conclusive. The assertion that the Conservatives will have a majority in the next Parliament may or may not be a gross exaggeration, but it has been so constantly made and so generally accepted that, until the elections are over and the gross results counted up, it is of little use to contradict it. If there is one thing more than another which is calculated to make it turn out true, it is any indication on the part of the Ministry that they are afraid of finding it true. The Conservatives are perfectly aware of this, and the favourite subject of their newspapers just now is the miserable position of a Government which longs for a dissolution, but dare not provoke it for fear of that which comes after dissolution. But those friends of the Government who advise a general election in the autumn seem to leave one thing out of sight. There must be some cause assigned for a dissolution, and the consideration which a Minister owes to his followers demands that this cause should be a sufficient one. A general election means a great deal of loss and inconvenience to many Liberal members, and unless the Government has been deserted upon some matter important enough to be fairly made a Cabinet question, the victims would have a right to ask their leader why they were sent about their business at least a year earlier than need be. Since you took office again, they might say, we have supported you whenever our support was really needed; we have helped you to carry the Judicature Bill, we have helped you to carry the Rating Liability Bill, and if we have not helped you to carry other Bills, it was because you deprived us of the opportunity of doing so by declining to proceed with them. Granting that some of us were careless about attending what seemed like unimportant divisions, you will not pretend that you have dissolved because you were beaten on the claims of the Irish Civil Servants, or on Mr. RICHARD's dream about international arbitration. At any rate, if you meant to give an artificial importance to these triumphey notions, you ought to have told us so beforehand. We acknowledge that we have not always been as assiduous in our attendance as we might have been, but to dissolve on such a trifling ground as this would be like expelling a boy from school because he has once or twice been caught out of bounds. The Liberals who counsel an immediate dissolution are bound to give some answer to this appeal, and as regards a dissolution in the autumn, it seems to admit of none. An appeal to the country implies a previous defeat upon some question by which the Government is prepared to stand or fall. If the Irish huly had accepted the University Bill, that would have been a question of sufficient dignity to go to the country on, but its rejection by the people whom it was designed to benefit made it impossible for the Government to persevere with it any longer. Since that time no similar issue has been raised, and a Government strangely and unexpectedly defeated on the principal measure of the Session can hardly be at once prepared with a second equally provocative in its character. But the argument against a dissolution which is good now will not be good after the recess. It is the duty of the Ministry to ascertain whether they are strong by acting as though they were strong. They may be tempted, in constructing their programme for next Session, to think only of what is likely to pass easily. If they yield to this temptation, they will fairly lay themselves open to the charge of wishing to put off a dissolution to the latest possible moment. The proper course for them to pursue will be to bring forward precisely the measures which they would have brought forward if they had never known defeat, and to pass them on with all the energy of former years. If the House of Commons is still ready to support their policy, it will be clear that the disorganization of the Liberal party was only a passing ailment. If the House of Commons is not ready to support their policy, they will have the ground for dissolution which is now wanting. Either way, the early weeks of next Session will end the demoralizing uncertainty in which the Government is now placed.

THE PERSIAN CONCESSION.

THE SHAH came here, or was supposed to come, for business as well as pleasure, and now that the hour of pleasure is over, and has been so successful, it is natural to inquire how the business part of his visit has been getting on. He has, so to speak, conceded himself to Baron REUTER, and the question is whether his visit has improved the chances of his concession becoming a useful, profitable, and practicable arrangement. Accordingly, Lord CAERNARVON asked Lord GRANVILLE on Monday night what had been the line adopted by the Government with regard to the Persian concession, and intimated that, if the policy of the Foreign Office was as spirited as it ought to be, the chance of doing something bold and striking as against Russia would not have been lost. Lord GRANVILLE replied that he had done all he could properly do, and that he had done no more. He had allowed the SHAH and Baron REUTER and every one concerned to know that the British Government would rejoice at learning that Persia possessed railroads, canals, a flourishing revenue, and a thriving population; but the commercial speculation of Baron REUTER was one which must stand or fall on its own merits. What more could Lord GRANVILLE have done without exciting false hopes and placing England in a false position? Lord CAERNARVON urged that, if England did not take up the Persian concession, Russia would, and that Russia would really work the concession with money found in London. This could only happen if the Russian Government borrowed the money; for, idiotic as English investors often are, they would scarcely be likely to entrust their capital to private Russian Companies, looking for dividends solely to profits made in Persia. The true way for England to prevent the Russian Government working the concession is obviously to find or guarantee the cash required for the vast enterprises of Baron REUTER. We might no doubt have treated Baron REUTER as a broker, and bought Persia of him. But whatever the Russian Government may do, we certainly shall do nothing of the sort. Lord CAERNARVON did not suggest it, and no English statesman would dream of England spending a farthing, or guaranteeing a farthing, of money in aid of enterprise in Persia. But between doing everything and doing nothing there might be, it was imagined by Lord CAERNARVON, some way found. England might countenance and give its moral support to the Persian concession. Lord GRANVILLE very properly said that a Government could not remain for ever in the region of vague language. It must do something positive, or engage that in certain events something positive should be done, otherwise it would be subjecting itself to uncertain and hazardous liabilities. Now Baron REUTER had asked for something positive. He wanted a support which would have been a most effective support. What he asked the Government to give him was not cash or a guarantee, but an engagement that they would see that the SHAH and his successors carried out the undertakings of the Persian Monarchy under the concession. This would have been a charming arrangement for Baron REUTER. If he did not get in his revenues regularly; if he did not get hold of his forests and his mines on as grand a scale as he desired; if his railways were interrupted; if the Persian guaranteed interest was in arrear, England was to interfere, and make the wrong her own. The SHAH would be reminded of the ironclads he had admired so much at Portsmouth, and the recollection would be enough probably to persuade him that Baron REUTER's felling and digging must be allowed to go on comfortably and without any hindrance.

Lord GRANVILLE justly ridiculed the notion of England coming under any such engagement, and he pointed out that, among other objections, there was the insuperable one that, in fairness to the SHAH, if we insist on his fulfilling his part of the undertaking, we ought to insist that the concessionaire fulfilled his, and promise that every work should be honestly and properly executed. There is no need of arguing against the proposal that England should accept such a responsibility, for no English statesman would think of asking Parliament to sanction its acceptance. Nor is it only England that is to be thought of. The special object to be attained by this strange interference in Persian affairs is said to be the defence of India, and England has always gone on the principle that India must bear the cost of its own defence; and it is on the natives of India that the cost of perpetually looking up Baron REUTER and the SHAH, and keeping each party to his bargain, would properly fall. India can just, and only just, pay its way as things are at present, and the whole finance system of India

would be paralysed if any such vague and enormous liability were incurred. Lord GRANVILLE had really no choice in the matter, and could say nothing more than that Baron REUTER'S concession was a purely commercial affair, which must be treated exactly as any similar affair would be treated, whatever might be the part of the globe where the scene of operations was to be. Nor was it possible for Lord GRANVILLE to fail to observe that this particular commercial affair is of a peculiar kind, and its peculiarities are such as to inspire the Foreign Office with an extra amount of caution. In the first place, Baron REUTER appeals to English capitalists for an enormous sum. Capitalists must judge for themselves, and if they like to put money in Persian railways they are free to do so. But the Foreign Office, without persuading or dissuading any one, may naturally find in what it knows of Persia considerable reason for taking care that, if capitalists make a loss, at any rate they shall not be able to say that the Government misled them by seeming to speak of the enterprise as a hopeful one. Lord STANLEY of Alderley, who followed Lord CAMERON, said that, in his opinion, it would be wrong to neglect this opportunity of promoting railways in Persia; for though railways would pay better in China, because it was more populous, Persia had just been devastated by famine. This certainly puts the enterprise in an interesting light. Persia is to have railways, not because it has a population to support them, but because it has not. The contribution of capital becomes an act of meritorious charity, and we had better have a Persian Concession Sunday at once. In the next place, the Foreign Office has Persia itself to think of, and Lord GRANVILLE had forced on his notice the extraordinary position which the reigning Persian Monarch would occupy if this concession were carried out. As Lord CAMERON himself said, the whole thing was more like a passage in the *Arabian Nights* than anything in real life. But the Foreign Office has to look at real life, and if the SHAH chooses to believe as if he were a Prince in a fairy tale, sensible men may apprehend that he will place himself or some of his successors in a position of extreme embarrassment, from which the only mode of escape will be to have recourse to some act abrogating the concession as wild and despotic as that by which it has been constituted.

If the SHAH has been deceived by the reception he met with in England, and thinks that we were in point of fact humbugging him with our reviews and banquets if we did not mean to take up his concession, we are sorry for the mistake. The English people, we believe, had no thought whatever except that of entertaining themselves, and following a fashion almost accidentally set. But if he was much under the influence of persons whose minds move in the cloudy region of moral support, he may have been led to form expectations which cannot be realized, and may feel some mortification at finding that England is not going to do anything definite to help him. Lord GRANVILLE says that, to the best of his belief, nothing of the sort has happened, and that the SHAH is perfectly satisfied with his English visit. We will hope that this is so; but at any rate it fortunately happens that two events have lately taken place which may calm his mind as to the peculiar significance of his reception here. The first of these is his reception at Paris. The French avowedly have no interest whatever in Persia, and yet he has been at Paris admiring crowds. He has witnessed the magnificence of the capital displayed to receive him, he has been stared at, he has had banquets and fêtes without end held in his honour, and he has enjoyed the unparalleled luck of hitting on a day for his visit to the French Assembly when there was what the papers call a calm sitting. Surely this is enough to convince him that Western cities, without any secret political or commercial purposes, are capable of working themselves into a state of effervescence merely for the sake of having a bit of fun, and that the arrival of an Oriental in diamonds is enough to start amusement among people determined to be amused. In the next place, he will have learnt since he left England the announcement or rumour of the Duke of EDINBURGH'S marriage with a Russian Princess. The alliance of our Royal Family with that of Russia may not have much political significance, but it has as much as the reception of the SHAH here can have. His visit to England will not be without results. A kindly feeling towards him and an interest in Persia have sprung up here, and he will have learnt something of the power and resources of the mistress of India. If a very grave crisis arose, and he had to choose between Russia and

England, he would be guided, not by a comparative estimate of the grandeur and cordiality of his reception at St. Petersburg and at London, but by considerations as to which nation could most befriend or hurt him. If no such crisis arrives, he will naturally have more favourable sentiments towards England than if he had not been here; and, if he had any great wrong to endure at the hands of Russia, we should be more inclined to resent it than if we had never seen him. In the same way the connexion of the Royal Families will naturally lead to an exchange of friendly acts and courtesies between Russia and England, and will make both countries less likely to magnify small dangers or small affronts. In a grave crisis, if we thought India in danger, or if the old Turkish question threatened to assume a form hostile to our real and permanent interests, we should equally go to war with Russia whether the Duke of EDINBURGH was married to a Russian Princess or not. Still the marriage would do something to prevent such a war; and so perhaps hereafter will the visit of the CÉSAREWITZ, when Englishmen have had time to forget the SHAH a little and to call to mind the kind feeling towards this country which the heir of Russia has taken every opportunity to express, and the calmness with which he has seen himself eclipsed by the Sovereign of a tiny Asiatic kingdom, and the advent of this Sovereign used as an occasion of manifesting an extreme dread and distrust of Russian policy in the East.

THE FRENCH COMMERCIAL TREATY.

THE English Government will shortly be asked to renew for a limited time the French Commercial Treaty of 1860; and there will probably be little hesitation in acceding to the request, with or without conditions. The Government of Marshal MACMAHON is happily relieved from the necessity of humouring the strange economic prejudices of M. THIERS. The country and the majority of the Assembly had already been inclined to a more liberal policy; and almost all parties will welcome the opportunity of escaping from a complication of recent embarrassments. When the English Government, after long hesitation, agreed to form a new Commercial Treaty, M. THIERS applied to the Powers which have unexpired treaties with France to concur in anticipating the term for which they still remain in force. The request was in every case met by a courteous refusal, so that it became impossible for the French Government to impose the taxes which had furnished a motive for commencing the return to a protective system. The tax on raw materials produced an utterly insignificant contribution to the revenue, and the only result of a laborious negotiation was to place a wanton impediment in the way of commercial intercourse with England. It may now be considered fortunate that Lord GRANVILLE and his colleagues carried conciliation almost to an extreme. It was understood that there had been some difference of opinion in the English Cabinet, and it was only after a delay which indicated a wholesome indifference to the Commercial Treaty that the question of modification was finally entertained. A stern refusal of concession, though it might have been consistent with the orthodox economic doctrine, would have furnished M. THIERS with an excuse for the failure of his policy, and it would certainly have caused irritation in France. The effect of the agreement to form a new treaty was to make the French Government exclusively responsible for all the difficulties which have since occurred. M. CHEVALIER and other ardent advocates of Free-trade complained that the English Government was losing the opportunity of giving the French a useful lesson in economic science, but the instruction which is derived from practical experience is generally the most impressive and the most lasting. No national jealousy has disturbed the gradual conversion to sound doctrines of the large part of the French community which has hitherto wavered between the opposite systems.

It is now generally admitted that commercial treaties are only defensible as provisional arrangements while one or both of the parties are passing through an experimental process of education. The Treaty of 1860 was a contrivance by which NAPOLEON III. supplied one of the few defects in the Imperial prerogative. At that time, notwithstanding the general docility of the Legislative Body, even the power of the Government would have been insufficient to pass a liberal tariff; and the EMPEROR could therefore only accomplish his enlightened purpose by

embodying his innovations in a treaty. A fictitious contract was accordingly made, by which England, in return for a reduction of French Customs duties, affected to make corresponding sacrifices, which were, in fact, additional benefits to herself. The consumer was, according to the old fashion, treated as a public enemy, or, at the best, as a mere dependent on the producer. It was agreed that cloth should become cheaper in England, as a set-off against the increased cheapness of cotton yarns in France. Mr. CORDEN was perhaps liable to the charge of not having driven, for the advantage of both countries, a sufficiently hard bargain; but he felt unbounded confidence in the proselytizing qualities of Free-trade as soon as it was tested in practice. His judgment, although it was too sanguine, has been to a certain extent justified by the result. Before the fall of the Empire, indeed, the Opposition, under the guidance of M. THIERS, had obtained from the Government a kind of promise that the Treaty should be denounced and remodelled at the expiration of the appointed time. On the accession of M. THIERS to power, the Protectionist party seemed to have become dominant; but after all the French nation is now contented with the partial liberality of the Treaty of 1860. The duties on almost all English products are unreasonably high, but there is no longer, even on the part of M. THIERS, any demand for prohibition. It may be assumed that the supporters of the treaty confine their attention to the French tariff, for it is well understood in France, as well as in England, that there is no question of increasing Customs duties in England. Traders are probably beginning to understand that the encouragement of imports tends to increase the demand for exported commodities.

The chief oversight committed by Mr. CORDEN has been corrected in the treaty lately concluded; and it will be proper in any impending negotiation to secure the continuance of a concession which was considered equitable by M. THIERS himself. The most-favoured-nation clause was only one of the articles of the Treaty of 1860, and consequently it lapsed with the instrument in which it was contained. But for the omission to insist on perpetual equality of treatment with other countries, it would have been impossible for the French Government to impose a distinctive duty on English vessels; and the benefit of the treaties with Continental States would have been secured to England. By the treaty now in force the right to profit by concessions made to other nations is made independent of the continuance of the special arrangement; and a partial exception which was allowed by the English negotiators to remain in the treaty is in itself a recognition of the principle of equality. It is probable that hereafter most-favoured-nation clauses will be inoperative or unnecessary. The barbarous practice of higgling for special immunities is becoming obsolete, and the equality which has been hitherto secured by covenants may become a part of the common law of nations. Commercial treaties also will disappear as soon as the simple truth that buying is correlative with selling has been universally accepted. In the meantime, the provisions of commercial treaties ought to be just and reasonable; and if the English Government is willing to accommodate a friendly neighbour by concluding an unnecessary bargain, the perpetuity of a right to the treatment accorded to the most favoured nation may well be a condition of the treaty. The delusion that English manufacturers or merchants attach great importance to the Treaty of 1860 has happily been dispelled. The French Government, though it abandons the attitude assumed by M. THIERS, is still asking rather than granting a favour; and comparative indifference to the success of a negotiation affords a legitimate advantage to a diplomatist. It may be presumed that, even in default of a treaty, the French Government would recommend to the Assembly the tariff of 1860.

The proposed renewal of the treaty fortunately applies only to a limited period. The latest of the Continental treaties with France will expire in 1876, and the French Government naturally desires that the whole question of commercial policy shall be considered at a time when legislation will be unfettered by obligation to foreign States. No objection will be raised on the part of England to a continuance for three years of restrictions which have been endured with patience since the first conclusion of the treaty; but it would be undesirable to perpetuate engagements which, in theory at least, hamper the independent action of Parliament. Although the best economists are opposed to the plan of levying an export duty on coal, much dissatisfaction might arise, in a time of scarcity and dearth,

if a popular measure were rejected on the ground that foreign States had a right to insist on receiving an untaxed supply. The antipathy of the Australian colonies to freedom of trade has been aggravated by the former claim of the Home Government to a veto upon mischievous legislation; and although the foresight of the Emperor NAPOLEON has, on the whole, been justified, the earlier attacks on the Commercial Treaty were regarded in France as laudable protests against absolute government. When the simple principles of exchange shall have been at some future period universally admitted, it will require some effort of thought to understand why commercial treaties should ever have been deemed necessary or useful. During the negotiations of the last two years the French Government were often reminded that no treaty was needed to facilitate the adoption of any tariff which might be thought most expedient; but M. THIERS, perhaps in the hope of providing himself with arguments in his negotiations with other States, always attached great importance to the object of obtaining the consent of England to increased burdens on trade. It is possible that in 1876 the French Government of the day may appreciate the advantage of reserving to itself absolute liberty, and that it may also be disposed rather to reduce than to increase the present tariff. In England the lapse of a few years will perhaps give additional weight to the reasons which have lately been urged against the whole system of commercial treaties. There is a certain absurdity in the assumption that the diminution of taxes paid in England is a concession in favour of France or of any other exporting country; but in this, as in other cases, fictions are sometimes found convenient.

THE CALLAN SCHOOLS.

MR. O'KEEFFE has gained what may by courtesy be called a victory, and the Irish Board of Education has been furnished with a new rule of action. Hitherto the Board has been accustomed to remove an ecclesiastical manager on receiving from his ecclesiastical superior a certificate of his suspension. Lord HARTINGTON's letter admits that the ordinary practice of the Commissioners "would have been broken by the continuance of Mr. O'KEEFFE as the recognized manager of the Callan School," but implies that the inconveniences arising from this practice in Mr. O'KEEFFE's case have been great enough to necessitate some change. Lord HARTINGTON attributes these inconveniences to the "unfortunate division of opinion among the Commissioners," and he thinks that this difference of opinion would have been avoided "if some definite course of proceeding had been prescribed by the rules." On neither point does Lord HARTINGTON quite get to the bottom of the matter. It is true that the division of opinion among the Commissioners supplied Mr. O'KEEFFE's friends in Parliament with an additional argument, but there is nothing to show that they would not equally have brought the question forward if the Commissioners had been unanimous. If the removal of Mr. O'KEEFFE from the managership of the Callan schools was an act of injustice, its character would not have been altered by the circumstance that it was an injustice committed by all the Commissioners. The wrong, if wrong it was, lay in the fact of his deprivation, not in the fact that it was inflicted by a Board divided against itself. Nor is it easy to see how the new rule suggested by the Government, and accepted by the Commissioners, would have served to prevent the division of opinion which Lord HARTINGTON laments. It invests the Commissioners with the power of withdrawing the recognition of a patron or local manager, "if it shall appear to them that the educational interests of the district require it. But such recognition will not be withdrawn without an investigation into the above matters, held after due notice to the patron or local manager, and to all parties concerned." If this rule had been in operation at the time of Mr. O'KEEFFE's suspension, the course of the proceedings would have been this. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory would have informed the Commissioners of the fact of Mr. O'KEEFFE's suspension, and would have pleaded that the educational interests of Callan required his removal from the managership of the parish schools. The Commissioners would thereupon have given due notice to Mr. O'KEEFFE, to the Bishop, and to Mr. O'KEEFFE's parishioners that they intended to hold an investigation with the view of ascertaining whether the educational interests of the district did or did not require his removal.

Accordingly Mr. O'KEEFE would have appeared and argued that his suspension was unjust, the Bishop would have appeared and argued that the justice or injustice of the Commissioners was no affair of the National Board, and the parishioners would have appeared and taken the side of Mr. O'KEEFE or of the Bishop, as their feelings in the matter prompted them. What is there in this "definite course of proceeding" that could have had the effect of avoiding the "unfortunate division of opinion which" has occurred among the Commissioners? A majority would probably have held that the educational interests of the district required that the manager of the parish schools, being a priest, should be recognized as such by his bishop. A minority would probably have held that Mr. O'KEEFE had been improperly suspended, and would have denied that the educational interests of the district could be served by exhibiting the Board as an accomplice in an act of tyranny. In the end the division of opinion among the Commissioners would probably have been pretty much what it has been, and Mr. O'KEEFE would have been removed from the managership by the majority in the teeth of a protesting minority.

As Mr. GLADSTONE has in effect promised that the rule shall have a retrospective effect in Mr. O'KEEFE's case, and as it is very unlikely that Mr. O'KEEFE will let an occasion slip of defending his cause before anybody who can be compelled to hear him, this imaginary process will soon become an actual fact. The Commissioners had no choice but to accept the rule tendered them by the Government, but they are to be sincerely commiserated on the prospect which lies before them. The principle underlying their former practice was definite and intelligible. As soon as a clerical manager got into trouble with his ecclesiastical superior the Commissioners washed their hands of him. In future they will be allowed to wash their hands of him only when the educational interests of the district require it. It is clear that, if the National Board assumes that the educational interests of the district require in all cases that a suspended priest shall be removed from the managership, the real object of the new rule—if indeed it can be said to have any object beyond making things pleasant with Mr. BOUVIERE—will not be attained. For all practical purposes the fact of Mr. O'KEEFE's suspension had been as completely ascertained by the Commissioners as though they had been investigating the affair for a twelvemonth. Consequently a rule prescribing investigation in the educational interests of the district must mean an investigation of some sort into the merits of the case, and on what principles such an investigation is to be conducted is one which may well puzzle the best intentioned Board.

Mr. O'KEEFE's letter in the *Times* of Wednesday discloses some, though only some, of the questions which the Commissioners will have to decide under the new rule. Mr. O'KEEFE will ask the Board to declare the sentence of suspension canonically invalid, on the ground that Cardinal CULLEN was his accuser as well as his judge, and also on the ground that it was pronounced without trial. In the event of their rejecting both these pleas, the Commissioners will further have to consider whether the Papal Rescript under which Cardinal CULLEN acted was legal in Ireland. If the Board, rejecting the authority of the CHIEF JUSTICE, accepts the Rescript as constituting a sufficient authority to the Cardinal to try the case, the next step will be to inquire whether the trial was fairly conducted, and especially whether any proceeding which is confessedly *ex informi conscientia* can be regarded as a fair trial. This is a very pretty bundle of issues to set before a Court no member of which is necessarily an expert either in canon, or civil, or English law. But, supposing that all these difficulties have been surmounted, and that the Board have pronounced Mr. O'KEEFE's suspension invalid, there remains the question as to what is required for the educational interests of the district. If Mr. O'KEEFE is retained as manager because Cardinal CULLEN has passed an unjust sentence on him, and the schools are thereupon deserted, can the Commissioners be said to be consulting the educational interests of Callan? Perhaps the retention of Mr. O'KEEFE will not have this effect, as he is said to be popular with his parishioners; but it must not be assumed that the parishioners will always take the side of a suspended priest against his bishop, and what is to be done if they do not? It may be argued perhaps that the educational interests of the district will be better promoted by the spectacle of justice being done between a powerful

Cardinal and a lowly priest than by any less heroic measure which would merely have kept the schools full. We are not at this moment prepared to deny the truth of this position; but it is nevertheless to be remembered that the National Board has been established to see that children are taught to read, write, and cipher, rather than to infuse principles of morality into their parents, and that empty schools do not conduce to the former end, however they may serve the latter.

The difficulties of the subject will not be quite over even when the Commissioners have made their choice between the several claims of rudimentary knowledge and the higher morality. It is quite conceivable that the educational interests of the district may point in one direction and the educational interests of the country in another. In this very case the restoration of Mr. O'KEEFE to the managership may fill the Callan schools, and empty the schools in other places. Supposing that, in consequence of this step, the Roman Catholic bishops withdraw their recognition from the National Schools, and that a large number, perhaps a majority, of Roman Catholic parents thereupon remove their children, and either let them go without instruction or send them to some inferior school set up in a hurry to meet an unforeseen demand, will this be a result favourable to the educational interests of Ireland? Some persons will say that it is better for children to receive no education at all than to receive it in schools in which Papal rescripts are recognized and acted on. This argument altogether ignores the theory which Protestants are usually fond of maintaining, that secular knowledge is the one thing needful for the enlightenment of Roman Catholics, while it also ignores the fact that the choice in a great many cases will lie not between schools which recognize Papal rescripts and no school at all, but between schools which recognize Papal rescripts so far as they operate to disqualify a particular manager and schools which make the Papal authority the foundation of their whole system of education. If the new rule is to favour the latter class of schools at the expense of the former, it may be doubted whether Ireland will really profit by Mr. BOUVIERE'S advocacy of Mr. O'KEEFE.

IRASCIBLE JOLLITY.

ONE of the most curious departments of the study of the human mind relates to the mode in which the various emotions attract or repel one another. It has long been a familiar fact that many feelings tend after a certain duration to pass into other emotional forms. Now, for example, the fluctuations in musical strain beget now tenderness, now rage, as finely described in Dryden's famous ode. Possibly the new direction which the study of the origin of man is giving to psychology may lead up the inquirer to this problem of the affinities of the passions, and this conjecture is borne out by one or two bold hypotheses in Mr. Darwin's latest work. Meanwhile we may recall attention to the phenomena, and seek to bring them nearer to that focus of light where the discoverer's theorizing vision is most likely to note them.

A very common illustration of these laws of affinity may be found in the study of the states of mind rather questionably called high spirits. At first sight nothing seems more clearly enviable than an abundance of this emotional energy. People frequently suppose that they are awarding the highest praise by characterizing a person as "awfully jolly." No doubt this somewhat indefinite epithet is intended at times to convey the idea of habitual cheerfulness, and with this attribute nobody is very likely to quarrel in a world which is rather too favourable to the development of a morbid irritability. But when the jollity is of a more fitful and ecstatic character, we are not at all sure that the value currently assigned to it is a correct one. A jovial young man will generally be found to be a little troublesome to some of his friends as well as to himself; and, indeed, the Olympic personage whom he is supposed to resemble must, we fancy, have been rather a consternation to the orderly matrons of his day. Such draughts of delicious hilarity are rarely free from baneful concomitants. We seem to have been created for rather a sober and even humdrum kind of existence, and any attempt to realize the mad delights of the gods is pretty sure to be punished by those jealous sovereignties. The soul exalted for an instant in a delirium of bliss is soon plunged back into some most degrading form of human experience. The paroxysm of exciting joy can be endured but for a moment by the torrene mind. Its first production required an extraordinary stimulus, and its maintenance makes demands which no circumstances in human life can well satisfy. The sense of superhuman blessedness soon begins to fail, and reaction—an intense vexation, with a host of alarming symptoms—sets in.

It is not only in this violent relapse to the vulgar modes of feeling that we discern the dangers of excessive jollity. The soul of man appears to be but slightly susceptible of an abundant innocent joyousness. Whenever a very powerful excitement seizes it we

may observe its tendency to pass into an unlovely fury. The pure delight of mere excitement, the sense of a full and free existence, however intense for brief instants, is incapable of sustaining itself over long periods. The fund of nervous energy requires some new vent, involving an intenser form of emotional life than this innocuous hilarity. Hence the familiar spectacle of harmless mirth passing into anger, cruel taunting, or some other mischievous impulse. This phenomenon is conspicuously seen in cases of alcoholic stimulation. Excess of good temper and extreme irritability are here notoriously so closely related that each passes readily into the other, and the same amount of stimulation will produce now one effect, now the other, according to the particular temperament or previous mood. It is very curious, for example, to see German students, after perhaps the twentieth *Seidel* has been drained, emerging from a maudlin amiability to an excessive quarrelsomeness, and winding up their frequent embraces by a challenge to the sword. Many other forms of excitement resemble alcoholic stimulation in this respect; and in some persons it is observable that any unusual degree of high spirits brings on the contentious mood.

One of the most pitiable exhibitions of this incontinence may be found in a mass of people excited by the electric influence of numbers. One frequently hears of the amazing good-temper of the British crowd, but our own experience rather supports the opinion that during the ferment of excitement which close packing commonly generates there is a vast amount of nascent ebullition ready to vent itself on the appearance of any shadowy provocation. Single cases of protracted good-temper undoubtedly occur; but these are rendered remarkable just because of the general tendency to drift into rude rebelliousness and angry irritability. Nor is the phenomenon, strictly speaking, characteristic of any one social grade. Culture may be reasonably expected to soften down the unamiable sides of human nature; but the so-called cultivated classes are far from irreplicable in this matter. The proverbial destructiveness of youthful gaiety receives frequent illustrations at some of the resorts of our adolescent aristocracy. The elixir of juvenile sanguinity is found occasionally overflowing into actions which in ordinary persons would be characterized by wanton cruelty or mischievous brigandage. The conventional notion respecting Oxford or Cambridge undergraduates seems to be that they are supremely happy beings, exhaling a superabundance of delicious consciousness in grateful melody or sparkling jest. But an occasional reference to the newspapers is likely to dissipate this comfortable delusion. When the energy of the blissful fit happens to run over into so awkward a channel as the destruction of valuable works of art, one is violently put in mind of the limitations which even aristocratic felicity must recognize. Some persons may see in the spectacle of assembled collegiates, under the excitement of their yearly saturnalia, concentrating for half-an-hour a somewhat unfriendly attention on a particular hat or necktie, only a case of harmless youthful frolic; yet a more cynical observer would say that so meagre a subject could scarcely furnish such a continuance of simple amusement, and that an important point in the gratification was the element of annoyance and retaliation for an alleged insult. However this be, we can scarcely doubt that even high-born hilarity sometimes approaches too closely to the boundaries of intolerable offensiveness.

If the phenomenon thus seems to be only in a very limited degree conditional on the stage of social culture, it may be interesting to inquire how far it is modified by peculiarities of race and temperament. That some people's jocularity passes with special facility into rude violence must be so familiar a fact as to need no illustration. A certain kind of temper which we are frequently obliged to notice seems always predisposed to the hostile attitude; and in proportion as it is excited above its ordinary pitch, the danger of open fury increases. On the other hand, one is sometimes so fortunate as to meet with a person in whom no degree of mental intoxication breeds this anti-social fury. With respect to race, we are inclined to think, however unnatural a sentiment it may at first appear, that the members of the Teutonic family manifest this aptitude for quarrelsomeness under excitement in a very high degree. The very gravity and sincerity of which the Northern peoples are so justly proud appear to necessitate this unamiable mental feature. Anybody who has had frequent opportunities of observing Southern races will have remarked a capability of prolonged light-heartedness which seems childish to the sterner notions of Anglo-Saxons. We should find it hard to conceive George Eliot's *Fedalma* transported by a joyous delirium at the spectacle of a village revelry, as an English maiden. How many broken heads, one imagines, would result from the introduction of an Italian Carnival with its pretty pleasantries into our serious society! A curious verification of this conclusion may be found by contrasting the students of Paris with, say, those of Berlin or Göttingen. Whereas the Teuton striplings show, under the influence of *boierisch Bier*, a considerable degree of irascibility, the frequenters of the cafés of the Quartier Latin are far more disposed to an inane levity than to so earnest a business as wrangling. No doubt disputes have arisen among the latter over their wine or Strasburg beer; but the motive force is less an animal instinct than an artificial sentiment of honour and vanity. Altogether the Northern temperament appears to be conspicuously prone to these aggressive modes of mental agitation. Englishmen are frequently spoken of as a nation of grumblers. And the querulous and quarrelsome moods are only two forms of

activity into which the same deep-seated spirit of defiance is apt to run. The Epicurean type of mind that takes life as a matter of course, and abandons itself unquestioningly to every fit of pleasure that visits it, is not often found among our sturdier British natures. These are stolid and but slowly stimulated in their customary drowsy condition; but when once excited, the very same elements reappear as a gloomy resentfulness and a sulky hostility. The inspiration of their raptures comes not from blithe-hearted Bacchus, but rather from fierce and blustering Thor.

This alliance between jovial excitement and irascibility is somewhat suggestive from a philosophic point of view. One can imagine, for instance, some learned Hegelian recognising here an illustration of a favourite dictum. Every affirmation, says the metaphysician, is at the same time a denial. But hilarity is only the emotional form of the assertive *ego*. Exuberant joy is the fruit of an intense self-consciousness. Consequently, there must be some form of denial attending this affirmation; and such a form is presented in the hostile and destructive impulse of which we have been speaking. In other words, combativeness is only the negative side of the great instinct of self-preservation. How far this idea might be elaborated, and what degree of scientific value it would be entitled to receive, we must leave our readers to reason out for themselves.

From a less metaphysical point of view we might, on the evolution hypothesis, trace out the inquiry how far the connexion between excessive joy and quarrelsomeness is due to ages of experience both in our own and in inferior species, in which, through the physical necessity of the struggle for existence, the anti-social and destructive passions have had full play, and have ministered some of the intensest forms of instinctive gratification. It may be a very humiliating truth that many people still find their deepest emotional satisfaction in some form of vindictiveness and infliction of pain. Yet if it be a truth, it might, we think, in the hands of Mr. Darwin or Mr. Spencer, be made to suggest some such organized product of primitive and anti-social forces.

But, leaving the regions of metaphysics and somewhat impalpable hypotheses, we may perhaps effect more by a suggestion of the practical lesson derivable from our subject. Whatever may be the real explanation of the conjunction, we must all recognise at least a frequent tendency in boisterous hilarity to pass into some mischievous impulse. How few men can be long witty without growing coarse and shocking to the finer feelings, must be known to every frequenter of the conventional dinner-party. Of course, if Hobbes was right in saying that all mirth arises in the first instance from a sense of glory in ourselves as triumphing over our rivals, the relation between merriment and the hostile passions is sufficiently made out. But even apart from this assumption, the two modes of excitement must be conceded to be closely allied. Indeed it would seem as though all varieties of intense emotion were more or less fitted to excite each other. If this be so, Plato might have urged against violence of passion, not only that it is a usurpation of the proper province of the regulative *voic*, but that the most innocent of the desires, when raised above a certain pitch of intensity, produce a general agitation of the psychical currents, so that some form of destructive impulse is pretty certain to manifest itself. However much future ages of culture may tend to uproot these anti-pathetic passions, it may be safely maintained for a long while to come that to most men any very boisterous mode of indulging high spirits is attended with considerable moral risk. Even were there no subsequent depression for the subject of these exalted states of mind, the fact that they are always contiguous with the regions of anger, malignity, and wanton power should be sufficient to banish them from a refined and humane society. In this case, then, conventional propriety appears to have a solid basis of reason. Bacchanalian orgies, and the utter self-abandonment of mirthful revelry, are unsightly in the England of to-day, not because any degree of merriment is inherently sinful, but simply because all rioting is perilous to that well-ordering of the impulses on which a refined social life is so nicely balanced.

JOHNSON'S RAMBLER.

EVERYBODY has a tolerably distinct idea of Dr. Johnson's style, but this does not prove that the world has an equally distinct acquaintance with the writings on which that idea is founded. The *Rambler* is talked of, laughed at, treated as part of the common stock of literature which we know as Englishmen. But is it read? As we much doubt whether it is, we are glad to see a new edition (Tegg) which may find its way into libraries, and give the rising generation an opportunity of acquainting itself at first hand with the thoughts and periods of the last century's sage—not at all like the moralist of our day, but a preacher notwithstanding, who had a way of embodying moralities in very impressive and lasting language. No style suits Johnson's vein of thought but his own. In his own words, his reflections on life, without starting any new theories, make their way to our heart and understanding, not merely as abstractions, but weighted with the force and vividness of a very extraordinary nature. No writing can possibly be more characteristic of the writer than these essays of the *Rambler*. As far as he could show himself in monologue they show him. His sonorous periods take sound and life as we read, and some echoes reach us of the "strong emphatic voice" which was Boswell's dearest music. That precision and pomp of diction which distinguished his talk from all others is here immortalized

in print. As we read these balanced sentences and listen to their rhythm we perceive that he thought in periods. The vocabulary of our language lay open to him—not simply as a figure of speech, for he was engaged upon his Dictionary during the whole time the *Rambler* was coming out—the longest words pressing forward for selection as most consonant with voice and manner, and with that vast bulk of body and mind which dominates over the reader as a presence. It would have cost Johnson a most intolerable amount of labour to simplify his style. It is called laboured, but, as we know that he composed at full speed, that these essays were “struck off at a heat with rapid exertion,” and that he rarely corrected his first manuscript, it only means that the style natural to him is laborious to imitators, and ill adapted for a model. He was such an admirer of Addison's style that Boswell could not help observing that it had not been his own model. “Sir,” was the reply, “Addison had his style and I have mine.” For our own part, we do not wish one sentence or one word shorter. He was a giant in his way, and we like to trace the characteristics and peculiarities of the species.

In saying that the *Rambler* is the man, we mean of course the man thinking in his closet. Conversation was necessary to bring out Johnson's rarest qualities. These essays would be forgotten if they did not illustrate his talk. Only in company was he cheerful or could enjoy life. We are not surprised, therefore, that the *Rambler* was slow in making its way, that it needed his social fame to set it going through the career of editions which it passed through before his death; for, however weighty the thought and sonorous the language, if the picture of life is uniformly a sad one, people will study it with reluctance, and with a preference for the sayer of smoother things. Of this he was fully aware. “As it has been my principal design to inculcate wisdom and piety, I have allotted,” he says, “few papers to the idle sports of imagination”; and, “Scarcely any man is so steadily serious as not to complain that the severity of dictatorial instruction has been seldom relieved, and that he is driven by the sternness of the Rambler's philosophy to more cheerful and airy companions.” But just as things that happened long ago, however tragic, lose something of their terror through distance of time, so it is with gloomy moralizing. The man who viewed life in this aspect has taken some of the gloom away with him; the world is brighter by the deduction of his own share in it. We are struck rather with his pathos than with his melancholy, which was no doubt oppressive to his contemporaries. Thus it is pathetic to observe his sense of dependence and need of individual sympathy. “The necessities of our condition require a thousand offices of tenderness. Every man has frequent grievances which only the solicitude of friendship will discover and remedy, and which would remain for ever unheeded under the great heap of human calamity, were it only surveyed by the eye of general benevolence equally attentive to every misery.” And who has more pathetically set forth the pains of authorship—“majestic pains” under his handling—and the hindrances mind has to cope with from the body it is tied to?

He that condemns himself to compose on a stated day will often bring to his task attention dissipated, a memory embarrassed, an imagination overwhelmed, a mind distracted with anxieties, a body languishing with disease; he will labour on a barren topic till it is too late to change it; or, in the ardour of invention, diffuse his thoughts into wild exuberance, which the pressing hour of publication cannot suffer judgment to examine or reduce.

Too proud to propitiate, he yet realizes all the hazards of this calling. “There is nothing more dreadful to an author than neglect, compared with which reproach, hatred, opposition, are names of happiness; yet this worst, this meanest fate, every one who dares to write has reason to fear.” Nor need this fate be due to the feebleness of his powers, for “though it should happen that an author is capable of excelling, yet his merit may pass without notice, huddled in the variety of things, and thrown into the general miscellany of life.” It is no peculiarity to Johnson's disadvantage, though every point in his character is so marked and salient that it may seem so, that his sympathy needs some personal experience to set it flowing. For a vast number of human troubles and annoyances he has very little pity, because it seemed to him easy to ignore or override them—“we may,” he says, “think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender.” But the troubles of which he owned the mastery loom out upon us sometimes with a terrible force, at others with a distinctness which adds to our knowledge of human nature. His health was infirm, and he conveys to his reader some of his own misgivings “that we shall find the vesture of terrestrial existence more heavy and cumbrous the longer it is worn.” All his life he suffered from the fear of death, and he impresses us with some share of his own perceptions of awe and terror where his compassion for his fellow-men hurried to a violent death takes the urgent form of an appeal to the universal conscience. “Who knows,” he quotes from an old author, “whether this man, dragged to execution, is not less culpable than I? On the day when the prisons of this city are emptied into the grave let every spectator of the dreadful procession put the same to his own heart. Few among those that crowd in thousands to the legal massacre, and look with carelessness, perhaps with triumph, on the utmost exacerbations of human misery, would then be able to return without horror and dejection.” His conscience is great matters indeed never slumbers: we recognize its workings in the paper on the lapses in practice of the wise and learned. While owning it natural to be indignant with men who fall so far short of their own precepts, yet he pleads, “Since no man has power of

acting equal to that of thinking, I know not whether the speculative may not sometimes incur censures too severe; and by those who form ideas of his life from knowledge of his books be considered no worse than others, only because he was expected to be better.”

Poverty is another subject in which experience gives him a very practical character. Literature and asceticism he considers alike at fault in their definition. “The votary when he leaves his monastery and wanders abroad is seldom seen but with reverence or heard but with submission”; “in epic language the man is poor who cannot command the wealth of nations.” He quotes Cowley as fixing the income of the only poverty on which he condescends to speculate at five hundred a year; Johnson himself—first stating that no one ought to call himself poor unless the majority of mankind are richer than himself—pronounces poverty, in words not to be gainsaid, to be “a state in which every virtue is obscured, and in which no conduct can avoid reproach; a state in which cheerfulness is insensibility and dejection sullenness; of which the hardships are without honour and the labours without reward.” A man speaks thus because he has felt it and knows. In his view of every state of life and thought in which he can have shared, we are impressed by a width of range, an order, harmony, and fullness of observation; a power of embracing all conditions; a touching sense of the vanity of human endeavours—all which are tokens of a powerful and surely a noble mind. Take, for example, the obstacles to any man becoming famous, collected into the following fine sentence:—

If, therefore, he that imagines the world filled with his actions and praises shall subduct from the number of his encomiasts all those who are placed below the tight of fame, and who hear in the valleys of life no voice but that of necessity; all those who imagine themselves too important to regard him, and consider the mention of his name a usurpation of their time; all who are too much or too little pleased with themselves to attend to anything external; all who are attracted by pleasure or held down by pain to unvaried idlers; all who are withheld from attending his triumph by different pursuits; and all who slumber in universal negligence, he will find his renown straitened by nearer bounds than the rocks of Caucasus, and perceive that no man can be venerable or formidable but to a small part of his fellow-creatures.

It is when Johnson follows a lead and falls into a fashion that we become alive to his weak points. He is severe on pastorals, but he scarcely keeps out of a kindred absurdity in his allegories and genealogies of the virtues and vices. What a weariness comes over the modern reader set to thread his way through the parentage of Religion, Labour, Frugality, Truth, Falsehood, and Patronage! What a dull, fruitless puzzle does it all sound to modern ears!

He was evidently sensible that his style was incapable of disguise, and he himself furnishes Macaulay with the shaft of ridicule where he quotes Sir Hugh as not liking a woman with a “pearl.” Yet here and there his sentences, affecting to come from a female pen, have a particular grace. Thus Cornelia, describing Lady Bussle's (the country housewife's) employments—“It is indeed the great business of her life to watch the skillets on the fire, to see it simmer with the due degree of heat, and to snatch it off at the moment of projection”; and we note the pretty balance of the closing illustration, where she owns that the same economist has by incessant application to fruits and flowers contracted her cares into a narrow space, yet does not perceive that she is more free from disquiets than those who take a wider range:—“Her marigolds, when they are almost cured, are often scattered by the wind; the rain sometimes falls upon the fruit when it ought to be gathered dry.” The young lady's delight at the year of confusion introduced by the New Style has some real touches of the girl in it. As for the charge of long words, Johnson boldly acknowledges that they please his ear. “Where common words were less pleasing to the ear, or less distinct in their signification, I have familiarized the terms of philosophy by applying them to popular ideas.” Thus, “no man can at pleasure obtund his senses.” Hence the “flatulence of pride,” “the petulance of insult,” “the spirit of youth sublimed by health and volatized by passion,” “the Londoner in the country growing of a sudden oracularous and infallible.” On the same principle the comfort of a fire in winter is thus explained:—“Ease after torment is pleasure for a time, and we are very agreeably recreated when the body chilled by the weather is gradually recovering its natural tepidity.” But Johnson's long words are with so many people the most they know about his writings that we need not extend our list. On the other hand, he can condense observation into few words. Thus, “all error is meanness”; therefore it is incumbent on every man who consults his own dignity to retract it as soon as he discovers it. To the suggestion that men should regulate their conduct by the counsels of a wise friend, he answers that “this appears a remedy by no means adapted for general use; for, in order to secure the virtue of one, it presupposes more virtue in two than will generally be found.” “Frugality,” he argues, “is necessary even to complete the pleasure of expense.” “Curiosity is the thirst of the soul.” “Good humour is a state between gaiety and unconcern,” the act or emanation of a mind at leisure to regard the gratification of another. Tetrica's ill-humour has grown into a “principle of disapprobation.” Sorrow is “a kind of rust of the soul which every new idea contributes in its passage to scour away.” Unpunctuality even in small things “darkens those moments with expectation, suspense, and resentment which are set aside for pleasure.” “The necessity of doing something, and the fear of undertaking much, sink the historian to a genealogist, the philosopher to a journalist of the weather, and the mathematician to a constructor of dials.” Dr. Johnson was undoubtedly a good Christian, and could

forgive a real injury, yet it was part of him to have it out with anybody who offended his feelings or his pride; nobody wounded either with impunity. We are not surprised that Garrick never entirely forgave the pointed satio which avenges his airs of superiority under the character of Prospero. Johnson seems to have called upon Garrick at his new house; and the mode of his reception, the provisions against his clumsiness and awkwardness, the nuts on the staircase to secure it from the pollution of his feet, the carpet covered with a cloth of which the servant was bid turn up a corner "that he might contemplate the brightness of the colours and the elegance of the texture," the insolence of condescension with which his friend conducted him to a back room where he breakfasted when he had no great company, the quality of the tea, which—upon his forcing himself to commend it—was explained to be inferior to that reserved for those he thought himself obliged to treat with particular respect, are detailed by Asper, who thus takes credit for forbearance:—

My patience was not wholly subdued. I was willing to promote his satisfaction, and therefore observed that the figures in the china were eminently pretty. Prospero had now an opportunity of calling for his Dresden china, which, says he, "I always associate with my claved tea-kettle." The cups were brought; I once resolved not to have looked upon them, but curiosity prevailed. When I had examined them a little, Prospero desired me to set them down, for they who were accustomed only to common dishes seldom handled china with much care. You will, I hope, commend my philosophy when I tell you that I did not dash his baubles to the ground.

Superciliousness provokes return in kind, and our moralist was not above the pleasure of tit for tat. When shortly afterwards Johnson asked Garrick what people said of his Dictionary, and he answered it was objected that he cited authorities which were beneath the dignity of such a work, and mentioned Richardson, "Nay," said Johnson, "I have done worse than that; I have cited *thee*, David." But in showing that the *Rambler* has its light reading and attractions for all the world, we are leaving an impression which ought not to be the permanent one. The asperities and irritations of a temper tried by melancholy and disease may well excuse some pettiness of resentment beneath the temper of a philosopher: but it is an essential part of Johnson's greatness that it maintains its ground in spite of our intimate knowledge of his weaknesses and imperfections. What but sheer force of intellect and character could have kept for him, beyond all his contemporaries, a living name to this day?

THE NEW SCHEME OF SWISS FEDERAL REFORM.

IT could hardly be expected that the movement for a reform of the Swiss Federal Constitution would be altogether stopped by the rejection in May 1872 of the proposals which had been voted by the Federal Assembly in the March of the same year. The majority of the popular vote by which the scheme was thrown out was a very narrow one—for five thousand is but a shave when half a million of men are voting; the defeat was of that kind which does not so much dishearten as it stirs up to fresh efforts. The rejection of the measure at all was a great and unexpected success for the anti-revisionist party, but it was the kind of success which was sure not to remain long undisputed. This would doubtless have been the case, even if the revisionist and the anti-revisionist party had been two parties which thoroughly agreed among themselves. But it was well known that the scheme of Revision was thrown out by a union of parties, who could honestly join in a negative vote when they were called on to say Yea or Nay to a scheme which took in almost every subject of political debate, but who could not join together for any positive object, and who would doubtless have voted differently on the subject of Revision itself, if the several proposals had been put to the vote separately instead of all in a lump. The strongest illustration of this state of things was that, though the anti-revisionist party could throw out the scheme of revision, yet when the general election came soon after, a large majority of the new *Nationalrath* proved to be in favour of Revision. The enemies of Revision had not changed their minds; but, while they could agree in the negative act of throwing out the scheme, they could not agree in the positive act of choosing a representative body.

Thus came about the apparent anomaly that the defeat of the Revisionist party at the voting on the Constitution was followed within a few months by the election of an Assembly in which the Revisionist party has an unmistakable majority. The election of that Assembly was naturally followed by the election of an Executive body, a *Bundesrath*, also favourable to Revision. Of this election we spoke some months back soon after it took place. The retirement of Dr. Dubs during the term of office of the last *Bundesrath*, and the failure of M. Challet-Venel to obtain a place in the new one, gave the Executive of the Confederation a wholly different character from that of the body which was in power when the question came on for discussion in 1871. The scheme which was drawn up in the Session which began in the November of that year, and which was rejected by the popular vote in May 1872, was not at all the work of the then *Bundesrath*, but of the Assembly itself. The *Bundesrath* had indeed made its own proposals of reform, but they were few and moderate, and very unlike the scheme which the Assembly voted but which the Cantons and the people threw out. But when the Assembly which was elected last autumn requested the *Bundesrath* which they had just elected to draw up a scheme of revision for their discussion, the new Federal Councilors could hardly be expected to keep within the same narrow

bounds as their predecessors. As a distinctively Revisionist *Bundesrath*, elected by a distinctively Revisionist Assembly, their natural course was certainly that which they have actually taken. As men favourable to a certain scheme, a scheme which had been thrown out by a very narrow majority of the people, we can see nothing to object to in their taking that scheme as the groundwork of their deliberations, and in proposing it afresh with such changes as the experience of the last year had shown to be prudent. The objections which some of the Anti-Revisionist organs have made to the course taken by the *Bundesrath* on this head do not seem to us to be well founded. It is said that it is insulting to the Cantons and to the people again to propose to them a scheme which they have already rejected. The answer to this is that the present scheme is not the scheme which was rejected, but a scheme which indeed is founded on the rejected scheme, but in which many of its proposals are seriously modified. When a Government has had its proposals thrown out by a narrow majority, it can hardly be blamed for bringing them forward again, with such changes as it may fairly think are likely to meet the objections of those by whom the proposals were thrown out in their first form. And, though the existing *Bundesrath* cannot be said to have any personal identity with the Assembly by which the scheme of last year was drawn up, yet, at all events to an Englishman's notion of party government, it might seem to have so much in common with it that it might fairly take in hand the scheme on which the majority of that Assembly had agreed. Our own objections would be of another kind. We are sorry to see that the *Bundesrath* still recommends that the voice of the Cantons and of the people shall be again taken by a simple vote of Yea or Nay. They are not indeed so positive about it as the Assembly was last year. They do suggest, as an alternative course, that the vote may be taken separately on several groups of proposals. But the way of voting *in globo* is still that which they recommend. Now it is pretty clear that it was this necessity of voting for everything or against everything which caused the negative vote of May 1872. Had the distinct subjects contained in that proposal been put to the popular vote in distinct portions, there can be no doubt that many at least of the proposals would have been carried. By lumping all the proposals together in one vote, men who could not agree in any positive course are again invited to agree in a negative vote. All those who disapprove of anything in the scheme, utterly different among themselves as their grounds of disapproval may be, are again invited to throw out a scheme in which each would doubtless find many things to vote for, if he was allowed to vote for those things only. It is the *Bundesrath* itself which invites Ultramontanes, Welsh, and Old Liberals, to use the phrase of the promoters of Revision last year, to join in a second coalition against its own work.

Whether this will really happen depends upon the course taken by the Assembly, to which, and not to the *Bundesrath*, it belongs to put the proposal into the shape in which it is to be finally submitted to the votes of the Cantons and of the people. The *Bundesrath* simply put a proposal before them with which they can deal as they please. It is open to them to put the scheme of Revision into what shape they choose, and to cause the voting to be either *in globo* or *artikelweise*. But we have now to discuss the scheme in the shape in which it comes to them from the *Bundesrath*. The changes which are made in the scheme of last year are undoubtedly considerable, but the change which of all others we should have been best pleased to see made in it has not been made. The proposals about the *Initiative* and the *Referendum* remain exactly as they were last year. We need not again go through our arguments on that head; we will only say that, if we were Swiss citizens, we should deem it quite reason enough to say Nay to the scheme, if we were obliged to say Yea or Nay to the whole scheme, but that we should much rather be allowed to say Nay to some parts, and Yea to some other parts. And in discussing the other proposals we must, as before, keep clear of questions which have no interest out of the country, and which cannot be properly understood out of the country. How far the vote of any party or of any man may have been influenced, or may be likely to be influenced, by questions about railways and such like is a matter which is no affair of ours. To us the whole thing is a study in constitutional politics, and it is from that point of view that we shall say what little we have to say about the particular provisions of the present scheme.

Of the changes made in the scheme of last year, and of the wholly new proposals which are now added to that scheme, those which are of the greatest interest in themselves, and those to which the *Bundesrath* in its Message of July 4 clearly attaches the greatest importance, are those which relate to educational and ecclesiastical matters. With regard to the military proposals, which, as they stood in the scheme of last year, gave great offence to cantonal feeling in several parts of the country, it is certain that several changes have been made with a view of making the proposal less offensive to a spirit which, even if mistaken, is always respectable. But strong advocates of cantonal right maintain that the concessions are altogether illusory. With regard to the question of those whom it saves trouble to call *père*, there is nothing new in the present scheme, except that it is absolutely forbidden to charge anything for what is called a "permis d'établissement ou de séjour." This of course is a step in the direction of making the process of *Niederlassung* easier, and is so far a gain. In the matter of an unification of the law, a point on which the Romance-speaking Cantons were so frightened last year, the proposed changes are not so great as they then were.

It seems to be chiefly matters of commercial law which are to be transferred to the dominion of the Confederation.

On the question of education it is plain that a real and important concession has been made to cantonal right. By the constitution of 1848, the Confederation had the power of founding a Federal University, which it has not exercised, and of founding a Polytechnic School, which it has exercised. To this the scheme of 1872 added three other provisions. Besides the University and the Polytechnic School, the Confederation was authorized to found other establishments for the higher instruction. The Cantons were bound to provide for elementary education, which was to be compulsory and gratuitous. But though the immediate care of primary education was left to the Cantons, the Confederation might, by a Federal law, fix a general minimum for elementary education. In the new scheme the other provisions of last year are kept, but this last is left out. So it would seem that the details of primary education will be left to each Canton to settle, and that there cannot be anything in the shape of a Federal School Inspector. This is a very important concession indeed on a point on which both local and religious susceptibilities had been strongly stirred up.

After all that has lately been going on about ecclesiastical matters, both in Switzerland and elsewhere, it could hardly be expected that the present scheme should fail to contain some proposals bearing on the relations of Church and State. The proposals which are now made go very far beyond anything in the scheme of 1872; and they are elaborately explained, and the principles on which they are based defended, in the Message of the *Bundesrath*. The Constitution, as it now stands, guarantees the free exercise of the worship of all recognized Christian confessions throughout the extent of the Confederation. It is somewhat strange that the restriction to Christian confessions, which was struck out in 1866 from other parts of the Constitution, should have still been left here. To this was added a clause empowering the Cantons of the Confederation to take measures to preserve order and peace between the different confessions. These simple provisions were greatly enlarged in the scheme of 1872, and in the present scheme they are greatly extended again. No one can regret the abolition of a restriction which might be construed as allowing any Canton to hinder the free exercise of any form of worship other than those of the two Churches which at present divide between them the great mass of the Swiss people. But we tremble a little when the *Bundesrath* says, in a somewhat lordly tone, that the Confederation places itself above all Churches and confessions, and cannot recognize any of them:—

La Confédération se place au-dessus des communautés et des dénominations religieuses. Elle n'en reconnaît aucune. Elle ne les connaît que pour protéger leur liberté et pour faire régner la paix entre elles. Elle ne défend ni une confession ni une église. Elle défend l'individu, en lui assurant le respect de sa croyance et la liberté de sa conscience.

The enactments which are to follow from these principles stand as follows:—

Article 48. La liberté de conscience et de croyance, est inviolable.

Nul ne peut être contraint de faire partie d'une association religieuse, de suivre un enseignement religieux, ou d'accomplir un acte religieux.

On ne peut faire dépendre les droits civils et politiques de proscriptions et de conditions de nature ecclésiastique ou religieuse.

Nul ne peut, pour cause d'opinion religieuse, s'affranchir de l'accomplissement d'un devoir civique.

Nul n'est tenu de payer des impôts dont le produit est spécialement affecté aux frais proprement dits du culte d'une communauté religieuse à laquelle il n'appartient pas.

Article 49. Dans les limites compatibles avec l'ordre public et les bonnes mœurs, chacun professe sa religion avec la même liberté et obtient pour son culte la même protection.

Les Cantons et la Confédération, peuvent prendre les mesures nécessaires pour le maintien de l'ordre public et de la paix entre les membres des diverses communautés religieuses ainsi que contre les empiètements réciproques du domaine civil et du domaine religieux.

On peut recourir auprès de la Confédération des décisions des Cantons sur les contestations de droit public ou de droit privé auxquelles donne lieu la création de communautés religieuses nouvelles ou une scission de communautés religieuses existantes.

Il ne peut être érigé d'évêchés sur le territoire suisse sans l'approbation de la Confédération.

This last provision is, from an historical and legal point of view, fully justified by the existing relations between the Confederation and the Holy See. The existing law is as the proposed constitutional amendment would make it. If this proposal stood by itself, the only question which could be raised would be, whether it would be worth while to make a constitutional matter of it. But we really do not see how the prohibition is justified on the principles from which the *Bundesrath* sets out. By legislating about a matter which touches one denomination only, the *Bundesrath* surely belies its own principle of not recognizing any denomination. If the Confederation is to know nothing of Bishops and of any acts that they may do as Bishops, if it is carefully provided that no ecclesiastical act shall have any civil consequences, it cannot matter to the Confederation whether there are many Bishops or few within its territory, or what may be the territorial limits of a jurisdiction which it does not acknowledge. Again, in Article 60, where the scheme of 1872 only proposed that "en matière matrimoniale nul ne peut être contraint de se soumettre à une juridiction ecclésiastique," we get in 1873 two clauses:—

La juridiction ecclésiastique est abolie.

L'état civil et tout ce qui s'y rattache est du ressort des autorités civiles.

This, according to the Message, enforces civil marriage, of course not interfering with the liberty of adding any religious ceremony; and it requires that the registration of births, deaths, and marriages should be an exclusively civil business. With this in itself we should not be disposed to quarrel, but the everlasting question crops up whether it is a piece of legislation which ought to be forced on any Canton against its will. Without the help of the Message, we should hardly have understood what was meant by the abolition of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction; but the Message tells us:—

Elle est la conséquence de la distinction entre le domaine civil et le domaine religieux, mais elle ne porte point atteinte aux droits de chaque communauté religieuse et de chaque congrégation de régler comme elle l'entend les questions de dogme, de discipline ecclésiastique, etc.

Lastly, we have a new Article 64:—

Quiconque, sans l'assentiment de la Confédération, exerce sur le territoire suisse des fonctions officielles au nom d'un état étranger ou d'une autorité étrangère, peut être expulsé de la Suisse par le Conseil fédéral.

This sounds rather like a Bill of Indemnity for the action of the Federal Council in the Mermillod business, and it is another sign how hard it is for either nations or individuals to take in the force of the great saying of William the Third:—"Mr. Collier has set his heart on being a martyr, and I have set my heart on disappointing him." To our insular notions there seems something very strange in giving the Executive power authority, as it would seem, of its own mere motion, to expel anybody.

The changes, on the whole, seem as if they were designed to make considerable concessions to cantonal feeling at the cost of still more deeply offending Ultramontane, or indeed any form of Catholic feeling. It is perhaps thought that, if Vaud can be won, it does not matter about Uri. From our own point of view we should be as strongly disposed to vote against the ecclesiastical proposals as to vote against those which again bring forward the *Initiative* and the *Referendum*. But, at any rate, it does not seem fair to mix up together in a single vote these ecclesiastical and purely constitutional questions, which, to say the least, are open to so much discussion, and again to mix them up with proposals about other matters, the military changes especially, which those who best understand them seem agreed to look upon as improvements.

HEROES AT HOME.

WE may say what we like about the worthlessness of the world and the solid charms of home, but the plain fact, stripped of oratorical disguise, is that we mostly give society the best we have and keep the worst of ourselves for our own. The hero at home is not half so fine a fellow as the hero in public, and cares far less for his audience. Indeed, when looked at under the domestic microscope, he is frequently found to be eminently unheroic, something of the nature of a botch rather than nobility in address and an ideal brought down to the line of sight; which would be the case if he and all things else were what they seem, and if heroism, like fine gold, was good all through. This is not saying that the hero in public is a cheat. He has only turned the best of his cloak outside and hidden the seams and frays next his skin. We know that every man's cloak must have its seams and frays; and the vital question for each man's life is, who ought to see most of them, strangers or friends? We fear it must be owned that, whoever ought, it is our friends who do get the worst of our wardrobe—the people we love, and for whom we would willingly die if necessary; while strangers for whom we have no kind of affection are treated to the freshest of the velvet and the brightest of the embroidery. The man, say, who is pre-eminently "good company" abroad, who keeps a dinner-table alive with his quick wit and keen repartee, and who has always on hand a store of unhackneyed anecdotes, the latest *on dit*, and the newest information not known to Reuters, but who hangs up his fiddle at his own fireside, and in the bosom of his family is as silent as the vocal Memnon at midnight, is not necessarily a cheat. He is an actor without a part to play or a stage whereon to play it, a hero without a flag, a bit of brute matter without an energizing force. The excitement of applause, the good wine and the pleasant dishes, the bright eyes of pretty women, the half-concealed jealousy of clever men, the sensation of shining—all these things, which are spurs to him abroad, are wanting at home; and he has not the originating faculty which enables him to dispense with these incentives. He is a first-class hero on his own ground; but it would be a tremendous downfall to his reputation were his admirers to see him as he is off parade, without the pomps and vanities to show him to advantage. He has just been the social hero of a dinner, "so bright, so lively, so delightful," says the hostess enthusiastically, with a side blow to her own proprietor, who perhaps is pleasant enough by the domestic hearth, but only a dumb dog in public. The party has been "made" by him, rescued from universal dullness by his efforts alone; and every one admires him as he leaves in a polite blaze of glory, and only wishes he could be secured for their own little affair next week. So he takes his departure, a hero to the last, with a happy thought for every one and a bright word all round. The hall door closes on him, and the hero sinks into the husband. He is as much transformed as soon as he steps inside his brougham as was ever Cinderella after twelve, with her state coach and footmen gone to pumpkin and green lizards. He likes his wife well enough, as wives and liking go; but she does not stir him up

intellectually, and her applause is no whetstone for his wit. Put the veriest dolt of a girl as bodkin between them and he will waken into life again, and become once more the conversational hero, because he is no longer wholly at home. His wife probably does not like it, and she laughs, as wives do, when she hears his praises from those who know him only at his best, letting off his fireworks for the applause of the crowd. But then wives are proverbially unflattering in their estimates of their husbands' heroics; and the Truth that used to live at the bottom of a well has changed her name and abode in these later times, and has come to mean the partner of your joys, who gives you her candid opinion at home. Still, our good company abroad who sits like a dumb dog at home is not pleasant, though not necessarily a sham. Certainly he is no hero all through, but he may be nothing worse than one of those unfortunates whose intellect lives on dramas and does not take kindly to domestic pudding.

His wife does not approve of this hanging up of the fiddle by his own fireside; yet she does the same thing on her side, and is as little a heroine by the domestic hearth as he is a hero. What his talk is to him her beauty is to her; and for whom, let us ask, does she make herself loveliest? For her husband, or for a handful of fops and snobs each one of whom individually is more indifferent to her than the other? See her in society, a very Venus dressed by Worth and Band Street, if not by the Graces. Follow her home, and see her as her maid sees her. The abundant *chevelure* which is the admiration of the men and the envy of the women who believe in it, taken off and hung up like her great grandfather's wig, leaving her small round head covered by a wisp of ragged ends broken and burnt by dyes and restorers; her *couche* of glycerine and powder washed from her face, showing the faded skin and betraying lines beneath; the antimony rubbed off her eyelids, and the effects of the belladonna gone out of her contracting pupils; her perfectly moulded forms laid aside with her dress; and the fair queen of the salon, the heroine of gaslight loveliness, stands as a lay figure with bare traces of possibilities whereon the artist may work, but which nature has forgotten, or where she has worn herself out. How many a heart-ache would be healed if only the heroine, like the hero, could be tracked to the sanctuary of the dressing-room, and if each adored could appear to the adorer as they respectively do to the maid and the valet!

The tender, sympathetic, moist-eyed woman who condoles so sweetly with your little troubles, and whose affectionate compassion soothes you like the trickling of sweet waters or the cooling breath of a pleasant air, but who at home leaves her sick in-hand to get through the weary hours as he best may, who bullies her servants and scolds her children—she, too, is a heroine of a class that does not look well close to the line of sight. The pretty young mother, making play with her pretty young children in the Park, a smiling gracious picture of love and loveliness, when followed home, turns to a fretful, self-indulgent fine lady, slung wearily into an easy chair, sending the children up to the nursery the instant they come in, and probably seeing them no more until Park hour to-morrow, when their beautiful little *têtes d'ange* will enhance her own loveliness in the eyes of men, and make her more beautiful because making the picture more complete. Mrs. Jellaby given up to universal philanthropy, refusing a crust to the beggar at her own gate, but full of fearful pity for the misery she has undertaken to mitigate at Boriboolagha; Croesus scattering showers of gold abroad, and applauded to the echo when his name, with the donation following, is read out at a public dinner, but looking after the chess-parings at home; the eloquent upholder of human equality in public, snubbing in private all who are one degree below him in the social scale, and treating his servants like dogs; and the no less eloquent descender on the motto *Noblesse oblige*, running honestly so fine that it is almost undistinguishable from roguery when the house door is shut between him and the world—all these heroes abroad show but shabbily at home, and make their heroism within the four walls a literally vanishing quantity.

People who live on the outside of the charmed circle of letters, but who believe that the men and women that compose it are of a different mould from the rest of mankind, and who long to be permitted to penetrate the "rose hedge" and learn the facts of the Arctida's garden for themselves, sometimes learn them too clearly for their dreams to be ever possible again. They have a favourite author—a poet, say, or a novelist. If a poet, he is probably one whose songs are full of that delicious melancholy which makes them so divinely sad; an æsthetic poet, a blighted being, a creature walking in the moonlight among the graves and watering their flowers with his tears; if a novelist, he is one whose sprightly fancy makes the dull world gay. A friend takes the worshipper to the shrine where the idol is to be found; in other words, they go to call on him at his own house. The melancholy poet, "hidden in the light of thought" is a rubicund, rosy-gilled gentleman, brisk, middle-aged, comfortable, respectable, particular as to his wines, a connoisseur as to the merits of the *chef*, a *bon vivant* of the Horatian order, and for talk prone to personal gossip and feeble humour. The lively novelist, on the other hand, is a taciturn, morose kind of person, afflicted with a perennial catarrh, ever ready with an unpleasant argument, given to start disagreeable topics of a grave, not to say depressing, nature, perhaps a rabid politician, taking gloomy views of the currency and despondent about our carrying trade. As for the women, they never do look the thing they are reputed to be, save in fashion, and sometimes in beauty. A woman who goes to

public meetings and makes speeches on all kinds of subjects, tough as well as doubtful, presents herself in society with the look of an old maid and the address of a shy schoolgirl. A sour kind of essayist, who finds everything wrong and nothing in its place, has a face like the full moon, and looks as if she fed on cream and butter. A novelist who sails very near the wind, and on whom the critics are severe by principle, is as quiet as a Quakeress in her conversation, and as demure as a nun in her bearing; while a writer of religious tracts has gowns from Paris and gives small suppers out of the proceeds. The public character and the private being of almost every person in the world differ widely from each other, and the hero of history who is also the hero to his valet has yet to be found. Some people call this difference inconsistency, and some many-sidedness; to some it argues shallowness, veneer, unreality, and is therefore unworthy of esteem; to others it is but the necessary consequence of a complex human nature, and a sign that the mind needs the rest of alternation just as much as the body. We cannot be always in the same groove, never changing our attitude or object. Is it inconsistency or supplement, contradiction or compensation? The sterner moralists, and those whose minds dwell on tares, say the former; those who look for wheat even on the stony ground and among thorns assert the latter. Anyhow, it is certain that those who desire ideals and who like to worship heroes would do well to content themselves with adoration at a long range. Distance lends enchantment, and ignorance is bliss in more cases than one. Heroism at home is something like humanity in Brobdingnag; and the address of the domestic hearth is more favourable to personal comfort than to public glory. To keep our ideals intact we ought to keep them unknown. Our goddesses should not be seen eating beefsteaks and drinking stout; our poets are best in print, and social small talk does not come like truths divine mended from their tongue; our sages and philanthropists gain nothing, and may lose much, by being rashly followed to their firesides. Yet, after all, a man's good work and brave word are, in any case, a part of his real self, though they may be very far from being the whole; and even if he is not true metal all through, his gold, so far as it goes, counts for more than its alloy, and his public heroism overtops his private puerility.

FRENCH POLITICAL ROWS.

THE past week has been fertile in those Parliamentary rows for which we look as regularly in France as for sunshine, epigrams, and new bonnets. M. Gambetta has been treating M. Buffet with what we should call outrageous disrespect, and what the French call vivacity, and M. Buffet has been forced to put on his hat in order to close the sitting. M. Gambetta's sonorous voice has been heard proclaiming that the Royalists are trying to kill universal suffrage, and that they are a priest-ridden gang. M. Ernoul, the Minister of Justice, has retorted that at least the present Government was freely chosen by the Assembly, and was not created by the Parisian mob, like the Ministry which sprang into existence on the 4th of September, 1870. For two days the theatre at Versailles was, in fact, more like a horse fair at a late hour of the evening than a gathering of legislators deputed to save France from the anarchy of revolution. No Englishman who has not been present at one of these uproarious sittings can form even a shadowy idea of the noise, the inarticulate roars of assent and dissent, the laughter, applause, and running to and fro which accompany a fiery attack on the Right by M. Gambetta, or a cynical reply from General Changarnier. A journey from the House of Commons to the National Assembly on the afternoon of a debate on some such question as whether the Duke of Broglie's speeches should be posted on all the official walls throughout France at the public expense without the Republican replies, might seem to take us from one race of beings to another.

Taken individually, it is true, Frenchmen may appear to be so sensible that, in moments of generosity, we might sometimes almost say that they are like Englishmen. For they all hate revolution and praise moderation. They all predict that a millennium would come to France if they were only to get their own way, and if those wretches of Republicans, or Bonapartists, or Royalists, as the case may be, could be prevented from throwing France into a convulsion by their mad passion for intrigue and *coup d'état*. In fact, nobody could be more sensible than a Frenchman when you catch him alone in a railway-carriage, or at his own fireside, and do not contradict him. But all his propriety of tone, and his sighs over the past outbursts of his countrymen, seem to be totally forgotten the instant he steps into the Assembly. Perhaps he himself would be glad to pass a quiet afternoon in the lobbies, chatting with his friends about the impossible Elysian future, or glaucing over the rough French of the provincial newspaper which speaks in the name of his constituency, or listening even to the interminable oratory of M. Laboulaye, if the enemies of his party would only let it alone. But such a condition is impossible. M. de Belcastel is prompted to declare that France can be saved from an interminable series of Atheistic revolutions and Communes only by cursing Robespierre, and by believing in the divine power of winking virgins and pilgrimages to Lourdes. Or M. Ordinaire springs up to assert that the members of the Commission of Pardons are assassins. Or the Orleansism of General Changarnier finds vent in the chilling contempt with which he tells the Reds that they merit an "amnesty of disdain." It is scarcely ever the chiefs who thus

flourish a lighted match in the powder-magazine. The work is usually done by minor fanatics whose minds are so filled with their own creed as to leave no room for the consideration of practical consequences. But it matters not who trails the coat through the mud. The instant that a bitter word is said against the Clerical party or the Reds, the moderation of comment which was remarkable on the way to the Assembly gives place to a frenzy of passion. Then up goes a roar which is not indeed equal in volume to the ear-splitting tempest on the Bourse, but which is made sharper and wilder by sudden gusts and lulls. Paper-knives are rapped and brandished, journals are flourished, and insults are showered against the Revolution or the Church. An angry, surging mob is massed round the tribune, trying perhaps to take it by storm, and the besiegers are jostling each other, pushing each other off the steps, and shaking their fists in one another's faces. Meanwhile the orator in the tribune is usually so accustomed to such interruptions that he does not permit himself to be discouraged, but, watching for those momentary lulls which come now and then, he jerks forth words of defiance or of insult, and thus the storm takes what the French mildly call a new "point of departure." The poor President of the Assembly is all the while sitting aloft like a stricken Jove, tugging at the handle of his bell with the energy of a sexton, sending sharp peals of sound through the roaring of the storm, beating the table with a ruler, exchanging high words with the besiegers who are scaling the tribune, but without reaching one obedient ear or moderating the tempest by one appreciable note. He is not exactly defied; he is simply forgotten. The combatants have no time to attend to such trivialities as his bell or his ruler. But, such is the effect of symbols, if he should only put on his hat, and thus declare the sitting to be closed, the roaring, struggling, and gesticulation would instantly cease, as if magic lay in the sight of his headgear. Men who were furious a moment before put their hands in their pockets and talk at their ease; the scaling party round the tribune go to their seats or to the buffet; and the orator who has done all the mischief comes down with a smile to receive the congratulations of his friends. There is peace in the land once more, and it rests until another Red or White rhetorician condenses insults into epigrams, and flings them at his opponents.

To an English eye there is scarcely a more amazing scene than this to be seen abroad. If the House of Commons were thus to forget the sanctities of decorum; if Mr. Bouverie, Mr. Harcourt, Mr. Fawcett, or any other master of vigorous speech were to call the leaders of Her Majesty's Opposition a set of thieves, who were eager to get office in order that they might loot the Treasury; if Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Hardy were to fling back the taunt that the great Liberal party was a gang of Atheists, Communists, and professors of Free Love; and if the House were to spring to its feet, and shriek, and gesticulate, as if preparing for a grand free fight, the funds might be expected to go down next morning, and we should be rather afraid that it was all up with our glorious Constitution. But nothing serious happens in France after the rows of the Assembly. They are only the "vivacities" of our neighbours; they only denote differences of opinion. Englishmen are constitutionally unable to do justice to such exhibitions. We hardly make due allowance for the liveliness of our neighbours, their quick play of fancy, and the delicately sensitive apparatus of passion which each Frenchman carries about with him. Frenchmen think us dull and stolid. We do not shrug our shoulders with a grace and expressiveness which make the gesture a language in itself, and we leave unused all those resources of expression which lie in varying gesticulation. The feeling of contempt with which we regard a gesticulating and shrieking crowd of educated Frenchmen is as great perhaps as that with which impassive Easterns like the eunuchs of the Shah must look on the gambols of the ball room. We should have to become Frenchmen ourselves in order to do Frenchmen justice. And there is a more prosaic but less obvious reason why we are apt to speak with undue severity of their political rows. We forget that the sittings of the Assembly are not the occasions on which the real business of legislation is done, but are rather occasions of rhetorical display. The present Assembly has done as much work of one kind or other as would surprise those who fancy that it is a mere debating club; but it is in the privacy of the Commissions, and not in the public sittings, that the labour is really performed. The Commissions are like our own Select Committees in so far as they are made up of delegates from the Chamber, but they differ in this respect, that every Bill and every proposal for legislative action must fall under their scrutiny before it can be debated in full Session as a mature plan. In this respect the Bills of the Government and the Bills of private members are alike. Thus each Commission is a sieve for catching absurdities, and a proposal on which a deputy has set his heart may only draw forth the report that it is impracticable, or it may be so changed by the time of its return to the Assembly that its features would scarcely be recognized by its own author. Hence a great amount of such work as our own members of Parliament do in Committee of the whole House is done by the deputies of France in private rooms out of the way of reporters. And as a rule the work is done silently, quickly, and well. It is difficult even for a Frenchman to generate wildly in a small room, to an audience of a dozen, when nobody is looking on. So his wrath is bottled up for the moment, and it does not escape until he goes back to the publicity of the main session. There is everywhere something of this in the atmosphere of the Chamber, and the Frenchman catches fire with peculiar quickness from contact with the glow of passion

which is to be found in throngs. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that French deputies sitting apart in a quiet Committee-room cannot be practical and business-like. The promptings of political or religious passion are then brought under the sovereignty of prosaic common sense.

Apart from rant and excuse, however, the rows in the National Assembly are serious because they show how thin is the crust of firm earth on which apparently any French Government must rest, and how overwhelming are the volcanic forces which are at work beneath. They are menacing, not so much because they defy decorum, as because they bring into view the implacable hatreds of the rival factions. Our parties can work with each other on a middle ground of compromise, because such disputes as they bring into the field of legislation do not, after all, touch the fundamental ground of religious belief or of constitutional organization, but arise, for the most part, from the application of principles which most Englishmen hold in common to sets of facts that bring up mere difficulties of detail. The French have of course their small controversies about points of detail, which may take rank with the intricacies of our Supreme Court of Judicature Bill, and they manage those matters calmly enough. But most of the measures with which they must deal either do touch, or may touch, institutions and laws and habits which, if hateful to one set of Frenchmen, are to another the very Ark of the Covenant. The contrast between the two nations is vividly illustrated by the manner in which they have taken up their respective schemes of elementary education. The 25th Clause of Mr. Forster's Act has no doubt stirred up the wrath of the Dissenters because they fancy that it adds to the political and ecclesiastical power of the Church; but the name of the Church calls up so little active opposition in England that Mr. Miall and his friends have failed to constitute a formidable party of foes. All Frenchmen believe, on the other hand, that the elementary education of their country is charged with such political consequences as to make the prize at stake the whole immediate future of France. It is apprehended that, if the teaching be made essentially religious, the priests will gain such an accession of power as they have not received since the Revolution, and the domination of the priests means the incessant insinuation of the doctrine that Republicanism is hateful to God, and that France and the Church alike demand a king. Secular teaching will as inevitably proclaim that the doctrines of the priests are fictions, that they themselves are the worst foes of France, and that she will never reach a state of permanent peace until they and their doctrine shall be put down for ever. So full of peril is the question that, although a measure on the subject of elementary education has been before the country for two years, neither M. Thiers nor the Duke of Broglie has had the courage to challenge a decisive verdict. To one set of Frenchmen a France governed by priests, and to another set a France cut loose from the Church, is not worth having. There can be no compromise when parties thus import the passions of religion into the strife of politics, and without compromise there can be no peace.

THE IRISH MEMBERS AND THE REPORTERS.

THE list of Irish grievances has received a new and formidable addition. Mr. Mitchell Henry complains that the speeches of himself and other Irish members in the House of Commons are imperfectly reported, and he in effect demands that the *Times* and other newspapers should increase their already unwieldy size. It appears to us that the remedy is easy. Let another journal be established for the special purpose of reporting Irish debates, and let those persons buy and read it who care to do so. It is, however, possible that Mr. Mitchell Henry may consider that speeches upon Irish questions should be not only reported but read, and, if so, his complaint assumes a truly alarming character. It used to be said that one man can take a horse to water, but two men cannot make him drink; no doubt if the pure stream of Irish eloquence is offered to his lips, he ought to drink, but how is he to be made to do so? The only effectual remedy for Mr. Mitchell Henry's complaint would be a system of official reports which would be about as readable as the statute-book. There is already Hansard's publication, and it might be brought out weekly, or even daily, if only readers could be found for it; and it seems there is already a difficulty in this respect. But the idea of interfering with the discretion of newspapers, unless they are manifestly partial or corrupt, is idle. They choose those topics and that treatment of them which they think is popular, and they study to produce a commodity which will sell. The "systematic ill-treatment" of which Irish members complain must be imputed, not to the press, but to the people for whose information it reports debates. The Irish mind is fertile in invention, and the Irish tongue is prolific in exposition, and if all that Irish members could say on Irish questions were reported there would be no end to it.

Mr. Mitchell Henry caused reporters to be excluded as the best means of enforcing accuracy in reports. The *Times* has been informed that during the absence of reporters he told the House that he never spoke in it "without feeling as if he were undergoing a painful operation." The House, if it spoke truly, would perhaps say that the feeling is mutual. It finds the class of members whom Mr. Mitchell Henry represents bores, and the House has not yet been so far reformed as to endure bores without resistance. The bores cannot of course compel anybody to listen to them, but the mischief is that they displace better men. As it is, the time of

the House, even with the best economy, is inadequate to the demands upon it, and much of that time is wasted. Among many talents with which nature has endowed Irishmen, the talent for brevity of speech is not the most conspicuous. We do not believe that Irish questions receive less than their fair share of attention in the House, but it is quite possible that there may exist an ignorant impatience of Irish eloquence. The reporters reflect only too faithfully the judgment of the House and of society. Mr. Mitchell Henry is sensible that "the views of Irish members are out of harmony with the mind of the House." But the House probably objects not so much to the views as to the way in which they are expressed. The great majority of the House would, like the nation which it represents, desire fair play for all sides, and full expression for all views, consistently with remembering that the term of human life is limited. There are other complaints besides those of Ireland which sometimes obtain less attention than is expected and perhaps deserved. Mr. Charley has this week brought under review the ecclesiastical policy of Government in the Windward Islands, and he was twice threatened with a count out. Yet his clients doubtless consider that they have a substantial grievance, and they would be very angry if it were suggested that there are probably members of Parliament who do not know where the Windward Islands are. Irishmen are so successful as advocates in private causes that it is very unlikely that Irish interests are not adequately supported in Parliament. The general impression of English members probably is that they hear much on Irish affairs that is worth hearing, and much also that is not. But it seems to us that, if Ireland desires fuller reports of the speeches of Irish members, Ireland can obtain them. It would be quite possible for the staff of reporters to be recruited so as to supply whatever demand may exist for fuller reports of Irish speeches. But perhaps it would be desirable to make quite sure that the demand does exist before arrangements are made for the supply.

Mr. Mitchell Henry expresses the wish that reports of his speeches should be read in Ireland, and we think that this wish is reasonable. Indeed this form of the sentiment "Ireland for the Irish" commands our sympathy. We do not know what is the practice of the Irish newspapers as to reporting debates in Parliament, but we conceive that it is open to them to print as much of any speeches as they can sell. The English newspapers must be allowed to manage their reports on the same commercial principle, and we are sure that Mr. Mitchell Henry does not intend to ask for a reciprocity which would be all on one side. Indeed, when we come to examine his statement more closely, it appears that his complaint against the reporters was, not that his speech was not reported, but that it was not made. He rose, "amid noise and interruptions, which were not unusual," to state the views of some portion of the Irish people on the Judicature Bill, and he was so displeased at his reception that next day, shortly after the sitting of the House, he caused strangers to withdraw. Thus he punished the reporters for what was apparently the fault of the House. We have thus far taken Mr. Mitchell Henry's own account of his speech and the report of it. But, on referring to the *Times*, we find a brief report of some remarks by him on the Judicature Bill which to us appear reasonable. We are tempted to ask what all this hubbub is about? It may be that reporters sometimes infer from the fact of a speech being interrupted that it is not worth reporting, and, as a general rule, this inference would be correct. At any rate they cannot be responsible for the unfortunate coincidence that a number of members should be in a hurry for their dinners at the precise moment that another member rises to address the House. Mr. Whalley, who followed Mr. Mitchell Henry, seems to desire that not only the speeches made, but the business done, in the House should be more fully and accurately reported. Of course, if the *Times* thought it worth while, it could print daily all the "Votes and Proceedings" of the House, but the *Times* does not. Its conductors know what the public can and will read, and endeavour to supply that. The reporters in Parliament are not the only class to which partiality is imputed. Suitors and counsel often complain that cases in courts of law are reported either very imperfectly or not at all. It must be owned that, if a case comes on in the afternoon, the reporters have a tendency towards discovering that the details of it are deficient in public interest. At no period of the day do reporters like the trouble of unravelling complicated facts and explaining technical arguments, and they have a well-founded belief that the trouble, if they incurred it, might not be very profitably bestowed. In truth, the whole business of journalism is conducted on the same principle, that it is useless to place before the public that which the public cannot be induced to read. The systematic manner in which reports are given by the English newspapers is one of their chief merits. In such a paper as the *New York Herald* everything is sacrificed to effect; and, unless a speech in Court or Congress is susceptible of capital letters, it is not reported. The *Times*—we cannot say so much for the other journals, for their reports are too long for summaries, and too short for any other purpose—does its best to present a fair readable report of a night's proceedings in Parliament, and the work, considering how rapidly it is done, is wonderfully good. It behoves members to treat the Press with consideration, for otherwise they might be liable to see their speeches reported as they actually were delivered, and that is a test which few orators could bear.

The existing arrangement for reporting debates has, like many other things in England, been created gradually and accidentally,

and it probably works better than any system which might be theoretically more perfect would work. It is necessary to consider how small the reading power of the public is, and how many demands there are upon it. Many readers of the *Times* content themselves with its admirable summary of the debates, and are only tempted to read a few of the principal speeches in some great debate. Many more readers derive their ideas of politics almost entirely from leading articles, and the most valuable proposal that was ever made for legislation would with such readers have no chance until it could get into large type. It is curious that the reports of debates should be challenged as unfair to Ireland when Irishmen are numerous in the Reporters' Gallery. Mr. Whalley appears to discover in this circumstance another indication of that conspiracy of Roman Catholics against Protestantism which he is always watching and denouncing. We say appears, because Mr. Whalley was interrupted by the Speaker at the moment when he began to explain his view of the religious influences which operate in the Reporters' Gallery. He, however, quoted from a publication called the *Weekly Register*, which lately boasted that the metropolitan press is almost wholly under the control of Roman Catholics. The existence of the editor of this newspaper accounts for the existence of Mr. Whalley. We should fear that this influence, so far as it prevails, is ineradicable. Even if the House of Commons took the business of reporting into its own hands, as Mr. Mitchell Henry suggests as possible, the staff of reporters might, and probably would, still contain a large proportion of Irish Roman Catholics. A silly newspaper on one side might still pretend that the reports were influenced, and a weak gentleman on the other side might still believe it. The Irish as well as the English newspapers can now obtain summarized reports of debates by telegraph, and it is probable that as telegraphy improves these reports may become more full. But the first report which reaches Ireland of a debate will always necessarily be an abridgment, which must destroy the interest of the full report which arrives afterwards. However, if there are people in Ireland, who desire to read complete reports of the speeches of Mr. Mitchell Henry, we think that means might be found to gratify them. Only we object, as readers of English newspapers, to be overwhelmed with matter which we cannot pretend to regard as more than moderately interesting.

If ever the proposal to establish an official system of reporting in Parliament is seriously made, there are several obvious and overwhelming reasons against it. In the first place, it would be a great waste of money. It is quite clear that the public does not want such reports, and all members who are worth listening to are already reported at sufficient length. Mr. Gladstone's superfluous adjectives would in themselves be a considerable item in the account; and Irish eloquence, if what Mr. Mitchell Henry considers justice to Ireland were done to it, would add enormously to the current expenses of Parliament. Then the presence of official reporters bound to report everything would be a great temptation to vain and silly members to waste time more than they do at present; and half the Session would be spent, as in the French Assembly, in squabbling about the accuracy of the reports. But the crowning objection is that what members want is, not merely to be reported, but to have their speeches read; and no human being could be found to wade through such an overwhelming mass of dreary and useless stuff as would be presented in a verbatim report of Parliamentary talk. The truth is that the importance of Parliament consists now mainly in what it does, rather than in what it says. Nobody there ever says anything that has not been said years before, and much better said, in the press. The opinion of Parliament, instead of being an initiatory stage, is only the final result of public opinion.

CHURCH AND STATE IN HUNGARY.

WE are not aware that anything of great importance has taken place in direct connexion with the Old Catholic movement in Germany since the election of Dr. Reinkens as Bishop. It had been asserted indeed in the Ultramontane journals that Bishop Heykamp of Deventer, who is expected to succeed to the archbishopric of Utrecht, had reconsidered his offer to consecrate Reinkens, and declined to act in the matter. But the report, improbable enough in itself, has, like so many others from the same quarter, been authoritatively contradicted, and the consecration is to take place before the end of this month at Deventer. Nor would such a refusal, though it might naturally have made the Old Catholics the more anxious to secure a bishop of their own, have thrown any permanent difficulty in the way of his consecration. The great majority of the so-called Uniate Armenians have broken with Rome in consequence of the Vatican decrees, without, as far as we know, having entered into communion with their brethren of the Oriental rite. And it can hardly be doubted that their bishops, who have thus in fact assumed precisely the position of the Old Catholics, as professed members of the Western Catholic Church rejecting the present claims of the Papacy, would be quite ready to do any good offices for them for which occasion might arise. It was resolved the other day at a meeting held at Bern to provide a second Old Catholic bishop for Switzerland, where the strife of parties in the Roman Catholic Church runs high, and the diocesan prelates find themselves at issue as well with the Government as with a considerable part of their flocks. The details of the Bishop's appointment will perhaps

be reserved for consideration at the third Old Catholic Congress, which is to assemble at Constance on the 12th of September. Meanwhile the address of a large and influential body of Silesian Catholics to the Emperor of Germany has an important bearing on the movement, although—or rather, in one sense, because—the signatories are not among its professed adherents. They express a general concurrence in Prince Bismarck's policy, and are decidedly opposed as well to Ultramontanism as—unlike the Hungarian Liberals, of whom we shall have to speak presently—to the separation of Church and State. On the contrary, they desire that the due relations between the two may be preserved and strengthened. The bitter irritation which their address has provoked among the infallibilists may be gathered from the circumstance of the Duke of Ratibor, who was the first to sign it, having been in consequence expelled from his post of President of the Silesian Committee of Knights of Malta, which he had held for the last eight years, his fifteen co-signatories on the Committee being at the same time displaced with him. Meanwhile six of the Prussian bishops have already formally refused to admit the Government inspection of their seminaries, which have therefore been deprived of the Government grant and the students declared ineligible for benefices in Prussia. Two new churches have just been opened, with overflowing congregations, by the Old Catholics, at Essen and Breslau.

Meanwhile, if we turn our eyes from Germany to Hungary, the ecclesiastical controversy is seen cropping up in a somewhat new form. Our readers may recollect that the great majority, if not the whole, of the Austrian and Hungarian episcopate sided at Rome with the Opposition, the primates of Austria and Hungary and the Cardinal-Archbishop of Prague being among its most prominent spokesmen. In the original debate in the Council on the *Schisma de Primatu*, Simor, Archbishop of Gran and Primate, whose support had been counted upon by the Curia, and who was known to be one of the best Latin speakers in the assembly, electrified his hearers by delivering an eloquent and emphatic denunciation of the proposed decree. And when, two months later, the bishops of the minority met, on the eve of the decisive 13th of July, to determine their line of action on the morrow, the insidious suggestion of Ketteler and Archbishop Melchers, that all should vote *placet juxta modum*, was by none more energetically resisted than by Cardinals Rauscher and Schwarzenberg and the Archbishop of Gran. To say that these have proved faithless to the pledges they then gave is only to say that they have followed the ignominious example of every one of their colleagues, with the single exception of Strossmayer. But there are degrees even in subservieney, and, although all the minority bishops have outwardly acquiesced in doctrines which they have given the world the best reasons for suspecting that they do not really believe, they have not all condescended to do the work of the Vatican by persecuting their former followers, nor have they all gone so far as to promulgate the obnoxious decrees officially in their dioceses. There has not, if we are correctly informed, been, as a general rule, any formal promulgation or any attempt at enforcing the new dogmas in the dioceses of Austria and Hungary. Professor Schulte, for instance, the President of both the Old Catholic Congresses, continued a regular communicant and an intimate personal friend of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Prague up to the period of his recent removal from that city to Bonn. Of course on Ultramontane principles the promulgation or non-promulgation of these decrees in particular dioceses is a matter of very little consequence. The mere fact of their promulgation at Rome clothes them with all requisite authority, and in these days of railroads and telegraphs that fact may be known to all whom it concerns within a few hours, or at most a few days, of its occurrence. This, we say, is the modern Ultramontane theory, though it is not apparently the old theory of the canon law, as was shown incidentally the other day in the O'Keefe trial. To this day the decrees of Trent have never been promulgated in France. And when Archbishop Murray and other Irish prelates were examined before a Parliamentary Committee at the time of Catholic Emancipation, they distinctly insisted that no Papal decree could have force in Ireland till it was promulgated by the local bishops, and that it was their right and duty, before promulgating it, to remonstrate with the Pope, if they saw any sufficient reason for doing so, though they might ultimately be compelled to submit. But even this lingering shadow of episcopal independence has become intolerable to the Jesuit Camarilla who now rule the Court of Rome, and accordingly Papal decrees are alleged to be equally binding whether they have been proclaimed by the bishop of the diocese or not. Nevertheless, the bishops, whose sole business appears to be to make themselves the faithful echo of the Vatican, are required to promulgate them, and it seems that at last one Hungarian bishop, after an interval of nearly three years, has been reduced to compliance. Hence arose the debate which took place the other day in the Hungarian House of Deputies, to which we purpose calling attention. The issues involved are of much wider interest and significance than the particular question which gave rise to the discussion.

The Minister of Worship was interrogated by a member of the Left as to the recent publication of the infallibilist dogma by a Bishop of Upper Hungary. He replied that he had intimated his disapproval to the Bishop, and had informed him that, in case of any illegal consequences of his act, the law would be strictly put in force. But this answer did not satisfy the Left or the Protestant members, who insisted that the publication was itself an illegal act, and the Minister defended himself by alleging the absence of

any specific law under which the offending Bishop could be dealt with. Deak, who came forward to support him, adduced this view, and the Opposition could only refer vaguely to old laws against disloyalty and felony, which they presumed to be applicable to the case. On this Deak took occasion to sketch out his own ideas of ecclesiastical reform, which may be summed up in Cavour's famous and, as many contend, fanciful and unpractical formula, "a free Church in a free State." He advocated the enactment of laws to guarantee the free exercise and civil equality of all religions, obligatory civil marriage, the autonomy of Catholics, and the readjustment of the *jus placiti* in accordance with the modern system of free speech and a free press; he finally suggested the appointment of a Commission to regulate the relations of Church and State. And he would have them regulated rather on Cavour's principle than on Bismarck's. Like Cavour, he referred complacently to the precedent of America, and urged that liberty and Catholicism might be reconciled on the basis of a complete separation of Church and State, each being absolute and independent in its own sphere. The practical difficulty of effecting this entire separation between two powers whose claims and line of action so constantly cross one another does not seem to have occurred to him, and the majority of the assembly evidently shared his view of the subject. Discontented with the religious policy of the Cabinet, and distrustful of its independence from clerical influence, the Left Centre declared that they would only consent to the appointment of the Commission desired by the Minister of Worship—in which they suspected a mere pretext for delay—on condition of its being directed to conduct its proceedings on the principles enunciated by Deak; and all the Liberal members of the Right, with Deak at their head, voted in the same sense, against the Catholic party. And the vote seems to have been taken as equivalent to one of want of confidence in the Ministry.

It may at once be admitted that in countries like Austria and Hungary, where the Catholic Church retains far more of its mediæval status and wealth than anywhere else in Europe, a scheme of disestablishment, especially if accompanied by partial or entire disendowment, would involve very important changes, and it is not wonderful that the Catholic party should strenuously oppose it. But it by no means follows that the adoption of the programme somewhat crudely extemporized by Cavour, so far as it is capable of being carried out, will have the effect anticipated by what may be termed the Italian school of Liberals. So far as the experiment has actually been tried in Italy—and it has been worked no doubt by far feebler hands than his—the results as yet can hardly be considered encouraging. The utmost that can be said from the Liberal point of view is that the snake has been scotched but not killed. Nor does the experience of other countries really support a more favourable conclusion. In Belgium and Switzerland, Catholicism, though enjoying no political privileges, has shown itself a formidable political power, and in Belgium it is always aspiring to a virtual civil supremacy. As to North America, the chosen paradise of Free Churches, it must be remembered that there Catholicism is, as it is not in Europe, but one of a multitude of contending sects, and that it is as yet too numerically weak to make itself a dominant power in the country. Yet even there, in particular States or cities, as in New York, the Catholic vote exerts a tyrannical force. Moreover, it must always be borne in mind that arguments derived from a social condition of things to which, from the nature of the case, the Old World presents no parallel, are very apt to be misleading. The principle of a free Church in a free State, like the principle of universal suffrage, has a very liberal sound, but neither the one nor the other affords any sure guarantee against a crushing despotism. No suspicions of the kind, however, seem to trouble the complacent optimism of Deak and the Hungarian Liberals. Their notion is to pass a series of laws in vindication of religious liberty, such as Cavour originated twenty years ago in Piedmont, to introduce universal civil marriage, exclude spiritual peers from the Upper House, separate educational and ecclesiastical endowments, enact a law of mortmain, and then trust that the lion and the lamb will henceforth lie down peacefully side by side—the Church having hitherto played the lion's part—and that common sense and the bond of common interest will guide and unite them both. What is forgotten in such speculations is that, where Church and State are not absolutely identified—whether on the theocratic or the Erastian model—their interests can never be altogether the same nor can their powers be co-ordinate. An Established Church is a sort of compromise between the two principles, where the State gives certain privileges in exchange for the authority it claims. But it is, at least in its ordinary forms at this day, a compromise, and therefore it fails to satisfy the ideal of either of the great schools of Continental Liberalism. Bismarck has undertaken to solve the problem in one way in Prussia, by subjecting the Established Church to the supremacy of the State. Deak proposes to solve it in another way in Hungary, by casting off the Establishment altogether, and the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna rejoices that the Government has accepted his scheme, in the hope that it may be extended to Austria. It remains, however, to be seen whether either experiment will answer its intended end. There is a sort of doctrinaire completeness about foreign systems of Liberalism which looks faultless on paper, but is apt to break down under the rude impact of stubborn and unideal fact.

THE GREAT AMERICAN LECTURER.

A PERSON who describes himself as "the great American lecturer" deserves a visit, if only that we may get an idea of a sort of entertainment which is much more popular in the United States than among ourselves. Mr. Hardy (Gillard) is certainly great in some of the qualities of a lecturer, and it is difficult not to admire the faculty of feeling or assuming enthusiasm at the completion of the Pacific Railway, and the consequent opening-up, as the phrase is, of direct trade with China. Two Companies were working one from the east and the other from the west towards a certain point in the line. Mr. Gillard's excitement slightly interferes with his elocution, but, if we rightly understand him, each Company was to have a concession of the land on either side of the line which it made. And, therefore, if the Western or Californian Company could carry its line east of the middle point, it would gain so much land, and if the Eastern or New York Company could carry its line west of the middle point, it would gain so much land. We do not know whether the land was worth the struggle, and we regard that consideration as irrelevant. The two Companies ran a most exciting race, which is described by Mr. Gillard with all the vehemence of gesticulation proper to the subject. It differed from most other races in this respect, that the competitors started from opposite quarters and ran towards the same point. The result was, we believe, a dead heat, but Mr. Gillard's energy at this point of his narrative slightly impaired his clearness. He stated that both Companies employed three relays of men, one of which worked by torchlight. The sleepers were laid, the rails placed upon them, and the pins driven; and these three operations were performed by each Company at the rate of six miles per day. This is a plain prosaic description of this great contest, but there ought to arise and reveal himself a poet equal to the magnificent opportunity. We had once a poet among ourselves who sang of the undertaking of the Balaklava railway and the beneficent power of the contractor who completed it:—

The soldiers' friend and sailors' too,
He saved their weary feet, oh!
On railroad car, they blessed from far
Sir Samuel Morton Peto.

In such style ought the completion of the Pacific Railway to be celebrated. But in the absence of a poet we must content ourselves with Mr. Gillard screaming until he becomes almost inaudible, and making terrible cuts and slashes with a long wand, as if he were performing sword exercise against a giant. The Californian Company sent a golden nail, which was driven with great solemnity into the last sleeper on their side by a high functionary appointed for that purpose—*clavum figendi causi* would be the correct classical expression. We do not know whether another high functionary was appointed to watch the nail after it was driven, but that precaution would not seem to be altogether superfluous in a country liable to be roused over by predatory Indians. An iron nail would keep the rail quite as well in place, and a gold nail would go a long way in drink. However, the nail was driven, and the triumphant result was telegraphed to San Francisco, where Mr. Gillard happened to be, ready to arouse himself to an enthusiasm suitable to the contemplation of the tremendous fact that tea could now be drunk in New York thirty days after it was growing on the plant. The same result has long since been attained in England, but it scarcely excites enthusiasm in the consumer.

The interest of Mr. Gillard's lecture culminates when he—to use a phrase of his country—becomes explanatory of the sleeping arrangements for ladies and gentlemen in the cars of the Pacific Railway. An inexorable, but to our mind unpleasant, necessity has decreed that a lady and a gentleman should sleep, not exactly in the same bed, but in the closest juxtaposition that could well be arranged short of it. Even if the sexes were not intermixed to an extent that to our old-world prejudices would be disturbing, we should say that the arrangements must be more snug than comfortable. "As snug as a bug in a rug" would be a very fair description of the condition of an occupant of one of these berths when the car happens to be full. The snuggery is enhanced by the consideration that a couple of dozen people of either sex are lying as close as herrings in a barrel on what was a dining-table, and has, by some wonderful hocus-pocus, been changed into a nest of berths. As you sit at breakfast or dinner in what is by daytime a saloon, your attention is called to the stupendous fact that your bed-clothes and the bed-clothes of several ladies and gentlemen your fellow-travellers are at that moment packed away above your head. The cleverness of this contrivance is perhaps more obvious than its sanitary value. Such an arrangement would be inconvenient in England, and this railway traverses a country as to which there is a legend that a native, having had after death some experience of a place which is commonly reputed warm, came back to fetch his blanket. The custom is that the gentlemen go forward to the smoking-car between nine and ten in the evening, while the ladies put themselves and their children to bed among what were the dining-room tables and sofas. We had quite forgotten the children, who must add much, as they always do, to the beauty and harmony of the scene. Then the gentlemen return, and having prepared themselves for bed, they draw aside a curtain, behind which are sleeping, on the ground tier of berths, several ladies, and placing one foot on this ground tier, the gentlemen vault nimbly (or otherwise) up to the tier above. According to programme they go to sleep; but supposing they don't? The subject of ventilation was not mentioned by the lecturer, and a black waiter, who is in the dining-room by day, was left unaccounted

for; but he perhaps sleeps in the funnel of the steam-engine, which by comparison with one of these berths must be, one would think, a cool place.

It strikes us as wonderful, not only that the lecturer should tell us this, but that he should not tell us something else. The route is dreary and the description of it more dreary. Even an American railway with its adjuncts cannot destroy the beauty of the Rocky Mountains, but perhaps the most melancholy of all spectacles is a rudimentary town upon the prairie. It is depressing to reflect that the monotony of nature is being displaced by the monotony of civilization. Mr. Gillard expresses the ordinary American view of his country and its destiny, when he treats bigness as synonymous with grandeur. Chicago was a wonderful place, and it will be a more wonderful place still when it is rebuilt. Forty years ago there were only seven people dwelling there, and now, in the eloquent language of Mr. Gillard, it surpasses Birmingham, and it rivals Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow. You ought to hear Mr. Gillard, and to see him perform sword-exercise with his wand in order to get this fact properly into your mind. He might have mentioned that at a particular time of the year there is probably more bacon at Chicago than at any other place in the world. But if Mr. Gillard forgot bacon, he aroused all the power of his oratory to do justice to the more sublime subject of oil. Millionaires, and we might add very disagreeable ones, have been made in a few years from oil. Since the world began there has been no simpler method of getting rich than "striking oil," if only you can strike it. Perhaps a more hideous picture was never painted than this of "oil wells in Canada" which forms part of Mr. Gillard's panorama. The oil is pumped from the well into a tank, and drawn thence into vessels which run upon wheels and form part of a railway train which carries the oil to a refinery at Detroit or New York. Fortunes are made out of these Canadian oil-wells, but the richer springs which gush up into millions are found in Pennsylvania. Then there is another great trade in lumber which excites the lecturer's admiration. The forests which darken the horizon on the North as the train crosses Iowa and Nebraska supply timber which floats down the tributaries of the Mississippi, and down the mighty river itself, and so reaches New Orleans. Although rail-splitting may have helped to make a statesman, yet the contemplation of rail-splitting is hardly likely to make a poet or an orator. The railway crosses some of the tributaries of the Mississippi, and, when the timber is once placed upon the line, it can be carried to these prairie towns, which have been built or sketched at the distance of several hundred miles from growing wood. The lecturer describes, with copious details, the Mormon settlements, which he judges—and perhaps rightly—will be interesting to his hearers. He started from New York, which is a wonderfully big place, and he arrives at San Francisco, which is also, considering the circumstances, a wonderfully big place. He shows us the Golden Gate, and the hotel where the rich citizens of San Francisco walk upon the sea-sand and look at the big seals, while the big seals stand on end and admire the results of modern civilization.

Such a lecture is interesting not only for its style, but also, as we ought fairly to own, for its subject. The views of the route are painted from sketches or photographs, and they represent faithfully a process which, whether beautiful or useful, or what else, is actual and irresistible. This ugly locomotive with its train of cars is to our age what the chivalry of Spain and the naval skill and enterprise of England were to ages which preceded. The functionary who drove the golden nail into the last sleeper of the Pacific Railway was the conqueror of a continent and an ocean; and Mr. Gillard is his panegyrist. To the romantic daring of Magellan and Drake has succeeded the commercial spirit of Mr. Cook, who invites us to travel with him round the world in ninety days. All who love to travel with Mr. Cook will like to hear Mr. Gillard lecture. He tells them nothing of the past, and perhaps, as it was not exclusively American, he thinks that it would not be interesting. Mr. Gillard regards the Pacific much as Mr. Spurgeon regarded Rome when he made his memorable visit to it. The Pacific is capable of being traversed by a steamer in eighteen days, and the highway of commerce between China and Europe is likely to pass by New York and San Francisco. Thus streams of wealth will ever flow to the eastward and westward through the Golden Gate. The prairie accomplishes its destiny by presenting a level surface upon which a railway may be laid at the rate of six miles a day. Towns uniformly hideous will be built upon the line, and in every town there will be published, at least one newspaper. This is the course of civilization which Mr. Gillard's panorama faithfully represents. It would be almost worth while to fetch back the Shah of Persia to show him this impressive spectacle of life and human progress in the "new and happy land."

THE LORDS' REPORT ON HORSES.

THE Report of the Committee of the House of Lords on Horses was likely to be chiefly valuable for the information which it would collect, and for this we must wait for the appendix which is not yet published. The recommendations of the Committee may be summed up in this—that they are in favour of letting things alone. If horses are dear, everything else is also dear; and if the farmers have neglected horse-breeding in recent years, they have probably given increased attention to breeding sheep and oxen. "It seems admitted that the mounted portions of the army were never better horsed than at present, and that any future difficulty in mounting them would be a question of price." This question of price is very serious, and it cannot be

evaded. The Government must either breed horses themselves or buy in the market, and experience teaches that the latter is the preferable course. It at least enables us to know what we spend, which might not be possible by the former course. The difficulty of all previous discussions of this subject has been the want of accurate statistics, and these will be supplied in the appendix to the Report. "The Committee have considered with great care the primary question before them—namely, the alleged scarcity of horses in this country—and they are of opinion that the scarcity complained of by many witnesses is not caused so much by a deficiency of number as by the supply not having kept pace with the increased demand." We should have expected this conclusion, but we shall nevertheless be glad to see the evidence from which it is derived. There does not appear to be a scarcity of every class of horse. "There is no scarcity of thoroughbred horses." This statement is undeniable, and the Committee avoid the vexed question of the quality of our thoroughbred stock as not within the scope of their inquiry. Hunters of high character have increased in price, but for those who can afford to pay the article can generally be found. This statement agrees with ordinary observation. In some districts horse-breeding has declined, but in Devon and Cornwall, where formerly few horses were bred, great improvement has taken place. On the other hand, some breeds, such as the Cleveland bay, and the old-fashioned roadster, appear to have become extremely rare. It is remarkable that the greatest scarcity exists among agricultural horses, on which point, the Committee say, "the evidence is practically unanimous." One of the causes of this scarcity is the exportation of mares to foreign countries, for which there is manifestly no direct remedy. We must await such a rise in price as will make it worth while to keep the mares at home. Another cause is the increased profit on sheep and cattle. This profit is both more certain and more rapid than the profit on horses. The great aim of the breeder of sheep and cattle has been to bring them early to maturity, and wonderful success has been attained. But an animal which is bred for work cannot be thus forced. The nearest approach to a system of early profit has been made by two-year-old racing. But many eminent authorities believe that this system has injured our thoroughbred stock, and it is inapplicable to any other class of horse. The attraction of sheep and cattle breeding would appear to be so superior that a considerable rise in the price of horses may be needed to overcome it. And if in future years we get more horses but fewer sheep and oxen, there must be a further rise in the already exalted prices of animal food.

It is difficult to discuss this question of the scarcity of horses without remembering the sight which the Park presented during the Shah's visit. It would be interesting to compare the number of carriage and saddle horses kept in London now and thirty years ago. As regards carriage-horses, it may probably be said, as the Report says of hunters, that those who can afford to pay for them can get them. The teams of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs, and of the coaches which run out of London in the summer, form a considerable item in the superior class of horses. This fashion is almost certain to extend, and as national wealth increases there will be more carriages in the Park. Thus there must be adequate inducement to breed these classes of horses, and the only apparent limit to breeding is the want of suitable soil and climate. An interesting part of the appendix will be that which refers to Ireland. A large decrease in the number of horses existing in Ireland is shown by trustworthy figures. It is clear that every available animal has been bought up and carried away. But why have not more animals been bred? We should have thought that all parties and sects could agree in encouraging the breed of horses. The education of the horse can hardly be made a religious question. Even those economists who have thought that there could be too many Irishmen would scarcely suggest that there could be too many Irish horses. In large tracts of country the soil is eminently suitable, and a district which produces horses is comparatively barren of those "improvements" which have been the frequent cause of strife. If the Irish could breed more horses and think less about Home Rule, it would be better both for themselves and for us. But perhaps the country has produced nearly up to the limit of its power. There has been "a very extensive exportation to foreign countries." Recent returns show a certain increase in the number of horses now bred in Ireland, and it may be believed that the inducement is sufficient to develop the productive power of the country to the utmost. Indeed, we should almost be tempted to think that Irishmen could breed horses without requiring a grant of public money to assist them. Both in Ireland and England demand exceeds supply. The foreigner is ruining our breeders by offering prices which they cannot resist, and perhaps other classes of traders would like to have their ruin effected in the same way. There have been both from Ireland and England exceptional exportations during the Franco-German war, and it is probable that in the next few years the scarcity now acknowledged will stimulate supply. Companies may perhaps be formed for breeding various classes of horses, as has been already done to some extent for thoroughbred stock. But the area of available land is limited, and it may well be that for horses, as well as for sheep and oxen, we must henceforward depend for a portion of our supply upon our neighbours.

It will be obvious from what has been said that the Committee have almost nothing to suggest by way of remedy for a state of things which is not altogether satisfactory. The enterprising foreigner might have carried off his share himself if he had been the highest bidder at a recent sale. Admit all that has

been lately urged as to the defects in our thoroughbred stock, it is evident that, if these defects could be cured, the demand for our horses for exportation would be thereby increased. The proposal that Government should keep stallions of its own in various parts of the country was certain to be disapproved by the Committee, and whatever may be the case in other countries, it appears unsuitable to England. We must trust in this matter either to Government or to private enterprise, but cannot combine the two. As regards any check on the unsoundness of travelling stallions, the Committee think that it is greatly to be desired, but they doubt whether compulsory examination would be endured. They would not suggest prohibition, but merely a tax upon unsoundness. Another and gentler method of attaining the same result would be to offer prizes to sound stallions which have covered a number of mares at a low price in particular districts. It is manifest, however, that this is merely a proposal to assist the farmer in breeding horses by paying one of the necessary expenses. It would be difficult to justify such a proposal in the House of Commons, unless the farmer gives in some way a *quid pro quo*; and with this object it has been suggested that the horses thus bred should be under liability to be taken for military service at a fixed rate. As this suggestion is favoured by certain military authorities, it has doubtless been brought under consideration of the Committee. It appears probable that the offering of prizes to stallions will remain with the Agricultural Societies, to whose attention we earnestly recommend it. The next, and perhaps we may say the only, practical suggestion of the Committee is that any tax which operates to discourage a farmer in keeping horses should be either abolished or modified. The Committee express disapproval of the system of warranty, but they reasonably add that breeders have this matter pretty much in their own hands.

We attached value to this Committee principally as a means of collecting accurate information. There is much to be said against nearly all proposals which have been put forward for interference by Government in horse-breeding, and it might have been expected that this Committee would incline, as it has done, to the negative side. Useful action may be taken by Agricultural Societies and by noblemen and gentlemen who are able to make a sound and useful class of stallion accessible to their neighbours. It must always be remembered that a good and numerous supply of horses is essential to national defence. If Government interference could promote this supply, the pecuniary means for interference would doubtless be forthcoming, but it seems best to leave Government in the position of a large regular customer for horse-breeders. It is certainly wonderful to find this Committee testifying at once to the large increase in number and value of thoroughbred horses, and to the considerable decrease in the number of horses used for agricultural purposes. It seems surprising that, instead of the considerable increase which the great prosperity of the country and the consequent demand would lead us to expect, there should be this reduction in numbers in the two years following 1870. If the business of the country could be done as well with a less number of horses than were used formerly, it would be idle to complain of the reduction. But it is difficult to believe that this can be so. If in one department of business horse labour can be saved, some other department is established which requires it. This is notably the case with railways, which have displaced horses in carrying goods over long distances, but employ horses in collecting and distributing these goods. It would be interesting to know whether there are any causes at work which tend to reduce the number of horses employed in agriculture. The machines which one now sees in every farm are designed to save the labour rather of men than of horses. It cannot be that farming business has fallen off, because that business is, and is likely to continue, co-extensive with the productive land of England. The decrease in the two years is small; but the wonder is that there was not an increase. The decrease appears in the total number of brood mares, unbroken horses, and horses actually used for agricultural purposes; and it may be that this decrease is chiefly to be ascribed to the insatiable foreigner, who, regardless of expense, has been buying up and carrying away our brood mares. It is to be hoped that the statistics of their exportation have been and will continue to be accurately collected. It is difficult to believe that this exportation can be an unhealthy feature of English horse-breeding. When we read that, by the providential interposition of a millionaire, some celebrated stallion has been preserved to his country, we are inclined to wish that that country may never be exposed to any worse danger than this from which an expenditure of some few thousands of pounds has rescued her.

REVIEWS.

LORD CLIFFORD OF CHUDLEIGH.*

THE Lord Treasurer Clifford's Ministerial pre-eminence was of very short duration. His rise in Parliament to the great post of Lord Treasurer had been amazingly rapid. He was appointed Lord Treasurer on April 20, 1672; he ceased to hold the

* *Collections Illustrating the History of the Catholic Religion in the Counties of Cornwall, Devon, &c.* By the Very Rev. George Oliver, D.D., Canon of the Diocese of Plymouth. The Clifton, London. 1857.

Lives of the Prime Ministers of England, from the Restoration to the Present Time. By J. Houston Browne. Thomas Lord Clifford and the Clifton, London. 1822.

office on June 19, 1673. The loss of power and the disappointment of ambition preyed on his spirits, and in four months after the loss of his greatness he died, and died, there is much reason for believing, by his own hand. He was only in his forty-fifth year when he died.

Clifford's name is fixed in the general mind as that of a chief and daring member of the so-called Cabal Ministry. But his has been a neglected biography. It is not included in the *Biographia Britannica*, or in Chalmers's *Biographical Dictionary*. Bishop Burnet and Samuel Pepys both erroneously describe him as a clergyman's son. Such errors could not now be committed by writers of the position of Burnet and Pepys about a contemporary prominent politician. Clifford's father had been colonel of a regiment for Charles I., and he died in 1639 from illness which overtook him in military service. His eldest son Thomas, the future Lord Treasurer, was then nine years old. He appears to have inherited but a small country gentleman's estate, Ugbrooke, near Chudleigh, in Devonshire, which he enlarged by wealth acquired through office, and which is still the family seat. He had an ancient and brilliant lineage. Clifford went through the usual career of college (Exeter College, Oxford), an Inn of Court (the Middle Temple), and foreign travel, and was elected member for Totnes in the Convention Parliament which restored Charles II., and again in the Parliament of 1661. Clarendon is said by Burnet to have slighted him on information that he had, while abroad, embraced the Roman Catholic religion. He attached himself in the House of Commons to Bennet, soon afterwards Secretary of State and Lord Arlington, who was not sympathetic with Clarendon, and, showing much Parliamentary ability, he rose rapidly through Arlington's friendship. He was knighted. His first appointment was to be one of three Commissioners for the care of the sick and wounded, appointed at the beginning of the Dutch war of 1665. In this war he served as a volunteer, and was also employed as a Civil Commissioner in the naval campaigns of 1665 and 1666, and he earned a character for valour and qualities of business.

In the autumn of 1665, after the ill-starred engagement with the Dutch merchant fleet in the port of Bergen, at which Clifford was present, he was appointed Minister to the Kings of Sweden and Denmark. There is in the Record Office a letter of Sir William Coventry, a very able and active member of the Ministry, addressed to Arlington, when resigning this appointment, saying that he thinks Clifford the fittest person, but that he shall regret the absence of so considerable a man from Parliament, where indeed he doubts if he can be spared, for that he considers him the most useful member of the House (Mrs. Green's *Calendar of Domestic State Papers*, September 2, 1665). In November 1666 he was appointed Comptroller of the Household. Pepys describes him a little before as "much set by at Court for his activity in going to sea, and stoutness everywhere, and stirring up and down"; the same gentleman, having heard Clifford speak, had already pronounced that he "do speak very well and neatly." Evelyn, a particular friend, mentioning his appointment to the Comptrollership of the Household, which carried an appointment to the Privy Council, says that Clifford was "a bold young gentleman, of a small fortune in Devon, but advanced by Lord Arlington to the great astonishment of all the Court." In May 1667, after the death of the Earl of Southampton, Lord Treasurer, this office was put into Commission, and Clifford was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Treasury. With this post he retained the Comptrollership of the Household, and in 1668, the superior office of Treasurer of the Household becoming vacant by the death of Lord Fitzhardinge, he was promoted to it, again by Arlington's interest. His small fortune made him eager for advancement, and he was also immoderately ambitious. A member of Parliament told Pepys, June 24, 1667, that "there is not so great confidence between any two men of power in the nation at this day, that he knows of, as between my Lord Arlington and Sir Thomas Clifford; and that it arises by accident only, there being no relation nor acquaintance between them, but only Sir Thomas Clifford's coming to him and applying himself to him for favours when he came up first to town to be a Parliament man." But there came soon a time when his patron Arlington resented his ingratitude, and then Arlington showed Evelyn the letters which he had received from Clifford begging for the Treasurership of the Household "as the very height of his ambition," and the letters were written, says Evelyn, "with such submissions and professions of his patronage as I had never seen any man acknowledging."

He was now Treasurer of the Household and a Commissioner of the Treasury; the latter a place of business, the former giving him great access to the King. There was a memorable small private meeting convened by Charles on the 25th of January, 1669, in the house of the Duke of York; besides the King and the Duke there were present Arlington, Clifford, and Lord Arundel of Wardour, a known Roman Catholic. The object of this meeting was to concert measures for an alliance with France on the basis of the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic religion in England. Burnet has positively stated that Clifford had been reconciled to the Church of Rome while he was travelling abroad, before he became a member of Parliament. The Rev. Dr. Oliver, a Roman Catholic clergyman of our own day, and a friend of the house, but having apparently no special private information, says that he was not converted before 1672, and that as late as July 17, 1671, he caused a domestic chapel at Ugbrooke to be consecrated by the Protestant Bishop of Exeter. The truth probably is, that he became at heart a Roman Catholic while abroad, and

kept his secret, and maintained conformity to the Church of England from prudence. It was probably the same with Arlington. It was undoubtedly the same with Charles II. Even to the last, to the very eve of his retirement from the Lord Treasurership, because he would not take the Protestant tests, watchful observers and even intimate friends doubted if he was a Roman Catholic. His most intimate friend, Evelyn, writes of him during the two previous years only as "warping to Rome," and wavering, and doubts if he had "any prejudice to the Protestant religion" (Evelyn's *Diary*, May 17, 1671, March 12, 1672, June 19, 1673). A clerk in the Secretary of State's office, supplying news to Sir Joseph Williamson abroad, wrote as late as June 6, 1673, only three weeks before Clifford refused the tests and retired, "His Lordship continues his daily prayers in his chapel after the form of the Church of England." But there were those who held another opinion, and on May 23 the same correspondent had written to Williamson:—"They mark now in the town that my Lord Clifford has always observed Popish holidays, and would never do business on any of them, and that his chapel was only for fashion and for his servants, his Lordship or Lady never frequenting it" (Letters of H. Ball to Sir Joseph Williamson, in *Record Office*).

Clifford was the most eager, bold, and thorough of all the advisers of Charles II. in prosecution of the unhappy scheme of French alliance, Dutch war, and Popery in England. His nature was ardent and impetuous. He became all-important to the Duke of York and the King. On the conclusion of the Triple Alliance with Holland, negotiated by Sir William Temple, under Arlington's directions, in January 1668, Clifford had been heard to say in the House of Commons, "This is all very well, but we shall soon have a Dutch war nevertheless." This Dutch war he worked for perseveringly, till on March 17, 1672, it was proclaimed; and the proclamation was preceded by an attack without notice on a convoyed rich Dutch merchant fleet in the Channel—an unhappy project of Clifford's, which failed. The war was called Clifford's War. In preparation for it, being the most active and leading Commissioner of the Treasury, and having completely the ear of the King, he had counselled and executed the famous Stop of the Exchequer. The monies of the goldsmiths, or bankers, and their clients, deposited in the Exchequer on security of the revenues, were laid hold of for the King's use, payment of the principal refused, and the King's creditors put off with a promise of six per cent. interest. This was Clifford's measure, not, as has been often said, Shaftesbury's. Shaftesbury strongly opposed it in the Cabinet. By the Stop of the Exchequer, January 2, 1672, Clifford obtained thirteen hundred thousand pounds. He hoped to repay this sum by the capture of the Dutch Smyrna fleet in the Channel, reported to have a freight worth a million and a half sterling. The attack miscarried; he lost the plunder; and England was irretrievably involved in the long projected war. The proofs that Clifford was the Minister primarily and chiefly responsible for the Stop of the Exchequer and the attack, without previous declaration of war, on the Dutch Smyrna fleet are abundant and irresistible. Sir William Temple says:—

The counsel of stopping the Exchequer was carried so secret, that I do not hear of any man at Court that had warning enough to call in his money out of the bankers' hands till Sir Thomas Clifford proposed the thing in Council, without other circumstances than saying that it was necessary; the King must have money for the war with Holland; that he knew no other way but this; and desired that none would speak against it without proposing some better and easier way. Upon this nothing more was said, and the thing passed.—Temple's *Memoirs*, Works, II. 184.

"Lord Clifford's violence," Temple also says, "in beginning the war, gave it an ill air in general." The testimony of Evelyn, Clifford's attached and intimate friend, is even more important:—

The Treasurer of the Household, Sir Thomas Clifford, hinted to me as a confidant, that his Ministry would shut up the Exchequer (and accordingly His Majesty made use of infinite treasure there, to prepare for an intended rupture); but, says he, it will soon be open again, and everybody satisfied; for this bold man, who had been the sole adviser of the King to invade that sacred stock (though some pretend it was Lord Ashley's counsel, then Chancellor of the Exchequer), was so over-confident of the success of the unworthy design against the Smyrna merchants, as to put His Majesty on an action which not only lost the hearts of his subjects, and ruined many widows and orphans, whose stocks were lent him, but the reputation of his Exchequer for ever, it being before in such credit, that he might have commanded half the wealth of the nation.—*Diary*, March 12, 1672.

The action of the Cabinet, or, as it was then commonly called, Cabal, and the relations of Ministers to the King and to each other, were in those days very different from what they are now. Each Minister separately held his office in immediate dependence on the King. There was no common solidarity, as there is now, of those Ministers whom the King was in the habit of calling together for Cabinet advice. He called whom he chose, and, after hearing, acted as he chose. He did not give his whole confidence equally to all. In the great questions of French alliance, Dutch war, and Popery, his chief object of establishing Popery in England was known to the Duke of York, Arlington, and Clifford, and sedulously concealed from Buckingham, Lauderdale, and Shaftesbury. Another cardinal measure preparatory to war with Holland, the Declaration of Indulgence to Protestant Nonconformists and Roman Catholics, was eagerly promoted by Clifford for furthering the design of establishing the Roman Catholic religion, and by Shaftesbury, who knew nothing of that design, on wise principles of religious toleration.

Soon after the declaration of war Clifford was made a peer, Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, and Lord Arlington was made an earl.

These favours were grateful acknowledgments of co-operation in the great design of establishing Popery. The Earl of Lauderdale was also made a duke, and Lord Ashley made Earl of Shaftesbury. By these favours the King endeavoured to stimulate the support of these two important Ministers, whom he was duping as to his Roman Catholic design.

On April 20, 1672, the Commission for the Treasury, which had existed since the death of the Earl of Southampton, in 1667, and of which both Cliford and Shaftesbury were members, was superseded, and Lord Cliford was made Lord Treasurer. This high office was previously offered to Shaftesbury, who refused it. Seven months after—November 17, 1672—Shaftesbury was made Lord Chancellor. The making Cliford Lord Treasurer was a heavy blow to Arlington, who had been Secretary of State for ten years, who had been Cliford's first and constant patron, and who believed that Cliford was now using his influence with the King to procure for him this great appointment. Arlington told Evelyn, the friend of both, that Cliford had pretended to make interest for him, and had cut the grass under his feet, assuring the King that Arlington did not desire the office. "This," says Evelyn, "was the only great ingratitude Lord Cliford showed, keeping my Lord Arlington in ignorance, continually assuring him he was pursuing his interest. . . . For the rest my Lord Cliford was a valiant, incorrupt gentleman; ambitious, not covetous; generous, passionate, a most constant sincere friend." But it may not have been quite as Arlington believed. It may have been that the King did not wish to appoint Arlington, and was determined to appoint Cliford, his great favourite. If it were so, Cliford could not tell Arlington this, and he could not make the King appoint Arlington. This is very much the story told by the Duke of York, who pressed Cliford on the King, and whom the King told that Arlington desired the office, but "that he had too much kindness for him to let him have it, for he knew he was not fit for that office, and that, should he give it him, it would be his ruin, and expose him to the malice of his enemies."

Want of money for carrying on the war compelled the calling together of Parliament in February 1673, after an interval of two years without Parliament. The national mind was now roused and engrossed by fears of Popery, and to this subject the House of Commons, when it met, gave almost undivided attention. Neither the Stop of the Exchequer nor the attack on the Dutch fleet, nor even the Dutch war, excited opposition. A large supply was readily granted for carrying on the war; but the Commons were determined that the growth of Popery should be suppressed, that the Declaration of Indulgence should be cancelled, and that rigid tests should exclude all Roman Catholics from public employments. The King was forced to annul the Declaration of Indulgence, after having said in the speech with which he opened Parliament, "I shall take it very ill to receive contradiction in what I have done, and I will deal plainly with you: I am resolved to stick to my declaration." It was not annulled till after the King of France had made a strong representation to Charles of the necessity of not sticking to it. Then, the Declaration having been withdrawn, Parliament passed an Act for removing all holders of office who should not by a day named take the oaths of supremacy and allegiance, receive the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England, and disavow the doctrine of Transubstantiation. Cliford, in the House of Lords, opposed this Bill with fury. Shaftesbury and Arlington saw the necessity of supporting it. Cliford's fury accelerated the passing of the measure. Bishop Burnet has given a graphic account of Cliford's violent speech, making however the extraordinary mistake of representing the speech as made, not against the Test Bill, but in support of the Declaration of Indulgence which had been a fortnight before cancelled. Colbert, the French Ambassador, reported to the King of France his own and Arlington's opinion that Cliford's "mad zeal" had raised a storm which might bring shipwreck on the alliance. The Test Act passed; on the 29th of March Parliament was adjourned; and on June 29, before the day fixed by the Act for compliance with the tests, which was the 1st of August, Cliford retired from the office of Lord Treasurer and his place in the Privy Council.

The very interesting correspondence with Sir Joseph Williamson in 1673, preserved in the Record Office, gives a vivid picture of the excitement and uncertainty about the course which Cliford would take after the passing of the Test Act. There was much diversity of opinion as to whether or not he would conform to the tests. At last, on the Saturday preceding Whitsun Day, on May 17, an unfortunate accident ridiculously discovered him in close company with a well-known Roman Catholic priest on his way from Somerset House:—

The whole town is now no longer in doubt of my Lord Treasurer's being a Roman Catholic, since the passage that unluckily fell out on Saturday last, which day his Lordship having given out he set apart from all business to prepare for the Sacrament, the people expected he would take it in St. Martin's Church; but such was the misfortune that this afternoon, coming out of Somerset House in a private coach the back way, with only Father Patrick with him, the coach was unfortunately overthrown, and his Lordship and the Father exposed to the view of the street, one bringing his hat, another his periwig, with compliments that they were very sorry for the mischance, so that his Lordship took boat and came privately home by water. They say now of him that he has been but lately seduced, and that by Father Patrick (Henry Bell to Williamson, May 23, 1673).

The letter proceeds to say that the Privy Council had met only three days before to consider what should be done with Father Patrick, who had not quitted England according to orders.

And the third in rank of the great officers of the Crown, the Lord Treasurer, is found close-packed in a hackney-coach with this contumacious Father! Still for a month longer there was doubt and wonderment. Cliford made no sign. At last, on the 15th of June, the Duke of York resigned his office of Lord High Admiral, and on the 19th Cliford followed his example. Sir Robert Southwell, one of the clerks of the Council, wrote to Williamson that until the eve of the day on which Cliford resigned, throngs of people of all qualities crowded the Council Chamber from excited curiosity, but that the next day all was silent as in a convent (June 20, 1673).

Cliford quickly left town for Tunbridge Wells, where his friend Evelyn visited him. Evelyn described him as broken-hearted, and seeking to divert his mind rather than doctor his body. He may have had hopes of a political change which would soon overbear the tests and restore him to power; but, if so, they were vain delusions. He moved from Tunbridge to his Devonshire home, and there he died on October 17, three days before the meeting of Parliament, which, there was great reason to believe, would call him severely to account. There were circumstantial stories of severe suffering and death from stone. But Evelyn believed that he committed suicide. Andrew Marvell in one of his satires says that he hanged himself. Evelyn's story of the suicide is told with much circumstance. He heard it from Cliford's servant, who lived afterwards with Sir Robert Clayton, a City alderman. Cliford sent this servant out of his room in the morning in an unusual manner; he then locked himself in and strangled himself with his cravat on the bed-tester; the servant, looking through the keyhole, saw him hanging, broke in before he was quite dead, took him down vomiting blood, and heard him say, as he died, "Well, let men say what they will, there is a God, a just God above." "This," says Evelyn, "if true, is dismal. Really he was the chief occasion of the Dutch war, and of all that blood which was lost at Bergen in attacking the Smyrna fleet, and that whole quarrel." From others, who were likely to be well informed, Evelyn also heard that Cliford had "made himself away after an extraordinary melancholy." He mentioned the subject to one of Lord Cliford's trustees, a Mr. Prideaux, who was unwilling to talk about it. Cliford had had a presentiment or intention of death when he parted from Evelyn in London. "He wrung me by the hand, and looking earnestly on me, bid me 'God-b'ye,' adding, 'Mr. Evelyn, I shall never see thee more.' 'No!' said I, 'my lord, what is the meaning of this? I hope I shall see you often, and as great a person again.' 'No, Mr. Evelyn, do not expect it, I will never see this place, this city, or this Court again.'" Cliford was an astrologer, and he had told both Lord Shaftesbury and Sir Edward Walker, Garter King-at-Arms, that his horoscope predicted for him one of the highest offices of the State, a very short tenure of it, and a bloody death.

By general testimony Cliford was an upright and honourable man. His fault was ambition—a virtue when regulated and subdued, but in excess criminal. His ambition was political power; wealth he probably cared for only as a means of power. His nature was vehement and his vision limited. No literature or genius adorned or relieved his misguided statesmanship. He was conscientiously the eager and impassioned tool of the reckless, unscrupulous Charles and his fanatical, arbitrary brother James. His devotion to the Duke of York's religion and his desperate ambition worked his ruin. He is one of many illustrations—and there are few so striking—of the vanity of human wishes among the weak and short-sighted men whose happiness is at the mercy of outward accident and not based on a solid rock of self-dependence:—

Unnumbered supplicants crowd Preferment's gate,
A thirst for wealth and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears the incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.

RALSTON ON RUSSIAN FOLKLORE.*

THOSE of our readers who saw this heading little more than a year ago will not be sorry to meet it again, and to learn that Mr. Ralston has continued his researches among Russian popular literature—if the term be not too glaring a misnomer—to such good effect as to be able to present us with a second instalment of the very considerable work which he has undertaken. He explained in the *Songs of the Russian People* that he restricted himself there to an account of the popular lyric poems, and reserved for a future volume the prose stories (*skazkas*) and epic pieces or metrical romances. These last are again put off, and the present volume is well filled with the stories alone. Mr. Ralston is therefore in the happy position of a writer who finds his subject grow under his hands, so that what was to have been contained in one volume is perforce expanded into three. He is brimful of his subject, and encounters no difficulty but that of keeping within reasonable bounds. No padding will therefore be found in his volumes; they are full of good matter, and Mr. Ralston knows very well when to leave off storytelling and when to close his own valuable comments upon the stories.

The Russian tales which Mr. Ralston has translated are selected from the great collections made by Afanasief, Khudyakof, Erlenwein, and Chudinsky, who, like Jacob Grimm in Germany, took them down from the mouths of the peasantry. Afanasief's collection, we are told, extends to nearly three thousand pages and contains

* *Russian Folk-Tales*. By W. R. S. Ralston, M.A., of the British Museum. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1873

332 distinct stories. Such a vast store of stories remembered from generation to generation without the aid of writing, and apparently capable of considerable increase from investigations in outlying provinces, is at least a very remarkable phenomenon. It shows that the peasantry of Russia are not duller than those of Germany, Scandinavia, the Scotch Highlands, and other countries which have been found to contain as valuable a treasury of legend for those who knew how to unlock it by winning the confidence of the peasants and overcoming their unwillingness to tell stories which might appear to be childish and silly to educated strangers. The real value of such stories is indeed not at all generally understood, and it is desirable to point out the misconceptions to which they are liable. It is sometimes supposed that stories current among, and apparently emanating from, the indigenous peasantry, with the least possible infusion of extraneous ideas, must be the most faithful mirror of the life and thoughts of the people, and must reflect the national character without the dressing of education. Where stories can be found which do unquestionably emanate from the peasantry, this expectation may probably be realized; but in the folk-stories generally this is not the case, and we find that the peasant constantly allows his imagination to run riot among kings and princesses, palaces of gold or of gingerbread, seven-headed serpents and demons—things as remote as possible from his daily experiences. Again, it is thought that in some obscure way history is preserved in these stories; that popular legends of a Deluge being found in various parts of the world may be treated as cumulative historic testimony to the reality of such an event, and that heroes of whom written history knows nothing, such as Sigurd, Grettir, Arthur, Ruston, have their lives preserved by the unwritten books of popular tradition, and may on the faith of this be treated as well-accredited historical personages. Now the most that can be said in support of the historical character of popular stories is that they may happen to attach themselves to the person of a real man, the idol or the terror of the people, and thus perpetuate his memory, which may chance to be lost to written history. But the popular story in no way establishes the reality of the hero, else it would establish the reality of devils and imps, of those two arrogant elder brothers and that supposed silly but really clever youngest brother who comes off victorious when the others fail, and many other characters who furnish the stock-in-trade of the popular tale. That the recurrence of the same idea—such as that of the Deluge—should among many and far separated peoples furnish any presumption in favour of the reality of the event is perhaps the greatest mistake of all; for it tells rather the other way. In most cases of this kind, either the idea in its original form was a simple conception of some natural phenomenon which mankind must have observed everywhere, or the story is told by now separated members of the same race, and is an heirloom brought from the ancestral home, repeated in new seats, and even communicated to tribes of alien race. Only where the story can be proved not to owe its diffusion to either of these causes can it put in a claim to be treated as a record of a real historic event on the ground of being recounted by several distinct witnesses.

If, then, the folk-story has little or no value either as a picture of national character or as an obscure element of history, has it really any interest at all except as a mere curiosity—a spontaneous growth of wonderful luxuriance? Because, if so, it will be less and less studied. It would be easy to write so depreciatingly of the whole body of folk-lore as to dissuade persons not already committed to the study from ever approaching it. The Russian *skazkas* already collected are more than five hundred; yet how many are independent of one another? Are not the 'Three Brothers' story, Cinderella, Jack and the Beanstalk, and many others, repeated with hardly any difference, *ad nauseam*? And is not this true in a much higher degree of the frightful stories of corpses rising from their graves, of vampires, witches, and all the most horrid features of the fictitious "black art"? Is it not worse than wasted time—is it not enervating to us, like the perusal of the foolish romances of chivalry to Don Quixote—to brood over idle and often ugly stories like these?

The answer to questions such as these, which naturally arise when grave professors are found collecting nursery-tales, is that the very points which were supposed to constitute the defects of the stories give them a value unsuspected by the uneducated. The same story is told in many different forms by one nation; one very similar is told by a second; others more or less similar, but manifestly of the same origin, are found in other nations. Comparison often enables us to ascertain which is the most original. If some circumstance which in one version stands unexplained and isolated appears in another to be brought out by the natural sequence of events, the latter may generally be presumed to be the original. If lions and tigers are mentioned in a story common to England and India, we may safely set down the Indian as the original. Thus the comparison of various forms of one story often throws a light on its real nature which no single one could have furnished. Again, the mention in one version of some feature absent from others may be sufficient to connect a whole cycle of stories with some idea belonging to an extinct mythology, and thus to prove their antiquity, their parentage, and their real meaning. How often may the thunderbolt of Jupiter, the club of Hercules, or the hammer of Thor, be recognised—e.g. in the cudgel in Grimm's story of "Tischchen, deck' dich," *Dasel und Knippel aus dem Sack*, in Mr. Ralston's stories of Ivan Popyalof and Emilian the Fool, and in our Jack the Giant-Killer! But it is obvious that in the comparison of a considerable number of analogous stories lies the proof of their original

mythological meaning, antiquity, and source. A cudgel as the ordinary weapon of common life need not of itself, occurring casually, be suspected of any esoteric meaning; and a system of interpretation formerly much in vogue, especially in Biblical criticism, which assigned a mystic or emblematic importance to every accidental feature of a story, is happily abandoned by all sensible writers. Hence the great importance of collecting materials from every land; the larger the store, the better shall we be able to trace the wanderings of nations in times unknown to history, to discover their ideas on the subjects on which mythology rests, the government of the world, the nature and destiny of the soul, and the like. But as the materials must be abundant if the argument founded on them is to be conclusive, we must be content to collect materials long before we are prepared to launch any mythological theory. At the same time so much has been already accomplished in collecting stories, that it is hardly too early to cast our eyes forward, and to begin to generalize. Mr. Ralston has steered a very wise middle course here. He has generally referred to analogous stories in other lands, notably India, Tartary, Germany, Scandinavia, Wallachia, Italy, and Scotland, hiding in a few lines, rather than displaying, extensive reading and a sound judgment; and in cases of more than ordinary clearness he has given us the mythological key as well. All this makes the reader feel that he is not being merely amused by fairy or ghost stories, but instructed in a very curious but very widely spread phase of human imagination, which turns out to be far from the wild caprices which it seems at first sight to be. Mr. Ralston has wisely abstained from working out an entire system of mythology deduced from folk-tales; for such an essay would of necessity have become the principal feature of the book, to which the tales themselves must have served only as illustrations—a perverse arrangement in a book intended for Englishmen who as yet know nothing of the stories. Now that he has given them excellent and copious specimens of the tales, we hope to see him in a future work grappling with the arduous task of the interpretation of the whole system of folk-tales.

We have said that the stories are not primarily valuable as pictures of Russian peasant life or character. Yet of these we do get some notion, though hardly so vivid or so pleasant as from the lyric songs. The very general belief in sorcery, witchcraft, and fiends which naturally takes up a large space in this book, and especially the brutalizing vampirism, seem to cast a lurid hue over the picture, and may tempt us to ask, are these superstitious creatures so near to, if not politely treated as belonging to, European civilization? forgetting how recently similar devilry—we will hope not quite so gross—was common in Scotland and Ireland. The large room which these ideas fill in the Slavonic mind, rather than the fact of their existence, is notable. And the kindness of the Russian heart exerts its influence even here in making the devils less repulsive, and allowing them sometimes to give men real help, not followed by punishment. Another notorious bad propensity of the Russian peasantry, that towards drunkenness, also appears here undignified, and apparently regarded with no severity, except in songs of a religious character. But in general the Russian peasant appears to be fond of his home, obedient to all requirements of the Church, though destitute of that reverence for his "popo" which the Roman Catholic everywhere displays towards his priest, and, in short, a model subject, with quiet habits. He joins the army when called on, but on the completion of his service is eager to return to his native village, and is not likely to give trouble, either by his temper or his aspirations.

We will now notice one of the most curious mythological ideas which appear frequently in these tales. It is the belief that the strength, especially of a supernatural being, resides in some definite locality or object; destroy the latter, and the strength or even the life of the being passes away. One of the most extraordinary beings of the malicious order is the many-headed snake Koshchei, who flies through the air, carries off princes, princesses, and other mortals, and holds them captive in his magic abode. This localised strength is sometimes termed *death* and sometimes *life*. Koshchei is called the Deathless, as being not subject to the ordinary death of mortals; but his death is procurable notwithstanding. A Prince Ivan goes in search of his mother, who has been carried off by Koshchei; arriving at the house where she is held prisoner, he is hidden when the monster returns home, and the mother

drew nigh to Koshchei, addressed him in terms of affection, asked him about one thing and another, and at last said:—

"Whereabouts is your death, O Koshchei?"

"My death," he replied, "is in such and such a place. There stands an oak, and under the oak is a casket, and in the casket is a hare, and in the hare is a duck, and in the duck is an egg, and in the egg is my death."

Ultimately the prince returns to his mother with the egg. Koshchei flies in and complains of feeling rather unwell:—

Then Prince Ivan began squeezing the egg, and thereupon Koshchei the Deathless bent double. At last Prince Ivan came out from his hiding-place, held up the egg and said, "There is your death, O Koshchei the Deathless."

Then Koshchei fell on his knees before him, saying, "Don't kill me, Prince Ivan! Let's be friends! All the world will lie at our feet."

But these words had no weight with Prince Ivan. He smashed the egg, and Koshchei the Deathless died.

Similar ideas are found in the stories of many other races; only instead of the abstract term *strength* the more concrete *heart* is used. We quote one or two, to show the ramifications of the subject, and Mr. Ralston's ingenuity and extensive reading:—

In a Norse story a giant's heart lies in an egg, inside a duck, which swims in a well, in a church, on an island. . . . In a Transylvanian Saxon story, a witch's "life" is a light which burns in an egg, inside a duck, which

swims on a pond, inside a mountain, and she dies when it is put out.

In the Gaelic story of "The Sea Maiden," the "great beast with three heads" which haunts the loch cannot be killed until an egg is broken, which is in the mouth of a trout, which springs out of a crow, which flies out of a bird, which lives on an island in the middle of the loch.

The legend to which I am now about to refer will serve as a proof of the venerable antiquity of the myth from which the folk-tales which have just been quoted appear to have sprung. A papyrus, which is supposed to be "of the age of the nineteenth dynasty, about A.C. 1300," has preserved an Egyptian tale about two brothers. The younger of these, Satou, leaves the elder, Anepou (Anubis), and retires to the Valley of the Acacia. But, before setting off, Satou states that he shall take his heart and place it "in the flowers of an acacia-tree," so that, if the tree is cut down, his heart will fall to the ground and he will die. Having given Anepou instructions what to do in such a case, he seeks the valley. There he hunts wild animals by day, and at night he sleeps under the acacia-tree on which his heart rests. But at length Noum, the Creator, forms a wife for him, and all the other gods endow her with gifts. To this Egyptian Pandora Satou confides the secret of his heart. One day a tress of her perfumed hair floats down the river, and is taken to the King of Egypt. He determines to make its owner his queen, and she, like Rhodope or Cinderella, is sought far and wide. When she has been found, and is brought to the King, she recommends him to have the acacia cut down, so as to get rid of her lawful husband. Accordingly the tree is cut down, the heart falls, and Satou dies.

The brother Anepou returns to find Satou dead, but succeeds by a mystic fluid in re-animating not only the heart, but the corpse too, and Satou lives again. Another variety of the same myth, and one also of great antiquity, we may add here. Samson had external "strength" residing in his hair. Like Koschev, he was betrayed into telling the secret, and his deprivation of strength immediately followed.

Most of the stories in this book are as innocent and pleasing and as suitable for children as Grimm's popular German collection. There are indeed none unsuitable for children, unless it be those that deal in sorcery and devils, which might sometimes raise images of terror, and be answerable for bad dreams. We give as a specimen of these the "Witch Girl":—

Late one evening a Cossack rode into a village, pulled up at its last cottage and cried:—

"Heigh, master! will you let me spend the night here?"

"Come in, if you don't fear death!"

"What sort of a reply is that?" thought the Cossack, as he put his horse up in the stable. After he had given it its food, he went into the cottage. There he saw its inmates, men and women and little children, all sobbing and crying and praying to God, and when they had done praying, they began putting on clean shirts.

"What are you crying about?" asked the Cossack.

"Why, you see," replied the master of the house, "in our village Death goes about at night. Into whatever cottage she looks, there, next morning, one has to put all the people who lived in it into coffins, and carry them off to the graveyard. To-night it's our turn."

"Never fear, master! without God's will no pig gets its fill!"

The people of the house lay down to sleep; but the Cossack was on the look-out and never closed an eye. Exactly at midnight the window opened. At the window appeared a witch all in white. She took a sprinkler, passed her arm into the cottage, and was just on the point of sprinkling—when the Cossack suddenly gave his sabre a sweep, and cut her arm off close to the shoulder. The witch howled, squealed like a dog, and fled away. But the Cossack picked up the severed arm, hid it under his cloak, washed away the stains of blood, and lay down to sleep.

Next morning the master and mistress awoke, and saw that every one without exception was alive and well, and they were delighted beyond expression.

"If you like," says the Cossack, "I'll show you Death! . . . Let's go through the village and look for her!"

At last they come to the Ponomar's [sacristan's] cottage.

"Is all your family present?" asks the Cossack.

"No, my own! one of my daughters is ill. She is lying on the stove there."

The Cossack looked towards the stove—one of the girl's arms had evidently been cut off. Thereupon he told the whole story of what had taken place, and he brought out and showed the arm which had been cut off. The Commune rewarded the Cossack with a sum of money, and ordered that witch to be drowned.

THE STATUTES OF THE CHURCH OF LINCOLN.

BEFORE the present Bishop of Lincoln began the Visitation of his cathedral church which now stands prorogued till August 1, he put forth a little book of great importance both to those who are immediately concerned and to all who take any interest in such matters. This was no other than the existing Statutes of the church of Lincoln, now printed for the first time. The book is not, strictly speaking, published, but it is in so many hands that it cannot be called private, and we happen to know that, in taking notice of it in this way, we are breaking no confidence towards those who are immediately interested in the matter. The truth is that all documents of this kind, besides their direct practical importance to the members of the bodies whose duties they prescribe, are in the strictest sense, historical monuments. They are part of the materials for the history of the country, and, as such, the more of them the Master of the Rolls—whenever there is a Master of the Rolls—the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, or any one else, will get put into type, the better for historical study.

As regards the foundations concerned in these documents, we believe that we are not wrong in saying that these statutes are still in force so far as they can be in force—so far, that is, as they contain nothing contrary to the law of the land. Where, for instance, they prescribe forms of worship for which the law has since substituted other forms of worship, they are not aside by the law. But where they ordain anything which is incompatible with the existing law, where they define the relations of the Bishop to his Chapter and

of the several members of the Chapter to one another, they are as much in force as ever. And, in the case of these Old Foundations, we believe that nothing has ever taken away the ancient power of the Bishop and his Chapter acting together to legislate, within the same limit of the law of the land, for their own particular body. In this of course they differ from the New Foundations, whose statutes were given by the King who founded them, and which may, we conceive, be altered, within the same limit, by his successors, but clearly not by the Bishop and Chapter themselves. The Statutes of an Old-Foundation church are therefore a living thing, capable of putting on a new form on any points on which a new form is wanted. Their consideration therefore at any particular moment is a perfectly practical matter. But besides this, the forms which they put on at any particular time are part of history, local and general. The Visitation of Bishop Alnwick is part of the history of the fifteenth century; the Visitation of Bishop Wordsworth ought to be part of the history of the nineteenth.

The book begins with a Latin letter addressed by the present Bishop to his Chapter in a style somewhat more suited to the ears of classical purists than the more ancient documents to which it serves as preface. These are the "Novum Registrum" and the "Laudum" of Bishop William Alnwick, who was translated from Norwich to Lincoln in 1436 and who died in 1449. The "Registrum" is a set of Statutes setting forth the duties of the various officers of the church; the "Laudum" is in fact a judgment given by Bishop Alnwick on certain points in dispute between the Dean and the rest of the Canons. Between the two come the Statutes of the Vicars. And some older documents are embedded, as some ordinances of Bishop John Gynwell, who sat from 1347 to 1362, bearing date in 1355. The whole set however seem hardly to make up a perfect piece of legislation for all aspects of the capitular body. They deal more with the duties and powers of its several members than with the constitution and powers of the corporation as a whole. But we can see that these documents set before us one stage of the gradual change from the Cathedral system as it was set on foot by the reforming Bishops of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, to the state into which it must have fallen when Henry the Eighth devised the constitutions of the New Foundations. On the one hand we see the authority of the Bishop fully recognized, the special duties and powers and the strict residence of the several dignitaries are all strongly enforced; there is no fixed number of Residentiaries, but it is open to any Canon to make himself a Residentiary on certain conditions, and those Canons who do not reside are to be represented by their Vicars. On the other hand, there is a strong tendency to shut out those who do not reside from any share in the common action of the Corporation, and to deal with the resident body as alone forming the Chapter. But it must be remembered that, as long as it was in the power of every Canon to be a Residentiary if he chose, this exclusion would bear a different character from what it does now. Those who did not reside might still be looked on as men who were forsaking their duties, and who were therefore fairly shut out from their privileges. To this it might have been answered that, though every Canon might make himself a Residentiary on certain conditions, yet as those conditions were somewhat burdensome in the way of entertainments and the like, it was quite possible that a man might often be shut out against his will. But one thing is quite certain, that at Lincoln in the fifteenth century it would have been impossible for any dignitary or other Canon, actually keeping his residence and doing his duty, to be shut out from the deliberations of the Chapter and from a share in their common revenues. The residentiary character of the dignitaries, as at Lincoln, has never died out; such dignitaries as remain—for the treasurerhip was suppressed in the sixteenth century—are Residentiaries still, only for a long time past the residentiary body has consisted of dignitaries only. At the time of the late changes it had sunk to a body of four—the Dean, Precentor, Chancellor, and Sub-Dean. Now it has risen to the usual number of four besides the Dean, among whom are the Precentor, the Chancellor, and, we believe, the Sub-Dean also. At the time of Bishop Alnwick's "Laudum," we get a list of the residentiary body who had the dispute with the then Dean John Macworth. They consisted of the Precentor, the Chancellor, the Treasurer, three Archdeacons, the Sub-Dean, and three other Canons, and they describe themselves as forming the Chapter:—"Canonici residentiarii Ecclesie vestre Lincolnienis Capitulum ejusdem facientes." These words however do not absolutely exclude the non-residentiary members from being members of the Chapter; for, besides that they might become Residentiaries by going through the required conditions, the Residentiaries, or any other quorum of the Chapter, would of course be the Chapter. And be entitled to act as such for any particular purpose. And of course such a residentiary body as is described in the "Laudum" is something very different from the four or five—in case of sickness or vacancy three or four—who have formed the body of late years. Still, in the places in which the residentiary body speak of themselves more than once in the "Laudum" as "facientes Capitulum," we can discern a tendency to the shutting out of the other Canons, and it comes out in some passages in the Statutes. The Dean is to summon the Residentiary Canons to all meetings of the Chapter, the non-residentiary only when the Chapter shall think good:—

Debeat Decanus Canonicos Ecclesie residentiarios, pro negotiis Ecclesie communiter tractandis quibus hoc requirit Ecclesie utilitas aut honestas, convocare; et alios non residentiarios quando et quoties Capitulum, ad hoc opportunum.

It is easy to see how, by virtue of the burthens laid on Residentiaries, the residentiary body might be cut down to a very small number, and how by virtue of this last statute the non-residentiaries might be shut out altogether. The mode of summoning absent members is something between the high civilization of a notice sent by the post and the mockery of setting it up on the church door where the absent will not see it. Two classes only are to be exposed to this last kind of treatment:—

Litteræ dirigendæ fratribus convocandis tradantur in choro suis Vicariis, ut eas Dominis suis transmittant, quod si Vicarios non habuerint propter ipsorum præbendam exilitatem; vel Archidiaconi fuerint, qui Vicarios eorum loco in Ecclesia exhibere non consueverunt; ponantur publice in choro in ipsorum stallis, et alio modo non tenentur præsentem fratres vocare absentes; quod observari volumus et ordinamus in Episcopi electione, et in quocunque negotio per fratres communiter pertractando.

With regard to this last point, the right of summons is everything. At York, for instance, the right of the non-residentiaries to be summoned to every meeting never died out, but it became a mere form. By simply insisting that the form should become a reality, the reign of oligarchy has come to an end, and the church of York has got back its ancient constitution.

Bishop Alcock's "Novum Registrum" starts from the time when the See was removed from Dorchester to Lincoln by Remigius, and when the capitular body received its full organization at his hands. The document then goes on to set forth the duties and powers of the several officers of the church, beginning with the Bishop. It is clear that in Alcock's time the disputes which had been raised by the refractory Canons in the days of Robert Grosseteste had quite blown over, and that the true position of the Bishop with regard to his Cathedral church was fully acknowledged; not only is his right to visit strongly set forth, but it is imposed upon him as a duty; if he cannot visit in person, he is to visit by deputy, the deputy however being always a Canon of the church of Lincoln:—

Videtur etiam Episcopus pro tempore existens, visitareque poterit Ecclesiam suam Cathedrali Lincolnienstem, Decanum (viz.) et Capitulum ejusdem, et personas quascunque habentes dignitates, canonicatus, præbendas, personatus, cantariasque, et officia in eadem, quoties et quando voluerit, secundum exigentiam juris communis, et personarum, nisi legitime impediatur: quo casu, per Commissarium unum de residentiariis, vel non residentiariis, admissum prius in Canonico per Decanum et Capitulum, et juratum in forma admittendorum Canonicorum consueta, in visitatione procedet.

But the Bishop is not merely to be an external visitor. He is to be the chief member of the Church, alike in the choir and in the Chapter-house, and the odd claims which have sometimes been set up by Deans and others to precedence over the Bishop in his own church are altogether shut out. The section about the Bishop begins:—

Dignitas Episcopi (cujusvis ordo potius dici debet dignitatis culmen quam dignitas) est in Choro, Capitulo et in omnibus locis supra Decanum, omnes Canonicos et Ecclesie ministros etiam dignitates obtinentes in eadem, in exhibitione honoris habere præminientiam.

Some way further on (p. 20) the legislator waxes eloquent, and even sarcastic, on this head:—

Ridiculum enim foret, et plusquam monstruosum, quod Episcopus in sua Ecclesia (cujus dignoscitur esse caput) paratus ad divinum officium exequendum vel audiendum (prelatis et subjectionis ordine sic turbat, quin verius subverso) Decani præsentiam expectaret; ut dum Decanum reverentiam Episcopo, juxta sanctorum patrum præscriptas sanctiones, exhiberet, ipsam sibi ab eodem expectare videretur.

At the same time expressions of this kind have a controversial sound. They show that some Deans had been setting up their horns higher than the Bishops at all liked, and we know that earlier Bishops of Lincoln had had difficulties with contumacious dignitaries of this class. The Dean however was not then, as he is now, a person sent down from outside by the Crown. While all the other dignitaries and Canons were appointed by the Bishop, the Canons, as in all the other Old Foundations, elected their own Dean, but they do not seem to have been bound, as they were in some churches, to elect one of their own body. This freedom of choice as against the Bishop is carefully guarded; the Canons are to announce a vacancy in the Deanery to the Bishop, but it is expressly provided that they are to go on to the election without waiting for any licence from him. The Bishop therefore could not keep the Deanery vacant in the same way that the King could keep the Bishopric vacant. The Dean-elect had to be presented to the Bishop and confirmed by him, but the Bishop had no power of veto; he was bound to confirm, as he was bound to institute the presentee of the patron of a living, unless there were some canonical objection to the person chosen. And it must not be forgotten that all this went down to the present reign, the Chapter always electing—though not bound by any law to do so—a candidate recommended by the Crown. The powers of the Dean are fully described, and he and the other dignitaries are bound to a residence of thirty-four weeks and five days yearly. Then we come to the other great officers, the Præcentor, Chancellor, and Treasurer, and the Præcentor and Chancellor are distinctly marked as diocesan and not merely cathedral officers. Both these dignitaries have duties imposed on them which, if they were carried out, might cause further complications with the National Society and the School Boards. But at all events, if there are to be such people as Diocesan Inspectors, the Chancellor might be made to discharge such a duty without greatly departing from his original functions. And it is still clearer that we have in him the Principal of the Theological College ready made. We read of the Præcentor, besides his duties in the Cathedral itself as the immediate director of the choir and all that pertains to it:—

Magistrum itaque cantus in civitate et comitatu Lincolnensi ordinet et

præficiat; locis præbendalibus, ac scholis quas in suis propriis parochiis curati aliqui de suis propriis parochiis tenent, aut parochiales clerici eorundem (quos per Præcentorem ad informandum et instruendum suæ parochie puerulos in cantu volumus impediri) duntaxat exceptis.

Of the Chancellor we are told:—

Cancellarii est officium, ac esse debere ordinamus et decernimus, scholas theologie regere. Item in eisdem auctoritate legere: quod nullus alius debeat facere, nisi de ipsius Cancellarii licentia.

And it is further said, but with the same restrictions which are made in the case of the Præcentor:—

Idem etiam Cancellarius scholas omnes grammaticas in civitate et comitatu Lincolnensi pro suo libero conferat arbitrio.

With regard to the Canons who are not dignitaries, but who, in the phrase of the Statutes, "protested residence," they were bound for the first three years to the "major residentia," which was one day less than that of the dignitaries. After the third year they were allowed the advantages of Residentiaries on keeping the "minor residentia" of seventeen weeks. Even this last is something different from the modern notion of one Canon at a time for three months each, and we would again call attention to the point which we raised in a former article on the Bishop's Visitation. Surely the clause in the Act of Parliament which enforces a three months' residence simply enforces it in those churches where a vicious practice had brought in a yet shorter time. It surely is not meant to absolve those who by local statute are bound to a longer time.

A SLIP IN THE FENS.*

WE have more than once ere now declared our intention of saying a good word for any novel which should be written in good English, be free from all villains and all extravagant adventures, have a low rate of mortality, and be contained in one volume. We have long been weary of slang, of the sort of English that has the largest circulation in the world, of scoundrels, of sensationalism, of consumptive heroines and of penitent heroes, but still more weary have we been of the endless succession of three volumes. We have had enough and more than enough of the first volume which gets the hero into a scrape, of the second which keeps him in it, and of the third which gets him out of it. We have become as indifferent to the fate of the most dashing hero or the most lovely heroine as ever was the Ordinary of Newgate to the last of a batch of some fifteen or twenty convicts whom he had to prepare for the gallows on a Monday morning. "Custom hath made it" in us as well as "in him a property of easiness," and we could fully sympathize with him in his desire to get the business speedily over, and to return to the breakfast and the company which were awaiting him. At last, however, we have found the author whom the critic delighteth to honour. We have come across a book where no one commits any crimes, no one has any wonderful adventures, no one dies at great length, no one, not even the author, is unintelligible. It is a story of very common life, and it is written in one volume. The worst part of the book is its binding, which, in its red colour with gaudy gilt lines running across it, would much more suit one of Miss Braddon's novels than such a quiet book as *A Slip in the Fens*. We cannot, by the way, approve of the new fashion of binding books. If publishers wish to have their books bound so as to compare with the bindings which not only cover, but also adorn, the poems of Mr. Rossetti or of Mr. Morris, they must—that is to say, if they can—secure designers who have the same admirable taste as these writers. Till they can come across such men, they had much better stick to the old styles of binding, which were at all events simple and unpretending. But we must return from the outside of the book to the inside, with which we are more especially concerned. Though this story is distinguished in a high degree by the absence of faults, it is not equally remarkable for the presence of great merits. It is a book which can be read with pleasure, but yet which does not leave any strong impression on the mind. It reminds us most of all of a carefully painted Dutch picture, of some scene of quiet life in a flat country, where there is nothing to represent that much excites the imagination. The story is as simple as a story could be. The most striking adventure is the slip of the hero into a ditch, and his rescue by the heroine. The heroine neither marries, nor, we trust, dies of a broken heart. The hero is a weak fool, who is obedient to his father, and consequently faithless to the heroine, marries, and, for all we are told, lives a most respectable life. The story, we believe, appeared in numbers in one of the magazines. We should very much doubt whether the author's plan was not changed in the course of publication, for one or two characters have an importance assigned to them in the beginning of the story which its subsequent course by no means justifies. It may be the case, however, that the magazine had had as much of such very quiet writing as its readers cared for, and that two or three chapters at the end were cut out. Or, finally, it is possible that the author thought the story would seem more true to nature if the heroine, simple country girl that she was, not only fell in love with a man who was unworthy of her, but also fell in love though there was present all the time a man whom she might rightly have admired, and who might rightly have admired her. We suspect, however, from the long and careful description given of Dobree, one of the four Cambridge undergraduates with whom the story opens, that he was intended to play a much more important part in the plot than he actually does. Perhaps we shall see a continuation published

* *A Slip in the Fens*. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873

—under the title, maybe, of "A Slip out of the Fens"—in which Dobree will marry Elsie, the heroine, who will, from a study of his strong character, have learnt to see how utterly unworthy Lillingstone, her first lover, was of her.

The scene is laid in the fen country, some few miles from Cambridge, and the story opens on a hot summer's day in the Long Vacation, with a walk which Dobree takes in search of some curious ferns. To us the description of the country and of the people is fresh and interesting. At the same time it is a description which, with all its cleverness and its apparent accuracy, will not make many readers uneasy to go and see the country for themselves. Every one who is fond of books of travel and of travelling must know the restless desire for wandering which so often comes over a man as he reads of some land altogether unknown to him. *A Slip in the Fens*, however, may be safely read by a man in June without making him count up the long days that have to be gone through before August comes. On a hot day a man who reads the following passage may feel thankful to live in a street or a square that has a shady side:—

The sleepy river crawled through the sleepy fen. No breeze waked a ripple on its surface or stirred the rushes that grew near its flat edge; they rose silent and straight from their reflections, and these reflections were turbid. The sparse willows were too faint to give any shade, and the sleepy cattle stood motionless and apart, each bearing its burden of heat alone. Beyond this fen were more fens, with more sleepy cattle and more willows; but there the cattle looked indistinct, and the willows were blended into straggling rows. After these again were other fens, and fens, till they faded into the distance, where the cattle seemed shapeless dots, the willows were merged in a pale watery haze, and the horizon gave no relief, but suggested an indefinite stretch of the same fen land beyond, with the same haze and the same heat. The sun stared down on the naked waste, not sparing its ugliness, and the waste was nothing abashed, as it stared back blankly.

Dobree is not successful the first day in finding his ferns, but he falls in with three Cambridge men who, like him, were out for the day. They are all three cleverly enough described, though one of them, Laurd, like Dobree, has not a part assigned to him in the story that at all comes up to the length of the description. Lillingstone, whom we must call the hero, as he falls in love with the heroine and the heroine with him, though he is in himself most unheroic, is a man "whose attractiveness lay rather in a general grace, and in refinement of colouring, than in excellence of proportion; and whose every movement expressed a delicate organization, lulled by that lassitude of self-indulgence which some people attribute to sensitiveness." His first remark, we presume, is meant to be the key to his whole character, and to show that we have to do with a self-indulgent man. Bordale, the fourth man of the party, had said, "Before we go on, I propose that we have some beer." Beer was Lillingstone's cue, and he enters upon the scene with the exclamation, "Beer, yes, decidedly beer." What good can be looked for from a hero who begins with beer, instead of with rescuing the heroine from a villain or from death? The three men, leaving Dobree, go out to shoot pigeons on some grounds where they had no right to go. The farmer pursues them, and Lillingstone, who, thinking to take a short cut, had left the other two, finds his way stopped by a lode or a ditch for draining the fens. As the farmer was close upon him, he takes a jump, and, making that slip in the fens which gives its name to the book, lights in the soft mud. The farmer will not help him, and he finds himself slowly sinking, when Elsie, who was on her way home from gleanings, runs up to his aid, throws him her bundle of wheat, and so affords him some kind of footing. He gets out of the ditch only to get over head and ears into love, and goes to her cottage to have his clothes washed and dried. We had more than half suspected that the author of the story is a woman; but it has been pointed out to us that no woman could have made the mistake of having clothes washed and dried in the course of an hour or two. Elsie's home is much like the home so beautifully described by Burns in his "Cotter's Saturday Night," though in the present case it is the grandsire, and not the sire, who

turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big Ha-Bible, ance his father's pride.

Elsie's character, considering her good home training, is natural enough, and, though she is refined, the coarseness of labour attaches to many of her brothers and sisters. One of them indeed is rendered offensive by the fact that she is suffering from a form of idiocy which, according to our author, is very frequent in the fen country, and is due to the exhalations from the half-drained ground. One of her brothers had been left a widower with four little children, who look, and not in vain, to Elsie, for everything. The dislike of Elsie's mother to daughters-in-law is thus pleasantly described:—

Mrs. Reads was so placed that while she commanded the circle of young, rosy faces she could also look past Jonathan down the garden path, and see her two other sons, who were leaning over the pig-stye staring into the fens. To her this was a spectacle of unclouded satisfaction; the secret of it lay in her instinctive prejudice against daughters-in-law. She said it was no good to grub up the ground after the seed was well in; so, when one such evil had been forced upon her, she had made the best of it. But a moderate success in one instance did not blind her to the risk of future ventures, nor to the symptoms which foretold them. Therefore, her motherly heart rejoiced, as week after week she saw her sons contented with the quiet disipation of a pipe over the pig-stye, on the evening consecrated above all others to rustic love making.

Lillingstone contrives to see Elsie frequently, and, taking advantage of her innocent trusting nature, persuades her to keep their meetings secret. He presently arranges to take lodgings at a neigh-

bouring farmhouse, where Elsie at the same time goes to help the mistress in her household duties. They would have been no doubt married before long, for he was not a villain, though a weak fool, had not his father with a large party come to stay a few days with him at the farm. The old gentleman is a country squire of the good old school, and is a cleverly drawn character:—

"Good Heavens! that any man with the blood of a butcher," exclaimed Mr. Lillingstone, bringing his hand down on the table with a suddenness that made them all start, "To think that any man with the blood of a butcher in him should have any sense of property!"

He surprises the young lovers in one of their stolen meetings, and without making any fuss sends off his son to Scotland, and takes his name off the books of his college. Poor Elsie thinks that he will surely come back to her, but it is not till a year later that Dobree, who had again been fern-hunting, gains sufficient courage to grieve her by the news that Lillingstone had lately married. The story thence ends, leaving poor Elsie

looking out, attracted—fascinated, it would seem, by the golden pianacles of the stacks that rose clear from the vague shadow of the trees, and nursed the flattering rays of the daylight after the day had gone.

Our hope is that Dobree grew fonder of ferns, and of Elsie too, and that she grew fond of him. But this is left entirely to our own imagination without any help whatever from the author.

Such is the story, as simple indeed as a story could be, but not the less true to nature for its simplicity. As regards nature, there is one description, by the way, which we venture to say is not correct. At the back of the cottage where Elsie lived there were some hives, and on the day when Lillingstone had his slip, the bees are represented as in their laziness flying through the cottage on their way to their hives, "for the back-door was open." The author has a close eye for nature in general, and for the poor man's home too, but we maintain that bees do not take short cuts, and least of all through houses. It is not likely that an insect which hardly ever comes into houses, and is utterly bewildered if its hive is moved a foot or so, should prefer a dark road, however short, to the road in the light of heaven with which it is familiar. The fact that we notice such an error as this shows that we find the book, generally speaking, accurate enough. We must not be understood to speak of this story as if it had any striking merit. It is very unlike most of the stories that come before us, and is pleasing as being a change, and, as we think, a change for the better. Though it is not a work of genius, it will be read with pleasure, and with a pleasure that is altogether innocent.

MADAME RÉCAMIER'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

ONE of the most curious problems offered by French society in the earlier part of this century is the influence of celebrated women and the causes of their celebrity. In the case of Madame Récamier we have long suspected that the influence must have been chiefly due to qualities which literature cannot preserve—to *charm* rather than genius, to the charm of beauty and kindness rather than to any eminent intellectual superiority. This volume of her correspondence confirms our previous impression. It consists chiefly of letters written to Madame Récamier by some of the cleverest men of the time, and what strikes us most in these letters is that none of them are written as if their authors were addressing a highly intellectual correspondent. They all seem to be writing to a charming woman, whom they love and respect very much, but not to an intellectual equal. Amongst themselves their correspondence abounds in interesting details about their studies, researches, and opinions; but in writing to Madame Récamier they seem to lay all this aside and to adopt a quite peculiar tone, based upon admiration and affection, but not upon intellectual reciprocity.

The truth seems to be that Madame Récamier exercised a great power of the most strictly feminine kind. There is nothing of the blue-stocking in her, nothing to make any one forget her sex, even for an instant. She appears to have been eminently beautiful, and yet her beauty could never of itself provide a sufficient explanation for an influence so peculiar as hers, and so enduring. She was a natural queen, reigning permanently over the hearts and minds of a little court which was composed of some of the very ablest men of her age, and beyond her immediate *entourage* she had a great fame and prestige generally accounted for by the supposition of an intellectual eminence which did not really exist. The true explanation seems to be that men were first attracted to her by admiration for her surpassing loveliness, and then kept permanently in subjection by an extraordinary power of sympathy and an extraordinary kindness. The relation between Madame Récamier and her admirers is one of the most peculiar that have ever been established between the sexes. On their part, at least on the part of some of them, there existed no doubt a strong element of passion, but it seems to have been kept in the condition of chivalrous homage and devotion by a sort of maternal influence on her part. It is impossible to avoid the question, even in the case of a lady of such perfect delicacy as Madame Récamier, whether so many intimate friendships with the other sex could be compatible with a virtuous life, and it has certainly been very generally believed that she was at least the mistress of one celebrated personage, Chateaubriand. But the more we learn about her, and about the peculiar condition of the intimate society that surrounded her, the more we feel inclined to regard her way of living from

* *Madame Récamier, ses amis, sa jeunesse, et sa correspondance intime. Par l'auteur des Souvenirs de Madame Récamier. Paris: Lévy.*

the most charitable point of view. There are many circumstances revealed quite by accident in this volume and elsewhere which tell uniformly in her favour, and lead to the inference that she was happiest in the exercise of a beneficent sovereignty, and was very far removed from the condition of mind which is the most usual accompaniment of immorality. That she enjoyed her influence there can be little doubt, but it is equally certain that she had plenty of self-respect, and was always strictly to be relied upon in those relations of warm friendship which she maintained with her numerous subjects. Even so pious a lady as Madame Swetchine became her friend in Italy, when Madame Récamier was travelling there with her friend M. Ballanche, and with M. Charles Lenormant, who afterwards married her niece. Madame Swetchine appears to have had suspicions before she became personally acquainted with the celebrated Frenchwoman, but they were immediately dissipated when she knew her personally. M. de Falloux tells us in his *Life of Madame Swetchine* that she soon changed her first opinion, "et ceda aussitôt à l'attrait des sérieuses et rares qualités de Madame Récamier." The two ladies corresponded afterwards, and Madame Swetchine said in a letter:—

Je me suis sentie liée avant de songer à m'en défendre; j'ai cédé à ce charme pénétrant, indéfinissable, qui vous assujettit même ceux dont vous ne vous souciez pas. Vous me manquez, comme si nous avions passé beaucoup de temps ensemble, comme si nous avions beaucoup de souvenirs communs; comment s'appauvrirait-on à ce point de ce qu'on ne possède pas hier? Ce serait inexplicable s'il n'y avait pas un peu d'éternité dans certains moments; on dirait que les âmes en se touchant se dérobent à toutes les conditions de notre pauvre existence, et que plus libres et plus heureuses, elles obéissent déjà aux lois d'un monde meilleur.

It is not very easy for people of our generation, whatever their nationality, to enter at once into the peculiarities of a society like that which surrounded Madame Récamier. One or two indications may help us. In the first place, we may notice that this group of friends always called each other by their Christian names, even when there did not exist any relationship. Thus Madame Récamier is always *Juliette*, Camille Jordan is always simply *Camille*, and so it is for Benjamin Constant, Prosper de Barante, and every other member of the friendly circle. The same rule was observed by Madame de Staël and her friends at Coppet. She always spoke of and to M. de Montmorency as *Mathieu*, Madame de Boigne calls Adrien de Montmorency *Adrien*, and he calls her *Adèle*. So it is with all of them; consequently the use of the Christian name means no more than initiation or reception into a society whose forms were generally affectionate, and implies no personal tie. At the same time these friends preserved the strictest deference and respect. A highly curious example of the etiquette which reigned amongst them is Madame Récamier's way of offering a cup of tea to Chateaubriand. Every evening this little dialogue recurred, precisely in the same words:—

"Vous offrirez-vous du thé, monsieur?"
 "S'il vous plaît, madame."
 "Du sucre?"
 "Un soupçon."
 "Du lait?"
 "Un nuage."

Here is a note from Madame Récamier to Camille Jordan which is an example of the familiar tone:—

"Cher Camille, je suis désolée de ne pas vous voir aujourd'hui. Je suis obligée d'accompagner maman chez Cambacérès, et je pars de là pour la campagne."

"Si je ne vous vois pas ces jours-ci, j'irai vous chercher à Meudon. Mille tendres souvenirs et amitiés à vous et à vos amis."

It seems to have been a habit of theirs to use expressions of tenderness. Camille Jordan writes to Madame Récamier from the house of some common friend called Degérando, but instead of saying, as we should, "they send their kind regards," he says, "Degérando et Annette vous disent *les choses les plus tendres*." When Camille Jordan marries, he announces the event to Madame Récamier in a letter beginning "Chère Juliette," and in the same letter he says, speaking of his betrothed, "j'ai le plus vif désir de vous la faire connaître et aimer. Pour elle, je suis bien sûr qu'elle vous aimera, que nos cœurs, si d'accord, s'entendront sur Juliette, chériront ensemble cette bonté et cette grâce ineffables." Mathieu de Montmorency writes to Madame Récamier, and begins by calling her "l'aimable Juliette," recommending young Albert de Staël as an escort, and saying that he would be "également fier de vous ramener ici et désespéré de perdre quelque chose de votre séjour." Madame de Staël recommends her son also, adding that he is "tout amoureux de vous, comme le reste de sa famille." M. Lemontey begins a letter to Madame Récamier in these words:—

"Une vaine suffit donc pas, aimable héroïne, d'embellir les lieux où vous êtes, il faut encore que vous attiriez ceux où vous n'êtes pas."

One cannot help wondering how M. Récamier looked upon all this amiability. He seems to have taken it very quietly, and as a matter of course, just as we accept the common social forms of our own day. After M. Récamier's banking misfortunes, Camille Jordan wrote a most affectionate letter of condolence to his wife, in which he says, "Parlez de moi à votre excellent mari, dites-lui bien à quel point je suis pénétré de sa douleur." The letter ends thus:—"Adieu, je ne cesse de penser à vous et de vous entourer de tous les vœux de l'amitié la plus tendre." She answers that she has read the letter to her husband, who is much touched by it; and she thanks God that amidst her trials she has friends who help her to bear them. Notwithstanding the gallantry of manner which these friends adopted, the absence of jealousy amongst them seems to indicate the moderation of their passion, which

asked no more than the happiness of worshipping the goddess in common with other worshippers. A constant urbanity and much grace of feeling and of manner appear to have reigned in Madame Récamier's little world. It had the charms of the best intellectual society and of high life, curiously but pleasantly intermingled with a strongly fraternal sentiment which we have the greatest difficulty in appreciating, or even imagining, for we have nothing like it in our own day. The real interest of this publication is not in anything the letters tell us in the way of positive information, but in the evidence they contain of a manner of living which belongs as much to the past as the Court of Queen Elizabeth. The author says very truly in the preface:—

La publication que nous faisons aujourd'hui aura, nous l'espérons, pour résultat, de faire mieux comprendre et de plus en plus apprécier ce monde disparu; milieu charmant dont rien dans la société actuelle ne saurait donner l'idée, et où l'élévation des sentiments, la délicatesse du goût, l'indépendance des caractères revêtaient un langage plein d'élégance et d'urbanité.

There can be no doubt that the habits of the First Empire, in authorising these intimacies between men and women, gave the latter opportunities for the cultivation of their intelligence which they must have lacked under a more rigid code of manners; a clever woman who could see and correspond with such men as Ballanche and J.-J. Ampère whenever she wanted to ask a question had the readiest means of rectifying her opinions and enlarging her information. Such friends are far more profitable than books, especially for ladies, who always like to have the pith of a matter presented to them by somebody who has been at the trouble of extracting and preparing it for their use. It is a convincing proof of Madame Récamier's defect of intellectual power that with all her opportunities she reached no intellectual greatness. Her place in the world—and she filled it remarkably well for a long series of years—appears to have been that of a sympathetic feminine friend to hard-working men of genius and learning. They found in her a valuable support, an unfailing consolation for the sentimental side of their natures, and, having once discovered the utility of this peculiar kind of assistance, they constantly sought for it, just as others have continually, or at frequent intervals, refreshed their minds by the contemplation of beautiful natural scenery. There have been few examples equally remarkable of a strictly feminine influence. Her power over J.-J. Ampère was steadily exercised for his encouragement in the work that lay before him, and when they were separated her art was to make the most prudent counsels charming and irresistible by the affectionate interest she bore him. The relation between these two celebrated persons is well worth studying as an example of Madame Récamier's moral and intellectual habits. When J.-J. Ampère first knew her she had already retired, after the shattering of her fortune, to the convent of L'Abbaye-au-bois, where she lived in a little garret outside of the strictly conventual buildings, and yet belonging to them. We are accustomed to be told that when fortune deserts one of its favourites, friends take their departure also; but this instance was an exception to the rule. Madame Récamier's garret was as much frequented by the best society in Paris as if it had been a splendid salon. M. Ballanche brought young Ampère to L'Abbaye-au-bois on the 1st of January, 1820, when he was not quite yet nineteen years old. Young as he was, he soon underwent the same fascination which had already subjugated so many of his seniors, and after a few weeks had passed he was a daily guest. J.-J. Ampère was very highly educated, but utterly unaccustomed to the world, so that the impression of Madame Récamier's great social qualities was felt by him with all the freshness of inexperience. The effect was intensified by a visit to the country in the summer or autumn of the same year, when Madame Récamier stayed at La Vallée-aux-Loups, and young Ampère stayed within a little distance during several weeks at a country house belonging to his friend De Jussieu. He saw Madame Récamier and her niece very frequently during this time, and on their return to Paris renewed his visits to the Abbaye. On the first of these occasions the lady spoke of their pleasant walks and excursions in the country, and delicately hinted that there might possibly have been some more tender emotion. This was an allusion to the young lady her niece, but J.-J. Ampère could not contain himself, and, falling on his knees, declared that it was not the younger of the two ladies who had fascinated him. After this outburst Madame Récamier seems to have managed him in a maternal way, and for thirty years he belonged to her family. His own mother had died during his infancy, and he found at L'Abbaye-au-bois a home for the affectionate side of his nature. Ten years after their meeting he wrote to her these lines:—

J'espère, madame, que cette lettre vous arrivera tout juste le premier jour de l'an, où je vous vais revoir. Je ne suis pas, vous le savez, grand formaliste, mais le jour de l'an est pour moi une époque que je ne vois pas revenir sans attendrissement. C'est le jour de l'an que je vous ai vue pour la première fois. Ce moment, où je vous vis paraître tout à coup, est pour moi blanc comme la neige, car rien jusque-là ne m'avait donné l'idée, ne m'avait jamais fait souvenir. Voilà tout juste dix ans de cela, toute ma jeunesse s'est passée entre ce moment et celui où je vous écris, et dans cet intervalle je vous retrouve à toutes les époques de la vie et de peine, avec ce charme et cette douceur, et de plus tout ce que l'habitude de tous les jours m'a découvert de raisons de vous aimer, de vous adorer. J'y pense avec attendrissement en vous écrivant de ma petite cellule. Je me dis qu'en lisant cette lettre vous serez peut-être un peu attendrie en pensant à dix ans d'une affection si douce, si pure, que rien ne peut altérer, et sur laquelle nous pouvons nous reposer pour tout l'avenir.

The editor of this correspondence, who, though anonymous, is believed to be Madame Récamier's niece, says of this letter of Ampère:—"Cette lettre, qui exprime avec tant de

grâce et de simplicité une de ces affections inaltérables parce qu'elles sont pures," &c.—an expression which she would hardly have ventured to employ if the relations between her aunt and J.-J. Ampère had been immoral. But what a wonderfully close and constant attachment it must have been! He followed his idol everywhere, to the Vallée-aux-Loups, to Saint-Germain, and even to Rome. When she set off for Rome in 1823, J.-J. Ampère persuaded his father that a journey to Italy was necessary to his studies, and so went with her and Ballanche. They took a month to get from Paris to the Eternal City, stopping at every place where there was anything to see, and exploring together churches, galleries, ruins, and libraries. Whenever the three made a halt, they talked over their impressions together, and Madame Récamier exercised her feminine taste in giving an air of elegance and comfort to their little sitting-rooms in the bad Italian inns. At Rome young Ampère, thanks to his brilliant companions, had access to the most distinguished cosmopolitan society. The French Ambassador belonged to the family of Montmorency, in which Madame Récamier had very intimate friends, and through him the travellers could know everybody they cared to know. A curious detail is that Napoleon's mother was in Rome then, and Queen Hortense with her two sons passed part of a winter there. Madame Récamier knew them, and saw them frequently. One of these young men was the future Napoleon III. The ladies took walks together, and during these walks Ballanche and Ampère had long conversations with the elder of the two princes, but the younger rarely joined them.

Madame Récamier's plan was to stay a second winter in Italy, but J.-J. Ampère received letters from his father, which became more and more melancholy as the elder Ampère began to find so long an absence hard to bear. So it was decided that J.-J. ought to return to Paris, and he separated himself with the greatest difficulty from the studies and society which had become necessary to him—especially that of the lady whom he worshipped. This separation resulted of course in a perpetual correspondence, part of which is given in this volume. Madame Récamier's manner with her young admirer is kind and flattering:—

Je me promène tous les jours dans l'avenue de Sainte-Croix de Jérusalem, où nous avons été ensemble. Vous rappelez-vous ce beau soleil, ces ruines, cette terre toute couverte de fleurs? ces entretiens si confiants et si doux?

M. Ballanche et tout ce que vous connaissez à Rome se rappellent à votre souvenir. J'ai eu de vos nouvelles par le duc Mathieu, qui a été charmé de vous voir. J'ai reçu de M. de Chateaubriand une lettre bien triste, bien désolée! On vous a donc parlé de ma nouvelle passion pour Madame Swetchine? elle prend l'appartement dont je dispose à l'abbaye-au-Bois; c'est une personne très-spirituellement aimable; elle vous plaira beaucoup et vous aime déjà.

When J.-J. Ampère thought it desirable for his culture that he should study a year in some German University, Madame Récamier encouraged the project, though it would cost a separation. This second separation produced another correspondence. The two following letters are good examples of Madame Récamier's share in it, and of her style:—

2 septembre 1826.

Je voulais vous écrire et je ne sais pourquoi je ne l'ai pas fait encore. Je ne puis désapprouver vos plans, mais je vous regrette. J'ai vu plusieurs fois monsieur votre père, je l'aime à cause de vous et à cause de lui; c'est un excellent homme. Il n'a dans ce moment qu'une idée, mais comme il m'est facile de m'y associer, nous nous entendons très-bien et nous ne parlons que de vous.

Adieu, écrivez-moi et comptez à jamais sur ma plus tendre amitié.

8 octobre 1826.

Je suis si touchée du plaisir que vous me dites que vous a causé ma lettre, que je ne perds pas un moment pour que vous puissiez encore recevoir ce mot de souvenir à Berne. Je vous répète encore que je vous regrette et que j'approuve vos projets. Je verrai souvent monsieur votre père. J'ai été charmée de la dernière conversation que j'ai eue avec lui. Il est résigné à votre absence, il espère beaucoup de l'avenir; il va, comme vous savez, passer quelques jours à Vautrill. Je le verrai souvent cet hiver; je vais lui demander les vers que vous lui avez envoyés; je suis un peu jalouse de cette préférence, il m'a semblé que j'ai les premiers droits à vos confidences poétiques. Adieu. Cette longue absence est pourtant bien triste, je regrette nos douces habitudes. Amélie est souffrante, on craint encore une fausse couche. Le duc de Laval part dans peu de jours; ma vie s'écoule dans les inquiétudes et dans les regrets. Écrivez-moi, donnez-moi beaucoup de détails sur vos occupations et soyez bien assuré que vous nous retrouverez comme vous nous avez laissés.

Je crois pouvoir, comme votre sœur, vous demander de vous adresser à moi si vous aviez quelque embarras momentané dans vos finances. J'ai des présentations à tous les genres de confidences. Adieu encore, travaillez et pensez à vos amis. J'ai le pressentiment que vous accomplirez votre destinée selon vos vœux.

There seems to have been wonderfully little jealousy in this close friendship. J.-J. Ampère introduced his young friends to Madame Récamier, and she remained faithful to her old ones. It is curious to find her writing from Dioppe:—"Je fais quelques visites le matin et je passe la soirée avec M. Ballanche. Il s'arrange à merveille de cette solitude." When Ballanche writes to Ampère, it is in the most affectionate way, beginning, "Mon bien cher ami," "Mon très-cher ami," and ending, "Je vous embrasse tendrement." Later, when Ballanche dies, and poor Madame Récamier is nearly blind from cataract, the faithful Ampère behaves like a devoted son to her; and, finally, when she loses Chateaubriand, it is Ampère who follows him to the grave, and, in the name of the Academy, pronounces the last words of adieu. She did not long survive her famous friend. His death proved too much for a constitution already weakened, and her life would probably not have been much prolonged even if she had not been carried off by an attack of cholera (a disease she especially dreaded) on the 15th of May, 1849. Ampère, who had lost his father and his sister, lost in Madame Récamier a friend who had supplied the place of relations; so he

threw up the appointments which kept him in his native country, and travelled in Europe and America. A week before his death, in 1864, he wrote his last will, of which these are the concluding words concerning his friends:—

Je finis en les bénissant tendrement pour leur amitié, qui a été la source et la consolation de ma vie. J'espère fermement que leurs noms s'éleveront auprès de celle que nous avons tous aimée et qui nous a donné le jour et nous a soutenus.

HELMSLEY'S HANDBOOK OF HARDY TREES.*

THE professed purpose of the adapter of the *Manuel de l'amateur des jardins* for English use is simply to satisfy the needs of gardeners and amateurs of limited scientific knowledge, chiefly as regards the technical terms and details of garden botany, and, in a less prominent degree, as regards practical gardening. To this end the arrangement of the original work has been considerably altered, yet in such a way as to retain all its information, and, what to some will seem a high recommendation, its woodcuts. Opinions may differ as to the advantage of the natural system, which is adopted here in pretty close adherence to the Kew practice, over the alphabetical or other kinds of grouping; but even those who have a distaste for botanical terms and distinctions and classifications can hardly fail to appreciate the benefit of copious and well-drawn illustrations, with a glossary to unravel such terms as "loculicidal dehiscence" and "parietal placentation." The knowledge which may thus be acquired will place the reader on the same level as Continental gardeners and botanists who are accustomed to a similar nomenclature of Latin origin. We may doubt whether the mass of gardeners are ripe for handling even such a book as that before us systematically, and whether for amateurs it is not enough to get hints and ideas of gardening from such volumes as those of Mr. William Robinson, and of tree and shrub planting from Mr. Mongredien, in which case they will not be encumbered with botanical terms and classifications. Still it is certain that those who master the technical arrangements set forth in the book before us will obtain a store of systematic knowledge, helpful and useful in the main; and that to those who turn to it as a book of reference it will be serviceable in difficulties about the correct naming of a plant which can be solved only by the union of practical knowledge with the study of botanical works. When the writer is obliged to admit that

The most accomplished botanists often fail, after careful study, to identify a plant with its description, even when that description is as perfect as it is possible to make it from half-a-dozen or more specimens; and it is usually considered necessary to compare the new specimen with the original in the case of little known species—

readers without extraordinary powers of memory and divination will be thankful to acquiesce in the handy and ready oracle which rests on their bookshelf; and such an oracle for the English general reader has been provided with equal tact and judgment by Mr. Helmsley. Enough is done by him to throw light on the physiology and structural affinities of plants, to make clear by classification the differences and identities of the members of a genus, and to furnish from recognized authorities a definite botanical and horticultural nomenclature. Both in his introduction and in his chapter on Climate, the author supplies valuable and compendious information as regards the geographical habitats and the congenial acclimation-fields of hardy trees, shrubs, and herbaceous plants; and even those who shrink from the discipline of the descriptions of hardy plants, systematically arranged in the 550 pages of Part I., may easily find drier and duller reading than the hints on climate, soil, culture, and ornamental gardening which compose the second and more general portion of the work. At the same time it is a pity that the necessary bulk of the earlier and technical division of the volume has allowed only the barest space for matters of far greater interest to the majority of readers. It is hard to see where the genera and species of the diverse orders could have been retrenched so as to afford more room for a less fragmentary and slender sequel on "practical gardening," but it might be worth the compiler's while to expand his second part into a separate volume.

As it is, our course must be to take the volume as we find it. And a perusal of the First Part of it enables us to affirm that, while on many genera—e.g. "Rosa" in "Rosaceæ," and "Rhododendron" in "Ericaceæ" (Order 63)—great pains and space have been expended, there are others which are unaccountably hurried over. Considering the fashion which has set in for the ornamental gourds, more space might have been given to Order L., Cucurbitaceæ, than a bare page, and the briefest notice of mere names; especially as the order is given to vagaries of shape, varieties of colour, and feats of climbing power in its very numerous species, which distinguish it from more normal orders. In the case of some genera again, such as the dahlia, the China-aster, and the chrysanthemum, under the head of Compositæ, we find copious and interesting details to relieve dry technicalities of description. The first-named has a curious history, having been neglected and lost after its first introduction to England in the last century; taken up for its tubers, which proved a disappointment in an economical point of view, by the French; and eventually reintroduced to England, to be cultivated to a perfection, and in varieties, which no other country has attained to. Asters, on the contrary, espe-

* *Handbook of Hardy Trees, Shrubs, and Herbaceous Plants, &c.* Based on the French Work of Messrs. Decaisne and Naudin. By W. B. Helmsley, formerly Assistant at the Herbarium of the Royal Gardens, Kew. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

cially the China-aster (*Callistephus hortensis*), have a more French connexion. Introduced to the Jardin des Plantes in seeds sent by a Jesuit Father from China, the different races have been brought to high perfection by such French horticulturists as Truffaut, Fontaine, and Vilmorin, whose names will be old acquaintances even to the casual reader of illustrated catalogues. The introduction of the *Chrysanthemum Sinense*, now so well known in our gardens, in its large-flowered and small-flowered or Pompon variety, is referred to a French source, though the perfection to which this flower has arrived is, as the author does not omit to state, due to English gardeners:—

The history [he writes] of the garden varieties is rather obscure, and the wild form is unknown to botanists, but the later progress in the production of improved varieties is more familiar. In some books we find the year 1764 given as the date of the original introduction of some Chinese varieties. But 1790 is the earliest authentic date we have, at which period it was introduced into France by a merchant named Blanchard; and in 1826 an amateur of Toulouse, named Bernet, conceived the idea of raising plants from seed, which resulted in the acquisition of some new varieties. This method was soon adopted by other growers, at first in France and subsequently in England, where chrysanthemums now receive more attention than in any other country. The variety or race called *Indicum* was imported from China about the year 1835; and this was subjected to the same procedure, and crossed with varieties of the older strain.

Akin to the chrysanthemum, and a sort of tiny miniature of it, is the *C. Parthenium*, or *Pyrethrum*, a variety of which, *Pyrethrum aureum*, is a favourite yellow foliage bedding plant, which goes by the name of Golden Feather.

If we examine the treatment in this handbook of widespread orders—e.g. the Ranunculaceæ, including tribes like the clematis, anemone, ranunculus, hellebore, with their beautiful genera and species; the Papaveraceæ; the Cruciferae, which embrace 200 genera and 1,200 species, and comprise not only all kinds of stock, wallflower, cress, and candidum, but also the Brassicæ, of every shade of colour, and of every feather, quill, curl, and cut in point of shape; the Caryophyllæ, amongst whose many representatives the dianthus is the father of our delightful carnations, picotees, and cloves—no just ground will be discovered for complaint of slight or injustice or favouritism. The most notable and desirable varieties of all and each are enumerated; the descriptions are sufficient, if technical; and, wherever it is needed, information is given which explains any variation from the account of French botanists and gardeners, together with hints as to the proper culture and climate, though these latter are of the briefest. Under the head of carnations will be found the distinctions between bizarres, flakes, and picotees, according to the white ground, (1) rayed or striped with bands of three colours or shades from centre to circumference, (2) striped or streaked with a single colour, and (3) bordered or fringed with a different colour, and the limb sometimes spotted with the same. Here, too, we may ascertain the English representatives of the French Grenadins, Flamands, and Fancies. This volume departs from its French original in giving the *Dianthus hispanicus*, or Spanish pink, a charming variety of "Sweet William," as a distinct species; but Mr. Helmsley regards it as a totally different plant, belonging to another section of the genus.

An interesting order of herbs and shrubs is that which goes under the name of "Malvaceæ." It is a denizen of all parts of the world, save the coldest. It includes the Malopes, soft and woolly, as their name imports; the Altheas, whether in the common form of the marsh-mallow, or the "Althea rosea," i.e. the hollyhock, which came first from the Levant, and has been in cultivation for three centuries. To this order, too, belongs the Lavatera, very near to the mallow, and named after the brothers Lavater. One of its species, *L. arborea*, the tree-mallow, is a tall biennial of shrub-like dimensions. It is occasionally met with on the sea-coasts of England and Wales, in Pembrokeshire, for instance; but it generally has the credit of being an introduced plant (p. 81). The *Malva* (from *μαλίκη*, known to the readers of *Moschus*) are another type of this order, amongst which the annual from Syria called *Malva crispa* is memorable, for its rounded and crisp foliage rather than for its very insignificant white flower. A class of real shrubs, and beautiful shrubs too, of this order is the Hibiscus, under which come the *H. Syriacus*, or *Althea frutex*, a deciduous shrub of from six to eight feet in height, with showy flowers of white, yellow, rose, purple, violet, and stripe, and a darker coloured spot at the base of each petal. Its recommendation is its gaiety of blossom and flower at the end of summer and the coming of autumn. *Hibiscus roseus*, a tall and showy perennial of purple or pink hue, with deeper coloured centre, is herbaceous, and comes really from North America, though it has almost acquired the rank of a native at Bordeaux.

Another order of herbs and shrubs, not yet made enough of in English gardens and shrubberies, is the Umbelliferae (Order 54). Its representatives are mostly showy, and many of them valuable as esculents, spices, or drugs. What can possibly be handsomer than the *Fetula communis*, or Giant Fennel, in nature, or in the woodcut at p. 211 of this book? or than the *Heracleum flavescens*, a species of the familiar cow-paranip introduced from Austria, and noteworthy for the very deeply cut foliage it bears, as well as for enormous umbels containing myriads of flowers? Akin in structure to the "Umbelliferae" are the "Araliaceæ" (Order 55), one tribe of which is the "hedera," or ivy, which, however, rarely flower in their creeping form, or until they have reached the top of the support they cling to. Then their habit of growth gets more close and bushy, and they produce flowers.

Taking a survey of the trees and shrubs, we shall find these sometimes cropping up, almost alone, amidst orders largely

composed of herbaceous plants, and at other times usurping the whole area of the order. Not seldom there is a more equal division between plants and shrubs or trees, as in the case of the Rosaceæ, which, as every one knows, is an order rich in manifold kinds of fruit trees. Besides such evergreens as the common laurel, *Prunus lauro-cerasus*, the Caucasian laurel, and the Portugal laurel, it includes among the Prunæ, the sloe or blackthorn, with its offspring, the plum and bullace of our gardens, as well as the cherry, peach, nectarine, and apricot. In the tribe Pomæ, too, comes the extensive family of the *Pyrus*, including the Chinese Crab, the most handsome in flower in the section, the Siberian crab (*Pyrus prunifolia*), the Wild Service (*Pyrus torminalis*), with small corymbose white flower and pear-shaped fruit, the true "Service Tree," with fruit larger, and also pear-shaped, the *P. aucuparia*, or Mountain Ash, and the *P. Japonica*, or Cydonia, common enough as an early flowering shrub, with brilliant scarlet flower, but very rare, as far as our quest has gone, in its white-flowered variety. This order includes also the thorn (*Cratægus*), the cotoneaster, and the medlar (*Amelanchier*). The extensive order of Leguminosæ has a good many trees and shrubs belonging to it—e.g. the *Wistarias*, which so gracefully cover our house-walls or trellises in the last days of April and the first of May; the Robineæ and Sophoræ, and the interesting and curious laburnums, *Laburnum vulgare*, or *Cytisus laburnum*, and the purple laburnum, *L. Adami*, which is a cross between this and *Cytisus purpureus*. Mr. Helmsley notes the often quoted peculiarity of the *Laburnum Adami* (of which the flower is of a dull purple, in long pendulous racemes like the common one, and the leaves shorter as to petioles), that some parts of the same tree revert completely to one or other of the parents. "Thus the three forms may be seen growing on one stem, having the appearance of being grafted on it" (p. 118). Our own observation is that this is more perceptible in some years, or in some ages of the tree's growth, than in others. The locust-tree, the Kentucky coffee-tree, and the Judas-tree, strangers from North America, and from Asia, belong to a sub-order of the Leguminosæ.

In the moderate-sized order of Magnoliaceæ, and its second and eponymous tribe, occurs one species more curious than the *M. grandiflora*, which one is accustomed to look for against a south or west wall of a house, though not so effective. It often provokes remark in the early spring, because it is a standard tree, and its abundant white flowers come before the leaves. Of this species Mongredien says that it will repay any little protection it may require by its snowy pyramids of flowers. An order of vastly more numerous genera and species is that of the Sapindaceæ, to which, amongst other noble and beautiful trees, the diversified tribe of maples (*Aceraceæ*) contributes. The species of *Acer* enumerated in this book are necessarily limited, and for a full description of most of the fifty the reader may be referred to the pages of the *Garden Here*, however, the plane-like Norway maple, the Bird's-eye Maple, the *Acer rubrum*, and the *Acer eriocarpum* are noticed and described, though it might have been said of the former that it is of very doubtful hardihood in this country north of London, and of the latter that it grows best and most rapidly in moist situations. Of the *Acer pseudoplatanus*, or False Sycamore, Mr. Helmsley remarks that it is good for planting in bleak spots near the sea. And this statement leads us, *per saltum*, into the midst of the Coniferae, an order of exceeding interest, but one to which we can at present only barely refer. Amongst the first group of the Abietineæ, i.e. those species of *Pinus* which have their leaves usually two in a sheath, Mr. Helmsley cites, but without any great enthusiasm, the *Pinus pinaster*, or Cluster Pine. No doubt it is, as he says, variable in habit and irregular in growth; but it is odd that neither in p. 422, where it is noticed in due order, nor in the list of trees suitable for the sea-coast, is anything said of the *Pinaster*'s eligibility for such a situation. If we mistake not, it is so used in France, where it is prized for its timber and hardiness; and in Norfolk it is the principal species in a 500-acre plantation near the sea. Mr. Helmsley's arrangement of the Coniferae generally is creditably compendious; and, in truth, the preciseness of his limits is an excuse for omissions which might else be found fault with. When he notes the capacity of the *Abies Smithiana*, or *Morinda n. Kurov*, for improving out of a miserable weakling into a beautiful specimen (pp. 427-8), he ought perhaps to have added the fact that it is very "impatient of transplantation."

Of the suggestive hints of the Second Part of this book, many of which—such as those on absorption and respiration, and the dangers to which newly-transplanted trees and shrubs are liable from the inability of their roots to maintain the necessary supply of water—are extremely valuable, we have no space to take notice. Otherwise we should make a note on not planting too deep, on not transplanting out of season, and on laying turf, not thick, but thin, as well as on other useful points. The volume will commend itself to the amateur and the gardener as being what it professes to be—a handy-book for reference, well and copiously illustrated, and of solid value.

THOMSON'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF CHINA.*

AT the moment when Lord Elgin was putting his signature to the last treaty concluded with China, a photographer,

* *Illustrations of China and its People. A Series of Two Hundred Photographs, with Letterpress descriptive of the Places and People represented. By J. Thomson, F.R.G.S. 4 vols. Vol. I. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Low, & Searle. 1873.*

who had previously been introduced into the Hall, gave great annoyance to the Prince Kung by taking a general view of the "high contracting parties." So great has been the advance made since those days even by the Chinese in the knowledge of foreign arts that the same Prince who thirteen years ago attempted to conceal his face from the camera of Signor Beato appears now as the subject of the frontispiece to the work before us, seated quite at his ease, and in the attitude of a man as thoroughly inured to the process as any one of our own princes could possibly be. The idea of placing his likeness in the front of the book was a happy one, as he may truly be said to embody the comparatively enlightened policy which has made photography possible in China. Under his rule facilities in the way of travelling in the interior have been largely extended; and whereas ten years ago it was almost as much as a foreigner's life was worth to venture into any of the central or southern provinces, Mr. Thomson now lays before us the most positive proof that he has not only traversed some of the districts which were wont to be reckoned most dangerous, but that he has also been allowed to take "sun pictures" of such objects as appeared to him to be worthy of illustration.

As yet only one volume, containing photographs of men and things taken in the region of Hongkong, Canton, Macao, and Formosa has appeared, and of this instalment of the work it is impossible to speak too highly. The subjects chosen are precisely those which will be most highly valued as souvenirs by travellers in China, while at the same time they are well calculated to give to stay-at-home people a very complete and vivid idea of the appearance and customs of the Celestials and of the scenes which surround them in their native land.

To those accustomed to pursue the peaceful art of photography in Western countries, the idea of collecting a series of pictures such as that before us would present few difficulties. But in China, as Mr. Thomson tells us in his introduction, it is far otherwise. The Chinese are eminently superstitious, and entertain a firm belief that all photographers are in close league with the Prince of Darkness, and that the "sun portraits" which they produce are obtained only at the expense of so large a portion of the principle of life on the part of the sitter that his death must infallibly ensue within a very short period. Acting on this belief, and in apparent oblivion of the laws of filial piety, they everywhere raised strong objections to Mr. Thomson's proposals to photograph children, but readily brought their aged parents to be placed before the foreigner's silent and mysterious instrument of destruction. As may be supposed, however, the results of this and kindred superstitions were not always only of a negative nature. In many places Mr. Thomson met with much opposition, and on more than one occasion he was attacked by "lowly fellows of the baser sort," who at the instigation of the Literati stoned and otherwise ill-treated him. In fairness to the nation, it must also be mentioned that he speaks of having received much kindness and hospitality in many country districts, and at the hands of officials who by association with Europeans have learned to appreciate the substantial benefits which foreign intercourse can confer.

In the volume before us, as we have already said, are represented only scenes and people from the neighbourhood of Canton and Hongkong, where foreigners and their ways are perfectly understood, and it is plain that Mr. Thomson has largely profited by this extended knowledge. Not only is he able to show us what Canton schoolgirls and boys are like, but he is able to take us into the verandah of a private gentleman's house, to introduce us to the entire family enjoying their post-prandial pipes, and to open the door of a lady's dressing-room that we may witness the operation by which she removes superfluous hairs from her cheeks and trims her eyebrows. A close inspection shows us that the instruments she employs are "two fine silken cords arranged upon the fingers so as to yield to the form of the face, and at the same time act as pincers." On the table before her stands a dressing-case which contains white powder and carmine for the face, comb, hair-brush, tooth-brush, tongue-scraper, gum for stiffening the hair into the required shape, hair-pins, &c. In no country in the world is painting the face more largely practised than in China, and in no country are its evil effects more plainly visible. A very few months' application of the brush is enough to ruin the complexion. The skin speedily becomes coarse, yellow, and shrivelled, and a lady who has once habituated herself to the use of paint can no more do without it than can an arsenic-eating Turkish lady forego the fattening drug, or an English dram-drinker his morning glass. It is as refreshing to turn from the contemplation of the artificially pink and white cheeks of Chinese ladies to the healthy, fresh complexions of the Canton boat-girls in the photographs as it must be in real life. These strong, active young women are the pictures of health, and need no carmine to add roses to their round chubby faces. They are despised and rejected by their sisters on land, who look down on them as belonging to an inferior race. Their *paotais* is turned into ridicule, and their unframed feet are made the subjects of witticisms. But if health counts for anything, and if strength and beauty of limb are to be desired, the Hakka boat-girl need scarcely envy the poor bedizened, be-crippled creature who points the finger of scorn at her through the blinds of her sedan-chair.

In other photographs we find represented victims of two great evils which at present afflict China—competitive examinations and the opium pipe. When the illustrious founder of the periodical examinations through which alone honour and rank are to be obtained in China enunciated his system, he omitted to limit the age of candidates, and unfortunately confined the subjects for study to the nine

canonical books. The results are such as might have been expected. Year after year unsuccessful competitors appear before the examiners in the vain hope of at last winning a button. Youth and middle age pass away, but still they persevere; while at the same time they eke out a miserable pittance by leading others in the same hopeless paths which they themselves have trod, or, as is more frequently the case, subsist on the charity of their friends. The conclusion of every examination increases the number of these drones of society, who, while they add nothing to the producing power of the country, are a steady drain on its resources, and whose minds are contracted by the exclusive study of the narrow principles laid down by the native philosophers of the Confucian era. Unless the influence of the foreign trade and enterprise which are now slowly but surely making their way throughout the Empire be sufficiently powerful to induce the Literati to direct the energies which they now waste on pseudo-literary efforts into new and useful channels, we shall for many years find in the brethron of the unfortunate student represented by Mr. Thomson our worst and most bigoted enemies.

But more destructive to the mental and physical fibre of the nation is the opium pipe. The photographs of opium-smokers at home and in the tavern which Mr. Thomson has given us reveal in some measure the extent of the evil. We see the wealthy man enjoying his pipe on his well-furnished bed, and surrounded by all the comforts of his own home, while his poorer neighbour is stretched on the bare mat of an uncurtained tavern couch, inhaling the fumes of the same ensnaring drug. It is no exaggeration to say that opium-smoking is now universal in China. Princes and peasants, mandarins and civilians are all votaries to the pipe. Theoretically it is prohibited by law, and heavy punishments are declared to await both those who smoke and those who deal in the drug, but practically the law on the subject is a dead letter. No one is without sin, and there is, therefore, no one to throw the first stone, and, notwithstanding the strongly worded edicts which appear periodically, strictly forbidding the growth of the poppy, large districts in the Northern and Western provinces are annually devoted to its cultivation. In every large town the well-known sign of the opium shop meets the traveller at every turn, and there is scarcely a house in the land which in some shape or another does not bear witness to the very wide extent of the evil. It has frequently been contended that opium-smoking is not more pernicious in its effects than alcoholic intemperance, and that when practised in moderation it is, if not beneficial, at least harmless. Of course there may be people who by the constant exercise of self-control may succeed in resisting the desire for more which invariably accompanies even the smallest indulgence in opium; but the large majority of smokers recognize no limit but that drawn by the length of their purses. No one can have mixed much with Chinamen who has not seen abundant evidence of its baneful effects in the haggard looks, the sunken eyes, and the trembling limbs of its votaries. Mr. Thomson mentions the case—and thousands of a similar kind might be recorded—of a clever young miniature-painter at Hongkong who brought speedy ruin on himself and his family by the use of opium:—

Five years ago [he says] I recollect him a handsome, fashionably-dressed youth; his tail a model of perfect plaiting, and his head shaven as smooth as a billiard-ball. No silks were more beautiful or richer than his. . . . This good looking dandy was at that time in full work as a portrait-painter. Some years afterwards I fell in with him again—a shrunken, hollow-eyed, sallow-faced old man. He was still working at his craft, but only on two days a week, the rest of his time being uninterruptedly devoted to the demands of his opium pipe.

That this vice is not so universal among the Tartars as among the Chinese may perhaps be gathered from a glance at the group of fine, stalwart Manchu artillerymen which Mr. Thomson's art has portrayed. It is perhaps fortunate for the European Powers which have crossed swords with China that those recruits from the conquering race bear but a very small proportion to the rest of the Imperial army. It may be doubted whether the march of the Allied armies to Peking would have been such an easy "walk over" as it was had the road thither been defended by such formidable looking gunners as those which now garrison Canton. Their appearance forcibly brings to mind the fact of their direct descent from the Tartar tribes who in the thirteenth century swept over the whole of Asia, and carried terror and confusion up to the walls of Moscow, and suggests the question whether another such inroad might not be within the bounds of possibility were another Jenghis Khan to arise.

We can confidently recommend this first volume of Mr. Thomson's series to the perusal of our readers, and from the nature of the work we anticipate that the interest it excites will at least be fully maintained in the succeeding parts, since the districts through which he intends taking us are less known to Europeans than those which form the subjects of the photographs before us. After showing us the principal places of interest on the coast as far as Shanghai, he tells us in his introduction that he

will proceed to Ningpo and the Snowy Valley, the favourite spring resort of Shanghai residents, and justly celebrated for the beauty of its *azalæ*, its mountain scenery, its cascades and waterfalls; thence to the Yang-tse-Kiang, visiting *en route* the Treaty Ports and the ancient capital Nankin, passing through the weird scenery of the gorges of the Upper Yang-tse, and penetrating as far as Kwei-chow-fu. The concluding journey will embrace Chefoo, the Peiho, Tientsin and Peking. The remarkable antiquities, the Palace, Temples, and the Observatory, the different races in the great metropolis, the ruins of the Summer Palace, and the Ming Tombs shall be presented to the reader; after which I will guide him through the Nankow Pass, and take my leave of him at the Great Wall.

PENRUDDOCKE.*

WHEN we see the name of Mr. Aidé appended to a work of fiction, we feel sure that the book will contain more cleverness than is as a rule to be found among the ephemeral literature of the season. There is much cleverness in *Penruddocke*, but it has also graver faults than we have observed in any of the author's previous novels. Mindful perhaps of the success of *Rita*, Mr. Aidé has put his latest, as he did his first, production into an autobiographical form. To this we have no objection to make, but we cannot help entering a protest against the childish trick of appending foot-notes by an imaginary editor to a narrative the title-page of which announces it to be, not the memoirs of Osmund Penruddocke edited by some one else, but simply a new novel by Mr. Hamilton Aidé. This device, trivial as it is, gives a shock to our artistic perceptions which we resent. It is false heraldry, pretence on pretence, and spoils the illusion which it is meant to assist. It may be thought ungracious to cavil at the frame when we may find points to admire in the picture; yet we cannot but think that so intelligent and generally careful a writer as the author whose book is before us might have paid more attention to such a detail. However, it is time to leave discussion of what is mere matter of introduction, and come to what is introduced.

The plot of *Penruddocke* is better constructed, or we should rather say better founded, than is generally the case with Mr. Aidé's books; he has got hold of a good idea for the centre piece, on which the whole works and depends: but, on the other hand, the very strength of that idea exposes the weakness of its surrounding supports, which indeed are far from equal to the strain put upon them. The notion of an aristocratic lady of good birth and high principles, whose son flies from her and all that belongs to her in horror because he has seen her commit a theft to save the family estates, is, if extravagant, more or less original, and might in the hands of a great artist be worked up to a high pitch of intensity and excitement; it would give him opportunities of both dramatic and psychological treatment (for we do not agree with a present writer that the two are identical), and he might make a fine work of it. But Mr. Aidé is not this great artist; he is overmastered by the demon he has raised; and the scene in which Osmund, after moments of agonizing doubt, sees in the face of the thief by night the features of the mother whom he has so long respected, the scene which should be the climax of this portion of the book is lamentably weak. The author indeed, having got his hero into this terrible situation, is fain to get him out of it by rolling him off a wall in a dead faint—much as we have seen an indifferent actor try to express the storm of conflicting emotions which rushes upon the jester at the conclusion of *Rigoletto* by the mechanical trick of a stage fall.

The crime which is the subject of this scene is committed by Lady Rachel Penruddocke in order to get rid of the just title set up to the estates to which her eldest son is supposed to be heir by John Penruddocke, a claimant who turns up unexpectedly from America under the wing of Lady Rachel's cousin Humphry, an old bachelor, who interferes merely in the cause of right. We should mention, by the way, that the legal convolutions of this title are worked up with a care and correctness too seldom found. The upshot of it all is that Osmund, the second son and the hero of the book, is unable to endure the ignominy of resting beneath a roof which he knows to belong by every law of right to another; he is equally unable to expose his mother's crime, and so cuts the knot by running away and enlisting, leaving a little cousin with whom he is in love in despair. It is possible that this is the best thing he could do under the circumstances; but we cannot see why a third course which he suggested to his brother was not equally open to himself. Nothing surely was easier for him than to say—to quote his own words—"that it had come to his knowledge that some ignorant and foolish person, thinking to befriend them, had made away with the tablet," and then, as he ingeniously added, to have the lark dragged. There was no more chance of such a statement compromising his mother or being disregarded if made by him, than if made by his brother. But some mysterious and unexplained reason or influence prevents this occurring to him, either at the time or during the lapse of years afterwards; and so, as we have said, he shakes the dust of dishonour from his feet, and enlists in one of Her Majesty's regiments. And here Mr. Aidé is once more in his element; his light touch and quick perception of the less sombre moods of character are well fitted to deal with the varying scenes and personages of barrack life. From this phase of existence Osmund is delivered by the advent of his uncle, who proves to him that, without touching a shilling of the Penruddocke property, he will have enough wherewith to purchase a commission in the Guards, and to live as younger sons may live. Before he receives his commission he takes a tour abroad, which serves to introduce some characters who are of great importance in the book—one a Madame d'Arnheim, a lady just divorced from a very bad husband, who is supposed to be one of those mysterious women who exercise a magnetic influence on those around them, if we are to judge from the unrestrained manner in which Osmund pours out to her on their first meeting all his confidences, save the one which he can tell to no one, and the quiet way in which she receives them. In Madame d'Arnheim's character there is much that is beautiful; but we cannot help feeling that had we met her we should have been inclined to agree with the people who excite Pen-

ruddocke's contempt by setting her down as a sentimental German and female incoherence. There is, indeed, something sweet and touching in the long friendship which exists between these two, and which is told of with great delicacy of treatment, until the effect of the whole is spoiled, our bright vision of an ideal friendship between man and woman dissipated, and an excuse given to ill-natured remarks, by its very nearly resulting in a marriage which could hardly under any circumstances have been happy, or even suitable. It is provoking that Mr. Aidé should have spoilt in this way what might have been really a touching episode.

However, all this is long after Penruddocke's introduction to the lady on his foreign tour, during which he also encounters and renews acquaintance with John Penruddocke, the unsuccessful claimant, and with his daughter Elizabeth, who is by far the best drawn and most interesting character in the book. It may have been intentionally and in a spirit of irony, though we scarcely think so, that the author has made her so infinitely superior to her cousin and Osmund's, Evelyn Hamleigh, whom Osmund loves throughout the book, and for whom he rejects all idea of a marriage with Elizabeth. To our mind she is as much more attractive than Evelyn as she is more original: her wild, frank, noble nature, the gradual smoothing down and rounding off of which by the processes of education are indicated with much skill by the writer, has a charm of its own which we cannot imagine the pretty simplicity of the other to have possessed. Their first acquaintanceship ends with the retirement of Elizabeth to school, and the return of Osmund to London to join his regiment and to plunge into society. The society scenes are certainly in some ways the cleverest and at the same time the least agreeable parts of the novel. The characters, whether pleasant or not, are all hit off with ease and dash, and the dialogues are smart and pointed; but the writer too often sacrifices good taste in his struggle after effect. Take, for an instance, the idle chatter on the stairs at Lady Castle's ball:—

"And now, Mr. Penruddocke, tell me, you've been here at least a quarter of an hour, whom have you fallen in with? I give you your choice, but you're bound to fall in love with some one."

"It is *Penruddocke du choix*," I returned, rather shyly, not feeling quite up to the sort of repartee that seemed to be expected of me.

"Oh! a base subterfuge. What do you say to Lady Ancaster—beautiful, isn't she? Such a head and such shoulders!"

I assented mildly; when Sir Walter said, with a sardonic smile,

"Lady Ancaster, with that crescent, looks like Diana gone astray—in the woods, of course, I mean."

"And almost ready for the bath," laughed another man, in a lower voice.

We venture to hope that Osmund Penruddocke was somewhat unfortunate in his society. Nor is it only in the scenes of society, where he may be supposed to have the excuse of a satirical purpose, that the writer sacrifices good taste in this way. In the brilliant, and we might almost say abandoned, society to which we are introduced, we find a Lady Castle who might be a countess out of one of Feydeau's novels; an Italian Count who is a gambler and a ruffian of a diabolical, if handsome, appearance, and yet an honoured guest in all the best houses; and a crowd of fashionable people whose morals, we are led to conclude, are as loose as their talk, and that is loose enough. The only two persons in a large party assembled at Kendal Castle who, with the exception of the Duke and Duchess their entertainers, have any pretensions to good principles or good breeding, are our old friend Madame d'Arnheim, and Tufton, formerly Penruddocke's commanding officer in barracks, and now his close friend, and certainly a very pleasant specimen of a cultivated and agreeable soldier. These people are supposed to be the pick of English society; but all sorts of intrigues are going on amongst them; and Penruddocke, in consequence of some rash acts of chivalry, gets the credit of being mixed up in at least two of these. This episode is skilfully managed; and the scene in which his intended confidante to his best friend are repressed by the friend reading him a lecture upon the folly of devotion to married women is admirably touched. We cannot but give our sympathy to Penruddocke, and feel how hardly he has been used; and yet we see plainly that it was impossible for Tufton to have taken any other view of the circumstances presented to him, and that, from his point of view, he was perfectly right in what he said and did. Altogether we are very glad to get away from the atmosphere of Kendal Castle, although we are taken from it to the deathbed of John Penruddocke. Misfortune following on misfortune, the death of John Penruddocke is quickly succeeded by that of Osmund's eldest brother Raymond; thus he is left heir to the estates, which he immediately insists on giving up to Elizabeth at the sacrifice of his own marriage with Evelyn. Then comes his return to London, and a sensational adventure with Count Benevento, brought about by the dangerous Lady Castle, who here more than ever supports her likeness to one of Feydeau's countesses, inasmuch as the very incident to which we refer is to be found in the *Comtesse de Chalis*. The end of it all is that Penruddocke has to go abroad to recover his shattered health, and during his stay at Nice the conclusion of the book is worked up to by a series of events which we will leave our readers to inform themselves upon. With all its faults, *Penruddocke* is a clever and interesting book, and if it is not quite up to the mark of excellence which we have a right to expect from Mr. Aidé, it is at least far better than the ordinary run of novels. One more criticism we have to make, and that is upon the strange number of slight errors in the printing; and sometimes in the writing of the book. Thus we have Penruddocke's mother appearing at one time as Lady Rachel, at another as Lady Rachel; we hear of a casket being buried in a family "fault"; we find Count Benevento's valet established for some unexplained reason at

* *Penruddocke*. By Hamilton Aidé, Author of "*Rita*," "*The Marston*," &c. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1873.

Kendal Castle without his master; we have Feydeau spelt Faideau; and we have Browning's ride to Ghent quoted thus:—

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dick galloped, we galloped all three.

Perhaps there will be a second edition of the book, and we hope that then such blunders as these may be corrected.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

IT would be beyond our present province to inquire to what extent Arminius Vambéry* may be justified in assuming the character of the Cassandra of British power in India, in connexion with the designs of Russia on Central Asia. We can but indicate the circumstance, and, admitting once for all the weight due to the opinion of one so intimately acquainted with the regions in question, we will briefly summarize the purport of his recent contributions on the subject. These consist of ten essays written at various periods during the last six years, and now brought together within the compass of a moderate-sized volume. The first essay discusses the progress of Russia and the general question of her rivalry with England between 1864 and 1867; a subject continued in the second, which describes the conquest of Bokhara in the following year. This paper contains much interesting information respecting the population of Turkestan. The third article treats of the misunderstandings between Persia and Turkey, the adroitness with which these are stimulated by Russia, the folly of the French mission at Teheran in playing into Russia's hands, and the still greater folly of Persia in not perceiving that Russia is the only Power with interests hostile to her own, and that all Russia's interests are hostile. The fourth discusses the question of Herat, and recommends its occupation by England in conjunction with the Afghans. The fifth treats of the social circumstances of Central Asia, and compares Russian with English methods of civilization, to the disadvantage of the former. In the sixth a connexion is pointed out between the Russian advance in Central Asia and that "revision" of the Black Sea Treaty which she enforced upon us. The seventh essay brings the history of Turcoman affairs down to 1871; the eighth details the adventurous career of the present ruler of Yarkand; and the ninth treats of the condition of Khiva at the period of the recent expedition being undertaken. The general purpose of Herr Vambéry's volume is to inculcate the extreme danger of allowing Russian progress to continue unchecked. On this point all are in agreement; but whether it would be more effectually met by concentration on our present lines, or by so decided an onward move as the advance to Herat recommended by him, is a question on which we cannot enter here. Writing from such a point of view, it is but natural that he should exalt the power of Russia to the utmost, and ignore the numerous elements of weakness in her position. The decided preference for England as a civilizing Power expressed by one who has seen so much of both countries in their relations with Orientals, is highly flattering to us as a nation; and we may hope that the author represents the general opinion of Austria, and also of Germany, when he says that the possession of India by any Power but England would be a signal retrogression as concerns the common interests of mankind.

The latest instalment of L. Schneider's valuable history of the Paraguay campaign† details the siege of Humaitá, the Paraguayan Vicksburg. Like the siege of that great improvised fortress, this tedious operation illustrates the almost insuperable difficulties attendant upon an offensive campaign in which the line of advance is up a river whose navigation has been thoroughly obstructed by the enemy. As at Vicksburg, the allies finally gained their point by turning and isolating a position which they were unable to carry by a direct attack. General Grant would probably have made much shorter work of it; yet, with every deduction for the incapacity of the allied commanders, the Paraguayans were anything but contemptible enemies. We know nothing more touching than their invincible devotion to the misunderstood cause of their country, represented in their eyes by the ruffian whose ambition and folly had brought all their misfortunes upon them. Had this been an intelligent instead of a merely mechanical devotion, the result of the paralyzing discipline of the Jesuits and Francia, history would have exhibited few finer episodes. The military direction of the allies seems to have been very incompetent, but the troops displayed real fortitude in bearing up against discouraging circumstances, and their behaviour in victory was marked by humanity and consideration. Characteristically Spanish was the demeanour of the leader of the Uruguay contingent, who, when his forces were reduced to twenty men, continued to comport himself as though he were at the head of twenty thousand, and whose claims had to be allowed, too, as his withdrawal would have been fatal to the magnificent phrase of "The Triple Alliance."

The second volume of Herr E. Arnd's Annals from 1867 to 1871‡ relates to the history of the non-European States, and is serviceable as a compendious account of transactions information respecting which is not in general readily accessible. The most dramatic episodes within the author's department are the Paraguay war and the catastrophe of Maximilian; interesting particulars,

* *Centralasien und die Englich-Russische Grenzfrage*. Gesammelte politische Schriften. Von Hermann Vambéry. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Trübner.

† *Der Krieg der Triple-Allianz gegen die Regierung der Republik Paraguay*. Von L. Schneider. Bd. 2. Berlin: Behr. London: Nutt.

‡ *Geschichte der Jahre 1867 bis 1871*. Von E. Arnd. Bd. 2. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

however, will be found respecting other occurrences which the lapse of time or the vicissitudes of circumstances have almost assigned to oblivion. Considering, for example, the present relations of the Sultan and the Khedive, it is almost startling to peruse the record of the latter's deportment a few years since, when he was seeking to attain the object of his policy by a different road.

The definitive union of the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein to Denmark was the result of a treaty concluded exactly a century since, the merit of which is usually attributed to the great Danish Minister, Count Bernstorff, although he was not in office at the period of its ratification. Herr G. Jansen*, however, has now revived the memory of a previous treaty on the point of being concluded by Count Lynar, a Saxon statesman in the Danish service, when he was recalled from St. Petersburg through a Court intrigue at Copenhagen. The interest of Herr Jansen's volume, which is considerable, depends less on these antiquated passages of diplomacy than on the piquant notices of Lynar's successors, such as Bernstorff and Struensee, preserved in his correspondence after his final retirement from the Danish service. After his recall from the St. Petersburg Embassy, he was appointed Administrator of Oldenburg, which important post, after nine years' tenure, he lost from causes which his biographer is unable satisfactorily to explain. After he retired to his ancestral estate in Saxony, he continued to watch the transactions of the Danish Court, and to pronounce upon them in a very *Suave mari magno* style, save for some traces of rancour against the personal favourites of his former master, the late King of Denmark. He died in 1781.

Herr Knebel's† historical essays on the development of the French system of military conscription and the Prussian system of universal military service are interesting sketches of these subjects. A third essay deals with a recent proposition to subject persons incapacitated from personal military service to a tax, which he repudiates, regarding it as inconsistent with the fundamental principle that the military service of civilians should not be considered as a burden, but as an essential part of their duty towards the State.

The design of Dr. von Kremer-Auenrode's collection of "Official Documents relating to the Connexion of Church and State‡ in the Nineteenth Century" is to publish the most important Papal Bulls and briefs, episcopal pastorals, &c., on the one hand, along with the text of the legislation which has called them forth upon the other. The work will consist of two sections, the first embracing such documents as appeared anterior to the Vatican Council, the second those published subsequently. The first part is principally occupied with the ecclesiastical legislation of German States, both Catholic and Protestant, but contains one very interesting Papal document, the letter (March 24, 1813) of Pope Pius VII. then a captive at Fontainebleau, to Napoleon, revoking the Concordat which had been extorted from him. The document is remarkable for its intrepidity in every sense of the word, and more particularly for the distinctness with which it enunciates the invalidity of any obligation which a Pope may contract if he subsequently chooses to consider it at variance with his duties as head of the Church.

Dr. Emil Friedberg's account of the late J. B. Baltzer§ is less a biography of the man than a history of the various persecutions he underwent from the Court of Rome, which made him in some degree a representative of those Catholics who, while resisting the decrees of the Vatican Council, have refrained from joining the Old Catholic secession. Baltzer, a professor and canon at Breslau, rendered himself obnoxious at Rome by his support of Professor Günther, whose philosophical works were condemned as heretical. The civil power, however, always prevented him from being utterly crushed by his ecclesiastical superiors; and when at length his case seemed desperate, he was saved by the direct interference of Prince Bismarck. He owed no thanks to the Ministry of Worship, which, while Herr von Mühler was in office at any rate, seems to have acted in constant connivance with the spiritual power. The case, which presents considerable analogy to that of Mr. O'Keefe, is highly instructive, as showing how easily Governments might attach the liberal and independent portion of the Catholic clergy to the national interests by according them a reasonable measure of protection against the tyranny of their ecclesiastical superiors. Had this course been consistently pursued, the late stringent legislation might never have been required. One of the most interesting parts of the volume is Baltzer's account of his mission to Rome on behalf of Günther. The Professor, he thinks, would not have been condemned but for the inability of the Italian Cardinals to read his works in the original, and their consequent reliance upon a German colleague who was devoted to the Jesuits.

The story of a more celebrated object of ecclesiastical suspicion and intolerance—like Baltzer, however, ultimately liberated from their grasp—is told in Professor Reusch's narrative of the imprisonment of Luis de Leon.|| The author, a Professor of

* *Rochus Friedrich Graf zu Lynar. Zur Geschichte der Nordischen Politik im achtzehnten Jahrhundert*. Von G. Jansen. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Systeme der Heeresergänzung und die Personalbehrer*. Von E. C. Knebel. Berlin: Mittler. London: Norgate.

‡ *Actenstücke zur Geschichte des Verhältnisses zwischen Staat und Kirche im 19. Jahrhundert*. Mit Anmerkungen herausgegeben von Dr. H. von Kremer-Auenrode. Hr. 1. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Johannes Baptista Baltzer. Ein Beitrag zur neuesten Geschichte des Verhältnisses zwischen Staat und Kirche in Preussen*. Von Emil Friedberg. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Luis de Leon und die spanische Inquisition*. Von Dr. F. H. Reusch. Bonn: Weber. London: Williams & Norgate.

Catholic Theology in the University of Bonn, is naturally indisposed to bear hardly on the Inquisition; nevertheless his sober and dispassionate account of the proceedings against Leon sufficiently establishes the gross iniquity of a tribunal which, so far from confronting the prisoner with his accusers, denied him the knowledge of their very names, which sequestered him from all aid or advocacy, compelled him to furnish pretexts for new charges by furnishing long explanations of the incriminated points in writing, protracted the proceedings wholly at its own caprice, and reserved the right of examination by torture. No prisoner whose destruction had been resolved upon could have escaped under such circumstances; but it seems probable that private malice had more to do with Leon's prosecution than any serious suspicion of heresy, and that the real object was to keep him away from the University of Salamanca. However this may be, it is apparent that anything like freedom of thought was utterly out of the question under so arbitrary and irresponsible a despotism, and the only wonder is that the present intellectual sterility of Spain should not be even more complete. In addition to the narrative of Luis de Leon's prosecution, Dr. Reusch's work contains a brief, but thorough, investigation of almost every point relating to his personal and literary history.

Dr. Braune's abridged biographies of Luther, Calvin, and Zwingli* present no novel feature, but may be commended as clear and spirited narratives, with as much impartiality as the writer's strong evangelical leanings permit.

Karl Strack's notes on the condition of the female sex in Germany during the antique and mediæval periods† add little to our knowledge of the subject, but are agreeable reading. A considerable portion of the volume consists of biographical sketches of remarkable women, such as St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

Herr F. Kreyssig‡ is an able writer, but he has little to tell us of the great outburst of French intellect and genius about 1830 that is not already generally known. The most interesting feature of his little work is the German point of view from which his subject is regarded. Each of the parties now contending for the mastery in France represents an idea obnoxious in Germany, the diffusion of which is evidently regarded with greater uneasiness than any demonstration of a more material kind. For the moment, Ultramontanism is an object of greater apprehension than Socialism, and Herr Kreyssig's tone is one among many indications of the unrelenting hostility of educated public opinion in his country to the Church of Rome.

Without being precisely a bad book, Ludwig Spach's sketch of the present condition of literature and science in Alsace§ might have been much better. The execution is altogether too slight for the subject, and a considerable portion of the work appears to be mere book-making. The writer, however, deserves the praise of good feeling, and of having made no attempt to disguise the essentially French character of Alsatian culture. The German element, so far as the employment of the language is concerned, seems to be exceedingly feeble in comparison with its rival. On the other hand, it is impossible to overlook the influence of Teutonic blood, coupled with the grave and dignified traditions of Protestantism, in raising the moral standard of Alsatian literature, and imparting to it that earnestness of tone and exaltation of purpose in which French literature is in general so lamentably deficient. M. Eckmann (for Herr Spach declares M. Chatrian to be merely the business partner in the firm) is a familiar instance of this, and is undoubtedly by far the most conspicuous Alsatian man of letters. M. Charles Dollfus takes good rank as a philosopher and theologian. M. Ratisbonne has executed a good translation of Dante, and the University of Strasburg can exhibit many names of the highest eminence. The condition of the University, the Catholic and Protestant Churches, and the principal learned Societies and literary periodicals, is treated at considerable length by Herr Spach, whose disquisitions, however, generally leave the impression of his having failed to get to the bottom of his subject.

Dr. Heinrich Suter|| disclaims, on the one hand, the attempt to produce a really critical history of mathematical science, but, on the other hand, declares himself to have aimed at something more than a mere series of biographies of mathematicians. Assuming his object to have been the production of a popular history of the progress of mathematical research from the days of the Egyptians, including its application to astronomy and other exact sciences, this must be held to have been fairly attained by the composition of a work written in so easy and perspicuous a style as to be fully intelligible to non-mathematical readers, excepting only as concerns the technical illustrations of the progress effected by successive writers in the solution of algebraic and geometric problems. It is in the judicious selection of these that the scientific value of his work mainly consists, his materials being principally derived from Montucla, Charles, and, when treating of the Indian mathematicians, from English writers on that subject. For the Greek mathematicians he might have advantageously consulted the articles in Dr. Smith's Classical Dictionary by the late

Professor De Morgan, one of the rare instances of English erudition owing little or nothing to Germany. One particularly meritorious feature of the book is the space allotted to Cardan and his almost forgotten Italian contemporaries. The first volume comes down to the end of the sixteenth century, pausing on the verge of the great scientific revolution effected by Bacon.

Three stout volumes have brought the late Dr. August Koberstein's history of German literature down only to 1773.* The remainder is in existence, and, if we apprehend the editor aright, is equal in length to all the rest. This fact is pretty conclusive as to the character of the work, a careful and massive compilation, evincing more knowledge than skill, and better adapted for reference than for perusal. The merit of the first volume, which comprises the early history of German literature, and is the only portion previously published, seems to be attested by its having gone through four editions. It by no means follows, however, that the same favour will be extended to the sequel of so voluminous a work.

The first volume of a collection of Oriental fiction translated into German by H. Oesterley†, contains the popular "Stories of a Demon," known to the English readers in Captain Burton's lively paraphrase *Vikram and the Vampire*. Herr Oesterley's is the first complete translation of the Sanscrit original, some portions of which, however, appear to be additions subsequent to most of those translations into the various Indian languages by which the work has hitherto been principally known. The variations of these respective versions are described in the translator's concise but highly interesting notes.

The late Frederick Halm‡, so well known as a dramatist, left behind him three novelettes, which, with two fragments of others, and an essay on the Italian novelist Brevio's "Tales of the Misery of Human Life," have been published by his friends F. Pachter and E. Kuh. The plots of Halm's stories are usually taken from real life, and in one instance at least the subject is offensively scandalous. The indelicacy consists in the matter, not the manner, of the fiction; the incident was evidently selected on account of its adaptation for investigation as a psychological problem. The execution displays the usual talent of German novelists for narrative, when their subject is not conceived upon too large a scale. The novelettes of Bishop Brevio were recommended to Halm by their coincidence with his own pessimist view of human life. On ourselves they produce rather a grotesque impression. The good Bishop is so determined to exhibit the misery of existence under adequate gloom, that he leaves no light to view it by; he kills off all his *dramatis personæ*, and leaves us to guess how he himself became acquainted with the causes of the catastrophe.

* August Koberstein's *Grundriss der Geschichte der deutschen Nationalliteratur*. Fünfte umgearbeitete Auflage, von K. Bartsch. Bde. 1-3. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Nutt.

† *Natal Pachist, oder die fünf und zwanzig Erzählungen eines Hünen*. In deutscher Bearbeitung von H. Oesterley. Leipzig: Fleischer. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Erzählungen*. Von F. Halm. 2 Bde. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

In the article on "FLAGS" in the last number of the SATURDAY REVIEW, it should have been stated that Messrs. HOUNSELL'S "Flags of all Nations" is published by Messrs. FIELD & TURN.

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THE PAYMENT OF THE FRENCH INDEMNITY.

IN a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. BONNET has given an interesting sketch of the mode in which France has paid the indemnity extorted from her by Germany. He points out that, while every one knew that France was rich, no one could have believed that the indemnity would have been paid so rapidly and with so little immediate inconvenience to the country. France in a couple of months will have paid two hundred millions, together with considerable sums for interest, and yet this vast operation will have been performed without anything like a corresponding amount of pecuniary embarrassment. French commerce has not felt the want of capital, and has been carried on with ease and regularity, the exports and imports of 1872 showing a sensible increase over those of 1868. The total stock of the precious metals in France has not, according to M. BONNET, diminished, and in 1872 France received from abroad nearly three millions sterling more in bullion than she sent out. The paper currency has been enormously increased, and yet it has maintained its par value. How all this happened is what M. BONNET undertakes to explain, but before we consider his explanation there are one or two preliminary points which it may be worth while to notice. In the first place, if France has paid the indemnity so easily and with so little financial derangement, the demands of Prince BISMARCK cannot be considered so exorbitant as they appeared when the world first heard of them. The amount of the indemnity imposed by Germany on France was as nearly as possible seven times as great as that of the indemnity imposed by the Allies after Waterloo, and it seemed a very severe exercise of the rights of conquest to multiply so very largely the pecuniary penalty of defeat. But M. BONNET at least must allow that Prince BISMARCK knew perfectly well what France could afford to pay. The annual savings of France are said to be three milliards, and what Germany exacted was therefore only an amount equal to the savings which France accumulates in less than two years. The penalty imposed was, then, that for about two years the wealth of France should remain stationary; and if it is said that, although this does not sound very much, yet the real burden lay in the confusion and financial disorganization which the payment of the indemnity must cause, M. BONNET supplies the answer, for he tells us that practically it has caused no difficulty whatever. In the next place, M. BONNET gratifies his patriotic feelings by remarking that it is Germany, which has received the indemnity, and not France, which paid it, that has lately been agitated by a financial crisis. There has been a financial crisis in Germany, and Frenchmen, if they can find any satisfaction in thinking of it, are free to do so. And in one sense the indemnity had something to do with this crisis, for it was the excitement and buoyancy of spirits created by a successful war which tempted Germans to forget their habitual caution, and to launch out into a variety of foolish enterprises. But the intention of the German Government was not to use the indemnity in finding capital for German commerce. The use to which it destined the money was that of providing for two or three great heads of non-productive expenditure, without Germany having its resources diminished. Almost the whole of the indemnity will go in paying for the last war, in improving the military position of Germany against another war, and in introducing a gold coinage. And a Frenchman who wishes to know what Germany has gained by the war has only to ask himself what, apart from the indemnity, France lost by the war, what it will cost to make the Eastern frontier decently

safe against Metz and Strasburg, and what will be the efforts necessary to secure the resumption of specie payments.

M. BONNET reckons that altogether, what with the interest of the indemnity and the sums levied on Paris and other cities, the Germans got six milliards out of France, and they will have got all this in cash, except the price of the ceded railways and the ransom of Paris, which was paid in notes of the Bank of France. Subsequently, however, he takes at five milliards the actual amount of cash paid, and his proposition is that France has paid two hundred millions in cash without parting with any cash at all. The value of coined precious metals in France was two hundred millions sterling before the war, and it is the same now. Where then has the money come from? He answers this question by saying that the profits of France on its external commerce reach one milliard a year, and he gets at this figure by saying that the exports and imports show transactions to the extent of eight milliards. But traders require and get twelve per cent. profit, and one-eighth of the pecuniary total of these transactions must have been clear profit. This gives a milliard a year of profit, and taking the last half of '71, the whole of '72, and the first half of '73, or a period of two years, France has made two milliards of clear profit, which it has received in cash from abroad, and paid away to the Germans. This calculation appears to us very fallacious. Every step in it contains an error, and M. BONNET might at least have paused to ask himself how an importer who makes twelve per cent. by selling goods to his own countrymen at a higher rate than is represented by the purchase-money and freight, can possibly get cash out of the foreigner to the amount of his profit. In the next place, M. BONNET says that Frenchmen have sold securities abroad for cash, have invested the proceeds in their own Rentes, and given the bullion to the Government. This is intelligible, and has, no doubt, been going on upon a large scale, although, when we find that M. BONNET puts down the sum at exactly a milliard, we are tempted to wonder how it happens that every item of his calculation fits in so nicely. However, he has got as he says, two milliards from profits, and one milliard from the sale of securities, and then he has only one milliard left for the investment of foreigners in the new loan of two milliards and he gets his five milliards quite. But we do not know where M. BONNET has got his facts, and there is no apparent reason for believing that he knows anything more than what every one knew, namely, that the cash for the indemnity has been to a large extent procured by the sale of securities by Frenchmen, and by the investment of foreigners in French Rentes. It is very convenient to say that profits have given two milliards, and sales and investments three milliards, and to have nothing more to do than to point out triumphantly that two and three make five. But a sum does not represent everything in real life simply because it is an easy one, and M. BONNET permits us to see how he satisfied himself as to the correctness of his figures as to the amount of foreign investments. If foreigners, he says, had not invested two milliards, there would have been a financial crisis in France; but there was no financial crisis, and therefore foreigners must have invested two milliards. This argument makes him quite happy and comfortable, and enables him to dispose of the subject in half a page.

One of the most curious features of recent French finance is undoubtedly the enormous issue of paper money without depreciation of its value. The Bank of France has now an issue of about two milliards, or eighty millions sterling, more than before the war, and it has only about thirty

millions of gold in hand. Ordinary experience would induce us to expect that paper money issued to such an extent would fall below its nominal value, whereas the exchanges are at present less unfavourable to France than they were. M. BONNET very justly observes that the value of paper money is greatly affected by the causes on account of which it is issued, and that the recent issue of paper money in France is shown to have been made on proper grounds, by the mere fact that it has not fallen in value. If, for example, the Bank of France had issued an excess of paper money merely to facilitate overtrading, and this money had had a forced currency, it must have been rapidly depreciated. But what was the good ground on which the recent issue of paper money has been made in France? M. BONNET's answer is simple in the extreme. He says that eighty millions of paper have been issued to supply the place of eighty millions sterling of bullion that have been hoarded. There is exactly as much coin in France as before the war, but coin to the amount of eighty millions has been withdrawn from circulation because its possessors are afraid to show it. If it is true that no bullion has left the country, this explanation may be the true one; and the returns furnished by the Custom-houses are said to show that the imports of bullion into France in 1872, since the war, slightly exceed the exports. The real difficulty is to know whether these returns can be trusted. It is a very extraordinary thing that the French should be hoarding eighty millions of bullion now beyond what they used to hoard three years ago; for the whole of M. BONNET's article goes to show that there is no want of confidence in France as to the pecuniary future of the country, that commerce has not been restricted, and that every one has perfect faith in the solvency and honesty of the Government and the Bank. The French are accustomed to conduct their affairs on a much bigger basis of coin than we think necessary; and although the total amount of their transactions is very much smaller than that of ours, they have perhaps twice as much coin in the country as we have. M. BONNET thinks this a very good thing, as it prevents the commercial crises to which England is subject. To examine how far this is true would lead us into the interminable labyrinth of the English currency question; but there is no doubt that in France there is an amount of bullion which we should consider unnecessarily large. Habit has made the French much more willing to keep bullion in store than we should be; but it must be confessed that eighty millions sterling is a very large sum for a nation to lock up suddenly from mere force of habit. We may allow that paper money would not drive gold out of the country so quickly in France as it would in England, and yet hesitate to believe that the eighty millions of bullion which has been, according to M. BONNET, replaced by paper, is still all in the pockets of the French. We cannot accept M. BONNET's theory that two out of the five milliards have been paid in cash by means of French profits, and if a more probable explanation is sought, it would naturally be found in the supposition that the gold which the paper money has replaced has to a great extent gone out of the country. The only thing against this supposition is that, according to the returns of the French Custom-houses, coin has not gone out of the country. We are thus reduced to pure conjecture, but when we get to the end of M. BONNET's article, we do not find any of the conjectures he has offered us so plausible as the conjecture we may make for ourselves that these returns are erroneous.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER AND LORD WESTBURY.

THE numerous biographical notices of the Bishop of Winchester and of Lord WESTBURY which have been published during the present week are generally accurate and just, and the speeches in the House of Lords and in Convocation were appropriate and graceful. Although, in consequence of personal and political collisions, they regarded one another with extreme asperity, their characters had much in common. Lord WESTBURY was as witty and as sarcastic as the Bishop of Winchester, and he possessed the same habitual confidence in himself; but he had neither the pleasant temper nor the grace of manner which might have ensured forgiveness to his superiority. If Dr. WILBERFORCE had adopted the pro-

fession of the law, he might have attained the success of ERSKINE and of SCARLETT; but in scientific precision of reasoning he could never have competed with Lord WESTBURY. Lord WENSLEYDALE was in the habit of saying that during his long experience Sir RICHARD BETHELL was the greatest advocate whom he had known; but the logical application of legal principles to facts which satisfied the understanding of a judge might perhaps not have been equally effective with a popular tribunal. It is universally admitted that no greater lawyer has been known in the memory of the present generation. By sheer force of intellect Mr. BETHELL at an early age forced his way to the front rank of the Bar; and when he attained the woolsack, he might boast that during his whole career he had owed nothing to favour or to friendship. Like many other lawyers who have found it expedient to enter public life, he was almost indifferent to political doctrines. When he failed as a Conservative candidate he became for the rest of his life a Liberal, probably without having either experienced any change of opinion, or having been guilty in his adherence to either party of conscious insincerity. In the House of Commons his legal ability and reputation commanded deference; and the qualities which had raised him to the head of his profession were conspicuously displayed in the conduct of discussions which involved a legal element. In 1853 he gave powerful assistance to Mr. GLADSTONE in the debates on the Succession Duty; and at a later period, in a long conflict of subtlety and pertinacity, he defeated his former ally and principal by passing the Divorce Bill. On the Bench he maintained and increased the fame which he had acquired at the Bar. Asserting with unusual boldness his independence of precedents, he interpreted the principles of law with a vigorous sagacity which commanded general assent; but the same cynical and contemptuous demeanour which had alienated the regard of his former competitors still continued to cause just offence to his colleagues and to the practitioners in his Court. Lord CAIRNS agreed with the Lord CHANCELLOR in the opinion that Lord WESTBURY was really kind-hearted and good-natured; but a certain moral obtuseness, which afterwards contributed to his fall, repelled the affection and respect which ought to attend brilliant and merited success. When he had ceased to be an object of envy, the same defects of character tended in some degree to disarm resentment and censure. It was felt that, if Lord WESTBURY had not been faultless, he had also made no Pharisaic pretensions to extraordinary virtue. Even his celebrated announcement that he owed his success in life to his practice of Christian doctrines was justly regarded as an outbreak of unconscious humour. The numerous anecdotes, authentic and apocryphal, of which he was in his later years the hero, indicated a certain Epicurean laxity which was relieved or adorned by unflinching intellectual acuteness and promptitude. In a world of commonplace, inexhaustible vigour and ready wit command sympathy, and even admiration.

The Bishop of WINCHESTER occupied a larger place in political and social life than his occasional and formidable adversary. Not less witty than Lord WESTBURY, he was also a genial humourist, and his wit was almost as often playful as satirical. His musical voice and his kindly manner exercised an irresistible attraction, while they added to the pungent effect of his frequent sarcasms. He was one of many instances of the transmission of eminence from father to son. Like the first PITT, the first FOX, the first GRENVILLE, the first GREY, and the first CANNING, the celebrated WILBERFORCE left a son who maintained for a second generation the distinction of his name. In the House of Lords, as elsewhere, his eulogists have apparently been surprised at the difficulty which they found in defining the exact nature of his claims to admiration. He was not a great scholar, nor was he the leader of any sect or party; and even his oratory would have been more impressive if it had been less ready and fluent; yet it was universally felt that he was the most conspicuous member of his order, and that his great abilities and his untiring activity were characterized by something of the temperament of genius. The peers who took part in the conversation on Tuesday last spoke more fully of the merits of Lord WESTBURY than of the qualities of the far more popular Bishop. One reason of the preference was the comparative ease with which a tribute could be paid to the pre-eminence of a great jurist and judge. The Bishop of WINCHESTER was not to be measured by any particular work with which his name will be identified. The inflexions of his earnest and pathetic voice some-

times raised an unfounded doubt of his sincerity. Naturally impulsive, and inevitably eloquent, he inquired after the health of an acquaintance in almost the tone of plaintive anxiety which might have befitted a question of life or of fortune. The same apparent excess or waste of feeling impaired, more than any other drawback, the effect of his public oratory. He was so much accustomed to employ all his persuasive powers for the immediate purpose, that he sometimes proposed a vote of thanks to a Royal chairman with almost the same seeming fervour which had previously moved the audience to sympathy with his advocacy of some great religious or philanthropic cause. No man was really less prone to confuse comparative degrees of importance, or to squander enthusiasm on trifles. His indifference expressed itself less in coldness of voice and manner than in an irony which derived much of its force from a certain solemnity of manner. His personal epigrams were pointed and severe; and, like all men of wit, he was sometimes tempted into momentary injustice by the opportunity of inventing and applying a happy phrase. The best proof of the absence of malignity was the openness with which he proclaimed his passing antipathies. The anger which habitually assumes a humorous form is never profound or venomous. Of all passions, hatred is the most incompatible with the play of comic imagination. It might be thought scarcely worth while to discuss in detail the social peculiarities of an eminent man, if they furnished no illustration of his public career. The ability and assiduity which the Bishop displayed in ecclesiastical administration would alone have formed a sufficient proof that he was no intellectual trifler. If the welfare of the Church of England had not been the chief object of his thoughts, he might perhaps have been a more determined and zealous politician. It is scarcely possible that an English prelate should be a revolutionist, but the Conservative tendencies of the Bishop of WINCHESTER were always tempered by an intelligent tendency to Liberalism. His first speech in the House of Lords was directed against the Corn Laws; and he cultivated through life the hostility to negro slavery which he had inherited from his father. As the companion of statesmen, with some pretension to be himself a statesman, he was secure against the narrow fanaticism of the clerical recluse. Religion cannot "lift her mitred head in Courts and Parliaments" without sharing the tolerance and the largeness of thought which prevail in secular assemblies. On the other hand, the Bishop's worldly associates and social equals were compelled in his presence to treat religion with external respect; and some of them were probably attracted to his side by finding that zeal and orthodoxy were not incompatible with external graces and intellectual accomplishments. The attacks to which the Bishop was often subject proceeded either from strangers or from professed antagonists, and not from the members of the various social and political circles in which he was familiarly known. It is not to his discredit that he entertained a professional ambition which was but imperfectly crowned with success. If he had deliberately employed his great powers and remarkable opportunities for his own personal aggrandizement, he would long since have been Archbishop of Canterbury. Liberal or Conservative Ministers would have been equally glad to reward the devoted partisanship of so powerful an adherent; nor would it have been difficult to consult the supposed predilections of the Court. The opinions which he most earnestly professed wore, as he well knew, often unpopular in high places; nor could he be ignorant that, if he would have consented from time to time to efface himself, he would have removed a principal obstacle to his promotion. None of his friends would have included in a catalogue of his qualifications the virtue of habitual moderation and prudence in little matters. He often disappointed his adversaries by shrinking from extremes which they may have thought to be the logical consequence of his avowed opinions; but he was not solicitous to abstain from collision with minor prejudices. Unfriendly critics might discover in his character foibles which were exaggerated by gossip and rumour; but it is an ungracious task to dilate on the ordinary imperfections of humanity. The race of courtly and genial ecclesiastics, who were nevertheless zealous in their calling, is fast dying out.

THE COUNTY FRANCHISE.

MR. TREVELYAN, towards the close of the debate on his Bill for establishing household suffrage in counties, said that he had derived much comfort from the course the discussion had taken. He might well say so. If he thinks that it is a great and glorious thing to secure a vote for every householder in the United Kingdom, he may now rest assured that his object will be obtained. It is, after the debate of last Wednesday, a mere question of time. We shall have the usual manœuvring and jockeying as to which party is to have the credit of the change; but the change will be made. It is evident that when both political parties agree to accept a new order of things, and only reserve to themselves the right of saying how and when it shall be carried out, the only question left is as to which party will be first forced or induced to commit itself to a definite proposal. In the first place, Mr. TREVELYAN had the satisfaction of hearing that the leaders of the Liberal party welcomed his proposal. The Government as a Government did not come forward on his behalf, but Mr. FORSTER and Mr. BRUCE declared that they were personally in favour of establishing household suffrage in counties, and Mr. FORSTER was entrusted with what a subsequent speaker characterized as a Presidential Message from Mr. GLADSTONE, who was absent, but who wished it to be known that he was ready to support Mr. TREVELYAN's motion. This will be quite enough for ordinary members of the Liberal party, and they will understand that at the next election they will be wise in making household suffrage in counties a part of their programme. It was said in the House that Mr. GLADSTONE's message was expressly intended to suggest an electioneering cry to a party sadly in want of one, and, if this is a reproach, it is a reproach that few will believe not to be justified. Mr. GLADSTONE only a few days ago treated in a very different manner a motion which was coming on as to the redistribution of seats. This is always an invidious and unpopular side of the Reform question, and is full of pitfalls for the Liberal party, which has much more to lose than to gain by an alteration of the present distribution of power. Mr. GLADSTONE therefore did his utmost to prevent the motion coming on, and threatened that, if it did come on, the Government would use all its strength to defeat it. The striking contrast presented by his reception of Mr. TREVELYAN's motion and his taking the trouble to send his Presidential Message in favour of it, shows as clearly as possible what is the direction in which he judges it advisable for his followers to move. Mr. GLADSTONE's influence in the House has decreased, and there is some dissatisfaction with his Ministerial policy in the country. But the ordinary Liberal candidate addressing the ordinary Liberal constituency cannot get clear of Mr. GLADSTONE. Those whom he addressed would not think him the right sort of man unless he brought in Mr. GLADSTONE's name, paid his humble tribute of admiration to the leader of the party, and promised at least a discriminating and independent support. Unfortunately for candidates there has hitherto been nothing to do but to refer to Mr. GLADSTONE's past history. It was known what Mr. GLADSTONE had done, but there was nothing known of what Mr. GLADSTONE wished to do. Now this blank has been filled up so far as one considerable measure goes, and GLADSTONE and household franchise in counties is an easy and safe cry. It was evident from what Mr. BRUCE said that several members of the Cabinet are opposed to the change; but the adverse opinions of minor members of the Cabinet who keep their sentiments to themselves are of no avail. If he retains the opinions he expressed some years ago, Mr. CARDWELL would regard the extension of the county franchise to all householders with regret, but there is no probability that Mr. CARDWELL will do more than not advocate it now. He will wait to see how the cry tells at the elections, and if it is strong and successful he will bow to the judgment of his party. Mr. BRUCE referred to the debate on the woman-suffrage question, and said that on that occasion Mr. GLADSTONE allowed it to be known that he was in favour of the measure, and yet no one had observed that this made the measure a Government one. Modesty, perhaps, prevented Mr. BRUCE from remembering that he made a decisive speech against the measure, and it was of course understood that when Mr. BRUCE exerted himself to the utmost to oppose what Mr. GLADSTONE supported, the topic of debate was to be regarded as one of merely speculative interest. Had two or three members of the Cabinet followed Mr. BRUCE and Mr. FORSTER, and ex-

pressed very decided opinions against the proposed extension of the county franchise, the Liberal party would have been puzzled. It would have shirked a question that might have broken up the union of its leaders; but now there is nothing to make Liberal candidates and speakers hesitate. They have received the watchword from Mr. GLADSTONE, and there is no one to hint that they should not pass it on.

All this must have sounded very pleasant to Mr. TREVELYAN, but it must have been still sweeter to him to listen to the speeches made by his Conservative opponents. Scarcely a speaker offered any opposition to the motion on principle. Some, like Mr. NEWDEGATE, thought the proposed change a bad one, but held that it was inevitable, and after the experience of 1867 no Conservatives can have the slightest confidence that any proposal with regard to the franchise will be effectually resisted. The duty of "dishing the Whigs" is one of eternal obligation, and bitter experience has taught the Conservatives that, if they do not want to have to eat their words on Reform, the wise thing is to refrain from saying anything. Sir J. KENNAWAY had been fired with something of Conservative enthusiasm, and had placed on the notice paper a motion for discharging the order for the second reading of Mr. TREVELYAN'S Bill. But he had suffered his ardour to cool before the debate came on, and not only was content to second a mild motion for the previous question, but announced that he had no wish permanently to exclude the labourers, and that when the time came for enfranchising them, he thought they must be admitted heartily. All Lord JOHN MANNERS had to say was that he thought such a Bill ought to come from a Government, not from a private member, and that he could not say but what, when a Government proposed to establish household suffrage in counties, they might show very good reason for it. This is not the way in which effectual opposition is offered to proposals for altering the franchise, and it is clear that the Conservatives will only offer an accidental and temporary opposition, if they offer any, to the proposed extension of the suffrage in the counties. They have been educated till they have got to consider all proposals as to the suffrage as mere weapons of party warfare. When they learn that the oracle has spoken at last, and that the Liberal leader has decided on the electioneering cry of his party, they will immediately consider whether the Liberals are to have the monopoly of this cry, and whether Conservatives had not better make it their cry too. In this instance they may perhaps think that the interests of their party will be served if the cry succeeds. A large addition to county voters will, in the first place, necessitate an increase of county members; and will, in the next place, make county contests even more expensive and exhausting than they are now. Conservatives may possibly reckon that this would be to their advantage, and may therefore look kindly on a proposal which they think will benefit them. But if there is anything that could deprive them of the advantage they look for, it would be that they had resisted the change, and resisted it ineffectually. If the labourers are to vote, and will, when no opposing influences intervene, vote in harmony with the views of the owners of the soil, what, from the Conservative point of view, can be the good of letting them suppose that the Liberals are their only friends, and that the Conservatives have tried to depress and humble them? In all probability the Conservative candidates at the next election will find it expedient to notice a topic which their Liberal rivals will have made a prominent one, and it is tolerably safe to guess that they will be nearly unanimous in saying that they recognize the claim of county householders to vote, but that they do not think the time has yet come to begin again an agitation of the question of Reform. This will be perfectly intelligible to every one, and will obviously mean that gratitude to the authors of the Reform Bill of 1867 ought to prompt county householders to wait till the real inventors of household suffrage are once more in office.

One argument was used freely in the debate in favour of household suffrage in the counties, and was used not only on one side of the House, which speaks volumes as to the mode in which questions of electoral reform have come to be regarded in England. Agricultural labourers are, it was conceded, in many instances unfit to vote; but it was considered a triumphant answer to reply that so are many of the dwellers in towns admitted to the suffrage under the Act of 1867. Because there are some bad electors, there may just as well be more. The fact is undeniable. There

are in some boroughs electors quite as incapable of exercising the right of suffrage properly as any agricultural labourer can be. What is remarkable is this—that, instead of being looked on as a matter of deep regret, and as an evil that ought to be kept within the narrowest limits, it is turned into a precedent for giving the suffrage to another and a larger set of incapable voters. The suffrage is looked on, not as a means of getting together a good House of Commons, but as a right of each man, which some strong ground must be shown for withholding from him. That he is unfit to exercise his right properly might seem a good ground, but this ground is to be cut away by the objection that this is to raise an arbitrary and invidious distinction between him and other equally unfit persons who already possess the right of voting. What may be termed the educational argument also runs in the same groove. This is a very favourite argument with Reformers, and Mr. TREVELYAN naturally made the most of it. The franchise, it is said, is a powerful instrument of education. The agricultural labourer may be unfit to vote now, but give him a vote, and he will forthwith become fit to exercise it. His new privileges will exalt and instruct him. He will become interested in questions to which he has hitherto been a stranger. It is even imagined that he will learn to read in order to prepare himself to vote once in every five or six years for a member of Parliament. There are many reasons to doubt whether this educational influence of the suffrage is not at variance with both probability and experience; but even if it were shown that some scintilla of increased intelligence was not unlikely to be struck out of the agricultural mind by this process, we are still as far off as ever from knowing whether this tiny good would not be largely outweighed by a deterioration of the Parliament elected. Lastly, we may observe that agricultural labourers are now treated with a respect in Parliament which was formerly denied them, simply because they have made themselves to a certain degree formidable. The fact of their uniting together, said Mr. FORSTER, though they have no votes, is a reason why we should seriously consider how long they ought to go on without votes. It is the old story of the Fenians and the Irish Church and Land Bills over again. The way for men to get all they want is to make themselves sufficiently disagreeable. The labourer is to have a vote, not only because he is no more unfit than some people in towns, and because his intellect may be quickened by a new source of power, but as a reward for the pluck with which he has combined against the farmer. His unhappy deficiencies in elementary education will probably prevent his knowing much of what passed on Wednesday; but if he could but get one of his children to spell out to him a report of the debate, he could not help feeling that he had been treated by the House of Commons in an uncommonly handsome and liberal manner.

THE SULTAN AND THE KHEDIVÉ.

THE large concessions which have been obtained by the Khedive of Egypt during his visit to Constantinople indicate on the part of the Turkish Government a statesmanlike superiority to prejudice. The KHEDIVÉ has satisfied the Porte that he will be a faithful ally on condition of being relieved from irksome obligations of dependence. The use of the Ottoman flag and coinage will still serve as an acknowledgment of such an allegiance as great feudatories in the middle ages bore to their nominal Sovereigns; but for all practical purposes Egypt will in time of peace be an independent kingdom, with the power of raising taxes, of contracting loans, of negotiating with foreign Powers, and of maintaining a naval and military force. An odd exception is made as to ironclad vessels, which are not to be constructed without the consent of the Porte. It was probably thought expedient to reserve for some future occasion a concession which may perhaps command a suitable price. In return for the liberal grants of the Porte, the KHEDIVÉ is to aid the SULTAN against external enemies with all the forces at his disposal; and, for the present at least, he is probably satisfied that, in defending the Turkish Empire, he will consult his interest as well as his duty. While his vassalage was ostensibly more complete, the ruler of Egypt could not have been compelled to furnish the contingent which might have been lawfully demanded by the Imperial Government. During the disturbances in Crete, the KHEDIVÉ gave effective aid to the Porte, but it was always possible

that an enemy of Turkey might have received, for adequate consideration, the neutrality or the assistance of Egypt. The bribe which would have been almost certainly offered would have been the recognition of an independence which has now been attained by amicable negotiation. It is still possible that an Egyptian Khedive might be tempted to betray his allegiance by an offer of facilities for extending his dominions; but it seems that the former designs of Egypt on Syria and Arabia have been abandoned, and the reigning KHEDIVE is inclined rather to push his conquests at the expense of the uncivilized negro races in the South. Either through policy or from a sentiment of loyalty, the Viceroys of Egypt have now for many years cultivated friendly relations with the Porte, and it is remarkable that the Albanian dynasty of MEHMET ALI has attained its present elevation without any violent rupture with the sovereign Power, or rather, after the termination of a temporary struggle, which has been followed by a long period of harmony and deference. At one time the affairs of the East seemed likely to take a different course.

Forty years have passed since IBRAHIM defeated the Turkish army at Konieh, and advanced within a few marches of Constantinople. He had previously taken Acre, which was recaptured by the English troops seven years later, and he was practically master of Syria. The threatened overthrow of the Sultan's power furnished the Russians with an excuse for entering Constantinople and for extorting from the Porte the notorious Treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi. In the interval between 1833 and 1840, the French Government, instigated by vanity and by jealousy of England, gave an active support to MEHMET ALI's claims of independence and of the possession of Syria; but the resolute policy of Lord PALMERSTON eventually prevailed over the exertions of M. GUIZOT and M. THIERS, and the Viceroy was finally confined to his Egyptian dominions. At the same time the English Government, supported by Austria, Russia, and Prussia, induced the Sultan to acknowledge the right of MEHMET to transmit his power to his descendants. It is a remarkable fact that, since the forcible interruption of their ambitious projects, the Viceroys of Egypt have betrayed no disposition to rebel against the Porte. MEHMET and IBRAHIM probably misunderstood their own interest when they attempted to deprive the Sultan of a large portion, or of the whole, of his dominions. It was scarcely possible that a usurping dynasty should maintain the independence of the Turkish Empire; and if they had established themselves at Constantinople, or even in Syria, they would have loosened their hold on Egypt, which forms the firmest basis of their power. In that province alone a Mahometan ruler is relieved from the inconvenience of governing a Christian population. The subjects of the KHEDIVE are better affected to the Government than the Rayahs of Bulgaria and Roumelia, and they are more docile and more laborious than the Turks. The Viceroys have for more than one generation shown good sense in availing themselves of the services of European officers and engineers. The administration of the country is not altogether satisfactory; but great material improvements have been effected, and Egypt is now by far the richest part of the Ottoman Empire. In the absence of dissent there is neither persecution nor religious fanaticism, and the imitative civilization which has been introduced will probably, in the course of years, become less artificial. At one time the Viceroy went so far as to establish a Parliament, but the institution failed because no threat or promise sufficed to embolden any member to belong to the Opposition.

A main concession which has been made to the KHEDIVE is important both in itself and because it is intended to have a reflected operation. The hereditary succession of the Egyptian dynasty is henceforth to follow the European rule of primogeniture; and it is well known that the SULTAN has long been anxious to establish the same order of descent in his own family. In many ages and countries collateral heirs of mature age have been preferred to the infant sons of deceased rulers, on the obvious ground of their greater fitness to discharge at once the duties of their office. In Turkey and in Egypt the system has been so far extended as to give the brother priority over the son; and the consequent jealousy, which often led to fratricide, has almost passed into a proverb. ARISTOTLE is compared by BACON to an Ottoman Sultan who thinks his throne insecure till he has killed all his brothers; and POPE applied the same illustration to the jealous temper of ADAMSON. Even in the East the wholesale murder of relatives would now be reprobated by

public opinion; but the effects of collateral succession, when it is not interrupted by violence, are incompatible with national welfare. No law or custom will induce any man to care for brothers or cousins as for his own descendants; and the ruler who knows that he will not be succeeded by his son feels himself in the position of a life tenant with a stranger in remainder. Accordingly, like more than one Egyptian Viceroy, he occupies himself in the accumulation of wealth for his family, in entire disregard of the future prosperity of his country. The greatest advantage of hereditary monarchy is the identity of interest which it produces between the sovereign and the subject. As BURKE said of Indian administrators whom he denounced for cupidity, birds of passage are sometimes birds of prey. It is in every way desirable that the actual owner should have sufficient motives for improving the estate. The only objection to the change is the possible danger of transition in creating pretenders with plausible claims. Some of the Turkish Ministers who have lately followed one another in rapid succession have recommended themselves to the favour of the SULTAN by professed devotion to the object which he is known to contemplate. His grant of direct succession to the KHEDIVE will be regarded at Constantinople as an avowal of his intention to leave his throne to his son in preference to collateral claimants. There is no reason why any friendly Power should hesitate to recognize a change which is evidently advantageous to the country.

The entire or approximate independence of Egypt is not inconsistent with English interests. It is not stated whether the control of the Suez Canal is at present reserved by the Imperial Government; but the Canal may, for all ordinary purposes, be considered as a part of Egyptian territory. The KHEDIVE himself is the largest shareholder, and he is in other ways deeply interested in the prosperity of the undertaking. If any physical or financial impediments are offered to the effective conduct of traffic, it will be easier to attract attention to the subject in Cairo than in Constantinople. Even if the Canal were, in accordance with the anticipations of alarmists, silted up, Egypt would still remain a part of the highway between England and India. Friendly relations have long existed between England and Turkey, but it is always possible that the Porte may yield to an adverse influence. Since the cessation of the former rivalry between England and France, there is no reason to anticipate any conflict of European policy which could directly affect Egypt. There would be many opportunities of applying pressure in the improbable contingency of hostile feeling on the part of the Egyptian Government. It may also be conjectured that the grant of larger privileges diminishes to some extent the probability of war in the East. The concessions of the Porte have not been extorted by force, and they will leave no feeling of resentment on either side. In the event of a disruption of the Turkish Empire, Egypt would retain its separate existence; and it would not be tempted to transfer its allegiance to a foreign conqueror of the parent State. It is not known whether foreign diplomatists have taken any part in the negotiations between the KHEDIVE and the Porte. It seems most probable that the question has been treated independently by the two parties to the discussion; and they have in any case arrived at a sound conclusion. It remains to be seen whether the Egyptian arrangement is a part of a general policy with respect to the dependencies of the Porte. It is at least possible that the link which unites the provinces with the sovereign Power may become more tenacious as they are relaxed. The modern colonial system of England furnishes a precedent for the combination of allegiance to the empire with the concession of almost unbounded liberty to outlying communities. Egypt is now as independent as Canada or New South Wales.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE OPPOSITION IN FRANCE.

IT is essential in watching the course of French politics to be careful not to make too much of unfavourable symptoms. Nature will often bring a patient through a disease against all the prognostications of the doctors, and, amidst much that is discouraging, France has shown an amount of vitality since the war which makes her condition more hopeful than it ought to be if judged by any ordinary rules. Yet it is difficult not to feel disheartened at the present aspect of affairs at Versailles. We say at Versailles, because it is only of what happens at Versailles that

foreigners can be said to know anything. Those mysterious peasants about whose thoughts and wishes there used to be so much speculation under the Empire have become as mysterious as ever. They are believed to have trusted M. THIERS; and if a general election had taken place while he was still President, they would probably have sent up a strong majority of deputies pledged to support his policy. But it is not known how much of this confidence was given to M. THIERS personally, how much to the Republic with which he was associated, how much to the holder of the supreme Executive power. In this latter character Marshal MACMAHON has, no doubt, completely replaced M. THIERS, since, being a soldier, he is to a Frenchman a better embodiment of visible and conscious authority than any civilian. But it is doubtful whether the peasantry did not see in M. THIERS something more than the holder of the chief Executive power. Unquestioning reverence for established authorities must have been terribly shaken by the fall of the Empire. NAPOLEON III. had been as a God upon earth; but capitulation and imprisonment are rude tests to apply even to the least intelligent worship. The prostration of France at the close of the war made her recovery under M. THIERS's rule more visibly striking perhaps than even the habitual prosperity associated with the best years of the Empire, and this recovery would be likely to impress the peasantry all the more because it was effected under a form of government from which they had learned to look for nothing but anarchy and failure. Whether this fact has made sufficient impression on them to change their views of the Republic is the point about which it is most important to be informed, and least possible to get trustworthy information. The monarchical majority in the Assembly profess themselves confident that the alleged Republicanism of the country outside the great towns is entirely due to the inertness of the late Government, and to the consequent belief of the peasantry that in voting for Republican candidates they were giving secret pleasure to the authorities. The Republican minority profess equal confidence that the feeling of the country has not changed with the change of Government, and that, in spite of all the new Prefects can do, the complexion of the next Assembly will be unmistakably Republican. Nothing but experiment can decide which of these two views comes nearest to the truth, but if the experiment is very long delayed, it may fairly be inferred that the majority are not hopeful as to the result.

At Versailles, however, where the course and tendency of events can be pretty clearly seen, there is very little groundwork for encouraging views of the future. There has been time since the 24th of May to have organized a formidable Parliamentary Opposition. A minority of more than three hundred was an excellent nucleus for this purpose, and the few votes from the Left Centre which turned the scale were probably not so steeled against their old friends but that by judicious measures they might have been won back. The Opposition would not have been destitute of leaders, for M. THIERS and M. GRÉVY are men of great Parliamentary experience, and M. GAMBETTA has in several ways shown that he understands and appreciates the kind of tactics which his peculiar position demands of him. It was of the utmost moment that the materials thus lying ready to hand should be turned to immediate account. In the first place, an Opposition composed of elements having little real cohesion among themselves cannot safely be allowed to remain inactive even for a day. The three hundred and thirty deputies who supported M. THIERS in the critical division should have been allowed no time to grow cool. It was certain that, if they were not at once committed to concerted action under a trusted leader, many of them would begin to consider whether, after all, their true place was not with the majority. This is precisely what has happened. M. THIERS has for the time withdrawn himself from the Assembly. M. GRÉVY contents himself with giving silent votes. M. GAMBETTA, however moderate his action may be on particular occasions, is not, and cannot be, the leader of an Opposition in which an extremely Conservative Liberalism is the predominant element. Consequently the Opposition has been scattered as sheep having no shepherd. The Government majority has grown from tens to hundreds, and a Ministry which two months ago was seated in power by little more than a dozen votes has been spared all anxiety how to keep that dozen together by the spectacle of a crowd of recruits flocking in from the minority. In the second place, the country ought not to have been

allowed to forget the existence of the Opposition. The tendency of the French voter is to believe in nothing except the Government, and if this disposition is to be cured, it must be by leading the voters to regard the Opposition as a body which is certain one day or other to become the Government. With that prospect before them, Frenchmen may endure for a time to find themselves at issue with their natural protector; without that prospect, the only political consideration which is likely to have much weight with them is whether a Government is to be welcomed or to be simply submitted to. That, supposing them not to be disposed to welcome it, there can be any alternative open to them except simple submission, does not ordinarily enter into their minds. The notion that they can in any way influence the future, that it rests with them to decide when the process of replacement shall be accomplished, is utterly foreign to their habits of thought. Before it can cease to be strange to them, the Opposition must show faith in itself. If it wishes to keep its followers in good heart, it must act as though the men who compose it had a clear purpose in view and a good hope of turning out the Government as soon as an opportunity presents itself. As it is, there has only been one pitched battle since the present Ministers took office, and this, being fought on a badly chosen ground and against the advice of the Opposition chiefs, resulted in a well-deserved defeat. There was no pretext for making vague accusations against the policy of the Duke of BROGLIE's Administration. Its sins are particular and the criticisms bestowed on them should be equally particular. It was idle to suppose that a general charge of excessive Conservatism would in any way weaken their position. Conservatism, even excessive Conservatism, is too dear to the rural Frenchman not to be set down rather to the praise than to the blame of a Government which is fairly open to such an accusation.

In order that the Opposition should be useful, it was essential that it should be formidable; and in order that it should be formidable, it was essential that it should be reasonable in its character and guided by moderate politicians. Both these conditions have been neglected in the present case. The Opposition has not been reasonable, because it was directed against a policy as to which M. FAYRE himself was obliged to admit that it offered nothing that could be taken hold of either for praise or blame. This kind of Opposition tends directly to strengthen the Government, because it exhibits it as the object of blind Radical hate, and in France this at best negative merit counts for something not far short of a positive virtue. It would have been very easy to have singled out particular proposals of the Government which deserved to be resisted step by step. The proposal to give the permanent Committee power during the recess to authorize the prosecution of persons charged with attacking the Assembly is an indirect attack upon freedom of speech. The proposal to appoint army chaplains seems to be regarded—though on the face of things it is not very obvious for what reason—as an attack upon freedom of conscience. But neither of these occasions suited the purpose of the Extreme Left, which is much more inclined to crowd to a single debate on an interpellation than to take the trouble of fighting a Bill in detail. But the fact that the Extreme Left was not anxious to rush in only made a subject the better suited for the purposes of the moderate Opposition. M. THIERS or M. GRÉVY might have spoken on either of these Bills in a manner which would have enlightened and encouraged the Liberal element in every constituency in France. By stating in clear and popular language the relation of the Assembly and the relation of the civil power to the Church, they might have furnished their supporters with a test of easy and universal application by which to judge other acts of the Government. It is greatly to be regretted that such an opportunity has been allowed to go unimproved.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE LAND.

A SELECT Committee of the House of Lords, of which LORD SALISBURY was Chairman, has lately reported in favour of some extension of the power given to limited owners of charging improvements on the land. It is proposed that limited owners shall be empowered, with the consent of trustees, to spend trust money on the improvement of their estates on redeemable mortgage; that charges on estates shall

be redeemable on a term exceeding by ten years the owner's expectation of life; that the certificate of a surveyor may be dispensed with if the limited owner acts with the consent of the tenant in tail, being of full age; and that trustees may defend the inheritance at law or in Parliament at the cost of the estate. None of the proposed alterations are in themselves objectionable; and perhaps it may be worth while in the next Session to amend the existing law in accordance with the recommendations of the Committee; but it cannot be said that the deliberations of a body of great landowners indicate any revolutionary boldness of conception. The Report is more interesting than the practical conclusion, especially in a humorous summary of the alleged exceptions to the general rule that drainage is profitable. "Drains which were laid thirty years ago by the inventor of the present system of pipe drainage are useless now, because the pipes were only an inch in diameter. Drains which were laid twenty years since, under the superintendence of the engineer of one of the Land Companies, have become worthless since, and have been taken up and relaid. Over large breadths of pasture land expensive drainage has been found to be useless, if not injurious, apparently because it has not been followed by a system of manuring, which would cost from 4*l.* to 5*l.* an acre in addition. Drainage, again, has been found to fail where the owner has neglected to aid it by subsoil ploughing; where he has failed to watch the outfalls; where the soil is ferruginous; where it is gravelly; where it is sandy; where it is so porous as to encourage the downward growth of the roots of trees; and even where it is favourable to the growth of particular kinds of weeds." "You have convinced me," said RUSSELL to IMMAC, "that it is impossible to be a poet." Lord SALISBURY appears not to be far from the conviction that it is nearly as impossible to be a successful drainer; yet he quotes without disapproval Mr. BAILEY DENTON's assertion that, out of 20,000,000 acres requiring drainage in England and Wales, only 3,000,000 have yet been drained. In many cases the conversion of a swamp into useful pasture or arable land is nearly equivalent to the creation of an addition to the surface of the soil; but the operation becomes, through the rise in the cost of labour and materials, every day more expensive; and, as a general rule, drainage is not a profitable operation unless it adds ten shillings an acre to the rental.

The erection or improvement of farmhouses and farm-buildings is, as the Report correctly states, less profitable even than drainage. Lord NAPIER of Ettrick was defeated by a large majority on a proposed amendment to the effect that improvement of farm-buildings is "an indispensable auxiliary to the development of high farming in connexion with underground drainage, and a necessary concession to the expanding social requirements of the farmer and his family." The relation of farm-buildings to underground drainage is but indirect; and perhaps the members of the Committee thought that the demand for drawing-rooms and dining-rooms in farmhouses could not usefully be recorded in a Parliamentary document. They properly hold that the erection of cottages, though it is never immediately remunerative, ought to be recognized as a legitimate improvement of the estate. The reasons for providing labourers with suitable accommodation are sufficiently obvious; and the successor to a settled estate derives a large benefit from the erection by a former owner of substantial cottages. Lord NAPIER failed to obtain the assent of the Committee to a string of resolutions for the encouragement of larch and fir plantations. As one of the conditions of making the cost of plantation a charge on the estate was to be that the land should not have been previously worth more than five shillings an acre, English landowners probably paid little attention to a scheme which would scarcely be applicable to their estates. In some parts of Wales and Scotland poor land is best employed in the growth of plantations; and it is possible that in some cases limited owners hesitate to spend their money for a purpose which can seldom be largely profitable to themselves. A mountain tract may generally be planted and fenced at a cost of less than two pounds per acre; and within twelve or fifteen years the principal, if not the interest, will be returned in the form of thinnings.

As long as the greater part of the land in the country is held under settlements and entails, it is desirable to counteract the effect of a questionable tenure by enlarging as far as possible the powers of the limited owner; but the Report of the Committee furnishes no sufficient answer to the

suggestion "that all the difficulties of limited owners might be solved by prohibiting settlement." There may be social or political reasons for discouraging ownership in fee; but it can scarcely be doubted that the absolute owner possesses the greatest facilities for improving the land. Lord SALISBURY indeed repeats in the Report a remark which he made in moving for the Committee in the House of Lords, that, in the absence of settlements, mortgages would have a tendency to increase; but the opportunity of using to the best advantage the credit which depends on landed security would in itself be an addition to the value of the estate. Money is raised on mortgage either to supply personal expenditure or extravagance, or for more legitimate purposes, including improvement of the land. The subject of discussion in the Committee was the extension of the power of raising money on mortgage under difficulties which are exclusively due to the existence of limitations on free ownership. "A landowner," in the words of the Report, "is led to make improvements more by solicitude for his descendants than in the hope of personal gain"; but it is not easy to follow the inference that "the prohibition of settlements would render this solicitude idle." There seems to be some confusion between the power of settlement and the law or custom of primogeniture. As long as an owner of land, or of any other kind of property, retains the power of disposing of it by will, it would seem that solicitude for his descendants will continue to operate as a motive for improvement. It may be true that some owners in fee take advantage of the powers of the Land Companies to borrow money for improvement on terms which give the loans a priority over previous mortgages. The fact is curious; but it only proves that the owner of an encumbered estate is subject to disabilities analogous to those of a limited owner. In the present state of the law, the greater part of the land in the United Kingdom is, in one form or another, encumbered.

The custom of leaving large landed estates to the eldest son tends sometimes to discourage liberal outlay on improvement. It is evidently unjust that the fortunes of younger children should be diminished for the benefit of the heir; but the objection may be removed by making all investments of the kind charges on the estate; and in the absence of settlements no statutory power would be necessary for the purpose. On the other hand, the hope of perpetuating a family offers a strong inducement to the improvement of the land; and it is highly expedient that the gratification of a natural taste should involve a safe, if not an advantageous, investment. An owner who has a genuine love for his land gets rid of weeds and rushes, or perhaps plants a barren hill-side, not merely in the hope of profit, but mainly from a dislike of visible neglect and waste. When improvements are effected out of income, expectant legatees have no right to complain that the next in succession will derive a benefit which is purchased by a voluntary sacrifice on the part of the actual owner. Though it would be impossible to collect comparative statistics of the liberality of life tenants and of owners in fee in improving their respective estates, it would probably be found that, in dealing with land, as with every other subject matter, perfect freedom of disposition is economically advantageous. The deliberations and conclusions of one of the most Conservative of Committees strengthen the impression which is produced by general considerations. The Committee employed itself in opening a few more gaps in the fence by which the existing law excludes life tenants from interference with the inheritance. It is difficult to resist the inference that the object would be more simply and more perfectly attained by the expedient of leveling the existing obstructions. It is not found necessary to institute through Parliamentary Committees inquiries as to the best mode of improving machinery, or any other kind of personal property; and the only difference between the cases is caused by the custom of tying up landed estates for the benefit of posterity. One of the suggestions of the Committee indicates the existence of a natural prejudice which nevertheless requires examination. It is perfectly fair that trustees should be allowed to oppose Sewage Bills and Railway Bills at the expense of the estate; but the "very severe hardships from the aggressions of wealthy corporate bodies prosecuting plans of public improvement" are scarcely sufficient reasons for compassion or indignation. If landowners in the neighbourhood of towns have to defend at ruinous cost their properties from being "swallowed up by waterworks, or railways, or sewage schemes," the possession of suburban property is not an

unmixed evil. It is by reason of their vicinity to the town that owners are liable to compulsory purchase; but the same circumstances turn their estates from farms into building-land, which is sold, with compulsory purchase or otherwise, by the yard instead of by the acre. In almost all cases the expropriated victims receive from the aggressive corporations more than the value of land which has probably long before ceased to possess any residential interest or value. Landowners, like the rest of mankind, regard questions which directly affect their interests with a pardonable bias.

THE ZANZIBAR CONTRACT.

MR. LOWE has paid the penalty of his original want of frankness in regard to the Zanzibar Contract. It is more than probable that this contract would never have been entered into if it had been foreseen that its real character would have to be disclosed to the House of Commons. It was from the first one of those arrangements into which a Government eager to effect a particular object is likely to be betrayed, but which it rarely perseveres with if it has to do so under the fire of Parliamentary criticism. The Treasury mixed up a political with a postal service, and in their anxiety to establish a line of mail steamers on the Eastern coast of Africa, they did not pay sufficient attention to the mode in which the measure they proposed to take for this purpose would affect the interests of the South African colonists. Upon this part of the question the Report of the Select Committee seems to be fully borne out by facts:—"The fusion into one transaction of two contracts so essentially different in character as that for the 'West Coast Postal Service, maintained by postal charges borne by those residing in or connected with the colonies, and that for the East Coast Service, established primarily for political and philanthropic objects, and maintained by a subsidy, or subsidies, was questionable in policy, and in the result unsatisfactory." When it turned out that the dissatisfaction of the colonists at the terms of the Western contract was sufficiently marked to induce the Government to abandon the contract rather than take the responsibility of asking Parliament to confirm it, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had, as he considered, a very strong case as regards the course he determined to pursue towards the Company with which the two contracts had been entered into. He told the Select Committee that he "had himself negotiated the Eastern contract for 15,000*l.* with the Union Company, on condition that they should obtain the Western, and they had commenced the performance of both services accordingly." Under these circumstances, he "felt himself in honour bound not to attempt to hold them to the Eastern bargain when the other was dropped." He is even of opinion that, "had he attempted to enforce the obligation of the contract to Zanzibar, a Court of Equity would have relieved the Company from the obligation to fulfil it." Consequently he did not even ask the question whether the Union Company would go on with the Eastern engagement on the terms agreed upon, nor did he consider himself at liberty to drop the Eastern as well as the Western contract, and to invite fresh offers from other Companies. It is evident that in negotiating with the Union Company on these terms Mr. Lowe was negotiating with his hands tied. The object in view was not how to make the most advantageous contract, but how to make a contract sufficiently favourable to the Union Company. The House of Commons was in effect asked to give 26,000*l.* a year for services which the Company had originally undertaken to perform for 15,000*l.* Mr. Lowe thinks the increase of price fair, because the inclusion of the Western contract had been part of the consideration for which the Company had undertaken the Eastern contract at such a low figure. It is not necessary to inquire whether this view of the facts is correct. It is enough to say that the facts on which it rested ought not to have been communicated to the House of Commons only at the eleventh hour. There were reasons no doubt why Mr. Lowe had not been inclined to take the House of Commons into his confidence. The Government had treated two contracts as one which ought to have been treated as two, and in their desire to conclude the Eastern contract they seem in the first instance to have been blind to the fact that the cost of putting down the slave trade ought to be paid out of the Imperial Exchequer, not out of the pockets of the South African colonists. Neither of these

confessions was a pleasant communication to have to make to Parliament; but then, if Ministers are only to take Parliament into their confidence when they can do so with credit and satisfaction to themselves, the constitutional value of their frankness is greatly diminished. Did not even the NAPOLEONS and ROUBERS do the same?

The Select Committee recommend that the Eastern contract with the Union Company should not be ratified; but, seeing that the Company has incurred expenses in carrying out for six months a service the terms of which they only accepted in consideration of other advantages, they consider that, before offering the service to a rival Company, or putting it up to public tender, the Government ought to afford the Company the opportunity of electing to retain the service on fair and reasonable terms. Neither of these recommendations is altogether satisfactory. The Committee assume that there is no ground to apprehend that, if Parliament declines to ratify the contract with the Union Company, there would not be found persons competent and willing to undertake it. But at this late period of the Session, is it so certain that, supposing the Union Company declines to accept fair and reasonable terms, the necessary negotiations can be concluded with some other Company in time to get them ratified by Parliament? And after the experience of the Union Company, is it probable that any Company will begin to run its steamers while it is still undetermined whether the contract will be confirmed or not? It seems quite possible, therefore, that the service between Zanzibar and the Cape may for a time be interrupted. Whether this will in itself be a serious misfortune, we will not undertake to say. But inasmuch as the Committee state that the "immediate establishment of the service between Zanzibar and the Cape" was considered by the Cabinet as one of peculiar importance, in view of the negotiations at the time in progress "with the Sultan of ZANZIBAR," it was their duty to have inquired whether the temporary suspension of the service may not be of peculiar and disastrous importance in the present state of our relations with the Sultan of ZANZIBAR. Throughout the Report the contract is treated as a transaction involving considerations of policy rather than of postal convenience; and it seems to follow that these considerations of policy should not have been altogether left out of sight in framing a recommendation which, if carried out, may have a very injurious influence on the policy which dictated the contract. The Committee appear to have jumped at the conclusion that the service will go on, no matter what becomes of the present contract, and to have been encouraged to make this assumption on insufficient grounds by their neglect to inquire into the possible consequences of acting upon it. The recommendation that the Union Company shall have the offer of retaining the service on fair and reasonable terms would have been more valuable if the Committee had stated what fair and reasonable terms are. The Union Company originally considered 29,000*l.* fair and reasonable terms. A little later Mr. Lowe considered 26,000*l.* fair and reasonable terms. The British India Company seem to have considered 16,315*l.* fair and reasonable terms. The Committee are justly "sensible of the difficulty of replying to this question, seeing to how great an extent the 'Eastern service must be a speculative undertaking.'" It is a pity that they were not equally "sensible" of the inexpediency of simply handing on the difficulty to some one else. If it was thought undesirable to put up the contract again to public tender without giving the Union Company the offer of retaining it, it was the business of the Select Committee to reduce that offer to precise figures.

ECCELESIASTICAL APPEALS.

LORD SELBORNE'S amendment has met, though not in the best manner, the only objection of any weight that can be urged to the transfer of ecclesiastical appeals to the new Supreme Court created by the Judicature Bill. The Court will be provided with theological assessors, and will thus be protected against the danger, suggested by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY in a former debate, of unintentionally giving a judgment which would have the effect of ejecting this or that party from the Church of England. The theological faculties at the two Universities would, we think, have furnished better assessors than a select number of bishops; but the risk is so remote that there is no need to be very critical of the mode in which it is proposed to guard against it.

We are anxious before taking leave of this subject to show why the apprehension that the new Court will in the end become the minister of theological exclusiveness, which has been expressed by the eminent ecclesiastic who writes under the signature of "ANGELICUS," may be dismissed, not only as groundless, but as the exact contrary of what is likely to prove the fact. As regards the true function of a Court of Ecclesiastical Appeal there is no difference between "ANGELICUS" and ourselves. We are as convinced as he can be that the continuance of the Church of England as an Established Church depends upon the permitted existence side by side within her pale of the three great parties into which her members are divided. If either one of the three could convert the others to its views, the unity so produced would no doubt be a source of additional strength. But a unity brought about by the rough and ready process of getting rid of opponents would immensely strengthen the attack on the Established Church from without, and proportionately weaken the means of resistance within. The probability that a purely legal Court of Appeal would in the long run be less disposed than a Court composed partly of bishops to have recourse to the process in question constituted one main reason for adhering to Mr. HARDY's amendment. "ANGELICUS" asks why any change should be needed in a Court which in three several instances has vindicated the comprehensive character of the Church of England. To the judgment, he says, of the Judicial Committee in the GORHAM case "the Evangelical clergy owe their legal position; to its judgment in the *Essays and Reviews* case "the Liberal clergy; to its judgment in the BENNETT case "the High Church clergy; and though each of these judgments provoked a momentary irritation in the party "which was thus defeated in the attempt to eject its adversaries, yet the general sense of the Church has acquiesced in the justice and the beneficent action of the "decisions." The "comprehensiveness thus secured to the Church was not, we admit, likely to be disturbed by any judgment in matters of doctrine inconsistent with the principles laid down in these three cases. But it has already been disturbed in matters of ritual by a decision of the same tribunal, and it is upon matters of ritual that the authority of the Supreme Court is likely to be invoked for the future. Ritual has taken the place which doctrine once held as the immediate occasion of displays of excited partisanship; and, strange to say, some of those who are most anxious to keep the Church of England comprehensive as regards what she permits her clergy to teach from the pulpit are most inclined to narrow her limits as regards what she permits her clergy to do when they have moved from the pulpit to the altar. "ANGELICUS" wisely makes no mention of the PURCHAS case—a case of which it is not too much to say that the question to be decided was in its own nature at least as open, and the language the meaning of which was in dispute at least as capable of the interpretation put on them by the High Church clergy, as the question or the words in the BENNETT case. In themselves no doubt the points raised in the BENNETT case were of much greater moment. But, as in Parliamentary contests the motions which give occasion for the most decisive engagements sometimes relate to matters in themselves of small importance, so in ecclesiastical contests it is not so much the amount of principle involved in a question as the amount of principle which is imported into it that makes it critical. It may be a very small thing in itself whether the priest stands in front of the altar or at the side of it; but, if the former position is fiercely attacked and enthusiastically defended on the ground that it involves a particular doctrine, a decision that the clergy are not permitted to adopt it may be as disastrous in its effects as a decision that the clergy are not allowed to teach the doctrine of which it has been accepted as the symbol. "ANGELICUS" would have regarded a decision which had ejected Mr. BENNETT from the Church of England as a mischievous narrowing of the bounds of the Church of England. That is to say, though "ANGELICUS" himself is no believer in the sacrificial character of the Eucharist, he does not wish to see those of the clergy who are believers in it driven out from the National Church. But a clergyman who believes that he is offering a sacrifice will naturally come to associate certain positions with the act which he is performing, and if the one which appears to him most significant is singled out for attack by his adversaries, it is not strange that he should insist upon retaining it with as much

energy as though his belief in the doctrine were involved in it. In point of fact, his profession of his belief in the doctrine is involved in it. He clings to this particular position because, by becoming associated with the doctrine, it has become one of the recognized modes of propagating it. Consequently to forbid him to assume this position is in effect as much to shut his mouth as though he had been forbidden to preach the doctrine; and if this view of the case is once taken by any considerable number of the High Church clergy, a sustained effort to enforce the decision in the PURCHAS case may have the same result as that which "ANGELICUS" would have deprecated in the BENNETT case. The distinction which is sometimes set up between comprehensiveness in doctrine and comprehensiveness in ritual is only valid so long as those who hold by this or that doctrine have not agreed to express their belief in a certain definite manner. Preaching is after all only one of many forms of expression, and if it is once conceded that the comprehensiveness of the Church of England would be destroyed by a judgment which forbade a clergyman to express his faith by his words, it follows that it might equally be narrowed by a judgment which forbade a clergyman to express his faith by his acts.

There is considerably less danger of such a judgment coming from a purely lay court than from a court composed in part of bishops. The Anglican rubrics are usually vague, and occasionally contradictory, and a lay court will be pretty certain to give them the utmost possible latitude of interpretation. On the other hand, there have of late been symptoms on the part of certain bishops of a desire to make the measure of comprehensiveness in the direction of ceremonial decidedly narrower than they are willing to make it in the direction of doctrine. There are several considerations which may induce them to draw a distinction of this sort. In the first place, a bishop knows something about doctrine; and, though he may not think it of very much value himself, he can make allowances for men who put a higher value on it. But about ceremonial he usually knows nothing, and the fact that a clergyman should set any store by it, when by doing so he offends influential or troublesome parishioners, irritates and disgusts him in a very high degree. Secondly, the Ritualist clergy are not as a body famous for their deference to bishops, and a bishop may be excused for holding that the Church would lose nothing by the expulsion of men so deficient in this pre-eminent Christian grace. In the third place, to allow a man to express his faith by his tongue, but not by his position, has an air of compromise about it which is very dear to a bishop's heart, the more so that what a man says in the pulpit attracts much less notice just at present than what he does at the Communion Table, and it is the error which attracts notice that gives a bishop most trouble. For these reasons it seems far from improbable that the narrow policy of the judgment in the PURCHAS case, rather than the comprehensive policy of the judgment in the three cases quoted by "ANGELICUS," would have been the policy most favoured by the episcopal members of the Judicial Committee in any future prosecution in which the Ritualists are defendants. Now that the disposal of ecclesiastical appeals is handed over to a court composed entirely of lawyers, the toleration extended to those who hold Mr. BENNETT's theories will run less risk of being refused to those who follow Mr. BENNETT's practice. We are confirmed in this view by the fact that the Church Association is opposed to the exclusion of bishops from the Court of Final Appeal. "ANGELICUS" will admit that the Church Association is no lover of ecclesiastical comprehensiveness. It can have no wish to see the precedent of the BENNETT case repeated; it has every wish to see the precedent of the PURCHAS case repeated. If it is to be credited with any instinct as to the sort of tribunal from which it is most likely to get what it wants, there is something significant in its dislike of having ecclesiastical cases decided in the last resort by lay judges.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE AS A CHURCHMAN.

IF it had been Bishop Wilberforce's lot to have succumbed to a lengthened illness, painfully dissected by daily bulletins, the world no doubt would have been the richer by many finely laboured essays, duly apportioning that modified praise with which leaders of opinion are wont to photograph departed celebrities. But the suddenness of his death threw the critics on their instincts rather than their calculations, and the result has been a recognition of his exceptional influence more unanimous than we almost

ever remember in the case of any one who had occupied a public position short of the highest. Even the *Record* condescended to a short fit of charity, while organs of advanced opinion could only qualify their testimony with a faint surmise that the influence which they could not deny would prove to be evanescent. We believe that this opinion is likely to be as unfounded in fact as it is shallow in the reasoning which has led to it. The very circumstances which mark off Bishop Wilberforce's reputation contradict the surmise. The author of a successful work may after his death be superseded by some writer who would have been nothing if not for his predecessor's pioneering; each great campaign tends to obliterate its predecessor; the reputation of judges and of statesmen is specially apt to decay; fashions in art are proverbially mutable; and yet the most enduring fame has been earned through supremacy in all these branches of human activity. In contrast to such reputations won by conspicuous ability concentrated upon a single objective aim, is that which can be earned by general influence operating over a diversified area. It is hit or miss in each case. The former venture more silently and quickly proclaims itself to be a success or a failure; while the work of influence is not only slower, but its results have to be assimilated and reproduced by other and, generally speaking, inferior minds; and withal the gauge of its quality is not only the ability with which it has been handled, but the worth of the objects upon which it has been expended. Below its apparent expansiveness there must be a real concentration of aim and idea to which the various manifestations are referable; and, above all things, such aim and idea must not be one of self-advantage. In short, both species of reputation are built upon the foundation of concentration, though in one case the singleness of object asserts itself, and in the other it has to be deciphered. Can such concentration of aim be predicated of the joyous, popular, ubiquitous, witty Bishop of Winchester? We believe that it can, and that the variety of its outward manifestations proved the real intenseness of its inner working.

The scope of Bishop Wilberforce's public life as a Churchman, though probably never so precisely formulated by himself, was to exhibit and to act out among the people of England the Church of England as an institution about which there could be no dispute, but which, existing as it did in the unquestionable order of things, had to be improved and made the best of for the sake, not only of itself, but of the nation within which it ministered. In every detail a keen reformer, he recommended his projects of reform not by the defects, but by the theoretic perfection, of the institution which he was labouring to improve. His sympathy, and, in concurrence with it, his active help, were unbounded for every effort to amend the body on the part of its members, while he was always ready with compassionate counsel for doubt and difficulty, so long as the doubters and the sufferers retained an allegiance, however faint, to the English Church. But to yield to their doubts, and to transfer their services to another communion, was, in his eyes, to desert the flag. It was an act which never could be pardoned in itself, whatever compassion might be vouchsafed to the offender. In quiet times such a character would, no doubt, have been subject to the constant temptation of wasting itself on benevolent trifles. But the fever-heat days in which Bishop Wilberforce's lot was cast have been such as both to elicit the utmost vital force latent in the character, and also to give it the most abnormal opportunities of asserting its influence.

This is very emphatically a Church of England age for the whole people of England. Those who do not belong to that Church are bound together in more than one opposition to it, of which the philosophic opposition is the most fargoing, and the political one the most systematic and audacious, which has been organized for a couple of centuries. In the one case, the Church of England has to fight as the most powerful exponent of revelation, and in the other to demonstrate that its organic constitution is not in itself antipathetic to revealed truth; while those who are within the Church are mixed up in a more than complicated belligerency, both as between each other and as against that double foe which is assailing the outworks. In the forefront stands that very large party of which one wing used to be designated by the contemptuous nickname of High and Dry, and the other now revels in the ridiculous appellation of Ritualists (these two wings, by the way, being by no means on the most cordial terms with each other), which has now for a period of exactly forty years since the first issue of the *Tracts for the Times* been, in spite of many reverses, follies, and treacheries, gaining strength within the English commonwealth, as the representative of that national and traditional Church which English history and English sentiment combine to mark out—a Church which understands how to reconcile a hierarchical constitution, a liturgical worship, a sacramental system, and a dogmatic basis of truth with a liberal recognition of personal liberty of thought. Close to this party are two others as unlike to it as they are to each other—one the softened representatives of old Puritanism, and the other that incoherent body of strong thinkers all of whom cling to an ideal more or less different from the documentary Church of England, and all wish to put up that Church as a clock-case fit to hold works which will best tell the time according to their reckoning. The actual Church of England comprises these three parties, all of whom may be more or less relied on to contend within its borders for supremacy, and yet, with some eccentric exceptions in each direction, to combine together to keep the enemy from invading a fortress which all have a common interest in defending. The type of leader to sustain such a Church in its actual difficulties—to harmonize its present differences,

and to give it a shape for future conflicts of, it may be, a more acrimonious description—would be a many-sided man of concentrated purpose, talent, eloquence, ready wit, adaptability, and sympathy, who belonged to the party which claimed to be the Church, not as it might be, but as it was, and who could devote himself to harmonizing his ideal Church with the actual conditions of the day up to the front of, but not beyond, the maintenance of coherence between his own section and the other parties which shared in his practical conclusions without committing themselves to his antecedent reasonings. These words describe the career of Dr. Wilberforce as Bishop. The fact that he had worked himself into this position out of the ranks of the *ci-devant* Puritan—and now Evangelical—party, to which he had belonged in days when it seemed to represent the deepest popular earnestness, was in reality an element of strength, saving him as it did, on the one side, from conventionality, and on the other absolving him from having to gather at second hand the opinions of those whom he was refuting. Whatever—speaking *ab extra*—may be the merits either of the Low or the Broad School of Churchmanship, it is certain that the High Church party in all its ramifications is, for good or evil, the most characteristic embodiment of that Conservative Liberalism which is the traditional quality of England; and the man who has occupied the post of its leader with energy, wit, and unflagging devotion to duty at a critical epoch, will have left a mark on the national life of his country which does not require to be proved by the unwilling confession of half-hearted bystanders. Add the marvellous personal gifts of the late Bishop, which we pass over in this relation, and the fallacy of the supposition that his influence could have been evanescent is even more apparent. The peculiar feature in his leadership may probably be said to be its universality. For a man who had realized as he did in all its intensity the constitutional connexion between the Church and realm of England to have laboured so long and so successfully for the revival of Convocation, was only natural; for one who appreciated the future responsibility of the English-speaking races to the remaining world to have toiled for the development of Anglican communities in the colonies, in the United States, and in heathendom, was in the inevitable course of events; but for the man who did all this to have devoted for more than a quarter of a century the most of his time to the myriad distractions of services, teaching, exhortation, and organization—confirmations and consecrations, stone-layings, school-openings, and every other form of village gathering—which have been summed up in the character of the greatest diocesan Bishop of this most busy age, was astonishing; for the Bishop so great in his diocese, and so impressive in every pulpit, to be as great in Parliament, was even perplexing; but, after all this expenditure of vital force, to combine an unflagging reserve of wit, of spirits, of information, with a practical capacity which constituted its owner the darling of society, the friend of the helpless, and the referee wherever good and useful work called for ready talent, at the British Museum, or the Bounty Board, or the Literary Fund, was almost to compass the impossible.

The Bishop of Winchester's treatment of Romanism was a conspicuous instance of his characteristic temperament. Representing, as the High Church movement did, a general reaction from the narrow intolerance of Puritanism, it naturally—even in the persons of its staunchest Anglican adherents—fell into a dispassionate attitude towards a system which contained in an exaggerated form some of its own specialities, and by its scholastic assertion of fair play continually incurred suspicion and unpopularity with those multitudes to whom No Popery was a passion even more than a principle; while fresh fuel was continually being heaped upon the blaze of such suspicions, as year after year—sometimes in a sudden impulse of pathetic despair, sometimes in all the frivolity of the lightest heart, sometimes after a season of ambiguous and disturbing double-facedness—the wisest, most learned, and holiest, as it might be, or else the silliest and most selfish of "Tractarians," buried their doubts and troubles in what we make no doubt has always been to the seceder, at the moment of his secession, the infallible Church of Rome. It might have been assumed that, in accordance with his expansive affectionateness, Bishop Wilberforce would have been foremost among those who made themselves conspicuous by their excuses for the actors, though not for the action. Such, however, was far from being the fact; the Roman seceder was to him, as we have already observed, the clandestine deserter from a lawful service, and drumming-out was his rightful doom. No doubt no man had ever suffered more cruelly in his nearest personal affection than the Bishop of Winchester by the Romanizing drain, and it was impossible that sorrows such as he was known to have endured, acting on such a nature as his, should not have left their mark. But behind individual susceptibilities lay the great personal burden by which the whole order of his career was ruled—the entire subjective realization of the Church of England as the appointed corporate condition of religious life for Englishmen. The Deserter was ignorant, misguided, deluded, and a deluder; but for all that he could not help hanging on to that body as existing in spite of himself, and claiming services from him which did not exist the less because ignored. But the Romanist had joined the rebel camp—he had not only deserted from the national army, but had mounted the traitor's cockade; and thus all the incidents, such as the recognition of ecclesiastical discipline, although at the hands of alien prelates and strange courts, or the craving after the beauty and symbolism of worship, even through the burdensome minutiae of Roman ceremonial, which in the eyes of many a High Church-

man might have been urged in mitigation, were to the staunchest of loyalists aggravations of that crime of rebellion "which is as witchcraft."

Rome was, so to speak, the differentiating test which the Bishop was ever ready to apply to novelties of teaching and practice as they occurred. He had too artistic and poetical a mind not to be both personally fond of ceremonial and ready to appreciate its practical usefulness; while his devotion was of that tender and subjective type which craves to embody itself in smaller and stricter organizations within a large community. Accordingly he gave not only liberal, but active, encouragement to that embellishment of churches and services, and that concentration of piety into societies and sisterhoods, which have nowhere made themselves more conspicuous within the modern Church of England than in the diocese of Oxford. But every effort which secured his help and encouragement was to be subject to a rule of impartial incidence of which the Bishop was not only the lawgiver but the administrator. Each and everything was to be Anglican and not Roman, as Bishop Wilberforce used those two words. It may be that this exceptionally rigid limitation would not quite stand the test of absolute logic; it may be that its application was subject to fluctuation; but, whatever it may have excluded, it certainly let in much which those who from time to time most bitterly denounced the exclusion had been the most eager to net, while that which was excluded was probably something which would have converted into ill-tempered hostility the acquiescence which other sections found themselves constrained to accord to the Bishop's arrangements.

It might have seemed an instance of that which word-mongers are fond of calling the irony of fate, and which plainer folks sum up as ill-luck, that a man who so broadly represented such popular instincts, and whose very prejudices were akin to those of the party which most mistrusted the section of the Church with which he had mainly identified himself, should have spent so much of his public life in an attitude of grave opposition, even among his episcopal brethren, with whom he was so great a power, and should after all not reach the highest dignity which a Churchman can accept from a Prime Minister. Archdeacon Wilberforce was talked of some thirty years ago as the certain future Archbishop of Canterbury. Men passed under him as curates who now wreath the strawberry-leaves round their mitres, although one is a disestablished ornament; and now, at nearly seventy, he has died before a retired Bishop of Winchester as tenant of a see still materially crippled by the survival. Ingenious people amused themselves during the Bishop's lifetime by framing a theory of his character such as should account for the want of the highest official success, which deserves a passing notice as a very grotesque instance of the most absolute misapprehension of one of the most transparent of characters. Their fignient was that of a man of unfixed principles and grasping personal ambition, ever overflowing with unreal civility, and ever conspiring behind the backs of his deduced surroundings. Bishop Wilberforce, no doubt, had his faults, but they were precisely contrary to those so flippantly attributed to him. Representative Englishman as he was, he was a representative High Church Englishman; while the gushing cordiality of his personal bearing was partly the irrepressible good nature of an affectionate and joyous character, and partly the reminiscence of that *vieille cour* politeness which an old man's son, reared in a precise circle, carried down to a rough and ready generation of railroad travellers. Difficult as the curate, suddenly honoured by a confidential accolade, may have found it to realize the fact, we believe that he was at the moment of the hand-shaking as much beloved in heart as in gesture. The belief in Bishop Wilberforce's Machiavellianism was an absurdity worthy of the *Record*. In fact, the source of those occasional mistakes which wore from time to time inevitable in a career of such manifold incidents were generally referable to a deficient rather than to an over-developed knowledge of the worse elements of human nature; for, much like Madame de Staël, who declared that the deaf and dumb man with whom she had been roughly paired was one of the most agreeable members of society whom she had ever met, Bishop Wilberforce was wont to mistake patient listening for kindred enthusiasm. Optimist as he was, he was somewhat inclined to believe in his own powers of working the inferior material up to his own quality; and sometimes the most carefully planned undertaking across the seas, when the lieutenant had strayed beyond the twitch of the silken leading-strings, failed to fulfil the roseate expectation. Still the large and buoyant heart never lost hope in the undertaking. The great promoter came smiling up again; the new subordinate had to be found, that was all. The study was cleared, some fresh Committee trooped in from the ante-room, and the work of building up a great English Church at the antipodes gave way to the perhaps more complicated problem of finding money for some National School in the back slums of Lambeth, soon to be cut short, to the vexation of long-winded churchwardens, by the hint that Parliament exacted duties even more important than those of rectifying suburban ignorance.

One thing never occurred to Bishop Wilberforce, and that was to strike work or make conditions as to his activity; and so successive Ministers were never without plausible reasons for overlooking him to fit the trappings on the less muscular or willing horse. Lord Palmerston was in the full odour of sanctity as the Man of God when Archbishop Musgrave died, and so, against the remonstrances of his own colleagues, he promoted the youngest prelate to the Northern Primacy over the head of the son of the

great Yorkshireman, William Wilberforce. Canterbury fell vacant at the instant of Mr. Disraeli's manipulating the first general election of a householder Parliament, and Bishop Wilberforce's succession to the see of London was supposed to be in some occult manner inconsistent with the Protestant cry of the moment. Some of his friends thought that, with the weight of more than sixty years upon him, the Bishop of Oxford would have more wisely declined the much heavier responsibility and newer work of the vast see of Winchester. But it was his nature to welcome work and responsibility from which other men would have shrunk with undiminished credit. Moreover, his earliest clerical recollections, and those personal affections which cast their secret shadow over his otherwise joyous life, clustered round that diocese. He has been called away before he made more than a commencement; but we are sure that these few years will have left the vast South London diocese in a condition far different from that into which it had drifted during the long era of Bishop Sumner's amiable conventionality.

THE MINOR VIRTUES.

THERE is probably a wider philosophy than people generally suppose in the old prudential proverb about taking care of the pence and leaving the pounds to take care of themselves. At any rate, the principle involved in the maxim is one which is and has been very generally acted upon. The ancients, it may be observed, were far more particular and obsequious in their attentions to the *Di minores* than to the superior deities. Divinities like Bacchus, Æsculapius, or Prometheus, received twice as much civility in the way of games, mysteries, sacrifices, and the like, as the upper twelve of celestial society. Perhaps it was considered to be, so to speak, a better investment of piety: for naturally *parvenus* deities, or those of doubtful reputation, like Pan or Priapus, would be more grateful for proofs of respect than others to whom the recognition of mere mortals could not be a matter of any consequence. But possibly the more powerful motive was that it was a cheap and ready way for gaining a character for observance of religious duties. Every one was supposed by courtesy to reverence the great gods; so, to be conspicuously devout, it was necessary to take up with the second-class deities. Something of the same sort may be noticed in our culture of the virtues. In common politeness everybody is accredited with the possession of all the cardinal virtues in their highest degree; consequently any one in modern society who is ambitious of being considered an especially virtuous character is in a measure driven to fall back upon the minor virtues. Hence it is that the virtues of this order are apt to be a trifle more obtrusive than is quite consistent with the aphorism that virtue is its own reward. A man who has—to borrow an expressive phrase from the dialect of sport—"put all his money" on the minor virtue of Punctuality, for example, is compelled to call attention to his punctuality on every possible occasion in order to get credit for it, and thus, by implication, he is always convicting his neighbours of unpunctuality. This naturally arouses a spirit of inquiry as to whether punctuality is, after all, so much of a virtue as to justify any one in making such a fuss about it, just as we can conceive a too ostentatious Supererogarian Ritualism provoking damaging inquiries into the moral character of Pan and his claims to divinity. About the utility and the advantages of punctuality there can be no manner of doubt. Time is a commodity as strictly limited in quantity as coal itself—at least as far as each individual is concerned—and whatever tends, as punctuality does, to economize time is of course a good thing. But it is good only as a means to an end, not as an end in itself, and there are some people who do not cultivate punctuality for the saving of time, but rather devote their time to the cultivation of punctuality. In fact, it may be observed that a large proportion of people eminent in the practice of this minor virtue are people who have more time on their hands than they know what to do with; who, when they have punctually swallowed their breakfasts, have nothing on earth to occupy their minds with except watching for the approach of the luncheon hour. To such people any event which breaks the monotony of the day is an important epoch, just as to travellers in the desert the merest sand-hillock in the distance is an interesting feature in the landscape. It is a positive godsend to them. It gives them something to do and something to think of—or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, excites a certain mental motion which may be considered a kind of rudimentary form of thinking. And yet, forsooth, these people must give themselves prodigious airs of virtue, and crow over all creation, because they never miss a train, fail in an appointment, or are late for anything, as if this precious punctuality of theirs were acquired by severe self-denial, and practised solely from a stern sense of duty.

Punctuality is by no means the only minor virtue which can be irritating in this way. That particular variety of the virtue of orderliness which women glorify under the name of "tidiness" is a most excellent thing in its way, "A sweet virtue, look you," as Launce says, when cultivated in moderation; but who has not groaned under its oppressiveness in the houses of the unco tidy? Who does not know the house where the maxim "a place for everything, and everything in its place" is so rigidly construed, that it seems contrary to the *religio loci* to make use of anything; where books are not meant to be read, but to radiate symmetrically from the centre of the drawing-room table; where when you take a chair you cannot help feeling that in some degree you take a liberty

also; where the end and purpose of every article is apparently to wear a cover of some sort, and the making of covers for things is the main occupation of the females of the family? In their full perfection perhaps such houses are only to be found among the curiosities of provincial middle-class life. The great worshippers of tidiness as an end in itself are people like George Eliot's Dodsons and Tullivers, people with whom it is an article of religion to have "best things" reserved for some dimly contemplated occasion in the remote future. But the Dodson and Tulliver calibre of mind is not confined to any one stratum or formation in the social system. It is simply a variety of the one-ideaed mind, an order of mind by no means sparsely distributed, and apt to be irritating if you are brought into too close contact with it. The unicorn is very well in heraldry, where he has one side of a shield all to himself, but he must have been an abominable nuisance in the Ark with that obtrusive horn of his. In much the same way one-ideaed people are nuisances in society. They cannot keep their one idea out of their neighbours' eyes and ribs, and they are by no means least exasperating when they and their idea are of a dull commonplace nature, as is the case with those who make a minor virtue of tidiness. With the same sort of people cleanliness, also, is apt to degenerate into a minor virtue, and as a minor virtue it is all the more aggravating because there is no saying anything against it. Except in the case of old amours and beggars, and one or two other objects of purely æsthetic interest, it is impossible to have too much cleanliness, and any one assuming and parading it as a virtue holds a perfectly unassailable position. This is what makes it such a favourite with women, more especially with those who pride themselves on keeping the opposite sex in subjection. For making men thoroughly uncomfortable, and reducing him to a wholesome sense of his feebleness and inferiority, there is nothing feminine ingenuity has discovered more effective than that institution which takes the form of a general cleaning, scrubbing, and putting of things to rights. There is, indeed, one occasion on which woman can assert herself with more crushing power. Leech's pencil has caught it in that touching picture of the abject condition of Mr. Peewit, who has just had "a little addition to his family." Careful observers have remarked that when an event of this kind takes place in a household, every female in it, down to the merest chit of ten or eleven, puts on an extra air of importance, carries her head several inches higher, and relentlessly snubs and thwarts the male creature in every possible manner. Strong in her weakness, woman instinctively feels her advantage, and uses it. But, however great her zeal for the authority of her own sex, and the subjugation of the other, her opportunities in this way are necessarily—and, we may add, providentially—limited; whereas, she can, if so minded, have a cleaning day once a week; and the latter event, if inferior in moral dignity to the former, can be made almost equally productive of discomfort to the enemy. As a companion to the one by Leech above mentioned, look at the picture by Dickens of Captain Cuttle suffering under one of Mrs. MacStinger's great cleaning days, "sitting with his legs drawn up under his chair, on a small desolate island, midway in an ocean of soap and water, everything wet and shining with soft soap and sand, and the air impregnated with the smell of dresaltary." Furthermore, it is always one of the essentials of the ceremony that everything should be removed from its accustomed place, and afterwards put just where no one would be likely to look for it; and of course the opportunity is taken to show that disrespect and contempt for man's household gods which is a characteristic of the properly constituted female mind—all which cruelty is made the more cruel by the fact that it is perpetrated in the name of virtue, and that remonstrance is proof positive of depravity in the victim. This was clearly the great charm of cleanliness in the eyes of Mrs. MacStinger. It was such an unimpeachable instrument of torture. "We had some words about the swabbing of these planks," said the forlorn Captain, "and she stopped my liberty." Of course she did.

Then there is early rising. In the whole string of the virtues, major or minor, cardinal or otherwise, there is not one about which the possessors are so abominably conceited as this. People endowed with so uncomfortable a gift are, no doubt, entitled to some little indemnification; but no degree of self-mortification could justify the preposterous airs of superior virtue which people who turn out of bed earlier than their neighbours always give themselves. Nobody was over ten minutes in the society of a confirmed early riser without being made aware of the fact, and, directly or indirectly, enabled for not being one himself. Now, is early rising such a virtue, and are these early birds so very virtuous, that we are bound tamely to submit to this? Of course we know all the stock arguments; they impress them upon us often enough. It is they who get the worm. Well, for our part, they are welcome to it; we don't want worms. Then they gain so many hours over us who lie abed, in proof of which they point out that the *Waterley Novels* were all written before breakfast. Very good; let them produce their *Waterley Novels*; meanwhile we shall take leave to remain sceptical as to the reality of this gain of time. The practice is a healthy one, they say, and they always brag of their superior appetites at breakfast, as if there was something meritorious in an extra consumption of ham and eggs. Now the simple fact of the matter is that in at least nine cases out of ten your early riser is merely a fidgetty, restless animal, who is incapable of repeating after the fashion or at the season ordained by civilized mankind; and as to his inhaling the pure morning air, that is all moonshine; it is pure self-conceit that he inflates himself with. In fine weather he struts abroad

crowding over a slumbering world; in wet he moons about the house a reproach and hindrance to the servants setting about their morning ministrations, and all through the period of family prayers he is filled with pharisaical pride that he is not as other men whom the prayer-bell sometimes catcheth at their toilet. That he makes any use of the hours so gained is in general pure fiction. But even if he does, what then? He adds to his day very much after the fashion of the man who tried to lengthen his blanket by sewing on to the top what he cut off from the bottom. He is very brisk, not to say arrogant, in the morning; but he is useless for all social purposes in the evening. Drowsy after dinner, torpid after tea, he hibernates like a bear during the sociable season ushered in by the candles, and is most lifeless when civilized man enjoys life most. But even in that abject condition he finds something to brag of; for with an insolent yawn, as he takes his bedroom candle, he reminds us that he was up four hours before any of us were stirring.

The cardinal virtues, it may be observed, very often have minor virtues attached to them which play a part something like that of the tender to a man-of-war. The cardinal virtue is too mighty, stately, and imposing an affair to be put in motion on every trifling occasion. It lies at anchor for the most part, reserved for great emergencies, while certain little minor virtues in attendance on it are constantly on the move, keeping up its connexion with humanity. Benevolence, for example, cannot be always brought into action in the intercourse of everyday life. You are bound to have benevolence ready at the service of your fellow-creatures, but you cannot be benevolent to your neighbour at dinner or to the man next you in a railway carriage. Under such circumstances you must be content to allow the work of benevolence to be done by some such little virtue as sociability. Unfortunately, however, the tender in this case is very apt to forget its subordinate position, and give itself all the airs of a first-rate, and then the minor virtue becomes distinctly objectionable. There are few greater social nuisances than the man who plumes himself upon his sociability, and makes a sacred duty of talk. He is a sort of human sparrow, a bird from whom you get neither song nor silence. To keep up a perpetual game of verbal shuttlecock (which he calls conversation) is with him a condition of existence. His aphorism is not *cogito ergo sum*, but *loquitor ergo sum*; and so, lest he should cease to be, he will be talking. Nor is he entirely selfish in this. What is necessary for himself he holds to be equally necessary for you, and consequently his apparently uncalculated assertion of the fineness of the day, forcing you to respond with some similar meteorological hubbub, is in part dictated by benevolent impulses. This, however, of course rather aggravates the infliction, for boredom is doubly bitter when you are expected to be thankful for it. Akin to the sociable talker is the "good correspondent," as he calls himself. As the former piques himself upon his readiness to chatter with any one he comes across, and his ability to keep up chatter for any length of time, so the latter prides himself upon a faculty for spinning letters out of nothing for the purpose of laving distant friends under an obligation. Both are firmly convinced that they are most meritorious persons, and undeniable benefactors to their species, and both consider you a very defective character if you do not fully reciprocate their attentions. We may be excused, however, if we doubt the validity of their claims. If the chatterer is a sociable being, it is simply because he is afflicted with an incontinence of words and a penury of ideas; and as for the good correspondent, his goodness is chiefly due to the fact that time hangs heavy on his hands, and that he is sorely put to it to find something to do.

This is what makes the minor virtues so aggravating. It is bad enough to be crowded over by any one; but to be crowded over by people whose coin of vantage is the possession of an entirely negative character is what flesh and blood cannot help resenting; and it is on these grounds that we hold that society has a right to resist their pretensions. We do not question the virtue itself. We say to them:—sociability is very desirable; punctuality, orderly habits, love of cleanliness, all these are excellent things; and there is even a good deal to be said for early rising in moderation. But what we do not admit is your right to give yourselves those airs of superiority which you are so fond of assuming. Be as punctual as you like, get up at any hour you choose, cultivate the art of writing long letters about nothing as much as you please, but don't call upon us to admire you as model characters on the score of these virtues, for we don't.

THE BERKSHIRE DOWNS.

EVERY one who has gone along the main line of the Great Western Railway with his eyes open—there are people, we believe, who, instead of using their eyes, put up the windows and read shilling novels—must have marked the long line of the Berkshire hills, and, above all, their most strongly marked point, where the eye is caught by the eight-sided tower of Uffington Church, over which the eye, if it be well trained, will be further caught by the figure of the famous White Horse, perhaps first of all by his tail. Possibly those who have been used to other white horses, cut out in later times to commemorate His Most Sacred Majesty George the Third or some personage equally unromantic, may be inclined to cavil at the form of the primitive animal, and to hint that the beast from whom so lank and lean a figure was copied must at least have been strangely out of condition. But, according to the Darwinian theory, we may expect that the forms of horses and other beasts should change in the course of ages.

Thus the Bayeux Tapestry might lead us to believe that the horses of the eleventh century had their tails set on after a fashion which has gone quite out of use among horses of flesh and blood, and which is kept on only, doubtless as an archaism or a survival, among the wooden horses which serve as toys for children. We should therefore be rash if we were to pronounce judgment offhand that the White Horse carved on the side of the "Mons Albi Equi" of Berkshire may not have been a true representation of what horses were in those remote times when the figure was wrought. And it is at least certain that it is not the only horse of the breed, as others of exactly the same cut are to be found on early British coins. At all events, whether those who are learned in horsemanship would approve of him or not, the White Horse is there on the side of the hill to which he has given his name at least since the twelfth century, and where he was doubtless carved very many centuries before that. Readers of Mr. Thomas Hughes will perhaps start at this last saying, and they may rise up in defence of the "tradition" which assigns to the White Horse a date three centuries only before the twelfth. It would be rank heresy in many eyes to doubt that Alfred's victory of *Æscadūn* was won at this end of the downs, and that the White Horse was carved—Mr. Hughes has given us a picture of Alfred's army in the very act of carving it—to commemorate the momentary gleam of success which shone on the West Saxon arms in the year of battles. That year may perhaps be most reverentially described as the eve—such an event may surely have a whole year to its eve, and a Pythian period to its octave—of the foundation of University College. The truth is that this is one of the best cases of the untrustworthiness, or rather of the non-existence, of what is called tradition. People tell you, wherever you go, that there is a "tradition" about such a place, that so and so did so and so there. Now a real tradition, when it can be found, is always of some value. It is quite certain not to give the exact truth; but it is equally certain to give something which has grown out of the truth, and the way in which it has grown out of it is always instructive. By a real tradition we do not necessarily mean that the story should have been handed down from father to son to the present moment without being committed to writing; it is enough if it has been in any way really preserved on the spot, uninfluenced by anything from outside, whether the records of chroniclers or the guesses of antiquaries. But a genuine tradition of this kind is a thing which is hardly ever to be found. When we come to look into the evidence of a so-called tradition, it almost always turns out to have no better root than the guess, lucky or unlucky, of some antiquary a century or two back. The local wise man gives his opinion that the thing was so; the opinion, especially if it be thought to be to the credit of the district, is readily adopted by his neighbours; in the next generation the opinion is no longer an opinion, it has become a tradition on which it would be a slur on the honour of the district to cast any doubt. How little what calls itself tradition is really worth is shown by the fact that so many so-called traditions can be upset by distinct documentary evidence in black and white. To take a familiar instance, local belief, and what calls itself local tradition, assert that Edward the Second was born in a certain room in Caernarvon Castle. It is absolutely certain that he was not born there, because it is known from records that that part of the castle was built by himself. Some one who knew that Edward was born at Caernarvon, but who did not know the dates of the building of the different parts of the castle, must have risked a guess that this particular room was the place; the guess was adopted; what one man said was likely to have happened, the next man said certainly did happen; and so, in a very short time, the guess would become a tradition which it would be a point of local honour to maintain. We cannot in the same way prove that the White Horse was not carved by Alfred because there most certainly was no record made at the time when it was carved; but there is no reason to think that it was carved by him, beyond the guess of a local antiquary of the last century, while there are many strong reasons to make us think that it was not.

The whole matter of the White Horse, and of the historical events connected with the Berkshire Downs, has been within the last two years worked out with great care by Mr. James Parker in the course of several papers read before the Oxford Architectural and Historical Society, followed by excursions of the members of the Society to the spot. Mr. Parker has also gone most minutely into the boundaries of the district as laid down in the various ancient charters. In short, he has got together materials for a fuller local monograph of the highest value. The calm and well-reasoned way in which Mr. Parker makes out every point of his case from the records of the Chronicles compared with the appearances of the ground forms an amusing contrast to the impetuous way in which Mr. Hughes accepts "the local tradition," which turns out to be no tradition at all, but the mere guess of an antiquary named Wise in the first half of the last century. The "tradition" or guess places Alfred's battle of *Æscadūn* at the western end of the ridge; it believes that the White Horse was cut out by the victorious English to commemorate the victory; it is even driven to believe that such a vast earthwork as Uffington Castle just above the Horse was thrown up either by Danes or English, it does not much matter which, as an evening's amusement after a day of marching or fighting. Then there is a detached point near the Horse, which the story calls Dragon Hill, where the more zealous believe that St. George killed the Dragon; but no one seems to have been sharp enough to guess that there Alfred raised the Dragon of Wessex. For all this, as far

as we know, there is absolutely no groundwork beyond the modern name of a house—not a parish—called Ashdown Park, towards this end of the ridge. But any one who compares the ground with the Chronicles, without troubling himself about "traditions" or guesses, will see, as Mr. Parker sees, that the battle must have been fought at the other end of the Downs, the end looking towards Wallingford and Reading. *Æscadūn*—in modern English Ashdown—is not any particular spot, Ashdown Park or any other; it is the name of the whole range of hills. This is made perfectly plain by the language of the Chronicles under the year 1006. There is a central point on the hill, marking, it would seem, its greatest height and looking out over a wide view to the north, which still, under the corrupted shape of Cuckamsley, keeps its ancient name of Owicelmeshlaw. In modern form this ought to be *Quicelmeshlaw* or perhaps *Quicelmeshlow*; the *hlew* or *low* being a vast barrow which is now unluckily partly broken down, and so surrounded by wood that the clump and not the tump is the object which catches the eye in the distant view. Whether the strange form of *Seutchemshly*, which the place bears on the ordnance map, keeps in the unexpected *f*, any trace of the old aspirated sound of *hl* in *hlew*, or whether it is a mere misreading or misprinting, we will not presume to guess. Nor will we venture to guess what was the original date or object for which Owicelmeshlaw was raised. One can hardly doubt that it takes its English name from Owicelm, one of the first two Christian Kings of the West-Saxons; but, as he was a Christian King who in 636 was baptized at Dorchester, and died the same year, his burying-place would be far more likely to be found in the minster of Dorchester—for Sherborne and even Winchester were not yet—than in this heathenish-looking tump on the top of the hill. It may be far older than the time of Owicelm. It may be a beacon, it may be a boundary; it may mark the extent of the three thousand hides of land "be *Æscadūn*" which in 647 Kenwalla gave to his kinsman Cuthred, the son of Owicelm; but at any rate Owicelmeshlaw became in Berkshire what *Pendden Heath* was in Kent. It was, as appears from a charter, in *Codex Diplomaticus*, iii. 292, the place of gathering for the great *Gamōt* of the shire. No place could be fitter for the purpose than this central height. For a district like Berkshire—a long narrow district, with a strip on each side along a range of hills—a spot on the top of the hill was far more central than any town or other place on either side of it. And a place of meeting it remained till very late times; for, according to the local books—which on that kind of point may be trusted—a fair went on there till the reign of James the First. The place then was in every way one of the most conspicuous and well known in the district; and in the beginning of the eleventh century a saying was current that, if the Danes ever got up to Owicelmeshlaw, they would never go to the sea again. It is plain that this prophecy, like so many others, is capable of two opposite meanings; but, at any rate, the Danish army in 1006 was anxious to prove its truth. The story is told, in one of the most graphic and even sarcastic parts of the Chronicles, how, after St. Martin's mass, the Danes set forth from their "frithstool" in Wight, and how at midwinter they went out to their "ready farm" through Hampshire and into Berkshire to Reading, and there they did after their old wont, and kindled their "war beacons" as they went. Thence they went to Wallingford, and burned the whole town; then they tarried one night at Cholsey, and then they went along *Æscadūn* to Owicelmeshlaw (wendon him þa andlang *Æscadūn* to Owicelmeshlawe). Nothing in human language can be plainer; no one can conceive that Danes or anybody else ever marched from Cholsey to Owicelmeshlaw along Ashdown Park; but they went up the hill—"mons qui vocatur *Æscadūn*," as it appears in King Eadred's Charter (*Cod. Dipl.* v. 331)—and went along the ridge till they came to the great barrow. They then went back by another way; that is, they marched down the other side of the hill to the south. The meaning of *Æscadūn*, then, as taking in the whole range, is perfectly clear. As far as the name goes, Alfred's battle may have been fought at any point of the hill, on its top, on its sides, on the lower rising ground below it—the "campestris *Æscadūn* latitudo" of Asser—at any part of the range which may fit in with our accounts in other respects. Being thus set free from any particular "traditional" site, we shall easily see that the battle of 871, the year of the nine pitched battles, must have been fought at the eastern, and not at the western, end of the Downs. In 871, as in 1006, the headquarters of the Danes were at Reading. The battle of *Æscadūn* was fought eleven days after they got there; but in that time two fights had been fought already. On the third day two of their Earls had ridden out to plunder and reconnoitre, and had been defeated, and one of them slain, by the English Ealdorman Æthelwulf. Four days after that there had been a fight at Reading itself, in which the Danes had the victory and Æthelwulf was slain. Four days later in the fight "on *Æscadūn*" itself; by that time King Æthelred and his brother the Ætheling Alfred had come at the head of their whole force. We cannot follow Mr. Parker into every detail of his topographical argument; but it would need some very strong argument the other way to take us to the other end of the hills. Surely, unless some special reason forces us to place it somewhere else, we should place the operations of these four days, like the operations of the seven days before them, at the end of *Æscadūn* nearest to Reading. Mr. Parker has found a very good site at Lowbury Hill, and, if anybody wants a "traditional" name, there is "the King's Standing-ground." The King who stood on that ground is just as likely to have been Charles the First as Æthelred; still the name most likely does record some act of some King, and it is

so far better than a sheer invention like the tale of the White Horse. That all this part of the campaign took place within a very narrow compass is further suggested by the intervals between the fights. While the first three battles all come within eleven days, fourteen days pass between Æcesdūn and the next battle at Basing in Hampshire, and two months between that and the battle at Merton in Surrey, where Bishop Heahmund was killed and where King Æthelred seems to have come by his death-wound.

The whole range of the Downs is a country full of interest, a country full of remains which were ancient in the time of Alfred. The view takes in the whole borderland of Mercia and Wessex, the scene of so much of our earlier, and of a good deal also of our later, history. To the west lies the famous cromlech which bears the name of Wayland, Weland the famous smith of Teutonic legend, though Mr. Parker again doubts whether it is anything better than a guess which connects this primeval relic with the "Welandes smiðða" of King Eadred's charter" (*Cod. Dipl.* v. 332). This we do not pretend to decide; but it strikes us that Mr. Parker goes a step too far when he doubts, what is quite another question, whether the "Welandes smiðða" means the mythical Weland. The cromlech belongs to the race, whoever they were, that built cromlechs; the White Horse, the "castle" as it is called, above it, the other "castle" at Latcombe, the mass of the remains which cover the hill, are doubtless British works which looked much the same at the time of the fight of Æcesdūn as they look now. Of the many barrows on the hill some can be identified with the various "hlæwas" spoken of in the charters, probably Hildeshlæw, Wutoceshlæw, and others. And, at any rate the "Icenhild weg" and the "portstræt" of the charters are there still, and bear their ancient names with hardly any change. The "Ickleton way," as the maps call it, is a broad grassy road, running along the top of the hills, on which cultivation has encroached but slightly, and along the side of which we ever and anon come on one of the thorn-trees which are characteristic of the district, and one of which is spoken of in Asser's account of the fight at Æcesdūn. The whole line is one of those districts where nature and history combine to give a certain freedom and buoyancy of spirit. And its charm is none the less, if its historical associations are searched out by the light of real facts and real arguments, instead of by the easy process of taking guesses on trust.

EVIDENCE TAKEN BY THE ENDOWED SCHOOLS COMMITTEE.

THE Report of the Committee on the Endowed Schools Commission deserves attentive study. Many schoolmasters desired reform, and they are now threatened with revolution. They prayed for a cupful of wind, and angry Heaven answered with a hurricane. The motive power which was sought for the improvement of old-fashioned grammar schools has been used to launch them on a wild career of innovation of which it is impossible to see the end. The Commissioners, calmly confident in the superiority of their own principles, ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm. The coach which they drive has come to move at such an accelerated pace that sober people of various parties are likely to combine in holding on behind and trying to put on the drag. One of the witnesses said that he thought it would be "very satisfactory to the people of England" if the preamble of the Endowed Schools Act contained a distinct recognition that the promotion of Christianity was one of the main designs of the founders of Endowed Schools. It would perhaps be said by the authors of the Act that this, which is not said, is implied, and of course it ought to be implied. But it has become dangerous to trust to implications. When the Endowed Schools Bill was brought in by Mr. Forster, he said that good schools had nothing to fear from its operation; but unfortunately the Head-Masters and Governing Bodies of some of the best schools in England are greatly terrified by what the Commissioners have done, and still more by what the Commissioners have said. When Mr. Forster's words are quoted against the Commissioners, it is answered that all depends on what is meant by a good school. One of the Commissioners under the Act, who was Secretary to the Schools' Inquiry Commission on whose Report the Act purports to be founded, thinks that the people of England have insufficiently read the Blue-book of the Schools Inquiry Commissioners. We can only hope that he may not have to make the same complaint as to the Blue-book of the Committee which has lately inquired into the conduct of his own Commission. We do not think that any impartial person can read the evidence which relates to King Edward VI.'s School at Birmingham without concluding that the Commissioners have gone much too far in interfering with an undeniably efficient school. They are wanting in that practical wisdom which might have taught them to let well alone.

It is, however, difficult to convey any adequate notion of details within the compass of an article, and therefore we will turn to one or two matters of principle. To put the matter plainly, the Conservatives and Church party were, perhaps through their own fault, deceived as to the consequences of a Bill which they allowed to pass with less discussion than was due to its importance. It is only just to say that the Commissioners under the Act were themselves surprised at the operation which has been given to the seventeenth section of it. Lawyers of course know that the marginal note to a section of an Act of Parliament is not part of

the Act, and cannot be quoted in a court of law in support of a proposed construction of the section. But members of Parliament who are not lawyers are apt, when a Bill is brought in by a department of Government, to look at the marginal notes to discover the intention of its authors. Mr. Forster brought in this Bill, with these words in the margin of Section 17: "Governing Body not to be disqualified on ground of religious opinions"; and Mr. Forster's department instructed counsel to argue before certain members of the Privy Council that the effect of the clause was contrary to that of the marginal note, and that under it incumbents of parishes were disqualified to be members of Governing Bodies as incumbents. This episode in the history of the Endowed Schools Commission deserves the fullest possible publicity. In many ancient grammar schools the incumbents of one or more neighbouring parishes are, as might be expected, trustees *ex officio*. The Commissioners judged that it was not only lawful but expedient to adopt this provision, and accordingly their early schemes contained it. But the Committee of Council on Education, urged by Nonconformist supporters of Government in the House of Commons, and countenanced by an opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown, rejected these schemes on the ground that this provision was illegal. In order to settle the question thus raised a sort of friendly suit was instituted between the Committee of Council and the Commissioners, and this suit was heard before certain legal members of the Privy Council selected for that purpose. We are informed that the Solicitor-General delivered a powerful argument against the legality of these *ex officio* trustees, and we infer that this argument prevailed. We know, or at least we have read in the Blue-book, that the Lord Chancellor has declared that his opinion is opposed to that which was given by the Law Officers. We also know that the construction which has been thus adopted of the seventeenth section of the Act is opposed to that which every reader of the marginal note would have supposed to be its meaning. We also know that in this as in other similar cases, one of the parties to the suit being a department of the Government, the same department selected the members of the Court which heard the suit. Lastly, the result is adverse to the Church of England, and inexpedient even in the judgment of persons who do not profess to be friendly to that Church.

The section enacts that in every scheme, with an exception thereafter mentioned, the Commissioners shall provide that the religious opinions of any person shall not in any way affect his qualifications for being one of the Governing Body. The section was intended, as everybody knows, to remove a disability of Dissenters, but it has been so construed as to impose a disability on incumbents of the Church of England. The rule of the Court of Chancery was that it would not appoint a Dissenter to be trustee of a grammar school, and the section was directed to abrogate this rule. Religion should not henceforward "affect" the qualification of any person to be a governor, meaning that it should not impair or take away his qualification. But if the Commissioners, following the terms of an existing trust deed, provided in a scheme that the incumbent of a parish should be *ex officio* a governor, it was said that thus they allowed religion to "affect" his qualification, because his qualification depended on his status, and that depended on his religion. This must have been the view of the Law Officers of the Crown, which was adopted by the Committee of Council on Education. It is a view which, we should think, might easily not be taken, because it depends wholly on a strained construction of the language of the section, and there is nothing elsewhere in the Act to support it. The case was argued with closed doors, and we do not know what the decision was, but we infer that it sustained the Committee of Council in holding that a clause which was intended to remove a disability from Dissenters had imposed a disability upon Churchmen.

It may of course be said that it was the fault of Churchmen to allow a clause thus ambiguously framed to pass. But Churchmen may fairly answer that they as well as Dissenters are entitled to expect some protection and consideration from Government. The same astuteness which was exercised against the Church after the passing of the Bill might have been employed for the protection of the Church during its progress. At any rate the marginal notes of an important Bill ought fairly to represent the effect of its clauses, for otherwise they are likely to mislead those readers who are not lawyers. The marginal note says that governors shall not be disqualified by religion, and the clause has been interpreted to mean that they should not be qualified by religion. The language of the 19th Section, upon which the greater part of the discussion upon the Act has turned, cannot fairly be called obscure, but it has produced effects which many of those who accepted it as a reasonable compromise did not foresee. The results which it has produced are surprising and almost absurd. Thus the grammar schools of Sherborne and of Birmingham were founded under charters similar in terms of King Edward VI., yet the Commissioners have ruled that the former is and the latter is not Denominational under the Act. It happens that in the case of Sherborne there is extant something in the nature of directions as to worship or religious teaching, dated within fifty years after the foundation. But in the case of Birmingham there is nothing of the kind extant that goes back so far. Yet nobody doubts that the practice as to worship and religious teaching in these two schools was identical. When the Commissioners, therefore, declare that Sherborne is, but Birmingham is not, a Denominational school, people say that this may be law, but it is not common sense. In these, as in other schools founded under King Edward VI., the trustees

are empowered to make statutes with the consent of the bishop of the diocese. It would be difficult to contrive any provision which to ordinary understanding would appear more clearly to stamp a Church of England character upon a foundation. Yet this provision became under the Act—at least as the Act has been interpreted—irrelevant. Unless religious instruction according to the formularies of the Church of England is required by the “express terms” of the foundation or of some instrument dated within fifty years after the foundation, the school is not “Denominational” under the Act. It is certainly remarkable that in this, as well as in the 17th Section, language has been adopted which when it comes to be interpreted proves unexpectedly adverse to the Church. We may perhaps venture to say that there must have been some clever persons among the framers of the Act who did not specially charge themselves with the protection of the interests of the Church of England. The fair professions with which the Bill was introduced have been forgotten or repudiated, and the interests of the Church of England have been dealt with according to the letter of the Act. The Dissenters’ view of the early foundations is that they are national and not appropriated to any particular denomination; but even if this point be conceded, it scarcely carries us to the desired conclusion. The Church of England is in possession, and for many purposes, under various systems of law, possession has been wisely allowed to confer title. The Church being in possession, the religious teaching of the schools has been that of the Church, with the protection to Dissenters of a conscience clause. This was the law or practice of grammar schools under the Court of Chancery, and it is at least doubtful whether the Commissioners have improved upon it. They have ruled, or would rule if they were allowed to have their way unchecked, that the great majority of grammar schools are not Denominational, and that therefore there is no obligation upon the Governing Body to give religious instruction upon the principles of the Church of England. They consider it to be their own duty merely to require that the Governing Body and the Head-Master shall make proper provision for religious instruction in the school. The question what the religion is to be in which the instruction is to be given is left to arrange itself according to circumstances. The officers of the Commission think that under this clause some religious instruction must be given; but they do not venture to assert that the religion in which the instruction is to be given must be Christianity. Indeed, if they admitted or asserted this, they would find difficulty in escaping the conclusion of the Court of Chancery that, in the absence of special provision, the religious instruction must be according to the principles of the Established Church.

These matters are sufficiently irritating and disquieting to Churchmen; but if Churchmen stood alone they might not have been able to arrest the progress of this Commission. It happens, however, that not Churchmen only are affected by the meddling and muddling of the Commissioners. Mr. Alderman Lawrence, one of the Liberal members for the City of London, examined the officers of the Commission with particular strictness, and Mr. Locke, the Liberal member for the Borough, has spoken strongly in the House of Commons against their interference with existing bodies of trustees who were doing their duty well. The ordinary Englishman, to whatever party he ascribes himself, hates beyond everything a theorist, and the Commissioners and their officers are emphatically theorists. It is a pity that they have misused a magnificent opportunity; but probably there never was a public body who so misunderstood the public wants and wishes. By arrogance and impracticability they have incurred almost unanimous condemnation.

AMATEUR MONASTICISM.

IT is some time since we last had occasion to notice the eccentricities of the person styling himself Father Ignatius. Of late indeed he seems to have chiefly come before the public in the capacity of a sort of Ritualistic Spurgeon, as he is depicted in Mr. Davies’s book on *Unorthodox London*, which was reviewed not long ago in our columns. But it would appear from the strange case of “Todd versus Todd,” which has just come before the Vice-Chancellor’s Court, that these preaching raids on the metropolis have another object besides that of general edification. We were aware, in common with the rest of the public, that an establishment called Llanthony Abbey existed somewhere in Wales under the direction of Father Ignatius, though we did not know how many or how few inmates it contained; and it now appears that there is also “an establishment for women, called a Convent,” or “Priory,” under the same direction, at Feltham. The reverend father evidently finds his London discourses an effectual means of beating up recruits for these institutions.

On Friday week Mr. John Todd appeared before the Vice-Chancellor, to make the following statement. A fortnight before his son, Richard Alfred Todd, a boy of seventeen, fresh from school, whom he had just placed in his counting-house to learn the business of a merchant, had startled him by the information that he wished to become a monk. Mr. Todd senior, who had probably never thought of monasteries except as an obsolete variety of mediæval Popish corruptions, “could not at first realize his son’s meaning,” and of course did not approve of his project. As to its meaning, however, he was very speedily enlightened. Next morning, without making any sign, Mr. Richard Todd disappeared, and after a diligent search the

following letter, which he had apparently forgotten to destroy, was discovered among his papers:—

Jesus only.—28 Hart Street, Bloomsbury, E.C.—My dear Son,—I will see you here to-morrow (Sunday) at 4 p.m. at my London Secretary’s rooms, if you call. May our precious Lord bless you. In him, I am yours affectionately, Iox. O. S. B. Supr.

The flight, therefore, had been arranged on the previous Sunday. Mr. Todd at once wrote to Father Ignatius, requesting him to induce his son to return home, and on receiving no reply, despatched a second letter through his managing clerk, desiring him to state by telegraph whether the boy was with him. This application produced a telegram from “The Priory, Feltham,” to say that “The person you wrote about is safe and well, and he will be made to write to his friend” (i. e. his father) “at once.” Accordingly next day came a letter from the runaway himself, which, from its strong family likeness to the genuine Ignatian epistles, is suggestive of a common authorship. In this letter Mr. Todd junior informs his father that, in pursuance of his determination “to leave the world,” he had already taken the preliminary step of leaving London, and was staying as a guest at the Convent at Feltham, in order to judge by experience how far he was fitted for the monastic state. This strikes one as a little odd, considering that Feltham is described as a convent for nuns; but it will appear again presently that the distinction between male and female conventual establishments is not very rigidly maintained in the “English Order of St. Benedict.” The writer adds that, if his experience of conventual life proves satisfactory, he will in six weeks’ time take the novice’s vows, that he had long contemplated doing so, and is “perfectly persuaded that he is right”; and he winds up, as though to show that he had already ceased to exercise any independent judgment of his own, by naïvely observing, “the Rev. Father wished me to write and let you know that I am here, lest you should be at all uneasy about me.” The Rev. Father seems, however, to have apprehended, not perhaps unreasonably, that Mr. Todd senior might make an improper use of his knowledge; for when the uncle and brother of the intending novice reached the convent at Feltham, he had already been removed to Llanthony. Thither they followed him, taking letters from his parents and from Mr. West, the vicar of St. Mary’s, Paddington, and after some difficulty they were allowed to see him, “clad in a monastic garb.” But he steadily refused to leave the monastery, and told them he had been informed that the law was powerless, and had often been tried in vain.

On this a solicitor’s letter was delivered to Father Ignatius, to which he sent the following characteristic reply, not only declining to surrender his new disciple, but suggesting a stipend for his maintenance:—

Jesus only.—Llanthony Abbey, Abergavenny, June 13, 1873.—Dear Sir,—Mr. Richard Todd came to my house and solicited permission to become a member of our society. I know nothing of him; he sought me out. At present I believe him to be sincere in his request for my permission to remain. I shall most certainly not use force to expel him unless he misbehaves himself and refuses to go. I believe, in a religious sense, he has acted rightly, and I should not tell him the contrary to please any one. He is free to go or stay, as he pleases; and our house is open to any magistrate or Bishop who may wish to ascertain this fact. I am, dear Sir, a little astonished at your letter. I think you misunderstand the matter. If Mr. John Todd declines to pay for his son’s maintenance in the life which he desires to follow, provided I consider him to be fitted for it, he must do as others have done before him—take a neutral position among us. I have not asked, nor shall I ask, Mr. John Todd for any money for his son’s support; but if in a month’s time he appears unfitted for this severe life, I shall send him back to his friends.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully in Christ, IGNATIUS, O. S. B. Supr.

Four letters subsequently addressed to the boy himself were returned unopened, with a brief intimation that he desired for the next three weeks to be left free from all worldly engagements, in order to decide on his vocation, and that “the Rev. Father is not known here by his secular name, only as the Rev. Father Ignatius.” Here what may be called the preliminary and private stage of the affair came to its close.

On finding all personal appeals unavailing, Mr. Todd took the necessary steps for making his son a ward in Chancery, and his solicitor then wrote to Father Ignatius requiring him to restore the “infant” to his father. The answer to this demand came, not from Ignatius, but from the boy himself, who appears, very literally, to have reckoned without his host:—

Jesus only.—Par.—Llanthony Abbey, July 8, 1873.—Dear Sir,—It is quite news to me that I am “a ward in Chancery.” Directly the Lord Chancellor requires my presence in Court I have no doubt the Rev. Father Superior will allow me to come up for the occasion.—Yours truly,

R. A. Todd.

But when the solicitor’s clerk appeared at Llanthony to serve the petition on Father Ignatius, he refused to see him or receive any papers from him, but wrote a letter saying that he “would not turn out the young man, unless he misbehaved himself or wished to go”; that he felt quite astonished and insulted at any one daring, even by implication, to accuse him of detaining persons against their will; and if the boy’s friends thought he was so detained, they had better apply to the magistrates, whom he should be most happy to welcome into the monastery, but no one else. “I decline to receive any persons or papers, unless magistrates or warrants from them, and as there is not the least shadow of a cause for molesting me in this way, I suppose that I have a right to the same liberty as any other British citizen who pays his taxes.” Under these circumstances Mr. Todd applied for an order to restrain Father Ignatius from imposing any monastic vows on his son, and directing him to restore the boy to his father and natural guardian.

The Vice-Chancellor accordingly directed that "the infant" should be produced in court on the following Tuesday. But when Tuesday came, it appeared from the affidavit of Mr. Francis, the solicitor's clerk, that, on visiting the Llanthony monastery, which is said to contain from thirty to forty inmates, he had only been able to see a monk and a Sister of Mercy—rather an odd combination in the same establishment—who told him that Father Ignatius refused to see him, or have anything to do with the matter, although warned that he would be liable to be committed for contempt of court. The Vice-Chancellor therefore directed that the tipstaff of the Court of Chancery should be sent down to fetch "the infant," and produce him in court. It is possible that Father Ignatius may have had rather hazy ideas as to the authority of the Court of Chancery, but he will now be wiser in this respect. On the whole, "infant" monks are hardly worth the trouble they cause.

This story, amusing as it is on the surface, forces on our notice some graver considerations, if not about monasticism in general, about that amateur phase of it which is just now struggling for domestication in the Church of England. It must not be supposed that Ignatius stands altogether alone in this matter, although his eccentricities have made him the most conspicuous representative of the system, or want of system, to which we refer. If there are no other male communities—and of this we do not feel sure—a great many female communities besides the Convent or Priory at Feltham have sprung up during the last twenty years in England, and our remarks will apply as much to the one as the other. Such cases as that of Mr. Richard Todd are susceptible of a very easy solution, nor is it, perhaps, likely that many young gentlemen of more advanced age will be anxious to take vows of obedience to Father Ignatius. At all events, his recruits hitherto seem to have been largely drawn from the school-boy class. He might appeal, we believe, to the authority of the Council of Trent, which allows persons over the age of sixteen to take lifelong vows; but we do not apprehend that such obviously premature engagements are common, even in the Church of Rome, and in the present day the law would certainly prevent their being entered upon without the full consent of parents or guardians. There are, however, plenty of young ladies of twenty-one and upwards who feel attracted to a conventual life, and with whose liberty of action in the matter the law does not interfere. Now without discussing the general merits or demerits of religious vows, it surely stands to common sense, and ought to be admitted by religionists of every class, that they are very serious affairs indeed to those immediately concerned, and require all the restraints and safeguards which publicity and public responsibility can supply. It is precisely this element of public recognition and restraint which is entirely wanting in the amateur conventionalism which we are dealing with here.

This is the distinction which presumably lay at the root of some comments, reasonable enough in their general drift, made by one of our daily contemporaries on this very case of Father Ignatius. But with that curious ignorance of the simplest details of ecclesiastical history or belief which is not uncommon among writers otherwise well informed, the writer contrived to sustain the point of the distinction in a manner which must appear to those at all acquainted with the subject nothing short of ludicrous. Religious vows, it was argued in effect, are consistent in the Roman Catholic Church, because they can be imposed, and if necessary dispensed with, by a supreme and infallible Pope, who is acknowledged as the direct viceroy and representative of heaven. But in the Church of England, where nobody claims this august authority, where vows are arbitrarily made and imposed by private individuals, and nobody is recognized as having the right of dispensing with them, the system is both inconsistent and doubly dangerous. Now, with the substratum of this argument, so to say, we quite agree, as we will explain directly; but the particular form of expressing it betrays the profoundest ignorance of the rudiments of Church history. There is so little connexion in theory or in fact between the monastic system and the special claims of the Papacy, that it first originated, and still survives in full force, where those claims have never been acknowledged. We are not now alluding to the well-known prevalence of the monastic life among the Buddhists centuries before the Christian era, and afterwards in the Jewish sect of Therapeutæ, but to its origin and growth in the Christian Church. It sprang up, not in the Western, but the Eastern Church; Paul the Hermit and St. Anthony were its first heroes, and Egypt its birthplace. Not till a good century later, but still long before the Pope dreamt of claiming to be accepted as the one supreme bishop and viceroy of Christ—Gregory I., the biographer of St. Benedict, unmathematized such pretensions two centuries later—was it first imported into the Western Church by St. Athanasius. Leading churchmen of the day, like St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and St. Jerome, lent their high authority to the encouragement of the new rule of life, though not without adding emphatic warnings against its attendant dangers and abuses; and, early in the fifth century, Cassian, who wrote twelve books on the monastic institute, introduced it into France. Towards the end of that century was born St. Benedict, who is usually accounted the father of Western monasticism, and who organized and propagated the system in Italy, and imposed strict vows on his monks. To this day, we need hardly say, the vast extent of the Eastern Church, both in Greece and Russia, is thickly covered with monasteries and convents; and even in the Latin Church, if we are not mistaken, the intervention of the Pope is only on comparatively rare occasions brought into play. Monks and nuns are ordinarily subject to their own

superiors, or to the bishop of the diocese, who receive their vows, and have the power, for sufficient cause, of dispensing with them. But while the particular claims of the Papacy have really nothing whatever to do with the important distinction insisted upon by our contemporary, the public recognition of the "religious life" as part of the regular Church system, both in East and West, and its consequent regulation and control by public and recognized authority, has everything to do with it. It may be considered a mischievous system, and experience shows it to be always liable to grave abuse; but that is not the point. There is all the difference in the world between an amateur monkery, however sincerely and devoutly practised, for which nobody is responsible and which no one knows anything about or has any ostensible claim to inquire into or control, except those personally interested, and an organized institution, the vows and rules of which, in its various branches, are matter of public notoriety, and which is carried on under appeal to publicly-recognized authorities, whose position is at least some guarantee for their fairness and discretion. If Father Ignatius was acknowledged by the Anglican Episcopate, and by English public opinion, as head of the "English Order of St. Benedict," he would so far be in much the same position as a Russian, or indeed a Roman Catholic, abbot. But nobody can know better than himself that he neither has nor is ever likely to obtain any such recognition, though it does not follow that his youthful novices are equally aware of the actual state of the case. And it is just because it is a fancy article, that the isolated and unauthorized discipline of these so-called monasteries and convents, besides having an inevitable air of grotesqueness, is destitute of the safeguards of which such institutions, especially when presided over by women, stand peculiarly in need. Miss Samin, to be sure, did not find much protection in bishop or Pope against the caprice of her female superiors; but we may gather from the published revelations of some of Miss Sellon's former disciples that the irresponsible rule of superiors, who recognize no higher authority than their own, is apt to be still more exacting and capricious. And still stranger eccentricities, on which we do not care to dwell now, were brought to light, if our memory serves us, some years ago in the collapse of Father Ignatius's first monastic experiment at Norwich. The best advice we can offer to his actual or intending novices may be conveyed in the homely proverb that children should not play with edged tools.

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

THE civilization which spreads itself westward and southward in North America is much akin to barbarism. Accounts have just arrived of a fatal duel at New Orleans, and an eyewitness of the proceedings remarks, with proud contempt, that in America, when men quarrel, they shoot one another to death with rifles, and are not content to scratch with small swords until a little blood flows, as is the custom in France. The manners of California have already suffered mitigation, and the completion of the Pacific Railway will rapidly assimilate its social aspect to that of the old States of the Atlantic seaboard. But a few years ago noble savages, both white and red, pervaded the country between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean, and the condition of the male communities of miners and of the tribes of Indians was pretty much as is described in a recent publication by Mr. Joaquin Miller called *Life amongst the Madocs* (Bentley). Discoveries of gold caused camps to be established. Game was killed or scared away, and fish forsok the polluted rivers. The Indians had to choose between the chance of death by violence and the certainty of death by starvation. "They were not at war with the whites, nor were they particularly at peace." The best men among the miners strove to protect the Indians around their camps, but they could not control their comrades. These camps might contain several thousand men and not a single woman. Such a camp was "a savage Eden, with many Adams walking up and down, and plucking of every tree, nothing forbidden here; for here, so far as it would seem, are neither laws of God or man." There was a town called The Forks, at the junction of three small streams. This town had two butchers' shops, and each of the rival houses sent up and down the streams two mules each day laden with meat. They left so much at each claim as desired, weighed it out themselves, kept the accounts themselves; and yet never was the butcher known to betray his trust. The principal saloon of The Forks was the Howlin' Wilderness, an immense pine-log cabin with earth floor and enormous fireplace. All the important fights took place here, and if you wanted to be well up in the news, or to see the Saturday evening entertainment, you had to have some regard for the Howlin' Wilderness. The proprietors, who stood behind the bar, had bags of sand laid up in a bullet-proof wall inside the counter, between them and the crowd, so that when the shooting set in, and men throw themselves on the floor, fled through the door, or barricaded their breasts with monte-tables and wooden benches, they had only to drop down behind the bags of sand, and lie there, pistols in hand, till the affair was over. These men were wisely silent and impartial in all misunderstandings that arose. They always seemed to try to quell a trouble and prevent a fight, and perhaps they did so. When the battles were over, they were the first to take up the wounded, and do what they could for the dying and the dead. There was a great puncher, hewn from super-

pipe, that had once been a monte-table back on the outside by the chimney. Many bodies had been laid out in the course of a year to stiffen on this board. Nothing draws like a bar-room fight in California. "I have known miners, standing on their good behaviour, who resisted the temptations of hardy-gurdy houses, bull-fights, and ball and bear encounters, who always wrote home on Sundays, read old letters, and said the Lord's Prayer; but I never yet knew one who could help going to see the dead man or the scene of the six-shooter war-dance whenever the shots were heard."

Mr. Miller professes to have lived among the Modocs, and has certainly studied society in the mines. The respect—slight perhaps, but evident—which the miner pays to Sunday is universal both in California and Australia. It is almost all the visible religion that is found at early settlements. The race for gold leaves all churches behind; but missionaries of the more active sects soon appear upon the scene. But at The Forks, in that dreary winter, there were neither women nor ministers to mitigate the hardness of the miners. There was a tall man, a sort of half sportsman and half miner, who had a cabin close to town, and who seemed to take a special interest in these battles. He was known as "Long Dan," always carried a pistol, and took a pride in getting into trouble. A gambler called, from his grand look and manner, "The Prince," warned him that he would die with his boots on. "Now, see if you don't; if you keep on slinging your six-shooter round loose in this sort of way, you will go up the flume as slick as a salmon—die with your boots on before you know it." Dan smiled blandly as he tapped his ivory pistol-butt, and said, "Bet you cigars I don't! Whenever my man comes to the centre, I will cull him, see if I don't, and get away with it too." The metaphor here used by Dan is taken from the game of poker, in which miners delight to get rid of their gold. Soon after this conversation pistol shots were heard at the Howlin' Wilderness, and Prince rushing thither learned that "it was Long Dan." As a friend and neighbour of the wounded man, room was made for him at the monte-table, and Dan whispered to him a request to take off his boots. The Prince hastened to comply, and again Dan whispered to him, "Prince, Prince, old boy, I've won the cigars! I've won 'em, by the holy poker." And so he died. Many stories similar to this are told, and it has been seen in other countries besides California that the habitual current of thought can hardly be turned by the close approach of death. There is a remarkable account in this book of the hanging of two gold robbers, English and Scott, by a Vigilance Committee. They were given ten minutes to prepare for death. At the end of that time the only rope the Vigilants had was thrown over a beam, and they approached Scott, who was on his knees. "No, no," cried English, "hang me first and let him pray." They left Scott, fastened the rope round the neck of English, and mounted him on a keg. Then English turned to Scott, and said, "Scottie, pray for me a little, can't you? Damn'd if I can pray!" Then he laughed a low strange chuckle, and they kicked away the keg. Scott pleaded hard for life, but finding the Vigilants inexorable, he took off his necktie, strung his finger rings on it, and, saying "Send these to my wife," submitted to his fate.

When the winter was past and the tracks were open, civilization presented itself at The Forks in the shape of a small judge in a big "stove-pipe" hat. Miners will allow nobody to wear a beaver hat or to be called by his right name. But a big man took the little judge under his protection, saying, "It's all right, boys. He shall wear a hat as tall as Shasta if he likes, and let me set eyes on the slyster that interferes. It's a poor camp that can't afford one gentleman anyhow." The big man proceeded further to explain that he was ready "to chaw up and spit out" the first man who raised a voice against the judge and his beaver hat. It was suggested that, as they have got a judge, they may as well put him to work, so he appears as prosecutor of a man, called from his likeness to one of the suits at cards "Spades," who had undoubtedly murdered two or three Indian children during the winter. Spades is put upon his trial. He seats himself upon a three-legged stool before the judge, remarking, "Ef I ain't out o' this by dark, I'll sue somebody's moccasins, see if I don't." An eyewitness of the murder appears, but on the other hand a witness states that at the exact time named he was playing poker at two bits a corner with Spades in the Howlin' Wilderness. Hereupon the prisoner was acquitted. The court being new to its business omitted a few trifling observances, one of which was swearing the witnesses. But probably that would not have made any difference. The court adjourned after the acquittal, and practice at another bar proceeded with conspicuous success. The next incident was a quarrel between the judge and the doctor, both of whom being regarded as the natural enemies of the settlers, the affair was viewed by The Forks with equanimity. A big minor expressed public sentiment by saying,

Fight dog and fight bar,
Thar's no dog of mine thar.

However, the judge and the doctor did not fight. Both the judge and Spades were soon afterwards murdered by stabbing, and the doctor incurred suspicion. Just at this time the Prince and the author and their family, consisting of an Indian boy and girl, quitted The Forks, and they took the doctor with them. Immediately after their departure an officer with a warrant arrives to arrest the doctor, and an exciting chase follows up the slopes of Shasta. The party, guided by the Indian boy, dodges the officer and escapes until nightfall, when they are detected by kindling a fire. "Hands up, gentlemen! hands up! Don't trouble your-

selves to move! There, that will do! You are the ones we want. Pass in your checks." This expression, "pass in your checks," is common among the miners. Both parties encamp for the night, and, as might be expected, the officer and his assistants are overcome by the brilliant strategy of the Prince and the Indian boy. They incautiously lie down by the fire with their three heads close together, so that the Prince can cover them all with a big double-barrelled gun. "It's your pot, Prince, take it down. You hold the papers. Called us on a dead hand, you did." These words indicate surrender. The officers are dismissed, much to the disappointment of the Indian boy, who was prepared to scalp them.

Mount Shasta is about three hundred miles north of San Francisco, and about one hundred miles east of the Pacific Ocean. It is commonly spoken of as part of the Sierra Nevada, but it stands apart like a great tower, of which the connecting wall has been destroyed. To the east of Shasta lie arid, sage-brush plains. To the south, at the distance of a hundred miles, lies the Sacramento Valley. "Silver rivers run here, the sweetest in the world. They wind and wind among the rocks and mossy roots, with Californian lilies, and the yew with scarlet berries dipping in the water, and trout idling in the eddies by the basketful." There is much in this book to support the received idea that the climate and scenery of California are among the finest in the world. The rivers have now been polluted by miners' refuse exactly as our own rivers are at home. It is startling, and not altogether satisfactory, to observe how rapidly new districts are assimilated to the older American civilization as the stream of emigration flows more copiously towards the West. American writers sometimes complain that their country's growth excites only feeble admiration in England. But we have acquired the habit of regarding the growth of population on two sides. When we hear that the inhabitants of a town number close upon half a million we do not fall into unbounded rapture, because we painfully remember the questions of education, drainage, and house accommodation which thus force themselves upon our Parliament. The questions which arise in a newly civilized country like California are different, but equally important. The book from which we have derived the material of this article was written for the purpose of discussing that most painful of all questions, the fate of the native races whom the immigrants have dispossessed. Much power of imagination has been employed to excite sympathy for the Modocs, but their story, however pitiable, does not differ from that of many other tribes. If an affecting narrative could have availed anything, the *Lark of the Mohicans* would have arrested a process of extinction which has now reached from the valley of the Hudson to that of the Sacramento. We hope to return on another occasion to the distinctly Indian portion of this book. It is in substance a discourse on the text supplied by a Modoc chief. "It is die if we go, and die if we stay. We will die where our fathers died."

THE DUKE OF ST. ALBANS AND THE QUEEN.

IT would be ridiculous to waste words of anger on the Duke of St. Albans because he made a silly little speech about the political sympathies of the Queen at a Liberal meeting at Nottingham, and because he defended his conduct by making another silly little speech in the House of Lords. In proposing the health of Her Majesty, the Duke said to the Nottingham Liberals:—"I may remind you that her earliest impressions on Government were guided by the great Liberal leader of the day, Lord Melbourne, and she is supposed never to have forgotten the principles and party of her teacher." Coming from an officer of Her Majesty's Household, such a speech was, of course, an astonishing piece of folly, to be excused only on the plea that the Duke is young and inexperienced. But he might easily have repaired the mischief he had done if, when the Duke of Richmond asked for an explanation, he had frankly confessed that he had made a mistake, and had promised not to do it again. Instead of this, he made matters worse by a startling impertinence. Citing the eminent authority of *Maunder's Treasury* to show that Lord Melbourne had really made the Queen a Liberal, he roundly called the Duke of Richmond a fool. Such a reply might seem a little coarse if it were to come from a cabman fighting with his fare about a question of overcharge; and, coming from a peer who is at once a Duke and a member of Her Majesty's Household, it is one of the most surprising speeches ever heard in the House of Lords. If a bishop were to let off a volley of expletives, the memory of such an exhibition might live long after his sanctified eloquence had been forgotten; and, for the same reason, the Duke of St. Albans may hope to find a permanent place among the curiosities of patrician vulgarity.

Meanwhile this unconventional young nobleman has revived a curious and delicate question of constitutional ethics. It is superfluous to say that Her Majesty is not open to the charge of being a political partisan, and that no English sovereign has ever been so impersonal in the best sense of the word. What her own political sympathies are it would be impertinent to inquire, and Her Majesty has certainly given no one a right to make them a subject of speculation. It is enough to know that Liberals and Conservatives find her equally ready to give effect to the will of the nation. But such decorous reticence with respect to the political opinions or personal wishes of the sovereign is a thing of yesterday. It had no existence in the stormier days of English

politics, and it did not become an accepted principle until the present reign. Nor indeed could it have become a commonplace of discussion until all the fiercest strifes of English public life had been burned out, and until the balance of power had inclined from the Crown and the aristocracy to the body of the people. Charles I. could hardly have been a constitutional sovereign in the modern sense of the term, when the nation was divided into two great parties which differed about fundamental questions of religion and politics, when neither would accept a compromise, when each was ready in the last resort to draw the sword, when the fate of the Church and the Throne seemed to depend on the issue of the struggle, when the King himself was passionately devoted to one of the two sides, and when his party ceaselessly urged him to make use of his prerogative. Like conditions existed in a less degree during succeeding reigns, and no party scrupled to make use of the King's sympathies to gain its own ends. There was no doubt a growing impatience of the power which was exercised by the Court, and very open protests were made in Parliament against its intrigues. But the Court had always a stout body of defenders among the partisans with whom it worked, and its very assailants were apt in their turn to make use of its insidious power. Nor did any one dream of affecting not to know the political opinions of the sovereign. The country perfectly well knew what Ministers George I. and George II. disliked. It is a favourite theory that the despotic instincts of George III. were fostered by the German teaching of his mother and the Scotch teaching of Lord Bute; and so they doubtless were. But such a man in such a time would have formed strong opinions and would have tried to govern as well as reign, even if he had never received a lesson charged with the despotic maxims of the small German Courts or of a country which, like Scotland, had hitherto been ruled by a turbulent aristocracy. For he found great power lying ready to his hand, and a crowd of the most exalted men in England eager to say that he ought to use it in order to defend the Empire, the Church, and the Throne. Such was the counsel of the greatest lawyer then living, Lord Mansfield. During one of the most critical battles between the Court and the Whigs, Lord Mansfield told George III. that, in his opinion, the King should generally abstain from taking any part in political discussion; but that, when the lawful rights of the Crown or of Parliament were to be asserted, it was fit and becoming that he should make known his opinions. Such advice would cover any act of kingly authority; since it would be easy to show that the rights of the Crown, or the rights of Parliament, are imperilled in every great political fight. What could have been a clearer invasion of the rights of the Crown than a demand that the rebel States of America should be allowed to throw off their allegiance to their lawful sovereign, constitute themselves an independent Republic, and thus abridge the territories of England? How could the King, as the representative of a regal caste, and the head of the Church of England, make peace with that Republic of France which was built on regicide, which aspired to overthrow all kings, and to spread the glad tidings of Atheism through the whole earth? Or how could the King play so fast and loose with the rights which belonged to the Crown as to free the Catholics from those penal disabilities which had been imposed for the preservation of the Protestant religion from the craft of Popery?

If George III. had been a man of broad mind, or of sceptical instincts, he might no doubt have brushed aside such difficulties; but, being what he was, he could not, and he was pushed forward into despotic ways by the whole strength of the Tory party. The Whigs were of course enraged that the King should threaten to visit with his lasting displeasure all who should disobey his will; that he should cause Colonel Barré and General Conway to be removed from their military commands for voting against the Court; that Lord Temple should have been ordered to show the Peers a private protest of the King against Fox's East India Bill, and an intimation that His Majesty would regard those who should vote for it as his personal enemies. The temper of the Whigs was vividly revealed by Dunning's famous motion "that the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished"; and by the still fiercer motion of Baker that such proceedings as those of Lord Temple were a high crime and misdemeanour, derogatory to the dignity of the Crown, and dangerous to the liberties of Parliament. The feeling of the House was shown by the fact that both motions were carried. But there is no reason to suppose that the country was equally indignant, for Pitt was able to take office in the face of the majority which had thus censured the King; and, although he was a mere youth, and had not a single first-rate debater on his side, he soon became one of the most powerful Ministers that England had ever seen. He could not have gained such a place if a majority of the ruling classes had not been indifferent to the intrigues of the Crown, or glad that the King had used his influence to defeat the Whigs. When Fox was the guiding spirit of the Government, the Tories published a caricature in which the King was pictured as in goal; and the loyalty of the English people, there can be no doubt, was shocked by the thought that the Whigs were making their sovereign a moral prisoner. George III. could not have incessantly interfered with the Government unless he had been supported by a majority of those who held political power. Nor are the Whigs themselves free from the suspicion that they hated not so much his interference as his opinions, and that they would have willingly availed themselves of any courtly intrigues which would have enforced the principles of the glorious Revolution of 1688. Fox did not conceal his belief that the Prince of Wales would instantly turn

out the Tories and put in the Whigs, on becoming Regent, nor did he see anything unconstitutional in such an exercise of sovereign power. Fox eagerly urged also that the Prince should be armed as Regent with the full powers of a King, and it needs a great stretch of credulity to believe that the Whig leader would have employed his powers of rebuke if the Prince had, in the heat of party warfare, done unto the Tories as his father had done unto the Whigs. At least the lessons of his early friends had failed to teach George IV. that the duty of an English King was to do nothing but assent to the wishes of his Ministers, for he interfered much with their policy, and, if he had not weakened his will by habitual dissipation, he would have interfered more. Nor had William IV. altogether learned that his duty was to express no opinion about public events, but merely to obey the prompting of the House of Commons, and to sign formal papers. It was not till the present reign that the Sovereign became impersonal in political strifes, and showed no favour to any political party.

One of the reasons why the Crown has thus surrendered what the French would call its power of initiative, lies no doubt in the overwhelming authority which has gradually been acquired by Parliament. It has obtained so direct and so unchallenged a control over all the departments of State and over the Ministry that, when it speaks by the voice of large majorities, it can virtually do what it likes. But there is another reason why it is now easy for the Sovereign to hold aloof from party politics. The present reign has been one of the quietest in the whole history of England. The only contests which have stirred up real anger of the old kind have been the fight against the Corn Laws and the battle for the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Even that anger would have seemed tame to men who had taken part in the fierce contests which disturbed the reign of George III.; and in other respects the present reign has been a time of almost parochial calm. Hence there has been no strong temptation to drag the sovereign into the arena of the combats which the parties wage with each other; and both Conservatives and Liberals have found it easy to agree that no references should ever be made to the political opinions of the Queen, that she should be assumed to have no political opinions of any kind, and that she should be treated as a divinity set over both factions, unmoved by the passions of either, and ready to do the will of the nation. How admirably Her Majesty has done her part in these delicate relations it is needless to say. It is usually assumed that the Crown and the House of Commons have at last found out their true places, that the present arrangement will be lasting, and that there can never be a repetition of the bitter and dangerous struggles between the King and the Whig or the Tory party. It must be remembered, however, that no positive law prevents the Sovereign from interfering with political affairs in a hundred subtle ways; nor is such conduct forbidden by any precedents of long standing. It is said, indeed, to be prohibited by the spirit of the Constitution; but the spirit of the Constitution means the temper of the public mind for the time being, and that temper might change. We can easily imagine how the change might come about. Some "blazing principles" of the old kind might fill the country with violent passions, and make both parties disdain compromises. At such a time one incautious word from the Sovereign might cause him to be hailed as a partisan; for an excited faction would not scruple to use the influence of the Crown if it fancied that it could thus gain its own ends, or if it believed that it could win in no other way. It may be said, no doubt, that the House of Commons has become so strong as to be able to defy the Court; but we are assuming a case in which the Commons would be so divided as to give the Court a powerful minority, which might any day become a majority. We are also assuming the constituencies to be so divided and so excited that one party would welcome any alliance which would give it victory. In such a case we might again have a party of "the King's Friends." We might also have frequent dissolutions at the bidding of the Court. We might find Ministers kept in office in spite of protests from the Lower House. And all this would be defended on the ground that the Court was only expressing its opinion at the bidding of a large body of the people, and was compelled to act as a combatant. It is necessary to bear in mind that the constitutional rule that the Sovereign is politically impersonal is the product of a quiet time, and that its scrupulous observance depends in a great measure on the personal character of the ruler. And this makes it the more important that such indiscretions as that of the Duke of St. Albans should be sharply checked.

THE GOOD TEMPLARS.

WHAT is a Good Templar? There is a class of men, in many ways deserving, who dwell in the Temple and occupy themselves with the study and practice of the common law. This class is sometimes called Templars, but we doubt whether they could be considered "good" in the special sense of cultivating philanthropy and abstaining from intoxicating drinks. The order of Good Templars seems to be an American variety of tætotalers. They have an organization similar to the Freemasons; they wear collars and badges of gorgeous colours; they place capital letters before or after their names; and they meet in lodges and transact business which they appear to think important. Questions of internal discipline are discussed at these lodges, and the decisions given are recorded and published in a digest of which a copy is now before us.

The passion which the members of this and other institutions of popular origin discover for distinctions and decorations is remarkable. The colours and patterns of badges, and the right to wear them, are discussed with the minute care of a master of ceremonies at Versailles under King Louis XVI. In defiance at once of democracy and grammar, Simeon B. Chase, P.R.W.G.T. of Great Bond Village, Pa., promulgates the rule that "all lodges must have some kind of regalia; a simple rosette is not a regalia." Another rule is that "a scarf is not a regalia." This word "regalia" forms a title in the Digest under which the above rules, derived from actual decisions of Good Templars' Lodges, are arranged. Another rule is "Officers of Degree Temples may wear stars upon their regalia; it is not necessary." All these decisions were given by American lodges, and, to judge from this publication, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania must be pervaded by a mania for decorations. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, that all desire stars and garters, or some equivalent. The love of ceremony is as general as that of ornament, and perhaps we cannot better gauge the opportunity of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States than by observing that that Church offers the readiest means of gratifying what this book shows to be the desire of a numerous class of citizens. When it comes to gorgeous ritual, that Church is hard to beat, and these Templars are avowedly Christians, although they probably consider themselves to be far as the poles asunder from the Roman Catholics in doctrine. Perhaps they are, and perhaps also this does not greatly matter; for the Romish Church knows well how to make ceremony prominent, and to throw dogma into the background. There is, however, one broad and probably irreconcilable difference between the Temple and the Church of Rome; the Templars are their own priests, and they would be very unlikely to relinquish the priestly office to a select class. Having made themselves priests, it might have been expected that they would proceed to construct a religion; but they take their stand upon the Bible, although they seem to adopt little of ordinary Christian doctrine. A reported case decides that a member cannot be guilty of contempt for refusing to appear before a Committee of Trial on the Sabbath Day, "for that involves a question of conscience." Thus the Society seems to recognize the rule of interrupting ordinary business on the Sabbath as obligatory on some of its members. The Society disapproves, but does not appear absolutely to prohibit, tobacco. A resolution of the Grand Lodge of Canada recites that the use of tobacco, not only indirectly, but in many cases directly, leads members of the order to patronize bars and other places where intoxicating liquors are kept, and, "believing the use of tobacco to be an injurious and filthy habit, therefore we would again urge on all members to discountenance its use in all forms and on all occasions." The same Grand Lodge of Canada decided that a "P.W.C.T." appointed during the first quarter's existence of a lodge is not entitled to the honours. It seems good law as well as sound common sense to say that "a member cannot be a Past Worthy who has not been a Worthy Chief."

The Society has been much exercised upon the "cider question," and a writer of authority is quoted in this volume as having solved this question on principles which ought to be generally recognized, but which "prejudice, early habits, and want of philosophical thought" have failed to accept. This writer seems to admit that it is doubtful whether cider ought to be classed among alcoholic or intoxicating drinks. He probably had in view that cider is the common drink of working people in large districts of America, as it is in the West of England. He could not mean to say that it is impossible to get drunk on cider; but he may have observed that the quantity necessary for that purpose is so large that the stomach is liable to be overcome before the head. Anyway he treats the intoxicating quality as doubtful, and he solves the question of using it by reference to a familiar text. He thinks that cider "may make our brother to offend"—that is, although we may be sure that it will not make us drunk, we are not sure that it will not make somebody else drunk, and therefore we should abstain from it. The view of the quality of cider which this passage admits to be tenable accounts for the fact which our own agitators forget, that in some parts of America where a prohibitory law exists, cider is excepted from its operation. By parity of reason, table-beer ought to be excepted, and we believe there are places where lager-beer is under the same rule as cider. This book speaks of "domestic beer" as unfermented, and not liable to ferment, and therefore a lawful beverage for Good Templars; and it also speaks of other drink which is "liable to ferment," and unlawful because it is impossible to tell when this drink may have so far fermented as to contain alcohol.

The decisions upon the lawfulness or otherwise of particular drinks form a large and important portion of this Digest. It is lawful to drink even wine when prescribed as a medicine "by a moral and temperate physician." Many cases turn upon the definition of a *bond fide* patient. It is not enough to feel what elderly ladies employed in washing and cleaning call a sinkingness. The habit of requiring bitters to give appetite must be overcome, for bitters contain alcohol. We had thought that lager-beer was in the same doubtful class as cider, but we find it clearly prohibited. So also is ginger wine and "rhubarb, commonly called pie-plant wine." A rescript of G.W.O.T. Giles (Wis.) declares that "patent lemonade (if I know what it is) is not liquor, and not intoxicating." Another rescript allows "root beer," which is not intoxicating, and will not become so by keeping, to be drunk by

members. But still this "root beer" may be an occasion of stumbling to weak brethren who may not be careful to discriminate between what is and what is not intoxicating. We do not know what "root beer" is, but we should conjecture that only a very weak brother could get drunk on it. Nevertheless St. Paul's words should be borne in mind, for the causes of intoxication are various, and even salmon has been known to range among them. Another rescript declares that "to drink cider as an article of food" is unlawful, for "in such case it becomes a beverage." Yet all these decisions still seem to leave the question doubtful. We find a list of "questions for discussion in lodges" apparently intended for people who like to argue for the sake of hearing their own voices; and among these questions we find this—"Is sweet cider intoxicating?" A method might be adopted for settling this question which would be much more satisfactory than any number of speeches.

Freemasons are favourably known in England for their willingness to get up balls, but we regret to find that the goodness of the Templars is incompatible with such frivolity as dancing. They are forbidden to attend balls at any place where liquor is sold, and they are also forbidden to make their own organization ancillary to giving balls. Between these two rules they must be nearly excluded from dancing, although their authorities do not absolutely condemn it. In a subordinate lodge a motion was made "that a Committee be appointed to make arrangements to get up a dance, or something of that kind," to celebrate the anniversary of the lodge. The W.O.T. declared this motion out of order; an appeal was taken, and the W.C.T. was sustained. But on appeal to a higher Court it was decided that the motion ought to have been entertained. Dancing and sweet cider seem to rest under a similar doubt as to legality, and perhaps it might be useful to try the two in combination for an entire evening, and then pronounce judgment on the result. We learn that ladies are eligible as Good Templars from the fact that Mrs. Lucy A. Small was tried for using insulting language in a lodge. As soon as we learn this, we become alive to the importance of the selection of colours for the badges of various degrees in the lodges. The colour of the degree of fidelity is blue, and that of the degree of charity is purple. Lady members must be careful to conduct culinary processes so as to commit no breach of obligation. Thus a member went to a public-house, and openly bought whisky for the purpose of preserving fruit. The judgment in this case declares that the member violated her obligation, and further that it is not necessary to the preservation of fruit or jelly that paper wet in liquor should be placed over it. Another judgment declares that if a sister takes brandy sauce with pudding, not knowing that the same contains brandy, and having been assured by her hostess that it does not, she does not violate her pledge. Currant wine may be manufactured for family use as medicine, and it is difficult to fix the quantity that may be thus manufactured. But if the lodge have reason to suspect the use of currant wine in a family as a beverage, a committee of investigation may be appointed. The term beverage, which occurs so frequently in these discussions, is defined to mean "any drink taken to satisfy thirst." A rescript declares that "cider in mince-pies becomes a beverage when freely used, and there is no necessity for using it, as vinegar is equally good." There are probably few English people who would not contentedly renounce cider in mince-pies, but we might cling with some affection to brandy in plum-pudding. We believe that the highest authorities direct a small quantity of brandy to be worked into the fabric of the pudding, and as this brandy is undeniably eaten, we should object to its being treated as a "beverage."

The order of Good Templars has been meeting this week in London, and the purple or crimson regalia, with gold trimmings, are described by the reporters as picturesque and imposing. One of their ceremonies comprises an oration in praise of water, "beautiful symbol of spotless purity." It is painful to reflect that London water for the most part would be found on analysis scarcely susceptible of the praise of purity. Indeed it must be owned that water-drinkers in London labour under considerable difficulty.

REVIEWS.

TYNDALL ON LIGHT.*

THE public on this side of the Atlantic will doubtless welcome Professor Tyndall's *Lectures on Light* with scarcely less gladness, if with somewhat less wild enthusiasm, than that with which they were greeted on their delivery in America. Nothing of course can make up for the absence of the living charm and the *visu vis* which won the hearts and minds of the audience, and carried the speaker on a wave of popular excitement from one American city to another. Those, however, who are familiar with the spell exercised by eloquence and scientific fire such as Professor Tyndall's, can realize the effect his warm and vivid utterances must have produced upon hearers peculiarly susceptible of such impressions. And as they read they have but to supply from memory or imagination the presence and the tones of the lecturer, in order to understand, if not to catch in their full degree, the enthusiastic feelings of the crowds that seemed to

* *Six Lectures on Light*. Delivered in America 1872-1873, by John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

hang upon his words. The Lectures, cast now into a more continuous form, and supplemented by new matter which invests them with more of method and completeness, are marked throughout with Dr. Tyndall's well-known freshness of thought, clearness of exposition, and firm grasp of physical truth. In these qualities, as in his power of enlisting the sympathies while compelling the convictions of his hearers, he is excelled by no scientific expositor of our day. In the form which his expositions of science have taken during the recent course, his judgment or tact has signally displayed itself.

Instead of taking the shape of a formal enunciation or proof of first principles in physics, or even of systematic procedure by way of formula and definition, Dr. Tyndall's thoughts have the air of springing spontaneously out of the impulse of the moment, and hanging together by such threads as the run of fancy or turn of an experiment may supply. The style, no less than the substance, of what he has to teach is colloquial rather than didactic. Taking up, as if by haphazard, the instrument or the apparatus on the table, he compels it, as it were, to unbosom itself of whatever special secret of nature it has to tell, and through the window thus opened into the world, closed hitherto to ordinary eyes, to make manifest what an endless vista of truth and beauty reveals itself to the mind. Starting in the first lecture from certain elementary phenomena, illustrated by a well-chosen and successful series of experiments, he makes it his object to point out how those theoretic principles by which phenomena are explained take root and flourish in the mind of man, tracing the special stages of growth which have more emphatically marked the science of optics. To a popular audience nothing can be more engaging than this method of procedure. The mind is never called upon to master technical or complex formulas, nor is the memory weighted with abstruse and perpetually recurring definitions. It must be surprising at the end of a lecture such as this to observe on looking back how many steps in advance have been gained with little or no apparent effort. The simple notions of reflection and refraction have been made respectively clear, with the modes of quantitative measurement applicable to each phenomenon. From the simple ideas of the ancients, the course of inquiry is traced through the Arabian physicist Alhazen in the twelfth century, through Roger Bacon, Vitellio, and Kepler, till the law of refraction was laid down by Snell about the year 1621, what he calls the index of refraction being shown as a constant quantity for each particular substance or medium. The law of reflection from partial towards total were in like manner ascertained by him in the cases of various media, as air, water, glass, or mercury, absolute totality being only later attained in the Nicol prism. The lecturer is here led to enumerate what is known as the principle of reversibility, underlying as it does all optical phenomena, the fundamental law of reflection having been proved by Sir John Herschel to be readily deducible from it. This law is explained by the simple experiment of a ray passing obliquely from air into water and from water into air. The velocity of light as measured by Roemer in 1676, and carried on by Bradley, and of late more approximately determined by the delicate experiments of Fizeau and Foucault, as well as its modifications by the media through which it passes, as air or water, illustrating in its course the principle of "least time" in nature, is made popularly intelligible, as is Descartes' application of Snell's law to the explanation of the rainbow, with the reason why a rainbow is never seen reflected in the sheet of water, however tranquil, which it spans. We can hardly imagine a better exposition in simpler terms of the analysis of solar light and the composition of the spectrum than that in which Dr. Tyndall follows the great discovery of Newton to its more recent modifications in the hands of Young, Helmholtz, and Maxwell, reducing all differences of hue to the three primaries, red, green, and violet, curiously as this conclusion is shown to have been anticipated in the rare work of Christian Ernest Wünsch (Leipzig, 1792) which was brought recently by Sir Charles Wheatstone to the knowledge of the lecturer. A special point most difficult for the popular apprehension to realize in general is that there is no colour generated by or residing in any natural body whatever. Physical bodies have showered upon them, Dr. Tyndall explains, in the white light of the sun the sum total of all possible colours, and their action is limited to the sifting of that total, the appropriation from it of the colours which really belong to them, and the rejection of those which do not. Nor is it the portion of light which belongs to them, but that which they reject, which gives bodies their colour. In speaking of the absorption of light by all bodies, even the most transparent, as in the case of water, the lecturer may be theoretically right in stating that we have only to increase the depth of water sufficiently in order to quench all light. But, when instancing the sea-depths as a proof of this extinction of light, and observing that, looked upon properly, there are portions of the Atlantic Ocean to which one would hardly ascribe a trace of colour, at the most a tint of dark indigo reaching the eye, we question whether Dr. Tyndall has sufficiently weighed the fact that the body of water into which we are looking down has an opaque bottom. Could we look upwards from the bed of the sea, at whatever depth, who knows what degree of transparency might still be apparent? The discovery of animal and vegetable organisms of the most gorgeous colours at depths of 2,000 fathoms and more must give rise to much speculation as to the power of light to pierce watery masses of that amazing depth. Nor is it enough as yet to take refuge with Dr. Carpenter or Professor Weyl's Thomson in the theory of light being diffused by the

phosphorescence of organisms floating in the upper layers of the ocean.

The history of the emission theory, as evolved by Newton and retained so lately by Brewster, together with that of the wave theory due to the genius of Young and developed by Fresnel and Arago, harmonizing as it does with the phenomena of sound, will be appreciated by all whose notions of the subject are hazy or imperfect, or who have to clear up the ideas of others upon it. Though many portions of the series are of course more novel or original, yet none will be found more masterly or thorough. Further on we get more into the arcana of optical phenomena, and are treated to striking views and demonstrations of the most recent gains to science. Diverging to some extent for a moment from his immediate line of investigation, Dr. Tyndall enters upon the structural arrangement or architecture of crystals as an introduction to their action upon light. Tracing to its origin the notion of polarity, he briefly states the elementary laws of magnetic action, showing how out of the simple notion of attraction arose the theory of gravitation and the planetary motions; and how in later times have been developed those fine ideas of magnetic curves by which Faraday was so much fascinated. The progress of science in the vision of the lecturer will very probably, by connecting the phenomena of magnetism with the luminiferous ether, prove these lines of force, as the great experimentalist loved to call them, to represent a condition of this mysterious substratum of all radiant action. The remarkable analogy which is presented by the accumulation of steel filings round the poles of a magnet, and the aspect of luminous rays emitted by the magnet, is vividly shown in the accompanying illustration. In the new ideas of molecular structure as produced by polar force is opened a way for the intellect into an entirely fresh and boundless region. Illustrations of the crystallizing force are here given in the action of nitro or of ammonium chloride of ammonium dissolved in water, or in that of a voltaic current sent by means of a platinum wire through a solution of acetate of lead. The result is seen in the elegant and symmetrical frond-like forms which resemble the effect of frost upon the window-pane. An exquisite specimen of the feathery plumes formed by the crystallization of water under unusual cold, supplied by Professor Joseph Henry from a photograph, forms the frontispiece to the present volume, and is the subject of an interesting note in the appendix. Another note has an interest as showing the germs of these more advanced views of crystallization in connexion with molecular physics and light working in the lecturer's brain as long ago as the year 1855. A great part of the later lectures is taken up with the bearings of crystallization in the case of various substances upon optical phenomena. Single and double refraction, polarization and depolarization as shown by experiments with plates of tourmaline and Iceland spar, the varied and exquisite phenomena evolved by the Nicol prism, the polariscope and spectroscope, the magnetization of light and heat, leading up to the important generalization of the substantial identity of light and heat themselves—these are successive steps in the evolution of his great subject by which the lecturer kept his audience edited and entranced.

The heat of the electric beam, shown by the combustion of paper and similar bodies in the focus of rays from the electric lamp, formed probably a new demonstration to many of those present; and Herschel's discovery of the dark rays of the spectrum, further investigated by Dr. Draper in America, as by Brewster, Stokes, Dr. Tyndall himself, and others amongst ourselves, must have been found a frequent source of novel and valuable ideas. The sixth and last lecture is mainly given to the subject of spectrum analysis, with a sketch of its discovery, its application to solar and molecular physics, yielding, as it already has for practical results, new primary substances in the metals Rubidium, Cesium, and Thallium. This attractive subject is further illustrated in the appendix by some extracts from Mr. Spottiswoode's recent admirable discourse at the Royal Institution, setting forth the phenomena of polarized light by experiments with his large Nicol's prism, in continuation of those of Foucault and Fizeau. Plane, circular, and elliptical polarization are obtained by different positions of the analyser. When subjected to prismatic dispersion, the spectrum is seen furrowed by bands of complete darkness, similar to Newton's rings, diverging, in a beautiful effect, from the centre in a fan-like form, the fan opening out at the red end of the spectrum.

Gathering up, by way of summary and conclusion, the scattered threads of his remarks, the lecturer dwells with force upon the love of truth for its own sake as lying at the root of all science. Not for profit or applause, but for its intrinsic worth, should knowledge be cultivated and held in honour. From no lips could words so pure and chivalrous fall with greater appropriateness or force. The noble dedication of the substantial fruits of these lectures to scientific ends in the country in which they were delivered speaks more emphatically than mere words could do of the spirit in which the true votary of science will fulfil what he feels to be a holy calling. If anything could transcend the services rendered to knowledge by this and other contributions of Dr. Tyndall's to the literature of physics, or could augment the pride which his countrymen must feel in having been so ably represented across the Atlantic, it is the monument which the lecturer has left to all time of unselfish toil, intellectual energies nobly exerted, and disinterested devotion to the cause of truth.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FRENCH PAGE.*

THIS is a book with no great claims to historical value, but which contains some curious information about the *personnel* and *etiquette* of the French Court at a period which, though divided from our own day by less than a hundred years, seems, when viewed across the intervening chasm of the Great Revolution, to have receded into the remoteness, if not into the obscurity, of the middle ages. The author of these "Recollections" is Felix, Count of Hézéques, who was born in the year 1774, and appointed in his twelfth year Page of the Chamber to King Louis XVI. This post was exchanged, before the final overthrow of the Monarchy, for a captain's commission in the Guards. Having joined the ranks of the *émigrés* at Coblenz, he subsequently took part in the campaign of 1792. The next four years were spent in exile, during which he sought to improve his mind and extend his knowledge by travel. At the close of 1796 he returned to France; and eight years after, wisely resolving to accept the new order of things, he took service under the Tricolor flag, and ultimately was placed in command of the Legion of the Sonno, which took a noble share in the campaign of 1814, that ended in the fall of Napoleon. This was the close of his military career. The remainder of his life was spent in "honourable administrative functions," until his death in 1835.

Though these memoirs were composed in the year 1804, the opinions of the Count are emphatically those of a Page of the ancient *régime*. He has not a good word for Neckar, or Lafayette, or Talleyrand, or any of the men of the Revolution; while of the States-General he naively says that he cannot fancy that any sovereign exists who does not shudder at the name. Of the King, to whose virtues he does full justice, he mentions some amusing traits. He has some remarks on his Royal master's "constitutional vigour," which sometimes made his proceedings rough, "so that what he only meant for a slight joke would sometimes leave painful traces." In one of the rooms of Versailles was a shovel so heavy that it took a strong man to hold it out at arm's length. The King would often perform this feat, with a little page standing on the shovel as well. Scandalous stories were afloat of Louis' intemperance; our ex-Page indignantly repels the charge, and explains how the calumny might have arisen. When the King had been hunting at Rambouillet, he had his supper there and returned very late at night. He would arise half asleep, with his legs stiff, dazzled by the glare of the candles and torches, and find it hard to mount the stairs. The servants who saw him with the notion of his debauchery in their heads thought him excessively drunk; while within his own rooms, and recovered from his sleepiness, he would begin to converse and talk about his hunting with details that appeared wearisome enough to a drowsy Page at three o'clock in the morning. Poor King! destined, thanks to his own clumsiness, in small matters as in great, to be the target of unmerited slander. Of the invasion of Versailles by the mob on October 5th, 1789, M. d'Hézéques gives a detailed account; but, beyond his assertion that the bandits who broke into the Queen's apartments were led by the Duke of Orleans in person, there is nothing very striking in his narrative of that memorable incident. The King had been hunting at Meudon that afternoon, but returned in time to force his way through the crowd of women who surrounded the approaches of Versailles. Lafayette arrived at eleven o'clock in the evening, "with a smile on his lips and treachery in his heart." His supineness is attributed by our author to a desire to frighten the King into going to Paris, that "he might be master and director of events." This picture of the general as an ambitious conspirator is ludicrously inapplicable to the real Lafayette, into whose character vanity and feebleness largely entered, but whose honesty of purpose and loyalty to the cause of the Constitutional Monarchy was unquestionable. Our ex-Page shows more fairness in refuting the exaggerated stories of the violence of the mob which have obtained currency. It was said that the Queen's bed was pierced with bayonet thrusts; but M. d'Hézéques, who examined it two days afterwards, found no marks of violence upon it. Only two of the bodyguard were killed. Our author records it, "to the shame of General Lafayette," that the heads of those two unfortunate officers, slung at the waist of a monster with a long beard, were exhibited at the side of the carriage in which the Royal Family were escorted to Paris. "What posterity will hardly believe," he adds, "the company halted at Sèvres, while hairdressers with daggers at their throat were compelled to dress and powder these livid and bloody heads."

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in this book is that in which the establishment of Royal Pages at the Court of Versailles is described. They were divided into two classes—Pages of the Chamber and Pages of the Great Stable. To be received as page it was necessary to prove at least two hundred years of direct noble descent, and to have an allowance of six hundred livres for minor expenses. Of all further care and expense the parent of the Page was relieved. The Pages of the Chamber were eight in number; their service was entirely within the Palace, and as it did not require height or strength, often began at nine years old. Owing to their small number, the education which they received was much better than that bestowed upon the Pages of the Stable. Their duty consisted in being present at the King's levée, in attending him to mass, lighting him upstairs on returning from hunting, and presenting his slippers on his retiring to bed. When we learn

that one dress alone for a Page of the Chamber cost fifteen hundred livres, it is not surprising "that the economical spirit of Cardinal de Brienne did not forget the pages." Their number was largely reduced, and the two classes merged in the department of the Grand Stable. The Pages of the Stable were a much more noisy and independent set of young gentlemen. It is curious to find that something very like the Eton system of "fagging" was one of their most cherished traditions. The authority of the elders over the new ones resembled a kind of oligarchy. The first year was passed in the novitiate of being a fresh boy, and a very severe novitiate it was. The most perfect and passive obedience was the first quality of a fresh boy. A fresh boy had no property; he was obliged to obey the slightest sign of a senior, and his slightest faults were severely punished with tasks or stripes. In addition to Eton "fagging," we find something like "Winchester slang." One of the etiquettes was to employ none of the names in ordinary use in colleges. The words "passages," "refectories," "classes," were scrupulously exchanged for "corridors," "halls of study," &c.; and a fresh boy who called his comrade his schoolfellow would be saluted by that nickname all the time he was in the service. The prerogatives of the seniors were occasionally abused. M. d'Hézéques mentions a case in which a page was branded on the back with the print of a red-hot spur. But cruelty of this kind was not common; and upon the whole the severity of the ordeal which the "fresh" boys underwent had its advantages. The pages heard mass daily in the chapel; after which their mornings were employed in the riding-school, a few hours only being devoted to study. To an earnest educationalist, our author's description will not suggest a very satisfactory course of training for gilded youth. But regarded as a school of fine manners and graceful accomplishments, and what was of still more moment, as an instrument for attaching the young nobility to the person of the Sovereign, the pages' establishment constituted an important part in the pageantry of the old French Court.

M. d'Hézéques chronicles many details connected with the King's levée and retiring to rest. It was part of the latter ceremony for the monarch, after a short conversation with his courtiers, to retire with the chaplain in waiting within the railing which surrounded the Royal bed for the purpose of devotion. The chaplain held a long taper-stand of silver gilt, with two tapers in it, while he recited a Latin prayer. At the end of the prayer, the taper-stand was handed to any gentlemen whom the King wished specially to distinguish. This honour was so much coveted, that even the Marshal de Broglie, a Marshal of France, covered with glory at forty years old, could not conceal his vexation at failing to obtain it. If a prince of the blood was present, it was he who had the right to put on the Royal night-shirt, which was considered a great honour. One custom was inexplicable to our ex-Page. Under the King's bolster was placed a change of linen tied to a little sword. A small reflection of a loaf of bread and two bottles of wine was always placed at the bedside, and called the "en cas," or food ready in case the King should need it. The servants sat on stools within the enclosure round the King's bed, no one being allowed to walk about the room. No one ever opened the door when coming in or going out, but asked the usher to open it; and, instead of knocking at it, scratched gently. All went out of the Royal presence backward; and there was an exquisite flattery of the monarch in the rule which made it more polite to one's companion to precede him in leaving the Royal chamber, so that, coming last, he might enjoy the longest view of the King. Courtiers of the old school used to bow to the State bed, even when the King was not present; and even the "most modernized" of them always retreated to the wall if the King advanced towards them, and when quite forced against it, kept on shuffling their feet in the hope of attracting the attention of the Sovereign. No one not on very intimate terms with the King could address a word to him, and then only in the third person. The ceremony of the King's levée was quite as elaborate as his retiring. In the time of Louis XIV. it really meant the King's rising from bed at eight o'clock in the morning. But by degrees the hour receded and the levée became a sort of ornamental toilette, which took place two or three hours after the King's rising. In Louis XVI.'s time it was held at half-past eleven. At that hour the King came out of his private apartments in morning dress and entered the room of ceremony. A servant cried out "Wardrobe, gentlemen!" whereupon the princes of the blood, the great officers of State, and the gentlemen who had the privilege of the *grandes entrées*, among them any of the King's *ci-devant* tutors, entered. The toilette began, the King putting on his shirt and stockings. Then the door was again opened, and the same voice called out, "The first entrée!" On this summons appeared the doctors and the servants of the wardrobe not on duty. When the King had nothing but his coat to put on, they called "The chamber!" Then all the officers of the chamber entered, the pages, the equerries, the chaplains, and all the courtiers admitted to the *entrée* of the chamber. When the King was entirely dressed, the folding-doors were flung open, and all the rest of the officers admitted, together with the strangers. The King's hair was never dressed till he was entirely clothed. After his levée, he went into a dressing-room, where his embroidered clothes were covered with a great gown, and the barber servant, who had prepared the hair on rising, finished the dressing and added the powder. No wonder that from the tedious *minuties* of so intricate a ceremonial, daily repeated, the poor King escaped with glee to his favourite walk on the roof of the Chateau (in the mouth of our ex-Page, it is always the Chateau, not the Palace, of Versailles), whence it was one of his

* *Recollections of a Page at the Court of Louis XVI.* Edited from the French by Charlotte Yonge. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1873.

chief amusements to observe through his telescope all who came or went.

The observance of Maundy Thursday at the old French Court differed in some respects from the practice of other Courts. On that day etiquette ruled that the monarch should give a touching and edifying example of humility. The preacher was permitted to give free rein to his eloquence, and lash the vices and scandals of the Court. But the chief ceremony was the washing of the feet, not of certain poor persons, but of twelve little children, who were taken to represent the twelve Apostles. After the washing came the children's supper, consisting of twelve dishes for each child, which were handed to them by the Royal Princes. The parents were allowed to be present with large baskets, into which the victuals were transferred, and carried home to be enjoyed in private. Another custom is mentioned in connexion with this season of the year. It was usual to serve up a dish of green peas to the King on Good Friday, however severe the weather might be, or whatever the time of Easter. These peas did not come from the Royal gardens, but from Vincennes, where a gardener was hired specially to raise them by means of hot-beds and forcing.

"Ceremonies," says our reminiscer, "are one of the strongest ramparts of Royal authority. Etiquette is the axis which protects sovereigns from familiarity and contempt." It proved, alas! but a sorry segis to the unfortunate Louis XVI., whose native homeliness was only brought into stronger relief by the elaborate ceremonial by which he was environed. To a quick-witted nation, fermenting with a new spirit of scepticism and mockery, there could not but be a sense of anachronism and a touch of the ridiculous in all this minutely regulated kotowing and doll-dressing. Nothing but extraordinary personal dignity on the part of the central figure in the pageant could make it imposing or majestic. In an age which believed in the divine right of kings, and with the Grand Monarque for the central object of a courtly adoration, the "toilette" of the King may have been an impressive spectacle; but with revolution in the air, and nothing but the good-natured clumsiness of a Louis XVI. to group itself around the ceremony must have dangerously approached the confines of the ludicrous.

INDIAN TRAVELS OF APOLLONIUS OF TYANA.*

LOOKING on the cover of this volume, which bears only the names of the author and of Apollonius of Tyana, we expected to find within it a new examination of the alleged acts and teaching of that mysterious personage, or a treatise on the history of imposture generally. The title-page shows, however, that the book is not concerned either with the miracles or with the theology of the philosopher, and that even his travels cover but a small portion of the ground to be traversed; and a perusal of the first chapter teaches us that the real question turns not so much on his travels as on the genuineness of the journals kept by the Syrian Damis, who is said to have been his companion. The answer to this question carries us but a little way to the main purpose for which the papers composing this volume have been put together. This object is to ascertain, if it be possible, the exact measure of intercourse between Imperial Rome and India during the first six centuries of our era, and this end Mr. Priaulx hopes to reach by carefully sifting the evidence for or against the trustworthiness of the accounts relating to the embassies which during that long period are said to have found their way from the East to the West. This evidence is scrutinized with an industry, closeness, and learning which would do credit to Sir Cornewall Lewis; and here, as in reading the pages of that great historical critic, we may fairly feel that the process which sweeps away some fancied facts really adds to the sum of our knowledge. In other respects there is a vast difference between the two writers, and any comparison between them would be an injustice to Mr. Priaulx. Sir Cornewall Lewis had to touch historians that historical evidence is like any other evidence, to be handled in the same way and with the same spirit as all other testimony. To do this he had to smite down many an idol whose worshippers resented his act in amazement and wrath. In short, he had to fight a great battle, and he had both the excitement and the pleasures of the conflict. The idols were smitten; but the work was done with a quiet sarcasm and a suppressed humour which make many of his chapters infinitely amusing. Mr. Priaulx's task lay within a narrower compass. He wished simply to ascertain what amount of historical truth might be contained in the narratives of embassies from India to Roman Emperors from the days of Claudius to those of Justinian. The importance and interest of the earlier embassies to Augustus and Claudius could not be disputed; but his inquiries into the history of the later ones led him to unexpected conclusions on the relations of the Roman Empire with the East generally. Of the papers which compose this volume, and which are now reprinted after revision from the Journals of the Asiatic Society, the latest appeared in 1863, shortly before the publication of M. Reinaud's work on the same subject. Mr. Priaulx confesses candidly that his papers seemed to excite not the least interest; that nothing more than the desire to supply some omissions and correct some faults in his papers has led him to reprint a small number of copies; and that, if he had been aware of M. Reinaud's intention of taking up the subject, he would not have thought of trespass-

ing on ground which he regarded as belonging peculiarly to that distinguished French scholar. Such a result would have been in every way unfortunate. There may be few who will care to enter into the inquiry at all; but when a writer carrying the weight of M. Reinaud gives to the relations of Rome with the distant East an importance far beyond that which they seem to have possessed, it is well that a writer to whom this view appears to have but slender justification in fact should put forward his side of the case. Thus, while in M. Reinaud's work we have the evidence exhibited for the purpose of showing the overpowering influence exercised by Imperial Rome over the most distant kingdoms of the East, in Mr. Priaulx's eyes this overwhelming predominance so far fades away as to make it certain that, although the idea may have excited the wonder and speculation of kings and princes, it never influenced their policy or impressed the imagination of the people. The conclusion is certainly not without its significance and importance; and Mr. Priaulx has made good his title to a respectful and patient hearing.

The travels of Apollonius may be soon dismissed. The Ninevite Damis is said to have left a journal of all the wonders which he had seen in the company of the Sage; and, indeed, the fact of his having left such a document is scarcely open to question. But nothing was heard of the book until, more than a century after his death, some one of his family presented it to Julia Domna, the wife of Alexander Severus. Had she ordered its publication precisely in the state in which it came to her, we should still have been unable to say whether it may or may not have been tampered with in the interval; but, instead of doing this, she placed it in the hands of the rhetorician Philostratus, with the charge that he should re-write and edit it. At once, then, the journal is deprived of any weight which it might have derived from the authority of Damis, and its trustworthiness must be admitted or denied wholly on internal evidence. This evidence Mr. Priaulx examines at every step with praiseworthy care; but his toil in this instance may be almost set down as much ado about little or nothing. Any journal would stand at a desperate disadvantage which professed to record anything said or done by a man with whom falsehood has been so busy as with Apollonius of Tyana. It may at once be set aside as worthless when, in spite of its ingenuity, its keenness of wit, and sharpness of repartee, we find that it only repeats statements or exaggerates errors made from the days of Hesiod and the historians of Alexander downwards, and that the Brahmins and Sophists or sages of the East think, speak, and act not like Hindus but like Greeks. If in the one case Prometheus is heard groaning on the crags of Caucasus, here his chains are seen. If the earlier men had spoken of the long life of elephants, Damis had seen the still living beast on which Porus had gone forth to encounter Alexander. If Herodotus could describe the never-failing tables of the Ethiopians, Damis had witnessed a marvel still more nearly akin to the wonder of the Holy Grail. He had seen the four tripods move onwards of their own accord, followed by bronze cup-bearers; he had seen the banquet spreading itself out on the earth, which instantaneously put on a vesture of grass, and the several dainties placing themselves in the hands of those who wished to eat them. The conversations with the Hindu sages exhibit that mere glorification of Greek philosophy which, having been administered in increasing doses from the days of Alexander onwards, had at last rendered Greeks as anxious to be recognized as the instructors of the East as the Egyptians of an earlier day had been desirous of claiming for themselves the origination of Greek science, religion, and art. The conclusion seems to follow irresistibly. Either Philostratus has put his own lies into the mouth of Damis, or Damis has crowded his pages with falsehoods which absolutely deprive him of all title to credit.

The narrative of the Indian embassy to Augustus is decidedly more important. Nicolaus of Damascus met the ambassadors at Antioch Epidaphne; and their credentials, he said, were written in Greek on parchment which bore the name of Porus. The reality of a mission sent to Octavianus cannot be disputed. It is noticed by Horace, and is said by Strabo to have been sent by a king named Pandion or Porus; but while the geographer, mourning the lack of materials for his account of India, asserts that only one embassy reached Rome in the days of Augustus, Dion Cassius holds that there were many, and speaks of one which reached him at Samos, bringing amongst other gifts the first tigers which were exhibited to the Roman people. These tigers are not among the presents named by the Damascene Nicolaus; but if the statement be true, we see at once the inconsistencies and contradictions of the several narratives of the mission. St. Jerome refers it to the year 26 B.C., while Orosius brings it to Tarragona, where Augustus was kept from 27 to 24 B.C. by the Cantabrian war. Thus the chronology of these two writers is irreconcilable with that of Dion. It has indeed been contended that there may have been more embassies than one, as indeed Dion asserts that there were; but Mr. Priaulx lays stress on the ambassadorial letter given by Nicolaus, in which no previous contracts or overtures are mentioned, and insists that no such repeated offers were needed to secure peace where war was impossible. But, more than this, the authority of Pliny would bring the event down to a much later date, since, according to him, a tiger was shown in Rome for the first time at the dedication of the theatre of Marcellus in the year 11 B.C. Thus far the examination seems chiefly to give weight to the story of Nicolaus. In Mr. Priaulx's words, it is

confirmed in several particulars, and in none satisfactorily impugned. We

* *The Indian Travels of Apollonius of Tyana, and the Indian Embassies to Rome, from the Reign of Augustus to the Death of Justinian.* By Osmond de Beauvois Priaulx. London: Quaritch. 1873.

accept the Indian Sophist, we accept the Hermes, we accept the beggarly presents; and because we accept so much, we accept also the Greek letter, and the Pandyan or Paru, King of Kings; for we believe, as Strabo also evidently believed, that what Damascenus wrote, he wrote from his own knowledge. But how then explain what is so at variance with our established notions?

The explanation added is certainly forcible. It is not to be supposed, he contends, that they could have delivered a Greek translation of a letter which they had received in their own language. The translation might or might not be faithful; it was in any case a fabrication of their credentials. They had been four years on their journey; most of the ambassadors had died, and most of their presents had been sold to save them from hunger on their journey—all circumstances tending to show that the message must have come from no sovereign who could command direct communication with the West. But further, Damascenus mentions a native of Burgosa as accompanying the expedition, and Barygaza is a trading town at the mouth of the Nerbudda, while a kingdom of Pandya extended along the western shore of the Indian peninsula. Finally, after the fall of the Persian Empire, Palmyra and Alexandria were the two great marts for the importation of Indian products to the West. Mr. Priaux gives reasons which seem decisive against the notion that this embassy could have come through the former place; but the Alexandrians, watched and opposed by the Arabs, had a plain motive for seeking to establish a direct trade, and to enlist the services of any petty rajah whose Buddhist faith would free him from the scruples and exclusiveness of the Brahmins. The people of Barygaza were at this time Buddhist, and the rajah might be easily persuaded to aid the scheme.

This brief summary does but scant justice to the whole argument of Mr. Priaux. The papers on the later embassies are even more forcible; and at the least they offer in favour of his general position an amount of evidence which certainly cannot be dismissed with contempt. Mr. Priaux's work may be taken along with Mr. Rawlinson's History of the Parthian Empire as evidence that the power of Rome was not quite so widely felt or so deeply dreaded as we may have been disposed to imagine.

STONEHENGE.*

WE have read somewhere—perhaps, like Lord De Ros, at the end of the Dictionary—of some people in Arcadia (not Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadii, but the one in the middle of Peloponnesus) who gave themselves out as *πρωσέγοντες*, people older than the Moon. If the course of the migration of nations would allow, we should certainly set them down as near akin to the famous Welsh gentleman who put the date of the creation of the world as a marginal note in his pedigree, and that at a point a good many generations after the first recorded ancestor. In Wales, and in Celtic countries generally, we are often reminded in various ways that the breed is by no means extinct. There is a class of people of whom Mr. Lowe and Mr. Froude might say with perfect truth what they say with such remarkable lack of truth of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge—that they learn nothing but what they might have learned a hundred or two hundred years ago. But we hardly expected to find a full-grown and unaltered specimen of the race in so reasonable a part of the world as Wiltshire, writing among all the associations of the two Salisburys, Old and New. Mr. Gidley describes himself as "Chaplain of the Hospital of St. Nicholas, Salisbury," and "translator of *Bede's Ecclesiastical History*." We do not at this moment remember Mr. Gidley in this last character, but, unless our memory altogether fails us, we do remember him as the winner of a prize for English verse at Oxford so long ago that his success might almost pass for a part of ancient history. Certain it is that Mr. Gidley's notions about Stonehenge and about things in general must have been fossilized at a very early time. The word *History*, and the word *Modern* in his title-page, must both be taken in a non-natural sense. To be sure, he gives us, by way of ancient history, a great number of extracts from ancient historians; but, as they contain nothing whatever about Stonehenge, they cannot be looked on as history for the purpose in hand. As for "modern observation," by the "light" of which Mr. Gidley views Stonehenge, he is so far from having reached the last light that he has not even reached the last darkness. Mr. Gidley writes about Stonehenge in utter unconsciousness of Mr. Fergusson and his theories. In itself this might be a gain; but then Mr. Gidley does not seem to have heard of anybody or anything later than Stukeley, Davies, Duke, and such like, except that, as an inhabitant of Wiltshire, he could hardly help having heard of Dr. Thurnam, and that his thanks "are due to Mr. E. T. Stevens, of Salisbury, the author of *Flint Chips*, for important information, and for the loan of books relating to the subject." Save for these local lights, Mr. Gidley seems to be in exactly the same state of mind as the people who attend a Welsh Eisteddfod. He believes the whole thing as firmly as M. Henri Martin. He dishes up afresh the crude nonsense of a pre-scientific generation, as if it had not long ago been proved to be nonsense, or rather as if it were not such acknowledged nonsense that no man who has the faintest notion what scientific treatment is would think it worth his while to prove anything about it. In fact, the range of our knowledge is widened when we find that there is a man, a member of an English University and living in a civilized

English city, who, at this time of day, not only believes in the "Arkite religion of the Cymry," but seems not to know that anybody has had any doubt about the matter. To be sure this particular craze has some advantages over other kindred crazes. It is hard to prove a negative, but we think we could prove that King Hannibal Grylls never reigned at Marazion, because the words which affirm that he did do at least make an intelligible proposition. But when we are told that the religion of the Cymry was Arkite or Helio-Arkite, we cannot undertake to say that it was not, simply because the words Arkite and Helio-Arkite convey to our minds no meaning whatever. Mr. Gidley however has no doubt about the matter; he tells us in his preface that

Mr. Davies, the author of "*Celtic Researches*," and "*British Druids*," appears to have fully established the Noachic, and Arkite, character of the early religion of the Cymry, by the traditions, or myths, which existed among them, relative to the Great Deluge, and of which he makes mention.

Mr. Gidley starts with a prodigious mass of pre-scientific ethnology about Cymry, Cimbri, Cimmerici, Celts, Gauls, and what not, out of all which we must pick out one charming passage, though it is a little long. There is such a beautiful simplicity in going to Verstegan for a heap of facts as specially belonging to his time, which, so far as they are facts, are just as true now as then; while the notion that the Germans turned the French initial *g* into *w* in such words as *war* and *warden* is such a putting of the cart before the horse as we do not meet with every day:—

A strong although not quite direct proof that both the Cymry and Celts were called Galli, or Gauls, is that both appear to have been called *Wala*, or *Weala*, or some similar name equivalent to *Welsh*, by the Teutonic or German races. Verstegan, the author of "*A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*," observes that the name *Weala*, *Wals* or *Welsh* is equivalent to *Galli* or *Gaulish*; the *g* used by the French being often changed into *w* by the Germans, as *Gardien*, "warden"; *guerre*, "war." *Wales* is still called by the French *Pays de Galles*; Cornwall, he says, was called *Corwallis* (now *Conrowalle*); and the Prince of Wales is called *Prince de Galles*. He says that in his time Lombardy, or *Gallia Cisalpina*, was called by the Germans *Welshland*, and hence, by the vulgar, Italy was called *Welshland*, and the Italians *Welshers*. Also, that the lower Germans, or Netherlands, called the inhabitants of Hainault and Artois *Walens*, or *Walsons*, and their provinces, *Walsland*, and the French language, *Wals*. Also, that the part of Brabant where the French language was spoken was called by those who occupied the other part, *Wals-Brabant*; and that a part of West Flanders where the French, and not the Flemish, language was spoken was called *Flandre-Gallieant*, and in Flemish, or Low-Dutch, *Wals-Vlaenderen*.

This is hardly to be beaten, except by a German Dictionary that we have, in which the word *Wulsch* is explained to mean "Italian," and "figuratively, *strange*."

We confess that we get a little puzzled when we read that "the Cymry appear to have resembled the Celts in many respects," and how "the Celts are considered to have been descendants of Japhet"—the Chaplain of St. Nicholas at Salisbury seems to get his spelling of the patriarch's name from either the Vulgate or from Captain Marryat's novel, rather than from the Authorized Version—how "they were a people cognate to the Cymry, as being alike descended from Gomer"—and, more remarkably still, how "the striped plaid points very distinctly to the Celto-Gallie origin of some of the Scotch." After all this, it is rather hard when Mr. Gidley tells us that "the influx of Celtic, as distinguished from Cymric immigrants, into the British Isles is not clearly traced by history." If Mr. Gidley cannot trace it, we are sure that we cannot. But when Mr. Gidley tells us that "Caesar states that the Celts in Gaul were called 'Galli' or 'Gauls' by the Romans," and that "akin to this appellation are the words 'Gael' and 'Gaelic,'" we should like to set him before the back of Dr. Todd's volume lettered "War of the Gaelic with the Gaill," and to ask him which of the two he thinks have most to do with his "Galli." The following passage again is very odd for any one to publish in 1873:—

It is likely that some of the inhabitants of Scotland are, as one tradition reports, of Scythian origin. The likeness of the name "Scot," or as it is in the Erse language, "Scit," to Scythian, is remarkable; and Lord Byron tells us that he was much impressed with the resemblance in figure, manners, and dress, including the kilt, between the Highlanders and the Albanians, who were of Scythian descent, being identical with the Alani (a name signifying "mountainers," and derived from the Sarmatian word "Ala").

In the next page we get "the Helvetii or Swiss," which however is somewhat redeemed by the remark a little lower down that the name of "the Scotch Wallace" "denotes that he was by descent a 'Walas' or 'Wealas,' the name given by the Anglo-Saxons to one of the Celts or Cymry." We should have thought that the name "Wealas" could not have been given to any number short of two of the Cymry; but we will not complain, as so great a hero as William Wallace is doubtless entitled, like Behemoth, to a "pluralis excellentiae."

Mr. Gidley holds that "the name Druid is probably preserved in the modern surname of Drew or Drewe, which is common in the West part of England." Perhaps it might be harder to see the connexion in the true form of the name *Drewo*, or in *Dreucun*, which town, from its French form *Dreux*, Mr. Gidley infers to have been a city of Druids. So *Stanton Drewo* "is understood to mean the stone structure or enclosure of the Druids." It does not need much understanding to see that *Stanton* means a "stone structure or enclosure," and it is possible that the place may have taken its name from the megalithic remains. But alas for the Druids—the Drew part of the name is simply that of a family who became possessed of the manor in the time of Henry the Third. While among the stones, we find Mr. Gidley arguing that "Stonehenge being supposed to be a Druidical structure, has something in common with *Cromlechs*, which are

* *Stonehenge, viewed by the Light of Ancient History and Modern Observation.* By the Rev. L. Gidley, M.A. Salisbury: Brown & Co. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1873.

also conjectured to be Druidical works." One would have thought that a writer who knows something about Dr. Thurnam, and even of the Danish antiquaries, would have got beyond the stage of conjecture in these matters, just as it is strange that a translator of Bede first tells us that the English Chronicles are a "great authority and of undoubted credit," then that "this Chronicle, although truthful, is a most one-sided history," and, lastly, that it is "a meagre and disingenuous register of events." There is also something queer in Mr. Gidley's way of quoting, as in p. 14, where "Stukeley quotes Camden," and that "a writer named Montanus states that Johannes Theophilus" gives a certain description of six stone statues of Druids. Mr. Gidley would seem to have but a distant acquaintance with Montanus, but to be on the most intimate terms with Johannes Theophilus. We can only say that we have followed the praiseworthy example of our betters in looking in Dr. Smith's Dictionary, and that we know no more about Johannes Theophilus, to say nothing of Montanus, whether the heretic or any other, at all events in connexion with Druids, than we did before.

But perhaps it better becomes us to try and learn something of the mysteries of Arkite and Helio-Arkite worship, as in these backsliding days, when people are taking to Comparative Mythology and such like, we may not have another chance. We are astounded at the threshold by finding that the Arkite religion, after all, was not strictly orthodox:—

The ancient religion of the Cymry seems to have been that which, having been perverted, is called Arkite; but which was originally the religion founded on the Covenant that the Almighty made with Noah.

Presently we learn a little as to the nature of the corruption, which certainly strikes us as odd:—

The simple and pure patriarchal religion of the Cymry appears to have been corrupted by the elevation of the Ark and the revered patriarch to the rank of Deities, in the same way as the Jews made the brazen serpent an object of worship (2 Kings xviii. 4), and the Church of Rome has deified the Virgin Mary, and, as one may say, the Saints, and has unduly exalted St. Peter in the person of his supposed ancestors. A further corruption of religion afterwards took place, when the Sabian worship was introduced, as we may suppose, by the Phœnicians, and became blended with the already corrupted Noachic religion, so as to form with it the Helio-Arkite worship.

Stonehenge, it seems, was made after these changes had taken place, and the corruption which followed them must have been of a very lamentable kind, for we read in another place:—

That the structure of Stonehenge had reference, as most other early temples of a similar kind had, to mysteries which are called *Phœlia*, can scarcely be disputed.

After a while other changes took place, and the Helio-Arkite seem to have got nearly as bad as Papists:—

The original Noachic religion of the Cymry was founded on a Divine revelation, and so a true and authentic religion; and it appears from the compositions of the Bards, that, after the introduction of Christianity, the names of Nô and Eeey were used for those of Hu and Keli, which clearly shows that they recognized the identity of Dryvan (their Noah), and Hu (the deified Noah), with the great Scriptural Patriarch. We may assume then that the religion of Christ became, to a certain extent, blended with the earlier religion, in some such way as the Sabian worship had before been joined to the Arkite. We shall the less wonder at this when we consider that the Church of Rome has probably ever been considerably leavened with the superstitions of Pagan Rome.

Now it is really strange in these days, when any man who can read, much more any man who has had his education at an English University, has the means of learning with very little trouble what the results of scientific research are, that any man should go calmly repeating all this antiquated nonsense, as if it were something about which there was no doubt, sometimes even as if it were something new. In this last notion perhaps Mr. Gidley may not be altogether mistaken. It is sometimes safe to repeat a genuine primeval Joe Miller, when a more modern joke would be at once scouted as stale. Helio-Arkite speculations are so utterly out of date that most scholars of our day never so much as heard of them. It is amusing to hear Mr. Gidley quoting Stukeley, Davies, and so forth with profound reverence, as if they were names which could not fail to command belief. Now it is ungrateful for those who enjoy the benefits of later stages of progress to forget what is owing to those who did good service in the earlier stages. Even Stukeley and his class are not useless. That is to say, they are often witnesses to facts. They set down what they saw and measured, and they saw and measured many things which nobody can see and measure now. Thus far they have done us a service for which we are thankful. And there are of course other writers of times gone by whose labours are worth far more than this, men who have laid a real foundation of sound and critical research on which others have had simply to build up. To such men it is no blame if their work now often seems imperfect or inadequate, or even inaccurate in detail. All that their defects prove is that no work can be done all at once. But when it comes to the speculations of Stukeley and other oracles of such writers as Mr. Gidley, they are simply worthless. Mere guesses without criticism are simply worthless at any time, whether it is Stukeley or Mr. Ferguson who makes them. What Mr. Gidley's book proves is the singular and rather disheartening fact, that there are people who still accept this kind of stuff as if it were worth something. For our own part, we have no opposite theory about Stonehenge to set up against that of Stukeley or Mr. Ferguson or anybody else. What there is no means of knowing we are satisfied not to know. Mr. Gidley himself tells us with much solemnity:—

Some scientific men trust for revelations to the bowels of the earth, and

look for information to be procured by the pickaxe and shovel. The surest light which we have to guide us is that of history.

There are cases in which the pickaxe and shovel can tell us more than any written records. There are other cases in which the pickaxe and shovel can tell us nothing, but where written records can tell us a great deal. There is a third class about which neither pickaxe nor records can tell us anything. And in this class we put Stonehenge. We know not who built it, or when it was built, or why it was built. And we see no means of finding out. We only know negatively that its rugged stones were not set up after men had carved the graceful acanthus leaves of Silchester. That it was built by Helio-Arkites we can neither deny nor affirm, till some one has more clearly explained to us what a Helio-Arkite is. If Mr. Gidley or anybody else can bring us any evidence, whether written with the pen or dug up with the pickaxe, to such evidence we shall be ready to listen. But we decline to accept guesses; and, as we have as yet nothing before us but guesses, we are content to know nothing about the whole thing.

INGO AND INGRABAN.*

OF all living German novelists, the lightest touch perhaps belongs to Gustav Freytag. This is not in itself saying very much, for though German literature abounds in admirable and delightful tales for mature readers as well as for children, prose fiction in its more developed form has not advanced with very perceptible strides among the Germans since their classical period. There are German novelists of high contemporary repute whom it is as difficult to read as French lyrical poets of the ordinary type. But Herr Freytag has many high qualifications besides that of a prose style which is positively readable. He has in turn adorned many branches of literature. As a journalist and political biographer his fame stands justly high; his last published work, the *Life of Karl Mayh*, is not less graceful in form than it is healthy and honourable in spirit. As a dramatist he is one of the few Germans of the present day who have successfully rivalled the French on their own ground. In paying him this tribute we have, however, no intention of referring to his classical tragedy of the *Fabi*, but rather to his delightful efforts in high comedy, which will long keep the German stage. The *Valentine* is to some extent in Scribo's manner, but perfectly original and superior to Scribo in depth of feeling; the *Journalisten* anticipated much of the fun of *Rebajas*, and is yet German to the core in both sentiment and humour. These are not Herr Freytag's only attempts in the drama, the laws of which he has discussed in what we take leave to think one of the best and soundest modern theoretical works on the subject, recently republished in a second edition. But of late years he has achieved popularity chiefly as a novelist. His *Debit and Credit*, besides doing honour to the best type of that very various being the German merchant, and flattering national feeling against the Poles, was considered by many persons a successful attempt to transplant into original German fiction the minute humour of Dickens, which German readers have always warmly appreciated. His *Lost Manuscript*—in our opinion a far happier effort—occupied itself with social interests and ideal tendencies more peculiarly German; it is a truly national novel in every respect, and its occasionally professorial amplitude of treatment seems upon the whole to accord well with the breadth and fulness of its design. He then seemed to have deserted fiction for what the Germans term *Culturgeschichte*, and his volumes of *Pictures of the German Past*, based on genuine research and warmed by true patriotism, have been recognized as worthy the study of the historical inquirer, while they are so pleasing in form and unpretentious in treatment as to have easily acquired a popularity which they are not likely to lose. But so far from regarding this work as the crown of a most deservedly prosperous literary life, he is once more before the world as a writer of fiction; and in his romance of *The Ancestors* obviously essays to produce what, if successfully completed, will be the *magnum opus* in the long list of his works.

We have said that Herr Freytag possesses, comparatively speaking, a lightness of touch by which not many German novelists either of the present or of the past are distinguished. But it will not for a moment be supposed that this work, of which the two stories of *Ingo* and *Ingraban* form the first instalment, resembles in airiness of texture and facile delightfulness of composition such a collection as e.g. M. About's *Contes de la vieille roche*. The Frenchman, like the German, apparently set himself the task of showing what is the result of blood; but the Frenchman is content with a lively satire of the present, while the German laboriously pursues so much of the development out of the past as is to be found within historical limits. Though expressly deprecating the supposition that he seeks to write *Culturgeschichte* in the guise of fiction, M. Freytag means to do nothing less than trace the history of a German family or line from the times of the great popular Migration down to those of the new German Empire; and, beginning with a fugitive Vandal of the fifth century, to reach "the last descendant, a merry fellow who is at the present day walking beneath the German sun, without troubling himself much about the deeds and sufferings of his ancestors." The moral, or psychological, truth

* Die Ahnen. Roman von Gustav Freytag. Erste Abtheilung: Ingo und Ingraban. Leipzig: Hitzel. 1872.

Our Forefathers. A Novel. By Gustav Freytag. Translated by Mrs. Malcolm. London: Asher & Co. 1873.

which it is designed to teach seems to be this—that the inheritance of the past is not lost in the course of time, but accumulates its influence from succeeding generations; that freewill and creative power may grow simultaneously, so that on no generation is imposed a heavier task than it is able to perform. This doctrine of the moral development of a people as typified in that of a family, which is only an application of Herder's doctrine of the moral development of the entire human race, is in truth a worthy theme; but time alone will show whether it is possible within the framework of a fiction to exhibit a harmonious picture of that progress which it needs a high inspiration for either poet or historian to recognize clearly in the winding course of a long series of centuries. At the same time it cannot be denied that the novelist, who works essentially according to the laws of epic art, has a clear right to such a theme; there is no epic unity but that of subject, though a corresponding duty is incumbent upon the epic poet not to trifle with the mere pretence of an idea.

Herr Freytag in a few well-chosen words—for he has long been a courtly liberal—dedicates his work to the Crown Princess of Germany, and reminds her that his narrative describes a district of which Her Imperial Highness loves the inhabitants, the hills, and the woods. Thuringia then is chosen as the typical German district where we are to watch in successive volumes the development of a line of Germans; and it is happily chosen, for Thuringia, at the present day the heart of Germany, has remained a borderland as well as a centre, and the contrasts between Germanism and Slavism, as well as the differences between North and South, have here at various times come into direct contact. On the advantages which this choice of scene will furnish for subsequent volumes it is needless to touch till we can judge how they have been used; but as one of the homes of the Minnesingers, and the birthplace of the greatest of the Reformers, as the scene of a peasant's War and a nest of petty Courts, as consecrated by the glories of the classical age of German literature, as the battlefield of Prussia's overthrow, and a seedplace of her rise to the hegemony, the theatre of Herr Freytag's historic romance opens the prospect of a series of pictures which will embarrass him by the wealth of their variety alone.

At present we are offered two stories in which the more languid reader is not likely to find the most selective part of Herr Freytag's romance. The hero of the first, which dates just before the period of the great Migrations, is a Vandal prince of the name of Ingo; the hero of the second, who is a contemporary of Charlemagne, is Ingo's Thuringian descendant, Ingraban. Times such as these, as the author truly remarks, are more easily understood by the poet than by the historian; but considerable art is requisite to enable even the poet to move with ease amidst such strange surroundings. Indistinctness of colour is certain to enfeeble the interest of the reader, while abundance of detail is resented as unfamiliar and incapable of verification. To our mind, Herr Freytag has most nearly approached success in his first story, where he had least to help him; the traces of effort are not indeed wholly absent, but neither are they unpleasantly predominant; and if it is impossible to refrain from a feeling of gentle satisfaction when one reaches the end of the story, this satisfaction is not wholly due to the cessation of the strain which any and every tale of the fifth century of the Christian era must put upon a reader of not more than ordinary robustness. The story of Ingraban, on the other hand, in which Winfried and his fellow-missionaries seem by comparison quite familiar faces, is altogether more commonplace in subject, and, if it calls for a slighter effort in the reader, also rewards it less fully.

Ingo is a fugitive Vandal prince, who, exiled from his home on the Oder by a dynastic intrigue, takes service with the Alamanii against the Romans, and, after achieving prodigies of valour in a great battle against the troops of the Cæsar, escapes with no token of his heroism but the Roman banner of which he bears the mystic dragon's head in his wallet. Hospitably received by a "prince" of the Thuringians who dwells at a distance from the Court among a free peasantry grudging its dependence upon the Thuringian king, he for a time conceals his birth beneath the guise of an ordinary warrior, taking his place humbly at the bottom of the bench. But he is discovered on the occasion of the arrival of a wandering minstrel, who sings of the very battle of which he was the hero. The king of the Thuringians is jealous of the hospitality offered to the strange warrior by the prince who has sheltered him; and sends for him and his companions who have joined him to his Court. The Queen conceives a passion for him; but he is made safe against her wiles by his love for the fair Irmgard, the daughter of his first host, to whom he has confided his token. In the end he effects his escape from the royal Court, and returns to the woodland borders, where the jealousy of a noble creates new troubles. He slays the noble in a duel; and emigrates with his followers to found a new settlement in the valley of the Idis. Then ensues the capture of his affianced love, and, finally, the siege and destruction of his settlement. He falls with all his men, and his wife bears both child and token into a dim future of wanderings.

In such a story everything depends upon the manner of the narrative; and the author has, we think, succeeded in constructing a pleasing poetic picture of prehistoric German civilization, without wearying his readers by doubtful details, or misleading them into conjectures as to his probable historical allusions. In the same spirit we shall not attempt to engage in any identification of period or localities, or point out where he has been more or less adequate in points of detail—for, we are not criticising, a

Gallus or Charikles in a Teutonic dress; but we shall rather translate, with what success we may, one or two passages, though the merits of the author's style, which through the whole of this story is sustained in a high key, must necessarily vanish in our hasty rendering.

The following is the description of the *Nothkampf*, or duel for life and death, between Ingo the Vandal and Theodulf the Thuringian:—

To the deadly contest in the meadow, which the sun may not behold, Ingo repaired in the grey of the next morning with his sword-fellows Berthar and Wolf. Beneath their feet the snow groaned; the wind of the night blew round their heads, and drove clouds of snow from the mountains into the valley; the black canopy of clouds concealed all the light of heaven; only the spirits of death prevailed on earth; they cried out of the wind, in the giant trees they stirred, and in the icy water they resounded, the tidings that of two men bound by their oath to a single hearth, the one was to be taken away from the light of the sun, and to descend into the cold realm of mist. Berthar pointed silently into the dawning; on the other side of the rivulet stood three men; it was Theodulf, with Sintram and Agino, his companions. "Their feet were the nimblest," said Ingo discontentedly; "praise those who first turn their back on the misty meadow." Before them lay the place of the fight, a sandy eyot with a thin covering of snow, surrounded on both sides by whirling water. The helpers [seconds] saluted one another without a word across the rivulet; they stepped to the willows by the brink of the shore, cut sturdy branches, and peeled the bark with their knives. Then Berthar and Sintram leapt through the water, both treading the soil of the meadow at the same time, and marked off the fighting-place with white staves. Then each of them stepped to an end of the eyot, the one upstream, the other downstream, and beckoned with his arm to the combatant. The combatants bowed their heads before the aiding gods, and murmured the blessing for the deadly contest (*Nothsegen*); then they waded through the water to their companions. The helpers retired across the rivulet, and the deadly fray sprang against one another, shieldless in helmet and chain-armor, brandishing their swords. Steel met steel; around them the wind groaned and the icy water rushed. It was a hard fight between man and man; not unworthy proved Theodulf of the fame which he enjoyed among his feres; for a time the contest lasted which leads so speedily to death, and Berthar beheld discontentedly the red of the dawn, the harbinger of day. Then Theodulf stumbled under a heavy blow, and again Ingo sprang at him, and brake his head with a heavy stroke of his sword through the iron helm, so that a stream of blood poured forth, and the Prince's man sank backwards upon the snow. Ingo swung himself over him and raised his sword, meaning to pierce his throat with the point. At the same moment the first ray of light broke across the hollow; the red beam fell on the countenance of the wounded man; in the fear of death Sintram forgot the ordained silence, and cried across the rivulet, "Spare him, the sun sees it!" With the beam of light and the cry a gentle thought fell into the wrathful soul of the victor; he swiftly drew back his sword and said, "The lady shall not behold that I stab the man of my life. Live, if live thou canst," and he turned aside. Theodulf, on the ground murmured raising his hand against him, "I owe thee no thanks." But Ingo leapt through the icy water to the bank, and turned his back upon the eyot and the fallen man, while Berthar said reproachfully, "For the first time the King proved miserly when he paid a deadly enemy's travelling-money into the hand of mist."

By way of contrast the following passage may indicate how pleasantly the author depicts the lighter as well as the darker side of his nation's heroic age:—

The lady passed to the kitchen-house, wherein mighty fires blazed on large plates of stone. The youths were busily employed before the house in cutting into pieces the beasts of sacrifice, great stags and three hinds of the forest, and in affixing the flesh to the points of long spears. And the maidens sat in a long row plucking numerous poultry, or with their hands they rounded spiced dough of wheat into balls of a size worth the beholding. And boys of the village with laughing faces awaited the time when they should turn the spits, so that they too might have a dainty share on the banquet of the heroes.

Meanwhile the men of the chieftain were stirring about the great hall. In the middle of the court stood the mighty building, formed of thick beams of pine; a staircase led to the opened door; within, two rows of lofty pillars of wood bore the beams of the roof; from the pillars to the walls ran on three sides raised stages, whereon stood in the midst, opposite the door, the seat of honour of the master of the house and of the noblest among the guests; beside it a finely adorned space, like unto an arbour, for the women of the house, so that they might look upon the festive banquet of the men so long as they desired. And the youngest of the men adorned the wooden arbour with blooming branches which they had cut in the field. But outside, Wolf drove to the house a large waggon with rushes and cedrus, which he had cut on the bank of the neighbouring pond, to strew the floor with them.

"It is well to be here, guest," Wolf began, with salutations to Ingo; "to thee too our lady was gracious; thou walkest in new garments woven by our women. How likest thou the wear of cloth made by the maidens of Thuringland?"

The second story contains, as we have said, more elements of general interest in the character of the Christian missionaries and the Slavonic barbarians; and the story itself is perhaps more finished and rounded than its predecessor. But the task was much harder to fit a pleasing romance with verisimilitude of details to the period of four hundred years before the beginnings of modern German civilization in the age of Charlemagne; and while *Ingraban* is equally far from being a failure, *Ingo* is nearer to a noteworthy success. Future volumes of this strange work will probably cause both *Ingo* and *Ingraban* to be remembered chiefly in their descendants; but there are few, if any, living writers of fiction who could have solved the first and least attractive part of a literary task of this description so adequately and gracefully as Herr Gustav Freytag.

READER'S AFRICAN SKETCH-BOOK.*

MR. WINWOOD READE in the preface to his book tells us that, "though the texture of the work is light, the labour bestowed upon it has been immense." For years, he says, he has never ceased to study African literature, and he has "devoted to

* *The African Sketch-Book*. By Winwood Reade. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.

the perusal of African books as much time and toil as most men devote to the study of a profession." As the result of his eleven years' study of Africa, "three years from the life, and eight years from books," we have this somewhat curious medley under the name of the *African Sketch-Book*. We have narratives of journeys, essays, histories, and tales, all mixed up together. He interrupts the course of his explorations to insert some "sensational" tale, which "is intended to illustrate the manners and customs of the natives"; or some essay on history in general, which is intended no doubt to illustrate Mr. Winwood Reade's extensive reading. He is ready at any moment to fly off to Alexander's campaigns in Persia, to Æschylus, Pericles, Euripides, Pyrrhus, the Chinese, the Chaldeans of Babylon, the Arabs of Yemen, the Indians of Guzerat, and the Origin of Species; while he has read, it would seem, all the books of travels of which Africa can boast, from the *Periplus of Hanno* (a Carthaginian Log-Book, as Mr. Reade calls it) to the Letters of Mr. Henry M. Stanley. We should place more confidence in the account he gives of the books we have not read if we found him accurate where we are able from our previous reading to test his accuracy. It was scarcely necessary, for instance, to bring King Pyrrhus into a book on Africa, except indeed that Pyrrhus used in his army elephants from Asia, and elephants also are found in Africa. "There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth," and likely enough "there is salmon in both." But not equally likely is Mr. Reade's statement that "Pyrrhus took a squadron (of elephants) into Italy when the Greek colonists of Naples (*sic*) called him over to protect them from the Romans." In his account of the Niger he goes greatly out of his way to blunder. He writes:—"Herodotus was the first to hear of this river; Æschylus wrote of it in his *Prometheus Unbound*." The passage to which Mr. Reade refers occurs, of course, not in the *Prometheus Unbound*, but in the *Prometheus Bound*. But this is a trifling error compared with the statement that Herodotus, who was more than fifty years younger than Æschylus, could have supplied him with information as to the river Niger. If, as is likely enough, Herodotus was about eleven or twelve years old when the play was written, he must have shown in his childhood an extraordinary zeal and capacity for discovery to have been the first to have heard of a river at such a vast distance from his home. But scarcely less startling is the rashness with which Mr. Reade states as an undoubted fact that both the poet and the historian wrote of the Niger. It is not at all impossible that the *ποταμός Αἰθιοπίας* of Æschylus may be the Niger, but it is a matter which must always remain in the greatest uncertainty. The following passage moreover is a strange misrepresentation of what we read in Herodotus:—

There was near Cyrene, on the borders of the Desert, a tribe of Berbers called the Nasamonians. Some young men of good family, ambitious of distinction, formed a club to explore the great sea of sand, and to go where none had been before. They passed through the Land of Wild Beasts and then through the waterless waste, and arrived on the banks of a river which contained river horses and crocodiles. The natives of the land were black men of short stature, and carried them off to their city on the banks of the river, and after some time allowed them to depart. This story was told to Herodotus at Memphis in Egypt by the Steward of Sacred Things, and that river was the Joliba.

Now, in the first place, Herodotus heard this story not from "the Steward of Sacred Things," nor, for anything we are told, in Memphis, but from some Cyrenæans. Moreover, the formation of the club and the existence of the river horses are equally due to Mr. Reade's fertile imagination. Whether the story has any truth in it, and whether, even if it is all true, the river was the Joliba, is a matter for discussion, and not for confident assertion. While we are on Greek subjects, we should be glad, by the way, of an explanation of "the process which the Greeks called *σάτυριον*." When we get on to such very learned subjects, we are like Mr. Reade himself among the tribes of Africa, and feel that we equally stand in need of an interpreter. He must moreover attach some very strange meaning to the term "Unitarian," for he says that a King and his nobles were Unitarians, because they had no religion, and did not attend at a sacrifice offered to an alligator. He quotes Addison, but not without blundering. He says, "I feel that I am doing right, and often repeat to myself the words,

'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But do you more, Sempronius—deserve it."

When at length he does command success and catches sight of the Niger, he is disappointed to find how little recognition his discovery meets with. His chief journey, he says, "fifty years ago would have made a sensation, but now it has not excited the slightest interest among English geographers." Certainly the narrative of it, from the style in which it is written, failed to excite the least interest in us. It is given in the form of a diary, and we come across such passages as the following:—

When you read this you will enter a sick man's chamber—a prisoner's cell. I am now confined to my bed; all strength is gone from me. I never see my face, for I have no looking-glass; but my hand, as I write, startles me—it looks wasted and old. But my spirit is not subdued. If it is death which is approaching, it will find me prepared. When I came to this country a second time I knew that the chances were even against my return. What does it matter after all? Life at the longest is not so very long.

We are as children playing by the sea-shore, the Ocean of Time at our feet. We build our little mud castles, we scrawl pictures and words on the soft, yielding sand, and in a brief space the flood-tide pours towards us: the Death-waves bear us to the sea and obliterate our work. But some there are who write upon the rocks.

I write on the sand: I build on the sand. Be my work good or bad, it must soon be destroyed.

We have fevers in England which, at their height, set the patient to talk nonsense. It is, we hope, a peculiarity of the African fever that it sets a man to write nonsense.

In spite, however, of this occasional fine writing and these inaccuracies, there is a considerable amount of interesting matter in Mr. Reade's work. As for the tales, we do not pretend to speak of them. They are altogether out of place, it seems to us, in such a work. We tried one of them and did not feel in the least tempted to read another. But the book is a large one, and there would be plenty of reading left even if the eleven tales were cut out. The author's travels have been over that part of Africa which, though the most talked of by the men of the last generation, has been a little forgotten by ourselves. The Nile, with its brilliant band of recent explorers, has drawn away our thoughts from the Niger; and it is to the Niger and to the coast line round the Gulf of Guinea that Mr. Reade's travels have mostly been confined. At one time he visited the Gorilla country, and, like other writers, discredits the statements of Mr. Du Chaillu. When he was talking to some native hunters "a roar of laughter," he says, "followed my announcement that Mr. Du Chaillu had shot gorillas himself. He had shot birds and small monkeys, they said, but that was all." The hunters told Mr. Reade that he would never be able to see a gorilla so long as he persisted in wearing boots. In the chase after them they themselves "go naked and often on all fours, and their black bodies seen through the foliage resemble those of the wild animals whose movements they imitate." The daily return of the hunters from the chase, not only of the gorilla, but also of any other wild animals, is curiously described:—

The hunters returned in the afternoon, and the others ran to meet them, and welcomed them as if they had been gone for years, murmuring to them in a baby language, calling them by their names of love, patting their breasts, and laying arm upon arm, shaking their right hands, caressing their faces, and embracing them in every possible way, except with the lips; for these poor benighted creatures have never discovered our civilized method of endearment.

To those gallant sportsmen who drive down to Hurlingham to shoot pigeons these demonstrations of joy must seem very silly. But the African savages have this justification for their sport, that whenever they take life, they risk life. For "these bush people," in Mr. Reade's words, "like the wild beasts, live in continual danger, for they are always at war. The men who go out hunting, the women who go with their pitchers to the brook, are never sure that they will return." He points out a contrast in their character which is curious, but by no means uncommon. It has been often noticed in the Chinese. He had been telling a horrible tale how a woman was drowned, and her child burnt alive for witchcraft, and had added that "the Africans are connoisseurs in cruelty." "And yet," as he goes on to say,

these same people are timid and gentle in their ordinary moments; they seldom ill-use their wives, their children, or their slaves; they are frightened by the severity which prevails on board a man-of-war.

On a hunting party which he joined with these people "was a man so completely crippled that he could move only on all-fours; and nevertheless he carried the seven nets, and scrambled along as quickly as the others walked." Mr. Reade goes on to add:—

There was something so eager and even anxious in his manner—it was so evident he wished to prove he was as good a man as the others, in spite of his infirmity, that I turned to Mongilomba, and said with a missionary air, "Is it not good of that poor fellow, instead of staying idle at home, to work just as hard as an able-bodied man?" "I should think he does," replied Mongilomba; "this people would very soon kill him if he did not."

We are sorry to learn that in Africa, as well as in Japan, the foreign fashions are too strong for the native fashions. It is well known that even already Japanese work has lost much of its originality, and there can be little question that before very long it will have lost its great distinctive merit, and become a feeble copy or adaptation of that style of art which reigns without a rival at South Kensington. Mr. Reade says that in Africa "it is considered more genteel to wear a dirty rag of English cotton, such as we use for a duster, than the grass-kilts of the country, which are often beautifully made."

Our author gives a curious account of a grand palaver that he attended, where every one sat squatting on his heels. "The King had a long staff in his hand. After he had spoken, he handed it to his cousin, who passed it on in the same manner. No one interrupted the man who held the staff, and the meeting was conducted in the most orderly manner." If South Kensington can give a lesson to Africa, Africa, it would seem, might equally well give a lesson to Westminster. He tells an amusing story also of some Portuguese merchants who asked him "if it was really true that in England we had our dinner-plates warmed before the fire." When they heard that this was done even in the height of summer, "they shuddered, and their faces shrivelled up with sympathy, and they rubbed their hands, exclaiming, 'Oh, very cold—very cold indeed!'" Some other Portuguese, who lived in Angola, could not be persuaded that he had not come to spy out the land with a view to its being occupied by the English. They were indifferent, except so far as they dreaded they might lose their slaves without compensation. It was in vain that Mr. Reade assured them that he had come simply to travel for his own pleasure, and "that 'Palmerston' did not even know of his existence." The more he protested, the less he was believed, and at last his servant warned him that he ran a good chance of being poisoned. But here he shall tell the story in his own words:—

I accordingly adopted a formula, which satisfied my conscience and gave intense satisfaction to my hosts. "Senhor so-and-so," I would say, "I give

you my word that I am not sent by the Government, and that the English have no desire for Angola." Here Senhor so-and-so would nod and wave his hand, much as to say, "I understand; private mission; instructions, &c." "But," I continued, "I can safely promise you this, that if our Government takes Angola (mind, I say it won't, but if it does), every planter shall receive the full value of his slaves; and, if my humble opinion is taken on the matter (I don't think it will be, but still if it is), your interests, my dear and honoured friend, shall not be neglected." Here I would look at the Senhor in a very knowing manner, his face would become radiant, and he would be happy for the rest of his days; whereas, if I had told him nothing but the truth, he would have lived in a continual state of anxiety and alarm.

In another district in the occupation of the Portuguese he was surprised to hear the natives on Christmas Eve singing English carols. He found out that the English had years ago occupied this country, and that "the natives had been taught to sing carols on Christmas Eve; those songs had come down from generation to generation, and had spread far and wide. So excellent," Mr. Reade goes on to add, "is the memory, and so fine is the ear of these people, that although they did not understand the meaning of the words, they pronounced them correctly, after all that lapse of time." He has some curious customs to tell of as existing in the kingdom of Dahomey. "All cocks who crow on the King's highway eschew to the Crown; these birds are therefore muzzled by their owners." He tells us, moreover, that at a certain season of the year "men are stationed along the road from the capital to the fort (a distance of sixty miles) forming a complete line, and a volley of musketry is fired, beginning at the capital and ending at the coast." Every year, too, along the same line "a girl is passed down from hand to hand, without her feet once touching the ground." It is no wonder that "she arrives more dead than alive." Mr. Reade had not seen either of these curious proceedings with his own eyes, and we cannot but suspect that there is some exaggeration in the account he heard. To form such lines as these, at least one hundred thousand men would be required. Even if the King of Dahomey has so many men, we doubt if he has so many muskets. Mr. Reade has an essay on the slave-trade. He tells us with the utmost confidence that "slaves were originally called in Latin the 'spared' or 'preserved' (*servi*, from *servare* to save)," and that "the delicate beauty of the female sex indirectly proceeds from slavery," while "the iniquitous slave trade has indirectly been the means of making us wealthier, happier, and better men." Boswell, we remember, argued that "to abolish the slave-trade would be to

Shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

Mr. Reade approves of its abolition; but he is one of those who see good in everything. To use his own impressive words, "We look again and again on the tear-stained, blood-stained pages of life; there we learn that animals have mounted in the scale on a ladder of corpses." If the pages of the *African Sketch-Book* at their final revision had been frequently stained by the mark that is made *transverso calamo*, we should have had a book that would have gained in interest as much as it had lost in length.

PATER'S STUDIES OF THE RENAISSANCE.*

THESE remarkable "Studies" are among the signs of the times. Since the days of the purists, when Mr. Ruskin denounced the Renaissance as hollow and unholy, a singular change has come over the younger generation who are now in turn moulding the literature and art of the country. Poetry, painting, and criticism alike—the poetry and pictures of Mr. Rossetti, the poetry of Mr. Swinburne, not to mention a host of imitators, the paintings of Mr. Burne Jones, together with divers critical writings such as the work now before us—all tell of a modern renaissance of the old Renaissance, of a new life sometimes surrendered to passion and to pleasure, but in its better aspects aspiring through the ministrations of the arts to conditions of high mental enjoyment and pure æsthetic culture. Mr. Pater, it is right to say at the outset, is free from the grossness which has been laid to the charge of "the fleshly school"; and yet in his system the imaginative faculties are fed, the æsthetic functions sustained, through the medium of senses which are not only subtle, but strong in the life-blood of passion. The critic to whom Mr. Pater most nearly approaches is Mr. Sidney Colvin; for each art is the best part of nature, a vital essence in life, at once a luxury and a necessity conducive to mental growth. Nature, art, and the recipient mind thus viewed stand not only in reciprocity, but become one and indivisible. Criticism thus arising, whatever be its infirmities or its limits, is at all events free from servile and dead conventionalism.

At the outset we have a right to ask Mr. Pater what he means by the Renaissance. In his first essay, that on "Aucassin and Nicolette," a French romance of the latter half of the thirteenth century, he places himself in the position of those historians who fancy they have tracked out a pre-Columbian discovery of America. In like manner Mr. Pater, following in the wake of certain French writers, has discovered a pre-Renaissance—to use his own words, "a Renaissance within the limits of the middle age itself, a brilliant, but in part abortive, effort to do for human life and the human mind" at the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century "what was afterwards done in the fifteenth." If the reader can manage in one breath to get through a single sentence which by its inordinate length belongs to the manner of by-

gone centuries rather than to the terse type of the nineteenth century, he need not despair of mastering the author's meaning:—

For us the Renaissance is the name of a many-sided but yet united movement, in which the love of the things of the intellect and the imagination for their own sake, the desire for a more liberal and comely way of conceiving life, make themselves felt, prompting those who experience this desire to seek first one and then another means of intellectual or imaginative enjoyment, and directing them not merely to the discovery of old and forgotten sources of this enjoyment, but to divine new sources of it, new experiences, new subjects of poetry, new forms of art.

Mr. Pater in a strain of heated rapture rather than of cool criticism proceeds further to develop this idea of a middle-age Renaissance. As far as we are able to understand his meaning, the movement comprises pointed architecture, romantic love, "the sculpture of Chartres and the windows of Lausanne," and especially Victor Hugo's *Notre-Dame de Paris*. This so-called "Renaissance within the middle age" is also traced in the poetry of Provence, in the legend of Abelard and Héloïse, with the possibility of a prior origin among the Arabs. A leaf from the *Arabian Nights*, it is suggested, might have been borne from the East by a breeze to the South of France or to the banks of the Seine. Such flights of imagination might easily have at once landed us in China or Japan. The reader runs no doubt some danger of being carried far away by an alluring imagination and by a singularly seductive diction. There is a sense of Oriental colouring, a fragrance as of full-blown roses, in these florid descriptions of the sentiments and surroundings of Héloïse, the Troubadours, and others. We are told that a spirit was abroad rebellious in its love of freedom; human passion, the worship of physical beauty, the enjoyment of leisure, luxury, and refinement, first kindled in France, passed, it is said, from the banks of the Seine, "penetrated the early literature of Italy, and found an echo in Dante." Mr. Pater puts the matter as follows:—

One of the strongest characteristics of that outbreak of the reason and the imagination, of that assertion of the liberty of the heart in the middle age, which I have termed a mediæval Renaissance, was its antinomianism, its spirit of rebellion and revolt against the moral and religious ideas of the age. In their search after the pleasures of the senses and the imagination, in their care for beauty, in their worship of the body, people were impelled beyond the bounds of the primitive Christian ideal; and their love became a strange idolatry, a strange rival religion. It was the return of that ancient Venus, not dead, but only hidden for a time in the caves of the Venusberg, of those old Pagan gods still going to and fro on the earth, under all sorts of disguises. The perfection of culture is not rebellion, but peace; only when it has realized a deep moral stillness has it really reached its end.

The keynote thus struck in France is skilfully played on with variations when the scene changes to Italy. The author gains profundity as he proceeds in his second essay to discuss Pico della Mirandola, the Mystic. He frankly admits that "the Renaissance of the fifteenth century was in many things great rather by what it designed or aspired to do than by what it actually achieved"; he then tells how "*Gods in Exile*" were brought back to Italy, how means of reconciliation was found between the religion of antiquity and the religion of Christ, partly under the persuasion that historic religions obey common laws, conform to external circumstances, and respond to deep movements in the human mind. And undoubtedly it was by some such truce between the Gods of Greece and the Saints of Christendom that the arts of Italy in the time of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raffaele attained a consummation neither before nor afterwards approached. We think it equally clear that painters, sculptors, and architects of a prior generation, including Perugino, were elevated, though possibly imperceptibly to themselves, by the flood-tide of the Renaissance, which certainly had begun to flow before the dates usually assigned to the movement. It will easily be understood how diametrically opposed are these teachings to Mr. Ruskin's famous dogma propounded in the Edinburgh Lectures, that from the spot and from the hour when Raffaele in the Vatican painted the "Kingdom of Poetry presided over by Apollo," "the intellect and the art of Italy date their degradation." "The doom of the arts of Europe went forth from that chamber." The contradiction to which we point is the more noteworthy, inasmuch as Mr. Pater, by his tone of thought and style of diction, might almost pass for a disciple of Mr. Ruskin. The neophyte shows a proneness to emotional epithets such as tender, lovely, sweet. But the resemblance extends from language into the realm of fancy, from lucid narrative to pretty metaphor and felicitous comparisons. We seem to recognize something Ruskinian in the following neatly handled word-picture:—

When the ship-load of sacred earth from the soil of Jerusalem was mingled with the common clay in the Campo Santo of Pisa, a new flower grew up from it, unlike any flower men had seen before—the anemone with its concentric rings of strangely bleached colour, still to be found by those who search long enough for it in the long grass of the Maremma. Just such a strange flower was that mythology of the Italian Renaissance which grew up from the mixture of two traditions, two sentiments, the sacred and the profane. Classical story was regarded as a mere datum to be received and assimilated.

The three essays on "Sandro Botticelli," "Luca della Robbia," and "The Poetry of Michael Angelo," though interpreted with transcendental thought, we may pass by without much loss. And yet we will just stop on the way to point to a mannerism in phraseology which shows either that the author is carried away by his power of language, or that he saves himself the trouble of thinking by ready resort to some favourite conventional term. This blemish especially struck us in reading of Michael Angelo; accordingly we went back to count certain superabundant epithets, and were not at all surprised to find that "sweet," "sweetness," and "sweeten" occur twenty times. Such sugary writing is

* *Studies in the History of the Renaissance.* By Walter H. Pater, Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

sickly. But, again, Mr. Ruskin must have the credit of setting the example, as when he extolled a pair of cat's whiskers for tenderness.

The disquisition on Leonardo da Vinci will be read even by those who are versed in the whole library that has grown out of the most fertile of themes in the Italian revival. Subtle and searching insight is shown in that part of the artist's career which lies on the frontier of the natural and the supernatural, which touched on divination, "clairvoyance," the alchemist's secret, with the strange approaches in animal creation to phases in humanity. We are told that in Leonardo was awakened "some seed of discontent which lay in the secret places of his nature. For the way to perfection is through a series of disgusts." Da Vinci plunged into the study of nature, "he brooded over the hidden virtues of plants and crystals, the lines traced by the stars as they moved in the sky, over the correspondences which exist between the different orders of living things, through which, to eyes opened, they interpret each other; and for years he seemed to those about him as one listening to a voice silent for other men." The drawings in the Ambrosian Library, Milan, evince the many-sided studies of a genius which stretched to universality. The examination of these and other tentative and experimental designs does not tend to substantiate the author's conclusion that they are little more than "dreams thrown off by the overwrought and labouring brain." Neither are we quite prepared for the well-sounding generalization that "two ideas were specially fixed in Da Vinci, as reflexes of things that had touched his brain in childhood beyond the measure of other impressions—the smiling of women and the motion of great waters." We do not happen to know to what works "the motion of great waters" can refer, and we incline to think that, as for "the smiling of women," an expression which degenerated into a sicklied mannerism, Leonardo has less to answer for than Laini and some others of his disciples. With greater justice is the assertion made that the two elementary forces in Leonardo's genius are "curiosity and the desire for beauty." The one led on to the mystery of the "Medusa," on which Shelley penned one of the finest sonnets ever inspired by picture; the other asserted itself in the sensitive loveliness of Madonnas, and in a beauty which approaches the divine in the head of Christ in "The Last Supper." The critic as he proceeds actually assumes the aspect of the cabalist and the clairvoyant; indeed clairvoyance is brought to bear on both Michael Angelo and Da Vinci. Whether this visionary belief can be fairly added to the other advanced creeds of Mr. Pater we cannot positively assert. But at any rate he holds that the daughters of Herodias as drawn by Leonardo are clairvoyants. The passage is so exceptional that Mr. Pater ought to have the full benefit of it:—

They [the daughters of Herodias] are the clairvoyants, through whom, as through delicate instruments, one becomes aware of the subtler forces of nature and the modes of their action, all that is magnetic in it, all those finer conditions wherein material things rise to that sublimity of operation which constitutes them spiritual, where only the finer nerve and the keener touch can follow; it is as if in certain revealing instances we actually saw them at their work on human flesh. Nervous, electric, faint always with some inexplicable faintness, they seem to be subject to exceptional conditions, to feel powers at work in the common air unfelt by others, to become, as it were, receptacles of them and pass them on to us in a chain of secret influences.

The "Conclusion," designed probably to connect into unity the scattered component parts, may be taken as a confession of the author's creed. The Preface had already described the age of Lorenzo—the culminating point of the Renaissance—as a time of general elevation and enlightenment, when artists and philosophers did not live in isolation, but breathed a common air and caught light and heat from each other's thoughts. "It was the unity of this spirit which gave unity to all the various products of the Renaissance." The last paragraph in the book carries the inquiry to a consummation; it points to the be-all and the end-all of every phase of art, past, present, and to come. The moral taught seems to be that life is short, but that art can make it long; that the wisest men give themselves to art and song, and thus get as many pulsations as possible into the allotted time. Art comes "professing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake." Passages occur which read like the dedication of passion. And that such people as Victor Hugo are made to stand up prominently as apostles says little for the soundness or sobriety of the system.

ALCESTIS.*

A NOVEL that even aims at being poetical is an uncommon thing. It comes easier to hand to describe garden parties and five o'clock teas, to trace the happiness of a modern English lady and gentleman through decent and subdued vicissitudes, or, if something more vehement is desired, to find stirring episodes in the equally obvious police-court, or take refuge in paradoxes of crime which have now become novelists' commonplaces. Still more rare is it to find in the venture of an untried writer (for such we conceive *Alceste* to be) so much success as has been attained in this case.

The author is evidently a musician, and the book is a genuine offspring of musical and artistic enthusiasm. The reading of it leaves an impression not easily effaced, but one somewhat different from that which is usually left by a work of fiction. This seems to call on the musical rather than the literary feeling to

respond to it. The scenes of *Alceste* do not store themselves up in the same compartment of the mind with the graceful pictures of *Old Kensington* or the severely elaborate structure of *Middlemarch*; they go to add their influence to the subtle atmosphere where memory keeps still resonant the clear-toned sonata and the rushing symphony; and the imagined harmonies of the opera on whose fate the catastrophe turns, and from which the romance takes its name, mingle with echoes of Bach and Scarlatti. The time of the story is laid a century ago, when the modern wealth of music first sprang from the union of Italian grace with German depth and power; and its local interest centres in Dresden, then as now a favoured home of art and all things beautiful. Josquin Dorioz, the hero of the tale, begins his career as a wanderer outside the Hof Theater, where the eccentric bass and his adopted child Lisa rescue him from his solitude with the generosity which is a second nature to artists; he lives to hear this same Lisa Vaara, who has grown up with him as a sister, take the chief part in his own opera of *Alceste* at the same theatre. But many dangers and trials come between, and though the highest aspirations of the composer are fulfilled, they are fulfilled only at the price of two lives. Before we say more of the story, however, let us give the author's own account of the surroundings into which we find Josquin introduced:—

But that musical Germany of his time was indeed a favourable place for a romantic musician. In every village there were dancers for whoever would fiddle to them; in every farm-house and homestead the musician was welcomed, to lead perhaps a family quartet, or while away the evening by playing solo to the assembled household; in every large church, in every town, was the old organist, brimful of learning, lordling it on his organ-throne over parson and people. Everywhere music teemed with the glorious sons she brought forth, a race of giants, to be the fathers of all musicians to come, and every where honour was done to her in however dry and primitive a fashion; for is there not a quaint mixture of pedantry and trifling—old age and childhood—in the music of that period?

It is not to be supposed that because the book is full of music, it is a series of disconnected sketches or rhapsodies. It is held together by a consistent and well-ordered plot; and this again distinguishes *Alceste* from the numberless productions which know no mean between scrambling somehow through two or three volumes with no plot at all and entangling the course of events in desperate intricacies from which it is rescued only by desperate remedies. Here we find a central idea clearly conceived, and developed with power and feeling which are unquestionable, and with skill which, notwithstanding allowances that may be sometimes required when we miss the facility that only comes by experience, is actually considerable, and gives excellent promise for any future undertaking by the same hand. As it is, the working out of the plot is so good that we need not fear to spoil the reading of the book beforehand by disclosing too much of its outline. The history of Josquin Dorioz is one which presents itself in many shapes both in fact and fiction; it is a conflict between two lives in the same person, in which the higher life wins, but so that the man perishes in the victory. He is respectable in right of his father, and musical in right of his mother; we find him a pupil of the Capellmeister Hasse at Dresden, having chosen music and fled from the respectability of the relations in whose charge he was left as an orphan. Even the regularities of a musical education come amiss to him. This is the Frau Capellmeisterin's account of him:—

We are talking of a little fiddler whom I consider a genius; the Capellmeister there won't hear of him though . . . the boy has been giving trouble in the choir, and he won't admit him to the band. He calls him a Frenchman, and says he has no conscience—a little brown thing, with the fire breathing through every pore of his yellow French skin, what should he know of conscience?

The musical reception at which Faustina Hasse thus takes up Josquin's cause is described, though it is but an introductory episode, in a way to make us regret that we cannot dwell upon it. The real trial of the musician's life, with which the first part of the novel has to do, lies in the temptations of the world outside his vocation. His playing captivates Count Lichtenberg, a "bald and languid" musical amateur, who, being of a visionary turn, is in his languid way a fanatic about art. He finds in young Dorioz the very musician he wants. "In you," he says, "I have seen the spontaneity and freshness of genius. No theories for me, no talk! If the angel Gabriel came down from heaven to convert me to a theory, and I knew he thumped when he played, I should not be converted." And so Josquin is established as Kammermusik at the Lichtenberg villa, and on his first day there two notable things befall him; he sees the Count's niece Cécile playing the harpsichord at her window, and the Abbé Paradis, the Count's secretary, proposes to read Euripides with him. The sight of Cécile is the beginning of a hopeless passion, which, after distracting the musician for a time from his calling, drives him back, when his hope is finally destroyed, to give the remnant of his life to music with a more intense devotion than at first. The reading of Euripides results in Josquin's opera *Alceste*, the success of which at last crowns his second love, though at the cost of a sacrifice he never knows of. It is this sacrifice that gives a double meaning to the name of the romance, and that makes its ending so tragic. The tragedy is of a kind that few modern writers of fiction have successfully dealt with. It is more ancient than modern in its spirit; it has something of the Greek loftiness and completeness, and is brought about by such an irony of fate as was ever present to the Greek mind, little by little weaving the trivial threads of daily circumstance into indissoluble bonds. The art with which this is planned is a remarkable feature of the book.

* *Alceste*. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1873.

Up to a certain point all things seem to conspire in favour of the young composer. The siege of Dresden causes the patron to quit his villa and betake himself to Vienna to preserve his æsthetic serenity. The Count's chamber musician goes with him, and, while losing somewhat by his passion for Cécile and other distractions, gains much in varied experience; best of all, he receives a decisive impulse from the first performance of Gluck's *Orpheus*. The passage where this is described is alone an ample warrant for our surmise that the author must be a musician:—

All who love music know it—the power of the first wave of violins in the overture or symphony to wash us of all our dullness and dryness, to carry us straight out from ourselves. In that first delight our personal confusions seem to be merged into a universal satisfaction, our pitiful dogmas and theories into living, fresh assents. We believe in law and harmony—yes, though it be the unconquerable won of the world that weighs on our hearts, they rush out to meet joyfully all the sorrow of the world—inhuman, unearthly power of sound! To our musician, the first rush of instruments in the majestic allegro was a spell to break him away from himself, and the strong fresh overture prepared the heavens for the sublime story of the old Greek.

The curtain rose; there was the tomb of Eurydice, dead, spite of her husband's mighty power; shepherds strewed it with leaves and flowers, and Orpheus himself was stretched in despair over the funeral stone, his great lyre fallen from his hands. Now loud swelled the dirge of the shepherds' chorus, and now, through it, came piercing the cry of anguish from his lips, "Eurydice!" Then he remained alone; and entranced, Josquin heard the tender air that follows, and the impassioned recitatives, when in the music-god is wrought up to defy the power of death and seek his wife at the gate of hell. Love appeared then; and in tender strains, told of the sanction of the gods, and with a great major burst of song, accompanied by rushing violins, Orpheus departs for the land of spirits.

We read how these wonderful recitatives struck Gluck's Italian contemporaries with scorn. Josquin thought of Hæse, and nearly laughed aloud. His heart was leaping up in joyful recognition of the master, whom he felt from henceforth he must serve.

Josquin's choice is made, and he returns to Dresden. His inspiration, enriched by knowledge, exalted by love, and tempered by adversity, brings forth its perfect fruit. Lisa Vaara, his early companion, now his devoted sister in art, has become the reigning singer of the opera, and will joyfully undertake to interpret his music with all her power and sympathy. The master Gluck himself has seen and approved the work. Cécile is indeed lost; she has loved Josquin Dorioz as much as it was in her nature to love, but she had no strength to rebel against the other destiny sorely arranged for her by the Count Lichtenberg. She has married a prince and passed out of the story. But *Alceste* is well-nigh won.

The fatal obstacle which now comes in is the Hof-Intendant von Plauen, on whose will the acceptance of the opera depends; a pedantic and selfish *dilettante*, who in his perverse and pedantic way has fallen in love with Lisa. What is still worse, he is beyond measure jealous of Josquin, not knowing the Lichtenberg episode, and not believing in nor understanding (to use the author's phrase) "that rare and subtle thing, friendship between man and woman," as, indeed, conventional persons seldom do. While *Alceste* (after many preliminary difficulties) is in rehearsal, Von Plauen makes a formal offer of marriage to Lisa; and on its being rejected, the performance of the opera is indefinitely postponed. Josquin, already in failing health, is broken down by this last blow. He is to go to Italy for a chance of life. The Intendant will not be moved to pity or justice. At last Lisa resolves on the sacrifice which alone will save her friend's work, and may make his last days happy, even if it is too late to save his life: a sacrifice less magnificent in show, but in truth harder to bear than that of the legendary *Alceste*:—

She needs to be strong in her purpose, for almost alone she must act it out; and how unheroic, how difficult is action! *Alceste*, inspired by love, lays her tender body down by the side of her husband to wait for death; this poor *Alceste* may not be passive, though death itself would seem to her now welcome rest. She must return home at once, and looking round on all she has loved so long with the bitterness of farewell, take pen, ink, and paper with all fear of being too late to write to Count von Plauen that she is willing to be his wife.

And so Josquin, knowing nothing of these things, but only that the Hof-Intendant's caprice has again changed, lives to see his opera performed, and to thank Lisa for her divine singing in *Alceste*, and he goes to Italy and there dies contented; and Lisa Vaara marries the Count von Plauen, and the people at Teplitz think she has a strange temper. The sacrifice is accomplished, and no Hercules comes to the rescue of this *Alceste*.

This conclusion will be unwelcome to those who think it necessary to the ending of a novel that at least one couple should be happily married. Those who look beyond mere amusement and estimate work by its artistic merit will find in it, we think, evidence of unusual power. An objection which might with more reason be made to the general plan of *Alceste* is that there is little variety of interest. It is a musical, and almost exclusively musical, romance; and we cannot say that readers who have no music in their souls are likely to be much pleased by it. However, we know of no reason why the interest of a novel should not be specialized in this way if there is a sufficient special circle of readers for it. We have schoolboy novels, military novels, and sporting novels, and why not musical novels too? Indeed, George Sand has set the example in *Consuelo*, which is nearly as full of music as this, though, we need hardly say, altogether on a larger scale and covering a much wider range of feeling, and she is the one writer whose influence on the author of *Alceste* seems to have been strongest. There is no direct imitation, but there are reminiscences of *Consuelo* in one or two individual incidents as well as in the general handling.

It must not be supposed, on the other hand, that in the absence of important digressions there is nothing in the book to relieve or vary the sustained musical tone. Much observation and humour are shown in the incidental descriptions. One of the best of these shows us Josquin Dorioz paying a visit to his respectable aunts who had come to look after him in Dresden:—

It was a white panelled room, the ceiling heavily decorated with arabesques. Between the long dreary windows hung a high green-coloured glass. The tall candlesticks, ready on the table, looked conscious of being the best in the house; even the snuffers had that air of respectability that the properties of the best rooms in a family run always possess. In the centre of the polished oaken floor sat Josquin's married aunt and Crescentia, in their usual afternoon composure. The latter looked just a little more faded. That was the only change he could see, and the pervading smell of *mandarine* and the long pieces of work of which each lady held an end in her tambour frame, brought a tired remembrance to his brain of fusty aprons, that had begun to shoot in green and yellow floss silk in the Vienna drawing-rooms ten years before. Outside, the sun was shining in the garden. There were divine pictures for who would look at them; music for who would listen; life was progressing; people thinking new things. Here the afternoon seemed to be shut out—life to have stopped. Dingy fustiness, complacency, and dullness—these things made Josquin shiver.

There are other things we should have liked to notice specially; but we have in this case preferred indicating the construction and scope of the story to selecting details; for good description in detail is frequently met with, but good construction in the whole is rare.

Of course *Alceste* is not faultless. It appears to be the first work of its author, and shows occasional marks of inexperience. Here and there we find subordinate parts developed out of proportion to the main work, the connexion of incidents not sufficiently clear, or a point slurred over which ought to have been distinct. Especially the conclusion is somewhat hurried, so that the final motive seems scarcely adequate, and the action too abrupt. There are also sundry verbal inaccuracies of the petty sort that will creep into almost every manuscript, but which a practised writer is on the watch for, and corrects in the printing. But we see no fault—unless it is a fault to be in love with art and music—which is either serious or likely to remain unamended; and we have no hesitation in welcoming the unknown author of *Alceste* as a considerable addition to our force of living novelists.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE spirit and temper of Mr. Caleb Cushing's work on the Treaty of Washington* are such as would be anticipated by any one who remembers the tone and character of the American Case, Counter-case, and Argument, in which the American advocates indulged before the Tribunal, and the manner in which the "Indirect Claims" were foisted into the Case, and insisted upon as long as it was possible to press them without the certainty of breaking up the Arbitration altogether. In Mr. Cushing's narrative everything that can be said in justification of America is stated in the broadest and most violent form, while no notice is taken of the grounds on which an opposite view was sustained by some of the soundest of American jurists as well as by men of every shade of opinion on this side of the Atlantic. Everything that is susceptible of an interpretation offensive or insulting to Great Britain is twisted into the most outrageous shape that it will bear; every point that was decided in our favour is carefully slurred over; every point ruled against us is made the most of. We might not expect an American statesman to acknowledge the wanton and indecent character of the taunts and invectives against this country with which he and his colleagues filled their pleadings; but we find them here repeated, justified, and deliberately recorded when all excuse for such a renewal of offence has been removed. We might not expect to receive an acknowledgment of the moderation, dignity, and temper displayed by the advocates of England; but we have reason to feel that our conciliatory bearing and temperate reserve have been thrown away when an American holding so responsible a position as Mr. Cushing inveighs against us for appealing to the innumerable precedents found in the history of his own country to justify, and much more than justify, our action in the case of the Confederate cruisers, and indulges in repeated imputations of foul play and intentional neglect against the English Government. Mr. Cushing was not likely to appreciate the cogency and conclusiveness of Sir A. Cockburn's examination of the whole case from a point of view which, though widely differing from that of Continental jurists, is that which had, until the *Alabama* controversy arose, been common to the two countries whose maritime law rests on English precedents, and had been more vigorously asserted by America than by ourselves; nor to admit the justice and necessity of a rebuke to the intemperate and insulting language employed by himself and his colleagues. But it is obviously unfair in him not to remind his American readers that he and his assistants had indulged in the gravest aspersions on the character of a British statesman who was not before the Tribunal, and who could not defend himself; aspersions which Mr. Adams himself had on a former occasion distinctly declared to be false, and which, as Mr. Adams did not think it necessary to repeat his condemnation of those aspersions from the judgment seat, it was scarcely possible for the English arbitrator, who knew their falsehood, to leave unnoticed. A

* *The Treaty of Washington; its Negotiation, Execution, and the Discussions relating thereto.* By Caleb Cushing. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Tinsley & Co. 1873.

good deal of space is occupied with abuse of the Lord Chief Justice on account of his conduct in Parliament and on the Bench prior to the Arbitration; and the book is rather a general invective against England, and the Arbitrator appointed by her, than a history of the Treaty of Washington and the Arbitrations of Geneva and Berlin.

Mr. Macfarlane's *Coal Regions of America** is a very full, minute, and exhaustive account of the different coal formations of the United States and Canada, as far as they are yet known. He describes particularly the five great carboniferous districts of the States; that extending from Pennsylvania through the Middle and Southern States into Alabama; that of Michigan; that of Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky; that of Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas; and a fifth, very imperfectly explored, in Texas. He shows in detail the situation and extent of the various beds in each formation, as far as known, their several boundaries, the number and quality of the coal seams, and the manner in which their direction and trend have been altered and disturbed by subsequent geological movements, giving at the same time very careful expositions of the geology of each field and basin. He also enumerates the mines at work in each place, describes their character, the quantity of produce, the methods of quarrying, working, and bringing up the coal, and enters particularly into every circumstance of interest connected with their operation. The quality of the different beds and seams of coal is a matter of especial importance, into which he goes at great length, and which materially affects the conclusions that might be drawn from mere geographical distribution. For example, there are seams which produce only what is called "red-ash coal," a kind distinguished by the peculiar pink colour of the ash; there is the ordinary white-ash coal; and there is the anthracite, which burns almost entirely away, leaving little or no ash at all. But the three important divisions are anthracite, bituminous coal, and lignite. The first, of which a considerable quantity exists in Wales, but which is little consumed in this country, is the staple product of the Pennsylvanian mines, and the principal mineral fuel of the States. Its merits are considerable; its great drawback, as described by Mr. Macfarlane, is that it will burn only when strongly heated, so that a hot wood fire must be made and lighted for some little time before the anthracite takes fire; and a strong draught is also desirable. The bituminous coal resembles our own common coal; the lignite, which is the only mineral fuel found in the Far West and in the Pacific States, is a species of imperfectly formed coal—wood not yet hardened into the thoroughly mineral form of the older relics of the carboniferous forests—and is of very inferior value. The distribution of the fuel which is the first requisite of steam-power will probably confine the manufactures of the United States in future generations—even more, proportionately to their extent, than those of England are confined—to particular districts; and create a distinction of interests quite as great as that which divided North and South between the coal-producing, manufacturing States chiefly north of the Ohio and west of the Mississippi, the semi-tropical or planting Gulf States, the metalliferous regions of the interior, and the splendid agricultural territory on the Pacific slope. Unhappily, so much coal is wasted, not only by the same modes of negligent working which have hitherto obtained in England, but by recklessness on the part of the owners, who sacrifice large quantities of good fuel in order to work quickly only the best and most profitable kinds, that future ages may find themselves cheated out of a large part of their rightful share in the boons of nature.

Mr. Knox's *Underground*† connects itself with the subject just mentioned only in that it contains some curious, and now and then interesting, accounts of visits to mines, of mining operations, mining accidents, and mining adventures. But it has no pretension to completeness, unity, or even coherence. It is a medley of all sorts of materials—anecdotes and descriptions, personal experiences and borrowed narratives; extracts from newspapers, giving minute accounts of terrible disasters in coal and other mines; traditions respecting old dungeons and their ancient owners and occupants; fictions more or less obvious, and exaggerations more or less glaring, respecting the midnight mysteries of city life; explorations among the Chinese of San Francisco and among the gamblers of Homburg and Wiesbaden; stories of the fortunes made out of Pennsylvanian oil-wells by swindlers and adventurers in the nineteenth century, and of the tortures suffered by heretics in boiling oil-vats and blazing furnaces in the fifteenth; stories of the "underground railway" of the times before the Civil War, by which fugitive slaves were assisted to escape to Canada, and of speculations in underground railroads of a more literal character, such as London knows; gold and silver washing; iron and salt mines; beer-cellars and oyster-cellars; the coolie trade and the tricks of Wall Street; tunnels and caves; crimes and detectives—all things, in fact, that in reality or by metaphor can be brought under the title. Here we have everything actually or allegorically subterranean, everything connected with moral or

material darkness, and all jumbled together with a disregard of order and relation, a profound contempt of all association of ideas beyond that supplied by the notion, or rather the word, "underground," which, if it be not a little bewildering to the reader, indicates a courageous indifference to conventional rules. The style is as free as the construction—sometimes simply reckless, sometimes painfully comic—and the illustrations are sometimes drily matter-of-fact, sometimes wildly sensational. The critic, in fact, can say nothing for a book that violates all law, order, and common sense; the uncritical reader may find that, when the author does not struggle to be lively, he is sometimes entertaining; and when he condescends not to be original, he—or his materials—may even prove interesting.

The portion of Mr. Livingstone's works* presented to the reader in these volumes is not the most interesting to the general reader, but is perhaps the most valuable, certainly the most striking, monument of his intellect, his originality, and his industry. If his name chance to be remembered by future generations, it will certainly be as the author of the Criminal Code of Louisiana, which, whether we may approve it in detail or not, was certainly one of the first and most remarkable endeavours to constitute a practical system of criminal law on distinctly philosophical principles. The circumstances of Louisiana at the time—with no law clearly entitled to respect, and three or four distinct systems of law all more or less confused and uncertain, Spanish, French, and American, dividing the allegiance of her citizens and administered by her courts—gave Edward Livingstone, when he was invited to become her lawgiver, a degree of independence and a freedom of scope which he who has to codify and improve an existing body of jurisprudence, or even to frame a new code for a nation which has already fixed customs and ideas on legal points, can hardly enjoy; and he made the most of his privilege. This is not the place to discuss the views on which his Code was based. But we may note one of two interesting or curious details. He requires that a person thrice convicted of any crimes whatsoever (not including misdemeanours), even though each crime was of a different character, should be imprisoned for life. In this way he would have rid society of all who obstinately persist in living by plunder. But then he sentences the worst class of murderers only to imprisonment for life; so that a prisoner once sentenced as a confirmed thief would have nothing more to fear; nothing to restrain him from murdering his gaolers, or committing any other atrocity which might further his escape or gratify his temper. He forbids duels under heavy penalties; but he also inflicts heavy penalties on any man who shall provoke another to fight; thus giving, to some extent, that protection against bullies which our law failed to give, and for want of which it was so long ineffective. The introductory Reports on which the principles of both his Codes are discussed are especially valuable, and may well be compared with the Notes on the Indian Criminal Code in the collected edition of Macaulay's works.

We have noticed former editions of the "American Annual Cyclopaedia,"† which is in the main a political, in a lesser degree a literary and biographical, in a still less degree a scientific, record of recent progress and of the year's events, under the guise and on the plan of a dictionary. We need not say more of the volume before us than that the Treaty of Washington and the Arbitration of Geneva supply the most important part of its new matter, and that much of the information obtained by the recent Census will be found, in a more convenient shape, in its pages.

The Annual Report of the New York Chamber of Commerce‡ for 1872-73 recalls the part taken by that body at the most critical point of the *Alabama* negotiations in urging their Government to abandon the Indirect Claims, and accept the Supplementary Article tendered by Great Britain. It also contains some interesting Reports and resolutions relative to the Coinage Bill, and the advantages of a single gold standard, which are deprived of part of their practical value by the existence of a depreciated paper currency, but which are not the less intrinsically sound and interesting, as exhibiting the views of the chief commercial community of a country where, among other classes, the wildest errors of the "mercantile theory" appear to be generally prevalent. We confess, however, that we are a little surprised to see that the Chamber, or a large part thereof, attaches so much importance to the correspondence of the American silver dollar with the French five franc-piece. Surely merchants who pay all their international engagements through the medium of paper ought to be the last to exaggerate the advantages of an international coinage, as distinct from an international monetary system; advantages which amount to this, that an American traveller need not change his money before leaving New York, unless he means to go by way of England.

* *The Complete Works of Edward Livingston on Criminal Jurisprudence; consisting of Systems of Penal Law for the State of Louisiana and for the United States of America.* With the Introductory Reports to the same; to which is prefixed an Introduction by Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the United States. 2 vols. New York: National Prison Association. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

† *The American Annual Cyclopaedia and Register of Important Events of the Year 1872-3.* Embracing Political, Civil, Military, and Social Affairs, Public Documents, Biography, Statistics, Commerce, Finance, Literature, Science, Agriculture, and Mechanical Industry. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

‡ *Fifteenth Annual Report of the Corporation of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York for the Year 1872-3.* Compiled by George Wilson, Secretary. New York: Press of the Chamber. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

* *The Coal Regions of America; their Topography, Geology, and Development.* With a Coloured Geological Map of Pennsylvania, a Railroad Map of all the Coal Regions, and numerous other Maps and Illustrations. By James Macfarlane, A.M. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

† *Underground; or, Life Below the Surface: Incidents and Accidents beyond the Light of Day; Startling Adventures in All Parts of the World; Mines, and the Mode of Working them; Under-currents of Society; Gambling and its Horrors; Caverns and their Mysteries, &c.* By Thos. W. Knox. Author of "Camp-fire and Cotton-field," "Overland through Asia," &c. Hartford: Burr & Lyde. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Low, & Sealte. 1873.

The *History of the Massachusetts General Hospital** is one of those elaborate memorials of local interest—records of Colleges, lists of State officials, descriptions of cities, and so forth—with which the press of America teems. Who is expected to read page after page of forgotten names, complimentary speeches or funeral orations, and extracts from familiar histories and unheard-of biographies, we can no more conceive than we can understand who will purchase a solid, elaborately printed volume which contains no single fact of interest to any human being unconnected with the State Hospital—nothing more than a record of the proceedings of the Trustees, the change of officers, the varying fortunes of the Hospital, and the benefactions that from time to time increased its means—nothing that can instruct the student of medicine or entertain the student of literature.

Dr. Dunglison's *History of Medicine*† deals much more largely with the earliest ages of the science than with its later developments. Nearly a third of the volume is devoted to Jewish, Chinese, and Brahmin traditions; Empedocles has his turn; Hippocrates, Aristotle, and Galen have each a chapter, or the chief part of one, while Harvey only gets a paragraph. It would clearly be impossible to treat so wide a subject satisfactorily in four times the space of the two hundred and fifty small pages of large type which are here given to it; and the book is indeed a mere summary of what any student of medicine whose taste led him to the antiquities of his profession might pick up in any respectable library.

Leisure Moments‡ is the title of a collection of verses by Miss H. Helen Nunez, in which there is so even a level of quality and character from the first page to the last, that we cannot guess which are the pieces written, as the preface assures us, "nearly as far as the childhood of the author," and which have had the benefit, such as it is, of mature powers and ripened experience. *The Heroine of the White Nile*§ is a lady who preceded Sir Samuel Baker in some part of his journeys, and fell a martyr to her missionary zeal. *The Other Girls*|| is a characteristic story of American life, with some thoroughly native touches such as redeem the heaviness of *Queechy* or the mannerisms and affectations of Mrs. Stowe, and with much of the peculiar quality which made "Faith Gartney" a favourite in certain quarters.

* *A History of the Massachusetts General Hospital (to August 5, 1851)*. By N. I. Bowditch. Second Edition, with a Continuation to 1872. Boston: Printed by the Trustees from the Bowditch Fund. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

† *History of Medicine from the Earliest Ages to the Commencement of the Nineteenth Century*. By Robley Dunglison, M.D., LL.D., late Professor in Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, &c. Arranged and Edited by H. J. Dunglison, M.D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

‡ *Leisure Moments*. By H. Helen Nunez. Philadelphia: Lippincott. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

§ *The Heroine of the White Nile; or, What a Woman Did and Dared*. A Sketch of the Remarkable Travels and Experiences of Miss Alexandrine Thand. By Professor William Wells. New York: Nelson & Phillips. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

|| *The Other Girls*. By Mrs. A. D. Whitney, Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," &c. &c. With Illustrations by J. S. Harley. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

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MINISTERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

LORD LYTTLTON, in accepting on Thursday night the decision of the House of Lords to give him and his colleagues on the Endowed Schools Commission only one year's grace, confessed that he could hardly expect more, as he had nobody to back him except a Government smitten with paralysis. If this is the description given of the Ministry by a faithful supporter when he is speaking of Mr. GLADSTONE and the rest of the Cabinet, it is easy to understand what appearance the Cabinet must make when, as at the Mansion House banquet, Mr. GLADSTONE is away. The occasion had been looked to with some interest, as it was hoped that Mr. GLADSTONE would have taken the opportunity to explain in a more easy and unofficial way than is possible in Parliament what he really thinks of his political position, with what eyes he regards the Session that is closing, and with what hopes and intentions he is looking forward to the future. Some such declaration might have been very useful, for the Cabinet has in the last few days been passing through such a dark valley of humiliation that the supporters of Mr. GLADSTONE and the country generally would have welcomed any statement from him which would have lifted the Ministry to a higher and brighter region, have inspired the belief that Mr. GLADSTONE reasonably hopes to regain his position, worthy of him by trying what another Session of the present Parliament will do for him, and have thrown a veil of welcome oblivion over the quarrels and blunders of his subordinates. But this was not to be. Mr. GLADSTONE was too ill to attend the Lord Mayor's dinner, and the cause of his illness was overwork. In one way this calamity is creditable to him. No one, friend or foe, fails to bear hearty testimony to Mr. GLADSTONE's unremitting industry, and to the zeal in every direction that he displays. But that Mr. GLADSTONE should be so overworked is a very painful fact. It may be a bad or a good thing that the Chief of a Cabinet should rule his Cabinet absolutely, and rise above all his colleagues; but if he does this, one inevitable consequence is that, directly any accident incapacitates him temporarily for carrying on his labours, everything and everybody are at sea. Never was the necessity of the presence of Mr. GLADSTONE among his colleagues made more conspicuous in the House of Commons than it has been during the few last days when illness has been pressing on him. It is he who has had to correct Mr. ARDEN, and to avert deserved censure from Mr. LOWE by silently reminding the House that, if public justice demands that Mr. LOWE should be rebuked, public convenience demands that this rebuke should be spared. Had it not been that to attack Mr. LOWE was to drive Mr. GLADSTONE from office, nothing could have kept the House from censuring the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER by an overwhelming majority. The GLADSTONE Cabinet, in short, is nothing without Mr. GLADSTONE, and happily the strength and spirits of Mr. GLADSTONE imperiously require rest; but there is only one way of giving him rest, and that is by the illogical and somewhat ungrateful process of voting against, or forbearing to vote for him and his supporters, at the next election.

The Lord Chancellor has always hitherto had the reputation of possessing a character to which a taste for irony was altogether foreign. His amiability, his sincerity, his cultivated aptitude for honestly making the best of any cause committed to him, even when to predicate the supposition that, under cover of praising a Cabinet of which he was a member, he would have a quiet fling at it, and hold up to slight ridicule its weaknesses and its shortcomings.

But if an ironical speaker had wished to do his best to damn his friends, with faint praise, he could not have selected his topics more judiciously than by keeping in the groove which the Lord Chancellor marked out for himself at the Mansion House. It fell to his lot, as Mr. GLADSTONE was away, to describe the career and recount the principles of the Ministry during the past Session. What the audience really thought of this Session and its history was sufficiently marked by the hearty cheer evoked when the CHANCELLOR remarked that the Session was now nearly at an end. Of course there was something to be said about the Judicature Bill, and the good effects it is to produce; and the CHANCELLOR, with paternal tenderness, threw in a good word for his own little Bill relating to the transfer of land, of which probably not one in twenty of his hearers remembered the most fragmentary outline. But this was not much for a Cabinet like the great GLADSTONE Cabinet to have done, and it was incumbent on the CHANCELLOR to travel into wider fields, and discover if possible some other successes for a paralysed Ministry. He was not wanting to the occasion. England had, under the guidance of an enlightened Government, achieved great triumphs within the last few months, which it made him proud, and might well make his audience proud, to think of. And what were these great and glorious successes? They were that the Sultan of ZANZIBAR has been coerced into making a treaty, that the representative of England has secured the precious right of audience at the Court of China, and that the SHAN has been received with a magnificent welcome. These were the noble achievements for which the country has to thank the GLADSTONE Ministry. We have actually made a petty barbarian tyrant afraid of us, as he happened to have a port open to our ironclads; we have won the right of addressing the monarch of a decaying Asiatic State without his putting us to open shame; and we have shouted and retired, but money as if it had been water in honour of a much poorer Asiatic prince, to style whose kingdom decaying would be to run the risk of seeming to offer him ridiculous flattery. The SHAN has had a very strange career in his European wanderings, and his visits have been put to very strange uses; but perhaps, the strangest thing of all, connected with his rambles has been that, long after he has left England, he should then turn up as the friend and, in a measure, the preserver, of the GLADSTONE Ministry. The criticism is as obvious as it is just, that if fifteen members of Parliament were chosen by lot, they might fairly expect to form a Cabinet capable of bringing the Sultan of ZANZIBAR to reason, forcing China to treat English Ministers with respect, and welcoming a SHAN. That the CHANCELLOR should not see this, and should describe these tiny feats as the worthy achievements of a great Ministry, is surprising, and drives us back upon our confidence in his simple honesty, to avoid the impression that he was yielding to the temptation of having a bit of fun, and gently sneering at the body to which he belonged.

The guests of the Lord Mayor had, however, one pleasure which is a comparatively rare one, for they heard Mr. BRUCE speak, and as Mr. BRUCE's speeches in Parliament this Session have been almost exclusively confined to explanations of the views of the Home Office as to decisions of juries, it is a comfort to get him on more general topics, and hear his views about them. He returned thanks for the House of Commons, and his great point was that the House may be likened to the famous engineer who, when he wanted to think over the problems of a difficult job, used to go to bed for days together, and only

get up when he had found the solution. The House of Commons having reached the end of the Session may now, as Mr. Bruce said, go to bed for some months and think over the past and the coming Session, and then it will have the opportunity of getting up, if the Fates allow it to get up at all, refreshed and wiser. An ordinary member of the House of Commons might object that what Mr. Bruce said was much truer of the Cabinet than of the House. When the Session is over, it is the Ministers, not their supporters or opponents, who ought to go to bed and think over things. Mr. Bruce at least cannot be in want of materials for thought, however long he lies in bed, as he has at the lowest computation fifty or sixty very important matters under his gravest consideration. If he would but take even a week in a quiet back room, and think about cubs, it would be most interesting to know the result. Mr. Gladstone's speculations might probably take a wider range. He has earned his rest, and sorely needs it. He has had trials and anxieties and humiliations without end, and, when his work ceases for a time and he has leisure to think over the whole position of things in the political world, he will find enough to perplex him. His reflections will not be by any means wholly of a painful character. He has during his Premiership, in spite of some faults and many blunders, won the admiration and gratitude of large sections of his countrymen. He has proved his incontestable superiority to his colleagues. He has inspired the universal conviction that he has done his very utmost to promote what he considered to be the interests of the public, and in the last wearisome four months he has borne up with courage against physical debility, and has shown patience and a measure of magnanimity in the mode in which he has met a state of things with which his character and his antecedents little fitted him to deal. But he will have to consider how long all this is to go on, and whether there is any fair prospect that what Lord Lytton calls a paralysed Ministry will get up the least or a paralysed however long and resolutely it may lie in bed.

SPAIN.

SOME time must elapse before the confused anarchy of Spain can crystallize itself into definite and intelligible forms. The original promoters of the revolution succeeded one another with increasing rapidity, and then disappeared into merited obscurity, and perhaps into ill-deserved safety. FIGUEROA balanced himself at the top of the revolving wheel for three or four months; PI Y MARGALL, representing a more advanced stage of disorder, kept his footing for a fortnight; and now SALMERON is vainly exhorting his countrymen to aid him in tying up the conflicting winds in the bag which he helped to open. CASTELLAR, who has perhaps done more harm to Spain than any other living man, abstains from taking an official share of responsibility for the general ruin. He talked down the Monarchy; he got rid of the legal Cortes; he convoked an Assembly of partisans in which he hoped to make other eloquent speeches; and now he finds that in the opinion of the Republican Government the indefinite prorogation of the Cortes is the first condition of the revival of order. If more important questions were not pressing, it would be interesting to learn whether the most fluent and florid of orators is yet convinced that a lawless population is not to be governed by words. The Minister of the moment has, like his immediate predecessors, been a Republican agitator; but he seems to be exempt from the suspicion which attached to PI Y MARGALL of complicity with the insurgents. It is to the credit of his judgment, if not of his consistency, that he is anxious to get rid of the Cortes, so as to rule by some more rational instrument than universal suffrage. It was time to dismiss a Cabinet which had exceeded all the extravagances of revolutionary tradition. Even the French Jacobins were ready when they were in office to punish resistance to their own commands with condign severity; but Señor STEN, a principal colleague of PI Y MARGALL, informed the Cortes that he would not use force against the members of his own party, or, as he called them, co-religionists, even though they were engaged in armed rebellion against the Government. Modern Republicans habitually prefer faction to patriotism; but no one had before propounded the doctrine with the same cynical simplicity. The faction which first attained notoriety in the Paris Commune has long since reversed all the recognized laws of morality. It remains for its partisans to make govern-

ment impossible by securing immunity to all rebels who conform to a sectarian test.

Of the numerous traitors who are tearing Spain in pieces, General CONTRERAS is perhaps the least incomprehensible. Having induced a part of a province and two or three towns to declare themselves independent of the national Government, he seems to have collected a few thousand men, and it was lately reported that he was marching on Madrid; but, according to later advices, he has established a Government at Carthagena, with, amongst other functionaries, a Minister of Foreign Affairs. It would seem that he is rather a claimant of supreme power than a mere promoter of secession. Any military adventurer who had, under any pretext, made himself master of the capital, would summarily dismiss and forget his professed zeal for provincial independence. If Murcia or any other part of Spain affects to cast off its relation to the State, it might seem to be a necessary consequence that it could have no pretence for attacking the capital or any other seat of foreign authority; but patriots of the order of CONTRERAS are not in the habit of binding themselves to consistency. PI Y MARGALL, who was charged with conspiring at the escape of CONTRERAS from Madrid, may perhaps have wished to receive the aid of a military faction against his own Minister of War, General GONZALEZ, who finally overthrew the Government. It is not known at present who organized the conspiracy which resulted in the revolt of the naval squadron at Carthagena. Half-a-dozen men-of-war, including ironclads, must be a troublesome incumbrance to a revolutionary leader. It is impossible to reconcile the successive and conflicting movements of the progress or partial failure of the sporadic rebellion which extends over large parts of Spain. Sometimes it is said that Seville or Valencia is on the point of surrender; and Barcelona wavers from day to day between loyalty and secession. According to a statement which has since been contradicted, the Government artillery at Valencia had deserted to the rebels; but the insurgent faction may perhaps at any moment make terms with the Government. The towns which share in the insurrection, and even the extreme faction, are probably subject to internal dissensions.

The vindication of the Spanish revolution by the apologetics of Sheffield murders and of Paris massacres will be expected with reasonable curiosity; but perhaps they will be well advised in waiting before they describe the changing form of the Republic of the minute. The consequences of equality and fraternity have never before been carried so far; but possibly the Spanish Incomprehensibles may prove that the possibilities of crime and folly have not been yet exhausted. The Federal Republic seems to have passed as completely out of fashion as the Cortes by which it was to be organized, or as the monarchy which it was to supersede. Valencia, Seville, and Carthagena trouble themselves with no Federal relations to other towns or provinces, though they agree in asserting the great principle of the despotic supremacy of every local mob. If they succeed for a time in organizing a system of isolated tyrannies, they may perhaps afterwards seek to form alliances for their mutual safety. For the present, all national allegiance and unity are repudiated by the faction which monopolizes political activity. If the Republicans formed a fifth part of the population before the proclamation of the Republic, the secession of all but the lowest and most reckless part of the population must by this time have reduced the number to a tenth; but no other faction is ready to fight, and in consequence of the demoralization of the army, no effective resistance can be offered to the dominant minority. When it is said that all parties are preparing to rally round the Government, there is no indication of any active purpose of interference by the respectable portion of the community. The difficulties which beset the Government must be constantly and rapidly accumulating. Troops cannot be raised or maintained without money, and it is impossible either to collect the taxes or to borrow. The revolutionary clubs, according to custom, demand forced contributions from the rich, and property will probably be subjected to heavy and arbitrary burdens; but all resources of the kind will soon be exhausted without materially relieving the embarrassments of the Treasury. The rebel leaders, though they will be exposed to similar difficulties, can better dispense with the command of money.

The most significant of recent Spanish events is the offer of SERRANO, TORRE, and the generals of the monarchy to

co-operate with the actual Government in the restoration of order. They also are largely responsible for the revolution of which they have been victims. If SERRANO and his allies had behaved with ordinary good faith and loyalty, King AMADERO would still be on the throne; and the ruffianly adventurers who are now fighting for power and plunder would still be confined to their native obscurity. SERRANO has overthrown two monarchies, of which the less creditable was nevertheless incomparably preferable to the barbarous anarchy of the Republic. There is no reason why he should not, if possible, retrieve some portion of the character which he has forfeited by his inconstancy and blindness. His adhesion and that of his military colleagues to the Government would be important if only he could find an army to follow him. It is possible that some of the troops who have encountered disaster under NOUVILLAS and CONTRERAS might be willing to follow their ancient chiefs in a campaign for or against the Republic. The patriots apparently thought that SERRANO was still formidable when they lately despatched an assassin to Biarritz to murder him; yet it is not easy to understand where he can collect a respectable force. The acceptance of his services by the Government of Madrid would be equivalent to a provisional abdication. Neither SALMERON nor CASTELAR could expect that a victorious general would maintain or re-establish either a Unitarian or a Federal Republic. The triumph of the old army would imply the restoration of the BOURBON dynasty, probably in the person of the young ALFONSO. SERRANO has offended against Queen ISABELLA too deeply to be forgiven; nor would he be inclined to rely on her gratitude or her clemency. The time for a restoration has probably not yet arrived. It is better that the Republicans should prove to the satisfaction of the whole country their inveterate inability to govern or to submit to the government of their own party. It may be hoped that they will have rendered a Republic impossible in Spain, if not in Europe, for more than one generation.

THE REJECTION OF THE RATING BILL.

MR. STANSFELD'S labours on his modest Bill for the amendment of the law of rating and valuation have for the present been wasted. The question was not urgent, and the measure was far from faultless; yet it may be doubted whether the House of Lords exercised a sound judgment in summarily rejecting the Bill. Defects of detail might have been remedied in a future Session, and Mr. STANSFELD deserved credit for declining to adopt the vexatious proposals of his predecessor. There was some force in the suggestion that the Bill could scarcely be amended in its principal clauses without a risk of infringing the sacred and troublesome privileges of the House of Commons. Rates are local taxes, and it is admitted that the House of Lords can take no part in imposing or in adjusting fresh burdens on the subject. If, therefore, new liabilities are improperly attached by the House of Commons to any kind of property, it seems that the House of Lords can only redress the grievance by sending back the whole subject for reconsideration. On the other side, it is evident that the same difficulty must recur whenever a Rating Bill is passed by the House of Commons, unless indeed its provisions are absolutely unobjectionable. Although the House of Lords has always asserted a constitutional right to reject Bills relating to taxation, its power ought only to be exercised on rare and extraordinary occasions. The few precedents of interference in modern times are not encouraging, although the repeal of the Paper duty was, by the vote of the House of Lords in 1860, postponed for a year. In the following Session Mr. GLADSTONE, by the device of including the entire Budget in a single Bill, compelled the House of Lords to choose between a total derangement of the fiscal system and a compulsory acquiescence in the decision of the House of Commons. Although the same mode of coercion could scarcely be applied to a Rating Bill, the weaker of the two branches of the Legislature ought to avoid all occasions of collision. The House of Lords has lately strained to the utmost its own privileges; and the claim preferred by Lord CAMERON has, though not without protest, been practically admitted by the House of Commons. It is, therefore, not to be expected that any privilege affecting taxation will be surrendered or suspended when the next Session furnishes an opportunity of reproducing a Rating Bill. The provisions to which Lord HENRIKER and the Duke of BEDFORD objected will probably be

revived in an aggravated form; and if a second Bill is rejected, the proposed alterations will become questions of privilege rather than of calculation and expediency. Many of the reasons which originally justified the claim of the House of Commons to the exclusive control of taxation may have become obsolete; but the House of Lords has in the interval declined in power, nor can it expect any enlargement of its functions. It is on the whole convenient that taxation should proceed from a single source; and rates must follow the rule which applies to taxes. The authority which imposes duties ought to regulate their apportionment; and the House of Lords is not responsible for any inaccuracy of adjustment. According to the contention of Lord CAMERON, the transfer of a part of the jurisdiction of the House of Lords could not, even if it were admitted to be expedient, properly be proposed in the House of Commons. On the same principle, the merits of Mr. STANSFELD'S Bill would only have concerned the House of Lords if the whole measure had been irreconcilably opposed to justice; and the majority of the House of Lords cannot really have believed that the removal of two or three exemptions was beyond the competence of the House of Commons. The Government expressed its willingness to give effect to any suggestions which tended to the improvement of the Bill.

The principle and the mode of rating metalliferous mines, woods, and game had been fully discussed in the House of Commons. It was finally arranged that the rate on tin and copper mines should be levied in proportion to the royalty; that woodlands should be taxed as if they were devoted to the growth of crops or to pasture; and that the owner or occupier should be rated according to the value of the right of shooting. Lord HENRIKER, in a speech which showed a minute knowledge of details, proved that in some respects the measure would not operate with perfect equality. The case of timber-trees intermixed with saleable underwood had not been fully considered, and the respective interests of tenants for life and remainder-men would be in some degree modified by the imposition of a rate on growing timber. A House which mainly consists of landowners is not well advised in representing the tenure which it favours as an obstacle to legislative changes which may be otherwise desirable. If it is thought expedient for the perpetuation of landed families to split up a single property into different estates held in possession or expectancy, actual owners and reversioners ought to arrange their relations among themselves in such a manner as not to impede fiscal or general legislation. If trees ought to be rated, the tax would be assessed with perfect ease on an owner in fee, and Parliament ought not to hesitate in imposing an equitable charge because the life-tenant may incidentally be made to contribute to the benefit of his successor. The Committee of the Lords on the Improvement of Land attribute much importance to the same object of protecting the actual owner against the remainder-man. The complications which arise from the general use of settlements deserve little consideration when they happen to conflict with the public interest.

The question of rating game would have been easily solved if the subject had not been affected by prejudice. The rent which a tenant would give for the land when the right of sporting was not reserved by the landlord furnishes a simple and accurate rule of assessment. When the right of sporting is let separately, the same total is divided into two parts, although in some cases the agricultural rent added to the game rent might exceed in amount the entire rent which would be paid by a single tenant. There is a risk of injustice when the owner lets the land at nearly or quite its value, reserving to himself the right of sporting, but not strictly preserving. It would be unfair that in such a case he should be taxed on the rent which might be given by a sporting tenant for the purpose of maintaining a large head of game. The constitution of Assessment Committees scarcely offers sufficient guarantee of impartiality, because landowners are always in the minority; but, as the House of Commons had, after discussion, arrived at conclusions which were not flagrantly unfair, it would have been better that the peers should not even be suspected of showing special favour to the class of which they are the most conspicuous members. Woods and game alike belong to landowners, and the greatest landowners in the kingdom sit in the House of Lords. It is true that they have in few cases any reason to fear readjustment of rates; for land is seldom let at its full market value in England, and Mr. STANSFELD'S Bill was not extended to Scotland. The majority which defeated the Bill

felt confidence in its familiarity with the subject of local taxation, and it was probably influenced rather by conviction than by private interest; but it was unfortunate that the rejection of the Bill should to a certain extent exempt landowners from taxation.

Spirited and ambitious peers who are dissatisfied with the small share of business allotted to the House of Lords appear scarcely to appreciate one of the principal causes of their comparative inaction. The Government, which in both Houses necessarily regulates the distribution of business, cannot be expected to confide its measures to the mercy of a hostile majority. Mr. GLADSTONE himself is not unwilling, when he has a reasonable chance of support, to relieve the labours of the House of Commons by introducing important Bills in the House of Lords. The Judicature Bill, which forms the only considerable result of the Session, was first discussed in the House of Lords, not only because the LORD CHANCELLOR was its author, but also because it was known that it would receive candid and favourable consideration from Lord CAIRNS. Scarcely any second instance can be cited of a measure which could have been prudently commenced in the House of Lords by a Liberal Government. The Scotch Education Bill, which two or three years ago originated in the House of Lords, was largely altered, in opposition to the wishes of the Government, before it reached the House of Commons. The Rating Bill was necessarily introduced in the ordinary course. If it had passed into an Act, it would not have produced any considerable sensation, nor would it have removed the impression that the Government has during the present year been either indolent or unsuccessful. The House of Lords has now provided the Ministers with a sufficient excuse for failing to redeem the pledge of dealing with local taxation. If an unpretending and moderate Bill was received with so little deference, there would have been little use in proposing for the acceptance of the House of Lords a more sweeping or more comprehensive measure. It is now not improbable that in a future Session a project of local government, which the House of Lords would be competent to discuss and amend, may be intentionally combined with a Rating Bill, on which the question of privilege would again be raised. Mr. STANFELD seems to have recognized the importance of keeping the subject of rating apart from all political and social controversies. According to the Ministerial statements, it was thought necessary or proper to adjust all questions of internal distribution of burdens among ratepayers before the larger enterprise of adjusting Imperial and local taxation was commenced. If, in consequence of the vote of the House of Lords, the Government should in the next Session recur to Mr. GOSCHEN's more ambitious scheme, the landowners would have little reason to congratulate themselves on their temporary triumph. It is true that no considerable measure is likely to be passed before the end of the present Parliament; but in proportion to their conscious inability to legislate, the Government will be tempted to introduce measures on which they may expect to be defeated, for the purpose of obtaining support at the general election. One profuse bid at the national expense has already been made for the favour of popular constituencies. In all probability another offer will be devised with the express object of separating the farmers from the landlords; and the consideration of any bargain which may be negotiated will probably be paid out of the rates. The tenant-farmers may perhaps have already been hopelessly alienated from the Liberal party by Mr. GLADSTONE's proposal of ousting them from the possession of electoral power by the introduction of household suffrage into the counties. Nevertheless the farmers may have their price; or at least the Government may believe that they can be bought.

THE PROROGATION OF THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

THE Message in which Marshal MACMAHON takes leave of the Assembly for the recess is pertinent and dignified. Perhaps there is a shade of contempt in the assurance that the deputies may take their departure without uneasiness, since the Marshal pledges himself that nothing will occur in their absence to endanger the maintenance of public order. If so, it is a contempt which the majority of the Assembly has no title to resent. By choosing Marshal MACMAHON as President in the room of M. THIERS they showed that they felt safer under the rule of a soldier than under the rule of a civilian; and probably the PRESIDENT does but express their own conviction when he tells them

that the country will go on much the same whether the deputies are working at Versailles or taking their holiday at a watering-place. The interest of French politics has for the time been transferred from the Legislature to the Executive. The Conservatives, after protesting against the Radical Dictatorship of M. GAMBETTA and the Republican Dictatorship of M. THIERS, have shown themselves incapable of devising any other order of government. They have themselves revived the Dictatorship, only this time they have put it in commission. It is divided between Marshal MACMAHON and the Duke of BROGLIE, and the point which it is really important to know is what the share of each really comes to. In what relations do the PRESIDENT and the PRIME MINISTER stand to each other? Is Marshal MACMAHON a constitutional President in the sense in which the Conservatives used to entreat M. THIERS to be a constitutional President? Or is he a constitutional President in the sense in which M. THIERS himself understood the phrase? Upon the answer to this question the Duke of BROGLIE's position depends. If Marshal MACMAHON holds himself bound to do the will of the majority of the Assembly as conveyed to him by Ministers possessing its confidence, there is no real security against a monarchical *coup d'état* beyond the present impossibility of the majority agreeing upon the particular Monarchy in whose favour the *coup d'état* is to be effected. If the Legitimists and Orleanists could patch up their quarrel during the vacation, they might present an address to Marshal MACMAHON in the first week of their re-assembling praying him to proclaim the Count of CHAMBORD or the Count of PARIS King, and to put his sword and his army at the disposal of the new sovereign. If, on the other hand, Marshal MACMAHON holds himself bound to hand over the Government to his successor in the same state in which he received it, he would reject any such request from the Assembly as being beyond their competence to present or his to grant; and as his opinion on this point would probably be known to the Duke of BROGLIE, the chances are that no such petition would ever be framed. If the Marshal takes a rigidly technical view of the position of the present Assembly, he will naturally incline to the former alternative, since in the latter the Assembly is the sovereign of France; and whether it does or does not represent the country, its right to determine what form of government shall be imposed upon the country is equally indefeasible. In the spirit, however, no representative Assembly, however august, can have the right to decide fundamental constitutional issues when it has ceased to represent the constituencies which returned it, and for this reason the Marshal might refuse to allow any radical change in the form of government without a previous appeal to the country. No conclusion as to his views upon this question can be drawn from the language of the Message. The PRESIDENT engages to ensure that the legitimate authority of the Assembly shall be everywhere respected; and only a Radical of the most extreme type would wish him to say anything else. The question upon which Conservatives and Liberals part company at present is not the question whether the authority of the Assembly is legitimate—in a sense that is admitted by both parties. It is the question whether this legitimate authority is limited or unlimited. The Message gives no indication which of these theories is adopted by Marshal MACMAHON.

The larger part of the Message is naturally devoted to the approaching end of the German occupation. By the time that the Assembly shall have met again, it will no longer see on French territory any other than a French army. If the Right were capable of feeling shame, they would review with something like compunction their conduct towards the statesman by whose labours alone Marshal MACMAHON has it in his power to give the Assembly this assurance. It is true that the deliverance of French soil from the presence of German troops is in a measure "the common work of the patriotism of all"; that while M. THIERS powerfully contributed by successful negotiations to prepare the way for it, the Assembly aided him by their constant support, and the "laborious population . . . contributed to hasten their own liberation by their readiness to accept the heaviest burdens." No doubt if the Assembly had refused to pass the measures by which the payment of the indemnity is to be met, and still more if the nation had refused to pay the taxes out of which the interest of the loan must be provided, M. THIERS's exertions would have been defeated. But to say this is merely to say that the strongest, equally with the weakest,

man cannot use his strength to any purpose if he has not air to breathe or room to move his arms. It is when these indispensable conditions are forthcoming that the difference between the strong man and the weak man unmistakably asserts itself. Under a President less able than M. THIERS the good will of the Assembly and of the French people would have been of no avail. The one might have been willing to vote taxes, the other might have been willing to pay them; but without the sense of security which M. THIERS contrived to create, both at home and abroad, the loans would have been far harder to raise, and the Germans would not have allowed the payments of the indemnity to be anticipated. The Right may perhaps point to the security which they now enjoy under Marshal MACMAHON, and contend that, if he had been made President earlier, he would have been able to do all that M. THIERS has done. Those who argue in this way forget that the strength of Marshal MACMAHON's position is mainly due to the devotion of the army, and that the army is itself the work of M. THIERS. If a soldier had watched over its creation, it is more than possible that the German Government would not have remained so quiet during the process. Besides this, if Marshal MACMAHON had been President in 1871, it is exceedingly doubtful whether the Republican party would have acquiesced in his rule. That they might have been forced to submit to it is possible; but between the condition of France after a civil war not, as under M. THIERS, confined to Paris, but extending over all the great towns, and in the South over many even of the rural districts, and the condition of France now that order has been maintained for more than two years by the civil power alone, there is all the difference in the world. The Assembly may flatter itself if it pleases with the notion that it has had an equal share in the liberation of the territory; but Frenchmen who are not blinded by passion or terror will agree that it has been the work of M. THIERS in a sense which is altogether exceptional and paramount. As regards the manner in which the day of the departure of the German army is to be observed in France, the language of the Message, is marked by soldierly good taste. France, says Marshal MACMAHON, "would rebuke noisy manifestations little suited to her memory of the grievous sacrifices which were the cost of 'peace.' That these sacrifices have brought forth their proper fruit is a legitimate cause for gladness, but it would argue the meanest kind of vanity if the fact that they have been endured were to be forgotten. In so far as France has been freed from foreign occupation, Frenchmen have a right to rejoice; but in so far as she has been freed by the surrender of two provinces, and by an enormous money payment, their joy must be tempered by sorrow. To put the latter element in the affair out of sight, and to dwell only on the former, would be to show that they have derived no benefit from the lessons of the war. If France is ever to be strong again, it must be by careful study of the causes that have made her weak. It must be said of the great mass of the nation that they have known how to maintain this reserve. If there has been any foolish depreciation of their enemy, or any foolish exaltation of themselves, it has come from that contemptible class of journalists who find their most appropriate employment in ministering to the worst side of the French character.

If the Permanent Committee are commonly prudent, the vacation will probably pass over quietly enough. The absence of the Assembly from Versailles will remove one cause of political disturbance, and the Republican leaders are probably too well aware of the critical nature of their position to depart from a policy of moderation. No doubt there is a considerable section of the majority to whom internal quiet is a cause of active regret. They would like to see the Republicans do something violent in order that the Monarchists might have an excuse for doing something still more violent in return. From this point of view it is to be regretted that the task of attacking the Government as occasion offers should have devolved entirely upon M. GAMBETTA. If he displays the moderation which, though far from uniform, has at least characterized his action at some critical moments, he will do great service to the cause of the Republic. But it is difficult not to question the wisdom of M. THIERS and M. GAZOT in allowing the reputation of the Opposition in the country to depend on the self-control of a single politician.

RUSSIA AND KHIVA.

THE Russian Government and nation may well regard with complacency the conduct and the results of the Khiva campaign. They were from the first well aware that they had no formidable resistance to encounter on the part of the enemy; but they were probably surprised by the utter inefficiency of the native forces. The real difficulties of the expedition were overcome by careful forethought and admirable organization; and the arduous nature of the enterprise was illustrated by the failure of one of the columns to cross the desert. The number of camels collected for the campaign was enormous; and yet it seems not to have been excessive. The health of the troops appears throughout to have been excellent; and they had every reason to rely with confidence on the judgment of their commanders. The large sums which must have been spent on the campaign will probably be found a profitable investment, even if the national honour had not required that the insolence of the Khan of KHIVA should be punished. The chiefs and tribes of Central Asia will be more than ever convinced that the Russian arms are irresistible, and that distance and the hardships of the desert offer no sufficient defence against the Western invaders. As in the Abyssinian expedition, the victory was crowned by a final success. The KHAN, who had in the first instance escaped from the city, thought it prudent to return and to surrender; so that General KAUFMANN had the satisfaction of concluding the war by the occupation of the capital. The Russians might perhaps have been embarrassed by the necessity of providing an administration for a strange and barbarous country. It must be in every way more desirable to employ the existing authorities, who are not likely for the present to dispute the commands of the conqueror. The KHAN could probably have performed no more unpalatable act of submission than when he issued the decree by which slavery is abolished, and the captive population is restored to liberty. The profound reverence for the Emperor of RUSSIA which he professes in the preamble of the decree of liberation is probably more than usually sincere. No attribute but irresistible strength would produce the same feeling of veneration in the mind of a half-civilized Oriental despot. The Russian Commander-in-Chief will take care that the order is strictly obeyed.

The condition of the Russian captives and of the more numerous Persian slaves who were kidnapped by the roving Turcomans for sale to the inhabitants of Khiva seems to have been in the highest degree wretched. In many Mahometan countries, and especially among the Turks, traditional humanity and religious sympathy go far to make domestic slavery tolerable; but the Russian prisoners were, as Christians, entitled only to the treatment of infidels; and the Shoahs of Persia were perhaps, as heretics among orthodox Sunnites, regarded as still more suitable objects of persecution. The Mahometan tribes of Central Asia probably excel all competitors in cruelty, having not advanced so far in economic cultivation as to understand that slaves, like beasts of burden, are most useful and profitable when they are well treated. The compulsory liberation of the slaves who have carried on all the industrial occupations of the country will cause profound discontent, and even distress. In other countries an enfranchised population remains upon the land; and it is for the most part found possible to hire on more or less onerous terms the services which had been before gratuitously rendered. The foreigners who till the fields of Khiva will leave the country in a body under Russian protection, and the feelings of their former masters will resemble those of the Egyptians when the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. It is not easy to understand how a race of predatory warriors will contrive to maintain themselves by the degrading and unaccustomed method of agricultural or pastoral industry, and there is reason to fear that when the Russian occupation is withdrawn, the trade in slaves will be resumed with more than ordinary activity. The veneration of the KHAN for the EMPEROR will scarcely affect the tastes or habits of his clansmen; but henceforth public opinion in Khiva will be opposed to the practice of kidnapping Russian subjects. It will not be thought safe or convenient to provoke the vengeance of their powerful protector, and probably the motive of the Russian Commander-in-Chief for insisting on the abolition of slavery will not be understood. Some of the liberated Persians may find it difficult to obtain a maintenance in their own impoverished country; but if the accounts which have been given of the character of slavery

in Khiva are not exaggerated, it is scarcely likely that any of the freedmen will voluntarily remain in the country.

The future state of Khiva is obscure; but at present General KAUFMANN has rendered a great service to humanity; and the restoration of the independence of the Khanate is, whatever diplomatic engagements may have been made, not to be desired. The extraordinary bitterness of the Russian press against England is apparently caused by a suspicion that some undue concession has been made to the exigency of the English Government. Some of the semi-official journals have even thought fit to assert that inquiries were instituted at Khiva for the purpose of ascertaining whether the former contumacy of the KHAN had been prompted by the Indian Government. To a journalist at Moscow or at St. Petersburg it is probably unintelligible and incredible that when Lord NORTHBROOK advised the KHAN, through his Envoy, to grant the reasonable demands of the Russians, he should have simply expressed his own genuine opinions and those of his Government. It is highly improbable that General KAUFMANN should wantonly seek for a cause of quarrel with England, and there is every reason to believe that the promises which were given through Count SCHOUVALOFF will be performed with all reasonable promptitude. When the Russian Government undertook to evacuate Khiva after occupying the capital, the EMPEROR and his advisers had probably considered the grave inconvenience which might arise from the permanent retention of so inconvenient a post. There is nothing but a guarantee against hostile acts to be obtained by governing a poor and distant province; and the desert, though it has been successfully traversed, is now, as before, interposed between the Russian dominions and the fertile part of Khiva. It would be necessary to maintain a permanent base for operations against Khiva, if the capital contained a Russian garrison, continually exposed to the risk of insurrection and blockade. General KAUFMANN will probably content himself with the erection and occupation of one or more forts on the road to Khiva; and if it is true that the Oxus can be made navigable from the Sea of Aral upwards, the Russian flotilla will always secure the influence of the paramount Power. As the Russian journalists truly state, Khiva is not a stage on the road to India, which is more nearly approached by some of the former Russian conquests.

It is not impossible that the impending marriage of the Duke of EDINBURGH with the Princess MARY of Russia may interrupt the stream of invective which has tended to create unfriendly feeling between the countries, since the journalists of Moscow and St. Petersburg caught the mantle which was partially disused by their brethren in New York. It has been said again and again with perfect truth that there is no necessary conflict of interests in Asia between Russia and England; and if at any future time the Russian Government adopts an enlightened commercial policy, all pretext for dissension might soon disappear. At present Russian writers not unnaturally complain of the tendency of English goods to inundate the markets of Central Asia. The chimerical scheme of M. DE LESSEPS for making a railway from Orenburg to Peshawur is regarded with little favour by Russian patriots, because it is supposed, not without reason, that improved modes of communication might tend to the advantage of English trade. At present every extension of Russian territory diminishes the demand for the products of England and India, by erecting an artificial barrier for the prevention of commercial intercourse. Fortunately there is nothing to lose by the conquest or by the possible annexation of Khiva, as the only staple trade of the country is the traffic in slaves. It may be hoped that the mission of Mr. FORSYTH may result in the conclusion of a commercial treaty with the ruler of Eastern Turkestan; but it is not improbable that some alleged incompatibility between the concessions respectively made to Russia and to England may hereafter cause diplomatic complications. The approaching family alliance may perhaps exercise a favourable influence over the policy of the Imperial Government, although it would be unreasonable to rely too strongly on domestic relations when they conflict with political interests. The English nation regards the connexion with complacency, rather on the ground of the high station of the Imperial family than in the expectation of any political advantage. It is now stated that the negotiations for the marriage were conducted by Count SCHOUVALOFF when he visited England ostensibly for the purpose of effecting an understanding with respect to Central Asia. It is not impossible that the

conciliatory disposition of the Imperial Government may have been in some degree attributable to the expectation of a domestic alliance with England. Happily there is at present no occasion for dispute or remonstrance.

THE TREASURY AND THE DEPARTMENTS.

A WEEK ago the air was full of wild rumours as to the desperate intentions of the Opposition towards the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. The scapegoat on whose head all the sins of the Government were to be visited had at last been found. It was not quite ascertained whether the Zanzibar Contract or the misappropriation of Post Office balances was to supply the occasion for the decisive blow; but there was no doubt that it would be one or other of them. As it turned out, there was yet a third point in Mr. LOWE's conduct of business which was to present itself for criticism. If the relations of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER with the POSTMASTER-GENERAL are unsatisfactory, his relations with the FIRST COMMISSIONER of WORKS are more unsatisfactory still. From this furnace of expected blame Mr. LOWE has somehow come out unhurt. Whether the fact of three attacks coming in one week for Mr. AYTON's speech on Wednesday was at least as hostile to Mr. LOWE as either Mr. CROSS's speech on Tuesday or Mr. SCLATER BOOTH's on Thursday—weakened the force of each, or whether the Opposition thought that, as misunderstandings between the Treasury and other departments of the Government might occur under any Administration, it would be setting a bad example to make them the subject of votes of censure, does not appear. What does appear is that Mr. CROSS, who led the attack on Tuesday, proposed to censure Mr. MONSELL rather than Mr. LOWE, and that Mr. SCLATER BOOTH did not propose to censure anybody. Mr. GLADSTONE resisted the first part of Mr. CROSS's motion, on the ground that it censured Mr. SCUDAMORE, who ought, he maintained, to be protected from the disapprobation of the House of Commons by the fact that, as one of the permanent servants of the Post Office, he is responsible, not to Parliament, but to the Parliamentary chiefs of the department. The truth of this plea is beyond dispute, but its pertinence to the matter in hand is exceedingly doubtful. The words of Mr. CROSS's motion were that the House of Commons "re-cords its disapprobation of the conduct of the Post Office," and on any ordinary canon of interpretation a censure thus directed against a department is meant to hit the Minister who is responsible for the defence of the department in Parliament. Mr. GLADSTONE claimed the right of explaining Mr. CROSS's motion by his speech; but even if this right be conceded, it is hard to see how it served Mr. GLADSTONE's object. It is true that a large part of Mr. CROSS's speech was taken up with Mr. SCUDAMORE, but this is accounted for by the impossibility of making his narrative intelligible without a very frequent introduction of Mr. SCUDAMORE's name. As soon as the facts had been set out, and the time for drawing an inference from them had come, Mr. CROSS bade good-bye to Mr. SCUDAMORE and devoted all his attention to Mr. MONSELL. If Mr. SCUDAMORE had been left to do exactly as he liked, what, said Mr. CROSS, was the use of a Postmaster-General? The Postmaster-General "was bound to look to the efficiency of the Post Office service, and if there were irregularities, he was responsible for them." Mr. MONSELL ought on his appointment to have made himself acquainted with the state of the Post Office accounts, and had he done so, he would soon have discovered that they were in a state which called for the exercise of great discretion and judgment. Mr. MONSELL exercised neither. He allowed his subordinates to correspond with the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, instead of reporting to himself; and if he chose to waive his authority in this way, "he could not expect the business of the department to be well carried on." It certainly would not have occurred to any one of less ingenuity than Mr. GLADSTONE to find fault with this language on the ground that it was a censure of Mr. SCUDAMORE and not of Mr. MONSELL.

Mr. MONSELL's defence of his conduct was perhaps the wisest he could have put forward. He pleaded guilty to the charge of having allowed Mr. SCUDAMORE to do what he liked, and then recommended himself to mercy on the ground that he had found Mr. SCUDAMORE holding a wholly exceptional position in the Post Office, and that, in allowing him to retain it, he had but followed the example of the Duke of MONTROSE and Lord HARTINGTON. To this it may be

rejoined that so long as an exceptional position is not abused there may be no harm in it. The complaint against Mr. MONSELL is, not that he allowed Mr. SOUDAMORE a greater measure of independence than is ordinarily accorded to public servants, but that he took no steps to keep himself acquainted with the purposes on which this independence was turned. Nor, as a matter of fact, is it only where the Telegraph Department is concerned that Mr. MONSELL has neglected the work he was appointed to do. In his evidence before the Committee of Public Accounts he has unburdened himself on this point with singular frankness. "Undoubtedly," he says, "the system has prevailed of a great deal of 'business, and business of very considerable importance,' being transacted by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER with the Secretaries of the Post Office, without the POSTMASTER-GENERAL having anything to say to it. . . . I happened to take a good deal of interest in the question of the investment of the money of the poorer classes in Government securities, and had myself submitted privately a plan which I thought a very good one to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER some time ago upon the subject. I found that in the month of January last he arranged a different plan with Mr. SOUDAMORE, of which I knew nothing until Mr. SOUDAMORE informed me about it. Then, with regard to Post Office ocean contracts, questions of very considerable importance in connexion with the Australian Contract and the Zanzibar Contract (contracts which I think ought to come under the cognizance of the Postmaster-General) were arranged by the Secretary with the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER." We question whether so naive a confession of incompetence has ever yet been made. The Postmaster-General is an official of high rank and consideration, presiding over a most important department, and served by a singularly able staff. Mr. MONSELL now comes forward with the admission that, as regards whole classes of business, and this "business of very considerable importance," the staff manage things as they like, and, if they want official authorization for their proceedings, go to another Minister to obtain it instead of to their own chief. Mr. MONSELL must be a singular proficient in the grace of Christian humility, or he would not have endured being passed over in this way by his nominal subordinates; and, what is more extraordinary still, he has a rival in the race for canonization in the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS. The account which Mr. AYRTON gives of his position in regard to the Treasury is nearly identical with Mr. MONSELL's, though it is fair to say that Mr. MONSELL's statement was made in answer to a question put by a legitimate authority, whereas Mr. AYRTON's statement was made without a shadow of excuse, and apparently for no other purpose than to embarrass the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. The relations between Mr. LOWE and Mr. AYRTON are reported to be of a kind which makes it the most natural thing in the world for either of them to do his best to make life a burden to the other; but if Mr. AYRTON were troubled with any superfluous sense of self-respect, he would feel it impossible to remain in office, if office really subjects him to the treatment which he describes himself as undergoing at the hands of Mr. LOWE. We should say the same thing in Mr. MONSELL's case, were it not that he would have been content to suffer in silence had it not been for the intervention of a Select Committee; whereas Mr. AYRTON, in his anxiety to prove Mr. LOWE a bully, has come forward without any invitation to exhibit his bruises to the House of Commons.

As regards the action of the Treasury towards the other departments, its injudicious interference is perhaps even more blamable than its insufficient control. In the present CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER the Treasury possesses a chief of remarkable energy, and this energy appears to have been largely displayed in doing other people's business for them. Whether it is or is not desirable that the Treasury should take the initiative in matters which do not technically belong to it, it is clear that, so far as it becomes an executive department, it ceases to be of any use as a controlling department. The functions of artist and critic cannot be united to any useful purpose in the same person. If Mr. LOWE had not been in the habit of communicating directly with the Secretaries of the Post Office, Mr. SOUDAMORE would hardly have dispensed with the consent of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL to his use of the Post Office balances; and even if the POSTMASTER-GENERAL had approved of the use of them for the purpose of telegraph extension, the matter would still

have come before the Treasury with full notice and in its true colours. If the negotiation of the Zanzibar Contracts had been left to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, the contract to which so much just exception has been taken would never have been entered into; or if it had been entered into, it would have been presented to the House of Commons as something altogether exceptional—something proposed, not by the Post Office in the interests of postal convenience, but by the Cabinet in the interests of national policy. That two ideas so completely distinct in themselves could have been confused as they were confused by Mr. LOWE, is largely attributable to the fact that he had taken the POSTMASTER-GENERAL's work out of his hands in the first instance, and had then mixed it up with work which never could have belonged to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL. Mr. LOWE has good reason to congratulate himself that he has been let off so easily. If any one of his errors of judgment had stood alone, it might have been of more importance that it should be sharply noticed. But the combination of so many in the same Session has evidently alarmed even Mr. LOWE, and if the Treasury will only take warning by their own proved shortcomings and their chief's narrow escape, there ought to be no difficulty in providing adequate security against the recurrence of similar scandals.

THE FRENCH TREATY OF COMMERCE.

IT was at the end of the July of last year that M. THIERS received the special reward he asked for from his admiring supporters at the moment when the negotiations and financial arrangements by which he had secured the liberation of the territory had been completed. He had set his heart on a law being passed under which duties should be laid on raw materials, and he prophesied that the country would receive a revenue from this source which would fall only just short of four millions sterling. The Assembly disapproved of his law and disbelieved in his figures; but this Bill was the whim of the Liberator, and, if the Liberator insisted, he deserved perhaps to have his caprice gratified, and there were great difficulties in the way of getting the forthcoming loan floated unless M. THIERS was in every respect satisfied. This year, on almost the same day of July as that on which the Bill was voted, a Bill was voted by the Assembly repealing the tax. No one spoke for the Bill or against it, and the pet measure of M. THIERS died in the silence of universal condemnation. No revenue worth speaking of has been collected under it, and its failure has been complete. It failed for the same reasons which have made it impossible for France to adhere to the treaties of commerce negotiated with England and France by the THIERS Ministry. M. THIERS was over-sanguine as to his powers of getting foreign Powers to fall in with his wishes. He took it for granted that he could get nations, when existing treaties place them in a position of advantage, to reduce themselves to the level of those nations whose Treaties of Commerce had expired. He thought more especially that nations reputed to be so friendly to France as Austria and Italy would forego whatever advantages they might possess and would sacrifice the interests of individuals in order that they might help France in its hour of distress. By the Treaty of Frankfurt M. THIERS himself created a new difficulty, for by that treaty he placed Germany in the position of the most-favoured nation, and it was therefore to the interest of Germany that nations exceptionally favoured should retain the benefits they possessed. This probably made the negotiations of M. THIERS for a rectification of all existing Treaties of Commerce much less likely to be successful; but even apart from the adverse influence of Germany, M. THIERS found little disposition in the most friendly nations to comply with his wishes. A Government cannot be generous and good-natured in matters of this sort. It has to think of those of its subjects whose interests will be affected, and who have embarked their capital and made all their arrangements on the supposition that during the time covered by the treaty they will enjoy uninterrupted the privileges secured by the terms of the convention. No nation is supposed to be more friendly to France than Austria, and it so happens that Austria is the nation whose Treaty of Commerce with France guards her against imposition of dues on her shipping arriving in French ports, other nations coming in for the same advantage under "the most-favoured nation clause." When the Bill for imposing duties on foreign shipping was proposed by the THIERS Government, the

Reporter of the Committee of the Assembly appointed to investigate the merits of the measure announced that the Committee were in favour of the measure, but he only did this because he was assured by the Government that Austria would consent to give up its advantages. He declared a few days ago in the Assembly that without this assurance he could never have agreed to a favourable report. M. THIERS said that Austria would make this sacrifice simply because he very much wished Austria to make it. Events have proved that he was entirely wrong, and therefore France has had to vary to a very large extent its financial policy towards other nations.

The only nations which were affected by the imposition of the shipping dues were England, the United States, Denmark, and Greece. Belgium was theoretically liable to be injured also, but apparently it has no mercantile marine to which the burden could attach. The United States immediately resorted to reprisals, and put on an extra duty of ten per cent. on French goods arriving in French vessels. England energetically remonstrated against a measure which fell with such special weight on her commerce, and Lord GRANVILLE was most resolute in protesting against what was almost a hostile preference given to every other considerable nation over England. But the representations of England might have had little effect, if it had not been evident that France, instead of gaining, was losing greatly by the incidence of the new tax. Rumour said that Antwerp was outstripping Havre, and that Genoa was springing into sudden prosperity at the expense of Marseilles. Goods destined for France from England were sent to Antwerp, and thence forwarded overland. The Greeks sent their vessels to Genoa, and the transport of the minerals of Elba has been diverted in the same direction. It must, however, be owned that it is not clear that this diversion of the Elba trade, on which great stress was laid by those who spoke in the recent debate in favour of abolishing the shipping dues, is really to be attributed in any great degree to the cause which those speakers assigned for it. As Italian vessels have not to pay the new shipping dues, there seems no very clear reason why they should not take the minerals of Elba to Marseilles, as they used to do; and it is probable that the real reason of the new direction the trade has taken is to be found in the opening of the Cenis Tunnel. Coal is sent from France to Elba; and in return ores are sent from Elba to France. It appears that the coals and ores can be now conveyed more cheaply by the Cenis line and Genoa than by the Lyons line and Marseilles, and the cause of this comparative cheapness can scarcely be the incidence of the shipping dues. If, apart from these dues, it would pay better that the goods should be carried by Marseilles, why, we may ask, do not French vessels carry them now? These new duties are supposed to be a special instrument for aiding and encouraging the French mercantile marine: but, if the French mercantile marine cannot manage to carry goods between Marseilles and Elba, what can it do? It has no differential duties to pay; and, if the route by Marseilles is the more profitable one, it ought to be able to secure to Marseilles the enjoyment of its natural advantages. It is not necessary to descend into doubtful details of this kind to show the inexpediency of these shipping dues. They practically touch England only, and their effect has been, on the one hand, to interfere with the course of trade between England and France, and, on the other, to drive into the hands of the Germans an increase of shipping business. This is a fact which Frenchmen may do well to think over very seriously. England is weighted with a duty, and a void is thus created in the shipping trade. France and Germany are on the same footing so far as the dues go, but it is Germany, not France, that steps into the vacant place. It is the German mercantile marine, not the French, that gains life and vigour, and assumes new proportions under the fostering care of French legislation. It is not wonderful that the condition of the French mercantile marine should fill Frenchmen with alarm. It is at best in a state of stagnation. Between 1859 and 1869 it actually receded, if the amount of tonnage representing subsidized vessels is deducted. The Protectionists in the Assembly aver and there seems no reason for doubting their assertion, that France cannot build ships to compete with foreign built ships, and that, if the construction of French ships is not artificially encouraged, the French shipyards will in course of time be closed. The speakers in the Assembly, almost without exception, treated the present state of things as one of a transitory character. When in 1877 all existing treaties have expired, then France will be free to invent

and apply those ingenious devices by which the prosperity of its mercantile marine is to be once more assured. Meanwhile the Government undertakes to issue a Commission at once, which is to examine the state of the mercantile marine very carefully, and see what can be done for this suffering interest. It is not easy to understand what any one thinks can be done for it. The only hint of what is really meant was given by the MINISTER of COMMERCE, who said that the State already did something for the marine by the subsidies it gave. This points in an intelligible direction. The mercantile marine languishes, because if it tries to compete with the marine of other nations, it trades at a loss. But if the State were to supply funds handsomely, it might turn this loss into a profit, and then the mercantile marine would be happy.

In March last, two days before the date when the Treaties of Commerce with England and Belgium would have come to an end, a year since the notice to terminate them having then elapsed, the Minister of Commerce of M. THIERS'S Government, acting in accordance with the views of the Parliamentary Committee to which the consideration of the Treaties of Commerce had been referred, submitted to the Assembly a Bill providing that the Treaties of 1860 and 1861 should remain in force until the Assembly had had an opportunity of deciding whether it approved of the terms of the new treaties which were to be substituted. When the Assembly met in May, the Committee had arrived at the conclusion that the new treaties were adverse to the interests of France, and that the best thing was to let the old treaties remain in force until 1877. The Committee would have reported, it is said, in this sense even if M. THIERS had remained in power; and it is scarcely possible to see how M. THIERS, even if the Assembly had not quarrelled with him on his general policy, could have persevered successfully in his financial schemes. He had been obliged to prepare a sudden Bill permitting the old treaties to remain in force provisionally, and the Assembly could scarcely have been induced to abandon them and substitute the other treaties which M. THIERS had negotiated. Probably M. THIERS would have given way, if on other grounds he had wished, and had been able, to retain power. He would have given up the new Treaties of Commerce, and the shipping dues and the taxes on raw materials. He could have scarcely had any reason for not doing so, the basis on which his main arguments had been founded, the willingness of Austria and other friendly Powers to cancel their treaties, having been cut away from him. The new Ministry only did willingly and quickly what M. THIERS would have done reluctantly and after many delays. What the new Government did that was specially its own was, directly it was installed in power, to call together the Council of Commerce and consult it; and the Council unanimously reported against the tax on raw materials, and in favour of letting the Treaties of 1860 and 1861 remain in force. Thus fortified, the Ministry has now asked the Assembly to abrogate the tax on raw materials, and to establish till 1877 the operation of the old treaties, and the Government has used all its strength to get the requisite votes passed before the prorogation. The policy adopted was not a new policy belonging specially to the new Government. It was the policy of the Assembly generally, and of the bulk of commercial men in France, and it was a policy which was gradually being forced on M. THIERS himself by the inexorable logic of events. The credit which the new Ministry deserves is that they have pushed forward a salutary change which, if they had been inactive, might have been delayed some months longer, to the great prejudice of the mercantile interests of the country. The new Ministers may be zealous Free-traders, or they may not; but there is not much in what they have done with regard to the Treaties of Commerce, or in their speeches on the subject, which shows them or the Assembly they were addressing to have any very definite opinions as to Free-trade. As Austria and Italy and other nations to which France is bound until 1877 would not give up their position under existing treaties, a system of taxation and differential duties based on the assumption that they would give up their position, became absurd and impracticable. This is all that the Assembly or the Ministry have so far arrived at; and although it is very sensible so far as it goes, it must not be exaggerated into a sign of the sudden conversion of Frenchmen generally to doctrines of an enlightened political economy.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

ANYBODY who has observed the manner in which the present Ministry, from the very first day of their entrance into office, have set themselves to conduct public business, will not be greatly surprised to find that the result has been not only to produce a dangerous degree of heat in the official machinery at various points of contact, but to throw some parts of it out of gear altogether. The disclosures of the last week or two as to the internal condition of various departments of Government and the relations between different classes of officials are quite unprecedented. Never before, we should think, has the administration of the country fallen into such a hopeless state of deadlock and bewilderment. The confusion, jarring, and discord, the personal squabbles and official antagonisms are such as to make one wonder, not indeed that extravagant contracts should be made off hand without anybody being responsible for them, or that large sums of money should be misappropriated at pleasure by subordinate officials, but that anything like administration should be carried on at all. It would seem to be the merest accident that Mr. SCUDAMORE did not carry his appropriations further, and that a great many other officials did not take the opportunity to supply their own, or what they chose to suppose to be the public, wants, by following Mr. SCUDAMORE'S example. It is not only in one, but in a number of departments, that we find disorder and anarchy. One day we have the War Office proposing a vote which the Treasury has refused to sanction. Another day it is the FIRST COMMISSIONER of WORKS who protests against the autocracy of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER; and the Board of Trade and the Treasury are also on bad terms. The SECRETARY of the TREASURY complains that important business is transacted behind his back, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER retorts that a Secretary who does not know the difference between a minute and a memorandum, and who presumes to think he has authority to write a minute, must not expect to be consulted. As for the poor POSTMASTER-GENERAL, he is left to moon about by himself, nobody taking any notice of him except the porter told off to take him his lunch, until suddenly a great scandal explodes, and then he is dragged forward as a scapegoat. Mr. MONSELL happens to take a personal interest in the Savings Bank system, and he seems, in his innocence, to have imagined that his position would impart a certain weight to his recommendations on the subject. He sends in a long report to the Treasury, and finds some months afterwards by pure accident that Mr. Lowe and Mr. SCUDAMORE have settled quite a different plan between them, without even sending him word that they had done so. It is easy to say, and it is certainly true, that no man of the least spirit would submit to be used in this way; but it should also be said that no Minister with the faintest perception of the obligations of official intercourse would expose a colleague to this humiliation, or tamper with the discipline of the public service by treating directly with subordinates, and ignoring the responsible heads of offices. It appears that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and the FIRST COMMISSIONER of WORKS are not on speaking terms, but it may be doubted whether their relations are any the less pleasant on that account.

These things, it must be remembered, are not mere slips by the way; they are part of a regular system of doing business. It seems to be taken for granted that an earnest Ministry can have no time for conventional civilities, and that in fact they would be rather derogatory to its serious character, as savouring of the levity of the unregenerate Palmerstonian period. It was Mr. AYRTON who hit upon the characteristic plan of substituting curt memoranda for the old style of letters, with their surplusage of "Sir" and "Your obedient servant," in the transaction of the work of his department; but in this he was only carrying out the spirit of the Ministry, whose perfect righteousness could brook no compromise with formal courtesy. If an abuse had to be checked, or an economy enforced, it must be done in the most abrupt and summary way, and without the slightest regard for the feelings of the probably innocent persons who were affected by the change. This was the error which Mr. CHILDERS committed at the Admiralty. Whether or not his reforms were judicious and indispensable, it is impossible to defend the dogmatic haste and harshness with which they were enforced. And much the same thing has happened in almost every branch of the Government. The traditions of

the public service led those who were connected with it to suppose that they would be treated with the sort of civility and consideration which is usual in the intercourse of gentlemen; but this, it seems, is a form of snobbishness which is no longer to be tolerated. It is enough for a "master among his slaves," as Mr. AYRTON once described himself, to make himself heard by the crack of his thong, and quill-drivers have no more right to look for civil words than architects and market-gardeners. If they get the market price for their labour, let them be content. Some excuse may perhaps be found for Mr. AYRTON in the disclosures of the present week. Possibly, when he rushed out so savagely upon poor Dr. HOOKER, he may himself have been suffering acutely from the treatment of the Treasury; and if Dr. HOOKER had only taken his revenge on an under-gardener's boy, the circle would have been complete. We have always held that the appointment of Mr. AYRTON to an office for which he was so notoriously and grotesquely unfit showed a great want of consideration for those who were in any way associated with that department, and for the public interests involved. But nothing could be more indefensible than the dogged persistence with which Mr. AYRTON has been retained in office after he has taken every means to prove his outrageous incapacity. An odd contrast may be remarked between Mr. AYRTON'S angry protest against the dictation of the Treasury on Wednesday, and the meek and confiding acquiescence in the superior wisdom of Cabinet Ministers which he exhibited in regard to the Park Rules at the beginning of the Session. Of course there can be no room for question as to the principle on which subordinate officers must act. They are liable to be overruled by their superiors, and it is for them to consider whether, under the circumstances, they can conscientiously remain in office. If Mr. AYRTON has been snubbed, he should recollect that he laid himself open to it by taking upon himself to ignore the Treasury and to make a road without asking its consent.

In one of Sir ARTHUR HELPS'S books there is a proverb of his own invention, which we would earnestly recommend to the attention of the Government as a subject of meditation during the recess. It is this:—"Always make the four salaams every day to your 'friends';" meaning, of course, that it is dangerous to dispense with the usual forms of courtesy even with your most intimate companions. These forms are really not so idle as some members of the Government would seem to suppose. There is not much saving, either of time or of stationery, in dispensing with the "Sirs" and "obedient humble servants," and in cutting down orders to their hardest and curtest form; and the effect of such communications on those who receive them does not invariably tend to inspire zeal. It has been pleaded by a popular writer that HENRY VIII. might have been a better man in a world without women, and it is possible that the present Ministry might succeed in transacting business more smoothly and pleasantly if they could be relieved from the embarrassment of having to make allowance for human nature. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have occasionally appeared to forget that public officials are their own "flesh and blood," as well as the masses of working-men. It is impossible that a great body of officials of all grades, having many of them delicate and responsible duties to discharge as affecting each other, can be kept in good order, and in that easy state of mind which is indispensable to hearty work, without a scrupulous observance of the courtesies of personal intercourse. After all, it should be possible to be heroic without being rude and unmannerly.

THE SESSION.

THE main history of the Session is briefly told. It is the history of the defeat, the resignation, and the restoration of the Gladstone Ministry. Mr. Gladstone in the old days of excited electioneering undertook to settle not only the Irish Church and the Irish Land questions, but the thorny question of Irish Education. He had put off redeeming his pledge on the last head for two years; but the time had come when, in his opinion, he had no choice but to see whether the good fortune which had befriended him in dealing with his other Irish Bills would not smile on him if he tried his hand on an Irish University Bill. The secret of the precise scheme of the Government was profoundly kept, and when the nature of the measure was unfolded by Mr. Gladstone on February 13th, with his usual lucidity, copiousness, and persuasiveness, it seemed as if he had secured another great success. Liberal

members applauded, Conservatives were almost glad to think that a subject so full of anxiety to both parties seemed in a fair way of being got rid of, and outside critics had no very adverse criticisms to offer. But before the day for the second reading arrived everything had changed. The basis of Mr. Gladstone's scheme was that the University of Dublin should be the only Irish University, that it should be supplied with a modest amount of funds to form prizes open equally to all denominations, that it should be under the direction of a Council in which the influence, if not the preponderance, of Catholics should be unmistakable, and that it should teach everything that could be taught in it without giving the Catholics offence. When the general proposal was resolved into its component parts, it was found that each of its elements excited in a different quarter the fiercest opposition. In order to make the University of Dublin the only Irish University, the Queen's Colleges were to be sacrificed, and this roused the wrath of the friends of mixed education and of local facilities for University instruction. In order to allow the Catholics a share of the national wealth devoted to the encouragement of learning, prizes were to be opened to the whole of a population of which Catholics form a considerable majority. But the Catholics, or at least their bishops, protested that what they wanted was not the liberty to compete with other people, but the endowment of distinct places of Catholic education, and that they would have this or nothing. In order to get a Council favourable to Catholics, it was proposed that a share in the constitution of the Council should be allotted to a number of petty Catholic seminaries scattered over the country, and even Catholics of the better sort complained of the degradation of learning to which this would lead. Lastly, in order that the teaching of the University might be inoffensive in Catholic eyes, it was proposed that modern history and philosophy should be excluded from the subjects of instruction, and that the teachers should be bound over by heavy penalties so to teach as to hurt no one's religious feelings. And this, in the opinion of enthusiastic lovers of high education, made the University unworthy of its name. When the debates on the second reading began, the Bill was without a single friend of any weight or eminence outside the Cabinet; and the greatest mortification of all to the Government was to find that those for whose benefit and to meet whose pleasure the Bill had been studiously framed were dead against it, and that it was to be opposed at all hazards by the Ultramontane party. Balled in this quarter, the Government did what it could to conciliate its other opponents, and it declared that the suppression of the Queen's Colleges, the composition of the Council, and the gagging clauses as they were termed, were not of the essence of the Bill. But it was all in vain. On the morning of March 12, the Government found themselves in a minority of three, and Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues at once resigned.

Then came the famous Ministerial crisis, which kept every one for days in a state of the most delightful uncertainty, and which was prolonged because Mr. Gladstone insisted that Mr. Disraeli was bound to take the Premiership by way of penalty for his success, whether he liked it or not, and Mr. Disraeli insisted that he was not bound, and would not take it. Now that we can look back calmly, and with the advantage of subsequent experience, we can say that Mr. Gladstone was right to resign office, for he would otherwise have created an impression of insincerity and want of dignity; and that Mr. Disraeli was right not to take office, as his party was not strong enough in the country to justify the step. As usual, Mr. Disraeli amused himself with assigning ingenious reasons for a course dictated by the humblest considerations of prudence. He struck out and amplified with abundant rhetoric the notion that the division had taken place at the wrong time of March, and that this was a fatal barrier to the formation of a new Government. Either, he said, the Ministry must have taken votes on account, and had an immediate dissolution, or it must have gone through the Session shaping its Estimates for itself, and in both cases it would have been at the mercy of its enemies. He further added that, as the Conservatives had been so long out of office, they had no knowledge of a long series of official documents, without which they could not know what to propose, and so they could have no policy to offer to the country. The obvious fact was, that the Conservatives did not feel sure of a majority if they did dissolve. An Opposition which can rely on a new general election giving it a working majority does not trouble itself much about the time of year when its triumph takes place, and needs no policy but that of its own success. But the leaders of the Conservative party judiciously concluded that the country was not ripe for a Conservative Ministry, and that the best course was to wait until differences about beer and education had spread further division in the Liberal ranks. Mr. Gladstone resumed office, and no changes were made in the composition of the Ministry; and since the middle of March he and his colleagues have led the life which usually falls to the lot of Ministers who resume office after a defeat. They have had little control over Parliament, and have had to abstain almost entirely from legislation. They have also been discredited by some strange blunders and shortcomings; but they have managed to exist without undergoing any absolutely fatal humiliation, and without their rivals gaining much ground, and they have managed to carry some measures of considerable importance.

The Judicature Bill was introduced in the Lords by the Chancellor on the same evening as that which was signalled by Mr. Gladstone's explanation of the scope of his Irish University Bill. Although it has passed through some perils, the Judicature Bill has survived the various kinds of opposition it encountered, and

that it has so survived is the sole Ministerial success of the Session. If the Government has not got an Act passed which deserves to be considered as establishing a satisfactory Supreme Court, it has got an Act passed which may, if it is largely and wisely amended, be made the foundation for the establishment of such a Court. The Chancellor had done exactly what Mr. Gladstone had not done. He had found out, principally through the dearly bought experience of his predecessor, who could oppose any scheme effectually, and what were the terms on which their opposition could be evaded. If Lord Cairns and Chief Justice Cockburn smiled on his Bill, it would have a chance of becoming law; and what Lord Cairns insisted on was that the House of Lords, while giving up its jurisdiction in English appeals, should retain it in Irish and Scotch appeals; while the Lord Chief Justice demanded that the divisions of the new Court should perpetuate the names of the old Courts of Law, and that the chiefs of these Courts should be as great men as they had ever been. Lord Selborne drew his Bill in compliance with these conditions, and strove further, as he conceived, to lighten his task by proposing that his new Court should not have anything to do with ecclesiastical appeals. The Bill, although containing many good elements, had two great defects. It did not furnish the new Court with anything like an adequate staff of Equity Judges, and the scheme of pleading sketched in the schedule was very vague and imperfect. Lord Cairns, after directing the Bill to be sent to a Select Committee, attempted to remedy in some slight degree the first of these defects, by providing that the Lord Chancellor should sit in his own Court and not act only as Appeal Judge, and by a slight increase of the number of judges of first instance. A proposal made by Lord Salisbury, and repeated at a subsequent stage by Lord Redesdale, to strengthen the House of Peers by the creation of judicial non-hereditary peerages was rejected, and the Bill was sent, much in the shape in which it had been proposed, to the Commons. It was introduced there by the Attorney-General, who made a most encouraging speech, from which it seemed certain that the main defects of the Bill would be remedied. But a change soon came over this smiling state of things. The Government would not listen to any proposals for increasing adequately the Equity strength of the new Court, and it insisted on the miserable economy of cutting down the salaries of the highest order of judges, and even on making ex-Chancellors earn their pensions. The House also shaped the main lines of the Bill after its own fancies, and, with the assent of the Government, determined that all appeals, Irish, Scotch, and ecclesiastical, should be referred to the same tribunal. Lord Cairns said a few fatal words of warning in the House of Lords as to the consequences of thus upsetting an arrangement made with him, and in the terrible and incomprehensible name of Privilege forbade the Government to rob the House of Lords of the high function of hearing Irish and Scotch appeals. The Government meekly submitted, and the Chancellor tempered the effect of the transfer of ecclesiastical appeals by providing for a certain number of bishops to sit as assessors when such appeals are heard. Thus the Bill has been got through, and one of the best things that can be said for it is—that some of its worst faults—its miserly treatment of the Appeal Judges, its insufficient provision of judicial strength, and its inadequate system of pleading—are capable of easy amendment by the light of common sense and practical experience.

The minor measures foreshadowed in the Queen's Speech related to the Transfer of Land, Local Taxation, the amendment of the Education Bill, and the constitution of a new Railway Tribunal. The last of these measures was merely the embodiment of the recommendations of a Committee of the previous Session, and excited no opposition. The Government attempted to deal with the remainder, but time and strength failed them. The Lord Chancellor gave a sketch of what he thought might be done to simplify the transfer of land; his main idea being that titles with different degrees of validity should be registered according to the degree of validity they possessed; that after a time registration should be compulsory when sales of land took place; and that the time of prescription should be shortened. Lord Cairns gave the project a faint blessing, and nothing more was heard of the Bill. Local Taxation was entrusted to Mr. Stansfeld, who confessed that the time for deciding on the relations of Imperial and local taxation did not seem to him to have come, and that he must begin by getting all the real property in the country made rateable. He had to assent to an illogical exception in favour of Ragged Schools, and he and the House of Commons spent day after day in subtle disquisitions about woodlands and mines; but at last he got his Rating Bill through the Commons, only to find it rejected, after a short examination, by the Lords. Strong Governments can carry piecemeal measures, as people believe in there being a whole of which instalments are offered them; but they are indifferent when a weak Ministry offers them the sixteenth part of a loaf. Mr. Forster's Education Amendment Bill did not go far, for he let it transpire that his colleagues had kept him back from trying to make education compulsory; but it was a good Bill as far as it went, as it forced Guardians to send to school the children of persons receiving outdoor relief, and it transferred to the Guardians the task of paying school fees for the children of indigent persons. The latter portion of his scheme Mr. Forster was ultimately compelled to withdraw, and to make Denison's Act obligatory is his single and humble achievement. Even in this, however, it has been discovered that he has once more shown himself the treacherous enemy of Dissent, and he is to be vicariously punished by a Nonconformist plot to

start an impossible candidate in every constituency where to start one would be to damage the chances of a supporter of the Government. In some minor matters the Government got on fairly well; their Army and Navy Estimates raised no serious opposition, and by a popularity Budget, the surplus obtained by deferring the payment of half the *Alabama* indemnity was divided between the payers of Income-tax and the consumers of sugar. Mr. Ayrton averted the wrath of his enemies at the beginning of the Session by the modest plea that he was but the servant of greater men, and the task of defending the new Rules for the Parks was confided to Mr. Bruce. No serious objection was made to the proposals of the Government that the Australian colonies should be allowed to levy their Customs duties without consideration for the mother-country, that Canada should have the promised bonus for the suspension of the Fenian claims, and that the authority to preserve peace in Ireland, as peace must be preserved there, should be prolonged. Foreign politicians also have caused the Ministry no trouble. The House of Commons was willing to sanction a protectionist Treaty of Commerce with France, and was glad to hear it had been abandoned; the mission of Sir Bartle Frere was justified by its success; and the alarms created by the advance of Russia on Khiva subsided before the explanations of Lord Granville, the welcome announcement of the intended marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with a Russian Princess, and the absorbing interest of running after the Shah.

The Government, therefore, has not got on altogether badly. If its misfortunes had been unchequered, it could not have continued to exist; but it has been tossed about, and has had dirt thrown on it in many painful ways. The scandals of the Zanzibar Contract and the Post Office expenditure have been the most serious blots on its history, for they showed how far maladministration can go in the hands of the most trusted public servants. Even at the very outset of the Session the censure of the Opposition made it obvious that the Ministry had neglected altogether to take into consideration the very important subject of the mode in which the Rules of the Washington Treaty were to be communicated to foreign Powers, and Mr. Gladstone even imagined that they had been communicated. The whole subject and its importance were a perfect novelty to the Cabinet, and they had to learn their position and their duties in regard to it through the unpleasant process of listening to speakers whose criticisms were unanswerable. They yielded with rather a bad grace to the necessity of allowing Mr. Fawcett's humble Bill for the Abolition of Tests to supersede their defeated scheme for dealing generally with Irish Education. They got out of the difficulties that seemed to threaten them from the side of the pugnacious Father O'Keefe by securing the appointment of a Select Committee to hear the explanations of those whom Father O'Keefe looked on as his enemies, and then by Lord Hartington writing a letter of instructions to the Commissioners which settled nothing, but seemed about equally favourable to each of the contending parties. But the Government was not allowed to name its Committee as it thought best, and the House insisted on an independent member from each side being added to see that the inquiry was properly made. The Commons, after a very warm debate in a full House, refused to adopt Mr. Crawford's proposal for the rejection of the scheme for remodelling Emanuel Hospital; but the Lords do as they like with regard to schools touched by the Commissioners, and Lord Salisbury has become the sole judge of appeal against the Commissioners; so that persons discontented with such schemes do not trouble themselves about the Commissioners or any Government body, but fly for sure succour to the Lords. Whether there is much to criticize in their Indian policy is doubtful, but at any rate they have escaped all effective criticism in regard to it by the usual device of cramming all discussion of Indian affairs into the space of a few hours snatched from other business on the eve of the prorogation. They have further had to consent that the operation of their Bill for extending the duration of the Endowed Schools Commission shall be limited to a single year, Lord Lyttelton, who was principally concerned, avowing that it was useless to contest the point, as he had nothing to rely upon except the support of a Government stricken with paralysis. Towards the end of the Session the Government sustained a series of small but vexatious defeats, coming rapidly one after another. Mr. Plunkett beat them as to the treatment of Irish Civil Servants. Mr. Richard forced them to frame a Royal answer to an address asking for a non-sensical scheme of general International Arbitration; and the Lords by an overwhelming majority obliged them to promise a Commission to inquire into the alleged grievances of officers under the scheme for the Abolition of Purchase. Mr. Lowe's Bank Bill was a failure, for it pleased none of the different sets of financial theorists, and could scarcely ever have been beneficially operative; and the Attorney-General in vain tried to persuade the House to alter the number and dispense with the unanimity of Juries. Official proposals of a novel kind which are at once disposed of are so soon forgotten that they generally do not do much harm to any one; but when a Government is weak, and its reputation sinking, everything that turns against it adds somewhat to the sense of its discredit.

In a Session when the Government is almost powerless for legislation, it is not to be expected that private members can do much, and what may be termed the standing crotchets of different cliques in or out of Parliament have been disposed of this year rather more quickly and decisively than usual. The Lords found time during the Ministerial crisis to put their annual extinguisher on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. The financial

opponents of the Contagious Diseases Acts could not make their voices heard in the House of Commons. The dangerous whim of extending the suffrage to women, although unfortunately it receives the countenance of the two Parliamentary chiefs, was rejected by the Commons, and, as it is pleasant to have to record anything in his favour, it may be noted that no one made a more effective speech against it than Mr. Bruce. The very large majority of 321 against 81 settled the doom of the Permissive Bill, fear of the too powerful licensed victuallers doing perhaps more to produce the result even than the overwhelming force of argument. A majority equally decisive disposed of Mr. Miall's project of disestablishment, and Mr. Gladstone invited Mr. Miall to observe that his position was now at its best, as the new Parliament was likely to be less favourable to him than the present. The Burials Bill was elevated by an accident into an occasion of a great party struggle, and no less than two hundred and eighty Liberals voted for it; but Mr. Morgan had to be satisfied with this barren honour, and could not get his Bill any further on the road to the Statute Book. Mr. Plimsoll, who easily obtained a Royal Commission to inquire into the evils which he stated to exist, had to apologize to the House for some of his statements affecting the honour of members, and gradually lost ground as it became evident that he considered every one who disagreed with him, or who would not do exactly as he wished, a wicked enemy of British seamen, and his own Bill was talked out of existence on a Wednesday. The House of Commons once more repeated its manifestation of dislike to Mr. Fawcett's proposal to throw election expenses on the constituencies; and the Government, while giving a sudden and vehement support to Mr. Trevelyan's measure for extending household suffrage to counties, resolutely opposed two attempts to open the dangerous and difficult question of the redistribution of seats. As the Home Secretary declined to introduce a Bill recasting the law on conspiracy, and urged the humble but honest plea that he could not conceive how such a Bill ought to be drawn, Mr. Harcourt attempted to supply the defect, and his Bill has had at least the good fortune to reach the Upper House. Mr. Mundella has been equally unsuccessful with regard to his Factory Bill, which probably deserved more attention than he could secure for it, although Mr. Gladstone seemed to show it some favour, as he allotted an exceptionally large portion of the last week of the Session to its discussion. But the country, as a rule, loses little by the extinction of the Bills of private members which are drawn without responsibility, fear of consequences, or hopes of passing. Perhaps, as a specimen of what Bills can be like under such circumstances, Mr. Palmer's Married Women's Property Bill deserves notice, as, under the plea of remedying a tiny legislative omission with regard to ante-nuptial debts, it boldly altered the whole position of husband and wife, and erected them into independent traders accidentally coupled by the tie of cohabitation.

It is one of the functions of Parliament to make inquiries on subjects of popular interest, and to afford an opening to persons or bodies who have fancies they wish to air or grievances they wish to publish. At the beginning of the Session the price of coal made householders very uneasy, and a Committee made the most elaborate inquiries into the recent history of the coal market, and satisfied the public that the only substantial reason for the high price of coals was the unusual demand for manufacturing purposes. In the same way horses are inconveniently few and dear, and Lord Rosebery got a Committee of the Peers to look into the matter, and to establish that the only thing to be done was to trust to the enterprise of private breeders. The propriety of Parliament meeting in November was once more debated, and Mr. Gladstone described how delighted he should be to get to the country in June, only he did not believe he should be more likely to see the country in June because he had to come to London in November. Lord Russell proposed to cure the evils of Ireland by abolishing the office of Lord-Lieutenant, and Lord Stanhope suggested that an Order of Merit should be invented which would reward the services, flatter the vanity, and foment the jealousies of the world of literature, science, and art. Religion, too, has as usual suggested its special subjects of discussion. The Lords have discussed the pernicious consequences of confession in England, and the inutility of Church patronage in Scotland; and ingenious, if not prudent, friends of the Church of England have suggested that its bonds should be relaxed, and its operations diversified, by the indiscriminate admission into the pulpit of any person whom the incumbent might wish that his congregation should have the benefit of hearing. Lord Carnarvon invited the Government to give a practical proof of that burning interest in Persia which the visit of the Shah was said to have created in the national bosom, and to back up Baron Reuter in carrying out his wonderful concession. Lord Granville sternly refused to do anything in the way of giving Baron Reuter effectual support, and no one was able to say what he could have done for Persia and Baron Reuter which would not have exposed England to great difficulties and risks. The Government also stifled the hopes raised by Lord Hartington last year, and announced its determination to have nothing to do with the purchase of Irish Railways. Mr. Gladstone did indeed offer to do something for Irish Railways, as he thought that Government might lend money to replace debentures, and might befriend all legitimate schemes of amalgamation. The experience of this

Session is, however, not very reassuring to the promoters of schemes of Railway Amalgamation, the two great schemes of the year—that for amalgamating the London and North-Western and the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and that for amalgamating the Midland and Glasgow and South-Western—having been rejected by the Local Committees appointed to consider them. Parliament also, while attending to the grievances of other people, has paid some little attention to its own. Mr. Munster vindicated the character of his friends by invoking the terrors of Parliamentary procedure against the publication of words in a newspaper defamatory of Ultramontane members, and for a moment it seemed as if Mr. Mitchell Henry was going to prevent any speeches being reported in revenge for the too scanty notices which he contended were given of the speeches of Irish members. Fortunately he was soon brought to reason, and proved accessible to the argument that, as reporting is a trade, reporters may be trusted to report the speeches of Irish as of any other members, provided that the merit of the speeches will make it pay to report them.

The deaths of Lord Westbury and the Bishop of Winchester have left blanks in the House of Lords which will not be easily filled up, for scarcely any legal peer contributed more than Lord Westbury to the eminence of the House of Lords as the supreme Appellate tribunal, and no one rivalled the Bishop of Winchester in the skill with which he maintained that harmony between the Established Church and lay society which it is one of the primary objects of the presence of bishops in the Upper House to perpetuate. Lord Wolverton, too, although he had never taken any part in the proceedings of the House, was an excellent example of the best sort of men who recruit the peerage in virtue of the possession of wealth, energy, and commercial notoriety. His death removes from the Lower House one of the most useful subordinates of Mr. Gladstone; and next Session, if no dissolution intervenes, the new Whip will have a hard task with an expiring Parliament and a wearied Ministry. As to individual Ministers, there is no change of position to remark, except that Mr. Lowe of all people has laid himself open to censure by extravagance in a contract, and insufficient control over a dependent office, errors from which he might have been thought to be especially safe. Mr. Ayrton, too, has chosen to reveal serious dissensions between himself and Mr. Lowe, and the effect of his disclosures has been equally damaging to the attacker and the attacked. Whether the present Parliament is to see another Session, and what would be the result of a general election, are points sufficiently uncertain to make any conjectures tolerably plausible. Isolated elections have gone on the whole against the Government, but not to such a degree as to show that a new Parliament is likely to give a satisfactory majority to a new Ministry. Mr. Gladstone has gone so far in his provisions for a general election as to furnish his supporters with a new cry, and to suggest Household Suffrage in Counties as one of their watchwords. But this is not going very far, and probably, if no unforeseen event arises, the Ministry may prefer the certain to the uncertain, and may think that the least of the evils from among which they have to choose is to linger on for another Session, and see whether in a twelvemonth something may not be struck out by good fortune or ingenuity to consolidate and animate their party before a new election takes place.

AMERICANS IN EUROPE.

IN the last month or two the number of American visitors to Europe has been increasing so fast that the tide of intercourse between the Continents begins to set as regularly back towards the Old World as the Gulf Stream. These visitors have multiplied so marvellously that the cabinfuls of respectable passengers on the Cunard and Inman liners must almost compensate numerically for the drain of the poverty-stricken steerage loads from Liverpool or Cork, Hamburg or Bremen. The Americans are not the people to be lightly balked of their holiday if they have once set their hearts upon it, and many of them had long ago made up their minds that Vienna was an excellent excuse for leaving home. The rush to Europe had fairly set in before anything had occurred to stop it. The fliest comers were in Austria already suffering from the horrible weather which kept Europeans who had been on the brink of departure shivering over their start. Like the foxes of the fable, in their communications with their homes the Americans who had already committed themselves dwelt upon all that was pleasant, and touched very lightly on the drawbacks and disagreeables. It is certain that the letters of the Correspondents of their leading journals depicted things very much in rose-colour, while the extravagant prices which frightened every one else were perhaps almost an inducement to Americans who had set aside a "pile" of dollars that must be dissipated. A bustling broker from Wall Street will punctiliously go through the work which the ladies of his family have mapped out for him, but none the less is he very grateful to the accidents which may precipitate his return to the business of his affections; while as for the ladies, they are in love with spending for its own sake. In spite of everything, the rush has been going on without remission, and steadily gathering volume. Steamers of tremendous tonnage have been starting almost every day from New York and New England; yet their berths have been at a premium, and their saloons crowded to suffocation. So great has been the influx, that one of the leading Transatlantic Steam Companies has very sensibly opened offices in London, where helpless customers who are cast adrift for

the first time upon our shores may be furnished with advice as to their future proceedings. Wherever you travel on a leading Continental line, you might, if you were to judge by your fellow-passengers, fancy yourself seated in the cars of the Union, while some of the more pretentious Continental hotels have become as Transatlantic in their tenants as the Fifth Avenue in New York or the "Grand" at Paris.

As is the way with selfish human nature, we naturally ask, in the first place, how this formidable incursion is likely to affect ourselves. There is a good deal of truth in the old saying, "The more the merrier," when there is plenty of room for every one; and it might be assumed that people socially disposed, starting on a summer holiday, would rather welcome the prospect of plenty of society of similar speech and kindred origin. Lot foreigners say what they will—and we must confess that appearances justify their speaking as they do—we know that the Briton is not the misanthrope they believe him. If he often sits silent when travelling alone, it is because he is shy of strangers, with whom, as he fancies, he has few sympathies, and because he cannot be voluble or even civil with the few broken words that rattle loosely about among his thoughts. His birthright did not comprehend the gift of a kind of lingual kaleidoscope which can arrange stray odds and ends of speech with rapidity and precision in an endless variety of pretty, though meaningless, patterns. But when he has passed twenty-four hours in communion with himself, see how he brightens up when he is launched somehow in talk with a countryman. The austere man grows playful and facetious, the reserved man becomes effusive, while fastidiousness itself ceases to stand upon trifles, and overlooks the most glaring distinctions of caste. The *habitué* of bow windows in St. James's makes himself unaffectedly affable to the honest dyer from Lower Thames Street, who is bound for the Rhine and the Oberland with the good-humoured partner of his joys, while the ritualistic curate confides his impressions of scenery and foreign forms of religion to the burly bosom of a sporting young brewer from the midland counties. Such being really the inveterate gregariousness of our English nature, this American incursion should surely add an attraction to summer travel on the Continent. At least we should have plenty of people with whom we could exchange small talk if we chanced to be socially disposed, and if we felt unsociable they need not bore us. Further, our intercourse with intelligent Americans would introduce us into a new world of ideas, and that we take to be one of the greatest enjoyments of rational travel. Perhaps it may come to this in time when the two nations get used to each other, but for the present there are very few of us who are able to look upon our cousins in the light of acquisitions, and the absence of attraction would appear to be mutual.

It is not altogether easy to explain the reason to our satisfaction. It is true that, regarding the matter from our English point of view, there are certain salient peculiarities about our American friends which it is impossible to ignore, and which are naturally distasteful to us. To begin with, there is that unmistakable shibboleth of speech. We object to nasal utterances; we are inclined to shudder at some of the fresh and forcible expressions with which Americans taint the springs of early English, although we may smile at these Americanisms in the New York journals and in the droll writings of the humourists of the Far West. In female mouths especially they jar harshly on our sensibilities. It may be that we feel a certain responsibility for the manners and behaviour of people who use our own language, who resemble us in features, and are sprung in great measure from our English stock. For it is certain that a very slight experience of travel makes us accept with tolerable complacency, or at least resignation, the German lady who shovels down her peas with the knife she clutches in her fist, as well as the French commercial gentleman who tucks his napkin into his shirt-collar and carefully cleanses his plate with his bread. No doubt English and Americans would learn to like and respect each other's good qualities were they to meet in villages on the shores of the Nyanza or away among the huts of the Kirghis in the Steppes of Asia. Like the American admiral in Chinese waters in war time, they would remember that "blood is thicker than water," and fraternize cordially enough. But on the highways of the civilized world the mutual repulsion is a disagreeable fact. Mounted parties of the respective nations cross each other on the Wengern Alp like members of rival tribes observing an armed neutrality; and in a train on the banks of the Rhine, or a steamer on the Upper Danube, they draw aside into hostile camps, and send solitary members of the opposite race to Coventry. There is one thing, however, which must be remembered, and that is, that the Americans who make themselves most conspicuous when travelling, and whose disagreeable peculiarities are apt to discredit their countrymen generally, are people of the rougher and ruder sort. And the same remark applies to our own race, under similar circumstances.

Then, in the American influence in raising foreign prices we have a substantial grievance which rankles not unnaturally, and this season it is taking more offensive proportions than ever. The travelling American may be said to lavish his capital where the Englishman is economizing his expenses. It is very much the fashion of the American at home to live from hand to mouth, and to spend successive fortunes almost as fast as he makes them. He makes no provision for older sons, nor does he pretend to provide very handsomely for any of his male children. They must work for themselves as their father did before them; the luckier for them if they are started higher up on the social ladder. For himself he is too familiar with examples of the melancholy uncertainty of riches to

be very eager about storing them. Indeed, it is almost the part of a prudent man to make sure of enjoyment while he has the means. What a comfort it ought to be to a speculator going into liquidation previously to beginning again to reflect that he has had a deal of spending out of the proceeds of his last venture. Governed vaguely by notions like these, although, perhaps, he scarcely translates them into words, the American comes over for his European tour. He sets aside a liberal sum for his expenses, and, as we said before, he does not care how soon he is back at his work. He has no great reason to check the extravagance of his family, and he has every inducement to enjoy every comfort which money can procure him while his travels last. He bids for the best rooms in the hotel; there is naturally a sharp competition in the height of the season; landlords learn that they may charge very much what they please, and, as we know, it is much more easy to send a tariff up than to get it lowered again. He finds himself in countries where it is the practice to drink wine at dinner, and where there are no bars where you can liquor up from breakfast to bed-time. He changes his habits easily enough, and gets curious in costly vintages. When one item habitually figures heavily in your bills, it may be taken as an axiom that all the others have a tendency to swell in proportion; and when the total of the bills is large, it is a mere bagatelle to be over-generous to the servants. Besides *nouveaux riches* who are cast away in a crowd with plenty of money burning in their pockets naturally assert their superiority for the time by casting their small change recklessly about them. Guides and porters get utterly corrupted and demoralized by the thunder-showers of dollars that fall in the hot season. If landlords do not respect these liberal patrons of theirs, it is only "human nature" that they should make slight account of less pretentious guests who are compelled to be frugal.

So it is no wonder that people of moderate means, snarling already under a steady increase of charges, should look with undisguised anxiety to the results of the American invasion of the year, and regard with something like aversion the members of the invading force. They might be content to try to bear it with more philosophy did they feel that the mass of Americans profited by their trip or even enjoyed it thoroughly. As for the profit, it would be rash to speak decidedly, for quick and very intelligent people may be learning fast when they look least like it. All we can say is, that their system of travel strikes us as a bad one, and that what they learn under it must almost necessarily be superficial and conventional. They hurry from place to place even faster than the average English cockney, because they are always in excellent training for pace, and have been freshened by the long voyage across the Atlantic. They are driven along by the Furies in the shape of a craving for change of scene, a longing for excitement in the absence of their habitual avocations, and a crushing consciousness that the time before them is shorter than their allotted task. They rush through noble scenery, along the crowded high roads, and dare not allow themselves to loiter in those sequestered nooks where Nature is really to be seen and courted in her beauty. When they do linger for a time in a capital, in Paris for example, they leave their wives and their daughters to do the churches, the galleries, and the shopping, and seek recreation and repose in the restaurants, cafés, and bankers' ante-rooms where their countrymen most do congregate. Small blame to them, as an Irishman would say. Those blessed intervals that almost carry them back to the States are, for a certain class of Americans, almost their only seasons of real enjoyment, although perhaps it was scarcely worth while crossing the Atlantic to indulge in them. If appearances are not altogether deceptive, we can speak with more confidence as to the pleasures of their trip than as to its profit. There is no mistaking the worn and wistful look which tells of continual effort and an irrepressible desire to have it all well over. With its rapid repasts and its interminable distances, America turns out far harder and more wiry travellers than most countries. Still, the constant change of scene, diet, and climate for months on end; the eating habitually, as it were, with loins girded and staves in their hands; the perpetual catching of trains at untimely hours; the being cooped up among the crowds in waiting-rooms under the charge of autocratic jacks-in-office, and being compelled to race for seats heavily handicapped by their latest purchases, must be a severe strain on the strongest system. No wonder that towards the middle of his time abroad the most active American tourist oscillates between despondency and despair, and that the wearing struggle imprints its traces on the wasting features. We cannot help thinking that many Americans in Europe will sympathize with us if we venture to express a wish that some of them had stayed at home.

THE OLD CATHOLICS AT LUZERN.

WE have commented more than once, when speaking of Swiss matters, on the singular process known as *Rekurs* or *recours*, a process singular enough in itself, and almost more singular as being an example of a fully established legal fiction in a Constitution only five-and-twenty years old. The Confederation guarantees the constitutions of all the Cantons; it follows that, if the constitution, either of the Confederation itself or of any Canton, is broken, the Federal power has a right to step in. On the strength of this principle, every man who thinks himself wronged by any act of the administrative or judicial authorities of his own Canton—one might almost say every man who has a law-suit

decided against him in a cantonal court—at once says that the cantonal constitution has been broken to his prejudice, and carries his complaint, first to the Federal Council—the *Bundsrath* or Executive body—and thence, if he fails there, to the two Houses of the Federal Assembly. It follows that much of the time of the Assembly is taken up with discussing matters which, according to our notions, are simply matters for an ordinary court of law. The obvious course would be to transfer the hearing of these appeals—for such, in truth, most of them are—from the Federal Assembly to the Federal Court. But, among all the proposed reforms, there seems very little disposition to carry out this one, which to an Englishman seems the most needful of all. We may believe that the Federal Assembly, like all other gatherings of human beings, does not like to give up any power that it has got; but, besides this, there is a deeper ground for unwillingness. To allow a regular appeal from the Courts of the Cantons to the Courts of the Confederation would go further to wound the feeling of cantonal sovereignty than any of the centralizing measures which have been lately proposed. That feeling is less wounded by a process the theory of which is that the Federal power steps in only to guarantee the constitution which the Canton has made for itself. But the practical result is that the Federal Executive and Legislature are set to debate and vote about a great many things which are simply questions of law for a Judge. To us this seems the more strange, at a moment when we are stripping one branch of our own Legislature of judicial functions which it has held for ages.

During the winter session of the present Assembly a *Rekurs* was brought, which, besides illustrating the nature of the process, bears upon several questions of high interest both in Switzerland and out of it. In this case the complaint was lodged immediately with the Federal Assembly; only the National Council, with praiseworthy modesty, asked the Federal Council to report on the matter before it undertook its discussion, and the result is a recommendation from the Federal Council not to entertain the question at all. The recommendation strikes us as a wise one, but it has been a little long in coming, for the National Council referred the matter to the Federal Council as long ago as December 21, 1872, while the Report of the Federal Council did not appear till July 4, 1873. Perhaps the duty of drawing up a new scheme of constitutional revision has hindered the Federal Council from attending to other things.

The *Rekurs* of which we speak touches the condition of the Old Catholics in the Confederation, and especially in the Canton of Luzern. There is in the city of Luzern a branch of the Society of Liberal Catholics, the object of which is the advancement of the Old Catholic cause. The Committee of this body wished that what is called a "religious conference" should be held by Professor Reinikens of Breslau, in one of the Catholic churches of the city. This "religious conference" is explained to be a kind of sermon, in which the preacher strongly exhorts his hearers to stand fast in the Old Catholic position. But the sermon is further accompanied by singing and playing on the organ, and the question has been raised whether the singing and organ-playing does or does not give to the conference the character of an act of religious worship. The Committee of the Society applied to the Communal Council of the city of Luzern, in which the ownership of the churches is vested and which acts as the ecclesiastical administration, for leave to use for this purpose the old Franciscan church, now a succursal church to the Catholic parish of Luzern. The Communal Council gave them leave, but the State Council of the Canton stepped in and forbade the use of a Catholic church for the purpose, and the conference was in the end held in the Protestant church. The Committee of the Liberal Catholics appealed to the Federal Assembly, who, as we have seen, referred the matter to the Federal Council. They of course called on the Government of Luzern for their answer to the complaint, and the arguments used on all sides are set forth in the Message of the Federal Council to the Assembly. They are well worth study in times when the relations of ecclesiastical and civil societies are becoming of such paramount importance everywhere.

The Communal Council granted the request of the Committee on the ground that all its members were members of the Catholic parish of Luzern, and that they saw no reason to deny them the temporary use for a religious purpose of one of the churches under their administration, especially as the use of another of the churches under their administration had been often granted for a considerable time to non-Catholic bodies, among them the Free Church of Scotland.

The State Council of the Canton, in the decree by which they annul the permission given by the Communal Council, base their refusal on the constitution and law of the Canton. A church, they argued, is designed only for the worship of the religious body to which it belongs. Unless the law otherwise provides, it cannot be used, even temporarily, for any other purpose, without the consent of the ecclesiastical administration and of the chief minister of the church concerned ("l'ecclésiastique préposé à l'église dont il s'agit"). And, even if such consent is given, the State Council, as guardian of public order, may forbid any such extraordinary meetings in public buildings ("interdiction des réunions extraordinaires dans des édifices publics"). The parish priest of the city, under whose authority are all the Catholic churches of Luzern, had not given his consent, and, if he had, the State Council would still have had the right to forbid the use of the church, if it thought good. The State Council, however, the Liberal Catholics have by the Constitution falling to hold

their meetings and conferences where they will, provided they do not interfere with the rights of anybody else. But it adds that to use a church which is lawfully assigned to the use of any religious body for the purpose of religious controversies directed against that body is contrary to law, as an infringement of the "confessional" (denominational) rights guaranteed by the Constitution, and is dangerous to the order and tranquillity of the Canton.

The appellants, as we should call them—*recourants* is the technical word in the French version—set forth that the refusal of the State Council is a breach of the article of the Federal Constitution which guarantees the free exercise of the worship of all recognized Christian confessions. They cast aside as irrelevant what the State Council had said about the consent of the parish priest and about the danger to public order; they say that the conference was an act of religious worship, and that the real question is whether the Old Catholics are among the recognized Christian confessions whose freedom of worship is guaranteed by the Federal Constitution. They say that the act of the Luzern Government implies that the guaranty given by the Federal Constitution to the Catholic confession extends only to those Catholics who admit the new dogma of infallibility. They maintain that they are themselves Catholics, members of the Catholic parish of Luzern, members of the Catholic body as it stood when the Federal Constitution guaranteed its right of worship, and that a dogma put forth since that Constitution was enacted cannot take away their rights. They argue that, though they do not form a *commune*, still the *commune* is not the only form which a confession may take, and that they are members of a body which several *communes* elsewhere have actually joined, and which may therefore claim the rights guaranteed to a recognized Christian confession. They therefore ask that the act of the Luzern Government may be annulled, and that, if this cannot be done, a Federal law may be passed to secure their constitutional rights. Towards the end of their argument they use these words, as they stand in the French version:—

Toutin, les égarda qu'on doit avoir pour le bien de la patrie font à eux un devoir d'acquiescer à la demande des *recourants*, attendu que les *conférences* du nouveau système politique religieux, créé par le syllabus et le concile du Vatican méritent l'existence de l'État suisse.

This argument illustrates the confusion of judicial and legislative functions which is implied in the very nature of these appeals. The argument is to the point, as addressed to a legislative or executive body whose business it is to make or to propose changes in the law. It is quite out of place as addressed to a judicial body, whose only business is to carry out the law as it finds it. But for the purpose in hand, the Federal Council and Federal Assembly must be looked on as judicial bodies. Their present business is not to determine whether the law as to the relations between Church and State can be improved, but to declare whether the law, as it stands, has or has not been broken by the State Council of the Canton of Luzern.

The Luzern Government answers at length in a Report dated January 27, 1873. This paper sets forth the law of the Canton as to religious liberty and the like, as embodied in the existing cantonal Constitution. By this Constitution liberty of conscience is inviolable, and no man can suffer in any way in his civil or political rights on account of his religious opinions. The free exercise of worship is fully guaranteed to the recognized Christian confessions; to all other denominations it is guaranteed only within the bounds of good morals and public order, whatever those may be. Lastly, the Roman Catholic confession is not only guaranteed, but enjoys the full protection of the State.

The State Council goes on to argue that by a recognized Christian confession in the sense of the Federal and cantonal Constitutions must be understood a community recognized and organized by the State, and having a basis of public right. Two confessions only answer this definition, the Roman Catholic and the Evangelical Reformed. These two are known to the State as organized bodies. All who belong to neither of them are Dissenters. Such Dissenters have full liberty of conscience; they have full liberty—within the bounds of good morals and public order—to practise their worship; the right of association secures them in the common practice of their worship; still they have no ground of public, but only of private, right; the State knows them only as individuals, not as communities. Again, the conference which it was proposed to hold is looked on by the State Council as not being an act of worship, and therefore as not coming under the guaranty given by the Constitution to acts of worship.

They go on to argue that, if it had been an act of worship, the complaint would still not have been well founded. The Luzern Government, as such, knows nothing of the Old Catholic controversy. The Catholic churches of Luzern are assigned for the worship of the Catholic body, which worship has been in no way altered by late events. They cannot be lawfully applied to any other purpose without the consent of the authorities of the body to which they are assigned. If the complainants are members of the Catholic body, they cannot claim any rights except such as they enjoy in common with the other Catholics of Luzern. If they profess to be a separately recognized Christian confession, whose worship has been hindered, the State Council answers that, supposing the confession to be an act of worship, still the Old Catholics have never been officially recognized as a separate confession, and that even a recognized Christian confession has no right to disturb the rights of another confession equally recognized.

They go on to argue that, according to the constitution of

Luzern, the State Court has power to annul the act of the Communal Council.

The Federal Council admit the arguments of the Luzern Government. The Old Catholics of Luzern, they argue, have not been hindered from holding their conference, but only from holding it in a particular place. As a matter of fact, they have held it elsewhere. The Confederation guarantees the rights of recognized confessions, but it has nothing to do with a dispute, where the Federal Council hold this to be, within the bosom of a particular confession. They hold that neither the Federal nor the Cantonal Constitution has been violated. They add that the complaint should have been first made to the Grand Council—the Legislature—of Luzern; and also that the Communal Council, whose act was annulled, would have had a better right to bring a *Rekurs* than the Society of Liberal Catholics.

All this is worth studying, especially when so many are so fiery hot on both sides. And while we are writing this, there comes to hand a debate in the Federal Assembly on the complaint of the clergy of Solothurn against the law just passed in that Canton for making their holding of cures terminable instead of for life. These points also may perhaps afford us some matter for consideration.

WOMANLY DIGNITY.

NATURE, which has given weapons of assault or means of defence to almost all living creatures, has made man audacious, and has endowed woman with dignity. And dignity has the best of it. In fact, womanly dignity may be accepted as one among many explanations of that legendary power which turned the bravest man to stone, and made the might of the strongest like water in their bones. What can any one do against it? As well try to penetrate the amadillo's coat of mail by a needle, or make a hole in a pachyderm by a popgun, as fire a woman to passion or melt her to pity when she has once entrenched herself in the stronghold of her dignity. No argument can shake her, no reasoning convince her; despair dies away to querulousness, and the pleadings of love itself fall dull and blunted from her stately self-possession like so many toy shafts hurled against a polished and impenetrable surface. Indeed, how can you rage in anger, or abase yourself in entreaty, to a creature who is killy polite, loftily unmoved, not to be gilded into the smallest demonstration which would put her in the wrong and give you a vantage-point against her, and whose calm eyes look at you with a kind of superior scorn which, while it maddens you, offers no point of attack? What can you do? Simply nothing. The means of defence which nature has given are unassailable, and a dignified woman is mistress of the situation by the very power of negation, if by none other. But there are various kinds of dignity, and if some are more exasperating than others, some are very lovely, and among the greatest charms of womanhood. There is in particular that soft dignity which belongs to women who are affectionate by nature and timid by temperament, but who have a reserve of self-respect that defends them against themselves as well as against others. These have a quiet dignity, tempered by much sweetness of speech and manner, that is the loveliest kind of all, and the most subtle as well as the most beautiful. They are like the Lady in *Comus*, and seem to cast the spell of respect on all with whom they are associated. No man, save of the coarsest fibre, and such as only physical strength can control, could be rude to them in word or brutal in deed; for there is something about them, very indefinite but very strong withal, which seems to give them special protection from insolence; and a loving woman of soft manners, whose mind is pure and who respects herself, is armed with a power which none but the vilest can despise. This is the woman who gets a precise obedience from her servants without exacting it, and whose children do not dream of disputing her wishes; who, though so gentle and affable, stops short of that kind of familiarity which breeds contempt, and with whom no one takes a liberty. For this one can scarcely give a reason. She would not ramp or rave if she was displeased, she would not scold, she could not strike; but there is a certain quality in her which we may not be able to formulate, yet which would make us ashamed to pass beyond the boundaries of the strictest respect, and which restrains others less consciously critical than ourselves as certainly as fear. It is the respect we pay to those who respect themselves; the consideration and honour which all real purity of nature demands and obtains. This is womanly dignity in its loveliest aspect, and the kind we all desire to see in women, whom it would not harden, nor render less than loving.

Then there is the more aggressive, strutting, stage kind of dignity, which we meet in historical romances chiefly, where "avaunt 'base caitiff" is a phrase of power, and where an unprotected damsel, in a robe of "rich samite bright," with her back hair down and carrying a small jeweller's shop on her person, is able by the magic of her dignity alone to defend herself from the base designs of marauding barons and the depredations of meaner knaves—laming the wild beasts among men as Una tamed her lion. This is a picture exquisitely fascinating to the young, and firmly believed in. We doubt, however, if any enthusiastic girl would find she possessed the gift if she went into a thieves' quarter in London with her purse in her pocket and her dignity as her sole safeguard; and we think she would do better to trust to the police. This kind of dignity, translated into the home life, is a troublesome sort of thing; but sometimes it is

intensely odd, if one can afford the time to be amused; and a dignified woman of the stage heroic kind, who "draws herself up to her full height," as novelists say, and speaks in an octave below her usual voice when she is offended, is pretty sure to have plenty of occasion for the exercise of her talent.

There is another kind of dignity—the grim kind, repellent and iron-bound—whereby you feel yourself pushed back before you have made an advance; where indeed the whole rule of life seems to be to repel on all sides. Women afflicted with this species of dignity are always on the look-out for assaults, and consequently are always thrusting their shield of defence in your face. You do not want to trouble them in their dignity; you are not thinking of invading that or this sacred province; yet you are suddenly met by an assumption of offended majesty, which makes you feel as if you had received a blow. Some playful word, some laughing and ridiculous accusation, or quite innocent allusion, and you are treated as a misdemeanant who has grievously offended against good manners and womanly dignity. There are some women constitutionally incapable of understanding anything like playfulness, and who can make no distinction between fun and impertinence, a laughing humour and taking liberties. They wrap themselves up in a robe of majesty, and resent as rudeness any homely touch which ignores their stately drapery. They are women about whose affairs you know absolutely nothing, though you may be their friend of a lifetime. You never hear them tell the most harmless anecdote frankly, but always with a severe air of mystery and something hidden; you never hear them discuss the least important subject freely. You would not dare to ask them, friends as you are, things which you would ask a comparative stranger without hesitation, and they never volunteer information. They would consider it a liberty if you wanted particulars as to the treatment they had pursued, say in such or such a case of illness; and they are far too dignified to help the inexperienced of their youngers by their own acquired store. One often wonders what these women are as mothers with young daughters to instruct; and whether their dignity can unbend so far as to give lessons to girls who have everything to learn. They are so grim, so far removed from any of the kindly familiarities, the maternal tenderesses of ordinary women, that we find it hard to believe there can ever be moments in which, or persons to whom, they can condescend to be natural. Akin to these, but not identical, are the coldly dignified women—those who keep themselves apart from their world for want of warmth to coalesce. They are not so aggressive as the grim ones, and not so apt to take offence or so keen to see an insult where none was meant; but they are as impenetrable, and as impervious to humour. The difference between the two kinds lies in the temper; the dignity of the grim being dignity soured by ill-humour, that of the cold being dignity hardened by indifference. Neither is admirable, and both are common; and woe to the luckless man, most probably of a jovial, weak-backed nature, who has fallen into the power of either. He has to expiate by a life of self-suppression for the one part, and of perpetual stumbling into offence for the other, the terrible mistake he made in early youth, when a girl's cold self-possession was called by a finer word, and no account taken of the time when a just endurable characteristic would have become exaggerated.

There is, again, another kind of dignity of the æsthetic range; a kind of thing that says, "No common person am I," and that demands exceptional homage, as well as repels rudeness with scorn. This is a very favourite kind with the women who hold the theory that women are of a divine order of nature, and that men are—not to put it too strongly—brutes. They exact a different ordering of circumstances altogether for themselves, and especially that they should be protected from the lower conditions of life. Ask these women to do unpleasant work, and see how their dignity takes arms at once, and how offended and indignant they are at your suggestion. They are of the Brahminical order, according to their own estimation, and they are to be spared what others have to endure. Have they not their dignity to support, and is not their nature æsthetic and their right to immunity from the common lot undoubted? These æsthetic women are ominently impractical, and their dignity is in general a tremendous nuisance. They are so very fine, so very pure, they hold nature to be so gross, humanity in its reality so dreadful, and all things, save their own womanly dignity, so common, that there is no dealing with them on anything like a practical basis; and if you speak to them of life as it is, and not as it is made to appear—in a cloud of pink muslin and with an atmosphere of attar of roses—they are revolted, and think you are wanting in respect. Unreal as well as æsthetic, they are both useless and unsatisfactory. To be sure, they cultivate art, and know the right colour of a ribbon, and how to arrange a drawing-room picturesquely; but as all the chambers inhabited by the human family are not drawing-rooms, as there are sick-rooms and lazarettos, the womanly dignity which must not be invaded by the mention of either is but a poor kind of thing for working life, and its æsthetic specialities are but meagre compensation for its æsthetic absurdities.

The fact is, useful as womanly dignity is as a womanly possession, it can be carried to excess, and from a virtue become a vice. So long as it is an honest defence-work against the rough assaults of superior strength, it is both good and fair; but when it assumes to be more than this, it becomes an exaggeration, and, as such, ridiculous. There is no law by which women can be exempt from a share in the troubles and sorrows of human life; and even their dignity cannot always protect them from things that override all but nature. Still it is a valuable possession, and

women had better have too much of it than too little; for, though too much renders them absurd, too little makes them contemptible, and between the two there is no doubt as to which is worst.

MR. GOSCHEN'S DIFFICULTIES.

MANY questions which embarrass shipbuilders would be settled by a naval war. The survivors, if there were any, of a battle would know much more clearly than can now be known what sort of ship or other engine would be desirable for fighting. The Admiralty makes experiments which have a distressing unreality; and, under the guidance of little beyond theory, it is obliged to incur vast expense. We have built the *Devastation*, and we are going to build the *Inflexible*; and when she is finished we shall build something else, and still perhaps we shall be far from finality in shipbuilding. The most recent idea appears to be that submarine torpedoes will supersede artillery, and that for defence against them the ship's armour must be carried on her bottom. This idea has been suggested by recent torpedo practice at Portsmouth, in which a squadron of boats supplied with sham torpedoes has been "making believe," as children say, to blow up the turret-frigate *Monarch*. We understand that, according to the rules of the game, the *Monarch* ought to consider herself blown up. The attacking party, in four boats, left Portsmouth Harbour soon after 10 p.m., and making a cautious approach from the eastern entrance of the roadstead, the *Monarch* was observed lying at anchor, evidently on the look-out for the flotilla, with her own boats lowered and manned, and rowing guard round her. The four torpedo boats—steam-launches painted white—made a dash at the frigate through her circle of guard boats. One boat, carrying what is called a "light" torpedo, got near enough to drop it overboard within sufficient distance for it to do its work. Another boat, after having her rudder unslipped by one of the guard boats, continued her course for the frigate, and struck her with the torpedo. The other two boats appear to have failed in their attack. The reporter to whom we are indebted for this account suggests that the principal object of the experiment may have been to ascertain the best colour for painting boats, so that they may not be seen from a ship at night. We do not say that this suggestion is not correct, for it is quite possible that after so long a peace the Admiralty may be very much in the elements of knowledge of what belongs to war. But the records of the British navy contain some hundreds of examples of boat attacks upon ships at night. Every possible artifice was used to approach as near as could be to the object of attack without detection. In exploits of this nature Lord Dundonald particularly excelled, and now that he and almost all his gallant comrades are departed, we have a solemn discussion raised whether white or grey paint renders a boat least visible in darkness. It is, however, comfortable to find, that after wandering in the mazes of science, our navy is coming back to hand-to-hand fighting, which every man and boy on board ship can understand. It is clear that in such an engagement as was represented at Portsmouth the victory would be with the side on which were the better seamen. It takes a seaman to guide a torpedo under a ship's bottom on a dark night. This was exactly the kind of invention in which Lord Dundonald would have delighted, and indeed it is highly probable that something of this nature may have suggested itself to his fertile mind. It is more easily seen how to apply a torpedo than how to resist it; but we may venture to assert that one of the old sort of naval captains would have managed to take care of his ship without putting six inches of iron under her bottom. Indeed such an officer would have desired nothing better than to catch his enemy making the attempt.

The use of fire-ships is then earnest parallel that can be found in naval history to torpedoes, but we do not find that they were often employed against British ships, for the simple reason that the offensive was seldom taken by Britain's enemies upon the ocean. Fire-ships were used with great effect against the Spanish Armada in the narrow seas, and in modern times they were used, to the intense consternation of the enemy, in Basque Roads. The destruction caused by fire-ships would be less rapid, but would not be less complete, than that caused by torpedoes. The danger from fire-ships was never forgotten by British cruisers in former times. Thus, when Lord Gambier's fleet was preparing to attack the enemy in Basque Roads, the ships were anchored in constant readiness for action, and for slipping their cables, leaving buoys upon them. Two boats from each ship of the line with fire-grapples were also to be sent every night after sunset on board the advanced frigates, to be ready to tow off the French fire-vessels the instant they approached. Lord Gambier at the same time contemplated an attack of this kind upon the enemy. "It was," said he, "a horrible mode of warfare, and the attempt very hazardous, if not desperate; but we should have plenty of volunteers for the service." Lord Cochrane—afterwards Earl of Dundonald—who knew the French coast well, and possessed unusual resources in himself, did not consider the attempt desperate. He was sent by the Admiralty to conduct it under Lord Gambier, and his arrival with a squadron of fire-ships warned the French Admiral of the contemplated attack. He directed the boats of the French fleet to assemble at the close of day near the boom which had been thrown across the Channel, for the purpose of boarding and towing away the ships, and of engaging any British boats that might be sent

to assist the fire-ships in their operations. It will be seen from these quotations how close was the resemblance to the proceedings lately rehearsed at Portsmouth. If a fire-ship was less terrible than a torpedo, it must be remembered that the ships of 1809 were much more destructible than those which are now afloat. A fleet at anchor at the mouth of a shoaling river, with wind and tide setting in to the anchorage at night, might well feel nervous at the thought of an attack by fire-ships, and when the attack was made the French officers fairly lost their heads. The fire-ship in which Lord Cochrane was broke the boom by her weight and the strength of the wind and tide, and thus effected a clear passage for the other ships. Lord Cochrane was so resolved to see the service he had undertaken properly executed, that he and his officers and men nearly perished with their vessel. They were exposed to imminent danger of another kind in puffing back against a strong tide and a rough sea to the advanced frigates of the British fleet. The French boats, which had been carefully drilled to oppose the fire-ships, could not, or at least did not, act in such bad weather. Letters of French officers vividly describe the confusion and terror of that night. The fine three-decker *Océan* cut her cables to escape one fire-ship, then grounded and was grappled by another. It is difficult to conceive that even a torpedo could be more dangerous than one of these fire-ships when she had fairly fastened upon an enemy. The ship conducted by Lord Cochrane carried 1,500 barrels of gunpowder closely rammed together and certain to explode when the fire reached it. To add to the peril and horror of the scene two other French line-of-battle ships fell on board the *Océan* while she was entangled with the fire-ship. Yet her crew managed to deliver her from this dangerous embrace. Not one French ship was burned, but all were aground, and when the receding tide exposed their sides and bottoms, on which they had no iron plates, a few well-directed shots might have destroyed them. Lord Cochrane asserted that, with the help of the frigates and the line-of-battle ships of least draught, he could have easily destroyed the entire French fleet. He came very near destroying it by the use of a method somewhat similar to the torpedo, and the cause of his success was the extraordinary skill and daring with which he used this method. The torpedo is probably not so expensive as some other modern appliances of war, and therefore it may be supplied in large numbers. With an ample provision of these engines, and skill to use them, we ought at any rate to render our own coast safe against attack. To fix a torpedo under the bottom of a British cruiser, if she is handled as British cruisers used to be, ought to be as difficult as it is to put salt on a bird's tail. The "fish torpedo" has propelling power in itself, but the ordinary torpedo must be taken to the enemy, if the enemy will not come to the torpedo. In fact, the boats of one combatant must approach the ship of the other, and in former times the crew of a British ship would have liked to see the enemy's boats that would have done this. It was, in fact, all the other way. British sailors were constantly obliged to get into their boats and go and attack hostile ships. An ordinary cutting-out enterprise was, to say the least, as hazardous as placing a torpedo.

The perplexities of our Admiralty as to the kind of man-of-war we ought to build can only be solved by experiments which are certain to be costly and very likely to be disappointing. But the tendency of recent invention is rather to depress the value of ponderous defensive construction and to exult that of light and active vessels for attack. It cannot matter how much iron a ship carries on her sides if she is liable to be assailed by torpedoes fastened under her bottom. There may perhaps be a method of strengthening a ship's bottom against a torpedo, but if this be not possible, it certainly will be always possible to fight those who attempt to apply a torpedo to her. Thus we should return to the simple tactics of early times. Supposing the "fish torpedo" to be brought to the perfection which is theoretically possible, the most sure way to oppose it would be to employ very swift and quickly moving ships. Apparently it must be very difficult to make good practice with this submarine artillery, even when its construction has been considerably improved. But if ships were liable to be struck, a small ship would be as safe as, or perhaps safer than, a large ship; and thus we should be relieved from the necessity of building, at the cost of half a million of money each, enormous ships as to which we cannot feel absolutely certain, except by trial, whether they will swim. A sailor might perhaps consider some recent proposals for shipbuilding from the point of view that he is liable to be shot only at rare intervals, but he is liable to be drowned every day. It is satisfactory to observe that a sound principle has been adopted for coast defence. We are building a large number of small barge-like steamers, or floating gun-carriages, each armed with one very heavy gun. In the latest example of this class the recoil of the gun after firing causes it to descend; it is loaded beneath the deck, and then raised by hydraulic power for firing. The additional protection thus afforded to the crew must be balanced against the danger of disarrangement of machinery. Speaking generally, simplicity should be preferred to every other quality in military engines, but this particular invention deserves further trial. If our navy should come to be composed chiefly of small fast ships, each armed with one or two heavy guns, it will be such a navy as Drake or Nelson could have commanded. The question will then be only whether skill and courage will exist among our seamen. These qualities can be had for no price, and it is better to pay a fair price for them, and it is better to spend money on men who never fail in duty rather than on ships

which may possibly not answer to calculation. But for the present we must proceed contentedly in building the *Infexible* and her successors.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH IN SYNOD.

THIS is not the first or the second time that we have become acquainted with the inexhaustible resources of the Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. Only last Good Friday our ubiquitous informant was present at all the principal Roman Catholic and Ritualist "functions" in London, besides being able to describe the "beautiful natural cathedral, roofed with azure and floored with emerald," which few eyes but his own can have discerned on that murky day, and the "crimson clouds of apple blossoms," which it may safely be assumed that no mortal eye has ever beheld before or since. But there is something grander even than natural cathedrals and Good Friday functions. "Our Own Correspondent" has lately assisted at "the Provincial Council of Westminster," which he assures us, in language too oracular to admit the profane test of criticism, "is a direct outcome from the great (Ecumenical Council of Trent," and appears to be in some unexplained sense coeval with it. For in his twenty miles or so of railway journey from London to Ware the Correspondent "seemed to be going back some three hundred years in history," and thus reached a period which he presently identifies with "the middle ages themselves." His notions of chronology appear indeed to be a little hazy, for St. Edmund's College, Ware, where the Council assembled, is described as "dating back more than a century," though the *Catholic Directory*, which is not likely to depreciate its antiquity, gives 1795 as the date of its foundation. To this "fine old institution" the Correspondent went, or rather "sped," last week, and he was welcomed with a truly mediæval hospitality. He arrived in the middle of dinner, the high table being occupied by no less than fourteen bishops, and very soon found himself quite at home among the ecclesiastics, though whether he got a seat at the high table does not appear. In fact, he at once felt himself to be in fairyland. He was, or had supposed himself to be, a Protestant; but his Protestantism, we are afraid, is in serious jeopardy. We forget who it was that advised an ingenuous youth about to start for "the grand tour" on the Continent "to take care he was not ravished by the first Popish church he entered." But nobody ever stood more sorely in need of the caution than the Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* at Ware. He seems to have been something more than ravished the moment he set foot on the enchanted ground. We can only compare his feelings to those of the astonished youth in the *Arabian Nights* who went to sleep by his father's grave, and woke, after a rapid night journey through the air, to find himself in the bride-chamber of a magnificent palace some thousands of miles away, with the Vizier's daughter for his bride. At the very moment of his arrival in the "quiet Hertfordshire village," the Correspondent became aware that he had passed into a new world. "Nothing could be more picturesque than the eve of that Council"—it had not yet begun—with the Papal standard floating over St. Edmund's College, and nothing more solemn than its "Indiction," which is accordingly reprinted *in extenso* in the columns of the *Telegraph*. Every order in the Church was represented there, "from the sub-deacon up to the Archbishop of Westminster himself," who, we are carefully informed—and a well-known passage in *Lothair* had prepared us for the otherwise startling announcement—did not eat any dinner, but enjoyed "the balmy summer evening in front of the College," while his Suffragans were less poetically occupied in the refectory. There were Franciscans in brown, and Dominicans in white, and Benedictines in black, and bishops with gold chains and pectoral crosses; but the remarkable point about them all was that, with costumes so far more ornamental than those of their Protestant rivals, they bore their dignity much more meekly. There was an entire "absence of all hauteur," and the Correspondent "could not help contrasting it mentally with a meeting of Protestant bishops, archbishops, and clergy," though he wishes to disclaim any intention of disparaging the latter. Considering the very strange and uncomfortable sort of garb, which decidedly is not picturesque, in which Anglican prelates are condemned to array themselves both in church and out of church, we can quite imagine that a more easy and graceful style of vesture may be conducive to greater ease of manner. And yet we remember a recent Life of a Catholic bishop, who was described by his admiring biographer, himself a high dignitary, as distinguished for his "fine pontifical strut." But if the bishops were charming, the chapel and its services were even more delightful. "The beautiful Benediction office of the Church was sung during the evening," and this gave our enthusiastic worshipper, who had an eye to business even in his devotions, "an opportunity of examining the noble chapel, one of the works"—but certainly not one of the best works—"of the elder Pugin." The High Altar, and what our critic terms the "Sacarium" (a term appropriated, we believe, by Roman Ritualists to the sink in the vestry), was, he assures us, magnificent. The stalls, the rood loft, and the excellent organ, all excited his warmest approbation; and by the time he retired to rest—in a "comfortable, but not of course luxurious," chamber—the process of ravishment seems to have been almost complete.

But it was not till the Correspondent woke next morning that his Protestantism was thoroughly shamed out of him. At six o'clock

the sound of a bell rang along the corridors filled him with a sense of his own deplorable condition. He "felt the most unconscionable heretic to be lying there under the very shadow of the crucifix," which seems to have been judiciously placed in his chamber, while his good neighbours were getting up and going to mass. The thought became so intolerable that he could not compose himself to slumber again, and speedily "emerged" from his bed to find bishops and priests reciting the holy office in every part of the House. At length, directly after breakfast, the grand function of the day came off. For the elaborate description of the procession, and the various grave and reverend dignitaries who took part in it, we must refer our readers to the letter itself, unless they are content to take the writer's word for it that "a more magnificent *coup d'œil* can scarcely be imagined." The brilliant sun, the various rich vestments—really "crimson" this time, we believe—the perfect grouping, "all went without any hitch, as smoothly as though it had all been rehearsed beforehand," as no doubt it had. Many persons exclaimed that they had never seen anything like it out of Rome. But, while the Correspondent was dazzled by the glitter of gold and jewels and crimson copes, crossbearers and pastoral staff, he had room for graver reflections too. Bishop Ullathorne's sermon, indeed, of one hour and twenty minutes, as he complains with pathetic resignation, he was not allowed to hear, though that does not prevent him from assuring us that it was "a scholastic discourse bearing strictly on the spiritual life"; another Correspondent, who was also of course excluded, goes so far as to designate it "a very learned and very able discourse." But the function alone, without the sermon, sufficed to confirm the impressions made on the "unconscionable heretic" by the matin bell. He "felt that it was not a mere pageant, but a real representative gathering of Catholic England," which sounds a little odd, as he had just informed us that the Catholic laity were represented by Lady Herbert of Lea, Sir George Bowyer, and two other gentlemen only. And he adds, "on the authority of the Archbishop himself," who appears to have conversed with him most affably, that the bishops alone have votes in the Council. However, the bishops who wore those splendid vestments, and knew so well how to group themselves, and who were all the time so charmingly devoid of all *hauteur*, may surely claim by themselves to represent Catholic England, if not the whole Catholic world. For, "as one looked along the lines of bishops and clergy . . . one could not but feel that the real power of the Catholic Church was present at the Council." And that again was suggestive of yet more serious—in the Correspondent's peculiar state of mind we can hardly say more alarming—considerations. He "could not quite forbear from wondering what effect such deliberations might have on the faith of England." Clearly, if the first tinkling of the mass-bell which preceded the opening of the Synod has convinced one Englishman that he is a most unconscionable heretic, it is impossible to say what might not be the effect of a fortnight's deliberations, with two more "solemn public functions," on the rest of his heretical fellow-countrymen. But then unfortunately they are not there to see and hear. And by the time the decrees have been drawn up, and sent to Rome for confirmation, and sent back again, even the readers of the *Daily Telegraph* may not improbably have forgotten all about the matter. Whether one of the objects of the Provincial Synod is to promulgate the Vatican decrees our informant does not say, but we should have been disposed to conjecture, if he had not instructed us better, that it was more likely to be "an outcome from" the Vatican Council than from the Council of Trent. In any case the prospect is an alarming one, and we commend it to the serious attention of Lord Harrowby and the Church Association. They are wasting their precious energies on the delinquencies of "Protestant bishops, archbishops, and clergy," who understand nothing of the perfect grouping of processions, and do not, or did not till quite lately, wear copes or carry pastoral staves, while all England is in danger of being—to use a phrase of Mr. Ruskin's—"stitched into a new religion," by the gorgeously embroidered vestments and solemn deliberations of the Fathers of the Church assembled for high debate in the fourth Provincial Council of Westminster. Let Exeter Hall look to it, and take a lesson from "Our Own Correspondent" by devoting its superfluous capabilities of wonderment, which are not inconsiderable, to "wondering what effect" these Popish practices will have "on the faith of England."

EVIDENCE TAKEN BY THE ENDOWED SCHOOLS COMMITTEE.

II.

IT will be remembered that the Schools Inquiry Commission made an elaborate Report upon Grammar Schools which was the basis of the Endowed Schools Act of 1869. The Commissioners appointed under this Act have stated that they have been guided "to a large extent by the views laid down in this Report." They did not consider that they were bound by all the specific recommendations of the Report, but they did think that it was their duty to put the main objects of the Report into practice. This is their own view of what their duty was. Let us see how they have performed it.

The Schools Inquiry Commission dealt with the question of religious instruction in grammar schools in a spirit which, if not altogether satisfactory, was at least very different from that which has guided the Commissioners under the Act. It

was reasonable to suppose that religious instruction was one of the "main objects" of the Report which the Commissioners would feel it their duty to put in practice; and therefore Churchmen have been surprised to find that under the Act, as the Commissioners were working it, the religious instruction of by far the largest number of grammar schools would depend on local politics and other fluctuating circumstances. It must be remembered that the question in these schools is not between the Church of England and any particular sect, but between the Church of England and no Church or sect at all. It is sometimes suggested that, as regards some of these endowments, the Puritan party in the Church may have been ousted by the High Church party; but this question, if it could in any case be raised, would be a question within the Church itself. There is no party outside the Church that can show even a plausible title to these endowments. The argument that a grammar school was meant for all the inhabitants of a town may be admitted with the qualification that it was meant for all who will use it as a grammar school as hitherto understood—that is, as a school which teaches religion as a necessary part of education. The Schools Inquiry Commissioners had some of that practical good sense in which their successors have been lamentably deficient. They were able to see the wisdom of letting things alone as long as it was not absolutely necessary to disturb them. They say in their Report:—"It does not seem necessary to abrogate any rules contained in any such deed or scheme which directs the religious instruction to be based on the formularies or to be in accordance with the doctrines of the Church of England, or of any other religious body. . . . Liberty of conscience would be sufficiently protected by the above-described right of exemption and appeal. And provided liberty of conscience be respected, there are two reasons for leaving things as they are; one is that the parents appear to be tolerably satisfied that it should be so, and the other that the rule being already in existence is so far less a grievance; for people are always more ready to bear what they dislike when it has come down from the past than when it is new." It is a pity that the Commissioners should have been unable to see the wisdom of "leaving things as they are" at Birmingham and elsewhere.

The Schools Inquiry Commission, of which Mr. Forster was a member, made some concessions to the views of Nonconformists which were perhaps scarcely justifiable. Thus they say, "There appears to be no reason for maintaining the rule of law which assumes that, wherever the contrary is not plainly specified, the instruction is to be in accordance with the doctrines of the Church of England." It might be answered that it appears reasonable to maintain this rule until a better rule be proposed in its stead. But they go on to say, "There seems to be no necessity for interfering further with any rules for regulating the religious instruction which are at present to be found in any trust deed or scheme older than the present century." The Church of England might reasonably expect, under an Act passed to carry into effect the recommendations of the Commission, as much as this recommendation equitably interpreted would give to her. It would give to her much that she has been deprived of by the action of the Commissioners. It is true that in the case of Birmingham School the existing statutes bear date in the present century, but it is notorious that they merely re-enact rules which existed long before. If any explanation were wanted of the recommendation above quoted, it was furnished by the Bishop of Exeter, who was a member of the Schools Inquiry Commission. He appeared as a witness before the Select Committee on the Endowed Schools Act, and said:—"I thought that the proposals of the Schools Inquiry Commission were based upon just principles, that where a school had been originally founded, and had always remained attached to a particular denomination, it shall still remain attached to that denomination, but otherwise not." In another passage he says:—"It would in my mind turn on this—whether or not the perpetual usage from the beginning was of such a character as to show that, although there was no express direction to that effect, it was the intention that the school should belong to a particular denomination; if I could see reason for thinking that, in a particular instance, it could be fairly made out to the satisfaction of impartial men that the original purpose of the school was to belong to a particular denomination, and that it had always remained in that denomination, I should hold that, on the principles laid down in the Schools Inquiry Report, that school should remain in that denomination; but if it appeared to be mere usage, and nothing else, then I should say that such a usage ought not to override the claim of all persons alike to stand on an equality in such a school." We commend this exposition of the "principles laid down in the Schools Inquiry Report" to the particular attention of the Commissioners, who profess to have been "very largely guided by the sentiments expressed in that Report." As regards "usage and nothing else," it will be time enough to consider cases of that kind when they arise. It suffices, for the present, to remark that Birmingham is not such a case.

The Commissioners are not responsible for the language of the Act, but only for their application of it. The complaint against them is that they have disregarded the intention of the Act, which appears in the preamble. The 19th clause of the Act is, as we have already pointed out, objectionable, because it produces surprising and absurd results. But this clause and apply it to the schools which came before the Commissioners. Suppose that Birmingham School was to be "Denominational" under the clause. . . .

that the Commissioners would be bound to insert in a scheme for Birmingham—

- (1) A Boarders' as well as Day Boys' Conscience Clause.
- (2) Religious opinion not to affect qualification for Governing Body.
- (3) Masters not required to be in Holy Orders.

The Boarders' Conscience Clause would hardly affect Birmingham, which is essentially a day school; and this clause only requires that, if masters of boarding-houses are unwilling to receive boys exempted from religious teaching, provision shall be made for them to be received as day boys. The other two provisions fall far short of obliterating all distinctive religious teaching from the school. If the Commissioners had applied the test proposed by the Bishop of Exeter in his evidence, what would be the fair result? They would have inquired whether the perpetual usage from the beginning was of such a character as to show an intention that the school should belong to a particular denomination. Waiving for the moment the question as to the existence and sufficiency of any express direction, can there be any doubt as to the usage, and the inference to be drawn from it? Could it be made out "to the satisfaction of impartial men" that the original purpose of the school was to belong to a particular denomination—namely, the Church of England? Unfortunately the Commissioners have not inspired confidence in their impartiality. Giving them credit for good intentions, we are obliged to say that they, like the department of Government by which they are supervised, have fallen under an influence adverse to the Church of England. If Dissenters are, as they say, half the nation, why, it may be asked, are they to have everything their own way? Why is the Church of England to be subjected to a compromise which is all give and no take? The case of Birmingham was eminently a case for "leaving things as they were." A witness stated before the Select Committee that in point of religious teaching this school had always been conducted "on the most liberal principles." There were children of members of every religious denomination in the school, and without complaint or dissatisfaction, so far as the witness had heard. He stated that he and others were very anxious that the Commissioners should settle the religious instruction in their scheme, in order to remove it from the Board of Governors where they feared it would cause great contention. The witness said:—"We asked, in our objections to the scheme, that the religious instruction should be in conformity with the doctrines of the Established Church in order to make it precise, but we were told by the Commissioners that there was no chance of that being accepted; and then we said that we should be satisfied with any reasonable provision that the Commissioners might frame. We suggested, in lieu of that, that it should be 'in the principles of the Christian faith.'" The Commissioners insisted upon retaining their usual form of clause, that "the Governors shall make proper regulations for religious instruction" in the school, which means that rival parties in Birmingham shall fight over this question at every possible opportunity. If we ask why there was no chance of the proposal of the existing Governors being accepted, the true answer must be that the Commissioners were controlled by Government, and Government was controlled by the majority of the House of Commons. There was nothing in the Endowed Schools Act to prevent the proposal of the Governors of Birmingham School being accepted. The Commissioners might have provided in their scheme that the religious instruction should be in conformity with the Established Church. They would thus have proceeded, in pursuance of the preamble of their Act, to carry into effect "the main design" of the founder of the school; and they would also have followed the recommendations of the Schools Inquiry Commission, the rule of the Court of Chancery, and the guidance of expediency and common sense. But they would undoubtedly have displeased an active and noisy party in the House of Commons.

The absurdity of the 19th Section of the Act is well shown by the application which a majority of the House of Commons made of what they were pleased to call "the principle of this Section" to the Public Schools. These schools, seven in number, were dealt with by the Public Schools Act of 1868, and they were exempted from the operation of the Endowed Schools Act of 1869. The Special Commissioners appointed by the Public Schools Act, when they made statutes constituting new governing bodies for the schools, provided that the members of these governing bodies should be members of the Church of England. When these statutes came before the House of Commons, the Government was compelled by its supporters to consent that "the principle" of Section 19 of the Endowed Schools Act should be applied to schools to which the Act itself provides that the Act shall not apply. The result of applying the test of this Section was that Harrow was found to be, but Rugby was found not to be, "Denominational" under the Section. Surely this was *reductio ad absurdum* of the "principle." Harrow is a Grammar School founded in 1571 for the instruction of youth of the parish of Harrow. Rugby is a Free Grammar School founded in 1567 to serve chiefly for the children of Rugby. A public Act of Parliament of the year 1771 provides that the Master and Ushers of Rugby School shall instruct the boys "in the principles of the Christian Religion, Morality, and good manners," and shall hear the younger boys say their Catechism. This enactment, being more than two hundred years after the foundation, was held insufficient to make the school "Denominational," although there can be no doubt that it merely gave Parliamentary authority to the existing practice. But in the case of Harrow a body of statutes and rules made by the founder are in existence. The Public Schools Commissioners in their

Report on Harrow say that "the rules are now practically obsolete," and they do not even take the trouble to set them out in their appendix. Yet a clause in these rules requiring instruction in "doctrines or formularies" was held to make Harrow "Denominational" according to the new "principle." This result, however, did not satisfy the inventors of the "principle." Incredible as it may appear, they proposed to accept so much of the award as was in their favour, and to repudiate the rest; and Mr. Gladstone could not bring himself to say that his Government would be no party to this audacious substitution of might for right. The "principle" was only applied to the religious qualification of the Governing Bodies, and no attempt was made to deal with the religious teaching of the schools. But when a party of young and enterprising men have got hold of a "principle" they may go far. One of the Endowed Schools Commissioners seems to think it a pity that these seven schools should have been exempted from the jurisdiction of himself and his colleagues. We fancy, however, that his Commission has given the country enough of "principles" to last it for a long time.

SIX A PENNY.

SOME well-meaning persons have undertaken to arouse the working-man's reverence for Church and Constitution by supplying him with six small newspapers for a penny. The conceptions which prevail of the working-man are various. On the one hand, he is supposed to be incapable of carrying his money past the door of a public-house; and, on the other hand, he is regarded as a good little boy, for whom a good little newspaper ought to be written. The Conservative party has never been strong in journalism, but we could not have believed until we saw it that anything so futile as the *County Daily Newspaper* could have been proposed as a means of "increasing Conservative feeling throughout the kingdom." The "marvellous fact" that a single copy of this newspaper is sold for one farthing implies another marvel—that purchasers can be found for it. As a newspaper it is of little value, because the news is necessarily given with such close abridgment as to destroy its interest, and as an organ of Conservative opinions it is strangely imbecile. The "efforts of cheap and pernicious literature" can only be counteracted by efforts equally strenuous on behalf of "Christianity and good government." A Shrewsbury clergyman thinks that such a paper as this is much needed "to supersede papers of a decidedly objectionable character," and he asks the editor, "Could you not make it larger?" An equally pertinent question would have been, "Could you not make it stronger?" The most probable effect of circulating it would be to produce a desire for newspapers which really do supply news, and thus the sale of journals of "a decidedly objectionable character" would be promoted. We should think that a working-man who really cared for news would rather have a sixth share of a sufficient newspaper than the whole of this meagre summary. It might be possible to produce a complete weekly newspaper for a penny, and if such a paper were well written and well managed, it would be capable of exercising a salutary influence in politics and religion. Suppose that by doing the business of a weekly newspaper thoroughly well, a regular sale of half a million were obtained, the opportunity thus afforded to a powerful writer might be of incalculable value. As many copies as could go by post for a penny would be sent by post to a town or village, and then sold or given away.

Such a newspaper might be a powerful support to the cause of "Religion and Order," particularly if it were written in plain English. The squire and the parson might distribute it in their neighbourhood with reasonable confidence that they were combating successfully the influence of "low-toned weekly newspapers." But such a newspaper would need, among other things, a name. The founders of the *Six a Penny* have taken a good idea and spoilt it. Let us suppose a war like that with Russia, in which the popular feeling was strongly interested. This paper would fail to supply the demand thus created for news, because people wish to have not merely brief announcements, but details. "Tell us all about it," is the familiar expression of a universal wish. There is another point in which we think the managers of this paper are mistaken. It might be assumed without express statement that advertisements must be paid for, but money is money even when it comes out of the pocket of a working-man. We should think that what are called the "masses" would scarcely be conciliated by a notice which appears in the front page of this paper, that as the space for advertisements is limited, "only those announcements likely to interest the numerous noblemen, gentlemen, and clergymen who are its subscribers can be inserted." The religion and morality of these columns are for working-men, but the advertisements address only the upper circle of society. It is manifestly implied that the noblemen, gentlemen, and clergymen who subscribe do so for the good of others, and thus the idea of help and patronage is suggested in a way which, we should think, can hardly be agreeable to the subjects of it. Our advice to the authors would be to make their paper good and sell it cheap, and to say as little as may be as to their own beneficent intentions. They can help religion without proclaiming quite so loudly that religion needs their help, and that they have determined in the most noble and generous manner to afford it. A newsmen ordered sixteen dozen of the opening number, and the editor remarks that "such enthusiasm is a good token for the Church of England." If the newsmen expected, as

he probably did, to get his money back, enthusiasm is scarcely the word for a transaction of a commercial nature, nor do we discover that the Church of England has in that transaction any special interest. In the name of the Prophet, figs! In the name of religion, six newspapers for a penny! A correspondent, to whom more justly than to this newsmagazine belongs the title of enthusiast, considers that this paper should be read aloud, and thus the divine order of the world set forth. Of course, it is true that every newspaper which records a day's progress of the world does set forth a divine order of things, but a penny newspaper would not claim any particular merit on this account. We do not see that the merit of the performance is enhanced by the fact that only a small fraction of a penny is charged for performing it. A clergyman who has ordered 360 copies of the paper to stitch in with his parish magazine appears to us to have correctly appreciated its character. It is to the other daily papers what a parish magazine would be likely to be to an ordinary monthly. Of course, if the parishioners will read the magazine, it can do no harm, and it may do some good. But this is not the way to control the "pernicious influence" of the publications which, whatever be their principles, are addressed to men, and not to children. A Dorset vicar shows more wisdom than the majority of clerical correspondents. He recommends "plain words for the masses" and, if he had added, "strong sense" to his prescription, it would to our mind have been perfect. The best example of useful writing for this class is to be found in the works of Cobbett, and we can readily conceive the contempt which Cobbett would have expressed for the *Six a Penny*.

The editor mentions that "numerous laymen have sent kindly letters with cheques." This, as he truly says, is the most effectual aid he can receive. "There are thousands of our readers to whom a cheque for 5*l.* 4*s.* would be no tax." These, we presume, are the readers for whom the advertisements will be selected. In return for a cheque of this amount, any four persons named would receive twelve copies of the paper every day for six months, "which would no doubt be circulated among the most worthy of their parishioners." Here again the idea of patronage occurs. The "most worthy" of the working-men are to be selected, and presented gratis with this farthing rushlight of the world. The recommendation to the editor to use plain words does not, we think, justify him in announcing that, through the correspondence of his paper, he feels as if he had shaken hands with "no end of noblemen, clergymen, ladies, and gentlemen." He need not consider it his mission to impart the vulgarisms of what calls itself society to the working class. We regret to observe that he is not far from that most odious kind of vulgarity which is commonly called flunkeyism. "The very first name on our subscribers' list is that of a nobleman who has guided the foreign destinies of England, and almost the next is that of one who in the sister island not many years ago was second in command." This paragraph is sufficient to justify the judgment which we have formed of *Six a Penny*. It certainly supports the editor's claim to have undergone "long experience in more pretentious newspaper walks." He is like a small housekeeper at Pentonville, who tries to give a dinner party in the style of Belgrave Square. In the first place, it seems to us unnecessary to mention the names of his subscribers at all. But if this must be done, it might suffice to speak of one of them as a lord who has been Foreign Secretary. The incongruity of this inflated style is heightened by the circumstance that editor, publisher, and correspondents, all concur in recommending that this paper should be distributed by schoolmasters among the more deserving scholars in elementary schools. Some of the more enthusiastic correspondents even go the length of urging that a portion of it might be read in schools as an agreeable, and at the same time instructive, variation from the usual school lessons. It is an alarming prospect that the cooks and porters of the future are to be taught to talk about "the nobleman who has guided the foreign destinies of England." The editor says that he is aware that his talk is different from that of any other daily paper. We can only say that we have not perceived the difference. Some of the writers in this paper appear to be under a wrong impression that it has an exclusive privilege of reaching out-of-the-way towns and villages by post. An imaginary vicar is made to address to his parishioners at the meeting the statement that "this week they had had a daily newspaper every morning when the news was fresh." We say an imaginary vicar, but if we were to judge from the clerical correspondents of this paper we should be prepared to think him a reality. He appears to be unaware that there are several evening papers published in London in time to be sent to the provinces by post. A supporter of the vicar at the meeting hopes that the paper will continue these "nice bits for working-men," which we should say have been produced by taking extracts from Cobbett and spoiling them. No doubt the "little stranger," as doating correspondents call this paper, is a good child, and our only fear is that it may be too good to live. There is a poem in this paper worthy of the prose, called "Measuring the Baby." The height of the baby was that of a tiger-lily that grew by the cottage wall, and its parents intended next summer to measure it again. But before the year was out the baby died;—

And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childlike moan;
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

Poets and prophets were in old times identical, and it is to be feared that the two characters may be united in the author of these lines. The editor of *Six a Penny* should prepare himself to leave a "darkened chamber" in a year's time with "a childlike moan," and he may console himself with the reflection that his "little one" was too angelic for this wicked world.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

THE month which has elapsed since our last reference to the proceedings at the two London theatres devoted to the performance of operas in the Italian language—which, however, in recent years have been very nearly as often adaptations from French and German works as the actual productions of Italian writers—does not offer much food for comment. Rarely has a spring and summer season been so barren in events that call for special public recognition. In short, we can hardly close our eyes to the fact that genuine Italian opera is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. In the olden time, with the occasional appearance of a Garcia, a Malibran, a Sontag, or some years later a Jenny Lind and a Crivelli, whose genius made them cosmopolitan, Italian Opera companies used to be composed almost exclusively of Italian artists *par sang*. But look at them now, and we shall find that they include almost as many non-Italians as Italians. It is unnecessary to enumerate the foreigners by name; and indeed it would be more or less invidious to do so, because just now without their aid Italian Opera would be almost impossible. Whether its extinction would be a thing very much to be regretted is a question which, at present, we do not feel inclined to discuss. But it seems odd that England, the most musically appreciative, if not the most musically gifted, in so far as the creative faculty goes, of all countries, should be the only country unprovided with an opera the verbal medium of which is its own language. We have composers enough and to spare, with operas ready in their portfolios; we have many and excellent singers; but there is not a theatre at command where English opera can be decently presented. That we have ourselves to blame may be taken for granted. There are emulation and activity doubtless among English composers; but a sad want of what is conventionally denominated *esprit de corps* is observable. We do not for an instant deny that at one period Italian Opera was a legitimate reflex of art, and moreover an important element of instruction. But in the present time it is nothing of the kind. Italy unfortunately has now no composers of genius. Had it been otherwise, we should hardly have been condemned to listen from year to year, for so many years, to the operas of Bellini and Donizetti, or to fall back in our destitution upon the spectacular lyric dramas of Meyerbeer and his French imitators—Halévy, Ambroise Thomas, &c.—nor should we be forced to put up with such incessant doses of Giuseppe Verdi, who, whatever his claims as an inventor, has thrust into popularity some of the feeblest and, in certain respects, most degrading pieces that ever served the purposes of a musician.

Such being the actual state of things, it may be urged that we have no right to complain; our duty is to accept what comes and make the best of it. English Opera looks in vain for support and encouragement, while Italian Opera, despite its polyglot elements and the depths of mediocrity into which it has been gradually sinking for a quarter of a century and more, is still "the fashion," and likely to remain "the fashion." In other branches of the art we have manifestly progressed; and it has even become the fashion not only to listen to the sonatas and quartets of Beethoven at the Monday Popular Concerts, but to affect at least to admire them; while at the Italian Opera those works which are intrinsically the best and purest are, for the most part, those which meet with least favour. Exceptions, it is true, may be cited—as, for instance, *Don Giovanni* and the *Barbiere di Siviglia*; but how much of this is due to the singers who take part in those great masterpieces need scarcely be told. Putting aside these considerations, however, it does seem strange that the Directors of our Italian Opera Houses persist in giving their patrons the same things year after year, as if nothing existed in their domain but the *Sonnambula*, the *Puritani*, *Lucia*, *Linda*, *Norma*, the *Favorita*, the *Traviata*, the *Trociatore*, *Rigoberto*, *Marta*, &c. &c.—the very names of some of which in the programme cause genuine amateurs to groan. There is scarcely a season we can recall in our experience of Italian Opera during which so many hackneyed works have been perpetually brought forward as during the one which has just come to an end.

Out of the novelties, or "revivals," promised by the Director of the Royal Italian Opera in his prospectus, only two were forthcoming—Verdi's *Ermioni*, with Madame Adelina Patti as Elvira, and Auber's *Diamant de la Couronne*. To the first we have already referred. Auber's opera was welcome not merely on its own account, but because it gave Madame Patti a fresh occasion of displaying her wonderful versatility. It may be said without reserve that no such Catarina has been seen or heard since this charming opera was first produced at the Opéra Comique, in 1843, with Madame Anna Thillon, and a year afterwards, with the same lady, in an English version at the Princess's Theatre, when under the direction of Mr. Maddox. Madame Patti presents the very ideal of the romantic and self-denying Queen of Portugal, and her performance both in a vocal and dramatic sense is so thoroughly finished and exquisite that it grieves us to have one word of objection to make. Yet to pass over such an offence against good taste as is exhibited in the liberties taken by Madame

Patti in the last act is out of the question. The omission of the beautiful air which the Queen sings alone, while reflecting on her past career and future hopes, is sufficiently reprehensible; but the complete hash made of the *finale*, for the sake of introducing a *bravura* air at the conclusion, is wholly unpardonable. Nor is it rewarded by the looked-for success. On the contrary, it makes the catastrophe as silly and pointless as in the original it is ingenious. Further than this, Madame Patti errs on the point of prudence. Catarina has already more than enough of difficult music to sing in the previous scenes, and she approaches this last self-imposed task comparatively fatigued and unfit to acquit herself as she might otherwise do. Then, lastly, the air itself—from *Leicester*, one of Auber's earliest operas—is little better than a pale imitation of Rossini's least forcible manner. But Madame Patti is not the only sinner in this distorted version of the *Diamant*—a thing of itself so perfectly finished that to change or meddle with it in any way is simply to damage it. What Signor Vianesi, one of Mr. Gye's orchestral conductors, has done in setting the dialogue to accompanied recitative surpasses belief. Anything so laboured and cumbersome connected with a work which of itself is one uninterrupted flow of spontaneous melody, set forth in the most piquant and sparkling manner of the most piquant and sparkling of French musicians, can scarcely be imagined. Auber is almost smothered in these accompanied recitatives. Then the curtainments, by which several pieces are robbed of their native symmetry and grace, demand the most stringent protest; and the interpolations from other operas of Auber, and even of pieces by Signor Vianesi, which having no relation whatever to the plot, were apparently introduced to satisfy the vanity of certain singers at the expense and to the detriment of the composer. Sooner than hear an opera of Auber's thus dished up we would rather not hear it at all. Since the first performance, it is true, some of the interpolations have been dispensed with, and the accompanied recitatives have been considerably abridged; but the whole of them might be omitted with advantage, and—Auber not being alive himself to supply what was wanting—replaced by the ordinary "recitative parlante," which does excellent service in *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and, if discreetly written, would be just as well placed in *Les Diamants de la Couronne*.

The next opera produced at Mr. Gye's theatre was the *Nozze* of Mozart, with a new Countess Almaviva, a new Count, and a new Cherubino. The Countess was Madlle. Albani, who in this, as in every other character which she has attempted among us, shows high intelligence and an earnest carefulness which more and more fortify her admirers in a belief that she has a great and enviable career before her. We are, and were from the first, of that opinion; and it is further substantiated by her impersonation of Mozart's contemplative heroine—in all respects so different from the ward of Dr. Bartolo, as subsequently depicted by Rossini. The Cherubino of Madlle. Smeroschi is lively—perhaps too lively—and yet not so full of genial life as the Cherubino portrayed by Madame Pauline Lucca. Nor does it show any of the dreaminess appertaining to the character of the half bashful, half petulant boy. It has good points, nevertheless, and may be commended. But why will Madlle. Smeroschi not allow the graceful melody of Mozart, especially in "Voi che sapete," to flow on unimpeded? The effect of Cherubino's two canzoni would be twice as impressive if uttered with the rhythmical measure and unaffected accent which constitute half their native charm. The new Count Almaviva (again so different from the Count of Rossini) is M. Maurel, who is admirable throughout, both in his delineation of the character and in his execution of the music. In this gentleman, and in Madlle. Albani, Mr. Gye has been extremely fortunate. The Figaro of M. Faure and the Susanna of Madame Sinico are well known as the best of their kind.

Little more need be written about Mr. Gye's season. We said in our last notice that we should take another occasion of estimating the talent of Madame Klvira Trisolini, who made her *début* in the *Puritani*; but the opportunity was not granted, her first performance having been also her last. Not more successful was Madlle. Pezzotta, who played once the part of Amelia in *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and, though by no means wanting in good qualities, failed to make a strong impression. Of course we have had *L'Etoile du Nord*, the omission of which, with Madame Patti the best Catarina, and M. Faure the best Peter, now on the stage ready to hand, would have been a strange neglect on the part of the Director; of course Madame Patti has made her annual essay as Valentine, in the *Huguenots*, a character upon which she appears to have set her heart, and which, possibly, in spite of certain physical shortcomings incapacitating her from doing justice to every scene (more especially the duet with Maurel in the *Pré aux Clercs*) she may one day, with her indomitable perseverance, make as much her own as any other part in her varied repertory; and of course, too, there have been the traditional "benefit," counting, as usual, for little or nothing beyond bouquets, wreaths, and frantic demonstrations. Madame Patti chose for her representative night the *Barbiere*; and Madlle. Albani selected *Lucia*. Madlle. D'Angeri, one of Mr. Gye's recent acquisitions, of whom we have already spoken, appeared, in the latter part of the season, as the heroine of Weber's *Der Freischütz*, coming out from the somewhat trying ordeal with a certain amount of credit. This young lady possesses talent of no mean order, and only stops short of the mark which, as *prima donna assoluta*, it is naturally expected that she should reach. As *comprimaria* Madlle. D'Angeri might render invaluable service; but a higher rank in such a theatre as the Royal Italian Opera she has little chance of obtain-

ing. Caspar is not a character to which the means and idiosyncrasy of M. Faure are suited. The music is too low for his voice, and thus his dramatic ability combined with his artistic singing is in a measure thrown away. The merits of the other singers hitherto unknown to London who formed part of Mr. Gye's company have to the best of our ability been estimated at their worth. We have nothing to add, except that the new attraction this season at Covent Garden is unmistakably the French barytone, M. Maurel. Madame Pauline Lucca, announced in the prospectus, with Madame Patti and Madlle. Albani, as one of the three chief *prime donne*, preferred remaining in the United States—a serious disappointment to the habitual frequenters of the theatre where she is deservedly one of the most popular favourites. Madame Lucca has been sadly missed in the *Africaine*, *La Favorita*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and other operas—including *Fra Diavolo*, which could not advantageously be presented with any other singer. The orchestra this year, with its two conductors, Signors Vianesi and Bovignani, improves in correctness and precision, if as much cannot fairly be asserted of the chorus; and, regarded as a whole, Mr. Gye's season has been one of more than average attraction.

At Her Majesty's Opera, about which we wrote a month ago, there has been nothing lately requiring detailed notice. Madame Christine Nilsson's enchanting impersonation of Mignon, in M. Ambroise Thomas's opera of that name, was the last opportunity of distinction afforded her; so that in the course of her engagement this accomplished artist has been limited to four operas—*La Traviata*, *Lucia*, *Faust*, and the one just named. The late Mr. Balfe's MS. work, *Il Talismano*, about which there has been so much talk, for which Sir Michael Costa was to furnish accompanied recitatives, and Mr. G. A. Macfarren to compose the *finale*, was at the eleventh hour abandoned. Thus the only absolute novelty advertised in Mr. Mapleson's prospectus was lost to his subscribers. *Il Talismano*, nevertheless, is, if we are rightly informed, to be given early next season, with Madame Nilsson as Edith Plantagenet. Let us hope that this may be really the case. Reports about the Opera, like the Opera prospectuses, are little to be relied on nowadays; but it would be much to be regretted if the last and favourite work of so deservedly popular a composer should be laid on the shelf. True, Balfe set the music to an English text (by Mr. Arthur Matthison) and intended it for the English stage; but better an Italian version than none at all.

We have already endeavoured to appraise the merits of one and all of Mr. Mapleson's new singers, and may fairly repeat that they have done him credit. In Signor Aramburo, the Drury Lane manager has discovered a worthy rival to Signor Campanini, who was the rare last season; and if the others, Signor Medini excepted, are not of an extraordinary character, it is something at least to have found a new tenor and a new bass from whom much may be reasonably expected. When Signor Mongini, the Italian Wachtel—as Herr Wachtel is the German Mongini—went over early in the season to the rival house, Mr. Mapleson's case was not so bad, with Signor Aramburo to fill up the gap. On the whole, indeed, it must be allowed that the director of Her Majesty's has this year exhibited a company more or less strong in every department; and the wonder is that, with such an unrivalled conductor as Sir Michael Costa, an orchestra efficient at all points, and a chorus of more than average excellence, he was compelled to adhere almost exclusively to the old and sufficiently worn-out repertory.

REVIEWS.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.*

SHEFFIELD, so named in Johnson's *Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets*, and best known by his inherited title of Earl of Mulgrave, under which most of his poetry was published, bore a more or less active part as a public man in not less than five reigns—those of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, Anne, and George I. Born in 1649, soon after the execution of Charles I., he lived till February 1721, seven years after the accession of George I. King William gave him the title of Marquis of Northampton in 1694, and Queen Anne in 1703 made him Duke of Buckinghamshire. He is frequently called Buckingham, but the title of Buckinghamshire was chosen because there was fear of a latent claim to that of Buckingham; and it is well to maintain a distinction between the two ducal poets, John Sheffield and George Villiers.

The awards of eminence entitling to admission into Johnson's gallery of eminent poets were made not by Johnson, but by the publishers who retained him to write biography. He has not exalted Sheffield into eminence as a poet; but the collection contains many poets who are not superior to him, and many who are his inferiors. Lord Macaulay, who disliked Sheffield as a Tory, has unjustly depreciated his poetry, and harshly depicted his character. But he allows him to have been distinguished by fine parts, and describes him as "in Parliamentary eloquence inferior to scarcely any orator of his time." This eulogium is chiefly founded on the testimony of Burnet, who describes Mulgrave as displaying,

* The Works of John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, Marquis of Northampton, Duke of Buckinghamshire. The Third Edition, corrected. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1740.

in a hot debate in the House of Lords, in the reign of William and Mary, a force of argument and eloquence beyond anything he had ever heard in that assembly. His oratory was set off by a fine person and commanding presence. As a poet he was a writer of odes, elegiacs, amatory poems, and didactic essays, which entitle him to rank at least with Denham and Waller, and far above Sprat, Duke, Fenton, Yalden, and many others who swell the collection of "most eminent English Poets." "Mulgrave wrote verses," says Macaulay, "which scarcely ever rose above absolute mediocrity; but, as he was a man of high note in the political and fashionable world, these verses found admirers." A not dissimilar judgment might be passed by many on the poetry of Samuel Rogers, a wealthy banker with a footing in society and in great Whig houses, whom social entanglements and conveniences would have prevented Lord Macaulay from freely criticizing. Mulgrave, amid the distractions of fashionable dissipation and of political life, studiously cultivated literary tastes and accomplishments, and his poetry shows refined scholarship and ingenious thought. His two chief poetical performances are his Essay on Satire and his Essay on Poetry. The first was written in 1675, but did not see the light till 1679, when it was anonymously circulated in manuscript; and Dryden, having the credit of the authorship, got a cudgelling for lampoons of which he was entirely innocent. The Essay on Poetry was published anonymously in 1682. Both essays underwent, during a long life, many and great revisions—*multa dies et multa litura coercuit*. If Horace's precepts are to be admired, neither Mulgrave nor any one else should be scoffed at for following them; the last editions of both poems differ greatly from the first. Both poems contain many lines which remain in the memory and recur for quotation—a practical test of poetical merit. The inferior occupations of a statesman, lately dwelt on by the Duke of Somerset, are hero skilfully told in a word, in summing up the busy cares of the weak-bodied, oger-minded Shaftesbury:—

Yet this vain comfort in his mind he keeps,
His soul is soaring while his body creeps.
Alas! that soaring to those few who know
Is but a busy fluttering here below.

The last line of the following passage is a favourite quotation:—

Reject that vulgar error (which appears
So fair) of making perfect characters;
There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultless monster, which the world ne'er saw.

Pope paid Mulgrave the compliment of applying to himself one of his effective lines in the Essay on Poetry:—

Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

Mulgrave's father, Edmund, a peer of no mark, had been a Councillor of State under Cromwell. John succeeded to the title in 1658 at the age of nine. At seventeen he served as a volunteer in the first year of the great Dutch war, on board the ship which carried the two admirals, Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle. He was again a naval volunteer when the second Dutch war broke out in 1672. His valour was rewarded by an early appointment to the command of a fine ship, the *Royal Katharine*. In 1673 he raised a regiment of foot, and returned to the fleet in command of it as colonel. A permanent regiment was afterwards given to him, and he remained with the command of a regiment after the peace. He received the Garter, and was made a Gentleman of the Bedchamber. These honours had been heaped on him before he completed his twenty-sixth year. Now he turned to poetry, and established a life-long intimacy with Dryden. He endeavoured to persuade the King to improve Dryden's fortunes, so as to give him ease and leisure for the composition of a great epic; the penury of extravagance and the King's laziness probably thwarted this design. In 1679 Mulgrave put into circulation his Essay on Satire, in which the King was scurrilously spoken of. He kept the authorship a secret, but suspicion freely fell on him and on Dryden also. It is extremely improbable that Dryden had anything to do with this satire. But he was beaten on suspicion of it by ruffians hired by the Earl of Rochester or the Duchess of Portsmouth; "praised and punished for another's rhymes," as Mulgrave wrote, a few years after, in his Essay on Poetry. Yet thirty-five years later, Mulgrave annotated this line of the Essay on Poetry with a solemn statement that Dryden was "not only innocent, but ignorant of the whole matter." Mulgrave and Dryden were really associated the year after in a translation of Ovid; and the courtly poet-laureate was in ecstasy at the noble rank of his coadjutor:—

How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleased to hear
His fame augmented by a British peer!
How he embellishes his Helen's loves,
Outdoes his softness and his sense improves!

In 1680 Mulgrave commanded an expedition, with two thousand men, to defend Tangiers against the Moors. A circumstantial story is told of his having been sent on board a leaky and unseaworthy ship, the Admiralty pretending that they could give him no better one, while Mulgrave made it a point of honour not to refuse to go in any ship that was assigned to him. The King's natural son, Charles, Earl of Plymouth, volunteered to accompany him in his danger. The King's displeasure with him is mentioned as the cause of the bad turn done to Mulgrave. Fine weather carried him safely through the voyage, but it was found necessary to pump the ship the whole way. Mulgrave abstained during the voyage from proposing the King's health at table, and on his being

reminded of it, he replied that he must first get out of his rotten ship before he could make that health go merrily round. Such revenge as this was cowardly; but there had been indeed enough in Mulgrave's Essay on Satire, circulated the year before, to wound deeply the King's feelings and to provoke his resentment. There was also a story—repeated by Macaulay—that Mulgrave had given offence to Charles by aspiring to the hand of his niece, the Princess Anne. Charles in a fit of ill-humour may have counted this presumption; but the Princess's father, James, was the constant friend of Mulgrave, and the Princess Anne, when she became Queen, showed pleasure in favouring and in honouring the admirer of her youth. She made him Lord Privy Seal; she made him a Duke; she made him Lord Steward of the Household; she made him Lord President of the Council; she wanted to make him Lord Chancellor.

During the reign of Charles Mulgrave held no political office, and during no part of his career did he lay himself out for laborious statesmanship. He was a keen politician, without being a slave of politics. His great wealth and dignified accomplishments marked him out for offices of state and ornament; and in the reigns of James, of William, and of Anne, he was successively Lord Chamberlain, Lord Privy Seal, Lord Steward, and Lord President of the Council, in Tory administrations. He was a Tory. He wrote a reply to Halifax's "Character of a Trimmer," which he called "The Character of a Tory." He was devoted to the Duke of York before he ascended the throne, and immediately after the accession of James he was made a Privy Councillor, and soon after Lord Chamberlain. He did not care one way or the other about Popery, but he stood by the sovereign under whom, as Admiral, he had early served at sea. Dryden marshals him in the great Exclusion struggles as a prominent champion of the legitimate succession:—

Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muse's friend,
Himself a Muse; in Sanhedrin's debate
True to his Prince, but not a slave of State.

Lord Macaulay again does injustice to Mulgrave by representing him as simulating Roman Catholic convictions, when James became King, and when he was made Lord Chamberlain and a member of the Ecclesiastical Commission. He had no disguise; he avowed himself a Free Thinker. He openly ridiculed transubstantiation, telling the priests who tried to convert him that he was willing to be taught, and had tried hard to believe in God who made the world and man, but that it would not be easy to persuade him that man was quits, and made God again. Political meanness and abject hypocrisy—these are Lord Macaulay's accusations—were no part of Mulgrave's character, whatever might have been his faults. He had lampooned Charles II., and had met with spirit affront and injury from that King. He disapproved of James's later measures, and freely remonstrated with him. When all was over and not before, when James had fled to France, he took part in the councils of the established Revolution. Some years after King William informed him that there had been a talk of asking him to join in the first invitation to him to come over, but that Shrewsbury had discouraged the attempt by saying that he would never concur; and the King then proceeded to ask him what he would have done if he had been invited. "Sir," replied Mulgrave, "I would have discovered it to the King whom I then served." This was not a mean hypocrite.

In the year 1694 William, finding that the Tory Mulgrave had given an independent and effective support to the Treason Bill and the Triennial Bill, and wishing to redress the balance in his councils as between Whig and Tory, disturbed by the substitution of the Whig Shrewsbury for the Tory Nottingham, as Secretary of State, made important overtures to Mulgrave. He offered to make him a Marquis, to give him a pension of 3,000*l.* a year, and to appoint him a member of the Cabinet Council, by a special exception, without office. These offers were accepted; Mulgrave was made Marquis of Normandy, the pension was granted, but Normanby was not called to the meetings of the Cabinet. Then Normanby wrote a very spirited letter to the King, which is full of interest also, as showing how far the Cabinet, which had an informal beginning at the Restoration, had now assumed form and definiteness. We learn from Lord Normanby's letter, dated July 19, 1694, that it had been arranged that the Lord Keeper (Lord Somers), the Lord President (Marquis of Carmarthen, better known as Danby, and now created Duke of Leeds), the Lord Privy Seal (Earl of Pembroke), and the two Secretaries of State (Sir John Trenchard and the Earl of Shrewsbury) should meet constantly in Cabinet, and that Lord Normanby should join them. The letter states that in Charles II.'s reign Lord Angleson, who had been Lord Privy Seal from 1673 to 1682, had been always excluded, and further that the White Staffs were now to be excluded from Cabinet meetings. These would probably be Lord Godolphin, First Commissioner of the Treasury, as representing the Lord Treasurer, the Earl of Devonshire, Lord Steward, Lord Newport, Treasurer, and Thomas Wharton, Comptroller of the Household. In the Cabinet to which Normanby was to be specially added, Carmarthen was the only Tory, and William's plan of a Ministry had been till now one equally composed of both parties. Normanby's spirited, not to say indignant, remonstrance brought the King to the fulfilment of his promise. Some passages of his letter deserve quotation, for this is a man whom Lord Macaulay has described as mean and abject:—

I beg your Majesty's pardon once more for troubling you upon so trifling a subject as myself, though I must own a sacred promise from a King is of no small importance. But the occasion of my approaching your Majesty again this way, after I found myself obliged to take my leave humbly for ever, is

a discourse I had the honour to have with the Queen yesterday, by which I find all my just grievances capable of being redressed on one word from your Majesty, that I should meet with the Keeper, President, Privy Seal, and Secretaries when they are assembled. . . . It is a real Cabinet without the name, nay, called so generally now, and there was no other in all the late King's time. . . . Your Majesty is and ought to be master, to use me as you please; but I beg leave to say, with all due submission, that this usage, if continued, is not only below so great a King to impose, after all assurances to the contrary, by which I was brought to the Council, because I depended on them; but it is even below me, the meanest of your subjects, to acquiesce in further than patience and my duty oblige me.

The letter was published by Sir John Dalrymple from King William's box. (Appendix to "Memoirs," Part II., p. 243.) The appeal obtained immediate redress for Lord Normanby. It is strange that Lord Macaulay should have been ignorant of this letter, so creditable to Normanby and from a constitutional point of view so interesting. He simply says that Normanby "was named a Cabinet Councillor, but never consulted."

When Anne succeeded to the throne, Marlborough and Godolphin formed a Tory Administration to please her, and the Marquis of Normanby, both as a Tory and a personal favourite of the Queen, was selected to be Lord Privy Seal. A few years after, in 1705, Marlborough and Godolphin veered to the Whigs; and Normanby, now made Duke of Buckinghamshire by the Queen's favour, was removed from office. The Queen struggled against his removal. She even solicited him, but in vain, to remain by her side as Lord Chancellor; thirty years and not more had passed since a layman, Shaftesbury, had held the Great Seal, and it had since, in the reign of James II., been pressed by Anne's father on Arthur Annesley, Earl of Anglesey. The Duke of Buckinghamshire resumed office in 1710, as Lord Steward, when the Whigs fell before Harley. On the death of Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, in the following year, Buckinghamshire succeeded as Lord President of the Council. The death of Queen Anne and the accession of George I. brought the Whigs into monopoly of power, and Buckinghamshire ceased to hold office. He was an opponent of the Court during the remainder of his life. He died in February 1721, in the seventy-second year of his age.

He has left some occasional pieces in prose, including three fragments of historical memoirs, and Johnson gives more praise to his prose than his poetry. "His verses," says Johnson, "are often insipid, but his memoirs are lively and agreeable; he had the perspicuity and elegance of an historian, but not the fire and fancy of a poet." His authorship, whether in prose or poetry, was not more than an amusement, and neither kind possesses vigour. His taste was refined, and his judgment cultivated. Lord Macaulay has blackened his character, giving a ready ear to the malevolence of Maclay and Swift, who are not trustworthy guides. Covetousness is a chief reproach of Macaulay against him, a reproach resting on undignified little-rattle. It is known as a fact that he was bountiful through life to his friend Dryden, and that, when his political rival, the Duke of Newcastle, had failed to fulfil a voluntary and ostentatious promise to erect a monument to Dryden in Westminster Abbey, Buckinghamshire came forward and did it. To Buckinghamshire Dryden had dedicated his *Aeneid*. Dryden had styled him "the Muses' friend, himself a Muse." Such praise of one noted for covetousness would have been ridiculous. Libertinism is another reproach; Buckinghamshire did not conceal it. He had several natural children, and acknowledged them. Some of Lord Macaulay's heroes were at least equal sinners in this respect. In an elaborate will, which is printed in his works, and which is almost a literary composition, Buckinghamshire provided with scrupulous care for his widow, his legitimate children, and those who were illegitimate; and under its provisions, by the failure of his legitimate line in 1735, all his property went among his natural children. He had been married three times, and to three widows. He had children only by his third wife. "He has been often heard to say, since he had legitimate children," writes a family biographer, "that he wished he never had the others, or at least had not owned them, it being in private families an ill example."

Authors of celebrity have joined in praises which, with every allowance for flattery of rank, necessitate an estimate of Buckinghamshire, as a man of letters, considerably higher than Macaulay's. In old age, and finally retired from office, Buckinghamshire wrote a few lines in praise of Pope's *Iliad* immediately after its publication. Pope, full of joy, replied:—

Muse, 'tis enough; at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends;
Sheffield approves, consenting Phoebus bends,
And I and Mollie from this hour are friends.

Prior, too, valued highly his praises:—

Happy the poet, best the lays
Which Buckingham has deigned to praise.

Lord Roscommon, a contemporary noble poet, whose *Essay on Translated Verse* is named by Addison as one of three masterpieces of their kind—the other two being Buckinghamshire's *Essay on Poetry*, and Pope's *Essay on Criticism*—thus referred to the *Essay on Poetry*:—

Happy that author whose correct *Essay*
Repairs so well our old Horatian way.

This is a case in which Lord Macaulay has not been just or well informed.

The Duke of Buckinghamshire's widow, his third wife, was a natural daughter of James II. by Catharine Sedley, Countess of Dorchester, and had been previously married to the Earl of Anglesey,

by whom she had a daughter, Lady Catharine Annesley. The daughter, while the Duke of Buckinghamshire was living, married the son of Sir Constantine Phipps, Irish Lord Chancellor; and her son Constantine Phipps was made an Irish Baron, with the title, taken from her stepfather, of Lord Mulgrave. An English earldom followed in the family. The late Marquis of Normanby, born second Earl of Mulgrave, and made a marquis in Lord Melbourne's administration, was, like the Duke of Buckinghamshire—some of whose titles re-appeared in him, but whose blood was not in his veins—an author, clever, but not eminent, and the holder of many high public offices without superlative distinction.

PIKE'S MAURITIUS.*

CONSUL PIKE is right in both the assumptions upon which he set himself to draw up his "Sub-Tropical Rambles." Very little is known even among fairly informed people outside the island concerning the history, the condition, or the resources of the Mauritius; and it is equally true that a large amount of information of a valuable and interesting kind lay ready to hand for any writer who should take for his subject that little known, but in many respects important, island or group of islands. The candid confession of most people who hear the question broached will confirm the first of these two propositions. The mass of instructive and often striking matter which Mr. Pike has set before the public will sufficiently establish the truth of the latter. If somewhat loose and desultory in arrangement, his book shows a width and comprehensiveness of scope, with an amount of pains in collecting details, which must entitle the author to much praise. He has brought to his task a mind keenly alive to the aspects both of nature and of human life, and he has lost no opportunity either of observing the facts within his range or of suggesting judicious and thoughtful reflections concerning them. To the tastes of a student of science he adds the practical sense of a man of business and the shrewdness of a citizen of the world.

To a scientific eye nowhere is the book of nature more widely open than in this "gem of the ocean," as for beauty, variety, and physical wealth the Isle of France has been called. Its rich vegetation, its waterfalls, its natural caverns, its wild forest lands, open inexhaustible sources of pleasure and admiration. Its coasts, its rivers, and its inland scenery afford the zoologist never-ending stores for collection and study. In addition to the valuable notes which Consul Pike gives us in "Sub-Tropical Rambles" we are glad to find him promise a separate volume upon the Flora and Fauna of Mauritius—a subject which, though it has been frequently treated in a detached or fragmentary way, has never been thoroughly discussed. Upon the geology of the island, in its relation to the neighbouring specks in the ocean which group physically with it, the author finds much to record and to suggest. Nowhere perhaps upon the globe are the phenomena of volcanic upheaval exemplified on such a scale of breadth or grandeur. Beyond other islands of the Indian Ocean, though no longer the theatre of active forces, it displays the great drama of igneous action. Endless are the peculiar characteristics of its mountain peaks, and the abrupt gigantic fissures which separate them, by whose disruption the beds of torrents and ravines have been determined. Extinct craters of different eras are abundant, and beds of lava, stupendous in extent and depth, bespeak the violence of their fiery flow. There can be little doubt that the main volcano which formed the island was submarine, and that its formation, far from being sudden, was the work of continuous action for successive ages. In grandeur and extent this geological feat of nature must have vastly exceeded that of which we have contemporaneous proofs at Hawaii in the Sandwich group, where the well-known Mauna Loa rises to the majestic height of 13,750 feet above the sea level; the largest crater, that of Kilauea, being three and a half miles long, two and a half miles wide, and 1,044 feet deep, with a wall of hardened lava surrounding it, and a lake of liquid fire constantly surging up from its depths. The whole interior of Mauritius appeared to the author to have been one vast crater, the remains of its surrounding walls, now water-worn and degraded, forming gentle slopes and filling the valleys with debris as it emerged from the ocean. The enormous fissures made by rivers of liquid fire forcing their way to the sea, leaving behind them large plains of lava, are visible in all parts of the island. From Flacq the flow of lava is distinctly traceable to the grand crater in the central district. Between Mount Ory and the Corps de Garde Mountains, a stream of lava many miles in width flowed to the sea. Between these mountains and the Rempart another torrent discharged itself through a break in the great wall. After the great volcano became extinct, leaving high incurving walls, a number of lesser but very active vents showed themselves on the seaboard side of the walls, similar to those which are to be seen in the case of Vesuvius. Port Louis lies in one such crater, and the Vallée des Frères in another; and ten such are to be counted between that city and the Morne. Rempart Mountain forms the N.E. and Tamarind Mountain the S.W. limit of a crater some miles in diameter, with a good-sized adventitious one in the centre, just at the back of Tamarind Bay. In many parts of the interior, particularly in the neighbourhood of the Chamarel Mountains, our author found corals in a perfect state buried in cretaceous debris, differing in

* *Sub-Tropical Rambles in the Land of the Aphanapteryx: Personal Experiences, Adventures, and Wanderings in and around the Island of Mauritius.* By Nicholas Pike, U.S. Consul. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

species from those now inhabiting those tropical seas. Such beds exist between Grand River and Port Louis over fifteen feet in thickness. Near the river De Poste, at an elevation of more than one thousand feet, is a stratum of plastic clay twelve feet in depth, underlying a thick bed of gravel. These facts supply some index to the range of upheaval, as do the coral masses interspersed with volcanic rocks which rise above the vegetation of Flat Island, forty or fifty feet above the level of the sea. Deposits of madrepores similar to those of Timor, New Holland, and Van Diemen's Land are met with in the Isle of France, one bank twelve feet thick being placed between two currents of lava, indicating the alternate periods of elevation and depression. Huge walls and columns of basalt as at Baie de Cap, three hundred feet in height, tower over and at times fall into the sea; and at Flat Island in particular the fossilized remains of an extensive forest of endogenous trees overlying lava and coral masses show proofs of gradual submergence. The general aspect of the island is such as to suggest the idea of a vast convulsive movement upheaving it, together with the adjacent island Rodriguez Bourbon, perhaps Madagascar itself, in one huge tract of volcanic cones and columnar masses, fertilized probably by germs of life wafted or drifted from older continents. A couple of visits to Round Island, twenty-five miles or so from Port Louis, disclosed a further key to the geology of the group. The layers of ashes and scoriæ interspersed in successive layers of the sandstone give an idea of the process of deposition and of the density in which they must have been emitted, enough to darken the sun. Our author somewhat quaintly seizes upon it as a proof of the Divine forethought for man that these terrific convulsions took place before the era of human life, since it were scarcely possible for man to look on them and live. In the more personal portion of his observations he goes more in detail over the physical features of the island, and gives picturesque illustrations of the more remarkable points of scenery or configuration. Of these the more prominent are of course the famed Peter Both Mountains, the Pont Naturel, the Trois Mamelles, and the Grand Souffleur, where the waves urge a column of water fifty or sixty feet in height through a natural spout or orifice in the dark basalt. The Grand Bassin, approached by way of the Bois Sec, which consists of thousands of blanched and withered trees, rather disappointed our explorer's expectation of a landscape of surpassing loveliness, although it was rich in golden fish and monster eels, and its banks were overspread with elegant creepers and the graceful fronds of the King of Ferns.

The whole island struck our author as being a country of exceeding interest to the geologist and naturalist, and one in which a sojourn might be made very profitable for the advancement of science. The whole of it, with the exception of a few mountain peaks, has been found accessible. Beautiful as it is in part, much of it is wearisome and monotonous, owing to the endless succession of cane-fields. But there are soft landscapes and delicious sea views which leave pleasant memories for life. Besides sugar, the staple produce, the soil yields almost every variety both of tropical and sub-tropical vegetation, from the delicate fern or orchid to the stately baobab, the rival of the sequoia of California in hoar antiquity. On one of these trees there was found by Adamson, on cutting into the trunk, an inscription in English which was covered by three hundred igneous layers, indicating the number of years since its visit by travellers from this country. Calculated by this rate, the growth of the whole trunk must have taken some five thousand years. A specimen of the baobab in the Pamplemousses Gardens measures thirty feet round at the collum. These gardens, founded by M. de Poivre in 1768, contain choicest varieties of all kinds, native and exotic. We are surprised to find a writer of Mr. Pike's general accuracy including among them the mangosteen "of India." There is no apparent freak of nature more remarkable than that this delicious product of Singapore, Java, and the Moluccas should have been found no more capable of being reared in India than in our own country, where the solitary fruit grown at Sion some twenty years ago is said to represent an outlay of nearly 10,000*l*. It is tantalizing to think that this English specimen was pronounced exquisite by connoisseurs from Singapore, which is far from being the case, according to Mr. Pike, with the mangosteen of the Mauritius. Of marine curiosities and wonders, the most noteworthy seem to be the corals and polypes generally; rare shells and eels, innumerable and enormous, one monster caught in New Mapou Bay measuring twelve feet in length. At Baie de Cap an octopus was taken, spreading not less than ten feet across the tentacles. Of the *Aphanapteryx imperialis*, the handsome bird which gives its title to the book, representing as it does in a sense the wingless class which Mauritius no longer retains in the Dodo, the author, we rejoice to see, promises a full description in a future volume.

About a third of Mr. Pike's book is given to the history of Mauritius, from its discovery in 1505 by Don Pedro de Mascareigne during the first year of the administration of Almeida, Governor-General of the Portuguese possessions of India. To the island he gave the name of Cerné; for no reason that Mr. Pike can suggest, save for one which we wholly fail to follow—namely, "a fanciful allusion to the Dodo or to some other bird of the same species that he found on its shores." We should rather imagine the name to refer simply to the roundness of the island.

The island was kept by the Portuguese merely as a place of call for shipping till 1598, when it was found void of inhabitants, and taken possession of by a Dutch squadron under Admiral Wybrand von Warwick, and named after Count Maurice of Nassau. It was not, however, till 1644 that a permanent settlement was founded there, the south-east port being taken as the seat of government.

Abandoned by the Dutch after endless difficulties with the Maroons or descendants of the slaves imported from Madagascar, the island was occupied in 1715 by the French, receiving the name of Ile de France. From Labourdonnais, made governor in 1734, it received its first effective organization, and rapidly rose to its highest pitch of opulence and importance. To him was owing the introduction of the sugar-cane, of manioc, cotton, indigo, and spices, and the construction of public works of all kinds. The seat of government was transferred by him to the north-west port, Port Louis. It was only after a succession of struggles for supremacy in Indian waters that the island was surrendered by General Decaen, the last French governor, to the English under General Abercrombie and Admiral Burtis, December 3, 1810. In 1814, on the restoration of Louis XVIII., Mauritius was definitively ceded by treaty to Great Britain, Bourbon being restored to France. In the interval a great revolution had been effected by the publication of the Act abolishing the slave trade, which measure was, however, only carried into effect after strenuous opposition on the part of the planters in 1834. To meet the demand for labour, which had been immensely stimulated by the opening of the home market to colonial sugar in 1825 and the extravagant schemes of speculation consequent thereon, the import of Coolies from Calcutta and Madras was set on foot, as many as 48,935 male and 7,310 female Indians being returned under the census of 1846. The chequered fortunes of the island, under successive governors, some of them most able and energetic men, are interestingly traced by Mr. Pike. The physical ills to which it is exposed by its peculiar conditions of locality, climate, and soil must contribute to make it one of the most precarious of settlements for European enterprise. The focus, so to say, of the atmospheric forces which issue in the terrific hurricanes of the Indian Ocean, it is swept at no long intervals of time by fever, drought, and flood, and it is highly to the credit of the British planter that he has so long and so persistently made head against obstacles so manifold and so disheartening. Mr. Pike's narrative does ample justice to the energy which has in succession introduced the elements of religious and ecclesiastical organization, together with the main accessories of practical life—water-works, docks, drainage, gas, railways, and so forth—with the latest and most scientific expedients for checking the inroads of disease and insect foes among the chief staple of the island, and for improving the manufacture of sugar. He has some valuable observations upon the course and action of cyclones, made by himself on the voyage and during residence in the island; and the details of the terrible fever which devastated it in 1867 are given by him with the graphic force and the sympathetic tone which none but an eyewitness could well impart. Upon the question of the abuses so vehemently complained of for years past in the Coolie traffic, on which an official Report has been for some time expected, he gives us but scanty materials for forming a judgment. On the whole, we cannot say that his work leaves an impression of much hopefulness for the future of this important dependency, and this depressing influence gains strength from the air of truthfulness, sagacity, and good faith which characterizes his pages from first to last.

ANGÉLIQUE ARNAULD.*

WHEN the secular mind dwells on the circumstances of monastic life, and endeavours to realize a condition so alien from our natural desires, we find ourselves drawing a perfectly distinct line on the question of enduring existence between those who rule and those who obey. There are leaders and followers, masters and servants, rulers and ruled, as much in the world as in the cloister; in no state of life can we escape subordination to mind, rank, wealth, or sex; nor do we always give the palm of happiness to the superior position; but in no state is the difference between ruler and ruled so enormous as in a religious house, and especially in a nunnery in first-rate acting order, such as that described in the book before us. It is not so much the privations of the state which appal the imagination; it is the subjection, the merging of self into a society, until identity is lost and the consideration that goes with it. To judge from all revelations, whether friendly or adverse, a nun becomes more of a chattel in the hands of her abbess—and the more distinguished the abbess the more conspicuously it is so—than a slave that is bought and sold. She must absolutely renounce tastes, preferences, and prejudices at the will of another, who, the more she submits, the more regards her just as so much material suited to a purpose, something to work with rather than to work upon, as a contribution to a whole which is to serve religion and do credit to a system. Thought recoils from the monotonous attitude of submission, of regulating life by another's will, without even the handmaid's privilege of at least thinking freely; and we learn without surprise that in all conferences between the abbess and director, the nun is chased with her fellows as so much power available towards a given result, but in herself a poor simple creature with whom anything may be done, and who fulfils her mission all the better for being ignorant, silent, dull, and uninformed. In a word, she is simply one note of a complex instrument whose sole business it is to keep in tune, and only to sound when played upon. The rank and file of nuns, as far as we are shown them, are treated as simpletons; it is their merit to be so regarded by the world's eye; and as they have no

* *Angélique Arnould, Abbess of Port-Royal. By Frances Martin. London: Macmillan & Co.*

opportunity of telling their own tale, they look so to us. But what a difference office at once makes in the picture! Abbesses, we are assured, constantly groan under the weight of responsibility and the labour of their charge of souls; but at the same time we see mind exercised, judgment kept in working order, the whole character invigorated, powers trained to their utmost, and a keen sense of living a life of which there are witnesses. If the world is a stage, the abbess is one of the players, while her nuns at best are but supernumeraries. To outside observers even failure and disappointment are endurable, as trials inseparable from active life under all conditions. What causes the recoil is the blank stagnation, the void of common interests—varied by puerile excitements, scolded and patronized by turns—which make up the nun's share of this world. Even the picture of her religious peace, joys, and ecstasies fails in the essential point of will; her transports are regulated, snubbed, commended by her abbess, till they lose the character of spontaneous voluntary efforts, not perhaps in themselves, but in our sympathies. We do not mean to express a doubt that the power to rule, a clever woman's turn for management, finds exercise in a convent as elsewhere; but, from such insight as is permitted to us, we judge that most nuns are not clever, and that no pains are taken to make them so; docility is everything; the nuns are only stones in a wall, and must be kept tight in their places.

In the book before us this monotony, as the point aimed at in convent life, is perhaps more apparent than where greater austerities are habitually practised. The good abbess enjoined no severities which she did not practise upon herself, and her early contact with St. Francis de Sales was a safeguard against violent excesses in this direction. But she substituted *silence* for "recreation"; nun's gossip was her abhorrence, and all the trivialities of costume by which a pious nun may indulge unconsciously the tendencies of her sex were her especial scorn; submission was everything, and she had the power to enforce it as a willing and a loving sacrifice. These impressions remain with us after reading this record of a great struggle, and therefore we give them first. Port Royal could not have become famous without these pious, nameless women, some of whose lives closed in a lingering martyrdom for a cause of which they knew little except that their abbess and director upheld it and suffered and were ready to die for it—whose graves were ultimately desecrated and their bones scattered for their simple fidelity to *La mère Angélique* and St. Cyran.

Yet the peculiarity of Port Royal under its reformed aspect is that it was strictly a family affair, and one may say that it could not have spread, whether persecuted or not, when there were no longer Arnaulds to spread it; a condition impossible to be fulfilled, because, however large the families of different branches, they were all eventually absorbed into it. It is for the members of Port Royal who were not Arnaulds that we have been expressing a somewhat, it may be thought, worldly compassion; for Arnaulds, one and all, there was a sphere. We can hardly suppose many of our readers ignorant of the picturesque circumstances constituting the germs of the great religious movement of which Angélique Arnauld was the author and centre. Her father, who belonged to the old noblesse of Provence, while still a young advocate, so impressed the French Avocat-Général, M. Marion, by his eloquence and general powers, that he offered him his only daughter; he was betrothed to her when she was twelve years old, and next year they were married. Twenty children were the fruit of this marriage, of whom Angélique was one of the eldest, and the great Arnauld, the friend of Pascal, the youngest. When she was seven and Agnes five (the elder born in 1591, Agnes in 1593), M. Marion called them to him and told them they would have to enter a convent, while their elder sister would marry and go into society. He saw that Angélique did not like the prospect, so, to please her, he explained, "I shall make you an abbess and mistress of all the others." On this condition she submitted. "I will be a nun, too," said the other, "but I don't want to be an abbess"; and then they ran off, and Angélique began to cry and wish herself the eldest sister, for then she would have been the one to marry. Agnes a few days later held to it that she would not be an abbess, because an abbess is answerable for the souls of her nuns, and she would have enough to do to take care of her own; but Angélique said, "I want to be an abbess, and I shall take good care that my nuns do their duty and behave well." Does not the wisdom of these babes remind one of the Frenchman's saying, "We are not born young, we become so"? P though Angélique was an exception to the latter clause. She was a woman all her life; tremendous in power and will, yet sweet and genial too, and always generous; the very temper to carry through whatever she took in hand. It cannot be said that she had a vocation. She was made a nun and kept a nun against her will, and was cheated by her father into a renewal of her vows. Every one must see that the Arnaulds of Port Royal owed much to their father. They inherited from him intellect, determination, tact, and also a touch of Protestant independence. Till he was twelve years of age M. Arnauld had been trained a Huguenot; when his father was converted by the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, his son went over with him. But he had nothing of the reformer in him; he took the world as he found it, and recognised the Church as "mine oyster"—an honourable provision for his daughters, whom he placed and kept as abbesses by repeated false certificates of age. Nobody thought the worse of him for this; he was eminently respectable in all relations of life, and as long as he lived he laboured for his children's interests, and against his daughter's more rigid notions

of right, with true paternal zeal and affection. Children in those days were allowed no will of their own; they must do what their fathers ordered; but the spirit of contradiction contrived to assert itself all the same. In Angélique's case it possibly helped on the cause of virtue, and imparted a flavour not disagreeable to asceticism. Her father might make her an abbess with one intention, but she might fill the office with another, and so give the lie to anticipation. It was a period when abuses in the Church had arrived at the dignity of institutions. Monks and nuns could stand up for "the good old customs" which turned convents and monasteries into palaces of ease and license. Convent life was "enlivened by music and dancing, and long moonlight walks with gay cavaliers." A few years before Angélique's election (1593) the grand vicar and five abbots had been pleased spectators of a tragedy called *Cleopatra*, performed at Port Royal by the nuns, in which all the male characters were played by the nuns in suitable costume. Such acting was common at Carnival time. Much graver enormities are related. Thus the Abbess of Maubuisson—where Angélique had passed her noviciate—who was a sister of Gabrielle d'Estrées, had twelve children, four of whom were her maids of honour, of whom the youngest, the daughter of a nobleman, was being trained to succeed her. To such practices and abuses as these the child abbess's eyes were gradually opened. At twelve years old she detected her nuns gossiping with a monk in the sacristy, and locked them in. She soon inquired into the forgotten rules of the order, resolved to obey them literally, and entered upon a complete reform, which she had strength and fortitude to accomplish, even to the tremendous act of shutting out her father from the interior of the convent, and only admitting him to the visitors' parlour, where she talked to him through the wicket. This seems to have been the turning point with her family, who were present, a whole carriage-load of them, at the scene. They pleaded, stormed, reproached; they taunted the girl of eighteen "with her canons and her councils," but she stood her ground, though it almost killed her, and, to speak irreverently, ever after had them all under her thumb.

But we have no space to follow her through the changes, honours, trials, and vicissitudes of her life, or through her wars with the monks, with whom she was never in favour. Her unfortunate choice of the Bishop de Langres for a guide led to the great humiliation of her life. His sudden repentance after a scandalous life had won her sympathy; but the change was not worth much. Upon her withdrawing some of her confidence from him, he turned against her; and when, partly at his instigation, she resigned office after twenty-six years of rule, and retired to a nun's subordinate position, we suddenly find her subject to one of those outbursts of contumely in her own convent which puzzle the external world so much, and put the whole monastic system under suspicion. Her nuns were told that her rule had made them stupid; they therefore sharpened their wits by spending whole days in talking with the fathers of the oratory. They were alternately feasted with delicacies and fed for penance with caterpillars and "similar filth"; their cells and dress were smartened up; they were put upon excessive penances, which were alleviated with boisterous recreation; and the nun who had scourged herself in the morning joked and laughed under the eyes of her old abbess, who thought to herself, "Surely she makes fun of everything." In the meanwhile she herself was sentenced to perform penance barefoot on a damp pavement, and was reminded that her voluntary resignation was no merit. A calumnious history of her life was read aloud at meal-times. The letters written to her by St. Francis de Sales were taken from her and used to cover preserve jars; and once, when all the sisters and pupils were in the refectory, she was told to rise from table, and a basket full of the most disgusting filth was put round her neck. She was led in succession to all the refectory tables by a nun, who said, "Look, my sisters, at this wretched creature, whose mind is more full of perverse notions than this basket is of filth." Angélique gravely thanked the sister who had devised this mortification for her; but she said afterwards she thought she should have heaved her heart up at the horrible stench.

Under all this insult, forbidden to see and communicate with her friends, and shut out from the nuns by a wall of silence, the Bishop, who superintended this line of attack, began to grow uneasy:—

One day he said to her, "You are an obstacle in my way." "How can that be," she answered, "when I never even speak to anyone?" "Your very shadow is an obstruction," he replied. "Send me wherever you please," said Angélique, "I will go."

Presently we find this cloud rolled away, and Angélique an abbess once more. It was, however, the Bishop of Langres who first introduced her to St. Cyran, the friend of Jansenius. Angélique found in him the director she had long looked for, and at once, dating from 1635, her "little community" formally placed itself under his guidance. Henceforth she is connected with the Jansenist movement, together with the whole Arnauld family, male and female.

We have not attempted to give any narrative of the events which make the present volume an interesting summary of a great struggle. The Sisters were not long allowed the privilege of St. Cyran's directorship, as Richelieu imprisoned him for five years at Vincennes, which he left only to die near them. Of this imprisonment an anecdote is told. Some German prisoners of war had an opportunity of witnessing his saintly life. On one occasion these officers were liberated and put on parole, that they might be present at a magnificent ballet which represented the triumphs of the arms of France. There were present the confessors, almoners, and other priests belonging

to Richelieu's household. The Cardinal could not refuse himself the pleasure of asking his prisoner guest, Jean de Wert, what he thought of it. He replied that it was fine enough, but that which astonished him more than anything else in the Most Christian Kingdom of France was to see the bishops at a theatre and the saints in prison.

One of the most remarkable and exceptional features of Port Royal is the band of recluses who gathered round that branch of it called Port Royal des Champs. Here within and without the walls assembled mother, sons, grandchildren, at once exciting suspicion by their tenets and reverence by their sanctity. When the great controversy on the Five Propositions came on, it was here that the great Arnauld wrote when not in hiding, and here Pascal, whose sister was a professed nun in the convent, joined the recluse brotherhood outside:—

It was necessary, therefore, to silence Arnauld also, and in 1656 he was censured, expelled from the Sorbonne, and all his writings declared heretical and placed on the Index. Whilst the Doctors of the Sorbonne were deliberating on his sentence, the recluses at Port Royal were urging Arnauld to defend his views:—"Are you going to let them condemn you like a child, without saying a word, and without letting the public know what are the points in dispute?" He accordingly drew up a reply, doubtless very long and learned, and read it aloud to his friends. They listened in silence; no one praised it. Arnauld said, "I see you don't like my paper, and I think you are right." Then he turned to Blaise Pascal, who had recently joined them. "Now you," he said, "who are young, why don't you do something?" Pascal set to work at once, and wrote the first of his "Letters to a Provincial from one of his Friends," or, as they are called, "The Provincial Letters." On the following day it was read to the recluses. "That is excellent," exclaimed Arnauld, "that's exactly what is wanted; we must print that." And on the 23rd of January, 1656, nine days after Arnauld's condemnation, it was published.

If the Jesuits could not answer, they could take vengeance. Port Royal must be put down. Henceforth Angélique lived under persecution, which she met with her wonted courage. When compelled to dismiss her postulants, she herself comforted them and dried their tears at parting. The Duchess de Chevreuse, who waited to take charge of them, wondered at her calmness. She replied, "Madam, when there is no God I shall lose courage; but while God is God, I will put my trust in Him." And to Madame de Sévigné she wrote, "Fathers, sisters, disciples, children, all are gone. Blessed be the name of the Lord." On the 6th of August, 1662, she sank calmly to her rest.

Her labours in the cause of conventual reform had been abandoned, and she and all her nuns were clinging desperately to the one shred and particle of truth that they had discovered. They would not sign a formula stating that five propositions were contained in a book written in an unknown tongue which they had never read and never should read. They would not condemn a man as a heretic whom they believed to be a saint.

Agnes survived her sister ten years, and upon her refusal to sign was imprisoned in a convent of the Order of the Visitation, founded by Madame de Chantal. The last sacraments were refused her; she was threatened that her dead body should be cast out unburied; but she never signed. It was not till 1709 that the King, under the influence of Madame de Maintenon and her Jesuit confessors, finally stamped out the order. Fifty years after Angélique's death there were still twenty nuns at Port Royal des Champs—old feeble women, bedridden, paralytic, dying. They were refused the sacraments, and excommunicated; but still they would not sign. Finally, a troop of horse was sent to disperse them. The nuns, many of them between seventy and eighty years of age, were carried off; some died on the journey, others were imprisoned in cells without windows or fire, and at death their dying or dead fingers were treacherously guided to obtain the signature. These sufferings Madame de Maintenon ridiculed; and it is said to have been at her instance that, when Port Royal, its church, and the Recluses' dwellings were razed to the ground, the graves were rifled, and the bodies thrown together in heaps. When Louis XIV. was dying he remembered this outrage, and turned to the Jesuits at his side:—"If indeed you have misled and deceived me, you are most guilty; for, in truth, I acted in good faith. I sincerely sought the peace of the Church." Some years before he had said to Boileau, "I am looking everywhere for M. Arnauld," and had received the reply, "Your Majesty is always fortunate; you will not find him." His fortune had indeed failed him at the last.

THE MERCHANT ADVENTURERS OF EXETER.*

JUST now that the Archaeological Institute is holding its long delayed meeting at Exeter, anything bearing on the history of that city comes at a fitting time. The Guild of Merchant Adventurers does not help us to anything so stirring as the strife between Church and City—"chorus et turba"—in the valiant days of John Shillingford; still it is part of the municipal history, and it brings out some points which are worth studying. We must remember that the city of Exeter was one which had shown eminent loyalty to the House of Tudor. Two of the many sieges which it has gone through were endured in their cause; one in 1497 at the hands of Perkin Warbeck—if that be his right name—the other in 1549 at the hands of the Cornish insurgents, who sought to undo the religious changes under Edward the Sixth. This second time it would seem that the mass of the inhabitants were not ill disposed to the cause of the besiegers; but the rich merchants showed their loyalty in the most practical

manner with their purses. The reward was characteristic. Queen Elizabeth gave the class which had so well served her grandfather and brother the advantages of a commercial monopoly. The city had the blessing of an oligarchic body set up in the midst of it, which seems to have become at least as powerful as the regular municipal government. The preamble of Elizabeth's Charter by which the Merchant Adventurers were incorporated breathes the spirit of the Act of Henry the Sixth which narrowed the county franchise, or of the famous oath of the Greek oligarchica, *καὶ τῷ δήμῳ κακόνους ἵσταναι καὶ βουλεύσασθαι ὅτι ἐν ἴσῳ κακόν.* The Merchant Adventurers of Exeter are incorporated for divers good reasons; among others,

For taking away, abolishing, and amoving, of many and sundrie oburdities and inconveniences which of late within the said Citie hath crept in and grown by reason of the excessive number of artificers and other inexpert ignorantes and unworthie men which doo take upon them to use the arte seynce and mysterie of merchandize; and trafique of merchant wares to the greates detriment of the commonwealth of this our realme of Englande.

Some way on however Her Majesty does relent so far as to decree that, for the first three years after the foundation of the Company, "all and singler artificers of our said Citie which will exercise, doo, and frequent the mysterie and arte of merceries and marchandize" shall, at their own request, be freely admitted to the Company, with one provision:—

So that after the receavinge or admyssion of any craftes man the same doo desiste and leave the exercise, occupacion and use of his handye craftes and mysterie.

A threat of a "grievous fine" follows for any member or future member of the Company who shall stoop to the practice of "handydes mysterie" or "handye craftes." Then comes a preamble of which the former clause may be looked on as condescending:—

Considering that artificers and users of handye craftes and mysteries be necessarie members of a common welth, and wee desiringe therefore utterlie to take awaye and extinguishe many evils which in time to come may crepe in to the comon welth. Yf every artificer of the said Citie of Excester should be suffered at his owne will and choyse and whensoever hee lyste to be receaved and admytted into the felowshipp and libertie of the said Marchantes Adventurers.

The enactment follows that, after the artificers have had their chance for three years, no one is to be admitted into the Company, except by consent of the greater part of its members and on payment of a "reasonable fine." Certain cases of apprenticeship and of persons, whoever they were, who might claim to be admitted "by reason of their patrimony," are alone exempted. All inhabitants of Exeter not being members of the Company are strictly forbidden to trade with France or the dominions of the French King—no Exeter man, it would seem, just then wanted to trade anywhere else—upon pain of grievous fines or other kinds of punishment. The officers of the Company are authorized to inflict such fines and punishments and to fix their amount, with the advice of the Mayor and four Aldermen of the city. And, to interest the municipal officers in the cause, one-half of the fines are to go "to the proper use and behoofe of the Chamber of the Comynalties of our said Citie of Excester." The rest belongs to the Company, only they are bidden to clothe yearly twelve poor and impotent people with a garment of cloth, and to relieve any of their own body who may fall into distress.

The executive powers of the formidable body thus called into being were vested in a governor chosen yearly and four other officers also chosen yearly, who appear in the Charter and in some other documents as *Consuls*, but in others as *Consules*. One would like to know which was the real form, but, in days when it was doubtless held that *consul* was derived from *consulere*, it was perhaps thought that there was no great difference between them. Anyhow, if Consuls with such powers were to be created, it would have only been reasonable if the unlucky practisers of the mysteries of handicraft had been allowed to choose Tribunes as some check upon them. But the Lesser Arts, as a Florentine would have called them, were to have no such chance. The whole is certainly as neatly contrived a piece of oligarchy as Aristotle could have found anywhere to set down in his lost collection of Constitutions. A monopoly is set up; the infringers of the monopoly are to be punished at the discretion of the monopolists, and the magistrates of the city, who ought to step in on the side of the weak, have their interests ingeniously enlisted on the side of the strong. The weak however did not yield without a struggle. The older Companies of the city, the Tailors at their head, made many suits and petitions before the Charter was actually signed by the Queen. But, as might have been looked for, the oligarchs carried their point, and all that the Commons got was the privilege of listening to an oration by Mr. John Hoker—was he not an uncle of the famous Richard?—proving by various examples from the history of Exeter and of other parts of the world what a blessed thing it is for subjects to submit quietly to their rulers. After all, there is no oligarchy like that of a city—unless it be that of a body of self-elected residentiary canons.

The new Company seems hardly to have come into being before it began vigorously to exercise its powers of fining upon all who came in its way, whether members of its own body or not. The domestic fines, imposed on members of the Company for absence from meetings and such like offences, were not a few, and beyond this there was the greater power, still more pleasant doubtless in its exercise, of fining all those who, without seeking admission to the new oligarchy, dared to exercise their natural right of trading with the dominions of the French King. Some of these by no

* An Elizabethan Guild of the City of Exeter. An Account of the Proceedings of the Society of Merchant Adventurers during the latter half of the Sixteenth Century. By William Cotton. Exeter: Pollard. 1873.

means belonged to the despised class of handicraftsmen, but were found among the men who stood foremost in the city by wealth and office. One of those was as notable a man as was likely to be found in any civic commonwealth. This was John Periam, who had been one of three merchants of Exeter who supplied Lord Russell with money at the time of the siege in 1549. His brother Sir William was Chief Baron of the Exchequer and Sir William's widow is still remembered in Balliol College. John Periam had traded with France before the Company was, and he went on trading with France, without troubling himself to become free of the newly created body. But the Company was too strong even for him. He was fined twenty marks for trading with France without being free of the Company: it was ten years after this before he joined the Company, but Mr. Cotton does not tell us whether he brought upon himself any more fines. He lived however in the end to be thrice chosen Governor of the Company, to refuse the place the first time, and to accept it afterwards only on conditions of his own; to be twice Mayor, to be knighted, to spend part of his days in London, and in the end to die at a country seat of his own near Crediton. Other offenders were also fined who did not rise to such a height of dignity as this. Thus Mr. Cotton tells us:—

John Pyll, who also infringed the rules, was astonished to find a "fardell of dowlas" seized as a security for any fine that might be inflicted. He ridiculed the idea of paying a fine, and "with scoffing and taunting" demanded that his "fardell" should be redelivered together with 13s. 4d. for his charges. An order of commitment to the ward-room of the Guildhall however brought him to his senses, and he thought it best to submit and become free of the Company.

While making this extract, we may as well stop to explain that neither John Pyll nor any member of the Society of Merchant Adventurers was so foolish (perhaps in such a case we ought to write *foolish*) as to spell "fardell" with a double *f*. That absurdity was reserved for people of the name of French and Farrington, who, not being able to read the initial *F* of the Elizabethan handwriting, took it for a double *f*, and thought that there was something fine about the look of the grotesque *ffrench* and the more grotesque *ffarrington*. John Pyll would as soon have thought of writing his name *Ppyll* as of spelling his fardell with a double *f*, really meant to be such. In his case we see that the Company had to take something in pawn on account of his contumacy. In other cases goods were taken in pawn seemingly because the person fined could not discharge the fine at the moment. Among these we are rather surprised to find one Walter Buckman, an Alderman and former Mayor, whose pawn however was of a costly kind being a goblet of silver "parcell pyllt." This happened twice, but the second time an arrangement was made which shows that the Company put some faith in Alderman Cotton after all:—

XCVth Maye 1562.—At which day also a goblet of Mr. Buckmans which remained in pawne for his fine was delivered upon his promise made That he at his death shall and will give to this Companye the said goblet waying aboute xliij oz or some other thinge worthe the same or better.

We have been most taken with the history of the Company as a curious illustration of the notions of the time when such an oligarchic and monopolizing body could have been looked upon by any one as likely to conduce to the advancement of trade and the general good of the commonwealth. But the Merchant Adventurers of Exeter have a direct place in English history, as might almost be expected from the close connexion of Devonshire with the great maritime enterprises of the reign of Elizabeth. The Adventurers soon extended their concerns far beyond the bounds of France and the dominions of the French King. They had a hand in the great expeditions of Drake, Davies, and Gilbert; but Raleigh seems not to have been a favourite in the Exeter Guildhall; we quote what Mr. Cotton has to say on this head:—

History tells us that Sir Walter Raleigh had certain mercantile privileges conceded to him by the Queen, i.e. he was granted permission to export cloth from Exeter; he had the Vintner's licences, and certain Customs' perquisites. These concessions of themselves would cause him to be held in no great regard by the Merchants, but I think we may infer, from what little is recorded of him in our minutes, that he was anything but a favorite with them.

At the Court held 15th April 1586, a defence is instituted against Sir Walter Raleigh and his officers for the taking away of the excessive fees upon cockets and certificates. In the following month, Sir Robert Denmy, Recorder of the City, is entrusted to sit on behalf of the Company on the commission touching Sir Walter Raleigh.

Two years later, returning heart-sick and weary from an unsuccessful expedition to the west, he offered the benefit of all his discoveries in America, retaining one-fifth of the profits, to our Merchant Adventurers, and was met with this rebuff "that they nor anye of them would consent therunto nor put their handes and scales to the said instrument for divers and sundrie special causes then alleged."

This is all that is recorded of the great Sir Walter, but it is significant, and indicates that there was but little sympathy for the great discoverer, and no confidence in his adventures.

Mr. Cotton's book has a good many illustrations, both portraits of leading members of the Company and, what are more interesting, views of old houses and other buildings in Exeter, among them the city gates which have so unluckily vanished. The Guildhall, the special abode of the Company itself, is still the most striking secular building in the city.

BIARRITZ AND BASQUE COUNTRIES.*

WE fancy there are few people who could tell us more about Biarritz and the Basque countries than Count Henry

* *Biarritz and Basque Countries*. By Count Henry Russell, Author of "Pau and the Pyrenees," &c. London: Edward Stanford, 1873.

Russell. He has resided much in these parts, and has made himself a certain reputation as an enthusiastic pedestrian. He must have familiarized himself with all the more frequented valleys, and penetrated into many of those more remote ones which are rarely visited by strangers. He has written one pleasant little book on Pau and the Pyrenees, which quite deserved any success it obtained; and we make no doubt that his present work will prove equally useful and trustworthy. We can answer at least for the accuracy of his information in so far as we have had personal opportunities of verifying it. Whether the small volume will ever become very popular at Biarritz is another question, but if it does not, it need be no discredit to its author. The frequenters of French watering-places seldom sin on the side of activity, and at none of these perhaps is there more of the French *dolce far niente* than at Biarritz. It is not surprising. The place is sufficiently bright and attractive; indeed it is so much brighter and more attractive than anything in its immediate neighbourhood, that visitors very naturally are loth to leave it for its environs. You have gay little streets, where you can take refuge in shady nooks from the floods of Southern sunshine. You have some cool vegetation which has been most carefully cherished. You have cliffs where you catch all the breeze that may be blowing, and a seductive Casino standing high upon its charming terrace, where you may enjoy music and ices, coffee, absinthe, and *cognac*. You command magnificent views over one of the bluest seas in the world, and you take in the whole sweep of the Spanish coast, until you lose the faint outlines of the mountains in the dim distance some seventy miles away. There are generally great rollers in "Biscay's sleepless bay" in the calmest weather, and when it is blowing a gale, or half a one, the ocean becomes very grand. Below the little town is a fantastic foreground of rocks which have been tunnelled out in archways, and wrought into caverns, and in stormy weather these provide you with a continual display of waterworks. You have a choice of bathing-places according as the weather is wild or peaceable. The water is always tepid, and people pass the better part of their lives in it. As the sexes mingle promiscuously in the lightest and most coquettish of costumes you speedily lose all sense of bashfulness, and society establishes itself on the easiest of footings. But naturally the life and the heat generate a certain languor, and strongly predispose you to a lounging existence. There is a large Spanish element, and Spaniards of the upper classes never exert themselves if they can possibly help it. Indeed, by the time the ladies have had their couple of protracted baths, and made their four or five elaborate toilets; when they have enjoyed their four meals, with the siestas that naturally follow them; when they have to look forward to a dance, or a concert, or a gathering at the Establishment of a sultry evening, it is plain there is no great time to spare for distant excursions. The gallant gentlemen keep by the ladies as in duty bound, saunter about in their varnished boots, and take extraordinary care of their fallow complexions.

It must be confessed that it demands a violent effort of resolution to break away from the indolent routine of such an existence. Those lengthy expeditions which Mr. Russell describes are doubtless as pleasant as he makes them out to be. There are agreeable spots not very far removed from the esplanade. It is very enjoyable in the pine woods between Bayonne and the sea, filled with the fragrance of the resin exuding in the warm shade, or by the water that breaks on the sand-banks on the bar of the Adour. But then the little town is girdled on all sides by shadeless chalk and sand; the glare and reflection are always terrible, and if any air is stirring to cool you, you are nearly choked by the penetrating particles with which it is charged. If you ride by the roads, they are invariably hot and dusty; if you prefer trying the beach, you find your horse is labouring heavily in the loose sand, in which he sinks over the fetlocks. Even Mr. Russell, in indicating the expeditions which are within your reach, rather gives you the idea of recommending them as a *pis-aller*. As you are at Biarritz - he seems to say - you may possibly want to find outlets for any superfluous energy, or you may feel it a matter of conscience to explore the neighbourhood of your temporary sojourn. People on whom the monotony of existence is beginning to pall may like the excitement of an occasional picnic, with the semblance of hardship it necessarily involves. Even when you have reached "the boggy shores of Lake Brindos (only a few acres), a deserted and silent sheet of water, on whose brown and barren banks scarcely a tree is to be seen," he tells you that after a few minutes of melancholy contemplation you will be too happy to leave them. We can easily believe it; only it suggests the question, whether it was worth while making the effort to visit them at all. In short, we should be inclined to say that, before deciding on a summer visit to Biarritz, you should make up your mind as to how you mean to amuse yourself. If the life we have described happens to suit your taste, go by all means; if lounging, bathing, and languid flirtation content you, you can hardly hope to find a better place. But we cannot conscientiously recommend it if you are bent upon exercise and pleasant excursions. You will be better off at Bagnères de Luchon, or Bagnères de Bigorre, or moving about among the smaller inland baths of the Pyrenees.

For that reason we could wish that Mr. Russell had devoted more space to his account of the Basque country, proper and its wilder and less visited districts. His notes and indications are quite interesting and valuable enough to make us wish that they had been less meagre. He tells us generally that nothing in France

is more beautiful than the Basque Pyrenees; that their only drawback is the changeableness of the climate. "It is more than redeemed, however, by the scenery, the exquisite verdure of the foliage and fields, and the graceful undulations of the soil, which give the whole country the rich, but pastoral, aspect of a great English park." Water is lacking, of course, as it is in all the landscapes in the Pyrenees. But the country is cheerful, and is thickly covered with bright little dwellings. It has the great merit of being one of the very cheapest districts the tourist can possibly visit. You may dine excellently for a shilling, and Mr. Russell assures us that there is hardly a village but has its neat little inn, which is scrupulously clean; while there is not an inn where you cannot get a capital dinner. Perhaps his having given us this comfortable assurance to begin with is the reason of his seldom subsequently condescending to particulars as to any inn in especial; but we confess that our experience has made us somewhat distrustful of such economical paradises as the one he describes. It is true we have dined very tolerably in very primitive hostels in the Pyrenees, but we have dined very badly too. The Basques are a people apart, no doubt; still we have trenced upon the Basque country, and have carried away indelible impressions of mutton so strongly impregnated with garlic that none but a native-bred mountaineer could venture on it; while we have found one of the great drawbacks to the pleasure of Pyrenean travel to consist in the difficulty of quenching to your satisfaction the thirst that frequently besets you. On the Spanish side, quarters are generally infamous, while grease and lamp-oil are profusely introduced in cooking that is otherwise simple to a fault. So altogether, if we intended exploring the Basque country under Mr. Russell's directions, we could wish that he had been more discriminating in his recommendations as to particular houses. On other, and we suppose we should call them more important, points, although he is very brief, he leaves little to desire. He is very minute as to distances, and except where he advises taking a guide, his instructions go sufficiently into detail to enable you to dispense with one. He indicates the characteristics of the scenery, and in particular valleys points out the spots that will best repay a visit, without providing you with a stock of suitable sentiments and ready-made raptures. There is much that is picturesque, and a good deal that is very grand, where the French Basque country rises towards the Spanish frontier. Although there are few sheets of water of any size, yet you have mountain torrents tumbling down savage gorges in cascades that are striking out of all proportion to their volume. On the slopes of the higher mountains, are endless forests, in which you may wander for days without finding an outlet, should you unfortunately happen to go astray in a fog. There is game if you are a sportsman, and noble game too—bears and wolves and izzards; although we suspect you are not likely to do execution among the former, unless you come in for one of the periodical battues which are organized on an enormous scale. You will find an infinite variety of forest studies if you are an artist, and abundance of views in the more open country if you are not very particular about shade. You may enliven your trip by pilgrimages to the scenes of romantic legends, as to the Pas de Roland, where the immortal Roland kicked a branch in the mountain when he wanted to take a short cut; or to the shrine of Angloul, whose soil, as Mr. Russell informs us, has been hallowed more than once "by miracles beyond dispute" since the birth of St. Vincent de Paul in the middle of the sixteenth century. Then the Basques themselves are an interesting people, and will well repay some ethnological researches. Only to study them satisfactorily you ought to have mastered something of their language, and it is not embraced in the educational course of ordinary English students; while to enjoy their country, unless you have extraordinary resources of your own, you are extremely dependent upon the weather. We know few things more wretched than being stornbound indefinitely in a dull inn, while you are yet outward bound, and several stages from the outskirts of civilized society. Resolution urges you not to retreat. Yet all is doubt and darkness in front, and time as it goes by crushes you under a growing load of *ennui*, unless you are an enthusiastic student of manners, and force yourself on the society that assembles in the Pyrenean taproom. And as Mr. Russell confesses, the climate of the Pyrenees is even more fickle than climates commonly are in the mountains. However, you are comparatively safe if you choose late summer and early autumn for your tour; so from that point of view Mr. Russell's book appears very opportunely. It is very portable and tolerably practical—no small merit in a pedestrian's pocket companion.

ART TREASURES OF LAMBETH PALACE.*

ON the banks of the Thames there remain few more picturesque objects than Lambeth Palace. The public buildings in its immediate neighbourhood, such as the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Bridge, and St. Thomas's Hospital, wear a modern garb, while in appropriate contrast stands the residence of the Primate of all England, venerable in its antiquity. The sky outline, broken by battlements and varied by clustered brick chimneys, is marked by the various accidents which come in the lapse of centuries; the two bold towers of the Gatehouse (date about 1490) nobly crown the composition; in the midst is the hall, now the library, and on the eastern extremity rises the grey Lollard tower, in

which the Lollards were imprisoned. The architectural styles are various; the entrance at the Gatehouse is by a Tudor arch, while the chapel presents a pure example of Early English comparable to the interior of the Temple Church. The inside of the chapel is disfigured by later woodwork put up by Archbishop Laud. From a pictorial point of view, the whole group of buildings, comprising the grey old tower of Lambeth parish church, is rendered all the more effective by the richness and the variety of the colour. On the opposite side of the river stands the Palace of Westminster, cold and colourless, and on the same side is the span-new hospital, altogether crude. But the towers of Lambeth, some of red brick toned down with age, and others of stone, shadowy, acclimatized, and atmospheric, make a picture which an artist might put into his sketch-book without need of alteration. The effect is further enhanced by groups of trees within courtyard and garden, the cool green of which, especially when, as here, in complementary contrast with red brick, brings grateful relief to the eye, jaded by the glare and crudity of modern streets. We scarcely can recall in the whole extent of London so happy a combination. It is as if at this very point town and country had agreed to meet on friendly terms; indeed the old Palace in which for centuries the Archbishops have dwelt remains as untainted by the encroaching city as if it were still planted among fields. The interior, secluded from the turmoil of commerce, and shut out by pleasant gardens from the busy world, is a seat congenial to learning and piety.

The Lambeth Library, consisting of nearly thirty thousand volumes, is placed in the Great Hall, rebuilt in a picturesque imitation of Gothic, in 1661, by fusion on the foundations of the older one which the Parliamentarians had destroyed; the proportions of the hall are symmetrical and noble; the roof, constructed of English oak, may be compared with the timber roofs of Westminster Hall and Hampton Court. It appears that a collection of books existed coeval with the earliest chronicles of the Palace, but the actual foundation of the Library is not fixed prior to 1610, when Archbishop Bancroft gave all his books to his successors for ever, "provided they bound themselves to the necessary assurances for the continuance of such books to the Archbishops successively." Abbot, the next primate, carried out these injunctions, and added his own books to the Library. Then ensued the troublous times of the Civil War, during which Archbishop Laud's bequests of books and MSS. were in great part lost; and for safety the Library was for a time transferred to Cambridge. Ultimately Archbishop Sheldon (1663-78) brought back the collection to the Palace, and bequeathed a portion of his own library "towards the increase and improvement of the publique library of the See of Canterbury now settled at Lambeth House." Subsequent Archbishops from Tenison down to the present day have, by bequest or purchase, added MSS., tracts, theological works, &c. The MSS., numbering in all some thirteen hundred volumes, are divided into seven series, named after their respective donors. Of the illuminated MSS. we will speak more in detail. Most of the volumes, both printed and written, are distinguished by the arms or initials of successive primates and other donors, and the title-pages or fly-leaves often bear autographs and memoranda. Thus many of the Lambeth books contain inscriptions, copious notes, or autograph signatures of Archbishop Tenison. Among the MSS. also may be named a "collection of papers formerly belonging to Archbishop Laud; many of them written by his own hand, and most of them endorsed by him." As an indication of the value of such records we may mention that Mr. Hill Burton, the historian of Scotland, has recently been consulting Laud's MS. notes.

The books have been well cared for by successive librarians, several of whom are known by contributions to the literature of the country. One of the earliest, Henry Wharton, is remembered as "the learned author of *Anglia Sacra*, and a host of works whose titles are too numerous to record," and one of the latest has been Dr. Maitland, the author of *Essays on the Dark Ages*, the Reformation, &c. These and other students have done good work within the Palace by the compilation of catalogues, indices, &c. Indeed so much had been already accomplished that Mr. Kersey, the present Librarian, found little more left to be done than the preparation of the present useful manual. Here, within small compass, has been compressed an account of the illuminated MSS. and other art treasures within the Library. In the introduction these MSS. are "considered in their relation to history, symbolism, and practical uses." Then follows a description of the principal examples, under the distinctive divisions of "Hibernian Art," "Anglo-Saxon Art," "English Art," "French Art," "German Art," "Italian Art," and "Persian Art." The Handbook ends with a slight notice of the printed books with illustrations—about eighty in number—among which prominence is given to "Christian Prayers, &c., small quarto, London, John Daye, 1569." This interesting little book belonged to Queen Elizabeth; the page and border illustrations are after Holbein and Albert Dürer. Another prized treasure is a fine copy on vellum of "*La Danse Macabre*," a composition consisting of thirty-three designs which correspond to, yet differ from, the usual Dance of Death. One of the illustrations, the vision of "*Les trois mors*," correspond to the famous scene in Orcagna's fresco in the Campo Santo Pisa, wherein three young men on horseback came upon three open coffins. Similar representations were common throughout Christendom. One was discovered a few years ago over the Chancel arch of Mattell Church, in Essex. Such correspondences, distant in time as in space, are interesting as showing the interchange sub-

* *Art Treasures of the Lambeth Library: a Description of the Illuminated Manuscripts, &c., including Notes on the Library.* By S. W. Kersey, M.A., Librarian. London: Fleeting. 1872.

sisting between national styles, also as proving that these pictorial narratives, whether reproduced in Italy or France, had cognate ideas and incidents which point to a common origin. Especially the history of Last Judgments throughout the whole of Christendom points to a unity of origin even in the midst of diversified developments.

The Lambeth Library is of easy access under present regulations. It is open three days in the week, extracts from the MSS. or printed books are allowed to be made freely, and permission can be obtained to draw or trace from the miniatures and illuminated MSS. Mr. Kershaw says:—

The author feels that the Archiepiscopal Library contains many treasures of mediæval art but little known to students in general. This fact has probably arisen from two causes—namely, the absence of any detailed description of the illuminated books, and that, up to a recent period, freedom of access and liberty to examine has been beset with unavoidable difficulties, now no longer existing. Under these circumstances, all those MSS. that can in any way merit the attention of art students are now described, arranged under countries and in order of date, and as regards the finer examples, a full description of their contents, both as to subjects and ornamentation, has been given. The number of volumes that can be called “illuminated” is about thirty, and of these about fourteen present examples of art, from the eighth to the sixteenth century, of a very superior description.

An epitome of the chief works may be given in few words. First in order of time, if not of merit also, come “the Gospels of MacDurnan” of the ninth century. This precious MS., comparable in style to the Book of Kells in Trinity College, Dublin, is richly illuminated with figures of the Evangelists surrounded by Runic ornament. The treatment of the human form is that of Northern schools; the influence of the Southern Byzantine, a style diffused throughout Europe, is not here felt. In a wholly different manner is the “Lambeth Apocalypse,” one of the gems of the library, which offers a rare field for study to the artist, archaeologist, and student of Biblical literature.” The date is the beginning of the fourteenth century, the country is France, the style is allied both to the Byzantine and the Carolingian schools. Seventy-eight coloured designs illustrate the chief scenes in the Apocalyptic Vision, and some of the figures have a grace and a beauty not unworthy of the spiritual school. Internal evidence indicates that these illuminations are not all by one hand. Next may be named “the gem of the Lambeth Psalters,” a choice example of French art of the fourteenth century; the style is Gothic, under Byzantine influence. Some of the eleven large initial letters, which occupy nearly half the page, are very beautiful, and a figure of David striking bells is remarkable for its inspired and passionate action. Under the head of “English Art” comes a splendid MS., “the Chichele Breviary,” early in the fifteenth century. “The centres of the larger initials are filled in with exquisite miniature representations of Scripture history.” Classed among French Art occurs “a very fine copy of the work known as the *St. Albans Chronicle*, “profusely ornamented with nineteen large and fifty small illuminations,” representing battles, tournaments, jousts, &c. These compositions furnish the present manual with a couple of well-chosen illustrations. “The Signing of the Treaty of Arras,” and “The Marriage of Henry, Emperor of Rome, to Maude, daughter of Henry I. of England.” Also we have made notes on “the Limoges Missal,” a French work of the fifteenth century, with finely illuminated letters; likewise worthy of remembrance is a profusely illuminated Flemish MS., the “Hours of the Virgin.”

These treasures may be summed up briefly as follows. Of the Sacred Scriptures there are two copies “of what is termed St. Jerome’s version, written and illuminated in Germany in the twelfth century,” also the Gospels of MacDurnan, and the Lambeth Apocalypse. Of Missals, the Limoges Missal is a fine example. Among Breviaries the Chichele Breviary is also renowned. Psalters are well represented, “there being no less than six copies, all more or less illuminated, and chiefly by artists of the French school.” The Library also boasts of five volumes of Hours, “two of which contain very fair specimens of English ornamental art.” Likewise may be enumerated “the celebrated treatise of Aldhelm de Virginitate,” “the meditations of St. Augustine, Ambrose, Bernard, and others,” “the Dictes and Sayings of Philosophers,” and “two fine copies of the Koran in Arabic, richly ornamented by Persian artists.”

The Palace possesses about one hundred portraits of archbishops and bishops, of which twelve were found worthy of exhibition with “National Portraits” at South Kensington. Among the most famous is that of Archbishop Warham, by Holbein, described by Mr. Wornum as “one of the first portraits of importance painted in this country, and a remarkable specimen of the painter’s power.” “This is a picture as well as a portrait; all the accessories are excellent, and especially the jewelled crucifix, which is precise and accurate without being hard.” There is a replica, with differences, in the Louvre; but Mr. Wornum prefers the Lambeth picture, “notwithstanding its less showy colouring.” Other portraits deserve attention, either from the celebrity of the individuals or from the merit of the art. Among the number are Cardinal Pole, painter unknown, the style showing Italian influence; also Archbishop Laud, a tolerably good example of Vandyck, and Archbishop Tillotson, a powerful picture by Kneller. An indifferent portrait of Archbishop Herring is ascribed to Hogarth, and two comparatively mediocre works, the heads of Archbishop Secker and of Thomas Newton, Bishop of Bristol, can scarcely be said to display Sir Joshua Reynolds at his best. We need not dwell on the double interest attaching to these three centuries of portraits from their being

gathered together on this historic spot. The place which once knew so well these venerable chiefs of the Church seems to know them still; in short, the prelates and the Palace form one chronicle.

THE GULISTAN, OR ROSE-GARDEN.*

ANOTHER translation of the *Gulistân*! Considering that we have at least five different translations in English, a Latin one of as old a date as 1650, half-a-dozen or more translations in French, an equal or greater number in German, translations into other languages of Europe, a translation in Hindustani, and a number of Persian glosses and commentaries, we have a right to look for excellence, if not perfection, in the work before us. So far from that, we find only poor mediocrity.

Twenty years have passed since Mr. Eastwick’s translation appeared—a translation not without its faults and shortcomings, but still by far the best which has yet appeared in English. It has no doubt passed out of the memory of many, and many more have at the best only a vague and hazy notion of what the *Gulistân* is; so, before dealing with the translation, we will say a few words as to the original work and its author. Muslihu’d din Sâdi, Shaikh Sâdi, or, as he is fondly called, “the Shaikh,” was a native of Shirâz, and died in that city about the year 1290 A.D., at an age exceeding a hundred lunar years. He was of humble birth, but he showed early marks of ability, and obtained a scholarship and his education in a college at Baghdad. He continued his studies up to the age of thirty, and for thirty years after he seems to have been continually travelling. Fourteen times he performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, and he visited the most distant regions of the Muhammadan world. In Syria he was taken prisoner by the Crusaders, and was forced to work in the trenches of Tripoli. He mentions his visit to Egypt, to Kashghar, and other places, and in his wide wanderings he acquired a great and varied knowledge of men and manners. His poems are chiefly in Persian, but he wrote Arabic verse with almost equal facility. Sâdi was a man of strong common sense and of quick perception, which pierced deep into the springs of human action. His tone of mind was eminently religious and reverential, and he constantly inculcates charity, gentleness, and mercy. Sâdi’s poetry never takes the highest flights; it deals with practical, moral, and religious subjects which come within the grasp and comprehension of all men; and his thoughts are expressed in most graceful and polished language, now lofty and didactic, now playful and witty, always terse and pointed, and frequently epigrammatic. A native writer declares him to be “the most eloquent of writers, and the wittiest author of either modern or ancient times.” No writings have ever enjoyed such a popularity in the East as Sâdi’s; his verses are committed to memory, his sayings are quoted as proverbs, and his works are looked upon as a mine of wisdom in which some maxim or observation may be found applicable to every accident and calamity, every joy and sorrow of human life. Of all his works, *The Gulistân, or Rose-Garden*, is the most popular; it is admired alike by Orientals and by those Europeans who can read it, and it only requires a translator of poetic power to make it acceptable to English readers. *The Gulistân* is written in prose intermingled with verse. It is divided into eight chapters, each treating of a special subject, as “The Duties of Kings,” “The Excellence of Contentment,” &c. These consist of stories and anecdotes, of the most varied character. The eighth chapter on “The Duties of Society,” is composed entirely of short maxims, expressed in prose and enforced or illustrated in verse.

Mr. Platts, in the preface to his translation, declares that “his aim throughout has been to provide students of Persian with facilities for surmounting the obstacles which they are likely to encounter. The language of the translation never aspires to any loftier purpose than to render the original intelligible.” Now, if Mr. Platts had adhered to this determination, and had given us a hard and dry, literal but correct, translation, it would not have been pleasant reading, but it might have been welcomed as a boon to students. But, as we shall presently show, he is not literal or exact, he occasionally indulges in fine language, and is even guilty of the most unpardonable of all sins in a translator—that of attempting to improve upon his author. But there is one point upon which he has claims to gratitude. “The poetry of the original has been translated line for line, without, however (save in one instance), any attempt at versification.” When we find in this one instance such lines as—

Do good, O man, and count thy days a precious boon ere yet the hour
Arrive, when all the cry will raise that such an one is now no more—

we feel it a mercy that Mr. Platts found a poetical version to be beyond his powers. The translation is accompanied by numerous notes, some of which may be useful, but many are of a very trivial character; for instance, in quoting the aphorisms of wise men, the Persian idiom is, “they have said,” not “they say.” Any one incapable of at once appreciating such a trifling difference must be a dullard who had better give up study at once. But Mr. Platts explains this twice in the first two pages, and he does so again and again, probably every time it occurs, as far at least as page 301. We need not go far to find instances of what we complain. At the end of the preface Sâdi gives a quatrain containing the date of his composition. One line says, “That

* *The Gulistân, or, Rose-Garden of Shaikh Muslihu’d din Sâdi of Shirâz*. Translated from a Revised Text, with copious Notes, and a Life of the Poet, by John T. Platts, late one of Her Majesty’s Inspectors of Public Instruction in the Central Provinces of India. London: Allen & Co.

period was a pleasant time for me." This is not fine enough for Mr. Platts; he tells us, "The sense is, 'those were the happy days when the celestial fire burnt bright within me and I was absorbed in the pleasant task of composition.'" Having thus determined what Sâdi meant to say, or ought to have said, he adds, "All the translators appear to have quite missed the sense of these verses."

The first story is of a poor wretch condemned to death, who in reckless despair abuses the King who has passed the sentence, "in accordance with the saying, 'He who despairs of life speaks out whatever he has in his heart'"—this being the way in which Mr. Platts, without any observation, translates the forcible and idiomatic expression "He who washes his hands of life." In some exquisite lines in this story Sâdi expatiates on the futility of worldly possessions. Mr. Eastwick's rendering of these lines is—

The world, my brother! will abide with none;
By the world's Maker let thy heart be won.
Rely not, nor repose on this world's gain,
For many a son like thee she has reared and slain—
What matters, when the spirit seeks to fly,
If on a throne or on bare earth we die?

The fourth line Mr. Platts renders

For it (the world) has pampered and slain many such as thou (thee?).

Now the original word does mean "reared," "nurtured," but it does not mean "pampered." No doubt the translator deemed the latter an improvement, but he was tampering with his text, not translating. It places him moreover in this dilemma—that he must call Providence "the pamparer," for the agent of this very verb is the word by which Providence is commonly designated. Again, in the third book, a story is told of a burly fellow who had made himself obnoxious to the captain and passengers of a boat in which he was travelling. On reaching a ruined building in the river the captain represents the boat to be in danger, and induces him to jump out with a rope and help to keep the vessel clear. Then the captain wrenches the rope from his hand and sails on without him. This statement of the affair does not satisfy Mr. Platts. To say nothing of his having substituted "prow of the boat" for "rope"; in the first instance, he favours us with a note when he comes to the wrestling away of the rope. He translates the word by "severed," and says:—"I prefer this rendering to that of 'wrenched,' given by other translators, for this reason, that, the man being very powerful, a jerk from the boatmen would undoubtedly have pulled him into the water, while it was so much easier to cut the rope." It is nothing to Mr. Platts that the original verb does mean "wrenched" and has nothing to do with the verb "to cut." Ordinary minds too might suppose that the boatmen was much more likely to wrest away the rope and save it than to cut it and lose it; and that, even if he had pulled the bully into the water, he would not have been much grieved. The third story in the book is a good one, but too long for quotation. In it we have several instances of blundering, and of the translator's sweet consciousness of superiority over his forerunners. The story is of a prince who was despised by his father because he was short and ugly, while his brothers were tall and handsome. He expostulates with his father and proves his value by his deeds. "O father," says he, "better the dwarf who is bright than the fool who has height; not all that is largest in girth is greatest in worth." Most of these sayings of Sâdi's are in rhyme, and should be rendered in rhyme if possible. We do not blame Mr. Platts for not having attempted it, but we deny his right to change a negative into an affirmative statement, and translate as "whatsoever is smaller of size is higher of value." In the next page he has three notes astounding alike for the ignorance and the self-complacency which they exhibit. There are some lines which Mr. Eastwick has rendered with great spirit:—

I'm not he that on the battle day my back will meet thy sight,
I'm one whose head thou'lt follow midst the dust and gory fight.

Mr. Platts renders the last line "Such an one am I, that in the midst of dust and blood thou may'st see a head"; but what does he mean by his note—"Translators strangely misunderstand this line when they render it, as they do, 'I am one whom thou wilt see as chief or leader in the midst of dust and blood'?" The first two lines of another quatrain are translated thus:—

O thou, to whom my person appeared small and feeble!
Never regard bulkiness as a merit.

Upon the "O thou" we have this note—"The literal translation would be O so and so! or O the person! The pronoun of the second person has no vocative case in Persian." Now if the "at" in this line is not a pronoun of the second person, we should be glad to learn what it is. The trash about O so and so induces the supposition that Mr. Platts has not mastered the elementary portion of grammar which teaches how the Persian supplies its want of a relative pronoun. Upon the second line he has also a note:—"Mr. Eastwick's translation is 'Think not that roughness marks the bold in war,' wherein he loses the sense of both *durukht* and *âd*." We are not going to defend Mr. Eastwick's translation further than to say that he has translated "*durukht*," whilst Mr. Platts has himself "lost the sense of both *durukht* and *âd*." The true rendering of the lines is—"O thou to whom my person seemed despicable, so long as thou didst think about roughness, not about worth." The "and feeble" which Mr. Platts interpolates in the first line has no equivalent in the text. There is a little difficulty about the two verbs, as, *matrî causâ*, they are in different tenses; but there is no warrant for Mr. Platts changing "not" into

"never," and the *so* into the imperative; nor does *durukht* mean "bulkiness." From the second book we take the following story:—

I remember in my childhood's days I was religious, a keeper of vigils, and eager to exercise myself in acts of devotion and abstinence. One night I sat up with my father, and did not close my eyes the whole night long, but held the dearly prized volume (Korân) in my lap, whilst a company of people were asleep around me. I said to my father, "Not one of them lifts up his head to say his prayers; so sound a sleep has possessed them, that thou wouldst say they were dead." He replied, "My dear boy, if thou also slept, it would be better than backbiting people."

The pretentious man sees nought but self,
Since he has the veil of conceit before (his eyes).
If (Fate) bestowed on thee eyes with sight like God's,
Thou wouldst not perceive any one more wretched than thyself.

We have nothing to say against the general accuracy of this translation, but Mr. Platts here again makes a show of his precision, and seizes the opportunity of cavilling at the work of others. He says, "*Dar khidnati pidar*" is generally rendered 'in attendance on my father.' I prefer taking it as a respectful way of saying 'along with my father.' The verbs in the Persian are in the pluperfect, as the idiom requires; but they must be rendered by the English imperfect tense." This is no new discovery of the meaning; but most people would consider the phrase "in attendance on my father" a very respectful way of expressing what was meant. As to the remark about the tenses, it will be seen that Mr. Platts lays down the rule that the English imperfect must be used, while he has himself employed the preterite. Notes like these and notes upon the merest trifles turn up in almost every page. One more reference to them and we have done with Mr. Platts. In page 174 he has what appears to be a very learned note upon two outlandish-looking words, which previous translators have taken, and correctly taken, to be names. He professes to follow some commentator in making them common nouns. If he has found authority for this he has been misled. One of these words is Turki and another Pushtu, so that the meaning is not to be raked out of Arabic lexicons. If Mr. Platts looks into the *Life of Baber*, he will find how *tash* is used, and any book upon the Afghans will tell him what *khâl* means.

We have been occupied so much with Mr. Platts that we have done but scant justice to Sâdi. We take the following from Eastwick's version:—

A religious recluse became the guest of a king. When they sat down to their meals he ate less than his wont; and when they rose up to pray, he prayed longer than he was accustomed to, that they might have a greater opinion of his piety.

O Arab! much I fear at Mecca's shrine thou'lt never be,
For the way that thou art going is the road to Tartary.

When he returned to his own abode he ordered the cloth to be laid that he might eat. He had a son possessed of a ready wit, who said, "O my father! didst thou eat nothing at the entertainment of the Sultan?" He replied, "I ate nothing in their sight to serve a purpose." The son rejoined, "Repeat thy prayers again, and make up for their omission, since thou hast done nothing that can serve any purpose."

Thy merits in thy palm thou dost display;
Thy faults beneath thy arm from sight withhold.
What wilt thou purchase, vain one! in that day,
The day of anguish, with thy feigned gold?

Sâdi had, as these stories show, a hearty hatred of everything savouring of pretence or hypocrisy. Strong in sincerity and honesty, he shows his contempt for mere worldly censure, and looks upon it rather as beneficial. Thus, a sinful man who had repented and entered a religious order, complained to his superior that the tongues of men still pursued him, and he was asked, "How canst thou return thanks for this blessing, that thou art better than they think thee?" The following is one of his maxims:—"The noblest of created beings in outward form is man; the vilest of living things is the dog; yet, by the unanimous consent of the wise, a grateful dog is better than an ungrateful man." We will conclude with a few lines, rather out of Sâdi's usual style, the version being Mr. Eastwick's:—

A gallant youth there was and fair,
Pledged to a maid beyond compare;
They on the sea, as poets tell,
Together in a whirlpool fell.
The boatman came the youth to save,
To snatch him from his watery grave,
But midst those billows of despair,
He cried, "My love! my love is there!
'Save her, oh save!' he said, and died,
But with his parting breath he cried,
'Not from that wretch love's story hear
Who love forgets, when peril's near."

Our space does not permit us to do more than allude to the Sûfeyism which appears in the *Gulistan*, for Sâdi was a Sûfi, an early member of that race of Musulmân thinkers whose minds have revolted against the trammels of a narrow creed, and have sought to attain a more elevated and spiritual knowledge of the Deity. Many of his lines in this work have an inner and mystical meaning, though wearing a natural dress. Having said thus much in praise of Sâdi, it is only fair to add that he wrote some stories of filth and obscenity most abhorrent to a European mind. Mr. Eastwick wisely omitted these. Mr. Platts has given them, but although he has veiled the filthy language in Latin, he would have done better had he left them unnoticed.

Translations of the *Gulistan* are, it seems, out of print, and difficult to obtain. We have felt constrained to censure Mr. Platts's performance, but we do not condemn it as absolutely useless to the student. It will help as a guide, but it must not be relied upon as an authority.

A PAIR OF BLUE EYES.*

MANY readers of the fresher and truer sorts of fiction will be glad to welcome another story from the author of *Under the Greenwood Tree*, who now for the first time assumes his real name. Mr. Hardy produces rapidly; but the novel now before us is a thoroughly matured work of its kind, and bears none of the traces of viciously stimulated workmanship. He still has a sprinkling of small oddities in style, and of minor errors of taste. He occasionally uses cumbrous words, like "synthesised" and "filamentous," where simpler ones would have served the purpose; and the word "empirically" occurs (II. 86), in a passage where it cannot be said accurately to retain its own meaning or to convey the author's. He puts the phrase "sweetheart" into a position which it does not really hold among the social class which he is describing, although it is hard to assign any good reason on their part for discarding a word of Elizabethan use, before finding a worthy equivalent. He also designs the mode of life led by the heroine and her lovers with a kind of defiance of conventionality, though in each case the circumstances go far to justify what is done. Yet, when all drawbacks have been enumerated, few readers would charge *A Pair of Blue Eyes* with having been produced before its time. It is one of the most artistically constructed among recent novels. And, from considerations affecting higher matters than mere construction, we would assign it a very high place among works of its class.

The distinctive feature of this novel is that out of simple materials there has been evolved a result of really tragic power. The whole centres round the figure of Elfride, bred in the solitudes of the West country, the motherless and only daughter of a Cornish vicar; and the tragedy consists in the operation of quite ordinary events upon her sensitive and conscious, but perfectly simple, nature. By some of his former critics Mr. Hardy has been unwisely compared with George Eliot. In reality, no two writers could be more unlike in their general methods. But in one respect there is a decided resemblance—namely, that Mr. Hardy has in the book before us developed, with something of the ruthlessness of George Eliot, what may be called the tragedy of circumstance, the power of mere events on certain kinds of character. By mere events we mean a sequence in the evolution of which no moral obliquity, no deliberate viciousness of choice, can be said to have had a share. For this is another point of merit in Mr. Hardy's book, that he has kept up interest throughout it at an unusually high degree, not only without a single crime or a single villain, but with men of honest hearts and high aims for the pillars of his story, and literally without resorting, on any one's part, to a single action which, when weighed and sifted, can be condemned outright.

Mr. Swancourt, Elfride's father, is well drawn as a relief and a background to the delicate and tremulous figure of his daughter. He is a worldly, gentlemanlike, commonplace parson of the old school. Belonging to an ancient but impoverished stock, he is prouder of that than of an indirect connexion, through Elfride's dead mother, with the neighbouring peer, Lord Luxellian. While still regarding Stephen Smith, Elfride's first lover, in his actual and personal position of a promising young London architect, he recklessly favours the attachment between the two; but when it turns out that the same Stephen Smith is by parentage son to John Smith, Lord Luxellian's master mason, he as promptly turns his back, and pronounces a characteristic condemnation:—

"I was inclined to suspect him, because he didn't care about sauces of any kind. I always did doubt a man's being a gentleman if his palate had no acquired tastes. An unrefined palate is the irrepressible cloven foot of the upstart. The idea of my bringing out a bottle of my '40 Martinez—only eleven of them left now—to a man who didn't know it from eighteen-penny!"

With this discovery about Stephen Smith the weaving of the tragic web begins. He has gained a favourable footing in the Vicarage, as the responsible emissary of a London house charged with the restoration of the church; and he weakly but pardonably puts off disclosing his real birth to the Vicar until an accident that befalls his father lays everything open. It need hardly be said that this family connexion of Stephen's enables Mr. Hardy to throw in many of those sketches of genuine country life in drawing which he has already shown a master's hand. The rustic circle makes a little gallery of portraiture as distinct as it is lifelike. There is William Worm, a poor "wanbling creature," the Vicar's outdoor man, who is afflicted with perpetual noises in his head, and who "hoped Providence would have found it out by this time, living so many years in a parson's family, too, as I have, but 'a don't seem to relieve me. Ay, I be a poor wanbling man, and life's a mere bubble." With this sentiment Martin Cannister, the sexton, heartily concurs, adding that "The world wants looking to, or 'tis sixes and sevens w' some of us." There is John Smith himself, the master mason, "brown as Autumn as to skin, white as Winter as to clothes," having "too much individuality to be a typical 'working-man'"; and Mrs. Smith, retaining, in the true manner of country matrons, "her personal freshness even now, in the proxy afternoon-time of her life"; and whose features "appeared to carry with them a sort of argumentative commentary on the world's existence." She is critically severe on her husband's stupidity about flowers:—

"Men have no eye for anything nate. He says his favourite flower is

a cauliflower. And I assure you I trouble in the spring-time, for 'tis perfect murder."

"You don't say so, Mrs. Smith!"

"John digs round the roots, you know. In goes his blundering spade, through roots, bulbs, everything that hasn't got a good show above ground, turning 'em up cut all to slices. Only the very last fall I went to move some tulips, when I found every bulb upside down, and the stems crooked round. He had turned 'em over in the spring, and the causing creatures had soon found that heaven was not where it used to be."

The earliest scene in the Endelstow vault, where preparations are making for the funeral of the first Lady Luxellian, though a hint or two has been borrowed from *Hamlet*, is full of genuine touches. The master mason is busied in moving some of the family coffins, aided by an ancient journeyman who cannot restrain his memories of the past:—

"Ah, poor Lord George!" he continued, looking contemplatively at the huge coffin; "he and I were as bitter enemies once as any could be when one is a lord and t'other only a mortal man. Poor fellow! He'd clap his hand upon my shoulder and cuss me as familiar and neighbourly as if he'd been a common friend. Ay, 'a cussed me up hill and 'a cussed me down; and then 'a would rave out again, and the gould clamps of his fuc new teeth would glisten in the sun like letters of brass, while I, being a small man and poor, was fain to say nothing at all. Such a strappin fine gentleman as he was, too! Yes, I rather liked 'em sometimes. But once now and then, when I looked at his towering height, I'd think in my inside, 'What a weight you'll be, my lord, for our arms to lower under the aisle of Endelstow church some day!'"

"And was he?" inquired a young labourer.

"He was. He was five hundredweight if 'a were a pound. . . . 'Ah,' said I to John there—didn't I John?—'that ever one man's glory should be such a weight upon another man!' But there, I liked my Lord George sometimes."

"What do 'em put all their heads one way for?" inquired a young man.

"Because 'tis churchyard law, you simple. The law of the living is, that a man shall be upright and downright; and the law of the dead is, that a man shall be east and west. Every state of society have its laws."

"We must break the law w' a few of the poor souls, however. Come, buckle to," said the master mason.

And when, in the course of their talk, the men have explained Elfride's connexion with the Luxellians, William Worm once more moralizes:—

"Life's a strange bubble, ye see," said William Worm musingly. "For if the Lord's anointment had descended upon women instead of men, Miss Elfride would be Lord Luxellian—Lady, I name. But as it is, the blood is run out, and she's nothing to the Luxellian family by law, whatever she may be by gospel."

But the peculiar position of Stephen Smith serves for much more than the mere canvas on which to lay these scenes from the remote country. In place of an unreal and nonsensical picture of passion defying the social barriers of actual life, the novel conveys (without the appearance of intending it) a powerful representation of what those barriers are in fact, and of what, though perhaps in a modified degree, they are likely to remain. In the case of Elfride herself, though she is as superior to social differences as any fine-hearted girl could be expected to be, yet after the arrival of the second lover these differences work their sure part in the cumulation of her sorrows. To the principal tragic thread of the book we must now recur. We have abstained from any definite analysis of the story, because, where sequence and connexion are so delicately worked as they are here, that is hardly fair to either writer or reader; but we hasten on to the points which are essential.

After the *dénouement* brought about by his father's accident, Stephen takes his departure, and by and by goes to fulfil some commissions in India, which lead to his rapid advance. But before he finally leaves, the young pair plan a sort of escapade, which need not here be further explained, entirely innocent in its design as well as in its imperfect execution, but painfully liable to misconception, and unhappily discovered by a single pair of hostile eyes. In due course the new lover appears. He has the advantage of being several years older than his predecessor, a matured man of experience, a writer in reviews, and withal a relative of the rich widow whom Mr. Swancourt opportunely marries. He is the least natural character in the book, and he inclines here and there unmistakably to priggishness. Yet prigs are, as a matter of fact, to be met with in society; and it was essential that he should be a little stilted, and something of a purist in his notions about women. Little by little, and without a trace of conscious effort, he acquired a complete ascendancy over Elfride. He "swayed her as the tree sways the nest." All the most refined and most thoroughly womanly elements in her nature contend on the side of the new comer. She longs not to be a queen, but to lean and to be governed; to be a necessity indeed, but rather to worship than be worshipped. It must be added that this new man, Henry Knight, has been the benefactor of Stephen, has helped him forward in the world, and has been in earlier days belated to her by his protégé, until she would grow jealous of the clever friend who now dominates her. Yet, even so, she would have remained faithful to her first lover but for an adventure on the cliffs, when the imminent presence of death forces Knight and herself into an unconscious and inevitable avowal. Of the two chapters which record the ten minutes spent by Knight while he hangs between life and death on the edge of the sea-crag, and his final rescue by the despairing wit and devotion of Elfride, we will only say that they are worked out with extraordinary force, and that they recall the intense minuteness and vivid concentration of the most powerful among French writers of fiction.

And now the rather Quixotic notions of Knight work the ruin

* *A Pair of Blue Eyes*. A Novel. By Thomas Hardy, Author of "Under the Greenwood Tree," "Desperate Remedies," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers, 1873.

of his love. Through the contrivance of Mrs. Jethway, a woman half-crazed with maternal sorrow, and who hates Elfride because the death of her consumptive son had been accelerated by a hopeless passion for the young lady, he learns the innocent escapade of Elfride with a lover, whose name is suppressed. She had never served herself to tell the whole story of her relations with Stephen; and, under the circumstances, the case, as it reaches him, looks anything but innocent. In his passion of disappointment and suspicion he takes away from Elfride the power of putting before him the real facts, and strikes her with what is well described as a "despair which not only relinquishes the hope of direct explanation, but wearily gives up all collateral chance of extenuation." He leaves her and departs. Many months later an accidental meeting takes place in London between his old protégé and himself. Then Knight first learns that his harmless predecessor had been Stephen, and hears from his own lips the explanation of Elfride's innocence. The two men, without communicating their intentions to each other, both start for the remembered village in the West. Old ties of friendship snap under the strain; and they exchange looks almost of hatred as each recognizes the other far down on the journey. The irony of the situation is worked with remarkable force. "I think you'll lose your labour," says the elder. "Naturally you do." They had observed, without much special notice, a dark and richly-finished van attached to their train, and this van accompanied them till the station nearest Endelstow was reached. The truth then bursts upon them. The van was bringing the coffin of Elfride, the second Lady Luxellian. Worn out with sadness, and wearied with home reproaches, the motherless girl had yielded at last to the entreaties of Lord Luxellian, whose children had long accepted her as a second parent. From an old family servant they gather the whole story; she had drooped away within half a year of her marriage. We need follow the two men no further; nor need we add more than a word or two about the book itself. The author of *A Pair of Blue Eyes* has much to learn, and many faults yet to avoid. But he is a writer who to a singular purity of thought and intention unites great power of imagination, strong enough to sustain interest at a very high point of vitality, without resorting to mere surprises or descending to what is ignoble.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. LÉGER'S amusing volume has the great advantage of being the result of the author's personal observations.* He speaks of what he has seen. A residence of several years in the midst of Slavonian tribes has supplied him with trustworthy means of information; he knows some of the Slavonian dialects; he reads books, reviews, and newspapers written in these dialects; and the friends he has made in the course of his peregrinations keep him constantly informed of what is going on in the political and literary world. Hence we get a series of chapters full of particulars which are likely to have for most readers at any rate the merit of novelty, as the inhabitants of Western Europe know little about the Poles, and still less about the Montenegrins, Dalmatians, and Croatians. M. Léger begins by giving us a description of the vast tract of country which the Slavonians occupy; he then shows us what difficulties we have to encounter if we wish to study the manners and customs of that interesting race—difficulties arising, first, from the nature of the language; secondly, from the fierce conflict of political and religious parties. If the views of the Germans cannot be trusted on the subject of the Slavonians, the conflicting evidence given by different tribes belonging to the Slavonian family must be received with equal caution. The Russians, for instance, are prejudiced against the Poles, and the Poles against the Russians; if the Catholics calumniate the members of the Greek Church, these in their turn speak in no measured terms of the Ultramontanes. The safest plan, therefore, is to examine for oneself; or, if that is impossible, to consult those who, on the point of nationality, have no interest in the quarrels which divide the Slavonian race. M. Léger's book, treating as it does both of literature and of politics, addresses itself equally to the statesman and the man of letters.

The history of the struggle between the Anglo-Saxons and the Celts has never yet, says M. de la Borderie, been described in detail by French writers; and the purpose of the present volume † is to supply this want. Our author aims at relating from the testimony of contemporary chroniclers the terrible contest carried on in England from the fifth to the seventh century, the result of which was the foundation of the Armorican nation. M. de la Borderie is a Breton by birth, and his work is written from the Celtic point of view; it shows an acquaintance with trustworthy documents, and much talent in working out those documents in an agreeable form. The appendix which terminates the volume contains ample details as to the life of the old Bretons, borrowed from the Celtic poems of the sixth century. M. de la Borderie takes care, before consulting these poems, to show that they are really authentic, and not to be placed in the same class as the compositions of the pseudo-Osian. The only genuine poems which have been handed down to us are those by Llinarch-Hen, Anserin,

and Taliesin; these personages lived in the sixth century; but we are left completely in the dark as to the incidents of their history. A number of apocryphal poems have been ascribed to them; the only authentic ones, however, as given in the collection entitled *Myogrian Archaeology of Wales*, are six of Taliesin, twelve of Llinarch-Hen, and one of Anserin.

M. de Pontmartin's *Samedis** are not likely to make us forget M. Sainte-Beuve's *Lundis*; but they have qualities of their own, and, at any rate, they are free from those *coups de griffe* which produced so painful an effect in the articles of the author of *Port-Royal*. It is somewhat curious that two of the essays contained in the present volume should be devoted to M. Sainte-Beuve, and we must say that they give a very faithful sketch of the great critic. M. de Pontmartin endeavours to explain the bitterness which is so characteristic of the last *Lundis*. His personal appearance and certain social drawbacks made his pretensions to gallantry simply ridiculous; and the consciousness of being cut off from enjoyments and luxuries accessible to others made him envious, discontented, and morose. That semblance of modesty for which his friends gave him credit was nothing but the mental self-concentration of a man who spends his time laboriously in noticing the vulnerable points of the people around him; and when attention had enabled him to discover where the armour was at fault, he began his work as a critic with a determination to make the literary celebrities of his time smart for the disappointments which he fancied he had himself met with. M. de Pontmartin is inclined to think that M. Sainte-Beuve was always fond of exaggerating his religious scepticism; and this is also the opinion of a distinguished Protestant writer, M. Charles Secrétan, who in two numbers of the *Revue chrétienne* endeavours to show that the historian of *Port-Royal* calumniated himself in saying that for him Christianity was nothing but a fact to be discussed freely from a philosophical point of view, and independently of all religious associations.

Under the title *Rome et le vrai* † M. Félix Bungener has given us a complete insight into the principal monuments of contemporary Romanist literature. We all know what a reaction has taken place lately, even in certain Protestant circles, in favour of a class of books written under the influence of Ultramontanism. Madame Swetchine, Count de Maistre, M. de Montalembert, Fathers Lacordaire and Ravignan have become household names on this side of the Channel as well as in France. Mrs. Craven's *Récit d'une Seur* has been translated, and extensively sold; "Madame de Montagu," "Madame de Lafayette," the *Dominican Artist*, and the *Épique à Part chrétien* are the fashionable books of the present day. Against all this M. Bungener protests; he places himself at the strictly Protestant point of view, and condemns the whole of the works we have just mentioned. There is no doubt much truth in some of his remarks, especially in regard to the Jesuits; but at the same time his predetermination to find fault with all Roman Catholic writing is too evident to inspire much confidence in his impartiality; he overshoots the mark, and we doubt whether his controversial volume will produce all the effect he expects from it.

Count de Gasparin ‡ is the popular lecturer on the Calvinist side, and he has the talent of interesting his Genevese hearers by historical sketches delivered with much eloquence, although, as we have before pointed out, declamation often occupies the place which facts ought to fill. The volume which he now publishes on Luther and the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century has nothing original about it; it is a dilution of M. Morle d'Aubigny, mixed up with remarks intended for the Roman Catholics of our own times. The portrait of Erasmus is very much what we expected to find; but it is going a little too far to say, as M. de Gasparin does, that the illustrious Dutch scholar had no conscience.

The critics who from time to time have given an account of the periodical exhibitions of pictures held in Paris number several distinguished men, and it will be remembered that Diderot wrote a description of the *salons* of 1765 and 1767. M. Jules Claretie has added his name to the list of the *salonniers* §, and his *Peintres et sculpteurs* will be found a useful handbook for the history of French art. It is unfortunate that M. Claretie should go out of his way to attack the German artists; the execrated fellow-countrymen of Cornelius and Overbeck are dragged into his preface without either rhyme or reason. It would appear that, whatever may be the subject treated, no genuine Frenchman feels that he has done his duty if his book does not contain a proof positive of his anti-Prussian sentiments. M. Claretie's work belongs to the same class as the year-books published by M. Hachette; it contains biographical details which add much to its value, and is completed by an excellent index.

Dr. F. Hofer's interesting volume on botany forms part of the collection of works on universal history published by Messrs. Hachette. || It contains a very full and trustworthy account of the progress made by that science from the earliest days to the present time, and it gives a full description of the principal systems which have successively prevailed. Mineralogy and geology come next, with their correlative sciences, palæontology and crystallography. Dr. Hofer takes the opportunity of briefly enumerating

* *Nouveaux Samedis*. Par A. de Pontmartin. Paris: Lévy.

† *Rome et le vrai; études sur la littérature catholique contemporaine*. Par Félix Bungener. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Luther et la réforme au seizième siècle*. Par le comte de Gasparin. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Peintres et sculpteurs*. Par Jules Claretie. Paris: Charpentier.

|| *Histoire de la botanique, de la minéralogie et de la géologie*. Par le Dr. F. Hofer. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

* *Le monde slave; voyages et littérature*. Par Louis Léger. Paris: Didier.

† *Les Bretons insulaires et les Anglo-Saxons*. Par Arthur de la Borderie. Paris: Didier.

ting the various local traditions on the Flood, and he explains the geological theories propounded by the philosophers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The tenth volume of M. Vivien de Saint-Martin's *Année géographique* * is as carefully done as all those which have preceded it. Amongst other interesting details, it gives us a summary of Mr. Stanley's voyage in quest of Dr. Livingstone, and an account of the scientific observations made to determine the French meridian. The bibliographical and necrological lists are very accurate.

M. Ed. Mailly † has devoted an exhaustive *brochure* to the description of the state of astronomy in the Southern hemisphere and in India. He begins by examining what was known to scientific men about the constellations of that part of the heavens previous to the researches made by Halley at St. Helena, and by Lacaille at the Cape of Good Hope. As his plan embraces only those astronomical studies which require permanent institutions, M. Mailly has left unnoticed Richer's famous voyage to Cayenne, and also the expeditions made for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus, and of determining the shape of the earth. He describes the observatories established at various times in the colony of Victoria, at Batavia, Rio Janeiro, Lucknow, and elsewhere. This essay was originally an academical memoir submitted on March 2, 1872, to the Belgian Académie Royale.

The questions relative to the origin of species ‡ are still exciting much notice, and the volumes which have been suggested by these problems are already numerous enough to fill a large library. Those whose researches lie in this direction may be divided into three groups:—1. The physicists properly so called, who are thoroughly engrossed by their studies, and who do not seem to care to meditate upon the religious and metaphysical consequences resulting from the facts which they observe with such persistent eagerness. 2. The thinkers who, on the other hand, being absorbed by investigations of a religious character, do not possess the means of appreciating with accuracy the complicated movement of natural science and its relations with the study of the invisible world. 3. The crowd of intelligent people who are equally unable to study physics or metaphysics, but who wish to know whether an agreement is possible between reason and faith, and whether a belief in the Bible and the teaching of the Church is consistent with the acceptance of the theories propounded by naturalists. Father de Valroger attempts to answer these questions, and in doing so he starts with the assertion that the arguments which men of science bring forward contain nothing dangerous to the Christian faith; moreover, in order that his conclusions may not be rejected because they are those of a priest, he takes care in all cases to allow the most celebrated *savants* to speak for themselves. The volume begins with an introduction on the genesis of species and the theory of evolution; the first part contains an account of the life and labours of Messrs. Agassiz and Darwin; in the second, which is devoted to the results of French science, we have an examination of the views of M. de Blainville, M. Isidore, Geoffrey St.-Hilaire, Viscount d'Archiac, and M. Godron.

M. Heinrich § wished some time ago to translate into French Fichte's celebrated speeches to the German nation, believing that between the Prussia of 1808 and the France of 1871 the analogy was complete; reflection, however, soon led him to see that, if the humiliation was the same in both cases, the disasters which occurred at Jena could not be traced to the same causes which brought about the catastrophe of Sedan, and that, in like manner, the means of repairing those disasters were not identical. Instead therefore of translating Fichte, M. Heinrich has preferred composing an original work, abstaining even from borrowing the word *discours*, which he considers too pedantic and formal. M. Heinrich is a Conservative, and he says so very frankly. He blames France for the recklessness with which she casts away tradition and repudiates the past. Although M. Heinrich is anxious to see a Conservative Republic proclaimed in France, he looks upon that form of government as essentially provisional, and believes that sooner or later the French must return to monarchical institutions. His argument may be stated at follows:—No political party can found anything permanent unless it contains within itself a majority of moderate elements; now it is a matter of fact that moderate Republicans are, on the other side of the Channel, an imperceptible minority. But, further, in a State which is geographically as well as politically great, the Federal form is the only one which Republicanism can adopt; that is to say, France would have to accept an administrative *régime* entirely at variance with the national sympathies. Constitutional Monarchy, then, is the only possible issue; and M. Heinrich thinks that the legitimate prince, the Count of Chambord, will probably be called upon, by the course of events, to re-establish it.

M. Clamageran's new volume || is a political programme which moderate Republicans would do well to study, for it is not very ambitious, and could easily be carried out. The author remarks on the false views which Frenchmen entertain of liberty, and he

lays the blame quite as much at the door of his political friends as that of the Conservatives, or, we should rather say, the Royalists. Neither these nor the ultra-Radicals look upon liberty as the principle by which society is to be reorganized. The latter want to maintain order, and the former are anxious to realize equality, without the help of freedom. M. Clamageran does not think that the system of two legislative Houses can be adopted by Republican France, for the very reason which leads M. Heinrich to reject Republican institutions altogether—namely, that an Upper House would necessarily open the door to Federalism. The reforms still wanted in the various departments of public instruction, the magistracy, the army, &c., are pointed out with much clearness by M. Clamageran, who admits that the exercise of liberty cannot be considered in any way as absolute, and that the public authorities are often bound to interfere. We question, however, whether some of the cases quoted are those which necessitate the limitation of a citizen's freedom.

The essay on Sully * for which we are indebted to M. Legouvé, is an excellent biographical sketch, founded on the best authorities, such as the *Économies royales*, Bassompierre's "Mémoires," and the large work of President de Thou. Before its publication it was already partly known to Parisian society, for the lecture on Henry IV., delivered some time ago, is part of it. M. Legouvé's style is so beautifully clear and simple that his account of the eminent Minister and friend of the first Bourbon monarch cannot fail to be extensively read.

The two new volumes of Messrs. Sanchez and Laplace's collection are quite worthy of the former ones. Boileau's complete works, carefully annotated by M. Edouard Fournier †, must be noticed first. There are very few authors who require such an amount of illustration as the Paris satirist; allusions to the great men of the seventeenth century occur continually, and he also refers to certain details and trifling facts which, although familiar to his contemporaries, are enigmas for us. We find, for instance, in the Seventh Satire the two following lines:—

Faut-il peindre un fripon fameux dans cette ville,
Ma main, sans que j'y rêve, écrira Raumaville.

Now, who is Raumaville? The name must be a false one, because if Boileau had inserted the true appellation, he would have no doubt been prosecuted for defamation of character. M. Fournier informs us that the person thus handed up to public contempt by the poet was Sommeville, the publisher—"libraire très-décrié," says Boileau himself, a kind of French Curll or Tonson. The best part of the story is that, in an edition of the Satires, the printer unintentionally put *Saumaville* instead of *Raumaville*, and under this very thin disguise the real Simon Pure was easily perceived. Again, in the *Lutrin*, the prelate who is so fond of giving his blessings in season and out of season is identified by M. Fournier with Auvry, who was Bishop of Coutances before he was appointed treasurer to the Sainte-Chapelle and, though no longer a bishop, always insisted upon being called M. de Coutances, and who "avait la manie de répandre des bénédictions," as Boileau said in a letter to Racine. The interesting biographical sketch prefixed by M. Fournier to his volume has been composed with the help of documents hitherto very little known, and a series of coloured engravings drawn by M. Emile Bayard reproduce the principal characters described by the poet.

The second volume ‡ we have to mention is an exceedingly well-selected collection of the choicest comedies written during the eighteenth century. Regnard, with his three best plays, leads the list, and the last author who has supplied specimens of humour and elegant style is Colin d'Harcville. It is interesting to see how different the society described by Regnard is from that which Molière brings before us; with Lesage, Dancourt, Dufresny, and Destouches we come to a lower class of people still, and Piron, who appears next, forms the transition to Beaumarchais, and to the political drama of the epoch which immediately preceded the Revolution. We are almost sorry that the editor, M. Jules Janin, did not either add *Le grandeur* to his collection, or give it instead of *L'avocat Patelin*. The former of these plays is the best which Brueys composed, and the *Forcé de maître Patelin*, reprinted in a previous volume of the collection, rendered the modern imitations useless.

M. Viollet-le-Duc § is one of the great French authorities on the subject of architecture, and his doctrines have been sharply criticized. Some time ago he wished to deliver a series of lectures on the particular subject of his studies, but the opposition he encountered compelled him to give up his idea, and to be satisfied with publishing in a work the substance of his teaching. Hence the *Entretiens sur l'Architecture*, the first volume of which is now before us. It consists of ten chapters profusely illustrated with woodcuts, and accompanied by an atlas of finely executed plates. M. Viollet-le-Duc begins by general questions; he discusses the nature of art, examines how far it influences the civilization of various nations, and states what are the best conditions for its development. He then studies in detail the architecture of the Greeks, the Romans, mediæval Europe, the Renaissance, and shows how, and from what

* *L'année géographique*. Par M. Vivien de Saint-Martin. Onzième année. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Tableau de l'astronomie dans l'hémisphère austral et dans l'Inde*. Par Ed. Mailly. Bruxelles: Hayez.

‡ *La genèse des espèces; études*. Par H. de Valroger, prêtre de l'Oratoire. Paris: Didier.

§ *La France, l'étranger et les partis*. Par G. A. Heinrich. Paris: Plon.

|| *La France républicaine; études*. Par J. J. Clamageran. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

* *Sully*. Par E. Legouvé. Paris: Didier.

† *Œuvres complètes de M. Boileau, avec une introduction et des éclaircissements historiques*. Par M. Ed. Fournier. Paris: Laplace, Sanchez et Cie.

‡ *Chefs-d'œuvre dramatiques du XVIII^e siècle, avec une introduction et une biographie sur chaque auteur*. Par Jules Janin. Paris: Laplace, Sanchez et Cie.

§ *Entretiens sur l'Architecture*. Par M. Viollet-le-Duc. Vol. 1. Paris: Morel.

causes, the monumental structures of the present day betray the influence of intellectual decay. The historical details contained in this work illustrate the author's theory that the history of architecture is intimately connected with the political and religious life of mankind.

The *Études sur le Brésil*, by M. Charles Pradez*, derive much of their value from the circumstance that they are written in the most unpretending manner, and that the traveller to whom we are indebted for them has not the slightest pretensions to be considered an author. The book is divided into two parts, the latter of which, being devoted to an account of the slave trade and of negro emancipation, is particularly interesting. The author supplies us with a number of statistical details on the commerce of the Brazilians, and he pays homage to the energy displayed by the English Government in carrying out the philanthropic views of Wilberforce and his friends.

Novels abound as usual, but we cannot yet see any signs of improvement either in the style of the books or in the phases of life and character which they are intended to portray. Last month we referred to a curious volume bearing the name of Madame de Saman. This lady, encouraged by the success of the *Enchantements de Prudence*, has published a sequel to that work under the title of *Les nouveaux enchantements*.† Here, as in the previous instalment, the names of well-known historical personages, both living and dead, are mixed up with episodes of an exciting kind.

Le sacrifice d'Aurélié‡ is a most unobjectionable tale, considered from the moral point of view, and the author evidently intends us to look upon his heroine as a model of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice; who seems to us, however, to be merely an absurdity.

Under the title of *L'abbé Tigrane*§, M. Ferdinand Fabre has attempted to describe clerical ambition, and to give us an insight into clerical life. The style of the book is unfortunately too declamatory, and the plot lacks interest.

The July number of the *Bibliothèque universelle* is remarkably rich in valuable papers. We have noticed the continuation of M. Naville's essay on Liberty, an interesting article on Beaumarchais by M. Paul Stapfer, and M. de Circourt's biographical sketch of Manzoni.

* *Nouvelles études sur le Brésil*. Par Charles Pradez. Paris: Thorin.

† *Les nouveaux enchantements de Prudence*. Par Madame de Saman. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Le sacrifice d'Aurélié*. Paris: Lévy.

§ *L'abbé Tigrane*. Par Ferdinand Fabre. Paris: Lemerre.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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On Tuesday, August 26; Wednesday, August 27; Thursday, August 28; Friday, August 29.
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Principal Vocalists—Madlle. Titiens, Madame Lemmens-Siering, and Madlle. Albani; Madame Vesty and Madame Trubelli-Lettini. Mr. Elma Keyes, Mr. Vernon Kirby, and Mr. W. H. Cummings; Mr. Bantley and Signor Foll.
Organist—Mr. Stumpen.
Conductor—Sir Michael Costa.

OUTLINE OF THE PERFORMANCE.

THURSDAY MORNING, August 26.—Elijah. THURSDAY EVENING.—A New Cantata, by F. Schira, entitled *The Lord of Burleigh* (first time of performance); and a Miscellaneous Selection, to include *Inno della pace*, Rossini.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, August 27.—A New Oratorio, *The Light of the World*, composed expressly for this Festival, by Arthur S. Sullivan. WEDNESDAY EVENING.—A Miscellaneous Selection, comprising Beethoven's *Symphony in A Minor*.

THURSDAY MORNING, August 28.—Messiah. THURSDAY EVENING.—A New Cantata, by A. Handeger, entitled *Fridolin* (first time of performance); and a Miscellaneous Selection, comprising *Song of Titans*, Rossini; *Overture to William Tell*, &c.

FRIDAY MORNING, August 29.—Sacred Cantata, *God Thou art Great*, Spohr; *Imperial Mass*, Haydn; *Ave Maria* (first time of performance), Rossini; *Double Chorus*, Cammermeyer (first time of performance), Rossini; *Selections from Israel in Egypt*. FRIDAY EVENING.—*Judas Maccabæus*.

Programmes of the Performances will be forwarded by post on application to the undersigned, at the Offices of the Festival Committee, 17 Ann Street, Birmingham, on and after the 31st inst.

By Order,

HOWARD S. SMITH, Secretary to the Festival Committee.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—PARTICULAR ATTRACTIONS THIS DAY AND NEXT WEEK.

Saturday (August 2).—Miss Blanche Cole's Benefit; Opera, "La Sonnambula," at 5.

Monday.—The Great Holiday Fête; Dramatic Entertainments, Ballad Concert, Military Music, Great Fireworks, &c.

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F. K. J. SHENTON, Superintendent Literary Department.

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President Designate—Professor A. W. WILLIAMSON, Ph.D., F.R.S., F.C.S., in the place of J. P. JOYCE, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., who has resigned the Presidency in consequence of ill-health.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS OF MEMOIRS.—Authors are reminded that, under an arrangement dating from 1871, the acceptance of Memoirs, and the days on which they are to be received, are now, as far as possible, determined by Organizing Committees for the several Sections before the beginning of the Meeting. It has therefore become necessary, in order to give an opportunity to the Committees of doing justice to the several communications, that each Author should prepare an Abstract of his Memoir, of a length suitable for insertion in the published Transactions of the Association, and that he should send it, together with the original Memoir, by book-post, on or before September 1, addressed thus: "General Secretaries, British Association, 22 Albemarle Street, London, W. For Section If it should be inconvenient to the Author that his Paper should be read on any particular day, he is requested to send information to the Secretaries in a separate note. Information about local arrangements may be obtained by application to the Local Secretaries, Bradford.

G. GRIFFITH, M.A., Assistant General Secretary, Harrow.

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For further particulars and syllabus of subjects, application may be made, personally or by letter, to THE WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

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THE WINTER SESSION will begin on Wednesday, October 1. The Clinical practice of the Hospital comprises a series of 70 Beds, inclusive of 24 Beds for Convalescents at Highgate. Students can reside within the Hospital walls, subject to the College regulations. For all particulars concerning either the Hospital or College, application may be made, personally or by letter, to the RESIDENT WARDEN of the College. A Handbook will be forwarded on application.

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THE BREAKING-UP.

THE Ministry, after going through a Session wearisome and abortive in the highest degree, found that they could not even bring it to an end without difficulty; and the prorogation of Parliament has been immediately followed by a surprising reconstruction of the Cabinet. The vast and tempestuous ocean which divides Portsmouth from Ryde can only, it appears, be crossed even in August with much delay and danger. The QUEEN'S Speech could not be got up in time, and an impatient Parliament longing to be released had to wait until the arduous journey from Osborne to Westminster could be accomplished, and had thus the opportunity of an enforced leisure to reflect once more on the miracles of good management which, under the present order of things, are daily exhibited. At last the desired document arrived, and Parliament learnt that everything is going on smoothly abroad, that the Duke of EDINBURGH is to be happily married, and that the QUEEN confidently expects that we shall thank God like in our words and in our hearts for the Budget, the Judicature Act, the Education and Endowed Schools Amendment Acts, those great measures the Railway and Merchant Shipping Acts, and the continued prosperity of the country. Just as Mr. BRUCE said that the use of the House of Lords is to give the Commons an opportunity of showing their sublime patience, so the use of the QUEEN'S Speech is to give us all an opportunity of showing our thankfulness for small mercies. But the Ministry had no choice. It had to tell the story of what it had done, and, as it had done next to nothing, it had no story to tell. In February it started with a grand programme, and in August it has to confess that but a very slight portion of this programme has been carried out. It was necessary to pass over in silence the sad history of the measure which, in the QUEEN'S Speech at the opening of the Session, was described, with unhappy irony as one for "settling the question of University Education in Ireland." The days of great measures and great things are gone by, and the poorest QUEEN'S Speech was good enough to announce the simple fact that an end had come to the Session, and with it an end to the long-protracted process of making Mr. GLADSTONE ill, the Cabinet ridiculous, and Parliament weary of its life.

The more important announcements of the Government were reserved until Parliament had dispersed, and they were further delayed by a recurrence of the difficulties which attend the tremendous passage of the Solent. It was stated on Wednesday that Mr. BAXTER, smarting from the neglect with which he had been treated by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, had resigned his office at the Treasury, and it had already leaked out that this was only the forerunner of more serious changes. Yesterday morning it was formally made known to the world that the Cabinet, which has been reconstructed once or twice already since it was first formed, was again to be picked to pieces, and built up again. There is a familiar saying as to the inconvenience of swapping horses in the middle of a stream, and the eve of a general election would seem to be scarcely the most opportune moment that could be chosen for a general change of places in the Ministry. Two Cabinet Ministers—Lord RIBON and Mr. CHILDERS—quit office altogether on personal and private grounds. "Very urgent private affairs" have, it is intimated, induced Lord RIBON to indulge himself with the repose which he has for some time desired; and Mr. CHILDERS will also, for the same reason, retire "for a while" from public business. It would appear that in

Mr. CHILDERS's case the retirement is regarded as only temporary, and the urgency of the private reasons which have dictated this step will not prevent him from discharging the duties of the Duchy of Lancaster until Mr. BRIGHT, who is at his own convenience to succeed to the office, feels himself strong enough to resume the burden of Ministerial responsibility. Of two vacancies in the Cabinet only one is for the present to be filled up. Mr. BRUCE is to be made a peer, and will succeed Lord RIBON as President of the Council. Mr. LOWE will be transferred to the Home Office; and Mr. GLADSTONE will take upon himself the labours of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in addition to those which devolve on him as First Lord of the Treasury and head of the Government. In order to lighten his labours, the experiment of adding another Lord to the Treasury, intermediate between the First Lord and the Junior Lords, which was tried, but without success, when the Government first came into office, is to be repeated. Lord F. CAVENDISH, Mr. GLADSTONE's private secretary, will be the new Lord, and Mr. DODSON, who is to be the Financial Secretary, will add considerably to the strength of the department. Whether Mr. ARTHUR PERL has the necessary qualities for the Parliamentary Secretaryship remains to be seen; but it must be remembered that the success of the holder of this office depends not merely on himself, but on his relations with the head of the Government, and on the manner in which the latter thinks it necessary to treat the House of Commons. It is supposed that the modifications of the Government which are in contemplation have not yet been exhausted. Those who are acquainted with the state of the legal world and the history of the Judicature Bill will learn with regret that the Mastership of the Rolls has been offered to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. One of the great difficulties that threaten to spoil the working of the Judicature Bill is the numerical weakness of the Equity Judges. This was allowed by the Government, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was one of the foremost to recognize it, and to promise to do what he could to repair the mischief; and now directly Parliament is up, the chief Equity Judgeship is offered to a man of whom it is no disparagement to say that he knows nothing of Equity whatever.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to conjecture the grounds on which it has been thought worth while to make these changes in the composition of the Ministry. It cannot, indeed, be said that the retirement of Lord RIBON, Mr. CHILDERS, or Mr. BAXTER, is a loss of strength to the Government, or that they cannot easily be replaced. Lord RIBON has never seemed to recover from the exhaustion of his youthful Radicalism, and Mr. CHILDERS has not fulfilled the promise of his first years in office. It was once the fashion to affect to regret that the commercial intelligence of the country could not be brought to bear upon the administration of public affairs, but the experiment which has been made in Mr. BAXTER's case has not been encouraging. The announcement that Mr. BRIGHT is on such terms with the Government that he is ready to return to office as soon as his health will permit may perhaps be expected to help in healing the breach between the Ministry and the Nonconformists, although Mr. BRIGHT possibly forgot, when he denounced the Education Act as the worst measure ever introduced by a Liberal Cabinet, that he had himself taken part in its preparation. With this exception, the Cabinet remains as it was, although the parts are once more shuffled. The men are the same, and it is only the

ceilings of the rooms in which they sit and not their minds which are changed. The substitution of King STONE for King LOU at the Home Office is, to say the least, a questionable experiment. The Home Office touches at different points of contact all classes in the country, and there is no department in which personal tact and delicate handling are more indispensable. The most successful Home Secretaries of our day were Lord PALMERSTON and Sir G. C. LEWIS, and it must occur to every one how few of the qualities for which they were remarkable are to be found in Mr. LOWE. It is still more doubtful whether Mr. GLADSTONE will be able to endure the double burden which he proposes to take upon himself. It may perhaps be thought that the spell of poetical Budgets will once more revive the fame of the Minister and the reputation of his Government; but it must not be forgotten that the materials out of which Mr. GLADSTONE composed his financial romances have to a great extent been exhausted. Without disparagement of an earnest and laborious statesman, it may be remarked, as a simple historical fact, that both in his Budgets and his Irish legislation he reaped the fruits of previous agitation and discussion. On the whole, the reconstruction of the Cabinet would seem to indicate rather the meanness and disappointment of the men who compose it than any real hopefulness as to the future. The associations of almost every office are at present so disagreeable that the holders are glad of anything for a change.

The truth is that the Government is weak because the Liberal party is demoralized; and the Liberal party is demoralized because it has no confidence in its leaders, no belief in their wisdom or good fortune, no real wish that they should be in office. In such a state of things men who have no other wish than that a Ministerialist should not be returned look on with complacent indifference if a Conservative stranger or an ambitious fellow-townsmen likes to court the barren honour of belonging for a few months to a Parliament which may any day be dissolved, and which in its utter exhaustion has lost the respect of the country. The Session did not close before the new member for Greenwich took his seat, and Mr. GLADSTONE had the mortification of seeing his colleague seated on the benches of the Opposition. At Dundee the contest was confined to Liberals, for a Scotch borough can scarcely be sufficiently divided to give Conservatives a chance. Mr. FITZJAMES STEPHEN had so much the advantage of his rivals in many important respects that success might be fairly presumed to be in his reach. Great, however, as were Mr. STEPHEN'S merits, he had one overwhelming and fearful demerit. He came as the Ministerialist candidate. This was enough to ensure his rejection, and a gentleman of the most exclusively local reputation polled five times as many votes as he did, while one of those aspiring politicians who offer themselves to the newly enlarged constituencies as the special friends of the working-man polled the respectable number of four thousand votes. The parallel between Greenwich and Dundee was equally close and instructive. At Greenwich also there was a Ministerial candidate, a very good candidate as times go, a former representative of the borough, and well known in the party struggles of the county. But the deadly taint of his being an avowed supporter of the present Government was upon him, and he could not get the support of a sixth part of the number of Liberals who had voted for Mr. GLADSTONE five years ago. At Greenwich, too, the only Liberal who made anything like a fight was one of the special friends of the working classes, who had taken the extra precaution of winning the Irish vote by offering to support Home Rule. The apathy which the Ballot has a tendency to produce might have been supposed to be in part the cause of the Liberal failure at Greenwich, had not the very large total of the electors who went to the poll at Dundee cast a doubt on this explanation.

The causes of this alienation of the constituencies from the Ministry are not difficult to discover. In the first place, the Government has managed to arouse the enmity of two powerful sections of voters, the Licensed Victuallers and the Nonconformists. In a great degree this is their misfortune rather than their fault, and the wrongs of the sellers of beer and the opponents of the Education Act are such as to command very little sympathy. But this does not affect the result. Publicans and Dissenters have somehow taken it into their heads that the defeat of a Ministerial candidate

shall be reckoned a source of comfort to them, and they are obstinate and powerful, and find themselves able to do very much to ensure that they shall not be deprived of the comfort for which they are looking. Then there is the general lassitude and indifference as to politics which has succeeded a time of excitement, and the Liberals who felt the excitement most are the readiest victims of the consequent weariness. But the main cause of the discredit of the supporters of the Government is the silent conviction among vast numbers of those who are theoretically friendly to the Government that the sooner the Government goes out of office the better for its own sake. What possible good can there be in prolonging the existence of the GLADSTONE Ministry? It goes on from blunder to blunder, and its internal dissensions threaten at every moment to break it up. No amount of patching or reconstruction can possibly save a Government which has fallen into such a plight. The double functions which the head of the Government has heroically undertaken, the supervision of the magistracy by Mr. LOWE, and other changes which have been announced, make up a complex experiment, the result of which will be watched by bystanders of all shades of opinion with lively curiosity, and by Liberals with a rather painful solicitude.

TRANSATLANTIC RAILWAY SCANDALS.

THE progress of corruption on the American continent has unfortunately extended to Canada, where some members of the present Government are gravely compromised by their dealings with reference to the Pacific Railway. It is not at present proved that either Ministers or members of Parliament have personally received bribes for their services; but there appears to be no doubt that a sum of 70,000*l.* was spent by railway speculators at the last election in support of French candidates who were to return the favour by supporting the Government. The Ministers on their part were pledged to grant a concession of the Pacific Railway to the capitalists who found the money. The negotiations were conducted on behalf of the applicants for the concession by Sir HUGH ALLAN, who publicly acknowledges his share in the transaction. Sir JOHN MACDONALD, Sir FRANCIS HICKES, and the late Sir GEORGE CARTER, are accused of receiving payments, apparently for election purposes. The Canadian House of Commons appointed a Committee to investigate the transaction, and passed an Act to enable the Committee to receive evidence on oath. Unluckily the Act was disallowed at home, as exceeding the powers of the Colonial Legislature, and consequently the Committee is unable to prosecute the inquiry. Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his colleagues have attempted to remedy the miscarriage by issuing a Commission to the same persons who had formed the Select Committee; but the Opposition members have refused to receive instructions from a Government which is, as they allege, itself on its defence. It is perhaps thought that an unproved charge will be more damaging to the party in power than an inquiry which might perhaps have resulted in an acquittal. It is greatly to be regretted that the principal politicians in the Dominion should be subjected to an accusation which affects the honour of the Legislature and the community. The exposure was caused by Sir HUGH ALLAN'S demand on his associates for repayment of the sums which he professed to have spent for the benefit of the Company. Some of his partners were American citizens who, though they may have been neither surprised nor shocked by the character of his operations, naturally desired some assurance that they would receive consideration for their outlay. The stock allotted to the Americans was held in the name of Sir HUGH ALLAN, in consequence of a provision in the Act of Incorporation which rendered foreigners incapable of holding shares. The restriction was intended to prevent a neighbouring American Company from acquiring the control of the undertaking; but any prohibition of the kind is impolitic and useless. Corrupt bargains are familiar to the Congress of the United States; nor is there any proof that Canadian members of Parliament have received payment for services to private speculators; but it had been thought that political leaders in Canada were incapable of conniving at pecuniary corruption. There is some reason to fear that the discovery of the irregularities which have been perpetrated or attempted may discourage the construction of

railways which are indispensable to the prosperity of the Dominion. In the neighbouring States of the Union new theories have lately been propounded which, if they are adopted, will put a stop to all railway enterprise.

The farmers in some of the Western States, having become dissatisfied with the railway rates on corn, have determined to redress the grievance by summary and effective means. In Illinois they have elected judges pledged to decide suits with railways in accordance with the interests of their constituents, and they have also returned a Legislature favourable to their views. The first result of the agitation is an Act against the demand of any but a fair and reasonable rate, including a prohibition of discriminating rates, especially when they result from competition. It is evident that an arbitrary alteration in the conditions on which a railway is conducted may amount to a confiscation of property. The Act appears not to provide any test of the fairness or reasonableness of the charges which it purports to regulate, but popular opinion inclines to a tariff estimated to produce ordinary interest on the supposed cost of the railway. The only moral objection to the scheme is that it is a retrospective alteration of a contract by one of the parties to the detriment of the other. Precautions against excessive rates ought to have been taken when the different Railway Bills were passed by the local Legislature, and not after capitalists have been tempted to expend their money on advantageous terms. There is no reason why any State should not invite Companies to make railways on condition that they shall receive three or two or one per cent. on their outlay in case of success, and that they shall, as at present, incur the risk of possible failure. It is true that such an invitation would not be accepted, but if the State Government failed to procure the construction of public works, it would have the satisfaction of a conscience void of offence. The Western farmers will experience a similar result whenever they happen to require an extension of the railway system. No speculator will engage in a doubtful enterprise unless he sees some chance of a more than ordinary profit. Sanguine projectors may rely on a future increase of trade and population to repay them for ventures which must in the first instance be unremunerative; but if the probability of hostile legislation is added to their perils, they will look for investments in other quarters. For the injustice of their policy the farmers have some excuse. When governing bodies are known to be open for hire or for sale, the bargain is necessarily concluded with the wealthiest and most liberal customer. Railway Companies have, as the most powerful Corporations in many States, practised almost every kind of commercial and political corruption. They have bought up State Legislatures by wholesale, and the directors have in some instances grossly defrauded their own shareholders. There may perhaps be a presumption that the Companies attempt to recoup themselves for illegitimate expenditure by extravagant tariffs; and judges who are elected for the purpose of giving judgments against railways are by one degree more respectable than judges who are returned by the Companies. The large tracts of land which have in many instances been granted to railways cause natural dissatisfaction; and in many cases the opponents of the Companies are probably sincere in their belief that they are acting for the public good. Nevertheless it is absurd to expect that railways will be made in new countries except on terms which are sufficient to cover a wide margin of uncertainty. The total return of railways in America as in England scarcely exceeds the ordinary rate of interest; and the largest receipts are of course obtained in the settled parts of the country.

If the arrangements for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway had not involved corrupt practices, the Government might have been excused if it offered liberal terms for a great economical and political benefit. The main advantage of cheap transit is the encouragement which is given to immigration and settlement. A railway is in many respects preferable to a navigable river in the facilities which it offers for travelling and for the transmission of produce. It is scarcely probable that at any time a large number of through passengers will adopt the Canadian route between the Atlantic and the Pacific; but when the interior of the Continent is made accessible, the increase of local intercourse may be indefinitely large. The

Government and the Legislature are probably well advised in following the American example of making large grants of land along the line to the undertakers of the railway. The Company has the strongest inducement for encouraging settlement on its estates, for the purpose of creating the traffic which must feed the railway; and where land is more plentiful than money, the cheaper currency is naturally preferred as a medium of payment. The English guarantee will enable the Government to raise a considerable loan on moderate terms, and the credit of the Dominion is not less negotiable than that of the United States. It will be a cause for grave regret if the recent scandal interposes any impediment in the way of the construction of the railway; but the slur on the reputation of the Government and the community may be worse than any material loss. Although the social conditions and the political institutions of Canada resemble those of the United States, it had been thought that the governing class was more select and less unscrupulous in the colony than in the Republic. When office and power fail to command popular respect, they will generally be used for the personal benefit of the incumbents. The Canadian Ministers have probably at the worst only been guilty of electoral corruption; but their successors may perhaps become as venal as if they were members of a New York or Pennsylvania Legislature.

THE FUSION IN FRANCE.

THE fusion between the elder and younger branches of the BOURBONS which has been so often talked about and so ardently hoped for is at last accomplished. The Count of PARIS has paid a visit to the Count of CHAMBORD, has saluted him, according to an apparently authentic account, not only as the head of the house, but as the sole representative of the monarchical principle in France, and has received from him a visit in return. The significance of this event is not necessarily very great. The Count of PARIS has made no act of abdication, because it has long been understood that he had no pretensions to abdicate. From the moment when the monarchical parties began to raise their heads again in France, it has been clear that the Orléanists have no longer any dynastic interests to serve. The childlessness of the Count of CHAMBORD has settled this point for them. It is not worth while for the undisputed heir to the throne to play the part of a Pretender. This exclusion of dynastic considerations left the Orléanists free to consult the interests of Monarchy generally. It is plain that the chances of a restoration—be they small or great in themselves—are greatest if the partisans of the Monarchy are united among themselves. Legitimists and Orléanists may find it impossible to re-establish the throne, even if they go about it in hearty co-operation, but the impossibility is at any rate not so obvious as it would be if each were labouring to set up a different throne. If the recognition of this fact on the part of the Orléanists had implied that the Count of PARIS was never to be King, loyalty to the younger branch might have led them still to disregard it; but the fact of his standing next in succession removed all difficulty. The delay in the fusion has probably been caused by the desire of the Orléanists to make terms with the Count of CHAMBORD. They were prepared to see the Count of PARIS acknowledge him as the only claimant to the throne of France, but they did not want the concession to be entirely one-sided. The best return that the Count of CHAMBORD could have made for his cousin's submission would have been to abdicate in his favour; but it was very soon evident that HENRY V. was not going to give any such extravagant reward for the performance of a simple act of family duty. Disappointed in this hope, the Orléanists next tried to induce the Count of CHAMBORD to say something which might be twisted into an acceptance of constitutional principles. Before long, however, they would have been glad to compound for simple silence on his part. The more promising the chances of the Legitimists have looked, the more resolute the Count of CHAMBORD has been in committing his partisans to all kinds of damaging declarations. Once at least the Count of PARIS, when he was on the eve of starting to pay his visit, was induced to give up the intention by the unexpected appearance of an ill-timed manifesto. The Count of CHAMBORD may be in the hands of partisans who do not wish to see their own importance lessened by being merged in a larger party, and who have consequently persuaded

him at the last moment to do something that should have the effect of keeping the Orleanists at a distance. Or he may have been honourably anxious that his cousin should not come to him under any misconception as to his opinions. At all events, the same course has been pursued on this occasion, though not with the same results. On the 24th of July M. DE CAZENOVE DE PRADINE proposed that the National Assembly should be represented by a delegation at the laying of the first stone of the new church on Montmartre. The motion obtained no support except from the Extreme Right; but the Count of CHAMBORD has thought proper to associate himself with its ill success. He has written to M. DE CAZENOVE DE PRADINE congratulating him in the warmest language on having sustained a glorious defeat in a glorious cause. This letter was published just when the Count of PARIS was on the point of leaving Paris for Vienna, and it was at first thought that it would have had the same deterring influence on his movements that the publication of the letter to the Bishop of ORLEANS had on a former occasion. The new church on Montmartre is regarded by pious Ultramontanes as a symbolical act of reparation for all the sins which France has committed against the Church and the Pope; and if the Assembly had been formally represented at the laying of the foundation stone, it would have been accepted as an indication that the majority of the 24th of May wastes reactionary in religion as it is in politics. Neither the Right Centre nor the Moderate Right were prepared to go this length, but the letter of the Count of CHAMBORD comes to prove that, in thus separating themselves from the Ultramontane cause, they are separating themselves, at all events in opinion, from the representative of Monarchy in France. This time, however, the Count of PARIS has not been warned off. The Orleanists must be supposed to have learned that the Count of CHAMBORD must be taken without conditions or not taken at all.

The real importance of this interview cannot be measured until we see its effect on the majority of the Assembly. Its first effect will probably be to abolish the use of the words Orleanist and Legitimist, and to unite both parties under the common title of Royalists. But this change, supposing it to stand by itself, will be only a change of names. There will be no more Orleanists in the sense of a party supporting the claims of the younger branch of the BOURBONS to the Crown, and no more Legitimists in the sense of a party advocating the indefeasible title of the elder branch. But the principles which underlie this distinction will survive, though the distinction itself may be effaced. Orleanists and Legitimists will continue to be at issue as to the terms on which a restoration is to be effected. The Count of PARIS has his theory of Monarchy, and the Count of CHAMBORD has his, and the two are far more opposed to each other than the Count of PARIS's theory is to the theory of a Republic. If the Count of CHAMBORD comes to the throne, he will come as the legitimate King, deriving his title neither from the vote of the Assembly nor from popular recognition. He will consent to no stipulation, he will recognize no right on the part of the deputies to limit his authority in any way. How is the Count of PARIS, who believes Monarchy to be only legitimate when the monarch reigns by the free consent of his subjects, and consequently admits that subjects have the right to impose conditions even on their King, to co-operate in bringing about a restoration on these terms? He may withdraw, as he has done long ago, his personal pretensions to the Crown; he may be willing to succeed his cousin instead of displacing him; he may declare that, if the French nation wishes for a King, it must look for one in the first instance to the Count of CHAMBORD. But how is he to accept, either for himself or for his future subjects, a Monarchy which, whatever it may be in action, will in theory be the Monarchy of which the reality was destroyed in 1789, and the restored shadow in 1830? The Count of PARIS cannot forget that he is the heir of LOUIS PHILIPPE as well as the heir of the Count of CHAMBORD; and if the latter succession gives him an unchallenged title to the throne, the former makes him the natural guardian of the principles embodied in the Monarchy of July. The conflict between the political principles represented by the two branches of the Royal House is not at an end because the dynastic conflict is at an end; and the problem which the Royalists will now have to solve is how a restoration can be effected without one or other of the contending principles going to the wall. It is far from certain, therefore, that the internal fouds of the majority

will be any the less bitter because, for the division into Orleanists and Legitimists, there has been substituted a division into Constitutional Royalists and Absolute Royalists. Whether one cause of dissension has or has not been removed, there can be no doubt that another cause of dissension has been introduced. The external reconciliation of Orleanists and Legitimists is an open defiance launched against the Bonapartists, and the Bonapartists have been so important an element in the coalition which has placed Marshal MACMAHON at the head of affairs that their secession may have more serious consequences than the leaders of the Parliamentary majority may be inclined to admit. Between now and the meeting of the Assembly in November there is time for many unforeseen changes in the present combinations of parties.

THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC EXPENDITURE.

AT the beginning of the late Session Mr. VERNON HARCOURT, who had for some time past become a zealous economist, undertook to stimulate the Government to the performance of its duty by moving for a Committee on the public expenditure. It was perhaps a little disappointing to find that, on urging Mr. GLADSTONE to reduce the national establishments, he was pressing at an open door. No Minister has ever sympathized less with numerous staffs, with large salaries, or in general with a profuse outlay on the public service. Mr. HARCOURT's original scheme of investigation, which would have included the army and navy, with their supplementary departments, was considered too ambitious. It would scarcely have been possible for the Government, within a year from the introduction of Mr. CARDWELL's scheme of military organization, to sanction an inquiry whether Mr. HARCOURT should be allowed to diminish the numbers of the army by a half or by two-thirds. Mr. GLADSTONE, who lately admitted that, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was in the habit of protesting against Lord PALMERSTON's military expenditure, would perhaps even now not be unwilling to reduce the establishments which are considered necessary by his colleagues and by Parliament; but, having acquiesced in the Estimates which were laid before the House of Commons, he could not allow an independent member to reopen the question of the national defences. Accordingly he granted a Committee "to inquire whether any and what reductions can be effected in the expenditure for Civil Services, with special reference to those branches thereof which are not under the direct or effectual control of the Treasury." Mr. HARCOURT prudently accepted the compromise offered by the Minister, although his own previous criticisms had been directed rather against the army than against the Civil Service. The wording of the reference to the Committee was highly significant. The Committee had no power to recommend an increase of salaries, even where it might seem to tend to the benefit of the service; and it was virtually instructed to render the financial subordination of the public departments of the Treasury more stringent and complete. In one of its Reports the Committee ventured to suggest that there is an anomaly in the position of an Admiralty Registrar at Liverpool, who receives no remuneration for his services; but, without transgressing the limit imposed by the terms of reference, the Committee could not propose the correction of a flagrant absurdity. When the Committee was appointed Mr. GLADSTONE had not foreseen that the Government would be defeated on a resolution for increasing the salaries of all the Civil Servants in Ireland. A time of unprecedented dearth seems not altogether a felicitous occasion for reducing the incomes of public functionaries.

In accordance with its instructions the Committee examined some of the permanent officers of the Treasury, who unanimously complained of the want of control by their department of the judicial and legal establishments. As might have been expected, the Treasury holds that independence implies extravagance; and, although it does not appear that the Committee had any means of testing the value of official opinions, it arrived at the conclusion "that the absence of any uniform principle in the regulation of the offices must produce mischievous results." With commendable modesty the Committee contented themselves with recommending the appointment of a small Commission of Inquiry to discharge the duties to which it found itself incompetent. If the suggestion is adopted by the Government, it may be hoped that Judges and legal practitioners will have a voice in the matter as well as the official advo-

cates of symmetry and discipline. The Treasury clerks pride themselves on curtailing expense with little or no regard to efficiency, as when they stint the cost of criminal prosecutions in utter disregard of the indignant complaints of Judges and of local authorities. Unfortunately Mr. GLADSTONE himself is habitually bent on confining within the narrowest limits the remuneration of Judges who have often been making large incomes at the Bar. The reduction of the salaries of the Judges of Appeal under the Judicature Bill was a singularly unwise instance of frugality; and it is even doubtful whether a vacant judicial office will not, in consequence of a reduction of salary, be refused by the person who is universally considered the fittest successor to the post. A device for saving a few hundreds a year in the salaries of judges' clerks was the immediate cause of the most flagrant scandal which has been incurred by the present Administration. A minor error was more recently committed in the attempt to change, to the disadvantage of the County Court judges, the conditions on which they had accepted their offices. Mr. LOWE and Mr. GLADSTONE himself thought it worth while to intervene in a controversy where their subordinates might have been excused for making a mistake. The Commission which is to be the sole result of the labours of the Select Committee will perhaps never be appointed.

Having concluded its inquiry into the judicial establishment by recommending that a Commission should inquire into the subject, the Select Committee next directed its attention to the question "whether economies might be effected in the organization of the permanent and temporary clerical staffs of the civil departments." For the purpose of the investigation the Committee judiciously examined the permanent heads of the great departments, especially of the Treasury, the present and late Financial Secretaries of the Treasury, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. As long as it was proposed to extend the controlling power of the Treasury to the judicial establishments nothing could be more harmonious than the official testimony; but when the Committee approached the more delicate question of the Civil Service, great differences of opinion were found to prevail on almost every branch of the subject. Recent disclosures will fully explain the conflicts which were likely to arise between the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and his subordinates. A Financial Secretary of the Treasury who, according to Mr. LOWE, is incapable of distinguishing between a Minute and a Memorandum, could scarcely be expected to share the opinions of his supercilious superior. The Committee and Mr. GLADSTONE himself might have been less strongly impressed with the necessity of extending the controlling power of the Treasury if it had been known that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was in the habit of administering the affairs of the Post Office without communicating his resolutions to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, and of altering the Estimates for Public Works without consulting the CHIEF COMMISSIONER. Some of the statistical facts collected by the Committee are more or less interesting. It appears that the charge for superior office clerks in the Civil Service is no less than 3,000,000*l.* a year, and that the number of clerks on the establishment is about eleven thousand. In the opinion of the Committee the rates of salary are not generally excessive, nor is any reduction in this respect recommended; but it is alleged that an unnecessary number of clerks is employed, partly because many of them do too little work, and partly "from the waste of time occasioned by employing well-educated men on merely mechanical duties." One of two or three alternative modes of reduction is an entire cessation of new appointments, which seems a crude and inconvenient mode of effecting the object. The Committee found, "with regret, that harmonious action between the Treasury and the departments concerned has not always accompanied the endeavours to apply the existing rules to the re-organization of particular offices." The Treasury appears not to be distinguished by the quality of harmony, either in the internal relations of its members with one another or in its dealing with other branches of the public service. When the head of a department finds that a change is proposed with little or no regard to the efficient conduct of business, he may be expected to remonstrate. Two conflicting schemes of providing for the necessities of the services were suggested by different witnesses. Either two classes of clerks were to be kept permanently distinct, or a rise from the inferior rank was in special cases to be permitted. On this, as on nearly

all other questions, the Committee found itself unable to form a decision. The competitive system was considered as, on the whole, the best method of providing for the admission of young men into the service. It is satisfactory to learn that a Committee of which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was a principal member should regard the device of competitive examination with so moderate a feeling of admiration. Twenty years ago, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, then a zealous pupil of Mr. GLADSTONE's, was one of the first authors of the practice of competition. During the interval some jobbery has been prevented, and much trouble has been saved to Secretaries of the Treasury and to members of Parliament; but it is not known that any improvement has taken place in the character of the Civil Service. The Committee finally propose that they should be reappointed in the next Session to continue an inquiry which has not been discredited by any display of precipitancy or rashness. Nearly the only confident recommendation is that copying-machines should be introduced into all the offices, and that no copying should henceforth be done by hand. If five months have sufficed to produce such a result, it is easy to calculate the value of another inquiry of equal length.

THE INDIAN BUDGET.

THERE are various theories as to the utility of going through the strange process of presenting what is called the Indian Budget to the House of Commons. Some theorists say that it is done to please the natives of India, and we should be glad to think that this is the true explanation; for if the natives are pleased with it, they must be extremely easily pleased, and of course it is agreeable to think that the distant millions over whom we rule are of a facile and contented disposition. Others think that the British taxpayer likes to know how things stand in India; for if there were any deficiency, there is a very great probability, if not a certainty, that he would be called on to make it good. It would show great good sense in the British taxpayer if he devoted so much anxiety to the consideration of his possible liabilities. India has not as yet cost England anything, but it is impossible to be blind to the fact that the Indian guarantee of past debt and of the money borrowed for public works is really an English guarantee, although this guarantee is given in a form just sufficiently indirect to make India pay nearly five instead of a trifle over three per cent. for what she is told to borrow. India is also taxed up to the limits, or very nearly up to the limits, of what she can stand; and if any great crisis came, and large sums of money had to be found, England would prefer finding them herself to letting India go without them, or subjecting India to so burdensome an amount of taxation as to place the Indian Government in constant difficulty and danger. Others, again, think that the House of Commons itself likes to have the Indian Budget presented to it, because it feels responsible for the government of an immense dependency, and is proud of the task, and wants to have sufficient information in order to be able to discharge its duties properly. But, whatever may be the best theory to account for the production of the Indian Budget, the fact is that the proceeding in real life is a complete farce. The Government waits till every one is gone out of town. It then gives a few odd hours, now one day and now another, to Indian affairs, and limits in the strictest manner the flow of talk which it considers utterly idle. By a great stroke of good luck, it has for the present got Mr. FAWCETT to give a little air of seriousness to the proceedings. Mr. FAWCETT is the one Englishman not connected with the official world who has taken into his head to interest himself in Indian affairs, and to plead what he considers to be the cause of the mismanaged natives in the House of Commons. No one else, except persons officially connected now or heretofore with India, cares in the slightest degree about Indian finance or the dangers to which bad management in India may give rise. There is a general belief that India is very well governed at present. It has had three Governor-Generals in succession—Lord LAWRENCE, Lord MAYO, and Lord NORTHBROOK—who have commanded great confidence both in India and in England. Not to speak of former Administrations, it has now Mr. GRANT DUFF to take care of it here, and no one doubts that Parliament could scarcely furnish a more liberal, industrious, and enlightened official for the purpose. English stockholders get their money regularly

if they invest in Indian securities, and those who have had most to do with Indian law are constantly informing the British public that the administration of law in India is ten times better and more scientific than the administration of law in England. If it were not that Mr. FAWCETT is at hand to suggest that there are black spots in the Indian sky, every one would take for granted that it was a heaven of unclouded blue; and even he, with all his energy, does little more than give Mr. GRANT DUFF an opportunity of proving over and over again that such a blue sky was never seen before in the world.

According to Mr. GRANT DUFF, Indian finance is in the happiest possible condition. Since 1868, when the present Ministry came into office, the expenditure has been decreased by five millions sterling; or, if the sum spent for Provincial services is deducted, by considerably over four millions; and the interest on the debt has been diminished by something like a quarter of a million. On the other hand, the revenue has largely increased. The land revenue, the salt revenue, the opium revenue, and the excise revenue have all increased, and the total increase on these heads reaches nearly to two millions; and all of this increase is due to the natural elasticity of the revenue, except that on the one head of salt there has been an augmentation of the duty. Then India has about twenty millions sterling in the way of balance to its credit in India and in England; and these balances are so much larger than is necessary that the Government intends to take out of them four millions, which will suffice for the total expenditure on what are called remunerative public works during the current year. The only weak point that the UNDER-SECRETARY could discover was the smallness of the estimated surplus, which is put down at about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and this, he could not help acknowledging, was but a tiny balance for so great an Empire. But then whose fault was that? It was the fault of those who managed to get the Income-tax repealed. An Income-tax of one per cent. would have given another half-million, and then India would have had a most respectable surplus. Mr. GRANT DUFF much regrets that the Income-tax has been abolished, and he had the courage to say so, and further to express his belief that before very long it would be put on again. The mistake of taking off this tax has, however, been made, and it is interesting to learn to what causes Mr. GRANT DUFF ascribes it. He says that the Income-tax was taken off, not because those charged with the government of India thought it right or wise to abandon the tax, but because the native press was against it, because Indian officials dislike paying it, because the wealthy natives wished to keep the poor natives as poor as possible, and therefore hated a tax which fell on the rich and so eased the poor; and, lastly, because the mischief-making member for Brighton had made so much noise about it that the Indian Government got alarmed. According to this, the Indian Government abandoned a tax which they thought necessary and just, for four reasons, not one of which ought to have had the slightest weight with it. Mr. GRANT DUFF does not shrink from owning this. If there is no interference with the official management of India, then everything, he intimates, goes on perfectly well. The authorities have nothing to learn and nothing to gain from the criticism of outsiders. The Chairman of the Committee which has been sitting so long to collect evidence and make suggestions about India has indeed recommended a new form for the accounts submitted to Parliament, and this form Mr. GRANT DUFF owns is an improvement; but this is a purely English matter, and does not in any way affect India itself. The Indian Government knows what is best for India, and carries it out. Unfortunately the Indian Government cannot quite do what it likes, for the House of Commons will occasionally interfere; but this interference is all so much loss to the welfare and happiness of India. Foolish as the practice of pushing scraps of a debate about India into odd corners of time in the last few days of the Session must seem to every one else, to the UNDER-SECRETARY it must seem worse than foolish. It not only causes an unnecessary pause in the working of beneficent officialism, but the pause is one which, if it produces any consequences, must produce bad ones.

Mr. FAWCETT set himself to lower, so far as possible, the exultant spirits of Mr. GRANT DUFF. The weak points in Indian finance are not very difficult to discover. We spend the land revenue, which was the chief and almost the only kind of revenue in old times, in paying the interest of the

debt and providing for the costs of the army. We thus use up the old revenue of the country in paying for our having a footing in India, and then we want new taxes in order to govern the country. We think it right to give India high-class officials, scientific law, an adequate police, drainage, canals, railways, and all that goes to make up our European notion of what good government means; and for all these varied and most necessary and useful purposes we have to get money out of the natives by other means than that of the income from land. We have managed to get a great deal out of them; but then we have two difficulties to face. We appear to be getting out of them all they have to give us, and one source of our revenue is very precarious. Lord LAWRENCE was examined before the Committee on Indian Affairs, and was asked the following question:—"In case the revenue should fall short, is there any existing tax you know of which can be increased with safety to the State?" Lord LAWRENCE's reply was, "I know of none." Then he was asked, "Is there any new tax which could, in your opinion, be levied?" And Lord LAWRENCE answered, "I am not aware of any." This is a very serious state of things, and though Mr. GRANT DUFF questioned the proposition that no new tax could be invented, he treated with little respect every proposal he had heard of for new taxation, except the restoration of the Income-tax. That the balancing of Indian finance depends in a very large degree on the opium revenue is universally allowed to be a matter of much regret. Recently the opium crop has been good, and the revenue from this source has increased largely. The crops, however, may some year, or in some series of years, be bad, and then the Indian Budget will be a different affair from what it is now. The market does not appear in the least to fail, and the Chinese take our opium as freely as ever. Sir WILFRID LAWSON, who will not read up his *Hanbards*, gave notice that next Session he would protest against our getting our revenue by debauching the Chinese. Mr. GRANT DUFF cannot be expected to go over the same ground year after year, but if Sir WILFRID LAWSON had but taken the trouble to know what the UNDER-SECRETARY had stated in former years, he would have learnt that by furnishing the Chinese with opium we are doing them the greatest kindness in the world; for the Chinese take a great deal too much tea, just as people in England would probably do if the Permissive Bill were passed, and they absolutely need opium as a corrective. It is of course a matter of regret that the instrument by which we confer this benefit on the Chinese is one which bad weather may cause to fail us, as then, not only should we have to deplore our inability to tranquillize Chinese nerves as much as we should wish, but our revenue accounts would show a dismal deficit. But, in spite of all this, what is the Government of India to do? It does not do as it can pay its way with existing taxes, it must do so without considering too keenly what it would do if it had to pay more than it received; and as the opium crops are good, it can but take the money which these crops provide. The only easy and practicable source of economy that can be suggested is to spend less on public works. If the natives cannot pay for material improvements, they cannot have them; and the system of making such improvements on borrowed money, on the speculation that they will themselves create the resources to provide the interest, is one that seems to have reached its limits in a country so poor and so slow to change as India. The second field of saving on a large scale which is said to exist is that of the army. We spend, it is said, too much on making India safe. Perhaps this may be so, but no one not possessed of the most accurate information could undertake to say that it is the case. The very first thing we have to do is to make ourselves safe in India at whatever cost may be necessary; and the very worst thing we could possibly do for India is, from motives of short-sighted economy, to weaken our army so as to invite an attack from within or without which would entail an expenditure that would in a few weeks sweep away all that could be saved by the economy of years.

POLITICAL AGITATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE Ballot, which has up to this time operated less mischievously than might have been expected, will perhaps produce an incidental advantage in discouraging political agitation during the autumn and winter. Before demagogues and philanthropists commence a clamour they

are naturally careful to ascertain whether anything is to be got by the particular disturbance which they are about to promote. It has generally happened that the tendency of popular inclination has been so far susceptible of calculation as to admit of being accelerated or applauded under the name of progress. Traders in politics have consequently had little difficulty in selecting the winning side, although it has not always been possible to ascertain how soon the game would be won. At present the most vigilant waiters on Providence and popular favour must be greatly puzzled in choosing the most profitable outlet for patriotic energy. Four years ago Mr. GLADSTONE could have determined the fate of half the elections in the kingdom if he had thought fit to express a preference for one Liberal candidate over another. It was only among rare and eccentric constituencies that the profession of revolutionary doctrines might have seemed a better speculation than a loyal allegiance to the Minister. In the course of the present week two populous boroughs have expressed their feelings towards the Government by leaving the Ministerial candidate in an insignificant minority; and an important county election has also ended in a Conservative triumph. Mr. ANGERSTEIN was a respectable nominee of the orthodox Liberal party; and it would be absurd to compare the pretensions of Mr. STEPHEN with those of his successful competitor; but at Dundee, as at Greenwich, an avowed intention of supporting Mr. GLADSTONE seems to have been regarded by the electors as a conclusive disqualification. Mr. YEAMAN, indeed, will on occasion vote for the Ministers, but it was probably thought that he might be only a moderately effective supporter of the Liberal cause. The effect on political adventurers will perhaps be to reduce them to temporary silence, as if they were frequenters of the Turf who had just learned that on the eve of a race all the favourites were withdrawn from the contest. It is indeed easy for the flatterers of the mob to turn their backs on a discredited courtier; but the further difficulty of ascertaining which quarter of the heavens contains the rising sun will not readily be overcome. The Ballot renders it impossible to determine the identity of the voters, or of the electors who abstained from voting; and consequently there are no grounds for conjecturing the reasons which may have influenced any portion of a constituency.

The easy process of professing extreme doctrines is no longer a certain road to popularity. It appears, indeed, that four thousand electors of Dundee approved of a mawkish system of semi-socialist philanthropy, and that a third of the number at Greenwich inclined to revolutionary theories. As some men have achieved reputation by a single expression, Mr. BAXTER LANGLEY is best remembered by the exultation which he expressed at the destruction of a large quantity of butcher's meat in consequence of a railway strike which he had promoted. Some of his clients on that occasion were probably numbered among his supporters at Greenwich, while the remainder must be supposed to approve of his social and economic doctrines; but the anarchical propensities of one-eighth of the constituency of Greenwich afford no safe guide to agitators in search of popular principles. Denunciation of Church and State, of Railway Companies, and of butchers might not improbably be rewarded by indifference or general disapproval. Even if it were thought prudent to attack the Government, the question remains open on which side the Ministerial policy is to be assailed. The electors who declined to vote may have thought either that the Government had gone too far or that it ought to go further. Prudent and dispassionate politicians, not closely attached to any party, will regard with regret and with disapproval the caprice of the Liberal electors in England and in Scotland. Mr. GLADSTONE has undeniable faults, and his Government has incurred many miscarriages; but his vast knowledge, his commanding ability, and his great public services entitle him to the support of all who are not forced to differ from him on some great question of principle. There is no reason to suppose that the opposition or abstention of his former supporters is caused by any well-founded objection to his policy. The worst form which a party can assume is that of individual or cantonal isolation.

The Nonconformists will probably prosecute as before their sectarian quarrel with Mr. FORSTER and his colleagues, but they can scarcely take credit for the unforeseen weakness displayed by the Government in the recent elections. There are no English Dissenters at Dundee, and the sects are far less powerful in the metropolitan boroughs than in

the manufacturing towns of the Midland and Northern counties. In the last Session of Parliament, when all members constantly kept in view the chances of a general election, Mr. DIXON and Mr. MIALI were supported by diminished minorities. The country, as far as a judgment can be formed, cares but little for the 25th Clause of the Education Bill; and Mr. GLADSTONE was probably in the right when he told Mr. MIALI that the Established Church would be stronger in the next Parliament than in the present. The more ardent Dissenters, lay and clerical, will honestly make the most of their grievances, but agitators unattached will at present hesitate to join the sectarian banner. The advocates of Permissive Bills and contagious diseases have derived but small encouragement from recent events; and, although the House of Commons discredited itself by allowing Mr. RICHARD's resolutions on arbitration to pass, declamations on the advantages of peace excite no enthusiasm. On the whole, the choice of demagogues will probably fall on the demand for Mr. TREVELYAN's new Reform Bill, which has been openly sanctioned by the PRIME MINISTER, while it is faintly opposed by superficial Liberals and by insincere Conservatives. The danger of transferring to the agricultural labourers the control of the county representation has been imperfectly appreciated even by serious politicians. Attacks on landed property are comparatively innocuous when the agitation is confined to the populace of the towns. Artisans are not likely in any circumstances to covet a kind of property which they would be incapable of using. The political advisers of the farm-labourers would succeed far more easily in exciting their discontent and cupidity. Any declaimer against the exclusion of the labourers from the franchise is certain of a favourable audience. The revolutionary faction anxiously desires the accession of allies who would be serviceable in proportion to their ignorance and their violence.

Candidates for county seats will hesitate before they give their adhesion to the plan for rendering household suffrage universal. Many attempts have been made of late to separate the tenant-farmers from the landlords, and the success of the same experiment in Scotland naturally encourages the hopes of election managers in England; but it is a blunder to combine the seductive process of baiting a trap with the deterrent operation of a scurrow. The farmers may in some cases have been tempted by the blandishments of Liberals who held out to them hopes of fixity of tenure, of readjustments to their advantage of rates, and of the abolition or modification of the Game Laws; but on the other side are Mr. ARCH and his Labourers' Unions, and Mr. TREVELYAN with his Bill for disfranchising both landlords and tenants. Although the result of conflicting motives is not yet known, fear is a more potent passion than hope, and dread of mutinous labourers will probably prevail over jealousy of landlords. The county elections will probably, as in East Staffordshire, not be favourable to the Government; but the most sagacious observer can only guess at the working of the Ballot. Private dislikes, political crotchets, and anomalous motives of every kind will disturb political calculations. Perhaps Buckinghamshire may witness a revolt against Mr. DISRAELI not less unaccountable than the rebellion of Greenwich and Dundee against the lawful authority of Mr. GLADSTONE. In the general uncertainty, an interval of quiet may perhaps not be excessively disturbed by political agitation. The Government may be, as Mr. OSBORNE said, effete; but it is by no means certain that a revival of its early energy would not involve more unpopularity than its actual relaxation of activity. It would be more satisfactory to trust Mr. GLADSTONE than to rely on the judgment and patriotism of miscellaneous adventurers and deserters from their party.

THE WIGAN DISASTER.

THERE is, we believe, a prevalent idea that the safest time to travel is immediately after a very bad railway accident. It is supposed that an occurrence of this kind must naturally bring home to railway officials a sense of their responsibility, and must make them, for a day or two at least, particularly careful and diligent in attending to their duties. The events of the present week would seem to show the fallacy of this reasoning. The shocking catastrophe at Wigan has been immediately followed by a number of

other accidents. On Saturday afternoon there was a collision at Redbill, on the South-Eastern Railway. On Monday a passenger train ran into a coal train on the London and North-Western Railway, near Ashton; and on Tuesday, there was a more serious collision on the Great Western at Salisbury. On Wednesday again a Leeds train was run into at Bradford. Collisions are, of course, an inexcusable form of railway accident. It is impossible that they can occur if ordinary precautions are observed; but it is known that the paper rules of the Companies are habitually violated by working officials, with, it is to be feared, the connivance of their superiors; and the really accidental part of railway travelling is the arrival of trains in safety at their destination. It is thought to be enough if the chances are rather in favour of the lives of passengers. It need hardly be said that this is a matter in which gambling of this kind ought not to be tolerated, but there is a difficulty in dealing with powerful and reckless Companies. It has been stated on high official authority that by far the great majority of so-called accidents on railways are not accidental at all, and might be prevented by the adoption of well-known means of safety; but "the most important, most powerful, and most 'wealthy Companies'—we are quoting from the latest Report of the Board of Trade on this subject—"are just those 'which have too much neglected the application of such means, and frequently in those parts of their district in 'which for the heaviest traffic they were the most needed.'" On one occasion, after an accident on the London and North-Western Railway, it was discovered that "the distance-signal lamp had been broken for some time, and reported 'as broken,' while the gas supply at the signal-box had failed, and there was no clock or timepiece. Yet the Company which was guilty of this miserly neglect is one of the richest in the country."

The Wigan accident is perhaps the more alarming in consequence of the mystery which at present surrounds it. On Friday night the tourist express from London—an unusually heavy train of twenty-five carriages, drawn by a couple of engines—reached Wigan soon after one o'clock in the morning. Seventeen of the carriages passed through the station safely, but the rest got detached and ran into a siding, where they sprang from the rails and were dashed against each other with fearful violence, three or four of the carriages being piled one above another. It is impossible to describe the horrors of the scene. Thirteen passengers were either killed at the time or have since died, and some thirty or more were seriously injured. The marvel is, that any escaped alive; yet one man was found fast asleep and unhurt, and could not understand why he should be disturbed. A Board of Trade inquiry has been opened, but as yet it is impossible to say what was the cause of the disaster. It was at the "facing-points" that the train was broken into two parts; but these points, it appears, are worked on the interlocking system, and it was ascertained, after the accident, that they were properly set, uninjured, and in good working order. The station-master states that he found the points and the signals interlocked, and the pointsman declares that he never touched them after the accident until the station-master arrived. It cannot be doubted, however, that the cause of the accident must be sought at this point. It has been suggested that one of the carriages was not a North-Western, but a Caledonian carriage, and of a slightly different gauge from the North-Western rolling stock. No doubt a very slight difference in this respect, or in the height of the coupling-chains, would be sufficient, in connexion with the oscillation of a heavy train, to jerk the carriage off the metals, and, when one carriage left, the rest of course would follow. It may be said that, as Caledonian carriages frequently form part of North-Western trains, it is strange that no difficulty should have arisen on this account before; but a jerking which would be trifling under ordinary circumstances may have been intensified in this instance by the motion of a heavy train. We should be disposed to look for the origin of this accident not so much in any isolated incident as in a combination of circumstances. In the first place, there are the length and weight of the train. Last Friday night there was a general rush of people from town. August is the favourite and most convenient holiday month, and people in business like to throw the Bank holiday, with the preceding Saturday and Sunday, into their vacation. Anybody who happens to go to Euston Square or King's Cross about this time of year when the heavy trains of the day are starting can hardly fail to be startled by the number of

carriages, all closely packed, which are despatched at a time. The trains are of a composite character, and include detachments for a great many places on the way. At Crewe the train which met with this disaster had probably been a good deal reduced, but at Wigan it still comprised twenty-five carriages. Of these, seventeen passed smoothly and safely through the "facing-points"; it was the eighteenth carriage that went wrong, and, supposing that this was not due to the exceptional construction of the carriage, it is not unreasonable to conjecture that the length of the train had something to do with the disaster. There is always a tendency to oscillation in the last carriages of a very long train, and the prolonged strain may also have had a bad effect on the points. Facing-points, even at their best, are by no means in favour with careful engineers, and at Wigan they must be put through a severe trial. About two hundred trains a day pass through Wigan station, and a large proportion of these trains pass through the points now in question. If there were any tendency to weakness or irregularity about the points, a particularly long and heavy train following at a rapid pace after such a succession of trains would be very apt to bring out the mischief. The engine-driver states that in this case the train was going at the rate of thirty-eight miles an hour. The extraordinary thing is that, if the points had gone wrong, they should have spontaneously recovered themselves after the accident.

We forbear to express any opinion on evidence which has not been completed. A case has been cited in which, under somewhat similar circumstances, the pointsman's declaration that he had not touched the points after an accident did not command confidence; and another case of the same kind will be found in the latest batch of Board of Trade Reports on railway accidents. In the meanwhile there are one or two points on which we have no hesitation in expressing a confident opinion. In the first place, trains of twenty-five carriages which require two engines to pull them are clearly too long, and ought to be divided. One of the great mistakes of the Railway Companies is their perversity in not offering facilities to passengers to book their places beforehand. If this were done, those who were booked should in a busy season be sent off first, and the late comers should take their chance of a second train. Some limit should at least be placed on the length of quick trains. In the next place, trains should not be permitted to dash through stations at the rate of thirty-eight miles an hour; and the safety of facing points demands searching investigation. It has been stated that within a few hours after the terrible disaster of Saturday morning another accident of a similar kind was very nearly happening at the same spot, and would, an eye-witness asserts, have happened but for the slow pace at which the endangered carriage was moving. And, finally, it is obvious that every train should carry, as a matter of course, torches, saws, pickaxes, and other instruments which may be required in case of accident, and that these should also be kept at every station. Nothing can be more disgraceful than the difficulty which occurred at Wigan of obtaining lights and saws.

EPISCOPAL LETTER-WRITERS.

THE present motto of the Church Association seems to be—Take care of the curates and the incumbents will take care of themselves. It may be that a late-born distrust of the soundness of the decision in the PURCHAS case has indisposed them to prosecute those among the beneficed clergy who have not conformed to it, and that they think it safer and cheaper to attack men who have no freehold which the civil courts will protect. At all events, they show an extreme anxiety to egg on the bishops to "deal summarily" with such High Church curates as are already licensed in their dioceses, and to refuse to grant any further licences to men of the same way of thinking. If any of the bishops come to grief in this magnanimous crusade, they will not be able to plead that they have entered upon it unwarned. Three weeks ago the Bishop of LLANDAFF told the Council of the Church Association that to deal summarily with curates while leaving incumbents untouched would only lead thousands to array themselves on the side of the weaker party, and to resent with passionate indignation such an abuse of episcopal jurisdiction. It is a pity that the Bishop of DURHAM has not taken example by the Bishop of LLANDAFF. It seems, however, from a letter which he has addressed to Dr. DYKE, that he is too much impressed with

"the extent to which some of the clergy of the present day" in their public ministrations disregard the law which they "have pledged themselves to obey" to be very scrupulous as to the means he employs to bring them to their senses. If he had declared his intention of enforcing the law by taking proceedings against every beneficed clergyman in his diocese who either wears coloured stoles or takes part in, or is present at, the burning of incense, or turns his back to the people during the communion service—which are the three Ritualist crimes that seem most to excite the Bishop's indignation—his decision might be matter for regret, but it would furnish no occasion for criticism. The Bishop would be acting strictly within his rights, however injudicious, from any point of view but his own, his mode of exercising them might be. Instead of this, he has undertaken to do what he can to "protect curates from the unlawful requirements of some incumbents, and to protect parishioners from the follies and lawlessness of some curates." It is pleasing of course to see so heroic a determination to protect the weak, but its value in the present case is a little impaired by the fact that one of the classes mentioned by the Bishop has never invoked his aid, while the other, when it has asked for protection, has asked it against a different enemy. Where, except in the Bishop of DURHAM's fervid imagination, is the unwilling curate whom a cruel incumbent has compelled to wear coloured stoles, or to be present at the burning of incense, or to stand with his back to the people? If such a being exists, his fortune is made. The officers of the Church Association will be happy to organize a series of public meetings at which the victim will be the chief attraction, and it will be his own fault if he does not receive a sufficient percentage on the tickets to make the narration of his sufferings—illustrated by a real stole, real incense, and an enlarged photograph of his back as it appeared when turned to the congregation—supply him with all the comforts of life until such time as some Protestant patron presents him to a living.

Where, again, are the parishioners who need no protection against the lawlessness of incumbents, and are yet unable to protect themselves against the lawlessness of curates? If the Bishop of DURHAM really wants to help aggrieved parishioners, he is beginning at the wrong end. He intends in future to require of every incumbent who applies for a licence for a curate a written promise that he will not require such curate to offend in any of the three specified ways, and of every curate who applies for a licence a written promise that he will not so offend of his own mere motion. Putting aside all considerations of the justice or legality of thus setting up a standard of orthodoxy utterly unknown to the law, and making readiness to give these unauthorized pledges a condition of clerical employment in the diocese of Durham, how does the Bishop suppose that this policy will answer its alleged purpose? Those sensitive spirits who cannot say their prayers because the clergy wear green ribands round their neck instead of black will not be soothed because they will in future see only one coloured stole instead of two. If the sight of a clergyman's back is repugnant to their religious principles, the shock will be no less severe because the back is always the rector's, instead of, as heretofore, being alternately the rector's and the curate's. The only effect of the episcopal ukase will be that, while the ritual which the Bishop wishes to check will go on unchanged, the work in the parish to which he must be supposed to wish well will be shorn of half or two-thirds of its vigour.

The Bishop of LONDON also has been tempering the heats of summer by a little indulgence in letter-writing. The letter to the Rector and Churchwardens of St. George's, Hanover Square, which appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday, is a conspicuous instance of episcopal fondness for blowing hot and cold in the same sentence, and saying nothing while appearing to say much. The first three paragraphs combine the demerits of a sermon and an Article of Religion, while the statement of the "mind of the Church of England" which follows reads like an opinion of a counsel who feels that he has nothing to say, but has received too large a fee to admit of his decently saying nothing. The conclusion of the letter appears almost wise by comparison with the pre-eminent folly of the Vestry of St. George's. This remarkable corporation has, it seems, besought the Bishop of LONDON to exert all his power and vigilance to protect them and their families from the threatening danger of the restoration of auricular confession. There is about as much sense in this petition as there would be in a prayer that the Bishop

would exert all his power and vigilance to protect them and their families from the danger of marriage. The proper way to console these terrified petitioners would have been to remind them that, even if St. George's were lined with confessionals, the united strength of the Anglican clergy would be insufficient to make a vestryman confess. When they ask that their families shall be protected against confession, there is a little more meaning in the entreaty. Even that imposing being, a vestryman of St. George's, Hanover Square, occasionally finds that his wife and children do not think him so admirable as he thinks himself, and, in particular, that they have learned to question his omniscience in matters of religion. They have dared to become High Church while he has contentedly remained Low Church, and he does not know how to bring them back to his own views. It is the old story of the hen and the ducklings, only in this case the hen has a bishop to cackle to instead of addressing her supplications to the universe generally. The Bishop of LONDON has for once had the courage to tell the petitioners that he can do nothing for them:—"A bishop's power," especially in regard to the matter of confession, is very limited." Of course he does his best to destroy the force of his words by an intimation that the remedy "must be mainly sought elsewhere"; he would hardly be an Anglican bishop if he had not sought to qualify the force of so plain and sensible a statement. But the qualification does not amount to much, for it turns out that elsewhere is, in this instance, only a synonym for nowhere. A charge brought against a clergyman of "teaching the doctrine of sacramental confession might," probably, the Bishop thinks, "elicit from our courts a clear statement of our Church's teaching"; but even then "the rules of judicial interpretation in penal cases" might prevent the condemnation of the accused for "contradicting it." In other words, if the vestrymen of St. George's like to take proceedings against some High Church clergyman, they may probably get the doctrine of Confession condemned in the sense in which the doctrine of the Real Presence was condemned in the BENNETT case. We do not pretend to hold the wits of the Vestry of St. George's in very high esteem; but they will probably be keen enough to keep their owners from using their liberty of prosecuting. Even if they were unexpectedly successful in this way, they would only be able, as the Bishop goes on to remind them, to get at one of the guilty parties. "The laity who habitually confess, and whom the law cannot touch, are at least as culpable as the clergy who hear habitual confession."

If the law is thus imperfect, the Bishop of LONDON had better introduce a Bill to amend it. Perhaps the work of preparing it might lead him to choose his words with more accuracy. What is meant by a layman who habitually confesses being "culpable"? What law does he break in going to confession? and if there is a law against it, does he break it knowingly and wilfully? If the Bishop of LONDON would take the trouble to put these questions to himself, he would soon see that the only guilt which a layman can possibly incur by going to confession is the guilt of thinking differently from the Bishop of LONDON. No man goes to confession believing it to be wrong; no member of the Church of England goes to confession believing that the "mind of the Church of England" is opposed to his going. Of course, if the Bishop of LONDON has special authority to declare what the mind of the Church of England is upon all subjects, the laity are "culpable" for presuming to doubt his interpretation. But, before rating them for preferring another interpretation to his, it would be as well if he would make good his title to the office of infallible expounder of the Book of Common Prayer. On the whole, the Bishop of LONDON is seen at his best in the region of such safe truisms "as There would be few confessors if there were not many ready to confess;" and we should advise him in any further correspondence he may have with the Vestry of St. George's, to confine himself to judicious amplifications of this and equally indisputable propositions.

SECULAR PROPHETS.

ALTHOUGH prophecy is usually supposed to be the special gift of inspiration, nothing comes more glibly from secular pens. Half of the leading articles in the daily newspapers are more or less disguised predictions. The prophecies of the *Times* are more numerous, more confident, and more explicit than those of

Jeremiah or Isaiah. "Secular Prophecy Fulfilled" would be a good title for a book written after the model of those old and half-educated divines who zealously looked through Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, and the Apocalypse for shadowy hints that Hildebrand would enforce celibacy on the clergy of the Latin Church; that Luther would cut up the Christianity of the West into two sections; that Cromwell would sign the death-warrant of Charles I.; and that the Stuarts would become wanderers over the face of the earth. There are still, we believe, devout, mystical, and studious sectaries who find such events as the disestablishment of the Irish Church and the meeting of the Vatican Council plainly foretold in the Book of Revelation. They also find Mr. Gladstone's name written in letters of fire by inspired pens that left their record while the captivity of Babylon was a recent memory, or while Nero was the scourge of the Church. Nay, Dr. Cumming, who is as different from those mystical interpreters as a smart Yankee trader is from Parson Adams, sees that the Prophet Daniel and St. John had a still more minute acquaintance with the home and Continental politics of these latter days. But "Secular Prophecy Fulfilled" would show a much more wonderful series of glimpses into the future than we find in the interpretations of Dr. Cumming, and it would certainly bring together a strange set of soothsayers.

Arthur Young, Lord Chesterfield, and William Cobbett are not exactly the kind of men whom we should expect to find among the prophets. Arthur Young was a shrewd traveller, with a keen eye for leading facts, and a remarkable power of describing what he saw in plain, homely words. Chesterfield was a literary and philosophical dandy, who, richly furnished with the small coin of wisdom, and fearing nothing so much as indecorum, would have been a great teacher if the earth had been a drawing-room. Cobbett was a coarse, rough English farmer, with an extraordinary power of reasoning at the dictate of his prejudices, and with such a faculty of writing racy, vigorous English as excites the admiration and the despair of scholars. It seems almost ludicrous to speak of such men as prophets. And yet Arthur Young foretold the coming of the French Revolution at a time when the foremost men of France did not dream that the greatest of political convulsions was soon to lay low the proudest of monarchies. And the dandified morality of Lord Chesterfield did not prevent him from making a similar prediction. Cobbett made a guess which was still more notable; for, at the beginning of the present century, he foretold the secession of the Southern States. But the most remarkable of all the secular prophets who have spoken to our time is Heine. He might seem indeed to have been a living irony on the very name of prophet, for he read backwards all the sanctities of religion and all the commands of the moral law. Essentially a humourist, to whom life seemed now the saddest of mysteries and now the most laughable of jokes, he made sport of everything that he touched. His most fervid English devotee, Mr. Matthew Arnold, is forced to admit that he was profoundly disresponsible. He quarrelled with his best friends for frivolously petty reasons, and he repaid their kindness by writing lampoons which are masterpieces at once of literary skill and of malignity. Neither Voltaire nor Pope scattered calumnies with such a lack of scruple, and Byron himself was not a more persistent or more systematic voluptuary. Yet Heine was so true a prophet that his predictions might have been accounted the work of inspiration if he had been as famed for piety or purity as he was notorious for irreligion and profligacy. He predicted that Germany and France would fight, and that France would be utterly put down. He predicted that the line of fortifications which M. Thiers was then building round Paris would draw to the capital a great hostile army, and that they would crush the city as if they were a contracting iron shroud. He predicted that the Communists would some day get the upper hand in Paris, that they would strike in a spirit of fiendish rage at the statues, the beautiful buildings, and all the other tangible marks of the civilization which they sought to destroy; that they would throw down the Vendôme Column in their hate of the man who had made France the foe of every other people; and that they would further show their execration for his memory by taking his ashes from the Invalides and flinging them into the Seine. All these predictions, save the last, have been fulfilled to the letter, and it would need a bolder prophet than even Heine himself to say that the last will not be verified also. For nothing is more remarkable in France than the success with which the International is teaching the artisans that the first as well as the third Napoleon was the worst enemy of their class. Although they still regard his achievements with pride, they fervently believe that he was the foe of their order, and the acts of the Commune showed their eagerness to insult his name. And there may be another Commune. Intrepid prophets would say that there certainly will be another. If that should happen, it is quite possible that the fanatics of the International may fling the ashes of the great soldier into the Seine to mark their abhorrence of military glory.

Prevost-Paradol was as different from Heine as a gifted voluptuary can be from a polished, fastidious, and decorous gentleman. Yet the refined, reserved, satirical Orleanist, who seemed to be uncomfortable when his hands were not encased in kid gloves, and who was a master of all the literary resources of innuendo, would be as much out of place among the Hebrew prophets as Heine himself. He would find a place, nevertheless, in "Secular Prophecy Fulfilled," by reason of the startling exactness with which he foretold the outbreak of the war between his own country and Germany. In a passage which promises to become classic, he said that the two nations were like two trains which, starting from

opposite points, and placed on the same line of rails, were driven towards each other at full speed. There must be a collision. The only doubt was where it would happen, and when, and with what results. De Tocqueville better fulfilled the traditional idea of a prophet, and there is a startling accuracy in some of the predictions as to the future of France which he flung forth in talking with his friends, and of which we find a partial record in the journal of Mr. Nassau Senior. Eighteen years before the fall of the Empire, he predicted that it would wreck itself "in some extravagant foreign enterprise." "War," he added, "would assuredly be its death, but its death would perhaps cost dear." M. Renan also aspires to a place among the prophets, and he has made a prediction which may be a subject of some curiosity when the next Pope shall be elected. The Church of Rome will not, he says, be split up by disputes about doctrine. But he does look for a schism, and it will come, he thinks, when some Papal election shall be deemed invalid; when there shall be two competing Pontiffs, and Europe shall see a renewal of the strife between Rome and Avignon.

It may be said, no doubt, that the verified predictions which we have cited are only stray hits; that the oracles make still more remarkable misses, and that, since guesses about the future are shot off every hour of the day, it would be a marvel if the bull's-eye were not struck sometimes. Such a theory might suffice to account for the hits if the prophecies were let off in the dark and at random; but that is not the case. It is easy to trace the path along which the mind of Heine or De Tocqueville travelled to the results of the future, and their predictions betray nothing more wonderful than a rare power of drawing correct inferences from confused facts. A set of general rules might be laid down as a guide to prophecy. In the first place, we might give the negative caution that the analogy of past events is misleading, because the same set of conditions does not appear at two different times, and an almost unseen element might suffice to determine an all-important event. Forgetting this fact, Archbishop Manning has ventured into the field of prophecy with the argument that Catholics should not be made uneasy because the Pope has lost his temporal power, for they should remember that he has again and again suffered worse calamities, and has then won back all his old authority. Between 1378 and 1418 the Church witnessed the scandal of a schism, in which there were rival Popes, and in which Rome and Avignon competed for the mastery. That calamity is worse than any which has come to the Church in our days, yet the Papacy regained its old power and glory. So late as within the present century the Temporal Power was reduced to nullity by the first Napoleon, and Pius IX. himself had to flee from Rome in the beginning of his reign. Why, then, should not the robber-hand of Victor Emmanuel be paralysed in turn, and the Papacy once more regain its old splendour? Not being ambitious to play the part of prophets, we do not undertake to say whether the Papacy will or will not again climb or be flung into its ancient place, but it is not the less certain that Archbishop Manning's prophecy is a conspicuous example of a false inference. When he argues that a Pope in the nineteenth century will again be the temporal ruler of Rome because a Pope triumphed over the schism of Avignon in the fifteenth, he forgets that the lapse of centuries has wrought a vast change of conditions. At the end of the fourteenth century a keen onlooker, a Heine or a De Tocqueville, might have confidently foretold that a Pope of unquestioned authority would soon govern the historic city of the Papacy, because the political and the social interests of Europe, no less than the piety or superstition of the times, required that the Pope should be powerful and free. The current of the age, if we may use the philosophical slang, was running from Avignon to Rome in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and now the current of the age is not less distinctly running against the temporal power. The very reasons which would have led a prophet in 1400 to predict that Rome would again be the unquestioned seat of the Papacy would lead the same soothsayer to affirm in 1873 that the Temporal Power has been shattered for ever.

It is in general causes that we find the guide of prophecy. Mr. Buckle attached so much importance to the physical conditions of a country, the food of a people, the air they breathe, the occupations which they are forced to follow, and the habits of thought which they display, that he undertook to tell the end of a nation from the beginning. Spain was no mystery to him when he remembered that it had originally been a country of volcanoes; that the people had consequently been filled with a dread of the unseen and inscrutable power which reveals itself in convulsions of the earth; that their diseased fear of shadowy influences made them resent the teachings of science, and hence left them an easy prey to the Holy Office and Ignatius Loyola when Luther, Calvin, and Zwingli drew away from sacerdotalism all the Christianity of Northern Europe. There can be no doubt that Buckle's theory did rest on a basis of truth, and that it erred simply by trying to account for everything. In fact, it is not specially his doctrine, but simply that rigid and systematized application of a principle which is as old as speculative curiosity. We apply it every day of our lives. If a family goes into a badly drained house, we say the chances are that they will have typhus, diarrhoea, or cholera. If a rich and foolish young man bets largely on the Turf, the probability is that he will be ruined. And the statistician comes to help us with a set of tables which throw an uncomfortable light on the mechanical character of those mental and moral processes which might seem to be determined by the unprompted bidding of our own wills. Mr. Buckle was no doubt beguiled by a mere dream

when he fancied that we could account for every turn and winding in the history of a country if we had only a large knowledge of its general conditions, such as the temperature of the land, the qualities of the soil, the food of the people, and their relations to their neighbours. He paid too little heed to subtle qualities of race, and he did not make sufficient allowance for the disturbing force of men gifted with extraordinary power of brain and will. Still it is a mere truism that the more correctly and fully we know the general condition of a country, the more does mystery vanish from its history, and the successive events tend to take their place in orderly sequence.

It is impossible, however, to prophesy by rule, and such system-mongers as Mr. Buckle would be the most treacherous of all oracles. Their hard and fast canons will not bend into the subtle crevices of human life. Men who are so ostentatiously logical that they cannot do a bit of thinking without the aid of a huge apparatus of sharply cut principles always lack a keen scent for truth. They blunder by rule when less showy people find their way by mother-wit. Hence they are the worst of all prophets. It was not by counting up how many things tell in one way, and how many tell in another, that Heine and De Tocqueville were able to guess correctly what was coming, but by watching the chief currents of the age, or, as more homely folk would say, by finding out which way the wind was blowing. They had to decide which among many social, religious, or political forces were the strongest, and which would be the most lasting. They had to give a correct decision as to the stability of particular institutions and the strength of popular passions. General rules could not be of much avail, and they had to rely on their knowledge of human nature, their acquaintance with the forces which have been at work in history, and their own sagacity. Most likely Heine could not have given such an explanation of the grounds on which he made his predictions as would have satisfied any average jury of historical students. But he could have said that he knew the working-men of Paris, that his power of poetic sympathy enabled him to see how their minds veered towards socialism, that he also knew what forces were on the side of order, and that a mental comparison of the two made him look with certainty to a ferocious outbreak of democratic passion. Being thus sure that the storm would come, he had next to ask himself which points the lightning would strike, and he looked for the most prominent symbols of kingship, wealth, refinement, and military glory. The Tuileries would be a mark for the fury of the mob, because that was the palace of the man who had destroyed the populace. The public offices must go, because they represented what the *bourgeois* called order and the workmen called tyranny. The Louvre must go, for the mere sake of maddening rich people who took a delight in art. And the Vendôme Column must go, because it glorified a man who was the incarnation of the war spirit, and who was consequently the worst foe of the working classes. To a Select Committee of the House of Commons such reasons would have seemed the dreams of a moon-struck visionary, and they certainly did not admit of being logically defended. No prophecy does. The power of predicting events is the power of guessing, and those guess best who are least dependent on rules, and most gifted with the mother-wit which works with the quietude and unconsciousness of instinct.

THE BANK HOLIDAY.

THE Bank Holiday begins to be a nuisance to those who do not share in it. Business has not only to be done by large classes on that day, but has to be done under considerable difficulty. The Assizes have been held during this week at Croydon, and as judges, counsel, attorneys, parties, and witnesses belong for the most part to London, and go up and down by train, it may be imagined how their movements were impeded by the excursion traffic of last Monday. The *Times* states that, "owing to the great confusion on the railway in consequence of the Bank Holiday, Baron Pigott was unable to get away from London Bridge station, and did not arrive till half-past one," his sitting having been appointed for eleven. Another report was that the learned Baron was not detained at London Bridge, but put into a wrong train and carried to Three Bridges, and thence brought back to Croydon. After a little more experience of Bank Holidays we shall form the habit of allowing in our arrangements for an entire interruption of ordinary railway traffic, and thus we shall in some measure guard ourselves against serious inconvenience. But an effectual remedy would be to extend the holiday to all public business. This would be a less evil than being obliged to do business under difficulties, although lawyers and members of Parliament would doubtless complain that the commencement of their long holiday was delayed by the interposition of a short holiday which they could not conveniently use. It becomes only too manifest in August that these classes are working under an intense desire to finish work, and if an attempt were made to apply the Bank Holiday Act to Parliament, we believe that Parliament would disobey it, and thus a strike of a new kind would be, as the penny-a-liners say, "inaugurated" by impatient legislators. The general feeling in London in favour of these holidays suffices, however, to drown individual grumbling; but we are told that in Manchester the Act is not altogether popular. At the recent monthly meeting of the General Purposes Committee, the Town Clerk of Manchester announced that on Monday the Town Hall would be closed. "This

led to a lively discussion, in the course of which the Bank Holiday Act was denounced as one of the most absurd Acts that ever were passed." It was urged that the street pavements had as much right to a holiday as the rate-collector. We are transcribing almost literally from the report in a daily newspaper of the arguments urged in Manchester against the Bank Holiday, without intending either to adopt or reject them. But it certainly appears to us that a proposal to give a holiday to the rate-collector would be received with satisfaction by a large number of persons liable to pay rates. That hardly-worked functionary must certainly require the recreation which could only be afforded by an entire suspension of the business of his office. The argument that the seventeen Inspectors of Nuisances ought to have a holiday would also, we think, obtain a large amount of support from those who might expect to be thus left to enjoy their dirt for a single day in peace. The Act was primarily intended for the relief of clerks in banks and other establishments who are dependent on the pleasure of their employers. It has been made the occasion of a general holiday by tradesmen and other classes who, if they combine, can do pretty much as they please. "Throughout the metropolis nearly every shop was closed." This we believe to be a correct statement, and it represents a condition of things slightly irritating to those persons whose business cannot be suspended, and compels their presence in London. This annoyance, however, will be diminished when we all get into the habit of remembering and providing for the effects of a Bank Holiday. We shall gradually fix in our minds a few practical rules, such as "If you want to come to town on Monday, start on Sunday night." The enormous mass of population which a general holiday puts in motion renders the railways almost impracticable for twelve hours. Excursionists to Bath, Bristol, and other distant places must be exceptionally fond of the interior of a railway carriage, since they are liable to arrive at their destination only in good time to start upon the return home. It is, however, fortunate that variety of tastes distributes the holiday-makers over nearly all the railways. Some accounts state that London was almost deserted on Monday, while others represent that there was a considerable influx of visitors from the country. It is difficult to calculate what might be the effect of a wet day, but if we suppose that the excursionists of last Monday suddenly determined to remain at home and concentrate their attention upon the ordinary sights of London, we shall arrive in imagination at a considerable block near the British Museum and the Tower. However, the day was fortunately fine in London and for a good many miles around. An enthusiastic supporter of holidays even represents that, with some exceptions, the line of fine weather throughout England would include all the districts where business was generally suspended.

It certainly was fortunate that the weather was fine at places like Southend, where on Saturday and Sunday night people slept in bathing-machines, in a slaughter-house, and in the open air. It might be a profitable speculation in such places to erect spacious tents, where rest and shelter might be guaranteed to considerable numbers. An account has been published of the condition of Southend which probably represents with slight embellishments the actual truth. It is the most accessible point from the East of London of what may be called by courtesy the seaside, and it is no great exaggeration to suppose that within forty-eight hours all the clerks and shopmen of Bethnal Green and Whitechapel transferred themselves to Southend. Unexpectedly and almost suddenly the town became full on Saturday night, and no beds were to be had. The bathing-machines, slaughter-house, and cliff slopes were occupied as already mentioned. Then, says the writer, by way of piling up the agony, "On Sunday night all these difficulties were multiplied." Those who could not sleep in the open air walked the streets till morning, and doubtless enjoyed a magnificent view of the rising sun. A third and larger army of excursionists arrived on Monday morning. The pier, which is a mile and a-quarter long, was crowded. The fields were dotted with couples and groups of lazy dreamers, half buried in the corn, or enjoying the shade. It does not seem to occur to the author of this pretty description that farmers do not grow corn to make beds for lazy dreamers on a Bank Holiday. Sir John Lubbock is supposed by the writer to be capable of exulting at the sight of these excursionists trooping back to the station on their return to town, "laden with field flowers and handfuls of wheat and barley." It seems probable that in course of years Sir John Lubbock will come to be regarded as the patron saint of the holiday-makers of early August, and thus the Calendar will receive the name of a third St. John. The owners of the trampled and despoiled wheat and barley around Southend will perhaps be tempted to adopt the words applied to a King of Scotland who enriched the Church at the expense of his successors, and say that Sir John Lubbock was "a sair saint" for the farmers. Seriously it appears possible to have too much of a good thing. We began by suggesting that, as the holiday has gone so far, it should be extended even further. But we shrink appalled from the practical application of our own principle. Suppose that it was a fine day, and everybody determined to go out of town. Or suppose that it was a wet day, and everybody determined to remain in town and amuse themselves. The prophetic image of the army of locusts is equally applicable to either case.

All the descriptions of this holiday proceed upon the same idea of "the more the merrier," which we should think was carried to its limit at Southend. If one had to choose between business under great and pleasure under greater difficulties, inclination

would probably point toward the former. One writer expresses indignation that the clerks at Somerset House were compelled to attend at their several departments on Monday. It may be, however, that the clerks did not partake of this indignation. If a system exists by which they get so many holidays in the year, they gain nothing by fixing one of these holidays for a particular day. If a man goes for forty-eight hours to Southend, and still more if he takes his wife with him, he likes to start with some assurance of a bed to sleep on. The traffic to Margate and Ramsgate is stated to have been so heavy that it was doubted whether the last train would reach London before four o'clock on Tuesday morning. This would be something like a holiday. All the accessible points of the East and South coast, from Harwich to Portsmouth, seem to have been favoured, and the more enterprising excursionists probably select the more distant places, where certainly they would have the best chance of accommodation if they had any time for making use of it. By an odd caprice, an association of working-men of large towns call themselves Foresters, and their officers assume the title of Rangers. The talent which these names imply seems likely to be useful on a Bank Holiday. Another association called Odd Fellows went to Richmond Park, where a sufficient entertainment had been provided by the circumstance that a brutal attack had been committed on a girl last week. The scene of the assault was visited by Odd Fellows of both sexes, who picked eagerly at the grass in hopes of finding a trace of blood. But, says the reporter, there was little chance of any fresh discovery, "inasmuch as similar investigations had been ardently pursued by the multitudes who had visited the Park on the previous afternoon." The reporter adds that the Park was in excellent order, and nature appears to have done what she could on a fine day in August to compensate the Odd Fellows for the entire absence of blood stains from the grass. Still it is much to be regretted that some benevolent person could not have contrived to cut his finger near the scene of the assault. By the expenditure of a few drops of blood he might have diffused happiness among thousands of Odd Fellows. It is true that he would have done good by stealth, and although he would have improved a Bank Holiday, he could not hope to share the popularity of the author of it.

THE ARMY OF THE PARIS COMMUNE.

THE difference between the conception of romance and the hard truth of reality has been seldom more striking than in the case of Cluseret, as idealized in Mr. Disraeli's well-known cosmopolitan general, with his romantic and yet practical nature making him the natural leader of enterprises which to others were hopeless, and the real Cluseret as revealed to us in his own writings and the confessions of his fellow-traders in rebellion. The luckless Rossel may be said to have almost atoned for his own folly and crime in deserting the flag of his country to throw in his lot with the mob of Paris, by the honesty with which in his "Posthumous Memoirs" he painted the men of the time for the advantage of the community on which they had sought to impose. His portrait of Cluseret in particular is so complete as to leave little to be done by others; and, though drawn with some natural bias—since the two were in a manner rivals—it agrees too faithfully with what is known of the career of the self-styled General in America and his relations with Fenianism to allow us to doubt of its accuracy.

The times at present are sadly turned against Cluseret's favourite occupation of treason-mongering. No secret Committee of revolutionists or General Council of insurgents exists at present, at least in a capacity to remunerate his services. But his old profession as journalist appears to stand him in good stead at his need, and he wields against the cause of order a busy pen which is happily almost as harmless as his sword. Having told us lately through one of our magazines how he failed in Ireland, he now undertakes the story of his ill-success at Paris; and his revelations in the *Fortnightly Review* have all that value which those of an eyewitness, however biassed, however disinclined to tell the whole truth, must ever possess to the eye of the historical critic. Napoleon himself, as is well known, managed to damage his reputation severely whilst attempting to defend it in his later writings; but the general results of his labour and that of those who followed him proved largely in favour of historic truth. And so—to compare very small things to great—it will be found with the memoirs of the charlatan of the barricades whom Mr. Disraeli's pen for a short space gilded as a hero.

Cluseret's story opens, of course, just before his own arrival at Paris. Among the large-tricks or delusions of the writer—one or other it plainly must be—is the idea that he is perpetually being sought for by the police, and escaping them by a hair's-breadth; and those who read his statements that he was "haunted like a deer" all the winter before by the orders of Gambetta need take the figure for no more than it is worth. The Dictator of Tours had, we may be sure, quite occupation enough in those days of ever-recurring disaster, without troubling himself overmuch about the fugitive revolutionist who imagined that the eyes of all Europe were on his movements. What is certain is that, as soon as the Commune had gained its fleeting triumph on the 18th of March, he made his way to Paris, and at once came into communication with its members. This was on the 22nd or 23rd. The members of the Central Committee in power—who were all, we are told, suited for their parts, "with the exception of two men, one of whom was

always drunk, and the other one of the most dangerous of blunderers"—felt already their coming need of military strength to maintain the position they had seized, and turned their eyes on Cluseret as the proper man for their Minister of War. On the 2nd of April, after the firing from Mont Valerien had begun, he was appointed to the office of Minister, or, in the slang of the hour, Delegate, which he occupied until late in the siege. As this period of office was one of continued disasters to the Commune forces, it is naturally an object with the chronicler to show that the fault was not his own; and to his efforts to lay the blame on others we are indebted for such revelations of "ignorance and presumption"—the words are Cluseret's own—as even Rossel's Memoirs had hardly prepared the world for.

The attack on Versailles had already been resolved upon when Cluseret assumed office. "Three young men, improvised generals, only one of whom, Bergeret, had served in the army as a sergeant," were about to "stake the fate of Paris upon the die of their presumptuous ignorance." Eudes, the chief of these heroes, a chemist by trade, is sketched for us as "a man of plain speech, and devoted to the cause. But his simplicity did not extend to his dress. He had a cap ornamented with I do not know how much lace and how many stars." To do him justice, it is added, he did not come up in this matter of dress to Bergeret, who wore his red scarf crosswise upon his breast, so as to imitate the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour. Of Duval we do not get so particular an account. But as he was an actor of the fourth class by profession, one may suppose that he was at least as theatrically silly in the trappings of his new post as his two associates.

Cluseret would at first, according to his own statement, have prevented the movement, but he yielded to the representations of Eudes that this was impossible, as the orders had been already given, and "the troops" were on the march. So the new Minister tells us that he confined himself to the endeavour "to mitigate the evils which I foresaw as its result," by sending out written orders, to which no one appears to have paid the smallest attention. That this was not quite the only way in which the head of an armed force could act appears not to have occurred to him. Of course to have gone to the head of the columns to use personal efforts with the leaders instead of written remonstrances, to have insisted on taking individually the command of the disorderly mob who were being led out of Paris by either bank of the Seine, would have involved serious hazard to himself. But then, as revolutions are not to be made with rose-water, so neither is their leadership to be gained, we should think, by keeping out of harm's way.

Cluseret, however, did not choose to accept the risk, and he plainly speaks of the events that followed very largely from hearsay. We shall, therefore, not follow him through them. His description of the start of "the troops" is, however, too vivid to be omitted, and that of the position he voluntarily assumed is so characteristic of the man that it deserves to be added. "The march," he tells us, "was to begin at six o'clock in the morning. There had been no previous reconnoitring; there was no line of battle; there were neither brigades nor divisions; there was no vanguard, and no reserve; there was nothing at all. No measures had been taken for camping on the road, if Versailles were not reached at a bound, nor for beating a retreat in case of defeat. 'Go as I push thee,' comprised all the plan of battle. For a moment, calling to mind the God of drunkards, I almost had doubts as to the result. Perhaps there might also be a God of the ignorant! *Deus ignotus*. In any case, I determined to join the march as a private person, in order that I might become better acquainted with men the responsibility of commanding whom I had just accepted, and also in order that I might, in case of need, do my utmost to prevent disaster." The account with which he follows this of his own personal efforts to rally some of the beaten Communists near Meudon may be exaggerated. But from Rossel's evidence it is known that Cluseret did not, when tested, lack the personal courage necessary to lead others under fire. What he was found wanting in from first to last was the moral fibre which would have enabled him either to extricate himself from the inferior position to which the suspicions of the real leaders of the mob continually thrust him back, or if that proved impossible, to manfully resign his functions. That morning of the 3rd of April which began the series of Communist disasters was plainly his special opportunity, had he had the least genius for controlling the demon of disorder that prevailed. And this opportunity he wilfully resigned, or allowed to slip from his nerveless fingers. It needs no other evidence here than his own to convict him of gross incompetence for the position he had the ambition to fill, but not the courage to use, even for his personal advantage.

The defeat once told, Cluseret goes much out of the way of his narrative to attack the Versailles generals for their failure to use it, and the Versailles troops for their barbarities. As he does not utter any disapproval, however, of the deliberate murder of the two generals at Montmartre, which is now known to have been perpetrated in order to make complete the breach between the mob and the side of authority; and as he mentions the imprisonment of the hostages—"obscure officials," he terms them, the Archbishop being one—chiefly to add his own opinion that the Communists did a very foolish thing not to keep General Chanzy to add to the number, we may well decline to enter into this part of the subject. No doubt the crowd at Versailles was very violent towards the

prisoners; but this very crowd was in great part composed of refugees who had fled from Paris to save their lives, and whose property was being despoiled by the petty tyrants of the Sections who had driven them away. No doubt, too, soldiers and officers of the Versailles army were disposed to treat their prisoners summarily, and a very slight license of tongue on the part of one of the latter might, as in the instance quoted of the self-styled General Duval, prove his immediate death-warrant. But these officers and soldiers both knew of the shameful murders of the Rue des Rosiers, perpetrated in defiance of them just before, and of the slaughter in cold blood, in the Rue de la Paix, of those whose only offence was to shout in favour of peace. It does not therefore much surprise us that, with this provocation to start with, they treated their captives with such severity as was certainly the case. Let Englishmen not look too nicely at this matter. No one thought of impugning the severity which quenched the fearful Bristol riots in the blood of those who raised them. For we, too, then had had our taste of the amenities of Communism. Special Correspondents whose task it may be hereafter to chronicle such events on this side of the Channel as would bring Cluseret and his friends into prominence, will possibly find that Englishmen are not a whit less hard than Versaillesists in putting down professional traders in revolution, or the meaner rascals who would seek in public disorder the opportunity for private plunder.

The second part of Cluseret's narrative, just published, opens with a verbose argument on that most impracticable of all notions, the proposing to "the people"—that is, to that fraction of it which the long saturnalia of drink and political harangues during the German siege had inflamed into Communists—the blowing up all Paris and burying themselves under the ruins. This, the writer tells us seriously, would have been his suggestion had the Prussians joined the antagonists of the party he worked with; but he kindly saves the trouble of commentary by the foot-note which adds, "To propose blowing up Paris! Would it not have been a dramatic expression?" It would indeed; and no one understands this better than the writer of the note, who takes pains to show, and succeeds in showing, the impracticability of the very course of which he writes in the same page that he "should have voted in favour of it," as it would have been "an immense example and warning." Fortunately for such heroes as Cluseret, to whom the getting out of a revolution with a whole skin seems a necessary condition of their joining in it, such an "example" would need a larger number of personal examples to be made first than are usually to be found, even when—to use the expressive phrase of Lullier—"the men of the streets have had their throats well warmed" with their favourite eau-de-vie.

On the conduct of the defence, as Cluseret describes it, it is not necessary to dilate. He abuses Bergeret, whom he got imprisoned, which is natural enough. He tells us the weaknesses and incapacity for command of Dombrowski, whom he put into Bergeret's place. He declares that Rossel deceived him. He complains of the conduct of the wretched Raoul Rigault, fit head of the Commune police, who probably behaved no better to the War Delegate than to any one else. He of course finds the Versailles generals at every turn incapable, and their troops cowardly. He hints darkly at the great things he would have done if he had had "a general and a dozen good officers to put at the head of the brave soldiers of the Commune." But for any new view of the siege as a whole, or of the progress of the Versailles cause to victory, we look through his pages in vain. His own utter incapacity to understand the situation at the beginning of the siege is attested by the assertion that "every day gained added to the prestige of the Commune, and diminished by so much the confidence in the troops of Versailles"—a statement as completely opposed to proved facts as it is possible to put in words. But then he is by these misstatements seeking to excuse his own tactics, which, as he tells us, were simply to gain time. So, too, when he would extenuate the mistaken show of fighting on the Neuilly side, he is found reviving the old stories of those desperate contests there which never had any historical existence, save what is due to the inventive brains of the Special Correspondents who mistook Ledmirault's false attack for the reality which fell on the southwestern angle of the city. Indeed, the chief novelty offered us in this part of his story is the publication of certain orders of his own against private plunder and unauthorized arrests—the utter inattention shown to these by the Communists affording a fresh proof, if any had been needed, that the War Delegate had all the mania for rule, without any accompanying moral power, which seems to be the distinguishing mark of the modern revolutionist. As to the picture of the civic government and civic troops which he has undertaken to draw for us, we would here only say that we have always held that the reign of the Commune was justly painted in dark colours, but we never knew how thoroughly black these should be until we met with this portrait from the hand of their favourite commander.

"HECKLING" AT DUNDEE.

AT Scotch elections candidates are usually made to undergo a process which is known by the highly significant name of "heckling." Heckling is the combing, or teasing to which hamp and other stuffs are subjected in order to prepare them for manufacture; and a candidate who has once been through the hands of a body of Scotch electors will understand the painful appropriateness

ness of the title. In the shroud North set speeches go for very little. It is taken for granted that they have been prepared with a view to effect, and that awkward matters have been discreetly veiled or shirked; and the speaker has no sooner finished his formal statement than he is pounced upon by a host of eager questioners and put through a rasping cross-examination on all sorts of personal and political subjects. Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, after his first experience of this ordeal at Dundee, likened it to being in the position of a man who had to play cricket with twenty people bowling to him at once. He has no sooner sent one ball flying from his leg than he has to be on his guard against one descending on his nose, and as the game gets warm the volley thickens. The practice is justified on the ground that it is the most effectual means of dragging the truth out of a candidate, as he must answer offhand without having time to dodge the questions, or to prepare round-about phrases. But in reality the electors evidently take a good deal of malicious pleasure in the sport. Now that dumb animals are protected against baiting by law, speaking animals seem to be thought fair game. Whether it was that Mr. Stephen's opponents had made hostile preparations for his reception, or that there was something stimulating and provocative in the vigour with which he flung himself into the encounter, we cannot say, but it is certain that he was heckled to an extent scarcely known before. It was, as one of his friends plaintively observed, heckling by machinery. It is impossible not to suspect something like conspiracy in the particularly warm play to which Mr. Stephen was exposed on his very first appearance in Dundee, but at the same time one can understand that he was a tempting antagonist. The electors must have felt that it was not every year they had such a good subject to operate upon. He beat off the shower of questions with the greatest readiness and good-humour, and occasionally he sent a ball back again in the face of the bowler in a way that was rather disconcerting. As his examiners insisted upon categorical replies, he insisted upon straightforward questions. He pointed out that one of them had mixed up the Criminal Law Amendment Act and the Master and Servant Act as if they were one; and when another inquired whether he would abolish the Game Laws, he asked for a schedule of them, in order that he might know which statutes were meant. We are afraid that Mr. Stephen must have been very much shocked to find that even in Scotland, where there have so long been parish schools, the political conceptions of working-men are sadly vague. But at least he did all he could to enlighten them. He delivered an instructive lecture on a digest of the law, which it is to be hoped did them good; and he was even sanguine enough to attempt to explain to them "what we in England call a device for specific performance." After one of his meetings a working-man came to discuss conveyancing with him, and he seems for a moment to have imagined that he was stirring up a great spirit of law reform in Dundee. But soon afterwards, at the end of a series of inquiries as to hares and rabbits, the law of patronage, and other matters on which it was suggested that legislation was urgently required, we find Mr. Stephen assuring his hearers that there was no Bill so urgently wanted at the present moment as one providing for the decrease of fools in the world.

It is impossible to imagine a more refreshing contrast to the ordinary attitude of a candidate in the presence of electors than that of Mr. Stephen before the electors of Dundee. "I do not come here," he said, "to beg for a place. If you like some one else better than me, if either the matter or the manner of what I have said is displeasing to you, well, so be it. I don't care. Take me or leave me. I have lived a good many years in the world without being in Parliament, and I can live a good many more, I hope, in the same condition." We are forced to think of Coriolanus in the market-place, begging for the "most sweet voices." Mr. Stephen had even the hardihood to declare that, in his eyes, the working-man was not a mysterious, sanctified being, somehow set apart from other classes of human creatures, but only a man like the rest of us, and that he did not see how one class could be really benefited unless what was done for it was also for the good of the community at large. Mr. Stephen has not been successful in his visit to Dundee, but it may be hoped that his visit has done Dundee good. He gave it a supply of some strong, wholesome truths which deserve to be considered by what are called popular constituencies; but whether they were exactly the sort of truths which a candidate should be at most pains to inculcate in the bluntest language upon those whose votes he is asking for is another question. In the way of popular instruction nothing could be better than Mr. Stephen's teaching, but it was hardly electioneering. It is quite time that we should have a change in the note of sycophancy and self-obliviation which has become habitual on the part of public men addressing their constituents; and it will perhaps be a happy day for the country when the majority of men are sufficiently aware of their inferiority to allow themselves to be talked to by those who are wiser and know more than they do, as Mr. Stephen talked to the spinners and weavers of Dundee. But, after all, in a matter of this kind, even the most superior persons must, we suspect, be content to take human nature as it is; and Mr. Stephen's independence was perhaps unnecessarily unconventional and demonstrative. It is unfortunate that the experiment of putting the relations between members and constituents on a new footing more consistent with the self-respect of both should have been marred by being pushed too far to begin with. We observe from the reports in the local papers that Mr. Stephen was at times euphuistically spoken of as "the gentleman from a distance," and possibly the electors of Dundee were some-

what impressed by a sense of the remoteness of a digest of law and other legal subjects in which Mr. Stephen is chiefly interested, as compared with the petty but near-at-hand grievances of hares and rabbits and the law of patronage which he treated with contempt.

At Dundee, as has lately been the rule elsewhere, a local candidate of moderate opinions has been successful. Mr. Yeaman had more votes than Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Stephen together; but of the two latter Mr. Jenkins was considerably in advance. If Parliament is regarded as a legislative body whose chief business is to pass laws which are capable of being practically carried into effect, there cannot possibly be two opinions as to the comparative fitness of Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Stephen for a seat in Parliament. Mr. Jenkins, we need hardly say, is, as he boasted at Dundee, the author of that great satire *Gina's Baby*. He was also modest enough to say that there was an important distinction between himself and those other great satirists, Butler and Swift. It might not have occurred to any one except Mr. Jenkins to couple his name with the names of the authors of *Hudibras* and the *Tale of a Tub*, and the distinction which Mr. Jenkins suggests as existing between himself and those writers is not exactly that which would first suggest itself to many minds. Mr. Jenkins, however, has been good enough to explain that there is this difference between himself and Swift and Butler, that the latter are purely destructive in their efforts, whereas he is constructive. As far as we are acquainted with Mr. Jenkins's writings and speeches, we should have said that his strongest point was the gloomy desperation of his views of human misery, and that he was rather weak in regard to remedial proposals. He has drawn terrible pictures of the general wickedness and cruelty of capitalists and employers, who, it seems, are chiefly engaged in flaying labour alive in the streets, and of the universal corruption of modern society on this side of the Atlantic. The only specific remedy he has suggested that we are aware of is that the Government of this country should apply its funds to transporting the population to the United States, though what it is to do when all the able-bodied inhabitants have been carried thither he does not explain. Mr. Jenkins described for the benefit of the people of Dundee "the streets of pretty houses, with marble steps leading up to them," in which American working-men live; and he left it to be understood that his hearers might also look forward to "pretty houses with marble steps" if they would only help to get together a House of Commons of Jenkinses. At present the hand of every class is raised against the poor man; he is cheated, robbed, and oppressed on every hand; and there is no such thing as honesty or humanity in the nation outside of the victimized class except in the heart of Mr. Jenkins and a handful of other righteous men. How this general demoralization is to be cured by a few or many Acts of Parliament it is difficult to understand; but Mr. Jenkins has apparently great faith in legislation for removing mountains or doing any other wonders. It is impossible to conceive a state of mind more remote from that of a practical legislator than Mr. Jenkins's, and yet he is held up as the type of a popular candidate for a "popular constituency." He has "heart" and "feelings," and these are supposed to be the essential qualities of statesmanship, rather than practical sagacity and sound common sense. One of Mr. Jenkins's strong points was, of course, his opposition to class legislation; but it turned out that the legislation he objects to is that which tends to prevent working-men from intimidating and persecuting members of their own class and defrauding their employers. Recent legislation in regard to offences committed by employers and working-men has been scrupulously impartial, and has been carefully worded so as not to refer to any class in particular. It happens, however, that there are certain offences for which working-men are more frequently punished than other people, for the simple reason that other people scarcely ever commit them. Mr. Jenkins's idea of class legislation is that it is unjust to punish working-men for offences which they commit, because other classes who do not commit these offences are not punished too. Mr. Jenkins may be a great satirist, but he would seem to be a very poor statesman. In these days of universal examinations, it is surprising that candidates for admission to Parliament should so long have been left free from any tests. One would like to see the author of *Gina's Baby* set down to answer a list of questions which Mr. Stephen could easily draw up for him, and to supply the outlines of the Acts of Parliament by which the working classes of England and Scotland are to be provided with "pretty houses with marble steps" like their brethren in the United States.

SIR W. FERGUSSON AND DIRTY WATER.

THERE is an old saying that every man in the course of his life must eat a peck of dirt, and Sir W. Fergusson, the eminent surgeon, now gives us the comforting assurance that we must inevitably wash it down with a gallon or two of dirty water. It is impossible, he says, to get absolutely pure water, and therefore it is idle to take the trouble to procure approximately pure water. As we must drink dirty water, the best thing we can do is to shut our eyes and hold our noses, and gulp it down, regardless of the consequences. This is really the gist of Sir W. Fergusson's address, as President of the British Medical Association, and no more mischievous public utterance has, we venture to say, been made in our day. The personal authority of the speaker, the occasion on which his address was delivered, and the moment at which it has been launched against the public mind, all combine to

intensify its mischief. It is impossible to exaggerate the amount of harm which may be done by this thoughtless and uncalled-for disparagement of pure water. Unhappily people are, as it is, only too much of Sir William's way of thinking. Among the great body of the population the most shocking and dangerous carelessness and recklessness prevails on this subject. It takes trouble to procure clean water, and not only occasional, but constant and continuous, trouble. Vigilance must never be relaxed; and the value of checks and precautions depends upon their being uninterruptedly exercised. All the lazy, careless, stupid people will now have a fine excuse for their neglect. Here is a great physician, addressing a distinguished body of medical men, who can hardly find language strong enough to express his contempt for pure water, or to impress on the profession and the public the utter hopelessness and uselessness of trying to get it. The great thing, says Sir W. Fergusson, is to have plenty of water; never mind whether it is clean or not. And this advice is thrust upon the public at the very moment when we are in dread of an outbreak of cholera, and when the health, not of one place or another, but of the whole country, may be said to depend on the care which is taken to guard against the pollution of the water supply, and to prevent people from drinking contaminated water. Sir W. Fergusson has thrown all the weight of his great authority into the scale on the side of dirt and disease.

There is a sense, of course, in which what Sir W. Fergusson has said is perfectly true. It is true that absolutely pure water cannot be obtained, and it is also true that water may contain impurities and yet be not unhealthy. Water may, as Sir William said, be filtered, boiled, distilled, and yet, in spite of all, certain so-called impurities will either hold their place in it, or, if apparently dispelled for a moment, will speedily return. Again, it is also true that, even supposing a glass of really pure water to have been obtained, it no sooner passes the lips than it gets mixed up with mucus, saliva, gastric juice, pancreatic and biliary secretions, and so on. If meat and the usual adjuncts are consumed with the water, it is further combined with animal and vegetable substances. Salt, too, is taken with water to an extent far beyond the saline matter of which the chemical analysts make so much. The doctors themselves add saline, mineral, and vegetable matters to the pure water in their potions, and send their patients to far-away places in order that they may drench themselves with nasty liquids, which are equally offensive to taste and smell. The point of Sir W. Fergusson's remarks is, that people make a great fuss about certain things being in water as supplied by the Companies, although they do not in the least object to consume water containing those things when they are added by themselves or by the doctors. But all this does not really touch the question at issue. When people help themselves to salt, or swallow the medicines ordered by their doctors, they know what it is they are consuming. Again, when the water gets mixed up with mucus and other impurities in the mouth and stomach, that is a result which cannot be prevented; but at least it is something to know that, when it passed the lips, the water was as pure as could be obtained. It is impossible to expect scientific discrimination on the part of the general public. If you warn them to be on their guard against all impurities, they may possibly object to some things which are not necessarily noxious, and which in any case are more or less unavoidable; but at the same time the chances of their swallowing other impurities of a dangerous character will be considerably reduced. But if you assure them that it is all nonsense about drinking pure water, and that it is really not worth their while to trouble themselves as to its quality, the chances of people drinking a contaminated and poisonous supply will be tremendously increased. Sir W. Fergusson will have the satisfaction of reflecting that his thoughtless passion for paradox will have powerfully contributed to this result. There is a story of another Scotch practitioner in England whose favourite medicines were, as he called them, "laudamy" and "calomy," and who, when remonstrated with on the reckless use of such dangerous drugs, replied calmly that, whatever happened, it would never make up for Flodden. It is not to be supposed that Sir W. Fergusson cherishes a similar passion for national revenge; but there is too much reason to fear that his light words may have fatal consequences.

It is easy to sneer at chemists, and possibly some of the chemists in their scientific enthusiasm may have rushed into extremes; but there is an overwhelming mass of evidence to show that in this matter the chemists are working in the right direction. It has been established with almost the certainty of actual demonstration, that cholera may be spread by the use of tainted water. Consequently the more careful people are about the purity of water, the less will be the probability of choleraic and other infections; and the more careless people are, the greater will be the scope for the dissemination of the poison. We should like to ask Sir W. Fergusson what practical good he expects will be done by the protest which he has just raised against the supererogation of pure water. Suppose it is a piece of fanaticism, what harm does it do? One of its results has been to make the Water Companies more particular as to the quality of their supplies. The official Report for last week shows that the metropolitan waters were all clear and colourless when drawn from the Companies' mains for analysis during July, and that in one case the water exhibited a considerable reduction in the traces of "previous sewage contamination." Partly this was no doubt due to the dryness of the weather; but it was also, we may assume, partly due to the increased care and attention of the Companies on this point. Sir W. Fergusson will hardly venture to assert that, even

though the matters which make the water turbid and dirty are not in themselves noxious, the water is less wholesome without them, or that the diminution of traces of sewage contamination is to be deplored. If care is taken to keep out what may be called innocent impurities, other impurities of a by no means innocent character will probably be kept out too. But after Sir W. Fergusson's noble vindication of dirty water, the Companies will have an excellent and ready excuse for falling back into their old practices; and when consumers complain of impurities, they will be told that it is all nonsense, and that "the faculty" have decided that there is no harm in them, and that, in fact, they rather improve the water by giving it body and flavour. The Medical Officers of the Privy Council and the Local Health Officers generally will find their efforts to impress upon people the necessity of securing a supply of pure water in a great degree neutralized by Sir W. Fergusson's hasty and inconsiderate observations. He says he attaches more importance to the quantity than to the quality of the supply; but there is no reason to suppose that the passion for pure water which Sir William deposes has led to any diminution of the general supply, or to any relaxation of efforts to extend it. Absolutely pure water may be beyond our reach, but it does not follow that we should not try to reduce the impurities to a minimum. Nor is there any inconsistency in resorting to certain medicinal waters on special occasions, and yet objecting to a strong ferruginous or alkaline element in our ordinary domestic supply. Sir W. Fergusson, we suppose, would scarcely recommend Pullna or Friedrichshall for everyday family use. For an eminent doctor to lift up his voice against fastidiousness in regard to pure water strikes us as pretty much the same thing as if the Bishops of Bishops were to take to preaching against undue sensitiveness in regard to sin. Absolute purity, they might say, is quite unattainable; the best of us are had enough when put to the test; and therefore it is not worth while making ourselves uneasy about a few spots more or less. "Surely the profession expect too much for themselves, and lead the public to expect too much, on the score of purity." If sermons to this effect were preached from the pulpit, it would lead to the remark that this is hardly the side on which humanity is most likely to err; and the same remark applies to Sir W. Fergusson's warning against being too particular about the purity of water. This is really not an imminent danger; indeed we wish it were. We wonder whether the prejudice against adulterated food is to be discarded along with the ignorant impatience of dirty water. All food is more or less adulterated, but this has not hitherto been considered a sufficient reason for abandoning all precautions on the subject.

With all that Sir W. Fergusson has said about the value and necessity of a copious supply of water we heartily agree. Water is wanted for a great many purposes besides drinking, and a large addition to the existing supply might be obtained by proper arrangements for catching and storing the supply that falls from the clouds. It is to be regretted that the President of the British Medical Association could not have directed public attention to this part of the subject without dragging in a paradoxical warning which, in the sense in which it will popularly be understood, will be interpreted as an excuse for all sorts of carelessness and neglect in regard to the purity of drinking water. The temptation to say something odd and startling was, we presume, too much for the medical orator. A little loose talk may be allowed to politicians without much fear of the consequences, but doctors, of all people in the world, should be careful what they say.

SPORT IN SCOTLAND.

THE beginning of the shooting season makes a great many men happy, and a good many envious. It is not every enthusiastic sportsman who can spare his hundreds or his thousands to rent a range of barren mountains, who can afford to kill his own venison at the price of fifty guineas the stag, or to lay in his grouse at a couple of guineas the brace. Highland cousinships go a far shorter way than they once did in helping relations more or less remote to a week or two of shooting upon other men's ground. In the good old times, if you had the luck to count kindred with a Highland laird, you were sure to find his doors standing hospitably open, even if you chanced to time your unannounced visit somewhere in the second week of August. Now there are very few native-born mountaineers who afford themselves the luxury of keeping their best shooting in their own hands. They make it matter of nice calculation how few acres will suffice to supply them with amusement or their tables with game; they have to rough it themselves on short commons of sport; and so long as the sport is good, and while their birds are sitting, they close their doors against promiscuous visitors. It is almost worse perhaps in the establishments of those wealthy Southern strangers who go North to recoup themselves the fabulous rents they pay. They are unembarrassed by the inconvenient traditions of old Highland hospitality, and, on the other hand, they often are seriously hampered in the narrow accommodation of their confined shooting-boxes. They arrange their snug little parties long beforehand on principles that are at once exclusive and mercenary; their guests are generally the proprietors of well-stocked Southern pheasant coverts, or, at any rate, they are friends who can repay their civilities in one shape or another. The result is that many keen, but penniless, sportsmen who have been buoying themselves up through the summer on sanguine anticipations find their hopes collapse of a sudden in the beginning of

August. They are left out of the game altogether, when up to the last moment they had been counting upon a pleasant expedition and plenty of sport. They must resign themselves to read reports of the heavy bags that are being filled by others, and must listen in fancy to the rattle of their acquaintances' breechloaders. Yet one thing or another often attracts them still to the North—fondness for the scenery as well as for the sport, and the seduction of the cheery associations of their more fortunate years. If they yield to the attraction, in place of sensibly seeking a total change of scene and thought elsewhere—if they wander northwards through scenery that reminds them of familiar haunts, on the forlorn hope of some unforeseen bit of good fortune befalling them—they are only preparing a season of wretchedness for themselves. They fancy they can keep their cheerfulness alive on the memory of the vanished past, and enjoy the country they used to love apart from the sport that once gave it its charm. Each day of their autumn holiday brings them a fresh reminder of their error. What can blunt the keenest appetite more effectually, or interfere more objectionably with the soundest digestion, than the sight of the sportsman who have appropriated the best of the guest chambers in the inn where you have taken up your night quarters, as they return weary and heavy laden from a long and successful day on the hills? How can you appreciate the grandest of Highland scenery from the seat where you fidget on the coach-roof, if you must look away to the magnificent mountains over the jolly parties of men and dogs who are voluptuously quartering the heather in the foreground?

We have been led into this somewhat melancholy train of reflection in consequence of lighting upon a little volume which bears the lengthy title of *The Sportsman's, Tourist's, and General Time-tables and Guide to the Rivers, Lochs, Moors, and Deer Forests of Scotland*. After giving a very complete list of the trains, coaches, and steamers, the Guide goes on to discuss the matters that come more immediately within its special scope. It professes to give a pretty exhaustive catalogue of the various Scotch shootings, especially in the Highland counties, affixing to those that are thrown on the market the rents they are supposed to bring in. It is a novel idea, and the editor has undertaken a somewhat difficult task. For a variety of reasons it may be imagined that neither landlord nor tenant are always disposed to publish the exact terms of their bargain from year to year. We happen to know a good deal about certain districts and shootings from actual experience, and we can detect, in running over the list, some very obvious errors. We see, for example, one famous Ross-shire deer-forest set down at about a twelfth part of the rent which used invariably to be paid for it, while we are sure that a certain Aberdeenshire grouse-moor would be cheap at four times the price at which it figures in the Guide. Yet, take the book all in all, it gives a fair idea in outline of the market values of the different Scotch shootings, and our personal knowledge enables us to class them roughly in a couple of categories. There are the costly Highland shootings, with their very excellent sport, which are beyond the reach of all but the wealthy; and there are those Lowland shootings which are cheap enough if you are disposed to content yourself with small things and tame entertainment. The first, of course, are altogether beyond the reach of the gentlemen whose case we have been compassionating; the second—with their scenery, for the most part flat and bleak, with their thin sprinkling of partridges over limitless fields of rank turnips, and the stray hare or two that the village poachers have missed—would never tempt them. So far as shooting is concerned, then, the Guide is discouraging enough to the sportsman adventurers who look wistfully northward on the approach of the 12th. Yet, if they turn over its pages, they may get a useful practical suggestion from what is certainly by far the most valuable part of the book. Its information as to shootings is necessarily brief and vague; and even were the estimates of rents exactly accurate, it could tell but little as to the season's head of game. This may be changing from year to year, thanks to such circumstances as the ravages of epidemics among the grouse, or the encroachments of sheep upon the deer. But the editor goes on to treat of fishings, and there he is evidently most thoroughly at home. We do not refer so much to his notes on the great salmon rivers, or the famous pools in the Tweed and the Tay—these are as much beyond the reach of the poor as the best forest in Braemar or Blair Athol—but to the countless lochs and streams which abound everywhere in outlying districts, and which are often neglected and almost forgotten. A man who is devoted to the rifle and the gun is generally an amateur of the rod as well. He would rather, of course, be after the red deer in the season, or having a busy August day in the thick of the grouse coverts; or, if he be a fisherman, he will think the weightiest of trout small deer indeed compared to the lordly salmon. Still, failing the one sport, he is very ready to be happy with another. He might tell you, indeed, if he searched his own heart, that those odd days when he fished the loch or the burn from the shooting-box passed almost as pleasantly as the most successful which he had enjoyed on the hill. Unless a man has the instincts of a butcher, half the joys of the mountain life lie in the freshness of the air and the glories of the scenery. Nobody except an apoplectic banker from Lombard Street, or an alderman touched in the wind after a life of dinners in the halls of his Company, would prefer the drury heather flats of lower Inverness-shire to the wild mountains that lie towards the Ross-shire frontier; yet there is much more deadly execution to be done on the former than on the latter. And, even in spite of changing weather and shifting lights, the most glorious

scenery begins to pall upon a man when he is perpetually plodding over beats that are almost identical.

Now, reading the list of the various Scotch fishing waters in this Sportsman's Guide will launch most men in an altogether new world of ideas, with the prospect of constant change and never-ending variety. You may pack up a rod or two, with your flies and your minnows and a pair of fishing-socks, and start away on a fishing tour to wander where taste or fancy guides you. Go where you will in the Highlands or on the Border, you can hardly go wrong. Even many of the counties that are more strictly Lowland have much to tempt one. There are, indeed, some of the waters which are closely preserved, unless one can make private interest with the proprietors. But, independently of the many which are advertised by hotel-keepers as open to visitors who patronize their establishments, it is surprising to find how many more are practically free to the public. Some are so remote from centres of busy life, or even from high roads or beaten paths, that it seems hardly worth while warning strangers off; others are accessible to all respectable comers who choose to ask permission civilly. It is not as in England, where the privilege of whipping a stretch of stagnant river is adroitly used to bribe half a constituency, and where the jealous Waltons of half-a-dozen parishes are out for a whole season after the same old muddied trout. In Scotland trout fishing is not much in favour among the landed gentry, who generally follow what they consider to be nobler game. So, by addressing yourself to certain noblemen and gentlemen or their agents, the Guide-book assures you that the best of the land lies before you. You may make fishing your object, yet combine other pursuits with it. If you are an antiquary or archaeologist, or have the romance of every true sportsman in your nature, you may shape your course for the spots that will live for ever in old Scotch song and legend. The wilder part of the country's history was enacted in its most picturesque districts, and there you are sure to find trout streams rushing along in the bottom of each dell and valley, fed by the countless mountain rills that come trickling down from the lochs in the uplands. Go over the Cheviots and you are fishing the Liddell and the Ettrick; the Teviot and the Yarrow, strolling past towers like Hermitage, and away into the lonely green hills by brooks like the Douglas burn. Or you may go into Rob Roy's country and the land of the Lady of the Lake, and find fair sport at "lone Loch Ard" and Aberfoyle, or among the hundred isles of beautiful Loch Lomond. Except in Ross or Sutherland, it is difficult to get out of the charmed circle traced by the Wizard of the North; you find he has been before you at Kilchurn on Loch Awe, where the trout are extraordinarily heavy; at Loch Leven, where they are altogether unrivalled in flavour; in Badenoch, Lochaber, even in remote Skye and the Hebrides. Nay, it is hinted that the fishing embraced in the scenery of the *Thyre* and the neighbourhood of Sunburgh Roost and Fitful Head would well repay one for the long sea journey, and the Guide only preserves reticence on these parts in consideration for the clergymen who have to welcome strangers in the absence of innkeepers. Or, if you prefer to shun the tracks followed by tourists, and do not object to roughing it a little, you may strike out any number of paths of your own and find your way to stream heads and mountain tarns where the smallness of the trout is partly compensated by their number, and still more by the intoxicating buoyancy of the air and the sense of savage solitude. With a fresh breeze rustling in the foliage and bending the heather tops, with a bright sun shining after a Highland shower on the white stems of the birch-trees and the glancing waters of the stream, it really becomes a matter of secondary consequence whether you are playing a smolt or a salmon. We strongly recommend sportsmen at a loss to try such a trouting tour this season, before the occupants of shootings take alarm and become more jealous of their piscatorial rights.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE AT NEWCASTLE.

THE Wesleyan Conference has held its annual meeting this year at Newcastle. And as most of the Committees appear to have been regarded by those present as "a little dull," we may be pardoned for saying that, so far as can be judged from the report in the *Times*, the proceedings have on the whole struck us in very much the same light. There are, however, some points to which we shall call attention presently, as supplying a curious illustration of the present theological, or rather polemical, tendencies of the Wesleyan mind. John Wesley, it will be remembered, was an ordained clergyman of the Church of England, to whose ministerial commission he always appealed for his authority, and from which, up to his death in 1791, he persistently declared his resolve never willingly to separate himself. The separation, however, very soon became an accomplished fact, and for some time past the Wesleyans have formed one of the largest and most strongly organized of the hundred and twenty or so of Dissenting sects into which English Protestantism is divided. At present there are said to be not less than twelve million persons receiving Methodist instruction in various parts of the world; while in Great Britain alone there are more than six thousand Wesleyan places of worship, and about fourteen thousand ministers or local preachers. The Report read at the recent Conference informs us that 85 chapels, 35 ministers' houses, and 20 school-rooms have been built during the past year, besides various alterations and enlargements of existing buildings, and that sums have been voted for the erection of 135 new chapels, 14 ministers' houses, and 26 school-rooms during

the next year. The net amount raised during last year, including grants, was stated to be 244,226*l.*, and there appears also to be a very flourishing Wesleyan Methodist Trust Assurance Company (Limited), which will commence the second year of its existence free from any encumbrance whatever. It was not till after these business details had been disposed of that the discussion began. And it certainly leaves rather an odd impression on one's mind as to the sort of uses to which the Conference is anxious to devote the considerable moral and material resources at its command. The question almost inevitably suggests itself, how far their views on the proper methods and objects of evangelization tally with those of their founder. At all events, they are quite superior to any such petty scruples as St. Paul modestly refers to, about building on another man's foundation. On the contrary, it is precisely "where Christ is named" already, and not where His name is unknown, that they feel it to be their peculiar mission to preach the Gospel. Their motto appears to be "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," with the understanding that to attack them is to teach any other form of Christianity than their own. But it is time to let them speak for themselves.

Mr. Mowburn and the Rev. C. Prest spoke about the immorality prevalent in some of the rural districts—of which, however, we do not hear again—"and also of" what was perhaps held to have some occult connexion with rustic immorality, and was evidently felt to be a more serious danger, "the Romish tendencies of the Ritualists." After the transaction of some intermediate formalities, Mr. Prest again returned to the charge, and observed that "they would have to fight the battle of Popery over again in the rural districts," and as we gather from his next sentence, would have to fight it with that doughty champion of Protestant orthodoxy who might deservedly be designated *malleus Papistarum*, the Bishop of Lincoln. "He spoke," we are told, "in condemnatory terms of the Pastoral which the Bishop of Lincoln had recently addressed to the Methodists, and he thought that one good answer to the Pastoral would be to send two earnest evangelists into the rural parts of the country." We do not happen to have seen Bishop Wordsworth's Pastoral, but we believe it contained an affectionate exhortation to Wesleyans, grounded on the avowed principles of their founder, to reflect on their "schismatical" position, and the advantage of returning to the Church of their fathers. If the Bishop was sanguine enough to expect that they would, to adopt Mr. Chadband's pet formula, receive his overtures "in the spirit of love," he must have learnt his error by this time. It is when he speaks unto them of peace that they make them ready for battle, by proposing at once to carry a guerilla warfare into the country villages of his diocese. For the earnest evangelists seem to be a kind of roving missionaries, whose business is to stir up strife against the parochial clergy wherever they can. Dr. Johnson, who spoke next, left no doubt about what was intended. He, too, like Mr. Prest, "was specially anxious for the rural districts," but his anxiety was not attributed to any such trifles as the prevalence of immorality. "He could not trust them to the care of the Ritualists," which appears to be a Methodist sobriquet for the clergy of the Church of England in general; "the children in the villages would not be sufficiently protected by the Conscience Clause, and it would be needful for the Methodist pastors to be with their flocks to protect them." In short, the great duty of the Wesleyan pastorate is not so much to teach the people as to prevent their being taught by any one else, much as Louis XIV. was shocked at the notion of giving his son a Jansenist tutor, though he had no particular objection to an Atheist. Now this may be all quite right, but it sounds like a complete inversion of John Wesley's policy. The standing excuse proffered for his irregular ministrations was the apathy and indifference of the Church; he could not bear to leave the sheep in the wilderness in charge of dumb dogs who could not or would not bark. But now the Church is no longer apathetic, and John Wesley's modern successors find the justification of their ministry in the fact that it is much too active and requires to be repressed. If the dogs were dumb, things might be left alone without much danger; it is because they bark so loud that the flock requires protection against their troublesome importunities. In short, whereas John Wesley wore his life out in the vain endeavour to rouse his brother clergy to a sense of their responsibilities, till he turned at last in despair, but not in defiance, from the Church he never ceased to love, his followers think it is time to turn their attention to the rural districts, not because the clergy are asleep, but because they are so wide awake. "They must have village circuits," and make them good circuits," and for this purpose the preachers in the rural districts must have "a good stipend, a good horse, a good house, and a good garden." The preachers would be more or less than men if they did not consider this, like justification by faith only, a very comfortable doctrine. And it is gratifying to learn that the lay members of the Conference so far shared their conviction that they passed a resolution for raising ministerial stipends to a minimum of 150*l.*

But the Conference did not dissolve without another and more striking testimony to the nature and extent of its evangelizing work. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the energies of modern Methodism are exhausted by an organized aggression on English villages—with minister, stipend, horse, house, and garden to match—especially in the benighted diocese of Lincoln. The Newcastle Conference was not exactly an Ecumenical Council, but its aims are cosmopolitan; and accordingly we are assured that the most "lively interest of the audience" was kindled by the appearance of no less a person than Signor Sciarelli, Italian Wesleyan

minister in Rome, who introduced himself as "once a priest of the Church of Rome, who had been behind the scenes, and could speak from experience." After this ominous beginning, it is rather a relief to find that Signor Sciarelli did not offer to illustrate the method of effecting transubstantiation, or perform any other of the little *jeux d'esprit* in which these converted hierophants who have been behind the scenes are rather apt to indulge. Indeed the result of his boasted experience must have been somewhat disappointing to his audience, for he seems only to have discovered, what persons who have never been priests or even Roman Catholics had discovered before him, that the Italians have ceased to attach much value to the benedictions or maledictions of the Pope, and that many of them are sceptics. But then he had the gratifying intelligence to communicate that there is now a regular Methodist Society in Rome, and moreover that "it was their intention to make Rome the head of a circuit, and he hoped the Roman circuit would be a model one," furnished, we may presume, with stipend, horse, &c., as in a model English village. We can well believe that the prospect of erecting an *επισκοπή*—to borrow an untranslatable and most expressive Greek term—in the shape of a little Ebenezer under the very shadow of the Vatican, and thus boarding (tant Pope in his own den, was too exhilarating an idea to be easily suppressed. It was only natural that the next attempt to create a lively sensation should fall rather flat, though it consisted in the introduction of "a converted Brahmin of the highest caste from South India, who gave an account of his conversion." Nor does the report of the Chinese missionaries, that there were about two thousand native Methodist converts in China, appear to have elicited any comment. On the other hand, Mr. Gregory, the Fernley lecturer for the year, selected "the Catholic Church" as the subject of his deliverance, and had a very large audience in Brunswick Chapel to listen to it. We should perhaps ourselves have been disposed to think that the "evangelists" would be more profitably, and not less hopefully, employed in grappling with the vast mass of unrepentant heathenism, whether at home or abroad, after the example of their founder, than in browbeating English incumbents and preaching to the Romans, who may be very sceptical, but are extremely unlikely to become Wesleyans, a version of the Gospel which they are pretty sure not to relish. No doubt they understand their own business best. But, as Convocation is often severely criticized for its multiplicity of idle verbiage and its narrowness of ideas, we may venture to remark that in both respects the debates in the Jerusalem Chamber seem to us to contrast not unfavourably with the Methodist Conference at Newcastle. It only remains to add that next morning the Conference received a deputation of nine Nonconformist ministers of various denominations in Newcastle, who presented an address expressing their desire to aid the Wesleyans in "defending the freedom and purity of the Gospel against all sacerdotal corruptions and rationalistic negations." It was graciously received, and the Rev. W. Arthur observed that "it was the Lord's work," and he trusted it would prosper.

NOXIOUS BUSINESSES

THE roast beef of Old England is produced most perfectly in Scotland. This is the purport of the evidence lately given by Mr. McCombie, M.P. for Aberdeenshire, before a Committee of the House of Commons. The choice sirloin for Christmas comes from a Scotch ox brought up alive to London, and if Londoners desire to remove slaughter-houses from their neighbourhood, they must content themselves with a quality of beef inferior to that to which they have been accustomed. Even a public slaughter-house is unsuitable for the treatment of a prime ox. He ought to be received into a small well-ordered establishment at Kensington or Notting Hill, where he may be recruited after a fatiguing journey, and treated with the most distinguished consideration until the moment that he is knocked upon the head. It is not, however, the highest class of society in London that gets the very best meat that comes to market. The class which does not disdain to visit the larder and the kitchen is able to insist upon being supplied with meat having that beautiful bloom upon it which can only be obtained from cattle killed where they are destined to be consumed. The class which never sees its meat until it comes to table may be supplied by cattle killed in Scotland and brought by rail to London. Mr. McCombie says that almost all the best animals bred in Scotland are sent alive to the London market, and are bought by the great retail butchers and slaughtered at their private slaughter-houses. The best animals are not slaughtered in the North; it is only the second-rate meat generally that is sent dead. Many Irish beasts are imported into Scotland, killed, and forwarded to London as "primo Scots"; and old cows and bulls are, for an obvious reason, sent to market in the form of beef. The prime meat comes from the four-year-old Scotch bullock, which is much preferred by London butchers to the short-horn. Prize cattle do not pay either the breeder or the butcher directly, and it is thought that unless the butcher is allowed to slaughter on his own premises he will lose the *scot* which he has hitherto derived from purchasing a prize bullock at Christmas. But if the butcher will not buy, the breeder will not produce, and thus, says Mr. McCombie, the abolition of private slaughter-houses in London will affect the breeding of cattle in Aberdeenshire. This witness takes a special and rather limited view of the question considered by the Committee. Other witnesses allege that prize cattle are not commercially profitable, and that, although they yield meat of the

finest quality, it is accompanied by an undue proportion of unprofitable fat. They allege further that beasts driven through streets to a private slaughter-house, which they require strong persuasion to enter, are dangerous to passengers, and that the places where they are kept and killed are nuisances to the neighbourhood. It is, however, open to argument whether a few large public slaughter-houses may not be as great a nuisance as many small private ones; and slaughter-houses there must be, unless London is to depend entirely on dead meat brought by railway, which in hot weather would be liable to spoil.

This Committee owed its appointment to a circumstance eminently characteristic of our system of legislation. It appears that a Building Act was passed in 1844 containing clauses which would in effect render slaughter-houses and establishments dealing in various ways with bones, fat, and offal illegal in densely populated districts of the metropolis after thirty years from the passing of the Act. These clauses have been lately disinterred from the mountain of legislation accumulated in the intervening years, and it is said that, if they are allowed to take effect, very serious consequences will follow. The butchers and other tradesmen whose business would be interrupted by these enactments contend that their trades are necessary and must be carried on somewhere, and that, if they are to be moved on as London grows, they will be liable to perpetual disturbance. On the other hand, it is contended that slaughter-houses, even when well managed, emit an odour which, although butchers appear to thrive upon it, is disagreeable and perhaps pernicious to the rest of mankind. The Committee have fairly examined the difficult question thus arising, but the title of their Report, "Noxious Businesses," rather indicates a foregone conclusion, in the same way as did the Licensing Act when it proceeded to regulate the sale of "Intoxicating Drinks." The businesses to which the epithet "noxious" has been applied are those of blood and bone boilers, fellmongers, soap-boilers, tallow-melters, and tripe-boilers, as well as slaughterers of cattle and horses. They are all dependent on each other; and as long as cattle are killed in London there must also be in London places where the products of killing, other than meat, may be converted into soap or candles, or otherwise prevented from being more than temporarily a nuisance. The tripe-boiling part of the question was considered by some witnesses before the Committee from the poor man's point of view. If cattle are slaughtered in the country, only the "two sides" of the bullock will come to London, and all that lies between them will remain behind, and perhaps perish, instead of becoming food for man. If the soap-boiler emits—not to put too fine a point on it—a stink during his process, it must at least be acknowledged that he turns out an article necessary to cleanliness and health. We can of course clearly see that we would rather not have these trades carried on in our own immediate neighbourhood, but beyond that point we encounter difficulties. Causes other than prohibitory legislation have diminished the number of private slaughter-houses, and these causes are likely to operate still further. The supply of dead meat is increasing upon the supply derived from live animals slaughtered in the metropolis, and we cannot carry our enthusiasm for prize cattle so far as to regret this change. The Committee recommend that additional private slaughter-houses, varying in size, should be constructed, and other conveniences provided, at the Copenhagen Fields market, and other markets, if established, so as to induce butchers to slaughter animals on the spot, and not drive them through the streets to their own premises. A retail butcher is obliged to consider his customers, and undoubtedly that meat looks best which is carefully killed and cut up by the butcher on his own premises. But it seems to be admitted that the Scotch meat is the best, and that in suitable weather it is not injured by being killed in Scotland. In nine months out of twelve travelling does not affect it, except in appearance. A witness stated that this meat would not do for many businesses. At the West-end of London it does not matter how the meat looks. Ladies and gentlemen never see it until it comes on the table, consequently they do not judge from the appearance. There are hundreds of shops in London where they dare not take the Scotch meat, not because it is not good, but because the bloom is off, and it does not look tempting. Scotch meat is bought principally by West-end tradesmen, whose object is simply to obtain quality without reference to appearance. This statement is made by a butcher in large business at Notting Hill, who may be supposed to speak from actual experience. It shows that there is some need of educating the middle classes in sound principles of marketing. There are probably many of this butcher's own customers who take the trouble to inspect the meat which is to be cooked for their own table, and the effect of this praiseworthy vigilance is sometimes to exclude from their tables the best quality of beef. A wife chooses her husband's dinner as her husband chose her for his wife, by the eye. Education may perhaps correct the former of these errors, but the latter is probably inherent in human nature. The meat that comes up dead is duller in appearance than that which is carefully killed in London; "the bloom is off," and fastidious customers like to see the bloom upon the article they select. The butchers who can sell Scotch meat charge a higher price for it, because it is considered by their customers to be superior to any other. But "if you were to have Scotch meat in the East-end of London, where the consumer goes to market to buy his own joint, it loses its appearance, and looks bad." Not only at the East-end, but in the North-West, or any district where persons go to buy their own meat, there would not be much sale for it; but

when it is sent into hotels and large establishments, and not seen until it is cooked, there is not the same objection made to its appearance. There really seems to be a call for lectures at South Kensington upon this important subject of Scotch meat, which, after all, is chiefly Irish. Customers do not choose the best meat if they have an opportunity of choosing it themselves. The Scotch meat loses its appearance very fast. It does not look at all inviting, and it is very difficult to induce people to take food that is not inviting. But, if they would take it, they would find it very good. Young ladies must be taught not to value the giddy pleasure of the eye when they become housekeepers and order a sirloin for dinner. They should choose their meat on the same principle that guided Hassanio to the leaden casket which made him the husband of Portia—a principle that has been followed by very few suitors since that time. They must not be influenced by an ignorant preference for "bloom," but must remember that meat which has been "muddled" on a journey may have been fed on the finest pasture of Aberdeenshire.

When witnesses are examined as to the details of their own business their evidence is useful to correct the prejudices of ignorant outsiders. Thus Mr. McCombie treats with contempt the suggestion that cattle ought to be taken out of their trucks and watered on the journey by railway from Aberdeenshire. He does not object to watering the cattle in the trucks, if it could be done, as we certainly think it might; but he urges that if the cattle are taken out, they all got mixed together just like first and third class passengers returning from the Crystal Palace on a fête day. He suggests that the speed of the cattle trains might be accelerated, but we doubt whether that would be consistent with the arrangements for traffic on the railways. The fellmongers described the business which they have carried on from time immemorial at Bermondsey, and they obliged the Committee to report that "the population of that neighbourhood has been generally created by it, and is interested in the continuance of it." The people of Bermondsey might say of the fellmongers as the song says of women, "We may live with, but not without, them." In this business, as in others, the same precautions which diminish a nuisance tend to the more efficient and therefore more profitable conduct of it. Habit in these matters counts for much, and those who are not to the manner born can probably contrive to keep their nobility to the windward of the fellmongers. As long as slaughter-houses exist in London there must be places near at hand to prepare the skins of beasts for tanning, and those places may as well remain at Bermondsey, which is used to them, as be moved elsewhere. But when, in the progress of education, we cease to care for the bloom upon our beef, the fellmongers may be transferred to Aberdeen, where perhaps they may be found equally objectionable. Pedestrians will scarcely desire that, by restrictions on trade, shoe-leather should be made dearer than it now is.

ART AT THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

WE propose in this and following papers to give some account of the arts as displayed at the Vienna Exhibition. We shall begin with the pictures, go on to the sculpture and the architecture, and after that to such examples of decorative art and of art industry as merit attention. Furthermore, scattered about the Exhibition there are rooms filled with miscellaneous archaeological contributions from Austrian monasteries, Hungarian territories, Switzerland, Scandinavia, &c. These loans, though the reverse of systematic or complete, offer interesting points of study, especially in the sphere of the ecclesiastical arts. On the collective merits of the entire Exhibition it is hard to pronounce in a single sentence; but we may venture to say that, though this latest attempt at international competition is far from a complete success, neither is it an absolute failure. It is true that in Paris, London, Munich, and elsewhere, better illustrations of certain masters and schools have been exhibited; on the other hand, it is but fair to admit that Vienna has the advantage within the immediate range of her geographic position in central Europe.

A separate building has been erected for the fine arts. This structure, like the larger one devoted to industrial products, inclines to mongrel classic and Italian styles; but so little art has been brought to bear upon any of the buildings that we recognize the hand of the engineer rather than that of the architect. Yet the galleries designed for the pictures and statues have at least the merit of being well adapted to their specific purpose; the works displayed are for the most part seen to advantage, and the space allowed has been sufficiently liberal to avoid the necessity of overcrowding. Little or no attempt is made at internal ornament—in fact, the works hung on the walls or ranged upon the floor constitute the fitting decoration. The general aspect of the galleries leaves little to be desired.

The international character of the collection is strictly borne out; no less than twenty nations are represented, and of the four quarters of the globe, Africa alone is absent. From the opposite ends of the earth, from China and from Brazil, contributions have been received; but in order that too great expectations may not be raised, we may at once state that the art loans from those two Empires do not exceed three objects. France, notwithstanding the crisis through which she has passed, is the most voluminous of exhibitors; she sends no fewer than 636 pictures, 208 pieces of sculpture, which, with numerous miscellaneous objects, make a total of 1,527 works. At a distance follow united Germany

with 1,017, united Italy with 625, and disunited Austria with 811 works. Formerly the Austrian Empire was able to swell her numbers from Hungary on the one side and from Lombardy on the other; now the arts of Northern Italy are ranged under the Italian flag, and at the same time Hungary, as a consequence of her newly acquired political status, claims, for the first time as her right, an independent position in the world of art; she has a gallery to herself. Another change consequent on the altered condition of Europe is that the Roman States, hitherto conspicuous, especially in sculpture, are effaced from catalogues and galleries. Rome, like Lombardy and Venice, now joins her forces to the collective power of the Italian Kingdom. And in like manner the scattered States of Germany are brought together under one empire. Thus Bavaria is merged, and even Prussia does not assert an individual existence. Two nations appear to exceptional disadvantage. The one is the United States, which shows herself barely in advance of semi-barbarous nations; and yet, strange to say, Americans in numbers even beyond the accustomed influx have crossed the Atlantic in order to witness their humiliation; the other nation which suffers cruelly is, we regret to say, England. This discomfiture bears the mark of being due to the procedure characteristic of the department at South Kensington. Friends find favour, and, as usual, the best interests of art are sacrificed to nepotism. The collective contents of the galleries may be briefly summed up as follows:—Total number of pictures above three thousand, total number of statues above one thousand, total of miscellanies, including architecture, water-colour drawings, engravings, &c., nearly another thousand. In all 5,092 works, of which more than four-fifths come from five nations, in the following order—first, as we have said, France, and then in succession the German Empire, Austria, Italy, and Russia.

Austria and Hungary, which collectively display 537 pictures, rightly claim precedence; they are here at home, and experience has shown that the nation which acts the host takes care to be as strong and attractive as possible; accordingly the Austrian Empire has on no other occasion appeared to equal advantage. The Viennese school of painting was for long far in the rear of other nationalities; indeed, towards the close of the last century it had fallen into so dead-alive a condition as to provoke the revolt which subsequently, under the leadership of Cornelius, Overbeck, and Veit, led to one of the most signal revivals in modern times. But this movement also now belongs to that dead past which Germans of the present generation seem only too eager to bury and forget. Scarcely a vestige of the so-called Christian school remains anywhere within these galleries, and in the Austrian territories there are to be seen two weak efforts, "Christ and the Young Man," and the Madonna walking in the midst of angels, by Ritter von Führich, an artist to whom years ago King Ludwig of Bavaria entrusted the decoration of the Cathedral at Spire with frescoes. To the past also may be said to belong the "Sketches for the Frieze of the University in Athens," by Herr Ruhl. These compositions, which are more than sufficiently traditional and conventional, would appear to be considered indispensable to each successive International Exhibition. We have met with them times out of number in various parts of Europe.

For the older phases of Austrian arts it may be justly pleaded that, though the pictures produced were mostly bad in point of art, yet the ideas embodied had nobility. But Austria, in common with the other great Powers of Europe, has been subject to a revolution. She seems to have felt that mere form was hard, dry, and unemotional, and she is already in danger of surrendering this, the primary and noblest element of art, to the romance of colour and the illusion of light and shade. By an unpardonable error the artist to whom, of all others, we should have pointed as the shining star in the new constellation—Herr Makart, trained in the school of Professor Piloty in Munich—is only to be studied in a separate exhibition set up elsewhere. Two years ago we saw in the studio of this creative and facile painter a large composition designed as a decoration for a ceiling, which went far to establish him as the Rubens of Southern Germany. When some three or four years ago he removed from Munich, it was anticipated that his presence in the Austrian capital would accelerate changes already impending. Accordingly, as we look around these walls, not only do colour and romance, but naturalism and realism, meet the eye.

Herr Matejko, by birth and residence a Pole, has brought to a climax the proclivities of the new school. A large picture exhibited at Kensington a year ago at once arrested attention; and whatever promise might then be given of power, and whatever fear might be felt as to the developments of a dangerous extravagance, are more than realized in the eleven brilliant, not to say blatant, works which throw into shadow all their surroundings. The painter is fired by the passion of patriotism, and seems to feel bound to uphold the rights and liberties as well as to proclaim the injuries of his native land. His figures are ready to leap out of the canvas; his colours burn as with fire, as he portrays the "Union of Poland under King Sigismund in 1569," and "Stefan Bathory, King of Poland, seeking peace from the Russian Ambassadors." We are sorry to find that the artist's patriotism does not procure purchasers for him; the trenchant and animated portraits of which examples are here shown are doubtless more profitable. Herr Matejko resides in his native city Cracow—a city eminently picturesque in situation, and peopled by a race which for proud bearing might be descended from dethroned kings. We

have seen peasants in the market-place, gay in costume as gipsies, treading the ground as if the world were a stage and they the actors; out of such good pictorial stuff does Herr Matejko form his compositions. It is of further interest to observe how this Eastern province imports Orientalism into the Empire. When we come to speak of Hungary we shall find that painters born on the Asiatic side of Austria have a fiery ardour and erratic fling which do not belong to the races of Western Europe. Yet in London a class of artists known as "Bohemians" would seem to affect at least the lawlessness of nomadic tribes.

A post of distinguished honour is given to a large religious picture purchased by the Emperor. The child Christ stands in the midst, supported by Moses, and surrounded by St. John the Baptist and others; in the foreground two Kings have in reverence just cast off their crowns. The painter, Herr Canon, has no special vocation for sacred art; at one moment he throws himself into the spirit of Italians of the time of Raffaele, and the next instant he appeals to the taste of the nineteenth century. Overbeck and his followers were, like Fra Angelico, exclusively Christian; but German painters of the present day are more of libertines and latitudinarians; they pass with the utmost impartiality from Christ to Apollo.

In Austria, as already indicated, the arts are divided between romance and realism. Herr Schönn paints a fish-market with the utmost naturalism. Herren Kurzbaier, Leopold Müller, Pettenkofen, and others, show themselves more than mediocre in the humble sphere of *genre*. Then there are others, such as Herren Herbsthofer, Angeli, Fux, and Koller, who rise out of the domestic and the purely naturalistic into historic, poetic, or dramatic compositions. It would be tedious to multiply names of which none or few will be recognized; it is enough to say that there are in Austria two or more battle-painters—Herr L'Allemand and Herr Fmele, for example—who in a style about equal to that of the Bavarian Herr Adam and of the Russian M. Kotzebue are engaged in celebrating the incidents of recent wars. Of portrait-painters there is no more lack in Austria than in England, and the art has reached pretty much the same point in the two countries; speaking generally, the Viennese are stronger in form but cruder in colour than Londoners. Herr Rodakovsky always takes a foremost position in international competition; Herr Lenbach, claimed by Austria, rightly belongs to Bavaria; he too is of the highest rank. Lastly we have noted eight landscape-painters who reach a good European average; indeed, the studies by Herr Schindler and Herr Lichtenfels are nothing short of first rate. The styles, however, which have been developed of late years have little or no claim to distinctive nationality; the landscapes here shown belong to the general Germanic stock, on which here and there has been engrafted a branch from the soil of France. It will be inferred that the non-Austrian elements are as conspicuous in art as they are in the sphere of politics.

The large room assigned to Hungary presents a different aspect from that of adjacent territories occupied by Austria and Germany, partly no doubt because there art is emerging out of barbarism. But just for this reason phenomena are presented and problems are solved which it is instructive to watch. Moreover Pesth, the chief city of Hungary, is one of those three easternmost capitals of Europe which have deliberately espoused the form and the fashion of the Western arts. But while Moscow and St. Petersburg, which share with her this honour, are freezing in the cold North, the city of Pesth, seated among vineyards, is basking under a Southern sun. Hungary, it is well known, is fired with a spirit of nationality; Pesth, and her twin sister Buda, already rank among art capitals. Pesth has secured the famous Esterhazy picture gallery; and she has also built a handsome Academy and a noble National Museum. Hungary has passed through phases analogous to those of Austria; she exhibits cartoons somewhat in the old conventional and eclectic style—compositions designed to be painted by Herren Lotz and Than on the walls of the National Museum in Pesth. She also displays certain religious works after the traditional manner which has elsewhere become obsolete; in fact, in this, as in some other departments, she still remains a generation behind nations that commenced earlier. Hungary also, following the example of Austria on the one side as well as of Russia on the other, has striven to make each department of art commensurate with the wants and desires of modern civilization. She has reared painters who supply the demands of the Church, others who are qualified to execute historical commissions from the State, and others again who, within the range of portraiture, landscape, and *genre*, supply the requirements of well-to-do people in private life. In none of these departments are the Hungarians quite first-rate, and yet, when measured with such nations as Greece or Brazil, we need scarcely say that they show to advantage both in talent and in training. On the other hand, when compared with the Russians, they prove as much inferior in academic education as they are undoubtedly superior in natural ability. The best trained men, such as Professor Wagner and Herr Lietzmann, are of the Piloty school in Munich. But though Hungary has wisely borrowed what she did not possess, the present Exhibition shows that she is not without national characteristics essentially her own. Her imagination is wild and fervid, her fancy voluptuous; nymphs and nudes are in excess. Yet there is a pure and lovely vision of night peopled by sprites, one of the many creations of that prolific painter, Herr Moritz Than. We recall a similar fantasy by the Swede, M. Mulstroom, in the King's Palace at Stockholm; indeed there are interesting points of contrast between the arts of Hungary and of

Scandinavia; less, however, in the direction of romance than of naturalism. In this last phase we incline to think lies the strength of the Hungarian school both in the present and for the future; nowhere within the whole Exhibition are to be found such astounding manifestations of rude, relentless power, of barbarous unmitigated character, as in various naturalistic works by that perverse child of genius, Herr Munkacsy. Nothing in the past by Caravaggio, nothing in the present by the French artist Ribot, approaches the pictures of "The Old Woman Making Butter," and of the vagrants of the night led as prisoners handbound through the streets of an old town. A Rembrandt depth of shadow throws grandeur across the scene. Another demonstration of race and of region, varied as it is vicious, comes from that most lawless genius, M. Zichy, now naturalized in St. Petersburg. M. Zichy is known to England; he has for his patron the Prince of Wales, who owns one of the ten drawings here exhibited, a *capriccio* on our fat King Hal, a work not sufficiently clever to excuse its falsity. M. Zichy is a typical artistic "Bohemian."

We recognize in the 155 pictures, engravings, and statues here collected a future for the arts of Hungary. It is well known that the nation has shown high musical genius, and, in the sister art of painting, signal and eccentric talent has made for itself an unassailable position. In sculpture, as long ago as the Great Exhibition of 1854, when Hungary first struck out boldly for rights she has since won, Herr Angel of Pesth, now represented by four marble groups in Vienna, aroused sympathy for his country. During the last twenty years the Hungarians have made as much progress in art as in liberty; all that they need is to join knowledge to natural impulse.

RACING IN SUSSEX.

THE presence of so many illustrious visitors helped to raise to the highest pitch the popularity of Goodwood as a fashionable gathering, and served also to distract attention from the tameness of the racing, which is showing every year unmistakably increased signs of weakness. When it is evident that the old-established sweepstakes, such as the Ham and the Gratwicke, are fairly dying of inanition, it certainly seems strange that it should be thought worth while to establish a new race of the same class. The Prince of Wales's Stakes, for two-year-olds, two hundred sovereigns each and no forfeit, will be run for the first time next year; and though Lord March has succeeded in obtaining twelve subscribers for it in 1874, there are only eight for 1875, and there will probably be a further diminution in succeeding years. The present generation of racing men has the greatest possible aversion to putting down a large stake of money, and very much prefers small subscriptions and a good lump of added money. The patrons of rich sweepstakes at Newmarket and Goodwood were always a small and select band, and the retirement of Mr. Merry and Sir Joseph Hawley takes away two of the number. Nothing save a liberal increase of added money can, in this mercenary age, revive the fading glories of Goodwood. Only one hundred sovereigns, for instance, are added to the Goodwood Stakes; and almost the largest entry for the week was for the Chichester Stakes, the only event of the meeting to which two hundred are added. The continuance of the meeting is a question for the consideration of the Duke of Richmond and his successors, and we have nothing whatever to do with it; but its rapid decline is a fact that cannot be gainsaid, and it is our duty to point out what appears to us the only method of restoring it, even partially, to its pristine vigour.

The first day at Goodwood is usually considered, as at Ascot, the strongest of the four, as far as racing goes; but this year, if it had not been for the Stewards' Cup, it would have been inexpressibly tame. The fields were wretchedly small; there were only four runners for the Gratwicke, three for the Ham, four for the Lavant—once a two-year-old race of some importance—three for the Halmaker, and two for the Rous Stakes. We may briefly note that the meeting was commenced with the Craven Stakes, which resulted in a splendid struggle between Winslow and Tourbillon, the latter receiving 2 st. for the year, Fordham on Winslow ultimately defeating French on Tourbillon, and thus beginning a series of successes in some of which the great jockey's fine riding and unrivalled judgment were displayed to the greatest advantage. He won the two races immediately following the Craven on Chivalrous and Tambour, the former beating Wild Myrtle by a neck, and the latter defeating Coronet in a canter. He also secured the Lavant Stakes for M. Lefevre with La Coureuse, who proved quite good enough to take the place of Ecosais, reserved for later engagements, and at present being indulged with a rest. The Stewards' Cup was as popular, and deservedly so, as ever, and although several horses whose appearance at the post had been reckoned on were struck out at the last moment, a good field of thirty-one faced the starter. In quality it would favourably compare with that of most previous anniversaries. Modena, the heroine of the Nurseries of 1871, Oxonian—last year's winner—Oxford Mixture, a filly whose abilities deserve a better name, Drummond, Chandos, Azalea, Countryman, Glowworm, Khedive, Madge Wildfire, Surinam, Highland Fling, and a dozen others of some repute for speed were among the runners. Where so many had a chance it was natural that there should be great delay and confusion at the post, and the start was unusually protracted. The starter's patience also seemed to be quite exhausted, for he certainly did not choose a favourable moment for dropping his flag.

Three-fourths of the field were out of the race as soon as the race had begun, and Modena came down the hill with that commanding lead which in former years has so often secured the victory for the Stewards' Cup. Whether, however, from too much use being made of her, or from want of a little nursing in the last two hundred yards, Modena lost ground rapidly at the finish, and, being vigorously challenged by Sister Helen, was ultimately defeated by half a length; Oxford Mixture, who has an unfortunate knack of running into a place, but of missing the first place, finishing third, and Boatman fourth. The remainder were widely scattered. Sister Helen has shown fair racing speed, but was hardly credited with sufficient ability to win in such good company. Moreover, though lightly enough weighted, she got a bad start, and had not Modena raced herself to a standstill, she could hardly have secured the victory.

The second day of the meeting began rather spiritedly with a dead heat, and then Glenalmond, the high-priced son of Blair Athol and Coimbra, beat Lemnos and secured the Finton Stakes for Mr. Merry. A large field of nineteen—the largest since 1857—came out for the Goodwood Stakes; but the less said about the quality of the competitors the better. One is getting quite tired of the names of Catherine and Wolfball—animals always going to carry off a large handicap and never accomplishing their destiny; Duke of Cambridge is as great an impostor as Hurlingham, and comes from the same stable; Houghton, at best only a moderate horse, had incurred a 9 lbs. penalty; and certainly the best horse in the race was the winner, Uhlán, though even he cannot claim to be more than a second-class performer. But he is indifferent to a distance of ground, as was proved by his easy victory in the Ascot Stakes; and when the Goodwood weights appeared it was obvious that Mr. Savile had a great chance of winning again either with Uhlán or Lillian, both of whom were not unfavourably weighted. As events have turned out, he could have won with either. Uhlán, however, had a much more difficult task at Goodwood than at Ascot, for he was so closely pressed by Baron Rothschild's filly by Young Melbourne out of Hippia that he only won just in the last stride by a head. Both first and second were well ridden, and the result must have been gratifying to the handicapper who so accurately estimated the relative merits of the pair. We ought, by the way, to have coupled Mozart with Uhlán, as being a horse of fair racing calibre; and, indeed, he was going well, and would undoubtedly have been one of the first three, had he not unfortunately broken down. The following race, the Goodwood Derby, was only remarkable for another piece of splendid riding on the part of Fordham on Tambour, and Cannon on Victor, the former getting the best of it by a head. The Colonel, despite a 7 lbs. penalty, had no difficulty in beating Eve and Mr. Winkle—the latter similarly penalized; and over his own course, from five to six furlongs, the son of Knowsley and Vexation is well able to hold his own against most opponents.

The Cup was a most melancholy and miserable failure, and ended practically in a walk over. There were only three competitors, Flageolet, Favonius, and Cremorne; and of these Favonius had done only insufficient and intermittent work for months past, and Cremorne had done nothing whatever since Ascot. It was no wonder, therefore, that Flageolet, a perfectly sound horse, and the only trained one of the trio, had the race to himself from beginning to end, and trotted in as he pleased. It was a sad pity to start a really good horse like Cremorne in such condition, and deliberately expose him to a humiliating defeat; and Baron Rothschild must have been ill advised if he thought that the Favonius of 1873 was within stones of the Favonius of 1871. It might have been a satire on the assumed glories of Goodwood if the Cup—that much prized trophy—had been won by a walk over; but, for our own part, we see little difference between a walk over and a race that is only a race in name. Had Favonius and Cremorne been in their true form, nothing could have been more interesting than a fair fight between them; but we have long ago given up the hope of seeing a Derby winner take his part in Cup races two years subsequently. The Visitors' Plate was won by Moorlands, Lillian and Soucar being the most noteworthy of his eight opponents. The easy defeat of Lillian made a good many people scoff at the idea that she could have won the Goodwood Stakes; but a mile race and a two-miles-and-a-half race are very different things, and a horse expressly trained for a long course will very often perform very indifferently over a short one. The result of the Brighton Stakes last Tuesday proves to us pretty conclusively that, in the absence of Uhlán, Lillian could equally have secured the Goodwood Stakes for Mr. Savile. There was an astonishing reversal of public form in the defeat of Ohivalrous by Wild Myrtle, Mr. Bowes's horse having, only two days before over a similar course at similar weights, beaten Mr. Crawford's filly easily. And the three-miles-and-a-half race at the end of the day ended, as such affairs usually do end, in an absurd farce. Protomartyr and Simon set forth to traverse the dreary Queen's Plate Course, and both lost their way during the journey. The rider of Simon found out his mistake the first, and got back into the right course before the rider of Protomartyr, who was a hundred yards in front, had time to realize his position and turn round. Under these circumstances pursuit was hopeless, and Simon came in alone. One of the prettiest and best races of the week, the Chesterfield Cup, was the only event of importance on the last day. There were nineteen runners, and, as usual, there was a fair proportion of heavy weights, and the heavy weights showed conspicuously at the finish. The field included Drummond, Hannah, Winslow, Morn-

ington, Shannon, Oxonian, Neapolitan, Chandon, and other celebrities of more or less note. A much fancied filly from Danbury, Castalia, was unlucky enough to lose start, but made up lost ground so rapidly at the finish as to justify the belief, if all had gone well, she would have been very near the winner. Drummond also was seriously disappointed during the race, which at one moment seemed a match between Hannah and Louise Victoria; but Fordham got him through at last, and then steadying him and biding his time with consummate judgment, gradually caught up the leaders, and won by half a length, a head separating Louise Victoria from Hannah. The Queen's Plate ended in a walk over; therefore one was spared the tedious mixture of walk, trot, canter, and gallop which usually make up together a race for Her Majesty's guineas.

Mr. Savile's pair did him good service at Brighton, Lillian carrying off the Brighton Stakes, and Uhlán the Cup. Both these races deserve particular attention. Lillian's defeat at Goodwood over a mile course proved nothing, as we have before remarked, as to her chance for the Brighton Stakes, for she had evidently been trained for a longer distance. Mr. Savile also could estimate the probability of her success to a nicety through the running of Uhlán and the Hippia filly at Goodwood. Had Lillian run in the Goodwood Stakes, she would have had to give 24 lbs. to Baron Rothschild's filly, while at Brighton she had only to concede 12 lbs. Of course Mr. Savile knew the relative form of Uhlán and Lillian at two miles, and hence he possessed the key to the Brighton Stakes. The result was, that Lillian bent the Hippia filly with such ease as to demonstrate the correctness of the Goodwood handicapping. At 24 lbs. the Hippia filly might have made as gallant a struggle at Brighton as at Goodwood; but at 12 lbs. she had not a chance. Protomartyr ran a fairly good horse, and to these three, out of six competitors, the race was confined. In the Cup Uhlán also had a great advantage over Flageolet in the weights, compared with what their relative positions would have been at Goodwood; and it would have been a great feat for M. Lefèvre's horse, receiving only 6 lbs. for the year, to defeat a hardy, well-tried horse like Uhlán. Besides, as we have hinted, Flageolet's victory at Goodwood was no matter for extraordinary jubilation. Cremorne could hardly raise a gallop, and Favonius has either lost his form or was insufficiently trained. We must look at Flageolet's running at Ascot and Paris—at both which meetings he was in good condition—as a more correct measure of his abilities, and that running was certainly not good enough to justify the belief that he could give away weight to a horse like Uhlán. As it happened, Uhlán always was in front of Flageolet, and after the first half-mile made the whole of the running. Flageolet ran gamely enough, and tried hard to catch the leader; but Uhlán had the best of the struggle throughout, and won—with a few pounds in hand, we think—by a neck. Thus, though the casualties of training deprived him of the Goodwood Cup, the Goodwood and Brighton Stakes and the Brighton Cup fell to Mr. Savile, whose series of successes no real sportsman will grudge. M. Lefèvre also was as formidable at Brighton as at Goodwood. The speedy La Couronne carried off the Corporation Stakes—thanks to the fine riding of Fordham—and the Bevenclan Stakes, and Drummond had no difficulty in winning the Stewards' Welter Plate. In the Champagne Stakes and Sussex Cup Tambour and Roquefort frightened away all opponents; but altogether the fields were up to the average strength, and Brighton racing might compare favourably with Goodwood. In the general management of the meeting, and especially in the refreshment department, Brighton has always been far superior to Goodwood, and this year it fully maintained its superiority. If anything could mar the enjoyment of the Sussex fortnight, it would be the endless blundering and hopeless confusion of the managers of that feeblest of Railway Companies, the London, Brighton, and South Coast.

REVIEWS.

LAHORE TO YARKAND.*

THIS work is the record of the adventures of three enterprising Englishmen on a journey, undertaken in the year 1870, from Lahore to Yarkand, the capital of the Atalik (Ghazi), Yacoub Khush Begi. The leader of the expedition was Mr. Shaw, who had already attracted attention by his account of a visit to Yarkand and Kashgar in 1868. Mr. T. D. Forsyth, a well-known Indian civilian, represented the Government of Lord Mayo; and observations were made, specimens were collected, and a narrative of the journey was written, by Dr. Henderson, the medical officer attached to the deputation. The writer of the account has found an able coadjutor in a son of the late member for Montrose, Mr. Allan Hume, who, however, never left his desk in the Indian Secretariat to explore mountain passes or shoot specimens of rare birds. The plan of the work appears to have been as follows:—Dr. Henderson set out, armed as well as was possible on so short a notice with photographic apparatus, meteorological instruments, sextant, compass, and powder and shot. On his return he expanded his notes of the journey into one hundred and fifty pages of print. The specimens of birds and plants and the scientific and miscellaneous observations were

* *Lahore to Yarkand.* By G. Henderson, M.D., and Allan O. Hume, Esq., C.B. London: Reeve & Co. 1873.

arranged, so as to form an appendix to the narrative, by Mr. Hume, by way of recreation in the intervals of his onerous duties as Secretary to the Government of India for Agriculture, Revenue, and Commerce. The birds have been identified with those of Dr. Jerdon's work, or with the catalogue which Mr. Hume himself possesses. Various scientific gentlemen, whose labours are gracefully acknowledged in the preface, have conferred an additional value on the volume either by comparing the drawings of the botanical specimens with those existing at Kew, or by working out the observations of the barometer, or generally by supervising the letterpress and the plates. The liberality of Dr. Hooker in this matter might even disarm the criticism and win the acknowledgments of the Chief Commissioner of Public Works. The result is that we have before us a valuable addition to our imperfect knowledge of the passes of the Himalaya, of the condition of Eastern Turkestan, of the difficulties of transit, and of the manners and customs of the Yarkandis. The work, though chiefly attractive to botanists and ornithologists, is by no means unsuited to the general reader. It has neither padding nor pretentiousness. The irrepressible Special Correspondent never appears at all. We get no glimpses of any mysterious old man on the edge of the eternal desert; we are never called on to speculate as to the epoch when Western civilization will introduce moral pocket-handkerchiefs and pickaxes, either to wipe away or to dig out a corrupt and savage despotism; and we are not treated to vague or lengthy disquisitions about the advance of Russia, the apathy of the Foreign Office, or the duties of the Indian Government. The Indian medical service has not only turned out experienced surgeons and physicians who have performed operations which appear to Hindus and Mohammedans like magic, and who have laid down correct hygienic theories calculated to save whole English regiments from decimation, but Indian doctors have also often distinguished themselves in diplomacy, in Oriental literature, in the spread of English education, and in adventurous travel. The present volume is another proof that this important branch of our Anglo-Indian Administration may be relied on to produce men who can take effective measures for preserving the health and lives of camp-followers, who can write down accurate memoranda of intelligent observation at the close of a wearisome day's march, and who can get the whole reduced to a compact volume on their return to civilized life.

The party started in the middle of May from Kashmir, and reached Yarkand on the 23rd of August. Mr. Forsyth was not fortunate enough to obtain an interview with the ruler, who was absent from his capital, though the place of the chief was fairly supplied by the Dad Khwah (literally plaintiff or claimant), the second dignitary in the kingdom. They remained only thirteen days in the city, during which they could scarcely be expected to add much to the amount of information already published by Mr. Shaw; and they returned to Ladak, as far as we can make out, some time in October. The accurate information acquired as to the climate, the fauna and flora, the aspect of the country, and the peculiarities of the inhabitants is a sufficient justification of the expense incurred by Lord Mayo in sending a party across desolate passes, and into unknown regions, where more than one European had previously lost his life.

In some respects, there is something peculiarly seductive in the descriptions of the climate of some of those high lands over which Mr. Forsyth and his party travelled. Ladak, like Egypt, has little or no rainfall. The total yearly amount does not exceed four inches, and even snow, which falls to the extent of eight inches at a time, evaporates "without perceptibly liquefying." In the same tract the atmosphere is so clear that hills fifty miles distant appear to be within a short day's march. At a higher elevation animal flesh "desiccated" instead of putrifying, and it was the practice of travellers to leave horseflesh hanging by strips on the bushes, so as to serve as food for future caravans. On the other hand, in spite of the exhilarating clearness of the atmosphere, and the purity of the air, the travellers were exposed to occasional discomforts, and even to serious hardships. Floods came down, without any notice, from rains in the highest passes; severe winds blew all day in one direction and all night in another; the cold was so intense that the baggage animals thrust themselves into the sleeping tents; and though water was generally wholesome and abundant, vegetation and fodder entirely failed. The eyes were blinded and the skin was taken off by a violent wind, which raised sulphate of magnesia in clouds, and writing ink froze on the top of the passes. At one place a quail and a species of rail were caught, completely exhausted, and the Tibetan porters appeared to be able to withstand the low temperature only by means of filthy sheepskins and incrustations of dirt. The conclusion would seem to be that, owing to the great height, the want of vegetation, and the violent winds, this lofty region, lying between the Pangong Lake and the descent to Sanja, is not fitted for the permanent quarters of either man, beast, or bird.

Yet during the summer immense flocks of migratory birds were seen and shot at, chiefly divers and waders. In Ladak blue pigeons collected in enormous numbers, near and beyond the Pangong Lake; waterfowl and sand-grouse were counted in thousands; hares were as plentiful as blue hares on the top of a moor in Ross-shire; and on both sides of one pass snow pheasants and marmots were found in abundance. If the expedition had resulted in nothing beyond a contribution to natural history, there are some who may consider the money not ill spent. Those who enjoy descriptions of plumage and a lavish expenditure of epithets

such as fulvous, rufous, albescent, mottled, bronzy, and so forth, by which a naturalist strives to give a life-like character to his descriptions, will here find abundant matter for reference and comparison. We question, however, whether it is quite correct even poetically to represent the cuckoo as "trolling a jocular lay" at any altitude. But this bird and other familiar friends were doubtless as welcome to the travellers in snow-covered passes as ever "the wandering voice" could have been to Wordsworth.

The term *dasturkhan* is probably new to all but professed Orientalists. Literally, it signifies *table-cloth*. At Sanja, and indeed all through Yarkand, it means not only the cloth which covers the board, but a substantial meal of several courses. In point of profusion and variety few Oriental banquets surpass a Yarkand dinner, except of course those which we read of in the *Arabian Nights*, or which are given when a first-class mandarin at Canton or Shanghai entertains the British Commissioner and the Admiral commanding in the Chinese waters. The guests were seated on *rugs*, and water was poured over their hands, in Homeric fashion, by an *amphipolos*, from a "large copper jug shaped like a coffee-pot." The first course was fruit—melons, grapes, apples, pears, and apricots, with marmalade and jams. Then came biscuits and fancy bread. Next, were two national dishes—one of minced mutton flavoured with sweet herbs and onions, and enclosed in a delicate film of soft paste; the other, a baked leg of mutton buried in rice and carrots. These were termed respectively *muntos* and *ash*, and must have rivalled the lamb fed with pistachio nuts of the Parmecide. Last came soup, or *ash* and water, which was little else than rice and mutton minced. Dr. Henderson pertinently remarks that the order of serving the dishes was exactly the reverse of our own. The viands were washed down with copious draughts of tea, and, if the Englishmen swallowed the contents of many of the Yarkand teacups, which are described as equal to three ordinary English breakfast cups, and which a lad refilled as soon as they were emptied, we can only compare the drinking bout to that of the Brick Lane Branch of the Temperance Association which excited the amazement of the older Mr. Weller. The Yarkandis themselves dispensed knives and forks, and used cakes of bread instead of plates. We are not told exactly whether

Vertere morsus
Exiguam in Cereem penuria adogit edendi;
Et violare manu, nullisque audacibus orbem
Fatalis crusta, patulis nec parcere quadris,

or whether any one was found to jest on the subject, like Iulus; but it is quite certain that the reception given was very hearty, and that the travellers could not have been more hospitably received had they come to fulfil a prediction or to obey the voice of an oracle. The Valley of Yarkand is highly cultivated; all the winter and summer crops of the Punjab, with the exception of sugar-cane, were seen, and most European and some Oriental fruits were ripening at the time of the visit. Mutton, of good flavour, was plentiful, and the native troops were said to get meat twice a day. Every man rode a pony or a donkey, and no one walked if he could help it. The penal code of the country was severe and simple, the ruling powers having no weak or sentimental theories about reforming criminals, or allowing them to flourish at the expense of the community. In cases of theft, the first offence was treated with a warning, the second punished by flogging, and the third by amputation of one or both hands. A hardened offender for the fourth offence had his throat cut. On the whole, there seemed to be a fair amount of prosperity and comfort in the city and its neighbourhood, and though religious mendicants were met with, there was neither pauperism nor wretchedness. We gather that, in spite of the hospitable treatment accorded to our envoys, the local authorities did not wish the travellers to take down too many notes or to ask too many questions. Dr. Henderson had to conduct his photographic operations in secret, and when he wanted specimens he was put off with divers excuses. It is also quite clear that the Dad Khwah was not willing to allow the Englishmen to take rides in the environs, and he contrived that their time should be spent in paying and receiving visits, and in making preparations for their return journey. Most Oriental potentates have an innate conviction as to our ulterior objects, and a rooted belief that what begins in commerce may end in conquest.

And this brings us to the political aspect of the mission; for it is impossible for us to endorse Dr. Henderson's dictum, that his was a "friendly visit," and was "to have no political objects." It is quite out of the question that any such fine distinction should ever be drawn either by the rulers of the Central Asian principalities or by the natives of India, who watch and comment on every move on the diplomatic chessboard. Doubtless commercial intercourse may be legitimately promoted to some extent by all such expeditions. But it is of far more importance that Mohammedan potentates should draw correct conclusions as to our wealth, resources, and rigid determination to abstain from all territorial aggrandizement than that they should encourage the exchange of some pedlars' packs of dried apricots for a few loads of Himalayan tea. Such expeditions will do real good if they can convince the Ameer of Oabul or the Atalik Ghazi that there is between the mountains and the sea a first-class Power, just, beneficent, and unaggressive, which is ruling over millions of Hindous and Mohammedans with all the force that can be imparted by disciplined armies and by moral ascendancy. By all means let merchants and traders be encouraged to climb difficult passes, to wade through snowdrifts, and to despise biting winds in the interests of trade. But we must

remind ardent and impulsive Chambers of Commerce that there never can be any real analogy between the huge bales of merchandise which they are accustomed to see in steamships and railways, wharves and jetties, and the moderate quantity which must be carried for centuries to come over such a land route on the backs of half-starved ponies or Yaks. It would, perhaps, be too depreciatory to compare the profits of these ventures to the yearly gains of Sawyer, late Nockemore, which might be put into a wineglass and covered with a gooseberry leaf. But it may be doubted whether the widest expansion of the whole Central Asian commerce will approach the total of exports and imports at one second-rate Indian seaport; while in the eyes of statesmen who rightly understand our position in India and in the East, the results of such a risk of English life and energy will not be measured simply by facilities for sending from India tea and piece-goods, and for receiving in return carpets, gold-dust, and fruits packed in cotton-wool.

ST. JOHN OF NEPOMUK.*

THERE is a current story about a meditation on St. George, Patron Saint of England, being read out in the English College at Rome, divided under these three heads—"Point 1. Let us consider first that we know very little about St. George." After due time allowed for reflecting on this circumstance, follows "Point 2. Let us consider, secondly, that the little we do know is very uncertain." Finally comes "Point 3. Let us consider, lastly, that we are never likely to know any more about him." Whatever may be thought of the religious uses of this singular meditation, it is tolerably true to fact. Scarcely anything is known about St. George, except the fact, for which there is good evidence, that such a person really was martyred towards the end of the third century, and that Gibbon's ingenious attempt to identify him with the infamous George of Cappadocia, the persecuting Arian Bishop of Alexandria, will not hold water. Both the Greek and Latin Acts and the various mediæval legends about him are alike apocryphal. St. John Nepomucen, or of Nepomuk, who is alleged to have been drowned in the Moldau at Prague in 1483, by order of King Wenceslaus, for refusing to betray Queen Joanna's confession, is in worse plight than St. George. If we may credit the Bull of Canonization and the Breviary lessons for his festival, of which more presently, there is a great deal known about him; but then the whole of it happens to be pure invention. In short, as the Bohemian historian Palacky expresses it, "*Saint John Nepomucen belongs solely to legend, in so wise to history.*" On the other hand, a good deal is really known of a certain John of Pomuk or Nepomuk, who was thrown into the Moldau in 1493, but who has nothing in common, beyond the fact of being drowned by order of King Wenceslaus, with the legendary hero who was canonized in 1729 as a martyr for the sanctity of the confessional, through Jesuit influence, and at once became the Second Patron of the Order. The true state of the case has long been familiar to scholars; but Mr. Wratishaw has done good service in putting together the evidence and tracing the genesis of the myth in a compendious form, though we could wish he had contrived not to make a dry subject unnecessarily tedious by his way of telling the tale. However, the book makes no pretence to literary graces, and what it does profess it performs with an incisive clearness which leaves nothing to be desired. We will try, as briefly as we can, to put our readers in possession of the main outline of the case. No one who has visited that most interesting and uncomfortable city will forget traversing at Prague, on his way to the Hradschin, the quaint old bridge over the Moldau, "where the Saint who sank beneath its flow still wears his five-starred crown." And throughout the Roman Catholic Church St. John of Nepomuk's feast is observed on May 16 with much devotion, especially by the Jesuits, as the first champion and martyr of the confessional.

We will first give a summary of the lessons for the day in the Breviary, which are based on the Acts and Bull of Canonization. John was born at Nepomuk in Bohemia, like his prototype St. John the Baptist, of parents advanced in years, and, among other early tokens of sanctity, his life was miraculously preserved in infancy by the help of the Blessed Virgin. From the first he had shown marks of extraordinary piety, and after completing his secular and theological studies he was ordained priest and devoted himself entirely and with eminent success to the ministry of the Word. He became Canon of Prague, and preached before the King Wenceslaus, who, like Herod of old, did many things because of him, and pressed on his acceptance various dignities which he persistently refused. He also became confessor to Queen Joanna. The King, however, fell into vicious courses, and, affecting to suspect the fidelity of his virtuous Queen, insisted on John's revealing to him what she had said in confession, but no threats or blandishments could induce the holy man to break the seal of confession. He foretold his approaching end and the judgments impending on the kingdom in a sermon preached in the cathedral, and soon afterwards, on his return from a pilgrimage to an ancient image of Our Lady at Bunzlau, he was again seized and interrogated by the King, and on his continued refusal to answer was, by the royal command, thrown that night from the bridge over the Moldau and drowned. But the body

floated down the stream with supernatural lights flashing over it, and in the morning was found on the bank and solemnly conveyed by the canons to its burial in the cathedral. After a constantly growing cultus, illustrated by innumerable miracles for more than three centuries, St. John was canonized by Benedict XIII. in 1729.

So much for the Saint and Martyr. We now turn to the history of John of Pomuk. The date of his birth is unknown, but in 1372 he is mentioned as a cleric and notary in the Chancery of the Archbishop of Prague, and he was ordained priest about 1380, when he obtained the rectory of St. Gallus "by favour of the Apostolic See," which appears in this case to mean by simony, for he paid half the first year's proceeds of the living into the Roman treasury. But he still devoted himself to his legal studies, leaving the duties of the rectory to be discharged by a curate, and in 1387 took the degree of Doctor in Canon Law, and became a canon first of St. Giles's and then of Vysehrad, and in 1389 Vicar-General of the archdiocese of Prague, Canon of the cathedral, and Archdeacon of Saaz, while still retaining his former canonry of Vysehrad. In short, in direct contrast to his saintly namesake in the Breviary, he was a greedy pluralist, and wholly neglected the spiritual duties of his office. The next thing recorded of him is his violent death in 1393—seven years, we may observe, after the death of Queen Joanna, and when Wenceslaus had been four years married to a second wife, Sophia. It was caused by a quarrel between the King and the Archbishop, John of Jenstein, with which John of Pomuk himself had no direct concern, and in which the Archbishop appears to have been chiefly in the wrong. They had first quarrelled in 1384 about a weir on the Elbe, near the Archbishop's property, erected by a favourite of the King's and destroyed by the Archbishop's servants. But matters did not come to a crisis till 1393, when the Archbishop excommunicated Sigmund, an under-chamberlain of the King, and opposed his scheme for carving a new see out of the overgrown diocese of Prague, apparently with the consent of Rome, and certainly not at all before it was wanted. The Benedictine abbey of Kladrau was to be converted into a cathedral on the death of the old abbot, but the monks lost not a moment in electing a successor, who was as promptly and secretly confirmed by the Archbishop's vicar. The King was naturally indignant, and the Archbishop gives his own account of what followed—which is the only one extant—in a long letter to the Pope, who took very little notice of it, and remained on friendly terms with Wenceslaus. All that need be stated here is that the Archbishop, with three of his officials, John of Pomuk being one, was summoned before the King, and the three priests were cruelly maltreated and tortured, "and they would all have been drowned" had they not promised never to reveal what had taken place, and to side with the King against the Archbishop. But "the venerable John, because he could in no wise have lived any longer," was thrown from the bridge of Prague about the third hour of the night, and drowned. This is the only contemporary evidence for the death of John of Pomuk, given, be it remembered, by the Archbishop, who calls him "a holy martyr," and bitterly reviles the King, in an official complaint addressed to the Pope. It will nevertheless be seen that it contains no hint of his being the Queen's confessor—Queen Joanna indeed had long been dead—or of any reason for putting him to death more than the others who had been tortured with him, except that the ill usage had told more severely on him, so that he could not anyhow have survived it, and it was therefore thought safer to put him quietly out of the way by drowning at night. Nor is a word said about any miraculous lights on the river. Some years later, in 1400, the Archbishop of Mayence, in the name of the Electors, pronounced sentence of deposition on King Wenceslaus, in which he refers to his "having murdered, drowned, burned with torches, and inhumanly put to death honourable prelates and parsons, and spiritual persons," not even mentioning John of Pomuk by name. In 1401 Archbishop John of Jenstein's life was written by his chaplain, who records the drowning of "the venerable John," and refers vaguely to "remarkable miracles," but gives no hint of any special cause for his martyrdom. The fact is again mentioned in a *Tractatus de Longævo Schismate* of 1420, preserved in St. Mark's Library at Venice, and in 1425 by Andrew of Ratisbon, but without any further explanation of the King's motives or any hint of miracles. In the list of the Abbots of Kladrau John is expressly said to have been drowned on account of his confirmation of the newly-elected abbot, which led to the quarrel between the Archbishop and the King. Several other chronicles, as well as a History of Bohemia by Aeneas Silvius, written in 1448, also mention the fact. So far then there is no shadow of evidence to identify the drowned Vicar-General with the Saint and Martyr of the Confessional, nor does history know of any other John of Nepomuk. How did the legend originate? On this wise.

A certain John of Haselbach, writing in the middle of the fifteenth century, first speaks of John as being the Queen's confessor, and of a report he had heard (*ut fertur*) at Prague in 1433, forty years after the real, and fifty years after the legendary, date—that he was drowned for refusing to violate the seal of confession; and his testimony has been quoted by modern writers with the significant omission of *ut fertur*. But the manuscript of Thomas of Haselbach has only quite lately been discovered by Palacky, and till then the earliest known authority for the legend was one Paul Zidek, in a controversial work written in 1471, which, as Palacky says, is full of "demonstrably false accusations"; and indeed his

* Life, Legend, and Canonization of St. John Nepomucen, Patron Saint and Protector of the Order of the Jesuits. By A. H. Wratishaw, M.A. London: Bell & Daldy. 1873.

biographer, the late Jaromir Erben, says that Zidek "undoubtedly gave himself no concern about historical truth." This, however, and Thomas of Haselbach's "report," are the only shreds of evidence for the legend for one hundred and fifty years, when we come in 1541 to Hajek, author of a Bohemian Chronicle full of fictions, who gives the first detailed account of the martyrdom as now commemorated, but places it in 1483, during the lifetime of Queen Joanna, and describes the drowning of the Vicar-General in 1393, with sundry embellishments of his own, as quite a distinct event. This "dualization of the Saint," to which later writers have adhered, and which is assumed in the process of canonization, of course cuts the knot of all historical difficulties attaching to the murdered Vicar-General; but it involves the somewhat serious difficulty that our earliest witness, not only for the martyrdom, but for the existence, of the canonized John of Nepomuk is Hajek himself, who lived a century and a half later, and who is called by Palacky, in a pamphlet on Bohemian history, *der ärgste Schädiger seiner Geschichte*. It was not till the beginning of the next century that John of Nepomuk began to be made into a Saint. In 1602 a hymn was addressed to him by Pontanus, and in 1621 he is reckoned among the patron saints of Bohemia, in a work dedicated to Lohelius, then Archbishop of Prague, who consecrated an altar in his honour. Soon afterwards his fame was secured by the all-powerful patronage of the Jesuits, one of whom, George Ferns, wrote a pious life of him in 1641, while some fresh miracles were added by another Jesuit, Tanner, and a third Jesuit, Balbinus, compiled an elaborate Life, from which the *Acta* and Bull of canonization and the Breviary lessons are summarized. It is of course a pure romance from beginning to end, and was looked on with so much suspicion at the time that the Chapter of Prague, in 1671, declined the dedication of the work, and the Archbishop Ferdinand, though he eventually succumbed to Jesuit influences, was at first vehemently opposed to the canonization. A still more serious obstacle was found in a Bull of Urban VIII., laying down conditions with which it was impossible that the now popular *cultus* of St. John Nepomuk could ever be brought into harmony. The Jesuit Father Emmanuel adroitly suggested that the Chair of Peter should be "taken by storm by petitions," but he put forward no evidence at first beyond the fact—which was a pure fiction—that his *cultus* had lasted about three hundred years. The canons of Prague were induced to sign a document in this sense in 1675, and soon afterwards pilgrimages began to be made to Nepomuk. Early in the next century the matter was being pressed at Rome, but the *Promotor Fidei*, who had to cross-examine the evidence, was Lambertini, afterwards Benedict XIV., one of the ablest and most honest of modern pontiffs, who exposed the imposition in a way which ought to have made all further proceedings simply impossible; and the Court of Rome, to do it justice, required a good deal both of pressure and payment. The *Acta* prove abundantly that the personage intended to be canonized was not the Vicar-General drowned in 1393, but the fictitious John of Nepomuk supposed to have been martyred for refusing to violate the seal of confession in 1483. Some of the alleged miracles are unpleasantly illustrative of the Jesuit morality of the day, as e.g. the following:—

In p. 187 we find that a young gentleman of family had seduced a maid-servant. The child which she bore was secretly put out of the way in the house. The matter being, however, known to several of the servants, became noised abroad, and a criminal inquiry was at hand. The guilty youth vowed to make a pilgrimage to the grave of St. John Nepomuk if he would help him out of the scrape, and when the witnesses came to be examined, all those who could best have given evidence were passed over, and a scamp of a boy (*scurrilis puer*) was severely scolded for having invented and spread the calumny, which caused everybody to hold his tongue, and some of the servants actually begged pardon. The young gentleman was saved, and the saint received a present of silver plate in addition to the pilgrimage.

However, the Jesuits were omnipotent at Rome, and they were determined to have their way. In 1721 the Saint who owes his existence to Hajek was beatified by Innocent XIII., and in 1729 the final Bull of Canonization was issued by Benedict XIII. What makes the matter more scandalous is that the Court of Rome knew, or certainly had every means of knowing, at the time that the story was a mere fabrication; for the letter of Archbishop John of Jenstein to the Pope, which gives the only contemporary account of the actual occurrence, is laid up in the Vatican, whence a copy of it was procured for another purpose some years afterwards.

Those were days when criticism was held in salutary check by the Inquisition, the Index, and the censorship; and it was not till ten years after the suppression of the Jesuits that the Chevalier Von Steinsberg, in 1783, first called in question the existence of the martyr of 1483 as distinct from the Vicar-General drowned in 1393. An ex-Jesuit, Pubitschka, replied that "it was irreligious" to doubt that the two persons were distinct—which, on infallibilist principles, is true enough—and in 1828 one Zimmermann wrote to the same effect, that Rome could not have canonized a person who never existed; but the then Archbishop of Prague thought it prudent to suppress this work. When Palacky first published his *Bohemian History* in 1845, he spoke cautiously on the subject, as he has since explained, on account of the censorship, but we have already seen that his real opinion is clear enough. In 1855 appeared the posthumous *Legend of St. John of Nepomuk*, by Otto Abel, which contains a merciless exposure of the fraud, and last year Professor Reimann published an excellent and exhaustive essay on the subject in Sybel's *Historische Zeitschrift*. The

result is well summed up by Mr. Writslaw in the following passage:—

We have found that there is no contemporary evidence whatever to sustain the claim of the so-called saint to canonization, as the protomartyr of the confessional, but that everything tends to exclude the supposition, and to prove him to have been the mere victim of a quarrel between the king and the archbishop, and not even a martyr for the immunity of the spiritual power. We have found that the first mention of him in connexion with the confessional, is a simple report, the existence, but not the authenticity of which is vouched for by a respectable writer, and that in terms which separate the post of confessor to the queen from the refusal to violate the seal of confession, to which common fame about forty years after his death appears to have partly ascribed it. We have found also that the first mention of the Queen's confession as the cause of his death is made by an author, Paul Zidek, on whom little reliance can be placed, and who in other respects notoriously calumniated King Wenceslas IV. We have found that, after the first excitement of the cruel murder had passed away, no traces appear of any special honour paid to the martyr, as such, till the latter half of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, when, under the Jagellon dynasty (1471-1526), an unwillingness to tread on his gravestone is noted, and his grave seems to have been more or less protected by a slight railing. We have found that, fifteen years after the accession of the Hapsburg dynasty, an unconscientious writer (1541), divided him into two distinct personages, an impossible queen's confessor and martyr of the confessional in 1383, and a genuine victim of the confirmation of the Abbot of Kladrau in 1393. We have found that, at the commencement of the 17th century (1602), an ecclesiastical poet proposed his elevation to the rank of one of the patron saints of the country, and that this suggestion was, after the complete destruction of the liberties of Bohemia, followed up by the Jesuits, who wanted a patron for their favourite engine the confessional, until by dint of the most unscrupulous forgery and lying, in spite of the warnings of an honourable member of their own order, they succeeded (1729), in forcing his canonization upon the reluctant Church of Rome, and then proceeded to inaugurate him as their second patron.

How far the contents of the Breviary are held to be sealed with the "irreformable" guarantee of pontifical infallibility we will not undertake to discuss; but there have been, we believe, several tolerably searching revisions of the Roman office books. And if the Court of Rome can find such a measure consistent with its lofty pretensions, we might humbly suggest that it would best consult its own credit for truthfulness, and for desiring to promote habits of truthfulness in its clergy, by making a clean sweep at the earliest opportunity of the Mass and office of St. John Nepomuk, who owes his existence to a long course of pertinacious imposture, and his place among the Saints to the culpable weakness or more guilty complicity of the highest authorities of the Church.

CUSSANS'S HISTORY OF HERTFORDSHIRE.*

THE mind of the writer of a County History—as a County History is commonly understood—must be a curious study. He starves in the midst of plenty; he shuts his eyes in the midst of light. He lives surrounded by the materials of history; but it is against his principles to make any effort to use them, or even to understand them. He is not like the teachers of language and history who go blundering on in the hard unscientific way instead of the easy scientific way. For many of these are blind simply because they have never come near the light; if the light were brought near to them, they might some of them begin to see. They do not drink, because they have never heard of the fountain; the county historian knows the fountain, in some sort he draws water from the fountain, but he obstinately refuses to drink. He has for instance Domesday before him; it is his traditional business to read it, to copy it; but it is no less his traditional business not to use or to understand it. He is something like the people who read the Old Testament over and over again as a kind of *opus operatum*, but who think it a sin when anybody tries to point out the historical bearing of the narrative or the human aspect of any of the characters. They, we know, would not presume to understand, and we can only guess that, in the like sort, the county historian would not presume to understand his Domesday. It must stand there, like the Bible in an unsectarian school, without note or comment. The writer makes his salaam to the venerable record, and that is all. He turns away to business which is more to his mind, and in doing which he seems to be quite happy. He traces out all the pedigrees, real or imaginary, of half-a-dozen obscure families; he sets down their real or imaginary coats of arms; and diligently copies out the fulsome inscriptions in which their virtues are commemorated in the disfigured churches in the neighbourhood. When he has gone through this process in all the parishes of the shire, the result is called a "County History."

It is of course true that in many counties a County History is simply impossible. No man can write the history of a thing which has no history. Now nothing can have a history which has not a real life of itself, a kind of personal being apart from others of the same class. A town has a history; so has a monastery, a parish, even a family; a history perhaps worth preserving, perhaps not, but still a history of some kind. A county may have a history or it may not. It has a history when it is marked off by any definite boundaries, physical or linguistic; when any peculiarities, either in its earlier or its later condition or government, give it a distinct being which can be made the subject of a continuous narrative. But when the county is a mere artificial administrative

* *History of Hertfordshire, containing an Account of the Descents of the various Mannors, Pedigrees of Families connected with the County; Antiquities, Local Customs, &c. &c. Chiefly Compiled from Original MSS. in the Record Office and British Museum, Parochial Registers, Local Archives, and Collections in possession of Private Families. By John Edwin Cussans, Paris I.—IV. London: Hotten. Hertford: Austin. 1870-1872.*

division, it can hardly have a history. Its towns, parishes, monasteries, may each have its own history; some of the great events of English history may have happened within its borders; but the shire, as a shire, has no history. Kent, Sussex, most of the Western and Northern counties, really have histories; we doubt about Norfolk by itself, but Norfolk and Suffolk together, that is, East-Anglia, have a most remarkable history. But the midland shires, named after towns, have for the most part no history. It may so happen, as in the case of Northamptonshire, that an unusual number of the great events of English history may have taken place within a particular county; still the county itself has no history. Of such a county no history, properly so called, can be written. The history of its separate towns and parishes may be written and bound up together, but this hardly comes to more than a topographical dictionary of the district, which would be more convenient if it were put in alphabetical order. And, if a list is given of those events in general English history which happened within the limits of the county, still that does not make a history of the county itself.

Hertfordshire strikes us as being one of those counties of which a history is impossible. A history of the Abbey of St. Albans might be written; we have no doubt that a history of the borough of Hertford might be written; but we cannot see that the county of Hertford, as a county, has any history at all. We may indeed record that such and such battles happened within it in the days of Alfred and in the wars of the Roses. But this is just because those battles must have been fought somewhere, and they do not make a history of the county of Hertford as such. As for two other events which Mr. Cussans tells us happened in Hertfordshire, we cannot make them out at all. He tells us that "at Hertford Henry Duke of Lancaster held his regal court, at the time Richard the Second was deposed." As Henry was at Westminster ready to assert his own claim, we do not see how he could be holding a court, regal or other, at Hertford; and it is still more mysterious when we are told that "at Theobalds Charles the First received the deputation from both Houses of Parliament calling upon him to assume the command of the Royal army against the forces of the Commonwealth." We have no doubt that both these two descriptions mean something; but, without searching specially into the matter, which is Mr. Cussans's business and not ours, we cannot see what they do mean; at all events, supposing such things ever happened, they too happened in Hertfordshire simply because they must have happened somewhere, and do not make up a real local history of the shire. At all events, if there could be such a thing as a history of Hertfordshire, Mr. Cussans has certainly not written it. The four Parts which we have been to us—we know not how many more are to follow—are tall and costly, and well got up, and would make a very handsome library book, and we have no doubt that all the modern pedigrees and modern inscriptions are given to the full satisfaction of the people whose grandfathers are commemorated in them. But, from a more general point of view, the book simply shows how little the true object and method of local history is still understood by the mass of those who undertake to write it. Mr. Cussans, writing in 1872, has got very little beyond the level of Bridges and Collinson generations back. There is only one point in which we can see that he has at all got beyond their level. His architectural descriptions are not very intelligent, but he has got beyond the stage when it was thought enough to say of a mediæval church "the pillars and arches are old and of no order." And he sometimes puts in notes explaining in a kind of way what a rood loft is, or sedilia, or a chantry, which, if not very novel or always very accurate, at least show an advance on the eighteenth century. But in the historical and philological departments Mr. Cussans seems to have made no advance at all upon the genuine old dull style of thing. The account of each parish begins, according to rule, with a translation of the entry in Domesday about it. It does not seem to have come into Mr. Cussans's head that anything could be found out about the places before Domesday. We really think that there is not a single reference to the *Codex Diplomaticus*. We have not thought it our business to hunt them all up; but it is hardly to be conceived that, of so many parishes as are described in these Parts, not one should have anything about it, no mention of its boundaries or its owners, or anything pertaining to it, in the whole course of Mr. Kemble's six volumes. We remember that Hertfordshire is in Mercia, and that we cannot expect to find Hertfordshire documents so thick upon the ground as documents belonging to Hampshire or Berkshire; still there are a good many Mercian documents in the *Odoex*, and, if it should so happen that the part of Hertfordshire which Mr. Cussans has surveyed really finds no mention there, that is of itself a fact which is worthy of being recorded. But when Mr. Cussans gets to Domesday, he seems not to know what to make of it. It does not seem to come into his head that the men, Norman and English, whose names are found there were real living beings who did deeds, and some of whom even had pedigrees, though to be sure they had not the advantage of living late enough to have coats of arms. Men of both nations who played a great part in the great drama of the Conquest of England held lands in Hertfordshire, and their names come in Mr. Cussans's extracts; but it seems never to come into Mr. Cussans's head that they were anything but names. Here and there a Norman is honoured by the mention of some little fragment of his genealogy, but the notion of searching out the landowners, Norman and English, tracing them through other parts of Domesday, seeing who they really were and what they really did, is

a thing which never suggested itself to Mr. Cussans as any part of his business. Large estates in Hertfordshire belonged to Esgar the Staller, the grandson of Tufig the Proud, the Sheriff of the Middle-Saxons, the man who came back wounded from Senlac to command the defenders of London against William; but with Mr. Cussans his name is just the same as any other name. The Domesday entries in which it is found are copied without comment or explanation; copied, to be sure, in not quite the right word, for they are translated, and translated after a fashion in which the "man"—*homo*—of Esgar, or of anybody else, is turned into his "vassal," a word which we do not remember to have seen anywhere in the Survey. And it is only the Domesday names which are treated in this fashion; as soon as he gets even a very little later, Mr. Cussans is ready enough to tell us all he can about anybody whose name is found in any document that he quotes. Perhaps he looks upon "Saxons" as a set of beings so apart from modern Englishmen that it is dangerous to speak of any of them as having any kind of distinct personal being, while the Normans perhaps had so much to do with the "Saxons" that it is almost as dangerous to say anything about them.

We look through the Parts before us and note a few things as we go on. One who seems to give special attention to genealogy, heraldry, and such matters ought not to talk about "Philip, Archduke of Burgundy," nor should he call the eldest son of an Earl of Bedford "Lord William Russell." In p. 10 we are told that the Danes sailed up the Lea "as far as the town of Hertford," and that "Alfred caused the dykes of the river to be cut, thereby rendering it unnavigable." The time meant is in 896, but the *Chronicles* simply say that the Danes went up the Lea twenty miles from London, without mentioning any particular place, and, as we understand it, Alfred did not cut the dykes, but barred the river. Directly after we are told that Edward the Elder fortified Hertford in 905, whereas the real date is 913. In p. 151 we hear of "the monks of St. Ebrulf at Utica, in Normandy," which suggests that Mr. Cussans is not very familiar with the dwelling-place of Odoeric. In p. 164 we are told that, "according to John Norden, the earliest historian of Hertfordshire, the signification of the word Standon is *stone or stony-hill*," a fact for which we need hardly have been sent to John Norden. A little way on Mr. Cussans does try a bit of history, and gives the queerest account of the rebellion of Odo against William Rufus. When the paging begins again in the third part, we read that Edwinstree signifies "the town (*Tref* or *Tre*), of Edwin or the victor." What has "the victor" to do with Edwin, and how came they to talk Welsh, and such bad Welsh, in Hertfordshire? a true Briton would doubtless have said *Tre Edwin*. In p. 30, under the manor of Hadleys, we read:—

This manor probably takes its name from Edgar Adeling, who at the time of the Norman survey, held with Godwin, under Hardwin de Seulers, three carucates of land in this parish, worth four shillings a year.

There is nothing whatever of the kind in Domesday, though there are some very remarkable entries under the lands of Hardwin of Seulers, and it would almost seem as if Mr. Cussans did not know who "Edgar Adeling" was. In p. 65 however he has found out that "he was the grandson of Edmund II." In the description of a parish called Buckland we are told that

The parish derives its name from its being formerly *boe-land*, or free-land, a term used by the Saxons, nearly equivalent in signification to the modern copy-hold.

And in a note we are told on the authority of Cowell's *Law Dictionary*—Allen and Kemble do not come within the range of county historians:—

Foleland was the land of the vulgar people, who had no estate therein, but held the same under such rents and services as were accustomed or agreed, at the will only of the lord the thane, and it was therefore not put in writing, but accounted *predium rusticum et ignobile*.

In pp. 70-71 we hear a great deal of an otherwise unknown foundation called "Christ's College, Oxford," but for the gem of the book we must turn back to the description of Bishop's Stortford. There Mr. Cussans has an argument to prove that Harold was buried at Bishop's Stortford. It is too long to quote, but it is almost worth while turning to the book to look at it. Mr. Cussans evidently does not know that there has been any discussion on the matter from the day when the *De Inventione* was written till now.

THE KING'S OWN BORDERERS.*

THE 25th Regiment, or King's Own Borderers, originally called Leven's, was raised in Edinburgh for the service of King William III. in 1689, by the Earl of Leven, who, with other Scotch noblemen and gentlemen, his officers, had been obliged to take refuge in Holland during the persecution under King James II. The records of the older regiments of the army are interesting, not only in themselves, but for the light they shed upon the political and social history of the United Kingdom. Thus the 2nd Queen's, or Kirk's Lambs, hanged the adherents of the Duke of Monmouth at Taunton; the Scots Greys slaughtered the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge; and the 25th Regiment and the 26th, or Cameronians, were what the name of the latter regiment implies. Speaking shortly, the earliest regiments in the army were Tories, and the next in order were Whigs. The 1st Regiment, or Royal Scots, faithful among the faithless, attempted to march under the standard of King James II. from London to Scotland, and were pursued and forced to surrender in Lincoln-

* *The Records of the King's Own Borderers, or Old Edinburgh Regiment.* Edited by Captain R. T. Higgins. London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.

shire. The 25th Regiment shared the defeat which the adherents of King William III. received from Claverhouse at Killiecrankie. But perhaps the strongest claim of this regiment on the modern reader's interest lies in the fact that Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim served in it. Twenty officers and upwards of five hundred men of Leven's were killed by an explosion in an assault upon an outwork of Namur, and Sterne has told how Uncle Toby, a captain in Leven's, was wounded in the groin on this occasion. The siege of Namur was the one completely successful undertaking of King William III. against the French. In the battles of Steenkirke and Landen he was overmatched by the skill of Luxembourg and the numbers of his army. Yet a warlike sovereign must have derived pleasure amid defeat from the military qualities displayed by his new subjects. Leven's was one of the British regiments which showed most valour and suffered heaviest loss at Steenkirke, and among its casualties at Landen Corporal James Butler, otherwise called Corporal Trim, was wounded.

It has been the fortune of this regiment to serve for the most part in those campaigns of the British army of which the ordinary British historian says least. But the value of a soldier's service is not to be measured only by success. It must be remembered that Leven's received, and still enjoys, the exclusive privilege of beating up for recruits at all times except Sundays, within the city of Edinburgh, without asking permission of the Lord Provost, and this privilege was conferred in acknowledgment of "the extraordinary bravery and resolution" with which the regiment maintained its ground at Killiecrankie. In leading a charge of Highlanders upon them Claverhouse received his death-wound. The character of the British army, slow to accept improvement, and able to do tolerably well without it, was exactly typified by Leven's gallant corps, which encountered in Flanders a French regiment armed with bayonets fixed after the fashion which afterwards became universal. This regiment advanced with fixed bayonets, and Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, who commanded Leven's, ordered his men to screw bayonets into their muzzles, thinking the enemy meant to decide the affair point to point. But to his great surprise, when they came within proper distance, the French threw in a heavy fire, which for a moment staggered his men, who nevertheless recovered themselves, charged, and drove the enemy out of the line. This is an epitome of British military history. Our armies have fought always bravely, and for the most part successfully, under difficulties which their civil and military leaders either caused or failed to do their utmost to remove. In old days, whatever were the weapons, there were always men behind them. Our modern anxiety about weapons must not cause us to forget the need of men; and men, like weapons, must be paid for. But to return to Leven's, we find that they fully shared the hardships, but missed the glories, of the wars which enriched the Belgian soil with British blood. They did stout service under King William III., and afterwards under the Duke of Cumberland, but there is no record of their having partaken in the victories of Marlborough. Nevertheless it was as good a victory to have earned in defeat such praise as this of Marshal Saxe, who wrote to the French Minister of War:—

I question much whether there are many of our Generals who dare undertake to pass a plain with a body of infantry, before a numerous cavalry, and flatter himself that he could hold his ground for several hours with fifteen or twenty battalions in the middle of an army, as did the English at Fontenoy, without any charge being made to shake them, or make them throw away their fire.

This is what we have all seen, but self-love makes us unwilling to speak of it, because we are well aware it is beyond our imitation.

After Fontenoy the regiment was carried back to England to oppose the Pretender. It marched from London to the North of Scotland, and took part in the battle of Culloden. Lord Balmorino, who was taken prisoner in that battle, had been a captain in the regiment in 1715, and quitted it when the Pretender landed in that year. For his share in two rebellions he was beheaded on Tower Hill. The regiment bore at Fontenoy the name of Lord Sempill, and afterwards that of the Earl of Crawford. It took honourable part in the battle of Val or Lauffeldt, and carried with it in the retreat which closed a well-fought day two standards of French colours, which were preserved in the Chapel of Whitehall until they were removed after 1819 to make way for newer trophies gained by the Duke of Wellington's army in the Peninsula. The British infantry at Val did their part well as at Fontenoy, but something went wrong somewhere, and they were involved in the general failure of the composite army of British, Austrians, and Dutch. It needed the genius of Marlborough to gain victories with such armies. The Duke of Cumberland, who was but an ordinary soldier, could only contrive to be defeated honourably. He sent home truthful despatches which enabled the British nation to see that its troops had done their duty.

When the regiment next served as part of an allied army, it was under a more skilful commander than the Duke of Cumberland, nor had it to contend against such a formidable adversary as Marshal Saxe. The army of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick was well commanded and generally successful, and some of the glory of the King of Prussia was reflected on his allies. The fighting at Minden fell almost entirely on the British infantry. It is mentioned that this was the first battle in which the British troops took aim by placing the butt of the firelock against the shoulder, and viewing the object along the barrel. They had been instructed in this mode of firing during

the preceding peace. "On former occasions the firelock was brought up breast high and discharged towards the enemy a good deal at random, because it was considered a degradation to take aim." We shall probably be right in assuming that the British was the last army that adopted this mean practice of taking aim. The principal scene of these campaigns was the country on the left bank of the Weser, but sometimes the operations extended to the Rhine. The crossing of the Fulda above Cassel by the 25th Regiment is mentioned by a contemporary writer as "a proof to posterity of what determined bravery can effect." It is to be feared that posterity has no impression about the matter, except that it was foolish of Britain to expend her blood and money in German quarrels. The British troops, under the Marquis of Granby, gained useful, although costly, experience in these campaigns. The 25th Regiment was present at four general engagements besides Minden, but it would be useless to repeat names which convey no idea to the reader's mind. Peace was made towards the end of 1762. The regiment wintered at Osnaburg, and returned to England in early spring. The Prussian army now became the model for our own. We continued to worship Prussia until the victories of Napoleon. Then we cast down the German idol and erected a French idol in its place, and lately we have restored the German idol. Our management of military affairs has been often bad, while the conduct of our troops has been almost invariably good. Compare the opinion of Marshal Saxe after Fontenoy with the opinions of French generals as expressed to Sir John Burgoyne after Inkermann. "We could not have done what you did," is the substance of testimonies given at an interval of more than one hundred years.

In the year 1782 the Government determined to name the regiments of the army after various counties for the purpose of promoting the recruiting service. This was a good idea; but it was not well carried into effect, since the 25th Regiment was assigned to Sussex for no better reason than that the brother of the Duke of Richmond happened to be its colonel. However, its Scotch traditions were not easily obliterated. It still remembers that it was raised in Edinburgh, and the noble Scottish names of Leven, Rothes, Sempill, Crawford, Home, and Erskine were borne by its commanders, and it still carries the motto of the city of Edinburgh, *Nisi Dominus frustra*, upon its colours. In the same year, 1782, the regiment was embarked on board Lord Howe's fleet, and sent to the relief of Gibraltar. In 1793, being quartered in the South of England, it was selected to supply the want of marines by sending detachments on board ships of the Channel and Mediterranean fleets. Thus one detachment served under Lord Hood at Toulon, and other detachments shared in the victory gained by Lord Howe over the French fleet on June 1, 1794. The ships of Lord Howe's fleet which carried parties of the 25th Regiment were the *Gibraltar* and *Marlborough*. To the 2nd Queen's Regiment belongs the honour of having supplied a detachment to the *Queen Charlotte*, which was Lord Howe's flagship. A detachment of the 25th, employed on board the *St. George* in 1793, had the good fortune to be present at the capture of a prize so rich that the captain's share of prize-money was 1,800*l.* and the subaltern's 900*l.* The hope of such good fortune largely occupied the minds of officers of the navy during the French war, but officers of the army found many more opportunities of spending money than of getting it. The spirit of mutiny which was then so rife in the navy showed itself on board the *St. George*, and for service in suppressing this spirit a captain of the 25th Regiment received promotion. The regiment now served successively in the West Indies, in Holland under the Duke of York, and in Egypt. It was in barracks at Lewes when news came of the battle of Alexandria, and it was immediately marched to Portsmouth and embarked for Aboukir Bay. The designation of the regiment was changed in 1805 from "Sussex" to "King's Own Borderers," which it still bears. This change was made after the death of Lord George Lennox, who had commanded the regiment for the long period of forty-two years. Although the home of the Lennox family is now in Sussex, yet it came originally, like the 25th Regiment, from Scotland. In this century the regiment has been sent twice to India and once to China, and has also been employed in the West Indies, South Africa, and Canada. It had not the good fortune to serve under the Duke of Wellington, nor was it employed in the Crimean war. So much has been written about the Peninsula, Waterloo, and Sebastopol, that the earlier services of the British army are in danger of falling into unmerited oblivion. Indeed we have almost forgotten the words of Campbell's song:—

Upon the plains of Flanders
Our fathers long ago,
They fought like Alexanders
Beneath old Marlborough.

And still more have we forgotten the deeds which these words recall. In these deeds it is believed the 25th Regiment had no part. But as long as English literature survives it will be remembered that Captain Shandy was in Leven's, and that Lieutenant Le Fevre of Angus's (26th) served three campaigns with him in Flanders. Sterne's father was in Handasyde's (31st) Regiment; it is sometimes stated that he was in Leven's. This statement is repeated as a fact in one passage of the book before us, while in another passage it is treated as an error. However the truth may be, it is certain that Sterne's mother and her young children followed the drum, and his earliest impressions were

those which he has so vividly produced in *Triptram Shandy*. Few readers of his works can forget that passage where Corporal Trim tells off upon his fingers the five battalions that were cut to pieces at Steenkirke, and declares that the other battalions which tried to save them would go to Heaven for it; or that other passage where Uncle Toby describes King William III. on horseback rallying his English troops to cover the retreat from Landen. We can understand that such a King and such subjects were well suited. If in its Dutch and German campaigns Leven's gained few victories, it was never so badly beaten that it could not fight again next day.

RECENT TRANSLATIONS OF ÆSCHYLUS.*

IT is now eight years since we welcomed, in Miss Swanwick's version of the Oresteian Trilogy of Æschylus, a happier contribution to the realization of the eldest Greek dramatist in English than any scholar had previously produced. She now vouchsafes a completion of her task, and though Mr. Plumptre's translation has appeared in the interval, she retains her high relative position both as regards poetry and scholarship. The old versions of the Potter type have long been out of date, because nicer appreciation of the drift of the Greek places a wide gulf between the grand and lofty thoughts of the original and the smooth matter-of-fact attempts at an equivalent which sufficed for the readers of a couple of generations ago. Professor Blackie's Æschylus is much ahead of these, but it is not seldom erratic, and the reminiscence of it which survives our perusal some years ago is an impression of unevenness. The fault we have to find with Mr. Plumptre is rather of an opposite character. Level and commonplace, his version has no fire, no daring; it is anything but Æschylean; it represents the creditable pains of a laborious translator, here and there stimulated to make up for lack of poetic feeling by a lynx-eyed search into hidden meanings; but for the most part it is singularly ill adapted to present to English readers the highest soaring of the Attic Tragedians. On the other hand, Miss Swanwick not only has courage to do boldly the task which she has undertaken, but she unites the competent scholarship of her latest rivals with a greater facility of English equivalent expression and phraseology. Scholar enough to comprehend the niceties of the Greek—especially where she trusts the elder commentators and Mr. Paley, for we like less her adoption of conjectures from Professor Newman—she manifests withal a thorough knowledge of Shakespeare, and renders the Greek into English of the most classical type and the best accredited mintage. The plays which are now put forth by her for the first time, and which complete her task, are not indeed the most difficult or altogether the most famous of the Æschylean dramas, and yet perhaps there is no finer field for a translator than the *Prometheus Vinctus*, no series of descriptive passages likelier to repay conversion into English than the Messenger's account of the Seven Chiefs against Thebes and Eteocles's counter-array of Theban warriors, nor any more spirit-stirring narrative in dramatic poetry than the details of the battle of Salamis in the *Perseæ*. That difficult and most corrupt play of the *Suppliants* seems, as it were, to vindicate the authoress's capacity to handle problems in scholarship of the same class with those in the plays of the first volume (of which it must suffice to say that they have been thoughtfully and often ably revised); but we confess that a great deal of the conjecture bestowed on this play seems labour lost. There is this satisfaction in lingering over the *Perseæ*, the *Seven against Thebes*, and the *Prometheus*, that, through their use in schools, they are better known to the many who read little Greek than the harder plays; and our remarks on Miss Swanwick's execution of them are therefore more likely to be generally intelligible.

To begin with the *Perseæ*, it must be owned that Miss Swanwick enlists our sympathies at the very opening by turning the anapests of the chorus into a ballad-like system of eight-syllable and six-syllable rhyming lines, and not, as Mr. Plumptre does, into feeble and watery Hiawathian unrhymed measures. The latter, indeed, have a sort of semblance of being the transcript of Æschylus, from a trick imparted to them of minute rendering of epithets, and a presentment of the Greek idiom very much more akin to that language than to English. But Miss Swanwick weds flowing English to the sense of the Greek, realizes without violence the force of Æschylean compounds, and seldom fails to get as much out of her original as in this specimen line, which we take almost haphazard from the first hundred lines of the *Perseæ*—

ἰπᾶντι δουρικλύτοις ἀνδράσι τοξόδομον Ἄρη—

'Gainst spear-famed warriors leading his arrow-pulsant war.

Where, however, we more especially welcome her as a translator is in passages where she is prompted by an inborn sense of the requirements of poetry to realize the bold fancy of her model, and not to compound for it with the more prosaic equivalent of critics and commentators. In the passage where, evoked by the spell of the chorus—

Khan! ancient Khan, oh come, draw near—
Come to the topmost summit of the mound—
Lifting thy foot in saffron slipper dight,
The crest of thy tiara's kingly round
Giving to sight;
Appear Darius, blameless sire, appear!—

the ghost of Darius comes forth, and strives to interpret the position of affairs which has led his survivors to interrupt his death-sumber, one graphic and characteristic line is as follows:—

στῖνι, κίκομαι, καὶ χαράσσειται πῖδον.

The key which Mr. Paley prefers to use with this passage is the application to the verbs of the idea of the plain cut up by chariot wheels and the tramp of armies, and Mr. Plumptre inclines to this solution, though his rendering—"the whole plain groans, cut up and furrowed o'er"—is cautiously ambiguous. But we cannot doubt that Miss Swanwick seizes the true meaning, which occurred to the later scholiasts, when she interprets *στῖνι, κίκομαι* and *χαράσσειται* of the soil supposed by a bold image to present the tokens of a beaten breast, a lacerated face, and other Greek indications of frenzied mourning:—

The land breast-smitten, and with furrow'd cheek,
Mourneth.

In the same spirit of acceptance of the original poet's bolder thought, she adopts, later on in this play, the literal sense of the chief word in one of the broken utterances of Xerxes:—

Ἴάνων γὰρ ἀπήρα,
Ἴάνων ναύφρακτος Ἄρης ἱεραλκῆς,
νυχίαν πλόκα κερσάμενος
ἐνσδαίμονα τ' ἀετράν.

Though Blomfield here interpreted *κερσάμενος* "devastating," and Mr. Plumptre renders it of "a harvest reaped," Miss Swanwick has spirit, scholarship, and poetry on her side in taking *κέρσομαι* of "shearing the locks in token of grief," and rendering—

From the Ionians' might
Dire mischief did our ship-fenced Mars sustain
In shock of changeful fight;
The mournful fated coast shearing and land-bound main.

Indeed her poetic instinct is generally trustworthy, as where she elects to read in *Perseæ*, 810, *ἐκπιδύναται* for *ἐκπαύεται*:—

Nor yet is quenched the bottom of their woe,
But still it wellets up, a quenchless flood.

And yet she never rides a metaphor to death, as we submit that Mr. Plumptre does when, in the opening of the *Suppliants*, he renders over-exactly the words *τί δὲ πρῶτον*, "Playing moves on fortune's draught-board," though the sense is quite sufficiently given in Miss Swanwick's "Casting for these affairs the die." In truth, one strophe and antistrophe of her *Perseæ* will serve to give an idea of her ease, simplicity, and faithfulness—namely, 848-59, ὦ πόποι—ἀγὼν οἴκους:—

Noble and blest in sooth our city-ruling life
What time our monarch hoar,
Resourceful, blameless, unsubdued in strife,
Godlike Darius ruled our country o'er.
As chiefs of glorious hosts were we displayed,
Firm laws did all things guide,
While scatheless and unworn, when war was laid,
In triumphs to their homes our warriors hid.

The third of these lines represents the Greek words *πανταρχῆς, ἀκίκα, ἀμαχος*, one of which at least Mr. Plumptre strains unnecessarily when he renders these epithets

Meeting all wants, dispassionate, supreme;

whilst the second line of Miss Swanwick's antistrophe realizes the Greek quite as forcibly as his version:—

And laws of tower-like strength
Directed all things.

It must, however, be admitted that in some places Mr. Plumptre is more in conformity with the Greek than his fair rival. For instance, where, in the "Seven," Eteocles rates the women for wailing and lamenting the advent of the foe, Miss Swanwick misses the precise force of

τὰ τῶν θύραθεν δ' ὡς ἄριστ' ἐπέλλετ' (sc. *Theb.* 180),

Ye serve, as best ye may, the foe without;

for it is equivalent to "Ye forward in the best possible manner the enemy outside," or, as Mr. Plumptre puts it, "You do your best for those our foes without." And in a very fine strophe of the second chorus in the same play (vv. 336-49) he does more justice to the words *πρότι δ' ἄρκανα πυργῶτες* when he applies them to the city, "hemmed in by net of towers"—that is to say, enclosed in a network of circumvallation—than Miss Swanwick in her vaguer phrase, "Destruction's net draws near." There can, however, be no doubt which of the two has the advantage of spirit in the whole passage, which we give in the rendering of the latter:—

Loud clamours through the town prevail:
Destruction's net draws near,
And man by man is slaughtered with the spear:
The gory new-born wall
Of infants at the breast is heard;
There Rapine, sister of wild Tumult reigns;
Spiller to spoiler gives the word;
The empty doth the empty hail,
Seeking a partner in his gains,
Each greedily for nor less nor equal share—
In scenes like these how may we hope to fare?

But, while acknowledging the general effect of this piece of translation, we must still suspend our adhesion to the translator's postulate that *ἀρκάνα* in the original of the second verse means "the net rope with which victors swept the streets and squares, and caught runaways"; nor do we quite see how the last line of all can be dissociated, as it is in this translation, from that immediately before it.

* *The Dramas of Æschylus*. Translated by Anna Swanwick. 2 vols. London: Bell & Daldy. 1873.
The Tragedies of Æschylus. A New Translation by E. H. Plumptre, M.A. Second Edition, revised. London: Strahan & Co. 1873.

Whilst dwelling on choral passages, we are bound to testify to the success with which Miss Swanwick has turned a famous piece in the early scenes of the *Prometheus*—that in which Prometheus expresses his perception of the approach of the ocean nymphs to the scene of his torture (114-27). It is as true to the sense as it is lyrically happy:—

Hist! hist! what sound,
What odour floats invisibly around,
Of God, or man, or intermediate kind?
Who hears this rocky bound,
Spectator of my woes, or seeking aught?
A god ye see in fetters, anguish-fraught:
The foe of Zeus, in hatred held of all
The deities who throng Zeus' palace hall,
For that to men I bore too fond a mind.
Woe, woe! what rustling sound
Hard by, as if of birds, doth mine ear?
Whistles the ether round
With the light whirr of pinions hovering near.
Whatever approaches filleth me with fear.

The version of *δὴ τὴν λίαν φερόμενα βροτῶν* is simpler and more direct than Mr. Plumptre's—"and this for my great love, too great, for mortal men," which by an awkward position of words embarrasses the sense to the ear. A passage of a chorus in the *Suppliants* (56-65) about the nightingale might be cited, had we space, to exhibit Miss Swanwick's neatness of translation, or, to fall back on the *Prometheus*, another choral strophe in praise of equal marriages (vv. 906-27); but we cannot afford room even for the latter, except so far as to note how much more judiciously than Mr. Plumptre she translates the words *καὶ γλώσσαις ἐμυθολόγησεν*. The chorus praises the first who weighed the truth that to wed one's equal was best, and then gave utterance to it in maxims fashion. Miss Swanwick rightly turns it "And then in pithy phrase expressed." But Mr. Plumptre, though under no constraint of rhyme (for he does not give rhyme, even alternatively, for the choral odes of the dramas, other than the *Oræstia*), renders the words "And spread it with his speech," which is just what, as the context and common sense alike show, they do not mean.

Another of Miss Swanwick's merits is the neatness with which she renders the monostich dialogues in the *Prometheus* and elsewhere, for proof of which we must refer the reader to the plays themselves. Again, in vv. 90-105 of the *Seven against Thebes* she evinces considerable skill in breaking up the text into half-lines, spoken in their terror by the ten maidens who form the chorus, and whose ejaculations are at last summed up by the leaders of each hemi-chorus. Very good too are her versions of single lines, as witness:—

Ἄνωγ' ἵσταν' οὐ καπηλεύσειν μάχην (540 sc. *Theb.*)

Neither he comes nor peddling fight to wage;

ἀνὴρ ἀκούπος, χεῖρ δ' ὄρε' τὸ δρᾶσιμον (549 *ibid.*)

No boaster he;

But with a hand that knows the thing to do;

οὐ γὰρ δοκεῖν δίκαιος ἀλλ' εἶναι θέλει (588),

For just to be he longs, not just to seem.

Altogether, the reader of the Greek who seeks to facilitate his task by a translation combining to a creditable extent the letter and the spirit, will do well to accept Miss Swanwick's aid in a delightful study. Mr. Plumptre, however, deserves all praise for general fidelity, though without a large leaven of poetry. He is always painstaking, if sometimes it comes out too plainly in results. Occasionally he is over-subtle. Sometimes he sees too much in the Greek text, and at others sinks into commonplace and matter of fact.

Both these translators, it should be added, prefix to their versions most valuable prefatory matter. Mr. Plumptre's Life of his poet is perhaps the best thing in his book, unless it be his translation of the Fragments in an appendix, which is the more valuable because we have few versions of these, except in Mr. Darcy Thompson's *Sales Attici*. Miss Swanwick, too, is well worth reading in her studies of the several plays, and her examination of the conception of the Zeus of Æschylus, and its superficial discrepancy in the *Oræstia* and the *Prometheus*. Her introduction will be read with interest, too, by students of comparative mythology; touching as it does, if briefly, the ground which has been so fully occupied by Professor Angelo de Gubernatis and others. But, even apart from the preface and introduction, Miss Swanwick's Æschylus asserts a high rank amongst the translations of the last twenty years.

OUTLINES OF GERMAN LITERATURE.*

THE author of a compendious history of any kind, if he would be useful to the full extent which the nature of his work will permit, should mentally address himself to two opposite classes of possible readers—namely, those who are utterly ignorant of the subject of which he treats, and those to whom it is perfectly familiar. Readers of the latter class, who merely wish to refresh their memories, perhaps to arrange into a systematic whole items of knowledge not systematically acquired, filling up here and there those little interstices of ignorance which are sure to be found among the acquirements of the most laborious polyhistor, will not complain if the compendium presented to them approaches as closely as possible to the form of a catalogue or a chronological table. Should literature be the subject of the history, a list of authors, judiciously

classified, with appropriate dates and indications of birth-places, and an enumeration of principal works, will satisfy readers of this class, if it be tolerably accurate and complete, as the compendium will be taken up by them for reference, not for perusal. But completeness is indispensable; the skeleton may be entirely fleshless, but all its bones must be there, or the accomplished reader (as we may call him) will cast it aside as he would fling away a *Post Office Directory* in which the insertion or omission of streets and householders was regulated by caprice. If it is nothing else, the compendium must be a copious index, divided into sections according to some fixed and intelligible principle, and supplemented with another index arranged in alphabetical order.

On the other hand, the ignorant reader who takes up the compendium wants something precisely the reverse of all this. Above every other consideration, the book must be readable; not only stating when and where the authors lived and died, and the names of the books they wrote, with the slightest possible addition either of fact or opinion, but giving some notion of what their books are written about. To the student of this class a series of biographical essays on half-a-dozen leading authors, with descriptive notices of their principal works, would be more valuable than the fullest and most accurate collection of names and dates. If the authors can be connected together by reference to the times in which they lived and moved, so much the better; but completeness, in the eyes of ignorant readers, is the least indispensable of qualities. They have, indeed, no organs by which its presence or its absence can be recognized.

Now it seems to us that, in writing their *Outlines of German Literature*, Messrs. Gostick and Harrison have very carefully consulted the wants of the two opposite classes to which we have referred, and consequently of the various classes which may be ranged on a graduated scale from one extreme to the other. They begin with the year 380 and they end with 1870, and their alphabetical index contains the names of more than seven hundred authors. When their history becomes contemporary there is certainly rather an "ugly rush" of talent, and any given writer, unless he is a very big man, can only be recognized as one in a group, to whom no individual attribute belongs. But this is not the fault of Messrs. Gostick and Harrison. The truth is notorious that the events in the midst of which we live, whether political, historical, or other, are precisely those the importance of which we are least able to estimate, and that a broad critical survey cannot be satisfactorily taken without the assistance of the master-critic Time. The information that is given in the first chapter of the "Outlines" is, of course, as scanty as that afforded in the last, the lack and the superabundance of material practically leading to similar results. But if we take the period from the days of the Hohenstaufen to the year immediately following the French Revolution of July, we must allow that, on the whole, every author, from the Mediæval Minnesinger to the bards of Young Germany, has received as fair a share of notice as the scope of the "Outlines," which extends to about six hundred pages, will admit. To the great luminaries proportionate space is assigned, and in some cases room is found for extracts neatly translated. Of the manner in which lesser lights are treated we give the following specimen:—

GERHARD TERSTERHOEN (1697-1769), one of the latest of the platonic hymn-writers of the time, was a poor ribbon-weaver, who lived for some years on a bare diet of meal and milk and water, and gave his savings in alms to people who were even poorer than himself. He published a collection of poems under the title of *A Spiritual Flower-garden* (1731). It has no great variety of thought, but contains one fine hymn, of which an imitation rather than a translation is included in the hymn-books published by John and Charles Wesley.

Those persons, we suspect, are very few who want to know more about this pious weaver-poet than is here given; but any one who desires further familiarity is put in the way of finding it. Let us add that notices of this sort are just what is wanted by those who use a compendium as a catalogue.

Göthe and Schiller, on the other hand, are carefully followed through their career, not being assigned to separate chapters, but re-appearing at the several "periods" of the history to which their lives belong. This arrangement is most judicious, especially in the case of Göthe, who, born about twenty years after Lessing, lived through nearly the whole classical age of German literature; and any inconvenience that might be felt by a reader who would like to dispose of one man at a time is obviated by the alphabetical index, which enables any one who pleases to observe continuously the progress of the great poet. A full description is given of the two parts of *Faust* and *Hermann and Dorothea*, and an extract from *Torquato Tasso*. As a specimen of the translations we give Grotchen's well-known song:—

There lived a King in Thule—who was faithful to the grave:
His love, when she was dying—to him a beaker gave.

More prized than all his treasures—that cup of gold remained;
His eyes with tears would glisten—when he the goblet drained.

When he was old and dying—his wealth he reckoned up,
And gave all to the princes—except that golden cup!

And to his knights, all loyal—as were the men of yore,
He gave a banquet royal—in his castle on the shore.

There stood the old King drinking—one long deep health, the last,
Then down among the pillows—that sacred cup he cast.

And as the cup was sinking—he closed his eyes; no more
He drank the wine all rosy—in his castle on the shore.

The translator has allowed himself more irregularity in the metre than will be found in the original, and here and there are

* *Outlines of German Literature*. By Joseph Gostick and Robert Harrison. London: Williams & Norgate. 1873.

instances of patchwork; but the lines are not inelegant, and the translation is sufficiently close for readers who seek information.

To the mediæval poets, who are separated from the writers of the age by an interval to which no parallel can be found in the history of English poetry from the days of Chaucer, and whose existence does not seem to have been recognized till the Romantic school began to exert its influence, more space is given than might be expected in a compendium. The subjects of the "Niebelungenlied" and "Gudrun," of the "Parzival" of Wolfram von Eschenbach, of the "Armer Heinrich," of "Hartmann von Aue," and of "Reynard the Fox," are given at considerable length. Most useful and entertaining information is thus given to the reader, who may not care to devote nights and days to a study of the literature of the Hohenstaufen period, but would like to know something about it. The boon is, we suspect, to be attributed to a predilection for the old German poets on the part of Mr. Gostick, whose *Parzival and other Poems* are announced as in preparation.

The whole history is divided into seven "periods," some of which occupy many chapters. Such divisions must always be more or less arbitrary, but we do not see that the work of classification could be done more judiciously than it is by Messrs. Gostick and Harrison. The first period extends from 380 to 1150, and is chiefly represented by *Ulilas* and the poetical monk *Otfried*. The second, which may be called the Hohenstaufen period, though it reaches a point beyond the fall of that dynasty, just as we give the name "Elizabethan" to dramas written during the reign of the earlier Stuarts, brings us down to the year 1350, and includes the old epics and the lyrical works of the Minnesänger. The third, terminating with 1525, and the fourth ending with 1625, include the rhyming townsman called "Meistersänger," with the shoemaker *Hans Sachs*, *Luther*, and the Reformers, the mystic *Tauler*, the theosophist *Jacob Böhme*, and many writers of Lutheran hymns. In the fifth period, extending from 1625 to 1725, modern German poetry modestly begins with the first Silesian school, headed by *Martin Opitz*, whose mild respectability is favourably contrasted with the monstrosities of the second Silesian school, represented by *Hoffmann von Hoffmannswaldau* and *Lohenstein*. Here also German philosophy may be said to commence, in the person of *Leibnitz*. The sixth period, to which belong the first twenty years of *Goethe's* life, reaches to 1770, and is rendered attractive by the names of *Klopstock*, *Wieland*, and the far greater *Lessing* and *Winckelmann*. The seventh brings us down to 1870, and comprises all the recognized chiefs of German literature and philosophy, if we add the name of *Lessing* to the list.

Great pains are taken to show the various authors as representatives of the times in which they lived, and a political and social background is always visible behind the figures under consideration. The "Sturm und Drang" clique, with whom *Goethe* passed his youthful days, and who seem to have worshipped *Shakespeare* because he disregarded the unities of time and place; the far more brilliant "Romantic school," with its mystical aspirates, its nationality, and its Romanizing tendencies, and other literary combinations, are all brought clearly to the view, and the individuals of whom the groups are formed are defined with clear outlines. As a specimen of the way in which an exceptional man is treated, we may refer to the notice of *Wieland*, who, much as he was admired by *Goethe*, does not readily fall into any group. By a chronological arrangement, he is associated with *Lessing*, *Winckelmann*, and *Klopstock*, but with them he had no connexion. Among the younger and greater poets whom he met at Weimar he stands as a figure that by no means belongs to the general picture. No poet was more read and admired by the aristocratic public of Germany than *Wieland* in his day; no poet is less cared for now. It is quite possible that a person who, trusting to unassisted memory, made a collection of classical German authors, would leave his shelves unencumbered by the voluminous works of the forsaken idol. Why so much popularity a hundred years ago and such scant celebrity now, in the case of a man who wrote in a fluent, easy style, who never treated subjects of merely local interest, and who is as intelligible to a modern reader as he was to the German princes of the last century? The problem is neatly defined by Dr. *Vilmar*, whose words are quoted in the "Outlines":—

Wieland is the man of his time for readers vitiated with the subtle and secret poison of the French literature then current, especially for the higher classes, to whom thinking was tedious and enthusiasm ridiculous. To such people, who had formerly been dependent on the French, *Wieland* introduced a German literature well suited to their taste, and it is mainly by their interest in the materials of his works that we now understand why he received during his life such praises as were hardly bestowed on *Klopstock* and never on *Lessing*.

Wieland's position was indeed curious, and would have been impossible in a country where the vernacular language was spoken by the whole people or permanently confined to the lower classes. *Frederick the Great* and his associates would not read German at all, and if the fashion of his reign had continued, there would have been no room for a *Wieland*. But before the death of the great King, princes and nobles had discovered that it was possible to talk German in high society and even to skim over German books. What was required under these circumstances was a writer, thoroughly French in mind, who could tell stories worthy of *Crébillon* *Mé* in the language of Fatherland. Such a man was *Wieland*, and the fame of such a man must necessarily diminish when the transitional period to which he belongs is past.

Far more space is allowed to German philosophy than might be

expected in a work of such limited compass; and when we consider the extreme difficulty of the subject, we must admit that the connexion between brevity and obscurity, against which we are warned by *Horace*, is creditably avoided. Messrs. Gostick and Harrison apparently belong to what is called the Right division of the Hegelian school, and they are very anxious to show that materialism and infidelity are not necessary results of German philosophy. Materialism, as they rightly observe, is as old as the time of *Democritus*, and was propounded in the last century by the Frenchman *Lametrie*. They might have added that its influence has largely increased since the cessation of the rage for metaphysics which marked the first third of the present century. The repugnance to miracles which characterized that "old rationalism," at once innovating and timid, which is laughed to scorn by the holder *Strauss*, may be traced to the English deists, represented in France by *Voltaire*, and to *David Hume*. The deliberate effort to upset the Scriptural Canon, which is the occupation of the so-called "Tübingen school," certainly belongs, in its completeness, if not in its origin, to Germany; but our authors justly observe that the leaders of that school do not represent any system of philosophy, but are mainly historical and philological critics. We are willing to concede that materialism, and the sort of atheism with which it is associated, are more repugnant to the spirit of German philosophy, distinctively so called. But when we survey the metaphysicians who came after *Immanuel Kant*, we find that a certain spiritual tinge seems to pervade them all. The Absolute Ego of *Fichte*, the Absolute of *Schelling*, the Absolute Idea of *Hegel*, all appear expansions of the doctrine which recognizes the *ἐν καὶ πᾶσι*, and the fact will be borne in mind that, although *Spinoza* was a Dutch Jew, the respect with which he is now treated, and the tenderness with which he is handled even by those who are opposed to his theories, date from the commendation bestowed upon him by German professors more than a hundred years after his death. *Schopenhauer* indeed glories in his atheism, and regards the word "Pantheism" with contempt; but we need scarcely say that his atheism is of a spiritual kind, akin not to the doctrines of the materialists, but to the religious Nihilism of the Buddhists.

ILÂM EN NÂS.—ARABIC TALES.*

THESE Arabic tales, or, as the author calls them, "Warnings for Mankind," consist of a succession of stories and anecdotes of the days of the early Khalifas, or Caliphs, as we have been accustomed to call them. The Khalifas themselves and the distinguished men of the time are the subjects of many of the stories. The tales were collected, as the author tells us, at the request of his pious brethren, and the title which he has given his book indicates the object he had in view, that of teaching by example. He does not point the moral, but leaves the reader to make his own application. And herein he has been wise; for some of the stories have been chosen more for their pleasantness and smartness than for any very obvious moral. But there is a high tone about them, a love of justice, of truth and integrity, a sense of honour and manliness, and a simple devotion to religious duty, which, however mistaken according to our lights, is deserving of every respect. They exhibit the Arabic character in a very pleasing light, and after making allowance for difference of law and custom, there is nothing in them to offend and call for censure.

The first story in the book is told of *Omar*, the second Khalifah. Going about among his people to make himself acquainted with their condition, he heard an old woman complaining that the ruler had never bestowed the smallest gift upon her. "But," said he, "how is it possible for *Omar* to know anything of your condition, and you living in such a place as this?" "The Lord be praised," she cried. "By Allah! I could not have supposed that a ruler over men existed who was in ignorance of anything that occurred between the east and west of his dominions." Without disclosing who he was, *Omar* compounded with the old woman for her wrongs by paying a sum of money, and took from her a regular discharge attested by witnesses. This deed he gave to his son and said, "When I am dead lay this in my winding-sheet, that I may appear with it when I rise in the presence of the Lord." The duty of restitution and atonement for wrong is strongly enforced by Musliman law and morality, and the necessity of appearing before the Great Judge free of accusers has often prompted a course of procedure similar to what is here described. History records that one of the Emperors of India, whose predecessor had been a bloodthirsty tyrant, paid the price of blood to those who had been mutilated and to the relations of those who had been put to death. For these payments he took regular receipts, which he placed in a chest and deposited in the tomb of the deceased monarch, so that they might prove available when the recording angels should cast up their accounts.

Another story of this same Khalifah is alike honourable to him, and to the other actor in it. *Hurmuzin*, a Persian prince and fire-worshipper, was taken prisoner and offered the usual alternative of death or conversion:—

The prisoner cried, "O, Commander of the Faithful, before you kill me give me a draught of water, and do not slay me parched with thirst." So *Omar* ordered some water for him, and so soon as *Hurmuzin* had the goblet in his

* *Ilâm en Nâs: Historical Tales and Anecdotes of the Times of the Early Khalifas*. Translated from the Arabic, and annotated by Mrs. Godfrey Clerk, Author of "The Antipodes and Round the World." London: Henry S. King & Co.

hand he asked, "Am I safe until I shall have drunk it?" To which Omar replied, "Yes, safety is yours for that time." Then Hurmuzan flung the vessel away from him and spilt the water, and cried, "Your promise, O Commander of the Faithful!" So Omar said to the executioner, "Leave him whilst I find out what is to be done with him." And when the sword was removed from over him Hurmuzan exclaimed, "I testify that there is no God but God, and that Muhammad is the prophet of God!" Then said Omar, "Verily thou hast professed the best form of Muhammadan faith. What caused thy delay in doing it?" "I feared," he replied, "that it might be reported I had professed el Islâm through dread of the sword."

Love stories of course have their full share of attention. Several of these turn upon the great facility of divorce which the Muhammadan law affords. A man who had gone through a succession of misfortunes, and had become destitute, had his wife taken from him by her father. The husband complained to Marwân, the ruler of the province. He, on seeing the wife, became enamoured of her, and tortured the husband until he extorted a divorce from him. After the completion of the period laid down by the law, the governor married the woman, and the husband was turned adrift. The injured man went complaining to Muâwiyah, the ruling Khalifah, who wrote commanding his official to divorce the woman and send her to him. This was done. Muâwiyah himself, on seeing the woman, admired her greatly, and offered the man great bribes to give her up. He refused, and expressed the strength of his feelings in verse and energetic prose. The Khalifah urged that the husband had already divorced her, and so he determined to leave all to the choice of the woman:—

"Speak," he cried, "which is dearest to thee, the Commander of the Faithful with his power and his rank, and his palaces and his empire, and his wealth, and all that thou hast seen around him; or Marwân with his tyranny and his injustice; or this Arab with his hunger and his poverty?" So she recited, saying,

"This one. And even in hunger and want
He were dearer to me than my kin and my friends,
And the wearer of the crown, or his vicegerent Marwân."

By Allah, O Commander of the Faithful! I am not going to forsake him because times have changed, nor because the days are darkened. Neither let it be forgotten that I have been his companion from the first, and our love is not worn out. And it is right that I should be the one to bear patiently with him in adversity who have with him been happy in brighter days."

Then Muâwiyah marvelled at her wisdom, and at her affection for the Arab, and her fidelity to him. And he gave her ten thousand dirhems, and gave the same sum to the Arab, who took her and departed.

This breaking forth into verse on such an occasion seems unnatural and forced to our more reserved and colder natures. But there is nothing in it unusual or strange to the Arab mind. It is common in this and in similar books. The art of verse-making is much more generally cultivated among the Arabs than with us; the language more readily assumes a poetic form, and the temperament of the nation is fervid and impassioned, so that whenever the feelings are wrought upon it seems quite natural, and it certainly is considered quite proper, to give them expression in verse.

It would be strange if in a book of this character we were to meet with no mention of Solomon, the son of David. His supernatural powers over all creatures is a favourite topic of Muslim fabulists and story-tellers. Here we have the absurd story of his amour with Queen Balkis, by many identified with the Queen of Sheba; and not without reason, for she is represented to be a descendant of Saba, queen of the country of Saba, and a worshipper of the Sun. There are various versions of this story, but the main points of it are to be found in all. The story before us begins with telling us that "God taught King Solomon, son of David, the language of all created beings. And over all things He gave him power—men and genii, and the beasts of the earth, and the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the water." It was this marvellous power, as we read elsewhere, that enabled him to build the Temple of Jerusalem, for the genii and all creatures were pressed into the service as necessity required. The foundation of this story is found in the Koran, and the Prophet no doubt derived the idea of it from the Old Testament. A little bird, one of Solomon's emissaries, informed him of the beauty and dignity of Queen Balkis. The report piqued his vanity. He sent to invite and enforce a visit to his Court. She came, and according to the Koran, on entering the palace, she saw what "she imagined to be a great water, and she discovered her legs, by lifting up her robes to pass through. Whereupon Solomon said unto her, 'Verily this is a palace evenly floored with glass.'" These words have occupied the attention and exercised the critical powers of many grave doctors and learned theologians, and the upshot of their speculations is that this floor of glass was a device specially contrived by Solomon to ascertain the truth of an aspersions upon his illustrious visitor's person. The mother of Balkis was a *jinn*, and the *jinn* or genii were apprehensive lest Solomon should marry her, and so transmit to his offspring that power over them which he himself possessed. To prevent a marriage, a *jinn* informed Solomon that the Queen's "mind was weak and her feet like the feet of a donkey"—other authorities carry the disfigurement a little higher and say that her legs were hairy. When she came to this glass floor under which there was water "and in the water fish and frogs, she drew up her garments and exposed her feet; and the King saw that the *jinn* had lied." Those who adopt the second version, say that the statement was true, and that Solomon made a depilatory preparation which removed the blemish. Whichever be the better version, the same end is arrived at—"Solomon married her, and he loved her exceedingly and made her Queen again over the land of Yemen."

There are many anecdotes and stories of women, of their ready wit, shrewdness, and ability, also, as it said, of their power over men, and of considerate and gentle treatment at their hands. Their rights fall far short of the rights of women clamoured for in these days, but women were certainly not afraid of expressing their opinions, nor were their wishes and opinions without an influence much greater than their inferior social position might lead us to suppose. Take the following anecdotes:—

Misân, the daughter of Bâhdal, was married to Muâwiyah, and he brought her from amongst the wandering Arabs into Damascus. But she sorrowed exceedingly for her people, and at the remembrance of her home, and one day he heard her reciting and saying,

A hut that the winds make tremble
Is dearer to me than a noble palace;
And a dish of crumbs on the floor of my home
Is dearer to me than a varied feast;
And the sighing of the breeze through every crevice
Is dearer to me than the beating of drums;
And a camel's-wool garment which gladdens my eye
Is dearer to me than filmy robes;
And a dog barking around my path
Is dearer to me than a coaxing cat;
And a restive young camel following the litter
Is dearer to me than a prancing mule.
And a feeble boar from 'midst my cousinhood
Is dearer to me than a rampant ass.

Upon hearing these lines Muâwiyah exclaimed, "The daughter of Bâhdal was not satisfied until she had likened me to a rampant ass!" And he ordered her to be packed off again to her family in the desert.

Several stories are told about the monster El Hajjâj Thakfi, the bloodthirsty satrap of Yemen, whose atrocities were so many and so enormous that historians have been driven to form theories to account for his violence and tyranny. The numbers said to have perished under his commands exceed all belief, but it is agreed upon all hands that he was "a monster of cruelty." Yet even he was derided and humbled to the dust by a woman. He married a celebrated beauty named Hind, and settled two hundred thousand dirhems upon her as dower. She was well educated, and as high-spirited as she was lovely. One day Hajjâj heard her repeating some lines which she had composed about him, and which were by no means complimentary. He was greatly enraged, and determined to be quit of her. His wealth enabled him to break that chain of dower which many a Muhammadan husband has forged for himself, so he sent one of his attendants to take her the dower, and to "divorce her in two words." When the messenger had performed this office, she said "I was his wife, but I did not glory in it, and I am repudiated, but I do not regret it. And as for this two hundred thousand, it is thine for bringing me the good news of my deliverance from that dog of a Thakfi." The Khalifah heard the fame of her beauty, and sought her in marriage, but she replied that she had "already had one dog of a husband," and upon one condition only would she accept the offer. If she consented to marry, her late husband must conduct her litter, walking barefoot, but otherwise dressed as usual, from her own country to the Khalifah's abode. The command was given, and the lieutenant had no choice but death or obedience. So he performed the task, and as they journeyed on she mocked and derided him, and although he retorted that he had "forsaken her like a thrown-off garment," she kept up her gibes till they neared their journey's end. She then dropped some dinârs (gold coins) and called out, "Stop, I have dropped some dirhems" (silver coins), "pick them up for me." So El Hajjâj looked on the ground, but seeing only dinârs, said, "They are dinârs." "Not so," said she, "they are dirhems." He repeated "They are dinârs." Whereupon she exclaimed, "Allah be praised! Dirhems fell from our hands, and Allah has replaced them by dinârs." Then El Hajjâj, taking the hint, was covered with confusion, and was silent and made no answer, but went with her into the presence of the Khalifah, who married her. And according to her will so was everything."

We have quoted enough to show that this is an unusually interesting book. We must now call attention to the fact that the translation is the work of a lady, and a very excellent and scholarly-like translation it is; clearly and pleasantly written, and illustrated and explained by copious notes, indicating considerable learning and research. A scholarly knowledge of Arabic has hitherto been supposed to be the exclusive privilege of a limited number of men, but here we find a lady who has not only acquired the language, but is evidently filled with an enthusiastic admiration of its literature. Her knowledge of the language, as appears from the book, was acquired in Cairo, her residence there having been enforced by the delicate health of her husband. She has made excellent use of her opportunity, and is entitled to the motto which she has prefixed to her book—"Man dhâburas hafara," "Who endures conquers"—for she must have persevered long and resolutely before she attained the proficiency which the volume attests. Her studies, however, were not without an alloy. There is, according to Muhammadans, a book which is called the "Mother of Books." On one side of this are written the names of all good Muslims, and on the other the names of infidels and bad Muslims. The *shâikh* who was her teacher solemnly and persistently told her that, however perfect and good she might be, she could never hope as a Christian that her name would be inscribed upon the former, and so there was no chance of her obtaining salvation. The present volume, it appears, is but a portion of the original work. We hope the translator may receive such encouragement as may induce her to continue her labours.

SEEN AND HEARD.*

MR. GARRETT, the author of *Seen and Heard*, has struck out a happy device, and has been original where originality seemed almost impossible. He has managed to write thirteen sermons, each of which is provided with a plot. There have been story-writers who have often indulged in sermons, and there have, though far too rarely, been sermon-writers who have occasionally tried to keep their congregation from slumbering by a story. But Mr. Garrett, who properly is no story-writer at all, but much rather a man given to preaching, has, as we have said, managed to strike out a new kind of sermon which shall have all the characteristics of an ordinary sermon—such as length, dullness, thoughts ill considered and worse expressed—and yet shall have a kind of a story running through it. He doubtless thinks that he is a writer of stories and not of sermons, but in this he is surely mistaken. For each one of his stories that we have read bears the one mark which more clearly than anything else distinguishes your genuine sermon.

Now that mark, we take it, lies in this. A sermon is that kind of composition which would read equally well if the leaves on which it is written were unstitched, were shuffled together, and were then read in the order into which they were thrown by chance. Of course we do not mean to say that there would not be need of some slight corrections, so as to make each sentence have a nominative case and a verb. But this is almost a mechanical process, and, like the stitching together of the leaves, might be safely left to the parson's wife. There is this convenience in compositions of this kind, that you never lose your place. Whether it be that we nod in church, or that in reading we take up the second volume while the end of the first volume is still unread, in neither case do we notice any awkward gap, or find any greater difficulty in following the thread of the composition than that which arises from a strong desire to go to sleep. A story is told of the eminent Dissenting preacher who took to himself the appellation of Sinner Saved, that, having in answer to his prayers for some breeches received a pair that fitted him admirably, in returning thanks for the mercy vouchsafed to him he showed his congregation that the fit was so good that it was quite clear an angel must have guided the shears. The title of *Seen and Heard* likewise so admirably well fits Mr. Garrett's stories that he will not, we trust, suspect us of flattery when we state that it is quite clear that one of his angels must have guided his pen. We have indeed both seen and heard all that he has written far more often than we like. Our youth happily was not altogether a godless one. On Sundays we were for a long course of years privileged to hear the vicar in the morning and his curate in the afternoon, while our youthful appetite was not stinted in tracts. From certain circumstances our reading of what is called good books has always been unusually large; while of late years our duty as reviewers has only too frequently made us acquainted with Mr. Garrett and other moral writers of his school. It may be the case, however, that from an excess of modesty Mr. Garrett has chosen the title of his book, and in the honesty of his heart gives his readers a warning that they must expect nothing new. To use his own peculiar English, it is just possible that the name of the book may be as "deprecatory" as was the remark of his sister, when she is made to say in the introduction that she was "afraid people would call them very commonplace stories." From whatever source the title springs, it is a most descriptive one, and altogether cuts off the reader from any right to grumble at finding nothing new. It is somewhat hard for a reviewer to have to give any account of such a book as this. So utterly colourless it is that when we look at the titles of the stories we have so lately read we do not remember in the least what they are all about. We have a general impression that there were a good many people who began by going regularly to chapel twice every Sabbath, were seduced into going once to the theatre, and straightway went to the devil. There were other people who were happy as long as they were poor, went to chapel, and wore dresses that had been turned and returned, but became miserable when they grew rich, went into "a great pew in a fashionable church," and, in defiance of the laws of the land and of good eating, in "the dawn of summer," dined on "roast partridges, almond pudding, and strawberries." We did, indeed, as we read, take a few notes of some of the stories; but they fail to remind us with any distinctness, now that we look through them, of the various plots.

In the first of the stories that we have thus noted we find that a mother dies and there is a case of brain-fever. In the second a father dies and also a son. In the third a child dies. In the fourth chapel people begin to keep grand company, and then there are seen before long "blood stains on the floor of the fashionable hotel" which the young men of the family frequented. The fifth story is a case of small-pox, and the sixth of spinal complaint. We must do the author the justice to admit that good people die nearly as often, though not quite so rapidly, as theatre-goers. For while bad people are killed off to punish them, good people are killed off to show, to use Addison's words, "how a Christian can die." If Mr. Garrett's account of human nature and of the bills of mortality is correct, the surest chance of a long life would seem to lie in keeping the golden mean between an excess of virtue and an excess of vice. He who would live to see his children's children

must be neither bad enough to frighten sinners by his early death nor good enough to encourage saints. He should be sensuous enough to eat roast partridges and almond pudding in May, so as to render himself not worth killing off for his virtue; but he should keep out of the theatre and in the chapel, so as to secure himself against being killed off for his vice. If we had to choose between the two, and considered nothing but length of days, we are not sure that we would not rather just now be over-bad than over-good. For in modern novels there has been such an alarming increase in the rate of mortality among the good as almost to call for an inquiry by one of the Sanitary Inspectors.

It is a pleasure to find that Mr. Garrett has the satisfaction of looking down upon "trumpery weekly journals and nonsensical novels." He should not, however, be too hard-hearted upon his fellow-authors; for even if they had done nothing but study his writings, yet, good and sound though these are, they would nevertheless in their minds soon have turned into what, with a certain homely vigour of language, he calls "muck of indolence." The whole passage in which this agricultural image occurs is worth quoting:—

But, do you know, I think God himself empties us of our faith sometimes. You see every good thing that gets into our hearts is like clear water poured into a dirty basin, after it stands a little while it gets fouled and cloudy—a sediment of self-righteousness at the bottom and muck of indolence at the top. And when God sees that, He turns the stop-cock, and drains it all out, and may be uses some very sharp tools to put the reservoir into better repair. Then we can't help being miserable, but we ought to be as contented to bear the misery as we are to bear the pain which we pay the dentist to give us, that we may get rid of a useless tooth.

When we come upon such a passage as this, we are not only ready to admit with our author that "a spirit can do as well without a head as with one," but to allow that when such things are put before us to be seen and heard, we also can do as well without, at all events, our eyes and ears as with them. It may be that such stories as these have their appointed place in the world, and find people who are sufficiently near to the saint in absence of head, or, at all events, of brain, to be improved by them. It may be that young people who are going the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire will take warning from the examples contained here, and, renouncing "dancing-dens," theatres, roast partridge, and almond pudding, will return "to the Zoological Gardens and the Polytechnic, with refreshments of ginger-beer and penny buns," while on the Sabbath they will "cheerfully settle themselves down with Newton's *Cardiphonia*." Should such a result be produced by the seed scattered abroad by these stories—and we must remember, as our author tells us, that "God does not plant boiled seeds"—we ought not perhaps to criticize too severely the means by which so good a work is brought about; for, again to quote Mr. Garrett, "how can one say a slighting word of the roughest rope that has saved a drowning man?" We can only wonder how so good a man has so bad a style; just as people wondered in Goldsmith's poem how so good a man could have been bitten by so mad a dog. Though, as Mr. Garrett tells us, "the angels smile at our aesthetics," yet we hope that it is not inconsistent with true piety to have a little regard to taste in our compositions. If John Howard is to be abused, let him not be abused in English that requires reforming as much as the worst prison that he visited. Before Mr. Garrett writes again we hope that he will, even at the risk of incurring an angelic laugh, study aesthetics sufficiently to avoid such an awkward sentence as the following:—

Of course I had read them, I may say before he was born, and I liked them very well, only I was sorry Howard did not pay more attention to his own son, and also that he begrudged the comforts of the little Bluecoat boys, who seem to me to deserve consideration as much as prisoners in dungeons; though they do say many get into the school whose parents could very well bring them up elsewhere, which is a shameful thing, but it only seems to me that those boys need the more pity for belonging to such sneaks.

The homeliness of such writing as this is at times relieved in *Seen and Heard* by some very big words, words indeed so big that the author cannot manage them with any certainty or skill. We have not only "aesthetics" and "deprecatory" for depreciatory, but we read of "the idiosyncracies of a home," of a nurse who "would softly carol the sweet pathos," and of "the heart-rending phantasmagoria of sea-sickness." No doubt the author speaks from experience when, to the great comfort of all who may follow in his steps, he says, "whatever nonsense you may write, somebody will be always ready to read it." We do not know how this is to be remedied, unless the Government will include novels among the articles which shall be subject to the inspection of the Officers of the Boards of Health. It might not perhaps be impossible to invent some mechanical means of ascertaining the amount of common sense in a book, as there are means of ascertaining the amount of milk in the mixture sold by people who are strangely enough called milkmen. In that case, those who by a long course of silly reading have got their taste hopelessly spoiled would be protected against themselves, and, however much they wanted it, would no longer be able to buy any more fresh nonsense. What, in that case, would become of such authors as Mr. Garrett and the writers of tracts is a melancholy consideration. Those who have at present to review their books would with a cheerful heart willingly subscribe to any fund that should be raised for their support on the silent system; while those who had in earlier days by their warning voice been turned away from the extravagant pleasures of fashionable life would doubtless contribute a portion of the money they had saved by eating penny buns instead of almond pudding, and by drinking ginger-beer

* *Seen and Heard*. By the Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," "Premiums Paid to Experience," "The Crust and the Cake," &c. 3 vols. London: Strahan & Co.

instead of choice wine, towards providing their ancient benefactors with a daily supply of those wholesome and cheering refreshments. Such, indeed, is the good impulse that we at least, as reviewers, now feel. But then, as Mr. Garrett says:—

In profane, unconverted men, good impulses are but weaknesses—fatal inconsistencies in wickedness which surely ruin them for the world which now is, without availing them for that which is to come.

We are afraid, therefore, that if we can ever get these pious passers silenced, it will be our duty, however grateful we may feel at being relieved from the wearisomeness of reading their writings, to be on our guard against any good impulse that should lead us to contribute to their support. Certainly, as we are painfully conscious that we are what Mr. Garrett means by "profane, unconverted men," we shall sternly resist the good impulses that may ever come upon us either to eat penny buns or to drink ginger-beer, or to settle ourselves cheerfully down to a study of Newton's *Cardiphonia*.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Saturday (August 9).—Special Performance of Opera, "Satanella," at 3.
Monday—Great Fountain Fete.
Tuesday—Opera, "Don Giovanni," at 3; Fairy Fireworks and Grand Juvenile Fete.
Wednesday—Opera, "Don Giovanni," at 3.
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1. An Open Scholarship of the value of £100, tenable for one year, to be competed for in September. The Subjects of Examination are Physics, Chemistry, Botany, and Zoology. The Successful Candidate will be required to enter at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in October next.
2. Preliminary Scientific Scholarship of the value of £50, tenable for one year, to be competed for in October next. The Scholarship in Greek will be held on the 10th and 12th of September next; and that for the Scholarship in Hebrew on the 20th and 22nd of September next. The Subjects of Examination are identical with those of the Open Scholarship.
For further particulars and syllabus of subjects, application may be made, personally or by letter, to THE WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

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Copies of the Regulations relating to the Scholarships may be obtained at the Office of the College.
July 28, 1873. JOHN ROBSON, B.A., Secretary to the Council.

COOPER'S HILL COLLEGE.—The following are the Names of some of the SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS at the recent Examination for admission to the Indian Civil Engineering College:

Names.	Marks.	Names.	Marks.
Simeon, Lionel Harrington	180	Stewart, Robert	144
Chubb, Henry James	180	Holmes, Charles Henry	140
Reynolds, George Bernard	180	White, John Claude	130
Coode, Montgomery P.	167	Johns, Edward Henry	123

Pupils of Mr. J. ASHTON, 4 King Henry's Road, 8, Hampstead, who receive RESIDENT and NON-RESIDENT CANDIDATES. N.B.—Ten were sent up, eight passed.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE, Spring Grove, near Isleworth.—The AUTUMN TERM COMMENCES on September 18.—Further information may be obtained by applying to Dr. LORENZ SCHMIDT, the Principal, at the College.

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The ensuing Term will commence on Thursday, September 18. Boarders to return the previous afternoon.

For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER, or the Secretary, Major GARRARD, the College, Eastbourne.

THE EASTBOURNE COLLEGE.—There will be an Examination in December for an OPEN SCHOLARSHIP of £50 per annum, tenable in the College for Three Years.

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on September 16. The Honour List for the years 1860-1873 contains the Names of 127 SUCCESSFUL PUPILS, appointed to the following Departments:

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9 to Attachships in the Diplomatic Service.
13 to the Foreign Office.
34 to other Superior Offices of the Home Civil Service.
11 to the Cayton Civil Service and to Chinese Interpretships.
3 to the India Engineering College.

Of this number 36 gained the First place in their respective Competitions.

The List may be had on application, by letter, to the LIBRARIAN, Garrick Chambers, Garrick Street, London.

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COOPER'S HILL.—The Rev. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., Remington House, Croydon, late Professor and Chaplain at the Engineer College, Addiscombe, and Assistant Examiner for Indian Appointments under the Public Works Department, has just passed two PUPILS for COOPER'S HILL.

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THE MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

THE Ministerial changes are probably complete for the present, although it may be conjectured that Mr. GLADSTONE intends hereafter to transfer the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer to Mr. CHILDFRS. The original appointment of Mr. LOWE was an act of generous self-denial. A Minister who has, like Lord MRSBOURNE or Lord JOHN RUSSELL, no special knowledge of finance, necessarily allows his Chancellor of the Exchequer the independent charge of his own department. Lord PALMERSTON in his two Administrations was fortunate in successively securing the services of Sir GEORGE LEWIS and Mr. GLADSTONE. Sir ROBERT PEEL, who was his own Finance Minister, found a loyal and useful coadjutor in Mr. GOLDSMITH, and it would have been advantageous to the Government and the country that Mr. GLADSTONE should have made a similar arrangement. Of all his colleagues Mr. LOWE might be expected to prove himself most impatient of interference or control; and it is not supposed that in the course of five years any deference has been paid to the greater knowledge and ability of the Prime Minister. By his first Budget, which covered a deficit by an ingenious anticipation of payments, Mr. LOWE acquired a reputation for originality; but the proposal and withdrawal of the tax on lucifer-matches, the attempt to remodel the succession duty, and the temporary increase of the Income-tax, indicated both barrenness of fiscal resource and a characteristic incapacity to appreciate public feeling and opinion. The second reduction of the duty on sugar was evidently an afterthought, for the revenue which was sacrificed had in the first instance been destined to the payment of the second moiety of the Alabama damages, and the contrast which was subsequently drawn between the poverty of sugar-consumers and the wealth of Income-tax payers was not calculated to inspire confidence or respect. It is perhaps scarcely desirable that Mr. GLADSTONE should discharge in person the duties of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but many blunders would have been avoided if he had entrusted the office to a capable subordinate who would have been contented to obey the directions of his chief. Mr. DOBSON's industry and ability will enable him to relieve Mr. GLADSTONE of some of his labours, and it may be hoped that hereafter the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be on speaking terms with the Financial Secretary of the Treasury. Lord FREDERICK CAVENTISH probably deserves the confidence which is reposed in him by the Minister; but there is a certain absurdity in the periodical appointment of special Lords of the Treasury, who are, as it were, italicized or labelled for the purpose of calling attention to the extraordinary fact that they are competent to perform their duties.

It is useless to speculate on the probability of Mr. LOWE's success in the administration of the Home Office. He possesses vigour, activity, and familiarity with legal principles; and perhaps he may have learned by experience and disappointment the advantages of courtesy and good humour, and, above all, of a recognition of human nature. It is sometimes learned by experience, as when Lord ALBANY, after the overthrow in 1858, abandoned for the remainder of his life the tone of presumptuous insolence which had alienated friends and divided the House of Commons. The blunders which attend Mr. LOWE's great attainments and powers are manifestly due to his want of understanding of the human mind, and to his want of sympathy with the feelings of the people. It is not a pleasant thing to see the Prime Minister, who is not a pleasant man, in the

been thought to have lost the power of causing surprise, has falsified all reasonable expectation by subsiding into the modest post of Judge Advocate General. The office has by a characteristic job been revived for his benefit, after it had been suspended for two or three years as a sinecure. In this, as in several other instances, the most virtuous of Ministers allows himself to take liberties with the public service on the strength of his irreproachable character. It is perhaps to be regretted that the rumour which placed Mr. AYRTON at the Post Office proves to have been unfounded. In that department a firm hand and a despotic temper are at present urgently needed. Mr. MAXWELL has proved his pre-eminent fitness for relegation into private life by his weak submission to contemptuous superiors and to misfortunate assistants. In Mr. AYRTON's matronly Secretaries would have met their match. While botanists are no longer classed with market-gardeners, and while architects rejoice in their emancipation, discipline and regularity might have been re-established in the Post Office, if it had at last been provided with a responsible head. Mr. AYRTON's extreme unpopularity is not to be attributed exclusively to himself. Mr. GLADSTONE, with a powerful ingenuity, first placed him under Mr. LOWE, and when their relations at the Treasury became intolerable both to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and to the SECRETARY of the TREASURY, Mr. AYRTON was promoted to the office for which he was most notoriously and exceptionally unfit. The utilitarian concentration of purpose and the moral and æsthetic obtuseness which distinguished Mr. AYRTON as Minister of the Fine Arts would have been found useful in some other department; but the inactive pliancy which becomes a Judge Advocate General will not be congenial to a character as energetic as it is rough. Mr. ADAM, who has shown tact and discretion as Scotch Lord of the Treasury, would have been well received by the House of Commons as predecessor to Mr. GLEN. His administrative ability has not hitherto been tested; but as First Commissioner of Works he will certainly not give warrant offence.

It may be presumed that Mr. BRYCE accepts the Presidency of the Council as a dignified retirement, for Mr. FORSTER would scarcely consent to act as Assistant Minister of Education under a chief who claimed a practical right of interference. Some arrangement may perhaps be made with respect to the patronage of the office, which nominally belongs to the chief. It is evidently convenient that the real head of the office should appoint his own clerks and inspectors. It is indeed possible that some other office may be reserved for Mr. FORSTER, and that the PRESIDENT of the COUNCIL, who has formerly taken a warm interest in education, may in person perform some of the duties which slipped from the easy grasp of Lord RUSSELL. The brunt of Parliamentary contests is necessarily borne by the representatives of the department in the House of Commons. Mr. A. PEEL, who has had no opportunity of distinguishing himself as Secretary of the Board of Trade, will perhaps succeed as Parliamentary Secretary of the Treasury; but the qualifications which are required for the office can only be tested in practice. It will be Mr. PEEL's business not only to manage the party in the House of Commons, but to record for the information of the PUBLIC MIND the rise and fall of the political thermometer. There is nothing of knowledge in which Mr. GLADSTONE is more likely to be deficient, and probably he is not easily led or driven by his confidential Parliamentary adviser. At the beginning of the last Session Mr. GLEN, if he was in his place, could have told that it was impossible to pass any Irish University Bill, and that the special business of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government would, even if

they had been rightly estimated by the author of the Bill, have had no tendency to promote its success. It is highly probable that the SECRETARY of the TREASURY discharged his duty; but enthusiastic Ministers are not open to prosaic counsels. As the Government was destined to be readjusted, some other changes might have been advantageously adopted. Mr. CARDWELL, who has, perhaps without fault of his own, become unpopular with the army, would have been an excellent Chancellor of the Exchequer; and any modifications of his military schemes which might be thought expedient would have been more easily introduced by his successor than by himself. Other combinations within the Cabinet might be suggested; but, except for the necessary removal of Mr. LOWE from the Exchequer, the Government will have been neither strengthened nor weakened by the recent changes.

The return of Mr. BRIGHT to the Cabinet is no longer an event of primary importance. It was formerly thought advantageous to secure the alliance of a great orator who had been a formidable demagogue; and Mr. BRIGHT's adhesion involved the support or neutrality of many extreme Liberals. It soon appeared that Mr. BRIGHT had no faculty of administration; and it may be inferred from his recent denunciation of the Education Bill that he scarcely shared in the deliberations of the Cabinet. His compulsory retirement for two or three years from public life has diminished his influence; but possibly malcontent factions may be to some extent conciliated by his return to office. Since his recovery Mr. BRIGHT has only expressed his opinion by occasional letters, which have for the most part expressed approbation of proposed changes; but he lately declined to support an agitation for the establishment of a Republic. A few months ago, in answer to a complimentary address, he displayed the same narrow intolerance of opposition which had characterized his active career. As a member of a tottering Government he will connive without difficulty at the probable helplessness of his colleagues; yet it is not impossible that his resumption of office may indicate a change of policy in anticipation of the general election. If the Government meditates agitation against landowners, Mr. BRIGHT's presence in the Cabinet may perhaps convince the extreme party of the necessity of the movement. His antipathy to landlords, and his disapproval of the present system of the tenure of land, have been sincere and consistent; and although it is believed that Mr. BRIGHT has no zealous desire for further constitutional changes, he would undoubtedly support the extension of household suffrage to counties. As Mr. BRIGHT would in no case have exhibited administrative activity, it is well that he selects an office with little or no definite duty; but it is a curious and interesting circumstance that the fierce opponent of sinecures should in his later political life become Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. One of his few functions will be the presentation to livings in the Establishment which he detests; but there is no reason to doubt that he will exercise his patronage fairly. In the course of six months some accident or change of opinion may possibly enable the Ministers to meet Parliament without imminent risk of disaster.

POSITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE general character of the transformation which the Government has undergone is now apparent. In different ways Mr. GLADSTONE's subordinates had got the Ministry into a mess. They were constantly blundering and quarrelling among themselves. They either did nothing or did too much. They were weak like Mr. BRUCE, or vexatious and impracticable like Mr. AYTON and Mr. LOWE. The consequence was that the Ministry as a whole lost day by day in reputation and power, and Mr. GLADSTONE found himself harassed and worn out in the discharge of the painful task of covering the faults and patching up the differences of his colleagues. He determined to put an end to this, and the main idea he seems to have had in view was to put the leaders of the party in front, and to throw the subordinates into the background, arranging their parts so that there should be as little opportunity as possible of their doing harm. He made himself Chancellor of the Exchequer, thus increasing the preminence of his position, and calling to his aid the prestige of his old financial reputation. He invited Mr. BRIGHT back to the Cabinet, not to do anything, but simply to show himself there as joint leader of the party. Thus the first part of his plan was carried out, and

the GLADSTONE Ministry is no doubt more the GLADSTONE Ministry than ever. Then he came to deal with his subordinates, and his first business was to punish those who had been the cause of mischief, but to punish them as lightly as possible, so that they might not be much wounded, while the indignation and alarm of the Liberal party might be mitigated. Mr. BRUCE has now for five years ruled the Home Office in a spirit of amiable weakness. It was well that the reproach of the party should be removed, and perhaps it was not thought a bad thing that the special enemy of the publicans should be got rid of before the elections came on. His removal was effected by the easy process of giving him a peerage, and of placing him in a post of honourable inutility. Mr. LOWE was selected to fill the vacancy, and he is too formidable and too really clever not to have received the best treatment that circumstances would permit. He has been made to leave the post which he held while making the astonishing series of blunders that have lately won him an unhappy notoriety; but he is transferred to an office of great importance, in which, as a strong man succeeding a weak one, he might hope to achieve success if opportunity were allowed him. A place which was tolerably honourable and lucrative had to be found for Mr. AYTON, and the bold step was taken of reviving the office of Judge Advocate General for his benefit. There is no mistake about the meaning of this. Two thousand pounds a year had to be found for Mr. AYTON if he was to be kept quiet, and the taxpayers were made to find the money by his appointment to what the Ministers themselves had justly described as an extravagant sinecure. It was a perfect job, but a weak Government cannot get on without jobbing; and at any rate there is nothing underhand about it. England is asked, and can afford to pay, 2,000*l.* a year extra in order to make Mr. GLADSTONE's life a little smoother. And then Mr. GLADSTONE is now doing Mr. LOWE's work for nothing, so that the country on the whole does not lose. Mr. GLADSTONE, in fact, carries the money and gives it to Mr. AYTON, on condition that he will for the present do neither good nor harm to any one. There is no great mischief in the arrangement, and there are so few people who in private life have not had to forego money or leisure in order to keep a disagreeable friend or relation quiet, that Mr. GLADSTONE is sure to have a large amount of secret sympathy bestowed on him.

Having put himself and Mr. BRIGHT in the front, and having administered a modest amount of punishment in a tolerably adroit manner, Mr. GLADSTONE had then only to fill up vacancies with new subordinates of decent character and attainments. There were plenty of good honest Liberals who were fairly qualified, and the only difficulty lay in knowing who could get elected again if his appointment made his seat vacant. Mr. GLADSTONE satisfied himself that he personally had not to undergo the ordeal of re-election. A lively discussion on the subject has been going on, and the arguments in favour of the necessity of a new election are exceedingly strong. It is, in any case, a curious fatality that Mr. GLADSTONE should have at last raised, in a question personal to himself, one of those subtle issues about the natural and non-natural interpretation of Acts of Parliament which gave rise to the COLLIER and the EVELINE controversies. Mr. BRIGHT has nothing, we presume, to fear at Birmingham, and he can take his own time about appealing to his electors, as he will not vacate his seat until he himself informs Mr. CHILDES that he is ready to take over the Chancellorship of the Duchy. It was fortunately discovered that Mr. DOUGLASS and Mr. GREVILLE could be appointed without their seats being vacated, and the only new official who has had to submit to a re-election is Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH; and it was tolerably safe to reckon that his opponents would not embark on an expensive contest in order to give the title of M.P. to a Conservative who might very possibly never take his seat. But the promotion of Sir GEORGE JESSEL to the Mastership of the Rolls places Mr. GLADSTONE in some difficulty. The appointment itself was a matter of course after the ATTORNEY-GENERAL had prudently and honourably declined the office, and if the new MASTER of the Rolls fulfils the expectations of the Equity Bar, he will be a very good judge indeed. But to get a new Solicitor-General is by no means an easy task, for where is Mr. GLADSTONE to find a fit man willing to take the office and with a safe seat? If, for one reason or another, Mr. HARGREAVE and Mr. HENRY JAMES are to be passed over, there is no one whose appointment would not create some surprise. But it is obvious

that Mr. GLADSTONE will be greatly determined in his choice by the decision he has come, or feels himself coming, to as to the expediency of letting the present House reassemble. If there is to be a general election before Parliament meets, it will obviously be much easier to find a Solicitor-General, as it will not then much matter if he now has no seat, or if he loses his seat by not being returned after accepting office.

The question then is, whether the rearrangement of the Ministry has been made with a view to a general election at an early date, or with a view to carrying on business during another Session. We do not suppose that Mr. GLADSTONE has any very clear opinion on this head. He probably did the best he could under the circumstances, and is waiting to be guided by events before he decides when the dissolution shall be. But it may be confidently said that Mr. GLADSTONE's scheme of rearrangement is a good one for the purposes of an early dissolution, and a bad one for the purposes of carrying on business next year. His putting himself and Mr. BRIGHT into exclusive prominence, his administration of mild correction, and his choice of harmless and inoffensive subordinates, are all calculated to give as much spirit and confidence to the Liberal party in the constituencies as it is now possible to impart to it. The electors will be reminded more vividly than ever of the services which Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT have rendered, and they can triumphantly reply to criticisms on Mr. Lowe's Budgets and contracts, that English finance is now in the hands of the first financier in the country. When taunted with the blunders of Mr. BRUCE, Mr. LOWE, and Mr. AYTON, they can retort that Mr. GLADSTONE has put an end to their eccentric manner of managing their departments, and that there is no good in kicking men when they are down. When driven hard by remarks on the numerous instances in which members of the Government have successfully done their utmost to make themselves disagreeable, they can confidently ask who are likely to be more industrious and amiable officials than Mr. DODSON, Mr. ADAMS, and Mr. GREVILLE. But for the purposes of carrying on public business during another Session the arrangement is evidently a bad one. Mr. GLADSTONE is exhausted by holding one office, and how can he possibly hold two, and retain strength and spirits? While, to get over the difficulty by making Mr. CHILDERS, or any one else, Chancellor of the Exchequer before Parliament meets, would be to throw away the strength gained by Mr. GLADSTONE's appeal to the memory of his financial reputation. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT again might easily manage to shape in harmony the general programme of their party, so far as it might be necessary that their addresses to constituents should unfold it; but there are questions on which they might come to something very near a misunderstanding, if opposition was once excited by the daily conflict over details which a new Session might bring with it. Nor are the new appointments such as to give the Ministry any accession of strength in the House of Commons. Mr. LOWE may easily govern the Home Office for a few months, in the dead season, but he will scarcely be content to hold his office when Parliament is sitting without taking up in an effective manner some of the many subjects which Mr. BRUCE has been so long considering; and Mr. GLADSTONE must have many misgivings as to what would be the consequence. The Bills might be very good Bills, but the Bills of a Home Secretary are always of a kind to touch some sets of people very closely, and the Government might easily find that it had made new enemies without having the credit of carrying its measures. The general result is, therefore, that the new arrangement of the Ministry will tend in a strong degree to make Mr. GLADSTONE incline to an early dissolution; but whether this tendency will prevail over other considerations, and especially over his natural pity for the host of his faithful supporters who will have to bid good-bye to Parliament when an election takes place, and over any vague hopes he may entertain of something turning up to retrieve the position of the Liberal party if he does but wait, is a question which probably the PREMIER could not answer, and certainly no one else can.

THE FUSION.

IF the reconciliation between the Count of CHAMBORD and the Count of PARIS has given unity to the monarchical party, it has at the same time greatly narrowed the monarchical future. Until now the Monarchy had, as to

speaking, two strings to its bow. It might be restored in the person of the Count of CHAMBORD, either by his accepting terms from the Assembly and consenting to become a Constitutional King, or by the yet greater miracle of the French nation accepting Legitimist principles, and breaking finally with 1789. In the event of a restoration being brought about in either of these ways, it was evident that either the King or the nation might come to regret the part it had played. HENRY V. might find constitutional restrictions too irksome, or the French people might find them too ineffectual. In either case, supposing Monarchy to have any real root in the country, there was, while the ORLEANISTS existed as a separate party and recognized a separate dynasty, a second chance open to it. The Count of PARIS might have played his grandfather's part over again, and have tried at all events to convince his countrymen that constitutional freedom was not incompatible with a modified type of hereditary rule. The meeting at Frohsdorf has destroyed this second chance. The Count of PARIS can hardly now supersede his cousin if he fails to maintain himself on the throne, any more than he can interfere with his placing himself on it. It is not merely that the head of the House of ORLEANS disclaims all present rivalry with the head of the elder branch; he must also be taken to have disclaimed all future and contingent rivalry. Consequently the whole hope of the Monarchy depends upon the Count of CHAMBORD. So long as he lives—and he is only fifty-three years old—it rests with him to say of what pattern the throne shall be. Unless he rewards his cousin's submission by an unexpected abdication, the Count of PARIS may for another quarter of a century have no greater influence in France than he has now. In estimating the more remote prospects of the Monarchy, this fact must not be left out of sight. A restoration means henceforth a Legitimist restoration and nothing else. There will be no second act in which the fortunes of the piece may be retrieved. The Count of PARIS is doubtless well advised in making this formal surrender of pretensions which, in his own person, he has never advanced. He must have weighed the chances of coming to the throne as his cousin's heir, and coming to the throne as the representative of the principles with which his family have hitherto been identified, and must have decided that the first alternative was the one which contained most elements of success. We do not question the wisdom of his decision; it is enough to point out that it gives us the real measure of Orleanist strength. It would appear that it is only by putting on the livery of HENRY V. that the Orleanists think they have any chance of getting to Court. As yet it is too soon for them to have realized how bitter a cup is reserved for them. They are now reaping the credit of having subordinated the interests of their family to the interests of the French nation. But if the ORLEANS family had been really necessary to France, there would have been no call for this sacrifice. The Fusion is an element of strength to the monarchical party only on the assumption that the Orleanists found themselves unable to stand alone. But if they are so powerless to contrive a restoration for themselves, what probability is there that they will be any stronger in guiding a restoration contrived by others? Yet upon their having some influence in this way hangs the hope of giving the restoration a constitutional turn. The Count of CHAMBORD is not likely to accept conditions from the Assembly of his own mere motion, nor to be urged to do so, by those of his followers who have always rejected constitutional restrictions as something unworthy of a true King. It was only the Orleanists who could have applied any pressure in this direction, and they have now shut themselves out from doing so. To apply pressure means that there is a penalty to be inflicted in the event of the pressure being resisted, and the reconciliation of the Count of PARIS to the Count of CHAMBORD involves the abandonment of the intention to hold any such penalty in reserve.

It must be admitted, however, that the Fusion, whatever it may do for the monarchical party hereafter, does give it a very large accession of strength in the present. The Royalists are now as much united as the Republicans. Both parties contain within themselves the seeds of future dissension, but both are agreed to let these seeds lie dormant until some more convenient season. In the Assembly the Royalists believe themselves to be so numerous that they can afford to throw the Republicans overboard, and it is quite possible that they will attempt, immediately upon

the return of the deputies to Versailles, to pledge the majority to some advance in the direction of a restoration. If the Republicans in the Chamber could trust only to themselves, they would probably be unable to offer any serious opposition to this step. But if M. THIERS assumes the formal leadership of the party—and in the present state of affairs there can be little doubt that, if he chooses, he may do so on his own terms—many of the more moderate Conservatives will be in sore straits which way to vote. They would be quite ready to welcome a Monarchy if a Monarchy could be trusted to hold its own. But its failure to do this under any of the forms in which it has been tried had disposed them a year ago to try M. THIERS's plan of a Conservative Republic. M. THIERS will not speak next Session with the weight which belonged to him as President, but his assurances that a Republic is the only Government for France will carry discomfort if they fail to carry conviction. So long as the experiment of another restoration remains untried, it will be an arrow left in the moderate Conservative quiver; whereas if it is tried, and found to fail, no choice will remain to them if they get tired of the Republic except a restoration of the Empire. When waverers of this class are added to the genuine supporters of the Republic, there will perhaps be a very large minority, if not an actual majority, in favour of keeping things as they are. It would be rash to set bounds to Royalist rashness under the influence of the hopes raised by the Fusion, but it is difficult to believe that a restoration would be seriously attempted if something like three hundred members of the most Conservative Assembly France is ever likely to see offered a strenuous opposition to the proposal. Some concession must be made to decency even by French Royalists, and the Assembly could hardly be called upon to pronounce upon a question of this importance with thirteen seats in it vacant. Yet thirteen elections in different parts of France, with the choice between a Monarchy and a Republic virtually submitted to the electors, would be like a general election on a small scale. As the attempt on the part of the Royalists to snatch a definitive decision on the form of government in the present Assembly would be tantamount to an admission that the constituencies are not to be trusted to return Royalist deputies, it is probable that the majority of these thirteen elections would return Republican members. There would be something especially desperate in a restoration undertaken in face of so significant a hint of the real hostility of the French people to a reproduction of the old Monarchy, in however modified a shape.

A telegram in the *Times* informs us that "one of the most influential men of the day" has just delivered himself to the following effect:—"We do not wish to patch up a Monarchy, we desire to establish it upon a solid basis. A few months are of no importance, either to the country or to the Count of CHAMBORED. Both will have time to reflect—France upon that which she owes to herself, and the Prince upon that which he owes to her." If there could be any certainty that this prudent resolution would be carried out, the restoration might be regarded as postponed *sine die*. There is no probability that, if France gets time to reflect, the result of her reflections will bring her any nearer the Count of CHAMBORED. But against this must be set the conviction, on which so much stress has lately been laid by the French Correspondent of the same paper—the conviction that the majority of Frenchmen will always be on the side of the Government for the time being. It is a great temptation to snatch at power when you know that the theft will be condoned as soon as it is clearly successful, and it is doubtful whether the French Royalists will be proof against this temptation. Yet if they had any real political insight, they would see that the circumstance which has given such apparent strength to every French Government in turn has in reality been the common weakness of all of them. A country in which popular support is always to be had by the actual holder of the executive power is a country which lies at the mercy of every adventurer who has courage and opportunity to seize the chief place in the State. If a stable Government is ever to be set up in France, it will be by its partisans being content to wait until they have ascertained what the true wishes of the nation are. Some preference must be felt by the great body of Frenchmen for one form of government over another, and if the Royalists genuinely wish to establish Monarchy on a solid

basis, they will put off a restoration until they have discovered that this latent preference really points in the direction they wish it to take. *

RAILWAY PROPERTY.

NEARLY all the Railway Companies have now declared their half-year's dividends; and the result is moderately satisfactory, though a great increase in traffic returns has scarcely sufficed to maintain former rates of profit. The most hopeless case is that of the Great Eastern Company, which, possessing a monopoly of three prosperous counties, has the misfortune of being principally confined to the transport of agricultural produce, and of local passengers and supplies. It is possible that when the nuisance of the Shoreditch terminus is abated by the opening of the new station in Broad Street, the passenger traffic may improve. For many years past the value of residential property in Essex and the nearer parts of Suffolk has been injuriously affected by the inconvenient arrangements of the railway, which has in its turn suffered by the stagnation of traffic. The line will never become profitable unless some new connexion gives it a share of the Northern coal trade. It has suffered in common with other Companies by the great advance in the cost of fuel and materials; and it possesses none of the elasticity which enables more fortunate systems to provide compensation for increased expenditure. Another railway which, like the Great Eastern, is fed neither by minerals nor by manufactured goods, contrives as usual to pay a respectable dividend. The principal Irish railway has for more than twenty years yielded to its shareholders a steadier return than any other line in the United Kingdom. Projectors who from time to time urge upon the Government or on Parliament the purchase of the Irish railways, say as little as possible of the Great Southern and Western Company, which has never indicated the smallest desire to part with its property. Notwithstanding the increase of working expenses, the dividend for the half-year is at the rate of five and a half per cent., which may be partly attributed to a moderate advance in passenger fares. The dividends of two of the great Scotch lines have not yet been announced, and the anticipations of shareholders and speculators are not at present sanguine. Hereafter the amicable arrangement between the Caledonian and the North British will perhaps benefit the proprietors of both Companies by enabling them to diminish the public accommodation without fear of competition. The Glasgow and South-Western Company for the present acts on the agreement which was formed with the Midland, as a measure preliminary to amalgamation. The strange rejection of the scheme by the Joint Committee may not improbably lead to the termination of the agreement. The half-year's dividend of the Glasgow and South-Western Company is reduced to the rate of four per cent., and the Midland shareholders will scarcely be willing to join the two capitals into one for the purpose of dividend.

The Southern lines which mainly depend on passenger traffic have on the whole maintained their former position; but the shareholders may reasonably be disappointed when they find that their income remains stationary during a season of unprecedented prosperity. But for the extraordinary rise in the price of coal and iron, the great railways which traverse Northern and Central England would have added two or three per cent. to their former rates of dividend. In present circumstances the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the Midland suffer a fractional decrease of dividend, while the London and North-Western, the North-Eastern, and the Great Northern cover the increase in working expenses by a large excess in gross profits. One-half of the small dividend of the Sheffield Company is compulsorily placed to a suspense account, because a shareholder has thought fit to file a Bill in Chancery on the eve of the long vacation, for the purpose of correcting an alleged misapplication of capital to revenue account. It is one of the numerous disadvantages of joint-stock property that any member of the partnership has the power of appeal to a Court of Equity with the result of injuring the other shareholders. In the present case the plaintiff may possibly have legitimate grounds of interference; but it sometimes happens that internal litigation is promoted for reasons which have nothing to do with the interests of the Company. In the

meantime the proprietors must console themselves with the hope that the assailant of the Company may only succeed in delaying for a few months the receipt of one-half of their income. As a general rule, Boards of Directors are quite as capable as the Court of Chancery of apportioning charges justly between capital and revenue. The prospects of Railway Companies can seldom be adequately appreciated without a special knowledge of details. The Sheffield Company has but lately obtained, in joint ownership with the Great Northern and the Midland, an imperfect access by the Cheshire lines to Liverpool. The joint station is still excluded from access to the Northern docks which accommodate the greater part of the foreign trade; but there is no doubt that within a few years the associated Companies will compete for the Liverpool trade on equal terms with the London and North-Western and the Lancashire and Yorkshire. At the half-yearly meeting the Chairman of the Sheffield Company announced the expectation of a probable trade of a million tons of iron annually from Bilbao to Grimsby for the use of the manufacturers of Sheffield. He also stated that all the repairs of the line are now made with steel rails, which cost perhaps three times as much as iron rails, and wear six or eight times as long. In an accurate estimate of the future net returns of any railway, it would be necessary to include a calculation of the probable cost of repairs, as well as of actual and probable sources of traffic.

The Midland Company, though it has been compelled to apply the great increase in its gross receipts to the payment of additional working expenses, would probably have been able to maintain the dividend of last year but for a conversion, under the provisions of a special Act, of some of its preference capital into ordinary stock. No Company has better grounds for anticipating an increase of future revenue. The large capital which is invested in a third part of the Cheshire lines is only beginning to produce a return, and the interest of two millions expended on the construction of the line from Settle to Carlisle is now paid out of the receipts of the existing system, although a year and a half will elapse before the extension is completed. The Company will undoubtedly establish a profitable trade with Liverpool; and, on the opening of the Carlisle line, it will, for the first time, practically compete with the London and North-Western for the enormous traffic which is exchanged between Scotland and England by the West Coast route. The Midland line from London to Carlisle will be equally good with the competing line of the London and North-Western; and from the Midland districts it will have the advantage in distance. In conjunction with the Glasgow and South-Western, the Midland Company will carry a part of the traffic from Glasgow to Liverpool and Manchester, though the mode of connexion still admits of improvement. The whole of the net revenue which must arise from participation in the Scotch traffic will be immediately added to the dividend. The North-Eastern Company still retains exclusive possession of Northumbria from the Humber to the Tweed, but it has been forced, as the price of reserving one portion of its monopoly, to purchase the alliance of the Manchester and Sheffield Company for a payment which may perhaps amount to some thousands in the year. The town of Hull, writhing even more restlessly than the other subject districts under the despotism of the North-Eastern, projected a line which, by a connexion with the Sheffield lines south of the Humber, would have given Hull a competitive route to the Midland districts and to the West Riding. The Sheffield Company, after maintaining for a time a judicious neutrality between the North-Eastern and the new Company, ultimately throw their weight into the scale of opposition, on condition of obtaining running powers into Hull, which have probably by this time been commuted into a money payment. A Committee of the House of Lords, by an unusual miscarriage, fell into the error of rejecting the independent line, which must necessarily have passed if it had been supported by the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire.

The London and North-Western and the Lancashire and Yorkshire continue to work on the terms which would have been rendered compulsory and perpetual if the amalgamation had been granted. In this instance the decision of the Joint Committee was as sound as it seems to have been erroneous in the case of the Midland and Glasgow and South-Western. The voluntary alliance may be maintained for a time, but it contains within itself the seeds of dissolution. By one of the conditions, the Lancashire and

Yorkshire dividend is to exceed the London and North-Western dividend by 12s. 6d. per cent., although it is perfectly clear that the payment of the bonus could not be sustained against the objection of a single London and North-Western shareholder. The same result may be indirectly produced by arrangements between the general managers for the direction of traffic along the alternative lines of the two allied Companies; but, although such an adjustment of earnings and profits would be complicated and difficult to understand or expose, the directors of either Company might be restrained by a Court of Equity from diverting traffic from their own respective systems for the purpose of fulfilling the terms of their bargain with their allies. The agreement between the two Companies is opposed to the public interests; and it is on the whole desirable that one or both bodies of shareholders should cease to acquiesce in a division of profits which can scarcely coincide at all times with the actual returns of both systems. The most consolatory result of the railway experience of the half-year consists in the advance of the gross receipts of nearly all the Companies. The exceptional price of coal and iron may probably be maintained; but there is little reason to fear that it will again expand. The railway traffic, on the other hand, has, with some occasional interruptions, become for many years larger and larger. In nine years it has increased by sixty per cent., and if the same rate of advance is maintained for nine years more, the dividends will perhaps not again be kept down by a new increase in working expenses.

ROME AND ITS ADVERSARIES.

FAR above all small questions of current politics, changes of Ministries, substitution of Republics for Monarchies, or Monarchies for Republics, stand the two great questions of the times in which we live—the question as to what will be the issue of the contest between the labouring classes and their employers, and the question as to what will be the issue of the contest between the Church of Rome and its adversaries. The two questions are even beginning to interlace on the Continent, and those who dread the working-man denounce him as the enemy of religion as well as the enemy of property and comfort. In England the distrust of the labourer and the weariness and disgust produced in the minds of quiet people by perpetual strikes show themselves in the comparatively mild form of an alienation of wavering Liberals from their party, and an inclination to see whether a Conservative Government cannot impart a more healthy tone to society. But on the Continent, and especially in France, there is a very large and active party which proclaims as loudly and persistently as it can that the only way to get the labourer into a right frame of mind again as regards his work and wages is to submit him once more to the old authority of a despotic religion. The pre-eminent thought in minds of this type is that half measures, half religions, and half governments have failed. They have encouraged an amount of liberty with which they have not been able to cope after it has once attained its full force. They have made men discontented, disorderly, and unhappy, and if mankind is ever to be happy again, it must return to the paths it has deserted. There is nothing new in this, as there have always been in every age crowds of people who have thought that the only reason why governments ever failed was that they did not govern enough, and that religious authorities should seize hold of every man from his cradle to his grave, and, with the aid of the civil authorities working submissively under them, should take care that he did not come to harm, or bring others to harm in this world or the next. What is new, at least in this generation, is the determined and thorough manner in which this view of human life is now asserted in the face of the violent opposition it excites. In every direction the Absolutist party takes the ground of rejecting every compromise, and of carrying out its theories without heeding any of the limits which common sense or the strength of counter-theories might impose. In politics it is engaged in a fierce combat, beating down Republicans, sneering at Constitutionalists, spreading the peace of silence wherever it can reach. In religion it is loth to trouble itself with evidences, modest misgivings, limited adoration. It is determined to have miracles and visions, and it has them. It delights in every form of mysticism and pietistic rapture. It sees in every event of life a judgment or a blessing ac-

corling to its prepossessions. And then all this fervour and this distaste for half measures constantly find force and support in the dogma of infallibility which has so largely changed the attitude of the Church to the Civil Power. One month now pronounces absolutely and unquestionably what is right; and all bargains with the Civil Power—concordats, vetoes on bishops, and other devices by which the State kept the Church somewhat in the background—now seem out of date. The Pope alone is to speak, and kings, and emperors, and presidents have but to listen.

The consequences of this new attitude of the Absolutist or Ultramontane party are rapidly making themselves felt all over the world. It was because the Irish bishops would have all or nothing that the very liberal offer made on the part of the State by Mr. GLADSTONE to the Irish Catholics was rejected, and the problem of Irish Education was deferred to a remote future. In Germany the collision between Church and State grows every day more intense. There the State is a great power, and its means of annoying a religious body which defies it are very considerable. On neither side is there any flinching. The Government has armed itself with new laws, and is resolutely putting them in force, and it has taken under its protection that small body of Catholics which openly stands aloof from the bulk of the community to which it lately belonged, and rejects the dogma of infallibility. The legislation of the summer has enabled the Prussian authorities to inspect and decide on the merits of every clerical institution, and Commissioners are at work who do their duty without any hesitation, and insist on the secrets of every institution being revealed to them. If they report against an institution and their report is approved of, the institution is at once closed. Schoolmasters are warned that they must not belong to those Catholic associations which are pronounced to be dangerous, or they will forthwith be dismissed. The Archbishop of POLEN has been sentenced to a heavy fine for contravention of the new laws, and the State authorities have given notice in a town where an incumbent was appointed by an Archbishop in a manner not permitted by the law, that the State will not recognize any of the acts performed by this ecclesiastic, and, more especially, that marriages celebrated by him will be considered invalid, and that children baptized by him will need to be rebaptized. The Courts have also intervened to help the Government. They have decided that the Old Catholics are not Dissenters, and that they are a religious body recognized by the law, so that attacks on their worship by their Ultramontane enemies may be punished as libellous. The Government, adopting this view, and carrying it out to its natural conclusion, has not only refused to interfere with the Old Catholics, but has appointed an Old Catholic to be an inspector of schools in a district where a large portion of the schools he will have to inspect belong to Catholics. The Ultramontanes pay as little attention as they possibly can to the decrees of the State, will not come when they are sent for, or do as they are bid, and keep doing what they are forbidden to do by law. That they will be in some degree strengthened by the severe measures taken to coerce them, that their ardour will grow more intense, that their secret associations will become more powerful, and that they will gain in coherence and organization, is tolerably certain. But whether the State may not in the long run and on the whole beat them, and make the mass of Germans hold aloof from them, is still uncertain. The Government has on its side the idea of the State and of its authority which is now so deeply planted in the German mind. It has also the national spirit, which sees in German Ultramontanes the friends of France and the enemies of the Fatherland. But perhaps what will tell for the Government more than anything is that it daily becomes clearer from the experience of other countries that a nation must, since the promulgation of the dogma of infallibility, either quarrel with Ultramontanism or bow to it. Germans might get tired of a purely German contest, but when they look beyond Germany they will see that what is happening to them is happening to a great many other people also, and that they must in some shape or other take their share in a struggle that is almost universal.

If there was one place more than another where it might have been supposed that Ultramontanism would find none of that moderate resistance which consists not in breaking away from religion, but in attempting to set bounds to ecclesiastical power, it was South America. But even there the quarrel which is distracting Germany has begun to

rage. The State in Brazil finds itself defied by the Church, and the State in Brazil is tolerably strong, and respects itself, and does not feel disposed to do exactly what it is told to do by ecclesiastics of the modern type. The bishops in Brazil have ventured on two measures which have placed them in antagonism with the Government. They have introduced, without the permission of the Government, which is legally necessary for the purpose, Papal decrees, and put them in force, and they have taken upon themselves to excommunicate Freemasons, and to refuse them the rites of the Church. It may be added that very recently a new set of bishops, foreigners and violent Ultramontanes, have been imposed on the country by Rome, while the local clergy has still some feelings of independence remaining. Thus exactly the same questions which have arisen in Germany are arising in Brazil. The three main offences of the Prussian bishops in the eyes of the Government were that they set up the law as promulgated by the Pope above the law of the State, that they abused the power of excommunication, and that they were parties to a system by which Catholic Germany was flooded with importations of foreign ecclesiastics. To make the bishops and their inferiors obey the State laws, to keep their power of excommunication within the narrowest possible limits, and to drive foreign ecclesiastics out of the country, were the aims which those who framed the new Prussian ecclesiastical legislation had constantly in view. Whether the State, if pushed to extremities in Brazil, will adopt measures of equal vigour, it is as yet too early to say; but at present the Emperor and his advisers appear determined not to shrink, and they are said to be effectually supported by popular opinion. In Europe the contest is perpetually assuming a political form which in some degree conceals its true character. It has a tendency to merge itself in the general quarrel between France and Germany. The Swiss Government has been among the foremost to withstand the new ecclesiastical onslaught, and it is said that the Ultramontane party in Switzerland has recently applied for aid to the new French Government; while the Italian Government has given a public intimation of its conviction that the new-born fervour of French officials for pilgrimages and expiatory churches and clerical intrusion into the army constitute a menace to Italy which it would be folly to disregard. But with regard to Brazil, there is no political question of the kind. If there is to be a war of revenge, Brazil can help neither party, and it is therefore in the highest degree instructive to find that there too the new dogma is producing a crisis essentially the same as that through which Germany and Switzerland and Italy are passing.

MR. BRIGHT AND THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

MR. MUNDELLA has lately comforted his constituents by the assurance that "whatever might be said about the Education Act and the 25th Clause, he was very much mistaken if JOHN BRIGHT had joined the Cabinet for "nothing." This rather indefinite assurance may be taken as expressing a not uncommon view of the meaning of Mr. BRIGHT's return to office. So far as this view is capable of being reduced to definite shape, we believe that it is altogether incorrect. It may be conceded to Mr. MUNDELLA that Mr. BRIGHT has not joined the Cabinet for nothing, but we are very much mistaken if the object he is supposed to have in view is a change in the educational policy of the Government. The improbability of this theory may be shown in several ways. In the first place, it is contradicted by the facts of the recent reconstruction of the Cabinet. If the Government had made a compact with Mr. BRIGHT that the 25th Clause of the Education Act should be repealed, they would certainly have wished to move Mr. FORSTER from the Education Department. As an isolated change this would have seemed too much like a capitulation; but when the whole Cabinet was playing at puss in the corner, there was an opportunity of effecting it without any open confession of defeat. Mr. FORSTER has well earned promotion to a higher place in the Ministry, and there is scarcely any department which would not have been strengthened by his being placed at its head. It is inconceivable that such an occasion should have been passed over if the Government have any intention of conciliating the Dissenters any further. Mr. FORSTER has so lately identified himself with the policy of the 25th Clause, so lately declared his conviction that the application of compulsion on a large scale would be impossible without such a clause, that it would hardly be pleasant for him to

remain a member of the Cabinet which undertook to reverse that policy. Still less would it be possible for him to remain the real chief of the department which would have to carry out that reversal. And when to this is added the fact that in the natural course of things his removal from his present office would have formed one of the late changes, the conclusion is irresistible. The Government are not going to repeal the 25th Clause of the Education Act, and Mr. FORSTER has remained Vice-President of the Council in order that no loophole should be left for any suspicion that the clause is to be repealed. His continuing to hold this particular office, when he would naturally have left it, can be explained on no other hypothesis. It was no doubt foreseen that Mr. BRIGHT's return would be interpreted in the way in which Mr. MUNDELL has chosen to interpret it; and lest any countenance should be given to such a theory, Mr. FORSTER, who would otherwise have been one of the first Ministers to move, has been in no way affected by the reconstruction.

The same conclusion may be reached by considering Mr. BRIGHT's speech to the Nonconformist delegates some weeks back. He had heard many denunciations of the educational policy of the Government, and had himself denounced the Act of 1870 as one of the worst measures ever passed by a Liberal Government. Yet the whole drift of his speech was to urge the Dissenters not to break up the Liberal party upon this question. Mr. BRIGHT has never been given to preaching forbearance upon matters which he holds to be of essential importance; and we may be sure that when he tells the Dissenters that the maintenance of the 25th Clause does not justify them in seceding from the Liberal party, he means that the clause, though it is not one which he would himself have drawn, may still be accepted without any compromise of principle. Now it is highly improbable that Mr. BRIGHT would have made any stipulations before re-entering the Cabinet, except upon matters involving a principle. He comes back to the GLADSTONE Ministry at a time when men of less generous temper would have been inclined to run away from it, and he must know perfectly well that to come back, insisting upon a radical change of policy in educational matters, would be to make his return a source of embarrassment rather than of strength. That he hopes to convince some at least of his Nonconformist allies that the gulf between them and the Government is not so wide as they think, is likely enough. But Mr. BRIGHT has too just an appreciation of Englishmen to be likely to mistake the noisy manifestations of the Education League for a genuine expression of public opinion. He knows what opinion the English ratepayer would entertain of a policy which saddled him with any large additional burden. It has always been a striking merit of his speeches on taxation that he has realized with wonderful vividness of imagination what even a small additional payment really means to very poor men. The Birmingham League are wholly unable to take this in. They talk as glibly as you please about the ratepayer's conscience; but they never seem to consider that the ratepayer has a pocket as well as a conscience, and that the pocket is usually a great deal the more tender of the two. Mr. BRIGHT knows this, and consequently he knows that to carry out the policy of the Education League would be to give the cause of education a backward impulse which it might take many years to recover from. If Mr. BRIGHT does not think the 25th Clause of enough importance to justify secession from the Liberal party, still less will he think it of enough importance to justify the infliction of an injury of this magnitude on the cause of national education. The disruption of the Liberal party would be a political mischance of some gravity; but it would be as nothing compared with the misfortune of a real failure of the attempt to make education universal. If Mr. BRIGHT is not ready to encounter even the former risk, *a fortiori* he will not be willing to encounter the latter.

In the third place, great as the power of Mr. BRIGHT's name still is, his support would not have been worth buying if he had put upon it such a price as some of his friends seem to suppose. The elections for East Staffordshire and for the North-West Riding put this fact beyond dispute. It is not denied that Mr. JAFFRAY was beaten because the moderate Liberals would not vote for a candidate imposed upon them by the Birmingham League. It is not denied that Lord FREDERICK GAVENDISH is to be allowed an unopposed return because, after Mr. FORSTER's recent speeches, the moderate Liberals who voted for Mr. POWELL in preference to Mr. HOLDEN would probably return to their former

allegiance. We believe that the general election will show the same causes everywhere at work. The Dissenters are fond of picturing the tremendous catastrophe which must befall the Liberal party if they make up their minds to desert it rather than abandon their present claims. That the disruption caused by a Nonconformist secession would be a serious need not be denied, but it would be as nothing to the disruption which would happen if the Government were to concede the Dissenters' claims. The moderate Liberals would be disgusted on all grounds. They would bitterly resent the dictation exercised by a minority of the party. They would despise the Government for its weakness in allowing itself to be dictated to. They would feel that they had far more real sympathy with moderate Conservatives than with extreme Liberals. They would hold that the right of the majority of the community to give their children a religious education, provided that the children of the minority are in no way damaged by it, is a right of greater importance than any which the Liberal party now has to fight for. The result of all this would be to send them straight into the arms of the Conservatives, and to reduce the great Liberal party, built up with so much pains, and kept together with so much difficulty, to the dimensions of a small Radical sect. These would be the influences working on intelligent Liberals of the moderate sort, and they would be strongly reinforced by influences of a lower order. Supposing that the Government were to repeal the 25th Clause, it would be impossible for them to stop short, not only of universal School Boards, but of universal School Board schools. Thousands of parishes where the inhabitants have been content for years past to see the school kept up at the cost of the rector and the squire, supplemented by school fees and an unnoticed grant "from moneys voted by Parliament," would suddenly be called upon to elect a School Board, to build new schools, and, as a necessary accompaniment of these measures, to levy a school rate. Hitherto these people have regarded education with indifference perhaps, but not with dislike, and when they have heard the Education Act mentioned as one of the great measures with which the Liberal party is identified, they have accepted it as something which, if it did them no obvious good, at least did them no appreciable harm. As soon as the Education Act came to be identified with a large and needless addition to local burdens, this indifference would be changed into active and bitter hostility. The Conservatives would sweep the rural constituencies because they were opposed to the increase of rates, just as they would sweep a majority of the town constituencies because they were opposed to secularist tyranny. This is hardly a consummation which Mr. BRIGHT will care to promote.

SPAIN.

SEÑOR CASTELAR is a great orator, perhaps the greatest in Europe; but it is strange that he should still have the heart to make fine speeches. The majority of the Assembly which he addresses requires no protest against rebellious anarchy; and the accomplices of insurrection who still retain their seats in the Cortes are beyond the reach of persuasion. In one of his late orations CASTELAR contrasted the eminent civilians of the Republic and the Monarchy with the obscure military adventurers who are seizing towns and fortresses in defiance of the shadowy authority which still claims to represent the State. It is impossible to exaggerate the baseness of such rebels as CONTRERAS; but they owe their opportunity of plunder and secession to the restless patriots who precipitated Spain into an unknown future. It is now clear that the overthrow of ISABELLA, notwithstanding the scandals of her reign, was a grave political mistake; but PRIM and SERRANO and their associates had some excuse for thinking that the Monarchy which guaranteed social order might be preserved, although the occupant of the throne was changed. FIGUERAS and PI Y MARGALL, who have already proved their incompetence to govern, combined with CASTELAR in their successful attempt to proclaim the Federal Republic. Their habitual assumption that their faction owed no allegiance to the established Government is now turned against them by more extreme and more reckless opponents. If every man has a right to repudiate any authority which he dislikes, it might be difficult to prove that CONTRERAS and CARCELES are worse than the Republican orators in the time of the Monarchy. CASTELAR lately informed the Cortes that Re-

publicans have too much of prophecy and too little of politics; and a long list of precedents strung together after the manner of MACAULAY illustrated the barren proposition. From MOSES and JOSHUA down to GAMBETTA and THIERS it appears that the discoverer always makes way for the leader who is permitted to enter the promised land. On the same theory it might be contended that CONTRERAS was the legitimate successor of CASTELAR; but, diverging from the natural course of his argument, the orator proceeded to deliver a florid eulogy on himself. His name, he asserts, is dear to Europe, and dear to America, and it will be indissolubly associated with the Republic. He cherishes the sentiment of unity which is, it seems, characteristic of a nation which has been invited by CASTELAR himself to disintegrate itself into a Federal Republic. The rebels, instead of echoing his figures of speech, have taken the Federalists at their word, and they may perhaps recognize some kind of federal bond among the petty Republics or tyrannies which they are establishing in various parts of the country. It is wonderful that a belief in the efficacy of grand sentiments and fine phrases should survive the experience of the last three months.

The present Minister is either more honest than his immediate predecessors, or he has learned wisdom from their disgraceful failure. For some time past there has been no parleying with rebels, and Seville and Valencia have been reconquered. It would seem that the insurgent leaders are as incapable as the Government from which they have revolted of commanding the obedience of their followers. The mutineers of the regular army have risen, not against the national flag, but for the purpose of claiming an exemption from the duty of fighting. Any officer in the service of the Government who can induce two or three regiments to follow him easily overpowers resistance; and the armed rabble of Volunteers readily join the ranks of the party which seems at the moment likely to be victorious. On the whole, the prospects of the State have improved within two or three weeks through the weakness and disorganization of the insurgents. CONTRERAS has been defeated in the field, and it is hoped that he may soon be taken prisoner; but Carthage still holds out, and fresh insurrections break out from time to time in unexpected places. The garrison of Barcelona is constantly threatening open mutiny; and probably the town might already have proclaimed its independence but for the vicinity of the Carlist bands. It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the dissolution of civil and military obedience, the Royalists make no visible progress. With twenty thousand men DON CARLOS might march unresisted to Madrid; but his lieutenants are unable to collect any considerable force; and probably they are aware that beyond the provinces which they at present occupy they are absolutely without a party to support them. Even the clerical influence is not wholly on their side. Queen ISABELLA was as devout as she was indifferent to moral considerations; and only a year or two before her fall she received from the Pope the gift of the golden rose which was reserved for saintly princesses who have deserved well of the Holy See. On the eve of the revolution of 1868 her Government had determined to occupy Rome in the place of the French garrison which the EMPEROR required for his meditated attack on Prussia. According to CASTELAR, the reign of DON CARLOS would revive the horrors of TIBERIUS and NERO; and it would be better that Spain should be plunged into the depths of the sea than that the legitimate Pretender should establish himself at Madrid. It is perhaps more to the purpose to remark that a faction which has been unable to profit by the existing anarchy will never be strong enough to command general obedience.

The curious question of international law which was raised by the resolute proceedings of a German naval officer appears for the present to be left in abeyance. Captain WERNER acted without instructions from his Government, and his vigorous measures have not been subsequently approved. It may be conjectured that Prince BISMARCK's hesitation proceeds rather from indisposition to recognize the Madrid Government than from excessive delicacy in dealing with insurgents. CONTRERAS, as a rebel, would find little sympathy at Berlin; but, as a bigamist is sometimes acquitted because his first marriage is proved to have been invalid, rebellion presupposes a legitimate authority, which has not yet been recognized as appertaining to the Republican Government of Spain. The Ministers, with questionable patriotism, requested all foreign Powers to treat the crews of the revolted ships as pirates, but, in

the estimation of the German CHANCELLOR, SALMERON himself may perhaps be a rebel. The English Government, reflecting perhaps on the miscarriages which occurred during the American Civil War, abstained from affording protection to its subjects at Carthage at the time when it was most urgently needed. It was not perhaps thought expedient either to capture CONTRERAS's squadron, or to allow it belligerent rights at the cost of offending the dominant party at Madrid. It was to avoid similar difficulties that the QUEEN's proclamation was issued in 1861; and notwithstanding the remonstrances and invectives of the Federal Government, it is right that in all cases of civil war the commanders of English cruisers should be furnished with definite instructions. As a general rule, it may be assumed that any usurping Government which can send a squadron to sea is sufficiently regular to relieve the officers and crews from liability to the charge of piracy. Although their own Government may afterwards think fit to punish them as traitors, foreign Powers are not bound to inquire into the merits of rebels, or, in other words, into their chances of success. The rigid neutrality of England in the American Civil War led to much unfounded abuse, and ultimately, through the timidity of the English Government, to discredit and loss; but no alternative course of policy would have been either more prudent or equally justifiable. It is not at present likely that any part of Spain will be able to effect a permanent secession; but a Government which is for the time unable to protect foreigners in any part of its dominions has no right to complain of a provisional recognition of the authorities which may happen to exercise local sovereignty.

The eulogists of the Spanish Republic who have lately been reduced to perform the humbler function of apologists busy themselves in proving that political communities, and Spain in particular, may continue to exist, and almost to thrive, in the absence of government. It is true that in low organizations vitality is too widely diffused to be readily exposed to a mortal blow. It is credible that in many parts of Spain men may pursue their ordinary course of business and pleasure, although empty declaimers exercise precarious authority at the capital, while the army and navy dissolve themselves by successive mutinies, and the nation is split up into accidental fragments. A degraded population may be insensible to national honour and indifferent to public safety as long as its own convenience is not immediately affected. It is idle for those who sympathize with Republics and revolutions to boast that there was no robbery in Carthage at the moment when the respectable portion of the inhabitants, knowing well the character of the insurgent populace, were flying from the town in thousands. Indiscriminate massacre and plunder never follow immediately on a political revolution. The admirers of the Carthage rebels are the same who applauded the establishment of the Federal Republic at Madrid because it had not produced within twenty-four hours the anarchy which has since been its natural result. It is said that when an angry mastiff breaks its chain, surprise and fright check for the moment the indulgence of its ferocious propensities. A rabble which has suddenly become independent and supreme is for the time unconsciously restrained by inexperience and by former habit. It seems that for some hours after the revolt the shops of Carthage were frequented by customers; but business has since subsided as the solvent inhabitants have withdrawn; and inevitable distress will not fail to excite the rapacity of the mob. At present the only hope of Spain is a reaction of loyalty in the army, and of regard for order among the general population. If the present Ministers or their successors reconquer the seceding districts, they will be superseded by the successful commanders, who in their turn will probably make terms with one of the monarchical parties. If the dissolution of military obedience proceeds still further, the Republic may for a time nominally survive, but civil and political society may perhaps almost cease to exist.

HONOURS AND REWARDS IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

THE *Times* did a good service when it took the opportunity of our Ashantee alarm to call attention to a subject on which there has been too much reticence in the press—the peculiar distribution of military employment and rewards which has been hitherto the rule in our army. Our contemporary's complaints of what to civilians must needs

seem to be a scandal have been loudly echoed; and the main facts alleged have nowhere been questioned, yet they appear so strange as to call for special explanation. In attempting to give this explanation we shall charge no one individual with the responsibility due to an antiquated and evil system. The convenient impersonality conveyed in the mysterious words "the Horse Guards" may well serve our turn, as it does that of the military journals; though some one in the last resort must evidently be responsible for those omissions to give proved merit its due weight of which the nation has a right to complain.

Few persons, we suppose, will deny the proposition that the fittest reward for a successful soldier, whilst still able to bear arms, is to give him that higher military employment for which his services and talents have marked him out. And lest any one should doubt what is the duty of the authorities in this matter, we may refer to a striking passage in the Queen's Regulations which lays down that "it is essential to the good of Her Majesty's Service that the Commander-in-Chief should be made thoroughly acquainted with the actual state of every corps . . . and that he should have, as far as possible, a personal knowledge of the merits and capacity of officers, and more especially of those in command of corps, of all arms, with a view to their being selected on future occasions for situations of greater responsibility." Nothing could be more admirable than the spirit of this paragraph; and, though applied in the first instance to ordinary peace inspections, its spirit plainly bears more forcibly still on those higher services or specially heroic deeds which from time to time illumine the annals of our army. There is no pretence here that the high authority named should be bound in his selection by a conventional belief in the superiority of any one arm for command, or worse, by the traditional claims of any particular branch to an invidious preference. The best place to the best man, and the good of the service above all—that is the only rule admitted.

But is this the spirit in which selection is really made? Are these the principles on which our staff has hitherto been chosen? Alas for fine sounding words and well-drawn regulations when they conflict with long-standing privileges and secret personal influence! In reality the word "officers of all arms" have hitherto been interpreted so as practically to exclude the scientific corps. If the good of the service and the advantage of the country which maintains it had been really studied, should we have heard, for example, at the first hint of a crisis in the chequered history of our colonies, of the deliberate neglect of one of our most promising soldiers? For, taking him all in all, viewing his past services, his character, and the youth which to a commander in the field is so invaluable, we have no hesitation in expressing our conviction that, if the real pinch came, either at home or abroad, there is scarcely a name on our Army List from which the country would have more to hope than from Colonel GORDON, ex-General-in-Chief of "the Ever-victorious Army."

Reference has already been made to Colonel GORDON's case, and we could not have a better one to illustrate our meaning. Those who have studied the history of his overthrow of the Taepings appear never to be weary of speaking of the genius with which he carried out his undertaking. When GORDON was first placed in command of a small force raised locally to protect the environs of Shanghai, the fierce pretender known as "The Heavenly King" had devastated the country to within sight of that great mart, subdued all the neighbouring provinces, and apparently consolidated his power firmly in them. Repeated defeats by his hordes of the Imperial troops had broken the spirit of the latter and apparently the established superiority of the Taeping leaders. Worse than this, the demoralized feeling of the mercantile community at Shanghai, who were anxious at any cost to regain their lost trade, inclined them to intrigue against the Mandarin Government, now no longer able to assert its authority; whilst the missionaries, misled by the jabber of a few New Testament phrases picked up in their schools, were teaching Exeter Hall that the bloodstained impostor of Nanking was a Christian at heart, who only needed a little help to get rid of heathenism and CONFUCIUS. All things at the moment seemed favourable to the prevalence and extension of an empire built on conquests more ruthless than the worst Tartar invasions of the middle ages, and of doctrines more degrading than those which MOORS dreamed of when he wrote of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan. Such was the situation in Western

China at the time of GORDON's appointment. When the Foreign Office, misled by the fanatical friends of the Taepings, stayed his hand in the following year, his work was already done. City after city had been recaptured. Masses of armed men twentyfold the number of his force had been outmanœuvred and dispersed, or forced to lay down their arms. The Imperial forces had retaken the field with fresh confidence. And "The Heavenly King," shut into his last stronghold and deserted by his followers, was about to destroy himself in order to escape the lingering death to which, in his days of power, he had been wont to doom his victims. Never was success more brilliant or complete. And the success was fully matched by the readiness with which the commander of "the Ever-victorious Army" laid down his arms at the first beck of home authority, and by the modesty and self-denial with which he shrank from the rewards pressed on him by the gratitude of Peking. A man who had wrought such wonders with means so modest as a levy of Coolies officered by the refugees of our China trade needed, we may be sure, only to be put to the highest tests to show how just those were who had marked him out in his Crimean days as a youth whose extraordinary genius for war could not be surpassed in the army that lay before Sebastopol.

It can hardly have been an accident that left GORDON henceforth unemployed and unnoticed save by the step of brevet rank such as is the usual reward of ordinary war service. That successes are viewed by our authorities not so much according to the merits as according to the uniform of him who wins them, has been forcibly shown by the contrast between this case and that of the Red River Expedition, and the rewards heaped on Colonel WOLSELEY for his conduct. Richly did that gallant young soldier deserve the honours conferred upon him, although to compare his operations with the marvellous campaign round Soochow would be an absurdity which he probably would be the first to condemn. But, happily for WOLSELEY, his name was not on the lists of the scientific services. So knighthood and important office at headquarters, the due meed of his great merits, were no sooner earned than they were ungrudgingly bestowed; and it is now announced that the government of Cape Coast Castle, with the command of the troops there, has been entrusted to this officer, who did not have the misfortune to be an Artilleryman or Engineer.

NAPIER of Magdala has, indeed, been often named as one instance at least that a scientific soldier may reach high command in the British service. But to do this is to show little knowledge of the realities of his case. For NAPIER owed his Abyssinian opportunity directly to the fact that he was already commanding at Bombay. And that he was thus highly placed, so far from its being at the instance of the Horse Guards, was due solely to the Indian Minister, himself a civilian, who absolutely refused to yield to the objection raised at home to an Engineer's receiving the commission of a Commander-in-Chief. In fact, although selected by the Indian Government, who knew his worth and appreciated his services, it needed all the firmness of the India Office to prevent NAPIER's claims being barred by the prejudice against his cloth.

And, as the Engineers have fared, so has it been with the Artillery. Excepting only WILLIAMS of Kars, whose opportunities were given him by the Foreign Office, and whose services, following these opportunities, were so approved by the voice of the country as to place him above the reach of professional jealousy, it will be proved, when the Return which was lately moved for by Mr. W. II. SMITH is presented, that the generals of that arm, however serviceable in peace, however distinguished in war, have, with one exception, found no place in our commands. Woolwich itself, indeed, being but a great Artillery school, is left to the corps; but only, as it were, on the condition that Artillerymen are to aspire to nothing else. The practice of other armies, the teachings of our own history in India (where this weak prejudice has been forced to yield to such practical necessities as those which sent POLLOCK to Afghanistan), the signal example of NAPOLEON becoming from a major of Artillery the greatest captain the world ever knew—all these are urged in vain on those who bestow our commands. It is even asserted that, when an appointment was not long since vacant which concerned the future of our staff far more than any other, and an officer was named for it as it were unanimously, whose eminence in military knowledge forbade any comparison of his claims with those of others, the old objection was raised at the last moment. Had it not been that once more a civilian

Minister, moved by the pressure of public opinion, was firm in a right decision, the nation would have been deprived of the services of one of the most distinguished of its servants for no other reason than that he chanced to be an Artilleryman.

Strange as these facts appear, they may be explained in a few words. For it is not an answer to say, as Sir H. STOKES replied to Mr. W. H. SMITH, that Artillery and Engineer officers are notoriously selected for various civil employments of a lucrative and honourable character. If they are found, by reason of original training or of after studies, so peculiarly fitted for responsible positions, this is but a stronger reason that the Horse Guards should not overlook their military claims. The true explanation is at once a plainer and more painful one. Hitherto our army has been composed of two great sections, the purchase and the non-purchase or scientific corps. Commands and high honours have been always regarded by its heads as part of the fair guerdon of purchase, when purchase was accompanied by desert. But desert alone, coupled with mere professional knowledge and hard service, has never had a share in them. Those on whom it fell to select, having been brought up in, and living constantly among, the purchase side of the profession, have hitherto viewed the scientific branches as a good and useful set of instruments, very properly to be encouraged in their technical duties, and to be rewarded, in their own line strictly, for special excellence in them. But any attempt on their part to step beyond the barriers of professional demarcation and seek the genuine soldier's prize, the command of a mixed body of troops, has been regarded as a sort of robbery of those who had paid for their steps. This, we believe, is the simple solution of the whole matter. But this odious and unwise division of the army has at last been swept away on the demand of the nation. Let us hope that with purchase will be buried the abuses which sprang from it, and that the army may in future be administered in the spirit of the neglected Regulations, so that those "of all arms" who have shown true merit "may be selected for situations of greater responsibility."

THE ACCIDENT SEASON.

THERE is a remarkable significance in the period of the year at which the worst railway accidents usually happen. Railway accidents and grouse come into season together. Accidents of a more or less serious kind are of course going on every day, but the great massacres of the year are reserved for the weeks between the end of July and the beginning of September. The recurrence of some appalling railway catastrophe somewhere about August may be predicted with almost as much certainty as the course of a comet or the return of the equinoctial gales. A prophetic almanack-maker need have no hesitation in annually appointing a terrific smash for this fatal season. We have only to go back a year or two to see how regularly and systematically these things happen. In this respect at least railway punctuality is singularly unfailing. The fearful slaughter on the Manchester and Wolverhampton line, when fifteen were killed and one hundred maimed and wounded; the Helmsboro accident, ten killed and forty injured; the Clayton Tunnel accident, twenty killed and one hundred wounded; the Abergele accident—all happened in August or the early days of September. The Kirtlebridge accident of last year was only a week or so out of its time. And now we find that the railway slaughter season has set in again with unabated severity. The disaster at Wigan has been followed by a rash of other so-called accidents. On Saturday it was repeated on a small scale at Miles Platting, where two carriages of a train struck the points and were thrown off the rails. As at Wigan, the points are of the patent interlocking kind, and we are assured that they were found to be set in the right direction. The history of the train which was broken into two parts last Saturday week at Wigan has also just been completed, and shows us railway management in its perfection. It appears that the carriages which escaped—by an accident, we should say—at Wigan would, but for another accident, have been made an end of at Coatbridge. At this point the engine broke down, and the passengers found themselves helplessly stuck fast on the main line, with the limited mail bearing down upon them. A man was sent back a mile on an unavailing attempt to stop the limited mail, which soon

after dashed up just as the other train had, by a desperate and final effort of its exhausted engine, been moved into a siding which was providentially at hand.

It may be safely said that there is nothing about which there is so little that is really accidental as these so-called railway accidents, and this is especially true of the August massacres. Their regular recurrence at this season is anything but a fortuitous coincidence. Like causes produce like effects, and it is simply because all the causes of accidents are in active operation at this period that accidents occur. This is the busy season on the railways, and the resources of a system which is severely strained by the ordinary demands upon it break down necessarily under an attempt to make it do an impossible amount of work. It has been proved that the train which was broken in two at Wigan was of exceptional length. It comprised twenty-five carriages, or five more than the longest that had previously been despatched, the ordinary number of carriages in this train being fifteen or less. It was the business of the pointsman at Wigan when the train went through to open the points in order to turn the Staleybridge train, which immediately followed, into the siding. This second train had already been signalled, and if the pointsman had acted on the supposition that the tourist train was not more than its usual length, he would have turned the points just in time to catch the hind part of the train. Whether he actually did so or not will perhaps never be cleared up, but it is possible that the exceptional and unprecedented length of the train may have disturbed his calculations. The official witnesses at this inquiry have given a wonderful account of Wigan station. It is an important junction, at which three or four different lines meet. About two hundred and thirty trains pass through it daily, of which thirty-five go through without stopping. All the passenger trains that do not stop go through "pretty much at full speed, "with steam on." The station-master says the traffic is incessant, and shunting is continually going on. In addition to the regular trains just enumerated, there are special trains and engines always flying to and fro, and "in the season sometimes six or seven excursion trains in a day." The shunting has very much increased, and is increasing, and the lines used by the trains which do not stop, as well as by the stopping traffic, are frequently blocked in this way. Here we have all the elements of disaster. A narrow, confined junction, overwhelmed with traffic; shunting on the main line constantly going on; irregular trains flying about; and, to make the thing perfect, "the Manchester train," the station-master tells us, "is occasionally run down the wrong line to save time." There are "sometimes trains standing on both sides of the platform, and when there are two or three trains on each side"—which happens repeatedly during the day—"they are sometimes rather hard pushed for staff." The station-master also thinks they "could do with more room." To attend to this incessant and bewildering traffic there are only a station-master, two inspectors, a foreman, and seven regular porters, with a couple of parcel porters, and occasionally one or two odd men. Yet in staff and accommodation Wigan is said to be much superior to most other North-Western stations. The engine-driver, STAWPERT, says that the drivers always look back carefully as they pass through Wigan, "because it is such a dangerous place." There is a very great strain on the shackles, owing to the rising of the bank, and after that there is a slight fall in the road. Yet the trains always run through it at full speed, though the district engineer has gone so far as to admit that "after an accident of this sort one could not help thinking it might be desirable not to run at such a speed through the station." But he was staunch in maintaining that "a bulge or excrescence on the main line, in conjunction with high speed," rather adds to the charm of railway travelling. It can only be owing to a series of the most surprising accidents that people are not constantly being killed at Wigan and similar stations. In fact, the station accommodation on the North-Western—look at Lancaster, another important station, for instance—is altogether disgraceful.

There is nothing more disheartening than writing about railway accidents which are not accidents at all, but simply the necessary and inevitable consequences of the reckless mismanagement and parsimony of the Companies. It is supposed that the press forms or guides public opinion, and that public opinion is omnipotent. But against these powerful corporations public opinion can do nothing. Year after year the same things happen, and the

same remarks are made. We could pick up, almost at random, a back volume of this or any other journal, and find there an article which would be just as appropriate to existing circumstances as if it had been freshly written. Newspapers, Board of Trade Inspectors, and all sorts of people are continually preaching the same sermon, but it is to deaf ears. It is nine years now since the QUEEN herself addressed to the Companies a personal remonstrance, which had almost the tone of humble entreaty, and begged them to try to kill as few of her subjects as possible. But nothing came of it. Railway Boards are quite aware that, as indeed HER MAJESTY pointed out, they have a monopoly of the business, and that they can do as they like. It would appear that, on a cool calculation of profit and loss, they have come to the conclusion that it is cheaper to kill off their thousands of passengers, and run the risk of being sued for damages, than to spend money in the first instance in providing for the safety of travellers. Sir E. WATKIN ingeniously observed the other day, in reference to an alarm of passengers who stopped a train because it had a red-hot axle, "Very probably it would have run to the end of the journey in safety"; that is to say, there was always a chance for the passengers, and what more could they expect? And this is really the happy-go-lucky principle on which railways are worked. It is clear, at least, that it is only in regard to the pecuniary consequences of accidents that Directors are at all sensitive, and that the remedy is to be sought in providing more summary means of making the Companies smart in pocket for their misdeeds. It is impossible to imagine any form in which public spirit—if there is anything of the kind left in the country—could be more honourably or usefully displayed than in organizing resistance to these reckless and unscrupulous corporations.

PILGRIMS TO PARAY-LE-MONIAL.

WE took occasion a year ago to call attention to the revived passion for pilgrimages throughout Catholic Europe, which appears still to be rapidly on the increase, and has now extended to our own country. In some shape or other, no doubt, the custom is not only as old as Christianity, but is common to all the principal religions of the world. Nor is this surprising when we consider how much there is to recommend it to the devotion, the curiosity, and, not least, the "love of novelty," which, as the old Eton Grammar reminds us, is also an instinct of human nature. Few Christians probably, of whatever communion, would view unmoved the scenes of the life and death of the Saviour, though they might not attach any supernatural virtue to a visit to Palestine; and we can easily understand the sentiment which, in an age of intense religious conviction, inspired the earlier Crusades. But the Holy Land has long ceased to be the favourite resort of pilgrims, though Mr. Cook may have done something in our own day to rehabilitate its claims. Rome had already in the middle ages become the chief centre of Catholic devotion, instead of Jerusalem, and in 1300 Boniface VIII. established the "jubilee year," originally instituted as a centenary festival, but which came by rapid stages to be observed first every fiftieth, then every thirty-third, and finally every twenty-fifth year. But though Rome is the Mecca of modern Catholicism, it shares its honours with a subordinate multitude of miraculous shrines scattered up and down every part of the Continent, more especially in Italy and France. The popular pilgrimages to Assisi and Loretto, which have lately assumed something of a political character, have been forbidden by the Italian Government on the very sufficient plea of the danger to the public health of those vast gatherings of the "great unwashed" in the hot season and with cholera in the air. But no such prohibition is of course to be looked for from the present French Government, and the rival attractions of Lourdes and La Salette having for the present been exhausted, there is just now a tremendous run, if the expression may be pardoned, on Paray-le-Monial, and England is called upon to supply its contingent of devotees. We should be sorry to say anything that could justly cause pain to religious minds, and the pilgrim idea, as the French would express it, is too ancient and too widespread not to deserve respectful treatment even from those who fail to sympathize with it. But there are pilgrimages and pilgrimages. It surely makes some difference how the journey is conducted and what is its appointed hour. It is not quite the same thing, for instance, whether the locality selected is indelibly associated in the mind of Christians with the most sacred scenes of the Gospel narrative; or whether it is a grotto where two children, whose subsequent career has by no means improved their reputation for piety or veracity, professed to have seen a vision of "Our Lady of La Salette," who talked to them in very bad French, and communicated some secret which the Pope is said to have put aside as "nonsense" when it was told him, and for which, at all events, nobody is any the wiser.

But before examining the claims of Paray-le-Monial on the reverence of the faithful, it is almost impossible to repress a smile

at the programme of the proposed expedition from England. A pilgrimage was formerly regarded, if not exactly as an act of penance, certainly not as a pleasure trip. We have all heard of the cunning pilgrim who boiled his peas, but our modern pilgrims are wiser in their generation. They not only dispense with peas in their shoes altogether, but with all the toils and pains of pedestrianism. Now there is no reason why a church should be dirty or uncomfortable, but still it is not a drawing-room, and one might pardonably feel a little sceptical as to the ardent devotion of a worshipper who bargained in the first place for a well-cushioned and well-curtained pew and an aristocratic congregation. Our English pilgrims, however, are to travel first-class, under the most distinguished patronage. If only a sufficient number can be induced to send in their names—and there are loud complaints of the tardiness of English Roman Catholics in responding to these attractive offers—the devout excursionists will have a special train and a special steamboat to themselves. The united Catholic hierarchy, assembled in Provincial Council at Ware under Archbishop Manning, have bestowed their solemn benediction on the enterprise, and the Duke of Norfolk is to conduct it. The pilgrims will start from Charing Cross on Tuesday morning, September 2, sleep at Paris—where hotel accommodation will be provided for them beforehand—start next morning at eleven o'clock for Paray-le-Monial, where they are to arrive the same evening, and may reach town again on Friday evening, after four days very agreeably spent. And the whole cost, first-class, will be only 5*l.*, with 10*s.* a day for hotel expenses. It is suggested that those who cannot go themselves may provide the requisite sum for sending a substitute who cannot pay his own expenses. Pilgrims whose tourist aspirations are more extensive can also be gratified; "other arrangements will be made for those who desire to make a longer stay in France." In short, it is to be a sort of magnified Whit-Monday trip, with the further advantage that in this case the ways of pleasantness are also the ways of piety, and virtue is its own reward in this life as well as in the next. It was Dr. Binney, we believe, who published a discourse on "How to make the Most of both Worlds." Were he not a benighted Protestant, he might find a new illustration of his very comfortable theology in the pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial. It is all the rage in France just now, and Frenchmen of every class, from bishop to peasant—to say nothing of Frenchwomen—are swelling the stream by thousands and tens of thousands. But in England, as we hinted before, the schism seems rather to hang fire, in spite of all the machinery of press and pulpit devoted to its furtherance, and the delicate flavour of archiepiscopal and dual grace which is suffused over it. Englishmen are not as Frenchmen, and if this first-class pilgrimage has an air of the ludicrous, when considered from another point of view it is open to graver criticism. There are devotions and devotions, and one which combines the maximum of credulity with the minimum of reason—remembering the story of Margaret Mary Alacoque, we feel inclined to add of reverence—is not the most likely to approve itself to the more sober piety of our countrymen. But what, it may be asked, is the peculiarity of Paray-le-Monial, and why is it chosen for a resort of pilgrimage? We will explain as well as we can.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, when the quarrel between the Jesuits and Jansenists was at its height, and the former were doing all in their power to promote that sensuous and mechanical style of devotion with which their adversaries so bitterly reproached them, there was a nun at the Convent of the Visitation at Paray-le-Monial, named Margaret Mary Alacoque. She had a disease of the breast, for which she is said, according to the practice of the time, to have been bled 192 times. But the disease was, in her own (probably sincere) belief, the result of a miraculous visitation. The details, which are copiously related in her biography, are not pleasant to repeat. Thus much we may briefly state; she asserted that she had been visited by Our Lord, who leaned His head on her breast, extracted her heart, and placed it in His own, where she saw it enveloped in flames. It was then replaced in her bosom, which ever after retained the wound, and she was charged, among other things, to communicate to the Church His desire that the worship of the Sacred Heart should be established. From that time forward she felt constant pain, which had to be relieved by bleeding. She was favoured with other visions also, of the Holy Trinity, and of Saints and Angels, on which we need not dwell. Her stories were very properly treated at the time as hallucinations—sufficiently common among nuns—and of the real nature of her disease there was no doubt. But some years later she came under the direction of the Jesuit Father La Colombière, who saw his opportunity, and made the most of it. From that time the devotion to the Sacred Heart became a speciality of the Order. In 1729 Languet, Bishop of Soissons, afterwards Archbishop of Sens, wrote a Life of Margaret Alacoque. He was a man of some power, but a vehement partizan of the Jesuits, and had poured out all the vials of his most scathing contempt on the Jansenist miracles, some of which are supported by a stronger weight of testimony than perhaps any other modern occurrences of the kind. But he endorsed the whole story of Margaret's revelations, and his book excited such ridicule that he had to withdraw the first edition, and even in its corrected form it was looked coldly on by his friends as quite unworthy of him. An Italian translation of it was suppressed by Clement XIV., and De Caylus, Bishop of Auxerre, wrote on the other side to expose the absurdity of the legend. The

subject was referred to the other day in the French Assembly in the debate on the new expiatory church to be erected on Montmartre, which it was intended—though the proposal has now been struck out of the Bill—to dedicate to the Sacred Heart. M. Tolain observed that this devotion was rejected by a great part of the Catholic world, that it had been condemned by one Pope and many doctors of the Church, and that a French Bishop (De Caylus) had described the Life of its foundress as “one of the worst books ever written.” But of course the Jesuits had their way, and the new cult—supplemented, if not ultimately overshadowed, by the auxiliary worship of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, of which another inspired nun was the foundress—advanced rapidly under their auspices. In 1794 an ex-Jesuit founded a Society of the Sacred Heart, designed to be a virtual continuation of the suppressed Order; and in 1800 some ex-Jesuits in Paris established an Order of nuns of the Sacred Heart (popularly known as *Jesuitesses*), which was approved by Leo XII., and has some one hundred establishments at present in different parts of the world. It was Maria Theresa “of the Sacred Heart” who, in 1771, predicted the speedy and terrible death of Clement XIV.; a prophecy fulfilled—as many thought by means of poison—three years afterwards. It was not till 1836, after the Jesuits had been re-established, and were regaining their old ascendancy at Rome, that the process of Margaret Alacoque’s Beatification was commenced, and it was only completed in 1864, when Pius IX., at their urgent solicitation, enrolled her in the number of the Blessed. The spirit of her revelations as communicated by Father La Colombière may be inferred from one of the instructions addressed to her by her Divine Visitant, which reads like an extract from the rule of St. Ignatius. “Not only,” Christ is represented as saying to her, “must thou offer up thy self-will, but thy judgment and understanding, to thy superior, and even if thou prefer her will to mine, should she forbid what I have enjoined thee, I am content.” Those who desire further information on the subject may find it in a work published at Paris in 1818, *Henri IV et les Jésuites*. We may add that it is only of comparatively late years, partly through Cardinal Wiseman’s influence, that this peculiar “devotion” has been introduced into England. Old-fashioned Roman Catholics, as might have been expected, did not take to it very kindly, and Bishop Huines, who was Vicar-Apostolic of the Western district before the new hierarchy was established, got into trouble at Rome for writing against it. No Roman Catholic bishop would venture to follow his example now; but the laity may perhaps be excused if they manifest no great alacrity, even with the adventitious inducements of first-class accommodation and a special steamboat, to pay their devotions at the shrine of Margaret Mary Alacoque, the nun of Paray-le-Monial.

THE END OF THE SHAH.

THERE is a vulgar but pathetic metaphor about going up like a rocket and coming down like the stick, which is irresistibly suggested by the recent adventures of His Majesty the Shah. He has passed away from us, but unfortunately he has not passed out of sight. He still lingers within view, dwindling and fading as he recedes, till soon he will be only as a faint speck on the horizon. The newspapers, which only a few weeks since filled their pages with him almost to the exclusion of everything else, have brought him down to a line or two of cold and distant recognition. If we want to trace his movements, we find them recorded in shabby little paragraphs hidden away in the ruck of miscellaneous telegrams. The climax of the play is long ago over, but still the curtain is kept up for a dull and tedious anti-climax. There can be no doubt that the artistic effect of the Shah’s visit has been spoilt by his not having been suddenly snatched up into the clouds when he took leave of us. He should have gone off in a blaze of jewels and fireworks, and disappeared while we were still winking. Instead of this, we see him dawdling on the scene after all the novelty and illusion of the exhibition have been exhausted. He has assured every nation of Europe in turn that he takes the deepest interest in its welfare, and will now die happy, having seen it, and has gone through the stereotyped routine of fireworks and reviews in a hundred cities, and the performance has grown stale and tiresome. His gradual approach to us was a different thing. He started on his travels as a sort of myth, looming vaguely through the mist, and gradually broke upon us as a reality. Every step he took nearer and nearer to the West stimulated curiosity, and all eyes were strained to discern the figure and lineaments of the strange apparition. All this helped to excite the public imagination, and to surround him with a halo of wonder and fancy. Yet even before he took his departure the prosaic reality had begun to be detected, and the last sparkle of romance flickered out when he passed from Paris into the hands of the select vestrymen of Switzerland. The fireworks, in fact, have burned out, and we are doomed to witness the silent falling of the dismal stick and the dull gleam of smouldering cartridge. The Shah’s journey was certainly a great theatrical coup, but it would have finished better if he could only have been got home somehow underground and out of sight. Superfluous legs the veteran on the stage, and yet he is only a veteran of a month or two.

Paris seems to have been the turning point of the poor Shah’s career. Till then he had been among serious nations, who had treated him seriously. The Russians and Prussians did not perhaps relish him very much, but at least they accepted him as a

solid fact. The English, too, received him seriously, and with more favour. It happened that just then they were desperately in the mood for amusement, and eager for a new excitement, but still they regarded the Shah as, on the whole, a substantial reality, and had even grave political views concerning him. But no sooner did he enter Paris than he became a joke, and we should think a greater trial could hardly await an Eastern despot. It is said that the Shah is himself exceedingly fond of fun in his own way, and a recent traveller to Persia has described the intense enjoyment which His Majesty derived from launching a crew of courtiers in an india-rubber boat, from which the plugs had been carefully extracted, and seeing them gradually sink under water. It has now been his own fate to undergo a somewhat similar operation. The plugs are certainly out of his boat. It is probable that the Court Chronicler who is supposed to be writing a narrative of this wonderful journey will, for the sake of his head, be rather disposed to slur over the return of his master eastwards. The brilliant hospitality of the French could not disguise their sense of the drollery of the whole affair. In their eyes the Shah was only a sort of man in the moon, or a pasha of burlesque, such as Mdlle. Schneider might be expected to play up to at the Variétés; and the way in which he had been toadied in England sharpened their derision. It may strike one as odd that the countrymen of Voltaire should take delight in such vile puns as “La nuit tous chats sont gris,” although it is recorded in history that when the First Napoleon as Consul entered Paris with a chariot behind him, someone cried, “Ah, le char l’attend!” Perhaps this love of petty punning is somehow connected with the Commune, and the Fusion will set all that and many other things right. But if the puns were poor enough, there was at least a sense of humour in treating the Persian monarch as a joke; and since then nobody has been able to think of him seriously. Our own fit of enthusiasm on the subject, the shouting mobs and grotesque frenzy of vulgar curiosity, will hardly bear the ordeal of cool reflection. Englishmen are usually shy and reticent from their fear of making fools of themselves, and it is unfortunate that in this instance the apprehension of that result did not prevent it from happening. The reaction which had set in almost before the Shah left our shores is not very likely to have a favourable effect upon the financial speculations with which the visit was associated. It was, of course, right and fitting that a foreign monarch should be received in a becoming manner by the Government, and there was no reason why the people should not give him a civil greeting. But there are limits in such cases which cannot be overstepped without loss of self-respect, and unhappily these limits were surpassed. It may have been no business of ours to sit in judgment on the Shah, and it was reasonable that we should desire to attach him as an ally; but experience of Eastern rulers has shown that sycophantic adulation is not always the most effectual means of securing their esteem, and that they are apt to measure the power of those with whom they are brought into contact by the dignity with which they conduct themselves. In any case, the fact remains that the sovereign of perhaps the most wretched, oppressed, and miserably misgoverned kingdom in the world has been received in a very different way from other potentates who have visited our shores. The Swiss, as a nation of innkeepers, probably considered themselves bound to show every encouragement to travellers from a distance, and had their own reasons for welcoming a new nationality to their international table-d’hôte. But the Austrians and Italians seem to have caught up the tone of badinage from the French. The Austrians have been making great fun of the astrologer who is supposed to determine for the Shah whether the hours fixed for his appointments are propitious. It is said that the seer is careful to provide himself with arguments against moving until he is quite sure that his master is ready, and it is added that His Majesty’s recent hosts have not been quite so patient under his persistent unpunctuality as those further West.

Among the latest despatches concerning the Shah’s progress, we read that at Bologna he “expressed great sympathy for King Victor Emmanuel and the Italian people,” and “previous to leaving for Brindisi he presented the Prefect with a gold watch, and distributed several Persian decorations.” At Brindisi the Shah again “expressed his pleasure at having met King Victor Emmanuel, at the same time wishing the Italian nation every prosperity,” and no doubt there was another distribution of watches and decorations. One of the curiosities of this journey will be a list of the gifts which the Shah has distributed in Europe, and the articles which he has received in return, with a statement of the weight and dimensions of the vast heap of official addresses which have been presented to His Majesty, and which he is supposed to be carrying back with him to Teheran. It is said that in his own country the Shah leads a simple life, and it will probably have now charms for him on his return home. It is impossible to imagine anything more wearisome and fatiguing than the endless repetition of empty ceremonies and conventional compliments. The poor man must by this time have had enough of state receptions, reviews, garden parties, and official addresses which could neither be prevented nor evaded. It is now nearly three months since he first reached Europe, and during the whole of that period he has been the victim of incessant and exhausting hospitalities. He has now reached Constantinople, and may consider himself once more in the East. The laborious monotony of his movements must surely during the last few weeks have become irksome and unpleasant. It is not unreason-

able to conjecture that, if circumstances had permitted, he would gladly have escaped by a short cut from the civilities which have been heaped on him, and that some of his hosts would also not have been violently disappointed if they had been spared the necessity of entertaining him. It is obvious that a journey of this kind places both parties in a false position, because it is a position of obligation and constraint. The countries which are visited feel bound to do the honours to their guest, while he, on his side, having accepted hospitality in one quarter, cannot refuse the offer of it in another. The journey will entail a heavy drain on the resources of a sadly squeezed and impoverished country, and, if it has ministered to the personal gratification of the monarch, that is about all that can be said for it. It would be ridiculous to suppose that it can be attended with any political results. It is possible that the Shah may be weak enough to imagine that personal observation during a hasty tour under highly artificial circumstances has enabled him to measure the relative strength of European Powers, and to gauge their feelings towards himself. If so, that only proves his folly, and there is no reason to suppose that conclusions drawn in this manner are at all likely to be less fallacious than those which he might have formed at home. A confidential counsellor with leisure and funds might have been trusted to bring back a more ample and trustworthy stock of information than the Shah can possibly have collected during his round of fêtes and fireworks.

Of course when a potentate of this kind intimates his intention of going on his travels, it is difficult for foreign Governments to point out to him that perhaps he had better stop at home. Such journeys are very costly, and not very profitable in other ways, especially as they are more likely to lead to jealousies and misunderstandings than to good results. It has not been announced that the Shah will return to Europe to offer his personal thanks to the subscribers to Baron Reuter's speculations; and even if he were to cherish this idea, the extreme remoteness of the date at which it would require to be fulfilled is enough to relieve us from any apprehensions on the subject. It appears that that nice prince, the Sultan of Zanzibar, is emulous of enjoying British hospitality, and that we may shortly expect him on a visit. Possibly the King of Dahomey may also be inspired with the idea of paying us a similar honour, and then we shall have a real savage at last.

MODERN ARCHEOLOGY IN DEVONSHIRE.

WE have copied the heading of an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which we should have been better pleased to have been able to take some notice of last week, in which a new light has appeared to explain to us the early history of England, and especially of its Western portions. It is plain that the writer is not one of the class whom real knowledge of one subject leads to deal modestly with any other subject with which any accident obliges them to deal. It is also plain that the details of the English Conquest, especially in the West, are a pet subject with him, of which he fancies he is master, and about which he is quite entitled to lay down the law. His opening paragraph would betray him, without going at all into the substance of his discourse. "London task-work in July," "the great northward and continental migration of August," "the serious work of sporting," "science and literature shrinking within their proper dimensions"—this kind of talk reveals the man. To those who do the serious work of history, whether from the professor's chair, in the parsonage, or in the country-house, all this is simply the amusing chatter of one who knows only a single very narrow form of human life.

After this little flight of playful cockneyism, our new instructor condescends so far as to "fix his graver eyes on the proceedings of the antiquarian division of those wayfarers." The class of "wayfarers," as far as we can understand this style of writing, takes in the members of the Archaeological Institute holding their meeting at Exeter, the regiments passing to Dartmoor, and—we do not exactly see why—an "abundant and agreeable clerical sprinkling," and "the female half of the Devonian race," whose "oscillating tastes" are said to "find balance and repose" between "red coats and black." This kind of talk hardly prepares us for grave discourse about King Æthelstan, still less for a general discussion of the principles of historical evidence. Our teacher begins by telling us that "the history of the West of England, at all events down to the time of the Conquest, is most happily obscure." He then goes on thus:—

Its remote situation and the peaceful habits of its people placed it in the proverbially blessed condition of a land without annals. Its memories of courts and battles were legendary only—those of Arthur and his Round Table, or of the landing (equally well authenticated) of Brutus the Trojan at Gwines. All that is really known—that is, on fair and consistent chronicle authority—of the events which occurred in it might be comprised within a couple of octavo pages. That a struggle, or succession of struggles, must have taken place there before Devonshire and Cornwall were confined within their now respective limits must needs be inferred from probabilities; but all dependable record concerning it has vanished like those of Milton's "battles between kites and crows."

The kites and crows were of course sure to come in in this kind of talk; but the writer hardly sees that the proposition that struggles took place which have failed to be recorded because they were not worth recording—which is the only meaning of the kite and crow saying—is hardly consistent with the other proposition that the men of the West have no annals because they were so peaceful; as

this can only mean that there were no struggles at all. We are left to guess whether it was the Britons of those parts who were so peaceful that they did not withstand the invading English as they did in other parts of the island, or whether both Britons and English were so peaceful that the English managed to creep in unawares without any struggles at all. But perhaps we are not to look for very accurate distinctions of this kind from one who talks about "dependable" and "undependable"—rivals, we suppose, of "reliable" and "unreliable"—and who puts Arthur and Brutus on a level. The really odd thing is the principle he seems to lay down that nothing is to be believed unless on "fair and consistent chronicle authority." Laws, charters, documents of all kinds, which, when we can get them, we commonly rate higher than "chronicle authority," are all, it would seem, to go for nothing. We think that Mr. Kemble alone has printed a good deal more than two octavo pages from Devonshire and Cornwall, to say nothing of a good many folio pages in Domesday, and to say nothing of documents from Somerset and Dorset, two shires which are surely needed to make up the West of England. We assume that by the "Conquest" is meant the Norman and not the English Conquest, and, if so, nothing can be further from peaceful than the annals of the West of England during the ninth and tenth centuries. There was constant fighting with the Danish invaders. Exeter was besieged over and over again, and Ecgberht's victory over Danes and Britons at Hengestesdun is generally held to have some bearing on Cornish history.

We are next treated to a paragraph about Catherine the Great and Sir Gilbert Scott and his "mymidons"—we never could guess why that particular division of the Achæans before Troy should have become at once proverbial and shorn of their initial capital—the drift of which is that inquirers into early English history never venture to say "I do not know." This the *Pall Mall* writer tells us in plain English, and so we understand him. We are less clear when he talks in the grand style about "the progress of dogmatism and positiveness, and the general adoption of the categorical instead of the hypothetical style." It is some comfort that hard words break no bones, but to assert that inquirers into early English history never venture to say that they do not know, would be, in any one who had really studied the writers and speakers of whom he is talking, a mere slander. Nothing is more distinctive of the critical school of inquirers, the school against which the *Pall Mall* writer has chosen to tilt, nothing distinguishes them in a more marked way from their predecessors, than readiness to say that they do not know, when they do not know. The truth is that this writer seems to grudge anybody knowing anything. He seems to look upon a time of which nothing is known as so picturesque that it is a pity to find out anything about it. "All that is decayed must be renewed; all that is dark brightened; all venerable obscurity dissipated. All must be naked, positive, glaring." We confess that we are always glad to dissipate venerable obscurity whenever we can; the only question is whether we can or cannot dissipate it in any particular case. But this writer seems to look on obscurity as so venerable that it is a crime to dissipate it, even if we have the chance.

After this we come to the general doctrine that

Much of that we are now bid to receive as authentic mediæval history consists of nothing except the crotchets of clever men, first timidly hazarded as guesses, then protruded as probabilities, and lastly announced as established propositions.

We are less clear than we could wish about these stages, and about the second one in particular; the process of "protruding probabilities" is, as far as we are concerned, shrouded in a good deal of venerable obscurity. But the crotchets are in this kind of writing yet more inevitable than the kites and crows. When one man has thought about a thing which another does not care to take the trouble of thinking about, it is at once so very easy and so very grand to pool-pool his conclusions as a crotchet. The formal comes as a matter of course; so we are in no way disturbed by it. But now comes the main onslaught. "No name has been more glibly forward on men's lips in Exeter last week than that of the respectable but very hazy monarch, King Æthelstan." We are glad to find Æthelstan spoken of as "respectable," as that implies at least an acquittal from all share in the death of his brother. But when a prince who fills such a place as is filled by "Glorious Æthelstan," both in insular and in Continental history, is slipshodly set aside as "very hazy," we suspect that the haziness is what might, in the philosophical style of the writer, be called subjective rather than objective. Our writer is so anxious to create haziness, venerable obscurity, and the like, that he blows out the lights or purpose. William of Malmesbury has treated the life of Æthelstan with special minuteness from lost sources. The *Pall Mall* writer indeed tells us that this is "a suggestion to which no word in the chronicler himself gives any support." William of Malmesbury is not a chronicler, and therefore, according to the standard of the *Pall Mall* writer, he is not entitled to belief on any matter. Yet we venture to believe that he did use lost sources, when he refers to sources which, as far as we ever heard of, are lost. As we read his long, careful, and sometimes critical, account of Æthelstan, we find him referring to at least three such sources—we might say four—for he quotes at length a charter of Æthelstan himself, which, as far as we know, is not to be found elsewhere. And, in referring to his three other sources, he draws a marked distinction between them as to their value. Some things, he says, come from ballads in which he puts but little confidence ("magis cantilenis per successiones temporum detritis quam libris ad instructiones posteritatem elucubratis"). Other things he tells us

the authority of a certain "versificus," from whom he quotes a good many Latin hexameters; but it is plain that he mainly relies on a contemporary writer, whom he speaks of as having been in Æthelstan's favour, and therefore warns us against his excessive praise of his patron ("laudum nimietatem adornat favor Æthelstani ad huc viventis"). When, in the face of this, we are told that no word of William of Malmesbury gives any support to the suggestion that he followed lost sources, one cannot help suspecting that the bit about Exeter is the only bit which his critic has read.

As for the general value of William of Malmesbury, the student of history will simply smile at seeing him put on a level with Geoffrey of Monmouth, and being told that his "credibility does not stand very high with modern historians, except when they need him to support a theory." William of Malmesbury has his faults, but he is a writer who improves on acquaintance. That is because his main fault, his lack of strict chronological order, which is at first so provoking to those who turn to him from the strictly annalistic writers, is closely connected with his chief merit, the critical and philosophical spirit in which he at least tries to write, and the way in which he constantly sets before us two or more contending versions of the same thing. Like other people, he sometimes shows prejudice; he sometimes, as in the case of William Rufus, shows a want of speaking the whole truth against powerful men; but we see no reason to suspect him in any place of mere invention such as the *Pall Mall* writer seems to impute. In fact, the story about Exeter is one which there could be no conceivable motive to invent. It is the sort of thing which was not the least likely to come into William of Malmesbury's head, unless he had really found it in the old contemporary book to which he refers. And, though the event recorded in it is not directly mentioned by any other writer, corroborative evidence which looks the same way is not lacking. We venture to look on the evidence of documents as at least equal to that of "chronicles," and documents distinctly point to a special connexion between Æthelstan and Exeter. It was at Exeter that he and his Witan put forth one of the great statutes which bear his name—a solitary example in those days, as far as we know, of a gathering of the national Council in the Western capital. All the charters, genuine and spurious, earlier than Edward the Confessor, which are dated at Exeter or in which Exeter is mentioned, belong to Æthelstan's reign. Here then is a marked feature, puzzling at first sight, but which the statement of William of Malmesbury fully explains. There is also something very amusing in the way in which the *Pall Mall* writer calls William of Malmesbury's local knowledge in question, because he "represents Exeter as a 'magnificent and wealthy city.'" People of this kind cannot understand the different standards by which things are measured at different times and places; because modern Exeter is not on a level with London or Paris, and because ancient Exeter was doubtless positively far below modern Exeter, this writer cannot understand the great relative position which was held by ancient Exeter, as by ancient Lincoln and by a crowd of other cities which have positively advanced, but which have relatively gone back. He mocks also at the account which William of Malmesbury gives of the soil as only growing oats. We do not profess to be well up in the agriculture of the district either then or now; but, at all events, the notion was not peculiar to William of Malmesbury, as the Jew in Richard of the Devizes, in his satirical description of the cities of England, says, "Exonia eodem farre reficit homines et jumenta." As to the statement itself, he altogether misconceives its meaning. He fancies that what is meant is that Devonshire was not conquered till the time of Æthelstan, whereas William of Malmesbury's story itself—to say nothing of the earlier notices of Exeter in the time of Alfred and other notices of Devonshire earlier still—implies that Devonshire had long been an English possession. All that William of Malmesbury says is that there were still Welsh citizens, and seemingly a separate Welsh quarter, in Exeter, just as there was an English and a French quarter in many English towns in the days of the Conquest, as in Wales and Ireland there often was an English and a Welsh quarter, as in Germany there often was a German and a Wendish quarter. No one but himself ever dreamed of "huddling three great conquests—of Yorkshire, Wales, the West—into a very narrow space for so 'unready' a race as the Saxon Kings of two or three years." The English here is none of the clearest, and as for the unready race, we can only guess that here is some confusion between Æthelstan and Æthelred, or perhaps between Æthelstan the Glorious in history and Atholstan the Unready in *Lynches*. How much our new teacher knows about Æthelstan and his chronology appears from his placing his reign "only a hundred years before Domesday Book."

We are told also that "there is not the shadow of authority save William of Malmesbury aforesaid for the fact that there ever existed in the district a mixed population of Celts and Saxons together, any more than in Eastern or central England." We simply appeal to the laws of Ine, with their elaborate scale of wergilds for the Englishman and the Welshman severally, a feature which is distinctive of the West-Saxon laws, and which has no parallel in the laws of Kent. The writer then goes on to cut his fingers with local nomenclature, and to mock at all attempts to see a Celtic element in the local nomenclature of Devonshire, much more than in that of Somerset. We do not wish our teacher so ill as to wish to see him crushed, like Enkelados, beneath the weight of all the Somersetshire Penns, but we would ask how names like Pennard come to be common on both sides of the Bristol Channel, and how

the unaltered Welsh name Lydiard comes to be so well known, not only in Somerset, but even in that small part of Wiltshire where the Briton maintained his independence down to the battle of Badford. In short, however skilful our *Pall Mall* teacher may be either in "London task-work" or in "the serious work of sporting," he would be wiser if he left modern archaeology, in Devonshire or anywhere else, to those who have read the ancient authorities, and who are able to judge of the force of what they have read.

THE JOYS OF YACHTING.

SO long as Britannia continues to rule the waves, it would of course be rank blasphemy to say anything against yachting. Nor do we propose to do so. Although we confess frankly to having few sympathies ourselves with the sea, we can feel with the fortunate few who thoroughly enjoy it. Even out of our own worse than chequered experiences we can recall moments when our lungs expanded to a freshening breeze with voluptuous gusto, when we positively enjoyed the roll of the vessel, trod the creaking planks with the tolerably assured step of one who had triumphed over the feebler part of his nature, and seated ourselves with the ravening appetite of a shark under swinging lamps among clattering crystal. Moments of the kind have been but few and brief, it is true, and they have generally been preceded by several days of training more or less severe. Yet they assist us in appreciating the feelings of the lucky yachtsman whose peculiarly welded constitution raises him above the weakness common to humanity. Whether he is sensible of the preliminary twinges of those horrible spasms which prostrate ordinary landmen in voiceless agony is a secret between himself and his conscience; at least in his imperturbable resolution he never suffers any signs of them to appear. If he ever does have threatenings of sea-sickness, it is clear that he counts upon his meals as infallible specifics. There is nothing delusive about the uncompromising manner in which he handles his knife and fork, in his reckless dealings with the richest *entrées*. If he be a smoker, he smokes on in defiance of the weather, and the only question that troubles him is snug shelter for his cigar. Such a man is plainly in his element on board ship. If he be blessed with money and leisure, it is his bounden duty to become the possessor of a yacht, or a fleet of them. The channel of his responsibilities is buoyed out for him by his natural gifts, and it is his business to become a patron of the noble calling which has made the glorious prosperity of his native land. He is marked out to keep in his pay a select corps of seamen of *élite*, and to see that they enrol themselves in the naval reserves, ready to respond to the call of their country, should their country ever be in danger. If he be ambitious of racing cups, or have a turn for shipbuilding, so much the better. Then he is always changing one vessel for another, altering a line in the hull here, or a something in the cut of the canvas there; encouraging industrial talent in Channel building-yards, and improving on swift models for thrilling international contests. Perhaps he has enough of pluck or has mastered sufficient experience to become his own sailing-master. There are owners who have navigated their own yachts from the quiet waters of Cowes to the misty banks of Newfoundland. A man like that, we repeat, is to be regarded as among the most enviable of mortals. He casts off for a cruise, and leaves black care on the shore behind him. He issues his own sailing orders as he goes, and is absolved from the necessity of laying his plans beforehand. The ocean leaves no trail, and if he ships his wife, or if he has no wife, he can sail away into space with an easy conscience. He has not to make points as he goes; to run the gauntlet of ticket-offices and waiting-rooms, and put up with the leakings of the accommodation in second-class hotels. There are no ominous packets of letters awaiting him at the local banker's or the *poste restante*. He may even spare himself the chance of the shock that comes of stumbling on some unpleasant announcement in the papers. If he is a sensible man, he naturally seeks complete change of scene, and courts communion with nature in comparative solitude. His vessel is a tiny one, no doubt, compared with those Cunard and Laman liners which we should infinitely prefer for our own part. But to him it is instinct with life and vigorous motion, and what is more, it absolutely answers to his will. After all, it is far bigger and better found than those in which the early Arctic adventurers went groping their way through the ice-floes off Spitzbergen, and along the icebound shores of Ballin's Bay. If his conscience is as comfortable as we may assume it to be, we may be certain his *physique* is in prime condition; of course his spirits rise accordingly. It is positive rapture to him standing on the heeling deck in the fitful moonlight, and hearing the white-crested waves go rushing past his clean-cut counter as his little craft goes pitching over the swell. There may be a sense of freshening even in the heavy plash of the falling rain that has beaten down the crests of the rollers, and there may be not unpleasant excitement in feeling his way in a fog, when, in spite of the fog-bells and the sharpest out-look, there is always on the cards for him the chance of a collision. We suspect it is the love of the danger quite as much as the enthusiasm of geographical and scientific research that sends courageous gentlemen to the polar seas instead of into more balmy waters.

All that sort of thing is delightful for men whose hearts are on the sea, and whose bodies work independently of all eccentricities of motion. But such men are few, while yachting men are many,

and there is a general delusion that a yachting cruise is like taking a holiday from earth on a buoyant bit of paradise. A mere yachting picnic is all very well no doubt, when you enjoy it in lovely roquatta weather; that is to say, when the sun is calmly shining on a sea that is gently rippled by the play of the cat's-paws, when you are never out of sight of the coast, and when you have quiet and comfortable moorings within easy reach of you. Then, in the most ratty of nautical costumes, you tread your friend's decks with the swagger of the sea-bred buccaner: you bear yourself as if you were absolutely indifferent to the very dirtiest weather, and coolly cock your weather eye at the cloudless horizon with the air of an ancient mariner looking out for squalls. Under the exhilarating influence of the champagne that foamed so freely into the glasses at lunch, for the moment you honestly believe you are weather-proof. Perchance in the spirit of hospitality generated in the genial after-luncheon atmosphere, and in sympathy with your thorough enjoyment, your good-natured friend invites you for his autumn cruise. It is an invitation which ninety-nine men out of a hundred would jump at, and you jump at it accordingly. So you find yourself back again on board the *Sea Queen* a fortnight later, and are bound, we will say, to the coast of Norway. It is not so very far off; a pleasant bit of a run before the wind; indeed you are only sorry that the pleasure will be so quickly over, having taken pains to inform yourself of the average length of steamer passages from Hull to Christiansund. However, it was something like what you might call a sea, even as you steamed over the Southampton Water, and the little dingy that takes you from the shore to the *Sea Queen* bobs about decidedly disagreeably. There is a faintly ominous whistle in the rigging overhead, something like the low meanings of a Banshee hovering somewhere a good bit off. It strikes you with similarly sinister presentiments, and you are not much reassured by the swift scud of the clouds against the watery moon as you lift your eyes to the heavens above you. However, there is no help for it; your pride is piqued to show your carelessness, and you know that your friend would make it a point of honour to sail were the weather far more threatening than it is likely to be. When you have stood out beyond the shelter of the shore, you are informed that there is a bit of a breeze blowing. A bit of a breeze it may be, or half a gale, or a whole one; at all events, you find it more than enough for you. You have a sense that the slippery morsel of a thing you have shipped in may go sliding from beneath you before you have time to miss her; now and again she heels over to the blast, as if it had got fairly under her and was in the act of heaving her over. Your heart is often in your mouth than elsewhere, and you could fancy your stomach had changed to something like a jelly-fish. The appointments of the small cabin are unimpeachable in their elegance, but by a natural affinity of material they remind you irresistibly of the last steamer saloon you suffered in. Yet on board that steamer, miserable as you were, you had a sense of stability and safety, a sense that is altogether lacking here. You had embarked on that steamer to make a voyage as matter of business, and were in a position to calculate approximately how long your sufferings were to endure. It is understood that you have sailed in the *Sea Queen* for pleasure, and, in fact, your three friends are to all appearance veritably cheerful. How long it may be before you sight the historical shores of the Vikings you know not; that is an affair which you must leave to the winds and the waves. You only remember that, once arrived there, you have still to live on board, and that liberty days on the solid land will be doled out to you more or less charily. Then you are condemned to return as you went, and it is idle to cast about for a means of escape. You have made yourself one of a quartet, and it is impossible capriciously to break up the rubber, and reduce your friends to make shift with a dummy. A doctor's certificate is out of the question, hopelessly ill as you may feel yourself now. The moment you set your foot on shore again you will show all the better for your jumbling. So you must make the best of the bad bargain you so rashly rushed upon, and lie groaning in your dancing cell with no ray of immediate hope to lighten the gathering darkness.

We have depicted the very real sufferings of one of the many gentlemen who have imprudently accepted yachting engagements for the autumn without counting the cost beforehand. But what are we to say of those affectionate and unfortunate wives who have taken yachting husbands for better and worse, and who cling to them by sea as well as by shore, although they are invariably martyred by horrible sea-sickness? We have known cases where ladies have followed their husbands' floating fortunes with touching constancy, although this mode of proving their affection could scarcely tend to their mutual contentment. Love may be strong as death and stronger. But it needs a most conscientious appreciation of feminine devotion to allow for the petal-like inevitability generated by the squeamishness that comes in a squall with each rise of the wind and fall of the barometer. An angel would show to disadvantage when her ruby lips have turned to the tint of her chalky cheeks and when all the warm blood in her person has set strongly towards the tip of her nose. The most graceful form can scarcely preserve the graceful undulations of its contours as it hangs limply over the low bulwarks. Children should be a blessing at all times in well-regulated families, but a floating nursery is sure to be a noisy and fractious one. The family man who ships his penicils for an autumn cruise may look forward to the renewal of his domestic joys when cruising singly in the sheltered flocks of Norway or among the sunny isles of Greece. But there

is much to be gone through before he reaches those happy cruising grounds, and it may well be a question if the game is worth the candle.

PROGRESS OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL CONFLICT.

IT is not at all wonderful that Catholic Governments, or Governments with a large body of Catholic subjects to deal with, should find their difficulties rapidly growing on their hands. In one sense indeed they have themselves to thank for a crisis which they might probably have averted with a tenth part of the trouble in which they now find themselves involved. It may be in the recollection of our readers that Prince Hohenlohe, the Prime Minister of Bavaria, addressed a circular shortly before the assembling of the Vatican Council to the great Powers of the Continent, calling their attention to the political bearing of the dogmas which it was notoriously the aim of the Court of Rome to establish, and urging some joint action on the part of the European Cabinets which had, according to all former precedent, an indisputable right to be represented at the approaching Synod. But the leading statesmen of other countries did not share his views. Partly perhaps from a disinclination to take their cue from one of the smallest Catholic States, and still more from a facile reliance on the modern Liberal doctrine of the independence of Church and State, and the absolute indifference of religious doctrines to the State, as such, they declined to interfere. And they were studiously encouraged in this policy of abstention by the tone of the Ultramontane journals, which up to the last moment persistently denied or disguised the real objects of the Council, and by the official assurances of the Court of Rome that the relations of Church and State could be in no way affected by its deliberations, and that ambassadors were not admitted now as heretofore, because the two Powers had ceased to be united, although this very separation had been just before anathematized in the Syllabus. The event has verified, as every one who knew anything about the matter felt sure all along that it would verify, Prince Hohenlohe's anticipations in every respect. The measures which it was found convenient to disclaim beforehand were forced through the Council, and it appeared soon enough that the Jesuits, who were their real authors, did not intend them to remain a dead letter. It was absurd ever to imagine that this could be the case. The Roman Curia may have lost something of its traditional astuteness, and there can be little doubt that in enacting the infallibilist dogma it has forged a two-edged weapon which sooner or later is sure to be turned against itself; already, indeed, it has provoked an organized resistance throughout Germany and Switzerland, and given a fresh impulse to the sceptical tendencies of the day within, as well as, to some extent, without, the borders of the Roman Catholic Church. But the Court of Rome and its Jesuit advisers were not so irrational as to force through a momentous decree, which revolutionizes the whole basis of Catholic belief, in the teeth of a strong opposition, without any practical object at all. They knew well that it must necessarily effect an entire unsettlement of the moral and religious beliefs of all who seriously accept it, and, which is more directly to our present purpose, that, whenever it is consistently carried out, it must derange all the existing relations of Church and State. That multitudes, both of priests and laymen, have professed to accept the new definitions of Papal infallibility and universal ordinary jurisdiction, without any perceptible change in their views and line of conduct, is quite true, but that only proves that their submission is an empty form. The bishops are in a different position; whatever may be their private opinions, they cannot publicly affirm a doctrine and then decline to act upon it. Accordingly Catholic Germany and Switzerland are in a blaze. The prosecution, now pending, of Archbishop Ledachowski for ignoring the new law in his appointments to benefices, and the standing quarrel about the inspection of seminaries in every Prussian diocese, supply obvious illustrations of the growing intensity of the quarrel. But far more important, both in its bearings on the Old Catholic movement and on the general condition of ecclesiastical affairs in Germany, is the recent decision of the Supreme Court of Appeal at Berlin, to which we now desire to call attention. Its probable influence on the future of the movement is obvious enough, when we remember what a large proportion of mankind are either more or less indifferent to the question of religious truth, or, if they have decided convictions, lack the courage and endurance to avow them at the cost of serious inconvenience. In Germany infallibilism has got the name of *Hungerdogma*, and of course to the clergy, who are mostly dependent on their office for their bread, it makes all the difference whether the avowal of Old Catholic principles involves the loss of their status and means of livelihood. Henceforth they will know that in Prussia no such issues are involved.

The question arose in this wise. An Ultramontane priest of Rhenish Prussia had published a violent and abusive attack on the Old Catholic services, and was prosecuted for a breach of the 166th Article of the Penal Code, which prohibits any insult being offered to the worship of religious societies recognized by the State. The local Court refused redress, on the plea that the Old Catholics did not belong to any recognized community, having left the Roman Catholic Church, and not having obtained civil recognition as a separate body, the Evangelical and Catholic Churches being the only two known to the law in Prussia. Against this strange ruling, which left them at the mercy of any zealot who might choose to hound on a fanatical mob to outrage their

churches and disturb their solemn worship, the Old Catholics very naturally appeal to the Supreme Court at Berlin; and its decision, which simply affirms the position assumed by themselves from the first, has an importance, direct and indirect, reaching far beyond the particular occasion which evoked it. The lower Court had rejected their claim to be regarded as Catholics "in the sense of the patent of 1847," on the ground of their not accepting the decrees of the Vatican Council passed in 1870, and therefore not holding Catholic doctrine, and this notwithstanding their publicly reiterated assertion that they maintained precisely the same doctrines which they had always held and taught, and the official denial by the Prussian Government of the legal validity of the Vatican decrees. The Supreme Court of Appeal has reversed this sentence as "not proceeding on judicial principles, but on grounds of ecclesiastical partisanship, one-sided, and capricious," and then pronounces as follows:—"As to the forming of a new religious society in the sense of the patent of March 30, 1847, that cannot affect the Old Catholics, but rather the New Catholics, who are, in fact, setting up a new doctrine, and, on the strength of their being in actual possession of the Catholic churches and Church property, demand to be treated as the sole true members and representatives of the Roman Catholic Church." It would be impossible to lay down more distinctly the full and paramount right of the Old Catholics to be regarded as true members and representatives of the Catholic Church in the only sense known to the law: and, considering that they maintain unchanged all the doctrines of the Church with which the compact of 1847 was made, it is difficult to see what other decision could have been given. It follows of course that the large and increasing body who have joined Dr. Dollinger in rejecting the new dogmas of the Vatican are entitled to all rights and privileges accruing to them as Catholics, and that their clergy are eligible to any benefices or bishoprics which the Government may have to bestow. It is difficult, we repeat, to see how any other verdict could have been pronounced consistently with the admitted facts of the case and the attitude assumed all along by the Prussian Government towards the Council. But the Ultramontane organs, keenly conscious of the probable results of the decision, feel or affect an astonishment which appears almost to have deprived them of the power of articulate utterance. The *Germania* styles the judgment "insolent, monstrous, and simply ridiculous," professes to doubt its genuineness, and accuses the reporters of insulting the Supreme Tribunal. The *Tablat* more concisely describes the judgment as "fudge," and with that elegant and racy freedom of diction in which Ultramontane controversialists are unrivalled, calls the Old Catholics "Dollingerists, Schultists, Professorialists, Connubialists," &c. But hard names break no bones and alter no facts. Meanwhile, in accordance with the invitation issued by Dr. Schultze, as President of the Old Catholic Congress, a large assemblage of clergy and laity met on Monday last in the Laurens Church at Deventer, to witness the consecration of Dr. Reinkens, as missionary Bishop for the Old Catholics of Germany, by Mgr. Heykamp, Bishop of Haarlem. The new Bishop of Haarlem was consecrated at the same time. The ceremony, as we learn from the report of a correspondent who was present, was in strict accordance with the Roman ritual, except that the customary Bulls and oaths of allegiance to the Pope were of course omitted. The church was crowded, and after the function Mgr. Heykamp delivered a long address in Dutch to the newly consecrated prelates and the clergy and people, which is said to have produced a profound impression. He dwelt on the grave significance of the ceremony just concluded and the important duties which Bishop Reinkens would have to discharge, and pointed to the fact that the Old Catholic Church of Holland, which was sometimes said to be dying out, was now being reinforced by the thousands and tens of thousands of their brethren in the faith who were flocking to join the Old Catholics of Germany. Bishop Reinkens has issued a pastoral, which, however, is not yet before us, and it is understood that he will fix his residence at Bonn.

In Switzerland a meeting of the delegates of the various Old Catholic congregations already established in the country is announced to be held at Olten on the 31st of August, with special reference to the approaching Congress at Constance on September 12, which the Swiss deputies have been most cordially and pressingly invited to attend. The question of the future relations of the Swiss to the German movement, which has hitherto been one of moral sympathy and support merely, thus becomes a matter of practical urgency. And this, as the programme of the meeting at Olten points out, involves the further question of the internal organization of the Old Catholics in Switzerland, and the means to be adopted for effecting the necessary reforms in worship and discipline. It behoves them to consider whether the time is not now arrived for establishing an Old Catholic bishopric for Switzerland also. At a meeting of Liberal Catholics from eleven Cantons held at Bern last week, it was resolved that this matter should be at once taken into consideration, and the large congregation of Old Catholics at Geneva were urgent for a speedy settlement. It is accordingly with a view to discussing these points, in preparation for the Third Old Catholic Congress summoned for September 12 at Constance, that the Swiss deputies are to meet at Olten on the last day of August.

If from Europe we turn our eyes to South America, there too the Vatican Council is seen to be producing its natural fruits. The quarrel between the Roman See and the Government of Brazil has been brought to a head by the public excommunication of some Freemasons by the bishops, acting under orders from Rome, without obtaining the civil sanction required by law, and followed by

the refusal to marry or bury them, and to baptize or confirm their children. This has led to popular tumults at Pernambuco, which could not be put down without the intervention of the military; and, on a formal complaint being made to the Council of State, the Bishop was censured for illegal conduct, and required to withdraw his excommunications. He refused, and is being prosecuted by the Government. So far the story reads very like a page out of the latest ecclesiastical records of Prussia. But there is, in fact, a deeper and more long-standing ground of discontent in Brazil, which is probably indicated in the rumour that the Government contemplates retaliating on the bishops by the establishment of obligatory civil marriage. This does not at first sight appear to have any very close connexion with the excommunication of Freemasons, and looks like rather an extreme measure for a Government which has generally shown itself so ready to play into the hands of Ultramontanism. But the cause is not really far to seek. For many years past the Brazilian bishops, in defiance of the professed teaching of their Church—which regards the sacrament of marriage as dependent on the consent of the parties themselves, and not on the ministry of the priest—have maintained the absolute invalidity of Protestant marriages, and consequently have treated married Protestants as living in concubinage. What sounds still more incredible, but is nevertheless true, is that some fifteen years ago they induced the State so far to sanction this monstrous claim as to insert a clause in a general Marriage Act providing that a Protestant husband or wife on joining the Church of Rome should be freed from the previous obligation of marriage, which the law under certain conditions admits between Protestants for purposes of police. There are a great number of Protestant settlers in Brazil, both German and English, and it of course followed that any of them who was tired of his wife, and carrying on an intrigue with a native woman, had only to proclaim himself a Catholic, when he could at once repudiate his wife and marry his mistress. In short, there was the convenience of a universal divorce court for all Protestants without any of the trouble or expense. But the scandal became so intolerable that the Government has now recoiled from this iniquitous position, and refuses any longer to endorse the clerical claim to have Protestant marriages treated as invalid. The bishops, however, who, if common report speaks true, might find abundant examples of concubinage nearer home, stick to their point, and it is probably with a view to simplify matters that a general enforcement of civil marriage is proposed. Be that as it may, the novel pretensions of the Roman hierarchy, acting under Vatican guidance, clearly promise to be as extravagant, and as provocative of conflict and confusion, in the New World as in the Old.

BRITISH EMIGRANTS IN BRAZIL.

THE Foreign Office has taken its time in publishing the Reports from the British officials at Rio de Janeiro on the treatment and condition of the British emigrants lately carried off by Brazilian Government agents for Brazilian Government colonies. "Enticed" is the word used by Mr. Phipps, Second Secretary of the British Legation in Brazil, whose Reports on this unpleasant subject show great industry and courage of language. "Greedily seduced" is the phrase employed by a former Brazilian Minister of Agriculture, whose wisdom and frankness appear to have been promptly rewarded by dismissal, and whose warnings have been entirely lost on Brazilian administration. The latest despatch from Rio de Janeiro published in this correspondence is dated March 11. This would have been received by the Foreign Office before the end of April; nearly three months intervene before publication. It is indeed strange that the Blue Book contains not one despatch from Earl Granville written during these three months, or earlier, giving instructions to our Minister in Brazil, or expressing an opinion on the facts submitted to him. The Brazilian Government is clearly responsible through its agents for proceedings which have involved hundreds of humble British families in ruin, and destroyed many British lives. When Lord Carnarvon brought this matter forward in the House of Lords on February 17, Lord Granville pleaded for time; our Minister in Brazil had, he said, been instructed to make inquiries, and communicate with the Brazilian Government, and he could do nothing till his Reports were received. Lord Carnarvon had moved for a copy of a letter addressed by a Warwickshire clergyman to the Foreign Office, representing the destitution and distress of a number of Warwickshire emigrants to the Brazilian colony of Cananea. Lord Granville did not doubt that, if the British Minister found the statements of the Warwickshire clergyman correct, the Brazilian Government would be glad to remedy such a state of things. Till he received the British Minister's Report, he could not produce the Warwickshire clergyman's letter, which contained attacks on individuals, or give any opinion on its statements. The British Minister's Reports are now here; the first, a very conclusive one, has been here five months, and the last, which is black as pitch, especially as to Cananea, as many as three months. Even now the Warwickshire clergyman's letter is not printed. Its statements could not have been worse than Mr. Phipps's painful details as to Cananea. The Brazilian Government has not shown any of the virtues which Lord Granville confidently expected. What is Lord Granville now going to do? Why so much delay? Except for the details

as to Cananea, Lord Granville need not have waited for Lord Carnarvon's benevolent intervention, and should long since have taken energetic measures to prevent the continuance of this deplorable Brazilian emigration. A previous Report of Mr. Phipps, dated March 1872, was in Lord Granville's hands fifteen months since, full of facts and warnings, and really as conclusive against Brazilian emigration as Mr. Phipps's two Reports, now published, of January 4 and February 17, 1873. There were many previous strong warnings from British Consuls in Brazil. Mr. Phipps recapitulates some of them; they go back in date to 1869. Complaints of wholesale deception were, Mr. Phipps tells us, addressed by British colonists to the British Legation as far back as 1868, and again in January 1870. Then came, during the autumn of last year, the heart-rending detailed accounts in our newspapers. With timely attention to many warnings, including Mr. Phipps's powerful Report of March 1872, how much mischief might not have been prevented! From May 1872 to January 1873, Mr. Phipps says, a thousand persons were despatched by the Brazilian Consul-General at Liverpool to Brazil, to find on their arrival there every expectation falsified, and to face destitution, disease, and death. Many more were expected at the date of the last despatch, March 11. Nothing worse has appeared in our newspapers as to the fate of emigrants to Paraguay than are the facts as to Brazil; but whereas we have long seen official manifestoes against Paraguayan emigration in every post-office of the United Kingdom, no similar warning against Brazilian emigration appears to this day in our post-offices. A mild warning, it is true, was issued at the instance of the Foreign Office, with a limited circulation, by the Emigration Commissioners, before the date of Lord Carnarvon's public exposure and remonstrance; but why has there been one measure for Paraguay and another for Brazil? Mr. Phipps suggests in one of his Reports now published that if, "like the previous one (that of March 1872), it be so fortunate as to meet with Earl Granville's approval," it should be circulated among Mechanics' and Labourers' Institutes and similar establishments. "Agents," he adds, "employed by the Brazilian Consul-General are, I am assured, established at Leamington and Gloucester, and doubtless in other towns of the Midland counties." This is a suggestion which it should not have been left to Mr. Phipps to make. His Reports, or summaries of them, should be forthwith sent, if it has not yet been done, to the clergyman of every parish for publication or distribution; and every post-office should make known the mischief. Lord Granville spoke of his unwillingness to offend a foreign nation with which he desired to preserve friendly relations; but the Reports now published show no sign of proper appreciation of his amiability; and complaisance to a foreign Emperor is not to be thought of when his Government has organized a scheme for exposing British agricultural labourers to misery and death.

This would seem to be clearly established by the Reports now published. A Brazilian Minister of Agriculture issues a general instruction to the Brazilian Consuls in Great Britain to engage colonists in all parts of the United Kingdom for State colonies under the direct control and administration of the Brazilian Government. A prospectus is issued by the Brazilian Consul-General in Liverpool full of erroneous representations, beginning with "good climate." Every emigrant embarks at Liverpool with a certificate signed by the Brazilian Consul-General. The Brazilian functionary employs Englishmen as agents to scour the agricultural counties, and whip up for him emigrants for the Brazilian State colonies. Three Englishmen named as such agents are Alsopp, Haynes, and Yeats. One of the handbills promises to each member of an emigrant family 2*l.* on arrival at Cananea, in Brazil, and 2*s.* a day each, together with the use of tools and everything necessary, until their first crop is gathered. Mr. Phipps's note on this is "False." Mr. Churchill in the *Vicar of Wakefield* would have been content with "Fudge." Cananea, in the province of St. Paul, and Assunguy, in the province of Paraná, are the two colonies to which British emigrants have been lately destined. The misstatements of the official prospectus and handbills as to these two colonies may be inferred from Mr. Phipps's criticisms:—

Whatever hidden treasures the province of Paraná (Assunguy) may contain, it actually possesses neither diamond, gold, nor lead mines, nor can I imagine that its possession of "bituminous earth" can be of any advantage to intending colonists. Both that substance, as well as the gold, lead, and diamonds, if secretly produced, are consumed on the spot. Except "hermatite," wheat and the other grains enumerated are not cultivated to any extent, except in the immediate neighbourhood of Curitiba, where, according to the President's last Report, they hardly repay the cultivator.

The grains and fruits of temperate climates are produced on the highlands, just as the fruits of tropical climates are produced on the lowlands, but not, of course, simultaneously in the Colony of Assunguy, which, in addition to its many assumed advantages, cannot be said to enjoy two totally different climates. Sugar, coffee, tobacco, mandioca, are its actual productions, which indicate the nature of the climate. As the prospectus states that Assunguy "commands a good port," an uneducated person would infer that the column headed "Productions" bears reference to the Colony of Assunguy, and not to the province, as it obviously does. It being distant twenty-eight leagues by road from the sea, with bad roads intervening, the port is little available for colonists, who, it will be shown, are hardly in prosperity.

Neither Cananea nor the province of San Paulo possesses either copper, silver, or gold mines, nor precious stones, nor coal mines. The province produces a large quantity of coffee, but little, if any, is exported from Cananea.

As to the regulations of the State Colonies detailed in the prospectus, in but few of those on the list are they carried out. Assunguy and Cananea, which have been in existence ten to fourteen years, possess neither squares, public pleasure grounds, churches, nor town halls, nor (see Article 3*a*) is any provision made for religious instruction. The colonists have not been "free to choose the lots they may prefer," none being (as will be seen), during the

last few months, in Cananea, marked out for occupation, or even ready. . . . The 20 milreis mentioned in Article 3*a* are, with culpable carelessness, stated to be 2*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.*, instead of 2*l.* 3*s.*

With regard to the paragraphs at the foot of the handbill, the intending emigrant should be aware that in the Colony of Cananea labourers on the public roads are paid 1 milreis 600 reis. (about 3*s.* 6*d.*) for a day's labour of twelve to fourteen hours; at Assunguy the rate of payment, according to the President's Report, is reduced to 1 milreis, or 2*s.* 2*d.*

The living at the Colonies, which is stated to consist of "beef, mutton, veal, lamb, pork, fowls, ducks, potatoes, and various kinds of vegetables," really consists of "carne secca," pork (fresh or salted), mandioca, flour, black beans, &c. Beef (except in large towns, or in the south) is rarely, if ever, tasted by the common labourer.

The Colony of Cananea, situated in the province of San Paulo, on low land, about fifteen miles from the port of that name, is the State Colony to which the largest number of British subjects have been sent; but respecting which the most serious complaints have been continually made by the colonists. Though the truth of these complaints has been often admitted by the Government officials, the colonists engaged by the agents in Europe are still sent to this ill-situated and badly-managed settlement.

Many of the poor people despatched last year arrived at Rio de Janeiro, and many more were expected to arrive there, while yellow fever was raging—a pleasant beginning of "good climate." These were intended for Assunguy, Paraná; and as to what was in store for them before they got to Assunguy, and when they got there, Mr. Phipps writes:—

As a proof of the reckless manner in which this scheme has been carried out, I must add that the Agent for Colonization, who is not, however, as his name would indicate, the Agent actually responsible for the organization of the State Colonies, had admitted to me that they are not to be sent to a State Colony direct, but to the port of Antonina, in the Province of Paraná, whence they will proceed to the town of Curitiba, the capital, situated fifty miles from the sea coast. This distance they would have to travel on foot, carts, it was expected, being provided for the women and children. At Curitiba they will have to remain several weeks without work, no arrangements whatever being yet made for their reception at the Colony of Assunguy, situated again forty miles over either bad or incomplete roads from Curitiba. The preparations at Assunguy were, he said, however, in progress.

Already 312 colonists from England, who arrived at the end of December and the beginning of January by the steamer *Edinburgh Castle*, have been sent on to Curitiba, where they are waiting, without regular work, until the Colony is ready for them, though some few might, it was hoped, be employed in the construction of roads. As to the present proposed expedition, I was informed that directions had simply been sent to the President of Paraná to receive them, and to expend any money at his disposal.

I could not imagine anything more likely to unsettle these persons, and utterly unfit them for the difficulties with which all immigrants must contend in a strange country, than the various changes they will have undergone before arriving at their final destination.

And now for those sent to Cananea. Some had been sent there in July 1872, others in December. The remnants of these two batches whom death had spared fled at the end of January; and Mr. Phipps reports on seeing them near Rio de Janeiro:—

Their story may be related in a few words as follows:—From the time of their arrival on the 5th July, until their departure (towards the end of January, but few of them were placed on land, few if any lots being ready for them. Instead of the organization which a perusal of the prospectus induced them to believe they would find, there was nothing but disorder. Several of them took possession of lots, and were anxious to work, but had ultimately to labour on the roads to earn ready money, thirteen hours per day being the hours for work. None received the promised bonus. The inclosed Table, which I have drawn up, shows the amount they earned both in England before starting, and, as they declare, during their whole residence in Brazil, and also the amount of sickness which prevailed, but few escaping the smallpox, and a low fever, which would seem to have been epidemic at Cananea, brought on by damp and the change of food. The ordinary food of the country was, it will be seen, somewhat irregularly applied to them in most cases, and but few necessary comforts, which might have saved many lives. As far as I can ascertain, about twenty out of the 113 died.

In December the other party arrived. They found little to encourage them; no arrangements for their reception, inferior, and as they declare insufficient, food, and no comforts for the sick. They remained only twenty-four days, but no less than thirty out of the 245 died, in addition to two infants, who have died since their return.

The appearance of the whole body of emigrants was melancholy in the extreme. Most of them bore traces of the infectious disorders they had contracted, or were much attenuated. The children were, nearly all of them, covered with eruptions or scabs. Thirty-six out of the 266 were in hospital, with fevers, more or less serious; and many children with smallpox, not however of a severe nature. It was the exception to find a family of which some member had not died.

Mr. Mathew, the British Minister, wrote on January 31 a strong letter of remonstrance to Viscount Caravellas, the Brazilian Minister for Foreign Affairs. The case is indeed an urgent one. Having received no answer by February 13, Mr. Mathew writes again; and on February 27 he at last receives a reply. The Minister for Foreign Affairs had been waiting for the Minister of Agriculture, who had been delayed by "the necessity of obtaining explanations and correct information." The unsatisfactory nature of this tardy report of the Minister of Agriculture may be judged by some extracts from Mr. Mathew's spirited rejoinder:—

I will frankly confess to your Excellency that I have perused the note of the Minister of Agriculture with some surprise and with sincere regret.

A reference to his archives for the last four years will prove to his Excellency how frequent have been complaints of British emigrants.

The language used by the Minister of Agriculture, respecting the unfortunate immigrants who had been sent to Mendez on their recent return from the Colony of Cananea, leads me to assume, in justice to his Excellency, that the account given in the public papers by the Government Agent of their deplorable condition, and the sworn depositions of several of the most intelligent among them, taken in the presence of the Government functionaries who strictly questioned them, have been withheld from his cognizance.

I think that it could hardly be expected, or desired, that these poor people should have waited further decimation at Cananea, until the preparations for their advantage, which his Excellency the Minister for Agriculture states were being "actively" carried on here, should have afforded them relief.

Nor can I consider that they are justly liable to the accusation brought against them by his Excellency of "want of perseverance to overcome certain difficulties which naturally occur during the first moment of settling in the Colonial centres."

In this sad case the plain truth appears to be, that the immigrants were attracted by false, or very exaggerated, statements of advantage,—difficult, if not impossible to realize; that they were most improperly sent out at a season which is always trying to European constitutions, but which this year (as unfortunately occasionally occurs) has been marked by a serious epidemic,—and that neither at Rio de Janeiro nor in any of the Colonies had any sort or kind of preparation been made to receive them.

But, M. le Ministre, there is another point which cannot be passed over. The honour and the interests of Brazil demand that the public in England, as in this Empire, should know that this person or persons by whose incapacity, ill-will, or negligence this disastrous occurrence has taken place, have not escaped reprobation.

It is evident from the public acknowledgment of despatches received, that the Ministry of Agriculture had full and ample notice of the arrival of each batch of emigrants, and his Excellency the Minister will best know if I am mistaken in the belief, that the Directors of one, if not of more, of the Colonies had distinctly informed the Minister that they had no facilities at the time for the reception of further immigrants, and if the Ministry was not urgently warned from other quarters of the necessity of making suitable arrangements for the number expected.

Lord Granville's kind and amiable disposition will hardly enable him to retain a belief that the Brazilian Government will be glad to do what it can in the way of redress; for it is now redress, rather than remedy, that is urgent. The dead cannot be recalled to life, nor can shattered health be re-established; much that is past is irremediable. It behoves the Brazilian Government to lose no time and spare no expense in restoring to their homes these poor families whom they have imported, with liberal compensation for their injuries and losses. If the agents of the Brazilian Government have transgressed instructions, they should be punished. Does the Brazilian Government take on itself the responsibility of the proceedings of the Consul-General at Liverpool? It occurs to us that further Reports from the British Legation must have already reached the Foreign Office since the date of March 11. Lord Granville's own correspondence on the conduct of the Brazilian Government against British subjects will be looked for with anxiety, and with the hope, until the contrary is proved, that he has fully estimated the comparative values of British life and duty to British subjects, and of the sensibilities of a foreign nation careless of international comity and duty. One thing should be done without delay. A warning manifesto on this Brazilian scandal of emigration should appear forthwith in every post-office of the kingdom; for it would be a great mistake to repose too much confidence in Brazilian promises of cessation.

THE SCARCITY OF HORSES.

MUCH useful information was collected by the Lords' Committee upon Horses. As regards cart-horses the price has risen to a point which must stimulate breeding, and it is agreed that the stock for breeding exists. As regards horses for riding and driving, the price has also risen very considerably; but it is feared that some years must elapse before the existing demand can be satisfactorily supplied. Witnesses from various parts of the country testify with striking unanimity to the perseverance of foreign dealers in searching out and carrying away likely mares. Circumstances, it was said, disinclined the farmer from breeding, and a good price tempted him to part with the means of taking to it again. Horses for cavalry and artillery can only be had, like horses for other purposes, by paying for them; and the best way of stimulating production would be to offer a certainly remunerative market to the breeder. Other palliatives may be proposed for the existing evil of short supply; but this is the only simple and sure remedy.

The most recent information on this subject is the best, and therefore we will turn to the account given by Sir Henry Storks to the Committee on the 16th of June of his purchases of horses for the autumn manoeuvres now being held. He had bought at that day 560 horses, and he intended to buy in all 800. Of this number, 100 for riding had been bought in England, and 700 for draught had been or would be bought abroad. Mr. East, a dealer employed by the Government, had been to all the fairs, and he had been able to pick up very few English horses, and those of a bad description. Thus foreign horses were bought from absolute necessity. The price per horse has been 47*l.*, being an advance of 5*l.* upon last year. English horses could only have been obtained at a much higher figure. The animals purchased are almost all mares, and some of them will be very good for breeding. They are Normandy horses, heavy but active, such as we used to see formerly in the diligences. The witness thinks that they will do slow work quite as well as English horses. The loss upon each horse when they shall be sold after the manoeuvres may be taken on last year's experience at 20*l.* The same class of French horses has been largely purchased by the London Omnibus Company. The Secretary of that Company considers that the cause of the scarcity which has been lately felt is the enormous export that took place in consequence of the war. Up to the time of the war breaking out there was an over-abundance of horses in England, and no difficulty in getting whatever the Company required, but at that time the French dealers came over and bought up everything they could lay hold of. The Company was driven to buying foreign horses, "simply because they could not get English." It is not, says the Secretary, an affair of price so much as an affair of absolute scarcity. "I do not think that you can get them at all in England in any quantity. Certainly we could not afford to buy

them." This is a gloomy picture of the present condition of things, which has been produced first by discouragement to breeding, and then by extraordinary demand. Some breeds of horses have become unfashionable and then almost extinct. This happened to the big bay coach-horses called *Cleavelands*. About 1841 a new fashion in horses came up. A horse of blood was wanted with a fine high-stepping action. The price of *Cleavelands* fell from 120*l.* to 50*l.* "That," says a witness, "knocked on the head all that class of horses, and we lost the breed of them, the foreigners got all the good mares." This evidence is given by a man who has led a stallion for thirty-six years in Yorkshire. The next discouragement was the railways. The farmers told the witness "We have nothing at all for you this time, the railways will stop all the trade." It is quite credible that farmers may have thought that railways would supersede horses, although they have in the result largely increased the demand for them. If the farmers were deterred from breeding, the foreigner was ready at any moment to buy their mares. For the last thirty years French and German dealers have watched every opportunity of advantageous purchase. The Crimean war helped the farmers a little, but afterwards they lost the trade again and the prices went down. After that almost all farmers began to give up breeding, and so things went on until the last eight years, when they began to improve a little, and they are improving still. "The horses would not have been so very scarce at this day if the French war had not come up, and now the Government have swept the country, and there are no horses to be had at all."

This picture of the fluctuations of horse-breeding in Yorkshire suggests that some element of stability is much needed in it. Our military policy has always treated both men and horses in the same way. Extravagance has alternated with parsimony. In order to reduce estimates we suspend purchases of horses; this discourages breeding, and when need arises it can only be supplied at heavy cost. Of all methods of encouraging breeders, that of buying their produce regularly is the most certain, and perhaps in the long run the cheapest. We greatly doubt whether any other method is open to the Government; but the perusal of this Report confirms the opinion we have before expressed, that a great public service may be rendered by any nobleman or gentleman who will place a sound and useful stallion at the disposal of his tenants and neighbours. A small part of the money spent in horse-racing would suffice to encourage the breed of those classes of horses in which at present the country is seriously deficient. Much has already been done in this direction, and the examples of Lord Charlemont in Ireland and of Lords Combermere and Falmouth in England cannot be too widely imitated by the aristocracy either of birth or wealth. Whatever unpopularity may be incurred by preserving game, a landowner may more than counterbalance it by promoting the breeding of useful horses. A man of wealth is independent of those fluctuations of the market which deter the tenant-farmer from breeding horses. On a series of years he probably would not lose, and he might be sure at any rate that the country would gain. It used to be said that one of the chief duties of a landowner was to plant acorns, and the same may now be said of getting likely mares in foal. Lord Charlemont says:—"It is only since I kept stallions myself that the farmers in the neighbourhood are breeding, and now they are breeding rather largely." He says of a certain district in Ireland, "It was a very large district for army purchase, but the price does not tempt the farmers now." There has been such an enormous number of horses taken out of the country for the last three years that the farmers cannot afford to sell at the army price. The Belgian army has been horsed for years from Ireland. "Everything has affected the horse market; the rise in prices in everything, and the demand beyond supply." There has been a decrease, but now breeding is getting up again considerably. Lord Charlemont does not think that horses in Ireland have deteriorated, but "our good horses are taken away before they have grown into their proper form." Lord Combermere thinks that if Government would do one thing, it would encourage breeding more than anything else; and that would be to increase the price of troop horses, say, to 50*l.* or 60*l.* That would induce a great many people to breed who do not now breed. "If Government gave a fair price, it would stop a great many horses going out of the country, and in the long run be a saving to the country." We are inclined to agree with this opinion of Lord Combermere, but of course the economists would not listen to him for a moment. It was, we suppose, consistent with economy that the horses employed for the autumn manoeuvres of last year were sold at an average loss of 16*l.*, and that horses have been bought for this year's manoeuvres at an advance of 5*l.* A London jobmaster cannot venture to run any risk of being unprovided when the season begins, and Mr. East told the Committee that on the 10th of March he had three hundred horses lying by and not earning a shilling, "in order that we may have them by us when we want them in May and June." He says that people in London would like to have their own horses if they could, "but we generally find that they break down in it as a rule." Many readers will easily own the truth of Mr. East's statement. He objects strongly to foreign horses for London work, and thinks the Mecklenburgers worst of all. Mr. Phillips told the Committee that the Yorkshire farmers have sold off their mares; "there are literally none left." As regards mares, the English buyer is beaten in the open market by the foreign buyer. "The foreigners considered our breed the best in the world, and they came here for them." These witnesses accurately state the result of their own experience

and observation, but it is of course possible that they may generalize too hastily. We can hardly, however, attach too much weight to such a remark as this of Mr. Phillips as to getting together two or three thousand artillery horses within three months. "It is not a question of money; it is a question of not having the animals." He believes that every farmer who farms over two hundred acres of land is short of horses. If we became involved in a war which closed Continental sources of supply, and if at the same time we had to send an army, say, to Belgium, we could not, under present circumstances, find the necessary horses.

If this is a correct statement of our position, a remedy must be applied to it, and any effectual remedy must cost money. Talk about the law of warranty and the horse-dealer's tax, and prizes for stallions at agricultural shows, is all very well as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. The arguments which induce us to build ships of war are equally cogent for buying or breeding horses. Let money be spent in the best way, but spend it. The French Government has lately recognized the truth that suitable horses for military purposes can only be had by paying for them. The French farmers, like the English farmers, find it more to their advantage to breed cattle than to breed horses. The French Government have come to the conclusion that it is their duty to induce the farmers to breed horses as well as cattle, and they have augmented the price which they offer by one-third. Our Government will be forced, however reluctantly, to do the same. Mr. Phillips urges the importance of choosing our stallions well, because we have only those mares left which the forgers did not think good enough to take away. The idea of prohibiting the further exportation of mares could not be seriously entertained. Mr. Phillips said that if we stopped our mares, France would stop her horses, and then "you may shut up your autumn manoeuvres." Mr. Phillips recommends that the cavalry and artillery should buy their horses at three years old, and keep them for a year or more before putting them into regular work; and he thinks that the artillery, having by this plan supernumerary horses, might supply two thousand of their least efficient horses for the transport of the autumn manoeuvres. This, he thinks, would be better than coming to him and saying, "Now we want two thousand horses in two months, and you must strain every nerve to get them." As regards the cost of this plan, it must be remembered that one thousand nine hundred horses were sold after last year's manoeuvres at a loss of 16*l.* a piece, which represents upwards of 30,000*l.* In one respect the Government are gainers, for their cavalry horses, as well as those of the Railway Companies, fetch higher prices than they used to do. Even the knackers pay 10*s.* more per carcass than formerly. A witness puts it that five men want to buy six horses, and there are only four for them in the market. He finds that in his business of broker he has to pay 20*l.* more for horses than he paid twelve months ago. Clearly the Government must submit to a similar advance. It is strange, but true, that horses are so dear because they have been so cheap. This country, after supplying all the Continent with horses, now finds herself destitute. But prudence and patriotism may in a few years recover our position. Only we must make up our minds to spend more money upon horses for our army.

THE GAOL CAMERA.

THE presentation of a portrait is a familiar form of public gratitude. Sometimes the picture is presented to the person who is therein commemorated, and sometimes it is placed in a public repository for the delight and edification of posterity. The latter course is that which has been adopted with a collection of portraits of celebrated characters which is now being formed under the auspices of the Home Secretary. It may be said that there are two things which nowadays make their way everywhere—art and local rating. It appears that art has become an important element in the police system of the country, and, as usual, the expense is thrown on the local rates. Under the Habitual Criminals Act of 1870 directions were given that a register should be kept of all convicted prisoners, and that means should be provided for identifying them—in other words, that they should be photographed. The photographs were to be deposited at Scotland Yard. A sort of Walkhall of criminal celebrities has thus been established; but it is not exactly known with what feelings this distinction is regarded by the class upon whom it has been conferred. We have some recollection of reading that when the practice of photographing criminals first came into operation it was in some instances rather violently resisted, but this may have been from modesty and a retiring disposition. There is obviously not much use in taking photographs of a gentleman who bobs his head madly up and down, and hideously distorts his features. A Parliamentary Return has just been issued, in which no mention is made of any difficulties of this kind, and perhaps the shyness of habitual criminals may have been overcome by the reflection that it would be a pity to be handed down to posterity as uglier than they really are. A great man once insisted that his portrait must contain all the warts and wrinkles on his face; but greatness and personal vanity are not invariably dissociated. It should be explained that it is not exactly public gratitude which has produced this anxiety to obtain memorials of the heroes and heroines in question. The object is to assist the police in identifying them if they should happen to resume their professional labours. We learn from this return that down to the end of last year 43,634 persons have been

photographed at a cost of 3,000*l.* The local-rating camel is already so overburdened that the tiniest straw may break its back; but in this case there is at least reason to believe that, if the police expenses are increased in one way, the effect will be to reduce them in another. It is of course too soon as yet to estimate the full results of the system; that can only be done after it has been for a longer period in operation.

The prison authorities report that, as far as they know, the photographs have led to the detection of criminals in 156 cases, and the Metropolitan Police give 373 cases of detection, which perhaps include some of the former. This is, no doubt, a small proportion of detections out of such a large number of criminals; but it does not follow that the practice is useless. It is possible that one reason why there have not been more detections is simply because criminals, knowing the chances of being identified, are afraid to go back to their old habits. Moreover, the value of this portrait gallery is not exhausted. It will continue to be serviceable for the identification of offenders in future years. The number of cases of detection by this means must necessarily be very much a matter of accident. Of 103 county prisoners at Bedford, 20 have been detected; but only one at Reading out of 270 prisoners, and none at Chester out of 266. At Dorchester there were six cases out of 178, but the Justice adds that it is impossible to say in how many more instances the photographs may have indirectly had this effect. The Holloway Gaol Committee similarly remark that it is quite out of their power to say in how many cases the photographs have led to detection, but they mention that about thirty of the whole number of prisoners have since come under their observation and have been punished for fresh offences. "Not known" is the answer given by a majority of prisons, and it may be assumed that when the answer is "None," it means pretty much the same thing. The truth is that it is by no means easy to trace the effects of such a system. It may be presumed that the police do not neglect to study this interesting collection of portraits, but they may not be able in each case to say how much they owe to the photographs. From some of the prisons the reply is "No record kept"; but, though the record can hardly be otherwise than imperfect, an attempt should at least be made to keep one. The cost of photographing prisoners varies a good deal. In some cases we find that the governor of the gaol takes charge of the camera as a labour of love. Liverpool has spent 95*l.* in fitting up a photographic studio, and pays 60*l.* a year to a regular artist to attend there; and studios have also been provided in other gaols.

It is to be hoped that the practice of placing prisoners under the lens has not altogether superseded the old fashion of making them "sit for their portrait" under the eyes of warders and constables, so that the latter may take a mental impression of the face and figure of each sinner. Readers of *Dickens* will recollect how the venerable hero of the romance underwent this ordeal on his incarceration in the Fleet, and found it rather trying to his philosophical composure. It is one thing to photograph a face, and it is another thing to recognize a face from a photograph. The most absurd and erroneous impressions of physiognomy, and especially of stature and complexion, are frequently conveyed by photographs. Everybody knows the dull, hard, constrained expression which is frequently met with in the family album. A cheerful uncle is made to wear an aspect of gloomy ferocity, while the timid maiden aunt displays the brazen determination of a reckless Amazon. The blonde angel is transformed into a dusky demon, and hair of the most blazing red is darkened into jet. We have soon a little fellow of five feet nothing come out in his *carte* a stalwart giant of six feet two. As for the relative size of head, hands, and feet, nothing can be more grotesque than the tricks which are sometimes played by the camera in the hands of an artist who has not mastered the mysteries of focus. It may be assumed that there is always a certain likeness in a photograph, but it is often a likeness of quite an unexpected kind. We should say that the most common experience on seeing any one with whose photograph you were previously familiar is a feeling of surprise that the original should be so like the photograph, and yet so different from what you imagined him to be. His likeness really was in the photograph, only you were led away on a false scent by some exaggerated feature or unnatural shadow, and formed a false impression of his looks and bearing. And of all people the criminal classes are the most difficult to photograph. The ordinary run of prisoners have a strange resemblance to each other. They seem to have nearly all much the same mean, common, doughy sort of face, weak and flabby, and the same small, restless eyes, and air of vacant imbecility. It is the rarest thing in the world to see a manly or intelligent face among them, or indeed a face with a strongly marked character of any kind. They are mostly soft, silly people, marked by self-indulgence and a sort of weak, inconsiderate impulsiveness that leads them, when they come across a thing they want, to snatch at it. There is hardly any class who have, to all appearance, so little of their wits about them; and a considerable proportion of the habitual criminals may almost be described as semi-idiotic. We are by no means desirous of founding upon this any plea for the exemption of this class from punishment, because, however feeble and imperfect may be their intelligence, they have at least enough of it to know very well that it is not pleasant to be punished, and they are so far under a certain amount of self-control. Still the fact may be taken for what it is worth. It will readily be imagined that people of this stamp do not come out very well in photographs. A policeman accustomed to see a great many copies of the same type of face is often

puzzled to distinguish one from another, even when standing in the flesh before him, and he is still more puzzled when looking at their blank, lifeless portraits. Under these circumstances, the photographs themselves may in some degree help to account for the comparatively small number of detections to which they have led. This is peculiarly a case in which what is worth doing is worth doing well, and an improvement in the style of portraiture may be expected to follow as a result of experience.

It would appear that at present this interesting collection of portraits is used simply for ordinary police purposes. The policemen and warders look over the pictures, and try to pick out faces which they wish to identify. The next step will perhaps be to subject the gallery to scientific analysis and classification. It has before been observed that murderers have a wonderful family resemblance. The thick neck, heavy jaw, and low, retreating forehead are significantly repeated, though of course now and then a character of an entirely different kind appears in this class. The common thief is distinguished rather by his weak chin and narrow forehead than by any indications of exceptional brutality. Thieves may be divided roughly into four classes—the casual, the habitual, the petty, and the grand. The casual thief yields under the pressure of strong temptation or exceptional distress; the habitual one has had his natural propensities confirmed and intensified by the influence of circumstances, and it is as difficult to remove him from the latter as to change the former. The petty thief, except when of the casual kind, has usually a very unprepossessing look; but here comes in the distinction between the petty and the great rogue. It is not a natural progress of development from the petty to the great. Occasionally, no doubt, the petty may rise into the great, but as a rule the great are a class apart from and unlike the common race of scoundrels. This is a point on which novelists are strangely apt to go wrong. Even Dickens, who began life as a reporter at the Old Bailey, and had studied criminals in all their phases more than most men, generally makes the mistake of giving his villains a vicious and repulsive aspect. It does not require either much shrewdness or observation to see that a marked and obvious villain, a villain with the placard of villainy on his brow, would, in the nature of things, find but indifferent scope for the perpetration of his villainies, for the simple reason that he would be known for what he was, and everybody would be on their guard against him. Indeed we have sometimes been driven to think that a really hang-dog face may be highly conducive to the practice of virtue, no alternative almost being left. But the peculiarity of the big swindler, and it is a characteristic which helps to explain his career, is his candid and benevolent appearance. This is the familiar type of Bank thief and City swindler, and here, again, the reason is that it is his candour and benignity which are, as it were, the jenny and crowbar of his trade. But for these he could not make his way. They win him trust, and it is the trust reposed in him which opens up his opportunities of plunder. This is the weak point of physiognomy as an aid to the detection of crime. Except in the lower grade of roguery and scoundrelism, the really ill-looking people have not much chance. When we consider the personal looks of a good many of the members who came into the House of Commons at the last general election, it would obviously be dangerous to trust too much to appearances as a clue to criminal character.

ART AT THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

II.

THERE is a danger that the mismanagement which has all along marked the administration of the Vienna Exhibition may prevent the fair appreciation of the incontestable merits of the works displayed. It is moreover to be feared that few persons will have the courage or the strength so to compass the vast collection as to carry away any clear idea of the comparative position held by each nation. In the department, however, of the Fine Arts, clearness has in some good degree been secured by the appropriation of separate buildings to different countries; though even here one nation frequently invades the territories of neighbouring nations. The student is also met by the serious difficulty of multitudinous Catalogues which often impede rather than facilitate his progress; our table already groans under the weight of about a dozen of these ponderous, prosaic, yet inaccurate productions, and as many more must be added to make the collection complete. Indeed the "Ausstellungen-Literatur" has swollen into a goodly library, and the topics discussed are so varied as to form a Cyclopædia of useful and entertaining knowledge. The visitor has the privilege of purchasing at stalls conveniently placed within the building a volume on the cultivation of the vine, a treatise on the production of beer, "an essay on sea-sickness," &c. And our complaint is that, after all, we cannot get within the special division of the Fine Arts what we want; we are driven from Catalogue to Catalogue, and the discrepancies in numbers, names, and descriptions have in the end to be set right in manuscript. We are happy to add that we have been repaid for our trouble, and we shall now proceed to show wherein lie the surpassing riches of these ample galleries, corridors, and porticoes.

The German Empire puts forth its collective force in an aggregate of 753 pictures which occupy four large galleries, and eight corresponding small side rooms—space only equalled by the

large area filled by France. Indeed it is between France and Northern Germany that the competition for the foremost rank lies; the two nations here measure their strength in the arts as they have recently done on the battle field—with this difference, however, as to the issue of the conflict, that new Germany is defeated. And yet we have never seen, except perhaps in Munich four years ago, so strong an array of the German forces. But though it may be for the glory of the Fatherland that artists hitherto scattered among separate and minor States should now be concentrated under one Empire, yet the instructive comparisons which in the former condition of things could be instituted between distinctive schools, such as those of Düsseldorf and of Munich, become now, under a blended national unity, difficult and all but impossible. We may venture, however, to state that the several Academic centres long known in Exhibitions appear on the present occasion in relative importance in the following order. Between Munich and Düsseldorf there is a close run for the lead; Munich has had in her favour proximity of position, and the number, magnitude, and importance of her contributions are proportionately great, though in the absence of Director Kaulbach she suffers a loss for which even the presence of Professor Piloty does not quite compensate. Berlin follows next, producing as her credential a noble historic work by Professor Richter, who now for the first time worthily asserts in an international contest the position to which he is known to be entitled. Among minor States, Weimar gives proof of the possession of a well-appointed Academy; Carlsruhe and Stuttgart also produce works which attest activity and talent. Dresden is exceptionally barren; even Professor Hubner does not deign to give any pledge of his historic talent; but possibly his reputation would have gained little by the ambitious composition which within recent years has obtained a place in the Gallery which boasts of the masterpieces of Raffaele, Holbein, and Correggio. Dresden is in decadence. After a careful survey of the contents of these German Galleries, we again come to the conclusion that there is a deep and unbroken stratum underlying the whole German Empire. For the moment there appear on the surface differences in formation which may for a time divide Munich from Düsseldorf, or Berlin from Vienna; but such distinctions are usually found to be but the accidents resulting from the residence of some man of commanding talent such as that of Professor Piloty in Munich. German art essentially remains German for ever; it is serious, solemn, and studious even to a fault; it lacks spontaneity. Compared with Italian art—old as well as modern—it is denied the sense of beauty; indeed we have sometimes thought that the true vocation of professors in Germany has been to teach and to illustrate the philosophy of ugliness. In Vienna the contrast between Germany and France is just as great as might be anticipated from the differences of national character. In a German picture we can always smell tobacco and beer, without the promise of champagne; and yet we are expected to worship as in the presence of the gods. The French, on the contrary, are without a creed; they seldom presume to teach, and profundity and philosophy they hold in abhorrence. A French artist is content to be artistic and nothing more. Such are the conclusions which once again the Vienna Exhibition serves to confirm.

The noblest work in the whole Exhibition is undoubtedly "The Triumph of Germanicus," a picture nearly thirty feet long, the figures above life size, the style such as might be expected from its predecessor, seen in London in 1862—Nero walking amid the ruins of Rome. Professor Piloty has again chosen a grand subject, which he treats grandly; nothing is wanting that Academic drawing, balanced colour and composition, concentrated light and shade, can give. The scene is laid in the streets of Imperial Rome; on either side rise majestic palaces, and in the midst comes in triumph Germanicus, greeted with loud acclamation. But it is neither the general nor the Emperor that attracts the universal gaze; the German captive Thunelda, of queenly dignity and beauty, leading by the hand her little son, and followed by a company of maidens, stands as the heroine of the story. Still nearer to the spectator is seen a white-bearded bard goaded by jeering soldiery, and in the foreground an old harper hand-bond has sunk in weariness. This elaborate composition, executed under commission from the town of Munich, has to our knowledge cost the artist the labour of four years, and even now we could desire more work in some of the subordinate passages. Next in importance ranks Professor Richter's florid, but well-studied, composition, "The Building of an Egyptian Pyramid." The moment chosen for this well-known picture is when the King and the Queen have come to see the progress of the works; in the foreground swarthy Nubians drag along a massive block of stone, and the Pyramid, which already rises high into the sky, is crowded with busy labourers. The picture, which barely escapes extravagance, not only in colour, but even in the forms and in the lines, may be taken as a sign of the times. "The Departure of the Jews from their Captivity in Babylon," the largest easel work we have yet seen by the fresco-painter, Professor Bendemann, the Director of the Düsseldorf Academy, already belongs to the past. The colour could hardly be worse, the forms are hard, the composition is confused, the action, especially in the foreground, where the figures tear passion to tatters, is spasmodic. This learned art claims as its merit the charm of being disagreeable; it has had its day, and may now claim respectable burial. In its place, at present, reigns the school wherein Piloty and Richter are leaders, a school that believes painting to be not a dry didactic, but a

pleasure-giving art. This new phase, unlike its obsolete predecessor, is triumphant in colour, bold in surface texture, assailing in dramatic action, scenic in contrast of light and shade. The new school and the old school, as seen in the Exhibition and elsewhere, possess only one point in common; both place equal faith in a noble type of humanity, in both alike resides the love of beauty. In Germany even *genre* painting tends to the generic, and naturalism represents not only the individual but the species.

The painters of *genre* are a legion; even history is treated as an episode in domestic life. We have marked no less than forty artists who give themselves habitually to small incidents within the family circle. The chief among them have been long familiar in Exhibitions. Professor Knaus, Professor Jordan, Professor Vautier, Herr Salentin, all of Düsseldorf, Professor Rumberg, and Herr Schmidt, both in Munich, with a host besides distributed over all the chief art centres, produce works of as high an order as is permitted to this comparatively low sphere. Professor Knaus—strange to say, all but unknown to the omniscience of England—is a phenomenon and a genius no less remarkable in his own peculiar way than M. Meissonnier and M. Cabanel in Paris. We have watched the career of this artist over a space of twenty years, and we yet marvel at his infinite variety. In Vienna he is scarcely at his best; still unapproachably clever in character is "The Funeral." Down the steep stairs of a humble dwelling is borne the coffin of a young girl; the father is so stricken with sorrow that he totters in his steps, and is ready to fall; in the courtyard below, white with snow, are assembled the children of a village school, who sing a hymn ere their playmate is carried from their sight. Professor Knaus is best known for broad humour; he is one of the very few German artists who venture to laugh upon canvas; yet no man can be more pathetic; so true it is that, to the versatility of genius, tears are akin to laughter, and comedy is but the byplay to tragedy. German artists here again show themselves solemn to a fault; the most trivial incident is dealt with as a problem in the profoundest philosophy. These painters dread daylight as a certain personage is said to fear holy water; they seldom study in the sun; in fact, they are most at home in a dark interior, and, in default of a better expedient, they will force up a figure by a black cloud expressly hung in the sky for the purpose; their colour is habitually muddy and of the earth earthy. Thus these German *genre* painters would appear to be first cousins of certain artists in the Scotch school. We must not forget to mention Herr Max as one of the most singular of the phenomena now presented by European art. His pictures are as the imagination of a mind which dreams and sleeps and then awakes to madness. A moonlight pallor is the complexion of his creations; the spell of reverie and of enchantment possesses his figures; his "Walgurnisnacht" is near to the world of spirits and of shadows.

The Germans are already hard at work on the recent war, but their painters are not worthy of their soldiers; a French artist would know how to glorify a defeat, while a German painter is sure to mar a victory. In like manner German portrait painters are more happy in their subjects than in their modes of treatment; they cut out a head keenly as a mason would carve an effigy in red sandstone, and the crude colour of the flesh is usually set off by some assailing complementary tone in the background. And yet the great men of the nation, such as Bismarck, Moltke, and Humboldt, cannot complain of ill treatment. Never have we seen a better studied portrait than that by Professor Heyden, in Berlin, of General von Moltke in his "Arbeitszimmer" at Versailles.

Landscape painting is now the rage in Germany; not even *genre* has so many followers; we have made no less than no less than sixty artists who are industriously devoting their lives to the study of nature. Professors Achenbach and Leu in Düsseldorf, Director Lessing of Karlsruhe, better known in figure painting as the champion of Protestantism, Herr Lier in Munich, have been, and still are, the leaders. A change is coming over the complexion of German landscape art, analogous to the transition in figure painting from the stilted historic to the simple domestic. The time has been when a German painter would think himself nowhere if he did not invade nine-tenths of his sky with snow mountains, the remaining one-tenth being reserved for a thunder-storm. But now more placid moods have come. The change is most marked in the simple-minded studies of Herr Lier of Munich. In the place of a mountain, we now wander and wonder over a low horizon; instead of a grand lake, we are invited to wade knee-deep through a sedgy swamp; and in lieu of purple and gold, not to mention emphatic black, we may be supposed to find supreme delight in the most harmless of greys. The secret of this new system is to make much out of nothing. German landscape is now approaching French landscape, but no German has yet come near to M. Corot.

We cannot close without a brief tribute to the earnest, unwearied devotion with which art is pursued in Germany. In no other land are found so many Galleries, Academies, or Professors. While in France little is heard of art beyond Paris, in Germany there are at least fifty towns possessing the needful appliances for the art education of the people. In fact, the study of art has become one of the serious avocations of life; the training is systematic and long-sustained; the work is so unabating that a German painter might, with Michael Angelo, make it his boast that he owed nothing to genius, but all to labour. German art, indeed, is laborious even to excess. These galleries, we repeat, prove that it is the special privilege of the school to be sedate and solemn. German art is dark, draped, and decent; the nudities common

to the French have here little attraction for professors, pupils, or the public. The great fault of this national art may be said to be that it is pedantic, prosaic, and ponderous. A German painter might fitly have for his epitaph the words, "Lie heavy on him, earth, for he laid many a heavy load on thee."

REVIEWS.

PICOT'S HISTORY OF THE STATES-GENERAL.*

THE privileges of the States-General, said Macaulay with characteristic vigour of expression, are to a Frenchman of the present day a matter of as little practical importance as the constitution of the Jewish Sanhedrim or of the Amphictyonic Council. True as this is, it need not therefore be inferred that Frenchmen are as little interested in the doings of their ancestors as they are in those of Jews and Greeks. The chasm of the great Revolution is wide, but it is the same nation that is seen on the far as on the near side of it, and the history of the France of the old régime should have something more than a mere archaic interest for the citizens of the newest Republic. This view accords with that taken by the author of the laborious and exhaustive work now before us. M. Picot passes equal condemnation upon those of his countrymen who, holding that France sprang to life in 1789, disdain to pay attention to aught of earlier date, and upon those who, believing on the contrary that France perished in the Revolution, fail to see how in that mighty change were fulfilled the desires and aspirations of many past generations—opposite schools resembling each other in nothing but in "their common ignorance of history." M. Picot's researches owe their origin to the *Académie des sciences morales et politiques*, which six years back gave as a subject for competitive essays the "États-Généraux de France considérés au point de vue de leur influence positive sur le gouvernement," and in 1870 bestowed its approval upon his work. The interest of the subject, so the author contends, increases rather than diminishes in the midst of public agitations:—

La France n'avait-elle jamais essayé sérieusement de se gouverner elle-même? Était-ce aux circonstances ou à un défaut de nature qu'on devait attribuer ses tardifs efforts vers un gouvernement libre? Ces tentatives elles-mêmes étaient-elles aussi éphémères que l'histoire nous les a peintes? Ont-elles été rattachées entre elles par quelque lien? Dans leurs aspirations généreuses, nos pères ont-ils été aux échos de cette imagination que nos ennemis semblent tenir pour notre unique vertu, ou bien ont-ils montré un peu de cette persévérance qui seule donne le succès aux nations comme aux hommes?

Posée dans ces termes, la question offrait un champ trop vaste et une application trop directe pour demeurer une pure question d'érudition. Il y a dans l'apparente diversité de nos révolutions une telle unité que l'étude du passé ne peut demeurer indifférente à ceux qu'alarment nos secousses modernes.

The States-General were in truth neither contemptible nor servile bodies. Their influence, direct and indirect, was greater than is often supposed; they did as much as could be expected from rarely recurring assemblies having no share in the sovereignty. Their sole immediate power was that of voting the taxes, and this was a tradition rather than a living fact. It was held that money could not be levied without their concurrence; over and over again the States asserted their right, and every age cherished the delusion that there had been a time when it had been respected. According to the men of the fifteenth century, Charles V. was the first king who levied taxes without consent; the sixteenth century charged the sin upon Charles VII. or Louis XI., the seventeenth upon Francis I.; and yet, in truth, there had never been an age when immunity from arbitrary taxation was the rule. In the annals of France not one king can be found who limited himself to the grants of the States. Practically the deputies could do little more than complain, remonstrate, and suggest; and this subordinate function they well discharged. Those who have read the *Histoire d'un paysan* will remember the elaborate process by which the expression of grievances was secured. As soon as the letters of convocation reached the provinces, each village began to draw up its *cahier*, a string of complaints and propositions of all kinds; delegates from the villages, in a meeting held in the *chef-lieu* of the *bailliage*, then digested these various *cahiers* into one. The States, on their assembling, set to work to cast the provincial *cahiers* into the form in which they were to be presented to the King. The first appearance of this process is in the States of 1468, in which we hear of the deputies having brought petitions, which were to be placed in the hands of the Chancellor; the improvement of a final digest was introduced in 1484 by the great States of Tours, whose example was followed by the assemblies of the sixteenth century. These *cahiers de doléances* are the chief monument of the States-General, and M. Picot speaks of them with almost enthusiastic admiration:—

Eglise, justice, législation, finances, commerce et armée, en un mot, toutes les questions qui intéressent la France s'y trouvent successivement traitées avec une connaissance approfondie des faits et parfois avec une admirable éloquence. . . . Les générations qui concevaient et proposaient ces réformes étaient capables de grandes choses: l'élévation de leur pensée, la hardiesse de leur style nous sont de sûrs garants de leur intelligence. Le sort de Louis XI., à l'avènement de Charles IX., deux fois sous Henri III.,

* *Histoire des États-Généraux, considérés au point de vue de leur influence sur le gouvernement de la France de 1355 à 1614.* Par Georges Picot, Juge au Tribunal de la Seine. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie des sciences morales et politiques (premier prix du concours d'histoire). Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1872.

au début du règne de Louis XIII. les États nous offrent ces vastes compilations dans lesquelles on trouve à chaque page le souffle de 1789.

All this labour and intelligence was not so utterly thrown away as might be supposed. It seems to have been fated that the States-General should see no immediate fruit of their work, but the seed they sowed nevertheless came up in course of time. Charles V., Louis XII., Henry IV., Richelieu, one after the other carried out the ideas of preceding States-General, to whom must therefore be allowed a share in the honour of the measures of these rulers. Still, when all has been said in their favour, the fact remains that the States-General were a failure. While the kindred assembly in England fought its way up to supremacy, clinging with dogged persistence to every inch of vantage-ground, the French one let power slip through its fingers. M. Picot's four thick volumes carry us as far as its inglorious end under Louis XIII.; its terrible resurrection in 1789 not falling within the scope of his work. The States-General at any rate cannot complain of not having found a careful and an appreciative historian. Everything in which their influence was felt, whether in the general government of the realm, in ecclesiastical affairs, administration of justice, legislation, police, finance, commerce, the position of the noblesse, or military organization and discipline, is gone into with the utmost thoroughness and detail. Much of this is, as may be supposed, better adapted for lawyers than for ordinary readers, or at least for ordinary English readers unacquainted with technical French phrases; and we shall therefore confine our notice to the parts which possess an historical, social, or constitutional interest. M. Picot brings to his task the calm impartiality of the judge, and is as guiltless as Hallam himself of striving to whitewash one party or to blacken another. While sympathizing, as must everyone not wholly given over to the worship of royal or aristocratic despotism, with the efforts of the *tiers état* towards political liberty, he fairly points out that the blame of its failure rests, not alone with the King or with the privileged orders, but in some degree with itself.

Called for the first time to take its place in the councils of the realm by Philip the Fair, who convoked the first assembly of the Three Estates in 1302, the *tiers état*—to use the name of later days—did not become a power of any importance until the disastrous reign of John. The stormy assemblies of 1355 and 1356 must not be taken as ordinary specimens of States-General. The *tiers état*, then suddenly attaining power and setting to the work of reform with a will, found itself plunged into revolution, and from that time until 1789 never recovered the light it gave itself; or, as M. Picot puts it, "il pensait réformer, et il s'aperçut qu'il avait mené la France aux abîmes." It was under the pressure of dire necessity that John in 1355 convoked the States-General of the Langue d'Oïl. The English war having gone on intermittingly for nearly eighteen years, the King was at his wits' end. He had changed the nominal value of the coinage ten times in the space of a year, and nevertheless was reduced to order his officers to postpone payment of his debts. This ruinous prerogative of arbitrarily fixing the value of the coinage was among those which the Estates forced him to surrender. Their reforms were good, but the taxes, imposed with no great judgment, provoked in the provinces a violent opposition, which was diligently fomented by Charles of Navarre and his party. On the reassembling of the Estates there was not present a single deputy, noble or burgher, from Normandy or Picardy, those provinces taking this way of expressing their determination not to pay the new taxes. The Estates yielding, substituted for the obnoxious imposts an income-tax, which most historians have since strongly decried as pressing unduly upon the poor. This reproach M. Picot declares to be unfounded, adding, "La part de l'arbitraire était assez large sous le roi Jean sans qu'on l'exagère par des calculs erronés." That the man who had five livres a year should pay half a livre, while the first hundred livres of income were taxed at four livres, and every hundred after that at two only, was far from being an equitable arrangement; but our author seems to find sufficient compensation in the total exemption of the poor, and the taxation of the nobles, already burdened with the heavy weight of military service, at a higher rate than the non-nobles of equal fortune—a fact which points to the growing influence of the *tiers état*. That order had for its president the famous Etienne Marcel, provost of the traders of Paris, and patriot or traitor as one may choose to consider him, who played so conspicuous a part in the troubles ensuing upon the defeat of Poitiers. The course of events after that battle is sufficiently well known—the struggle between the young Duke of Normandy and the States-General; the rise of Marcel as the leader of the insurgent Parisians; the placing of the government in the hands of a commission of thirty-six members of the Estates; the revolutionary period when Charles saw two of his councillors murdered before his eyes, and was thankful to protect himself by putting on the red and blue hood of the insurgents; his escape from the capital where, though styled Regent, he was no better than a prisoner to the Parisians, and had been forced to receive with apparent friendship his rival and the favourite of the revolution—Charles of Navarre; the outbreak of the Jacquerie, the massacre of Paris by the Regent, and the death of Etienne Marcel among heads of loyal or treacherous fellow-citizens—in short, the whole round of revolution, anarchy, and reaction.

The remonstrances of the States-General, and the ordinances issued to carry out their desires, throw light upon the disorganization and misadministration of the period. The Royal Council was the subject of urgent complaint. Those who had any business with it were kept waiting without an answer for a

fortnight, for three weeks, for a month, till they went away in disgust, many of them so impoverished and embittered that "ceux qui estoient françois en sont devenus anglois, et leurs châteaux, villes et pays ont tourné en la main et obéissance de nos ennemis." The councillors did not proceed to business till near dinner-time, sat long over their meal, "et faisoit l'on peu après dîner les choses profitables." To stop the day's salary of any member who did not make his appearance betimes was the method devised, to ensure the diligence of the new Council imposed by the States upon Charles. The disorder which reigned throughout the administration was perhaps at its height in the military service. Armies imposing only in the estimates were known in the days of Poitiers as of Sedan; and the age of chivalry was not far behind modern times in roguery. At the reviews the captains swelled their companies with sham soldiers—*passé-polans*, as they were called; horses passed on from one man to another did duty over and over again; pages and servants were counted as men-at-arms:—

Ainsi un seul pour quatre du roy gages prenoient,

says a contemporary complaint upon the disaster of Poitiers. The King's kinsmen and other great men were not even put to the trouble of getting up stage battalions. Having only to furnish a list of the men they brought with them, it was easy to run the numbers up. It would be interesting to know how many of Froissart's gallant nobles and knights were capable of making deliberately false affirmations as to the number of their followers. Money rarely found its way from the treasurers of the army to the captains, who, in their turn, not content with cheating their superiors, cheated their soldiers also. The States took the most minute precautions to ensure that the men and horses they paid for actually existed, and that the supplies they voted should really go towards the war. Yet, in spite of all precautions, punishments threatened, promises or oaths exacted from everybody who might be tempted to divert the money, the King included, it appears that out of all the taxes granted not one half was ever spent upon the war.

In the earlier as in the later stages of the Hundred Years' War, the national spirit of the States was strong—for the unhonoured assembly which ratified the Treaty of Troyes can hardly be accounted a fair representation of the nation—and perhaps they never deserved better of their country than when they gave their staunch support to Charles VII., who in his hour of need turned to them for aid. The conduct of the States both of the Langue d'Oïl and the Langue d'Oc rises to the heroic when the circumstances are considered. Subsidy upon subsidy was drawn from the suffering and ruined country—or rather from that part of it which had not fallen into the English power—to feed a wasteful and incapable administration, and to spin out an apparently hopeless resistance. At last, under the constant calls for fresh and unavailing sacrifices, the public zeal began to flag. Three times Charles convoked in vain the deputies of the Langue d'Oïl:—"Il fallait désormais, pour toucher les cœurs et mettre en mouvement les députés, d'autres promesses que celles dont on les leurrait depuis six ans." Full liberty of discussion appears to have been the chief inducement held out to the States which assembled at Chinon in 1428. Cautious deputies, no doubt remembering how three years back at Mehun-sur-Yèvre a favourite courtier, the Sire de Giac, irritated by comments upon the indiscipline and marauding practices of the royal troops, had proposed to his master to drown those who thus remonstrated, would require the reassuring promise that every one should be free "de dire, pour le bien des besognes, tout ce que bon lui semblera." The pressing question of the moment, however, was, to use the phrase of Cromwell, not one of well-being, but of being at all; Orleans was threatened by the English, and must, if possible, be saved. For its relief, hereafter to be achieved by Joan of Arc, an aid of 400,000 livres was granted, and absent nobles were summoned from their waiting upon Providence to range themselves, "in this extremity," beneath the royal banner. This intimation of slackness among the great men is noted by the author as showing the popular character of that struggle which had for its chief a peasant girl; it was in the people that the French monarchy found its best ally. M. Picot claims for the States-General the honour of having done in their way as much for Charles "the Well Served" as his captains did in the field. How, he goes on to ask, was it that their lot was so different?—

Pourquoi cette institution ne recueillit-elle pas une part, quelque petite qu'elle fut, de la juste popularité qui couvrait de leur vivant Xaintrailles et Dunois? Comment se fait-il enfin que le généreux effort accompli par une nation ruinée n'ait rencontré ni la reconnaissance des contemporains, ni même le souvenir de l'histoire?

The answer is easy, and M. Picot supplies it. The deputy who voted taxes and his constituents who paid them were undoubtedly patriotic and self-sacrificing, but they stood a poor chance of popularity and fame as compared with the leaders who actually drove out the English. Heroic deeds and successful combats were things to look back upon with pride and pleasure; taxes were only disagreeable incidents which might as well be forgotten. Black looks and bitter words from the taxpayers were probably often the only recompense the deputies met with on their return to the provinces, and, weary of granting away money, they failed to see what a weapon had been put into their hands by the weakness of Charles at his accession, when, afraid to levy taxes of his sole authority, he had eagerly sought their support. Peace came, and the States-General quietly abdicated. Charles was allowed to create a permanent army, and, though not in so many words, practically

to establish a permanent *taille* for its maintenance. Except from the nobles, no protest was heard; with the *tiers état* the measure appears to have been popular. Order and public peace, the first needs of the country, were secured, and the non-privileged class was gratified by the nobles being thenceforth forbidden to levy *tailles*. In its eagerness to spite its feudal tyrants, the nation never stopped to reflect that it was building up the royal despotism:—

Les États Généraux, frappés dans leur essence, devenaient par le fait absolument inutiles. . . . Aussi Charles VII ne convoqua-t-il plus la nation; hors les pays d'États, où le principe de libre discussion continu à prévaloir, la taille fut levée d'autorité dans le royaume.

(To be continued.)

SPENCER'S DESCRIPTIVE SOCIOLOGY.*

IT is well known that Mr. Herbert Spencer has for some time past been engaged in preparations for that part of his System of Philosophy which is to be called "Principles of Sociology." Probably the name must be accepted now, though barbarously formed and scarcely justified by necessity. The scientific study of man as a social or political animal might have been comprehended in the term "politics" without any violent extension of classical usage; indeed Mr. Spencer himself clearly regards politics in the popular sense as the art corresponding to the science in question; and the inconvenience, if such it is, of having but one name for a kindred art and science is one which we tolerate in many other cases. For the word "Sociology"—which, even if such hybrid formations were allowable, would not naturally convey the meaning it is intended to convey—we believe Auguste Comte is responsible. The credit is also claimed for him of having invented the thing. Considering that Socrates very positively expressed the opinion that politics ought to be scientifically studied instead of being left to rule of thumb—an opinion, by the way, which Mr. Herbert Spencer has quite recently (*Contemporary Review*, August, 1873) enounced in a strikingly similar manner—considering also that Plato and Aristotle both applied themselves to work out this thought elaborately in their different ways, and that, if more modern instances are required, we find them in such writers as Hobbes and Spinoza, the pretensions advanced on behalf of Comte's Sociology as a wholly new light do seem a little overconfident. But to return to Mr. Spencer's work; his object is to examine the natural laws which govern the development of societies, as he has examined in former parts of his system those which govern the development of individual life. Now it is obvious that the development of societies can be studied only in their history, and that general conclusions which shall hold good beyond the limits of particular societies cannot be safely drawn except from a very wide range of facts. Mr. Spencer has therefore conceived the plan of making a preliminary collection, or perhaps we should rather say abstract, of materials which when complete will be a classified epitome of universal history. Such a task can be accomplished only by a division of labour; and accordingly the compilation of the facts has been entrusted to others, the arrangement being Mr. Spencer's own.

We now have the instalment relating to England, consisting of seven classified tables, followed by seventy pages of extracts from various authorities in the nature of *indices justificatives*. The book is in folio and not convenient to handle. This seems inevitable, for the mechanical difficulties of carrying out the plan must have been considerable, and the tables could not have been exhibited on a smaller page. But as there are several more such folios to come, we are inclined to think it would be a timely relief if the publishers would also supply an easel to read them on. The tables are disposed in parallel columns, so that each column presents to a reader who runs his eye down it a summary of the state of some particular class of social phenomena at successive periods; while cross divisions, of which there are three or four in a page, mark off the table into horizontal bands each of which gives a general view of the social development attained in the period covered by it. The names of "Chief Persons" find their place in a narrow column running down the centre, and again subdivided for "Rulers," "Executive," and "Incentive." The first subdivision does not profess to show who were the persons that really governed England from time to time. The difficulties of making out such a list with sufficient certainty in a work of this kind would no doubt be grave, and what we have here is in fact simply a list of sovereigns with the dates of their accessions. The statesmen are found, along with soldiers, lawyers, ecclesiastics, and generally men distinguished in active public life, in the subdivision "Executive"; the men of science, arts, and letters being classed as "Incentive." This nomenclature seems to us well chosen; it hits the exact point of difference between the two kinds of social activity. We cannot now go into the details of the general classification; it is hardly to be understood except by actual inspection of the tables, and it would be perhaps premature to form any positive judgment on the scheme from this single instalment of the work. But the task is one eminently fitted to be dealt with by Mr. Herbert Spencer's faculty of scientific organizing, and whatever criticisms may suggest themselves on particular points, there is at least a strong presumption that, on the whole, it could not be

done better. As far as this volume goes, the arrangement seems clear and comprehensive. There is only one point on which we see a possibility of confusion; there is one column for "Aesthetic Sentiments," and another for "Aesthetic Products"; these are separated by nearly half the width of the table, and the history of literature and art is distributed between them in a somewhat inconvenient manner.

As touching the matter which fills these classified columns, we have to look, not to Mr. Herbert Spencer, but to his assistant, for the merits and the responsibility of the compilation. The extent of authorities to be consulted was very great; anything like independent research was clearly out of the question; and it would be unreasonable to demand minute accuracy where the avowed object is to furnish materials for a broad and summary view. The result of Mr. Collier's labours on the political and social history of England is a book of reference which will be very useful to students who know how to use books of reference—that is, as aids to their own reading and judgment, but not as substitutes for them. Indeed a conscientiously written book of this class ought constantly to address the reader, as the best of them do, in such a manner as to suggest to him that he is not expected to take the author's conclusions for granted. And when readers are misled by accepting in an unqualified manner statements which on the face of them are only condensed notes, it is generally as much their own fault as that of the writers.

Here the abridged text of the tables is, on the whole, well supported by the collection of extracts following them. From the nature of the case, many of the works from which the extracts are taken are themselves in the nature of books of reference, and the caution we have just indicated is therefore very necessary. The selection of authorities is somewhat miscellaneous; but the right ones are there for the most part, and it is no great harm if others are thrown in which do not really add much weight to them. It would perhaps be vain to expect that there should not be inequalities in the handling of the different departments. The divisions which satisfy us least are those containing the history of theological and artistic development. Under the head of "Religious Ideas and Superstitions" we find matters relating to theology proper, ecclesiastical discipline (notwithstanding that there is a separate head for ecclesiastical institutions), and folk-lore, surviving from Pagan times or otherwise, mixed up in a disorderly fashion; and the extracts are not so carefully chosen as elsewhere. Reeves's *History of English Law* is an odd authority to quote to show what are the sacraments of the Roman Church. We do not say that it was a duty to seek out the best Roman authority to illustrate what may fairly be deemed matter of common knowledge. But the 25th Article of the Church of England might have furnished a not less obvious and a more fitting reference than Reeves's History. Again, some items are put forward which, though amusing enough, are scarcely pertinent; such as the accounts of a mystery play, "For a new booke to hang Judas, sixpence," and the like. This is not equal in itself to the more modern bill of a church decorator, "For mending the Commandments, altering the Belief, and making a new Lord's Prayer"—preserved, if we remember right, by Southey—nor does it contribute much more to the history of English theology. A certain vagueness about ecclesiastical matters seems to have crept even into Mr. Herbert Spencer's classification. We are at a loss to understand why the column entitled "Professional," and representing the progress of the secular learned professions—and, by the way, it is a very meagre column—appears in the tables as a subdivision of "Ecclesiastical." Perhaps it may be only the tyranny of printers which caused a cramped arrangement of the headings.

Coming to aesthetics, we are a little surprised to find M. Taine's *History of English Literature* chiefly relied on, not merely for facts concerning our eighteenth-century writers, but for criticisms on them. We have a great respect for M. Taine, but are not disposed to accept on his authority the proposition that Burke had no taste. And in the table for the period 1688-1714 occurs the sweeping sentence "Literary descriptions crude and anatomical"—which, on referring to the corresponding part of Mr. Collier's digest, appears to be founded on nothing but M. Taine's opinion of a particular passage in the *Spectator*. This generalization from an isolated judgment of a foreign critic is not a very safe way of epitomizing an important period of English culture. The history of the law, a branch of history the importance of which not only to lawyers, but to all who mean to understand history, is now justly recognised, has due space assigned to it in the compilation; yet the facts as tabulated are so condensed as to be sometimes unintelligible or misleading. For instance the statement, under date 1844, "Livery of seisin first formally abolished," is inaccurate; and the inaccuracy, though it may be called only technical, is worth noting because it obscures one of the many little marks which show the constructive and conservative nature of English law reform. The ceremony in question has not been abolished, but only rendered needless. Any one who may be so minded is still perfectly free to convey land in the ancient form, of which the solemn actual delivery of possession is an essential part; only nobody does it on this day, as a grant by deed without further ceremony is now sufficient. Another slip, trifling but strange, is the assertion that the last stocks were "removed" in 1826. Physically removed they were not, for some are still to be found standing and in good working order.

But, for reasons we have already mentioned, as on the one hand no skill of the compiler can effectually prevent a work of this kind from being a snare to the idle and the unwary, so on the other

* *Descriptive Sociology, or, Groups of Sociological Facts. Classified and arranged by Herbert Spencer. English. Compiled and abridged by James Collier. London: Williams & Sonnes, 219.*

hand a small admixture of errors in detail will be no hindrance to its being useful in the hands of those who know the right use of it. The plan of this *Descriptive Sociology* is new, and doubtless the experience to be gained as the execution of it proceeds will suggest many improvements. We shall look with curiosity to the promised application of the same method by Mr. Herbert Spencer and his fellow-workers to the history of other countries and civilizations.

HUXLEY'S CRITIQUES AND ADDRESSES.*

IN an evil day for his health and peace of mind Professor Huxley was prompted by his zeal for the furtherance and diffusion of knowledge to offer himself as candidate for a seat at the London School Board, and his ill fortune, in the disguise of success, seated him in the coveted place. Throwing himself with his wonted energy into the work, or rather the talk, of that body, during the critical first year of its existence, while the struggle was hot for supremacy in the discussion forum and for the ascendancy of rival crotchets, his bodily stamina showed signs of yielding to the strain of so much additional exertion, and to the galling sense of being continually in the minority. We cannot regret that he decided on withdrawing betimes from an arena in which practical good sense seemed in danger of being set aside by theoretical philosophy, and in which far more good was to be done by a plain knowledge of human nature and experience of the ways of children than by the most powerful mastery of physiological or metaphysical problems, or the most ideally perfect system of the higher education. Now that the School Board has really got to work, and seems for the present content with the humbler task of teaching thousands of poor children to read, write, and cipher, it is chiefly as an exhibition of dialectical or speculative prowess that we look back to many of the contests round the Board table or in the public press which the first abstract treatment of the great education question called forth. To see such champions of the advanced philosophy and science of the day as Professor Huxley and Mr. Herbert Spencer for once arrayed against each other, albeit in most courteous and knightly fashion, must be a treat to what we may be permitted to call the fancy of the intellectual ring. And we are not sorry to find the challenger placing at the head of his lately issued reprint of *Critiques and Addresses* the discourse which led to this friendly passage of arms. It is to be deplored that in the opening exchange of blows the combatants show themselves to a strange extent beating the air. In his address to the Midland Institute on Administrative Nihilism, Professor Huxley had laid down the views of a certain advanced school of philosophers of which Mr. Herbert Spencer, at all events since the death of Mr. Mill, is the recognized head, as limiting the functions of government to those of a mere *astynomocracy* or regulative police as opposed to either a monarchy or a democracy. The State, according to this view, is simply a police functionary, and its duty is neither more nor less than to prevent robbery and violence and to enforce contracts. And for these views Professor Huxley finds in writings of this school two lines of argument—one of a deductive kind, from an assumed axiom of political philosophy, the other as the result of experience—tending to show that whatever is done by a Government beyond these limits is not only sure to be done badly, but to be done much worse than private enterprise would have done the same thing. Stated thus nakedly, we are not surprised at Mr. Herbert Spencer's having written under the title of "Specialized Administration" in the *Fortnightly Review* to repudiate this view, with a special reference to education. At the same time we share the difficulty of Professor Huxley in drawing the line between the policy of *laissez-faire* in relation to this question, and that maintained in the face of the Vaccination Act, the Contagious Diseases Act, the limitation of the hours of labour, and so forth. Nor is it clearer to us than it is to the Professor how much is gained by the substitution of the more sounding formula of "negatively regulative control." It would surprise many admirers of so-called advanced philosophy, were it but stripped of its more sonorous and complicated phrases, to find how little advance in actual knowledge or ideas had been made from times which are now called ignorant or obsolete. Mr. Spencer's ingenious parallel of the functions of government with the organization and development of the nervous system in man may be turned, as Professor Huxley argues, to far greater force against the negative view of State functions. The sovereign power of the brain thinks for the physiological organism, acts for it, and rules the individual components with a rod of iron; though we must add to the Professor's reasoning the consideration that uprisings are, in the corporeal as in the political organism, not unknown on the part of the inferior members, to the sore perturbation or discomfiture of the powers on high. Falling back upon Locke's golden or crystal formula of the end of government as the good of mankind, he leads us by successive instances of what the State may legitimately or should imperatively do, to the conclusion that it may and should educate the people. With no special love for Academies on the Continental model, or for the State taking into its hands the whole higher education of the nation, fostering all sciences and decorating all scientific men, he would have the elements of knowledge and the material appliances of research and study as universally brought within the reach of all as by the Poor Law system the essential

necessaries of life are guaranteed to all. Not less keen and incisive is his logic in cutting the knot of the so-called theological question. Of the two extreme sections, the religious dogmatists on the one side and the secularists on the other, he has the same opinion as to their being hopelessly in the wrong. The first is crying for more theology under the name of religion; the second unwisely and wrongfully admitting the assumption of their opponents' clamour for the abolition of all religious teaching, when all they really want is to be free from theology—"burning your ships to get rid of the cockroaches." The mere crumming of the understanding, without regard to the moral and religious nature, he knows to be a hollow delusion. "No human being, and no society composed of human beings, ever did or ever will come to much unless their conduct was governed and guided by the love of some ethical ideal." And, were he compelled to choose for a child of his own between a school in which real religious instruction is given and one without it, he would prefer the former, even though the child might have to take a good deal of theology with it. Nine-tenths of a dose of bark is mere half-rotten wood, but one swallows it for the sake of the particles of quinine. And he would ask by what practical measure is the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, to be kept up in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion on such matters, without the use of the Bible, woven, as this book has been for three centuries, into all that is best and noblest in English history:—

Hence, when the great mass of the English people declare that they want to have the children in the elementary schools taught the Bible, and when it is plain from the terms of the Act, the debates in and out of Parliament, and especially the emphatic declarations of the Vice-President of the Council, that it was intended that such Bible-reading should be permitted, unless good cause for prohibiting it could be shown, I do not see what reason there is for opposing that wish. Certainly, I, individually, could with no shadow of consistency oppose the teaching of the children of other people to do that which my own children are taught to do. And, even if the reading of the Bible were not, as I think it is, consonant with political reason and justice, and with a desire to act in the spirit of the education measure, I am disposed to think it might still be well to read that book in the elementary schools.

Much as we regret on public grounds the withdrawal of manly and clear-spoken advocacy like this from the Metropolitan Board, we look forward with hope to Professor Huxley's energies being recruited by his exclusion from the great palaver, and to his words of weight being duly pondered by the reading public. Pleased as we are, however, with what he has to say on Schools and School Boards, it is to the residual and chief portion of the present book that we must turn for the exhibition of his true powers. On subjects of physiology and the animal organism he is on his own vantage-ground. His store of fact and strength of reasoning give him here a mastery not easily to be questioned. The formation of coal, for instance, has never perhaps been treated in a popular form and within so short a space with equal fullness and perspicuity. The successive steps by which the true nature of the vegetable constituents of our coal seams has been made clear, and the process through which the deposit has been subsequently mineralized, will be found succinctly and lucidly set forth. So far from being referable to vegetable organisms of a former age, now extinct, it has been established that the secular matter of which the greater part of bituminous coal is made up, as distinct from mineral charcoal, consists of the spores and sporangia or spore cases of lepidodendroid and other plants closely allied to the club mosses of our day, other parts of which have furnished the carbonized stems and the mineral charcoal, or have left their impression on the surfaces of the layer. Ordinary coal may in general, Professor Huxley believes, be demonstrated to be nothing more than secular matter of this kind, which has undergone a certain amount of that alteration which, if continued, would convert it into anthracite. He is of course utterly opposed to the queer doctrine of Mr. Jukes and others, that coal was a submarine deposit, and is even inclined to demur to that of the soils on which it was formed having been wet and swampy, such evidences as those of marine animals or shells being found in the coal seams simply pointing to the fact of subsequent submergence. Depressions and elevations many in number must needs have taken place to have resulted in the alternate layers of coal and sandstone or shale, with the invariable under-clay, which mark the carboniferous formations. In some places the original forest bed of sigillaria or lepidodendrons has sunk three or more miles to its present place of rest, leaving it doubtful whether it will ever repay the labour of man to draw forth its bottled sunbeams to eke out our failing stock of substitutes for solar heat. In his calculation of the time over which these stupendous changes of the earth's crust and these rich deposits of vegetable wealth must have extended, we question whether, despite the high authority of Principal Dawson, he has taken proper account of the evidence yielded by the roots and stools or broken trunks of trees *in situ* common among our coal measures. These stumps retain in places a height of many feet above the level at which the deposit of leaves, spores, and sporangia must have begun. Exposed to the process of weathering, and preyed upon by parasite or insect life, could they have retained their present cylindrical form intact for anything like the immensity of time during which it has been held the accumulation of the surrounding bed must have been going on? Anything like a definite scheme of chronology must, as Professor Huxley allows, be in this case as much beyond the existing resources of science as in the case of the accumulation of coral reefs, on which subject he gives us an interesting and valuable paper. To the present day, and extending

* *Critiques and Addresses*. By Thomas Henry Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

back to almost any period within which the relations of sea and land have existed upon the earth, have the ancestors of these minute polypes been at work, building up, not reefs alone, but continents, of rock, to a height measured by thousands of feet, and over an area of thousands of square miles. Taking Professor Dana's measurement of one-eighth of an inch a year as that of the average increase of thickness of a coral reef, and limiting ourselves to the very ordinary thickness of such a reef, we get to 192,000 years as the period of its formation. The organic nature of these marine productions, which in Ovid's time and for seven centuries later were taken for sea-weeds, has been established by the successive investigations of Loccone, Peyssonel, and Trembley, and the secret of their working has been brought to light by the keen observation of Darwin, whose theory of the growth of reefs and atolls is clearly expounded in the present essay. On the subject of yeast, the controversy still raging as to the chemical or the organic nature of the phenomenon is left without a full decision, though Professor Huxley's leaning to the side of the germ theory is not disguised. The discussion has led investigators, he shows, face to face with problems of immense interest as well in pure chemistry as in animal and vegetable morphology. This speculation connects itself with that of his Presidential Address to the British Association in 1870, and here reprinted, on Biogenesis and Abiogenesis. Upon this we have the less occasion to remark at present, having spoken of it at the time, as we have also done with reference to his paper on British Ethnology, the weakest, or, we should prefer to say, the wildest, portion of the volume before us. Even assuming his melanochroi and xanthochroi to be two separate races "in the biological sense of the word race," we wholly fail to see how they have got commingled, as they are supposed to have been at an early period in the British islands, producing that homogeneous stock which Professor Huxley is delighted to recognize alike in Irishmen and Cornishmen in Celt and Teuton. His real powers are seen, in our view, to far greater advantage in the *Genealogy of Animals*, a review of Dr. Ernst Haeckel's *Natural History of Creation*, or in disposing of Mr. Darwin's *Critics*, especially of the *Quarterly Review* and Mr. Mivart. We part with the author for a while in the earnest hope that an interval of well-earned rest and leisure will restore him with recruited energies to his place as an investigator and instructor, eloquent and persuasive alike in the lecture-room and in the press.

FRENCH HOME LIFE.*

CRITICISM from the point of view of the "intelligent foreigner" is a form of instruction which we English are fond of inviting. The only drawback to the value of the testimony of the intelligent foreigner is that the range of his observation is too often limited, and that his temptation to rush to conclusions on insufficient data is great. This reproach can hardly be levelled against this book by our neighbours across the Channel. We learn from the preface that the author of these essays, now republished in a collected form, has embodied in them the experiences of a quarter of a century passed in a country which he regards as a "second home." His attachment to France is fully borne out by the kindly spirit in which his comments are conceived, and which will further recommend them to French readers. To us, whose task it is to criticize the critic, this book appears to be a careful study of an interesting subject, exhibiting no little acuteness of observation and analytical subtlety. The author is not without prejudices, and now and then the desire to say a telling thing betrays him into exaggeration; but, on the whole, he is not merely an entertaining, but a trustworthy, guide in the field of inquiry which he invites us to explore in his company.

"Home Life" is a comprehensive term, including many departments and various phases of domestic experience. Considering how large is the part which servants play in it, there is a certain fitness in beginning, as our author does, with a chapter on "Servants." In it he describes the moral effects which the ideas of '89 have produced on the minds of that class. Equality between master and man is a reality in France, but it is an equality of a special character, which evidences itself in a peculiar manner. It in no way involves a shade of doubt as to the temporary superiority of the employer over the employed, or diminishes the habitual deference and respect of manner which is expected from a servant; but it maintains intact between the two the pre-existing abstract truth that in morals and in law one is as good as the other; it covers the dignity of the server towards the served, and keeps them both assured that, directly they separate, their relative positions will once more become identical, not of course in the passing accident of social rank, but in the universal bond of common humanity. Hence it is that French masters are so often friendly with their servants, and discuss family affairs with them. There is no barrier, as in England, between them; only a tacit recognition of a connexion which, while it lasts, suspends equality. The fact that he can put an end to this suspension when he likes encourages the temporary inferior to support it while it lasts. The English servant is always struggling to maintain his imaginary dignity by sticking out for the infinitely small privileges which by degree, and under pressure, have been conferred upon him. The Frenchman, feeling that his rights as a man are absolutely

on a par with those of his master, attaches vastly less importance to his rights as a servant, and is consequently ready to do whatever you ask provided only you ask in a way which pleases him. He never raises the objection, so common in the mouth of English servants, "It's not my place to do it." If there be any reason for it, a cook will clean the drawing-room, a footman will cook the dinner, a lady's-maid will black the boots, without any growling, and rather as fun than otherwise. This adaptability is a peculiar merit of French servants. Their general characteristics are said to be activity, cleanly aspect (we observe that our author refrains from saying *cleanliness*), cheery temper, simplicity, and economy. In the last particular they present a marked contrast to the habitual thoughtlessness of their British confrères. Paris servants constitute a class *en genere*, "much less worthy, but far more interesting." Our author refers to the degrading and demoralizing effects of the sleeping arrangements for servants in Paris, which are the result of the general adoption of the "flat" system. In this particular, at least, English homes contrast favourably with the French "appartement." Considering the license they enjoy, our author thinks it wonderful that Paris servants are as good as they are. There are scamps among them, but there are a great many excellent creatures too; and "quantities of brave girls, who get up in the early morning to go to mass, and walk to their beds down those foul corridors with their eyes straight before them and their ears resolutely closed, like little snails whom no temptation can touch." On the whole, our author pronounces strongly in favour of the merits of French servants and the conditions under which their services are rendered. Nothing in the book, by the way, do we more warmly endorse than the sketch given in it of the immense superiority of the brisk and cheery *garçon* to the "greasy-coated, dough-faced, pretentious," and let us add rapacious, hotel-waiters of these islands.

Of French children our essayist has something to say. No one can have visited our neighbours across the Channel without perceiving what an important part children play in society; or, to put it less euphemistically, as this book does, what a development the art of spoiling has reached in France. Nevertheless, in French girls, and their way of bringing up, our author finds much to commend. Living side by side with demonstrative mothers, they soon learn to copy their gushingness and susceptibility to emotion. But this constant contact with their mothers has its good side. Girls learn to keep house, and to receive visitors, and cultivate the faculty of conversation. The French girl learns how to be a woman from her cradle; and this offers a large compensation for want of discipline and of the habit of application. Of French boys our author has formed a much less favourable opinion. The great majority of them he pronounced to be deficient in pluck and manliness. Their system of education is opposed to the development of these virtues. It is at school that they pick up the sneaking little notions which are so universal among them. They make faces at each other, they kick, they slap; but as for real hitting, as for defending a point of honour, as for hard rough games where force and skill are needed—who ever heard of these things in France? In discussing the causes of the late defeat of France, our author thinks that sufficient importance has not been attached to the effects produced by the education of the boys, to the utter want of stubborn pluck which characterizes it, and to the facility with which the higher moral teachings disappear when manhood comes. Until there is a radical change in the character and training of French boys, there will be small hope of seeing France take her old place again among the nations. Their whole early training would seem to be designed to develop cowardice. They are forbidden to fight; and if one boy should strike another, even in self-defence, all the other scholars would tell the master, and the offender would be punished as a danger to society and a corruptor of good morals. A Swedish boy at a *pension* in Paris was once called a liar by an usher of sixteen years old; the youngster went straight at him, got home his right on his teeth, and his left behind his ear, and then asked him if he would have any more; whereupon the thirty-seven other boys in the room rushed together at the Swede, rolled him on the floor, and stretched themselves on his body as if he were a rattlesnake in a box. When the poor fellow was got out his nose was flattened and his arm broken. Those thirty-seven boys were quite proud of it, and were ready to begin again.

The "singular skill of the French in the preparation of food" furnishes a topic to which a chapter in this work is dedicated. Our author dilates on the superior economy of French cooks, which is chiefly effected by the habit of buying in small quantities. He calculates that kitchen management in France is cheaper by one-third than it is in England. And when it is found that this vast saving is accompanied with extraordinary superiority in the nature of the food itself, English food arrangements can only be regarded with "stupefaction." "Boiling," as understood by English cooks, in particular, is denounced as an act of wasteful folly. We boil out of meat all its essences and juices, and then eat the tasteless azote-less relics of our work, while we diligently throw away the dirty water containing all the nutrition which we have distilled. The French dogma, on the contrary, is that everything which is in the food ought to be left in it by the cook, and to be found in it by the eater. Comparing the average amount of food consumed per head in the two countries, our author shows that its total weight is greater in France than in England. It is not, however, made up in the same way. A Londoner consumes more meat; a Parisian more bread and vegetables. His conclusion

* *French Home Life*. Originally published in Blackwood's Magazine. London: Blackwood & Son. 1873.

is that the French are at least as well fed as we are, while they spend much less than we do, and have vastly more agreeable eating.

Into a chapter on French manners the position and influence of women must necessarily largely enter. Of the urbanities which have their root in the innate desire of one sex to charm, and of the other to render homage to female charms, our author speaks in terms of high commendation. As between man and man he considers them to be carried to the verge of hollowiness and unreality. Excessive courtesies between men who neither like nor respect each other are in this generation peculiar to France. Certain details of French manners the author justly eulogizes. It is one of the highest merits of the system that it tacitly lays down the principle that all persons meeting in the same house know each other without the formality of an introduction. Any man may ask a girl to dance, or may speak to anybody at a private party. This is an intelligent and most practical custom; it facilitates conversation, it dispels awkwardness; it makes it possible to pass a pleasant hour in a house where you do not know a soul; it gives a look of warmth and unity to a room. Another merit in French manners is the general absence of *mauvaise honte*. If a boy drops his book at church, he picks it up without blushing. A Frenchwoman takes off her bonnet and arranges her hair before the glass in a railway waiting-room, without a thought of the presence of bystanders. In her eyes all such things are so natural, so much a matter of course, that it never occurs to her to make any fuss about them. No doubt she is right in the main; but it will probably occur to some of their foreign visitors and critics that the French sometimes carry their doctrine of the needlessness of reserve in all that they are pleased to consider natural to an undesirable extreme.

In an interesting essay on the language, our author points out some curious analogies between it and the national character. Two features are selected for special eulogy—the conjugation of the verbs, and the practice of placing the adjective after, and not before, the noun. The first, which contrasts favourably with our “shabby system of auxiliary verbs,” the French share with other nations of Latin race, as also to a great degree the second, which may be defended on the ground that it is more philosophical to state what the subject is before we begin to assign to it its peculiarities. Differences of idiom throw a curious light on national characteristics. Our author points out that the French tongue contains no such word as “sober.” The entire absence of any word descriptive of that state is suggestive enough. The English drink enough to need a special illustrative title for a man who has not drunk; the French have never yet felt the necessity of forming any such curious subjective, or rather negative, appellation; consequently they have not got it. A second example of the evidence of character betrayed by language is the absence, in French, of any word equivalent to “listener.” The only interpretation of so odd a blank lies in the supposition that each Frenchman chatters for himself, not for others; and that, not caring whether he is listened to or not, he has never recognized that he has no denomination for the person to whom he speaks. This is ingenious, but it does not appear to strike our essayist that his second instance of a “gap” in the language is not quite analogous to the first. There is no word for “sober,” he contends, because sobriety is so much the rule that a word to express the habit is not needed. There is no word for “listener,” not because all Frenchmen are listeners, but, on the contrary, because in a nation of universal chatters the function of a listener drops completely out of observation. Still more fanciful is the notion that the absence of any word corresponding to “dowdy” is to be connected with the universally smart and neat appearance of Frenchwomen. As regards pronunciation, our author gives the palm to the French spoken in the district from Orleans to Tours. He asserts that the children who make dirt-pies on the borders of the Loire pronounce far better than the actors of the Théâtre Français. Probably this is an exaggeration; but it is no doubt true that the purest French is spoken in the central regions, just as the best English is said to be found in Northamptonshire.

Our notice of the chapters on “Dress” and “Marriage” must necessarily be brief. Extravagance in dress is justly criticized as one of the worst social features of the Second Empire. When all possible varieties of form had been exhausted, the ladies of the period took up colour; and if Germany had not intervened, they would soon have worn out colour too, and have had nothing left to choose from. The reaction which has now set in is against all colour; women are wearing tints which have no names, which never were real, or fresh, or true, but which still do not quite reach the tone which we design by “faded.” It is amusing and very characteristic to find that they are called by Paris *des couleurs provinciales*, as being in sympathy with the ambiguous sort of government which France just now possesses, neither Monarchy nor Republic. French marriages our author believes, in a vast majority of cases, to be happy marriages. The oneness of existence which is so distinctive a characteristic of married life in the middle and trading classes, and which is shown by the frequent presence of wives in their husbands’ offices and shops, strikes him as a merit in their system. But the cautious and prudent spirit in which the whole subject of marriage is handled in France does not escape criticism. This is in part attributable to the legal formalities and difficulties with which marriage is surrounded by the operation of the Code Napoleon, and to the extraordinary control which parents have over the marriages of their children. Upon another branch of this

subject our author makes some observations—namely, the startling diminution in the fecundity of French marriages. In 1770 the children born in France were in proportion to the whole population one in twenty-five; now they have come down to one in thirty-five; the falling off has consequently reached the enormous figure of forty per cent. Our author does not shrink from asserting that this result is due to the widespread application of the Malthusian principle of circumspection in marriage. The question is difficult to discuss in a work of this kind; but its bearing on the national future of France is of an importance that cannot be overrated.

MY LITTLE GIRL.*

HOW can we hope in two short columns to analyse a story which boasts of two or more authors, three heroes, two heroines, a good angel and a Mephistopheles, and the scene of which shifts from an island in the Pacific to Gray’s Inn, and back again from Gray’s Inn to an island in the Pacific? Our readers may perhaps wonder how the number of heroes and heroines can be unequal, whereas generally, like the animals in the Ark, they are brought in by pairs. The explanation is an easy one. The principal heroine, in her entire ignorance of the meaning of matrimony, marries the wrong hero, in the hope of pleasing the man with whom she is, if only she knew it, deeply in love, and who is, if only he knew it, still more deeply in love with her. Her husband, the wicked hero, takes to drinking, and, dying penitently in the last chapter but two of the third volume, where the mortality of sinners, and indeed of saints also, is usually high, leaves his blessing to his wife and his widow to his rival, the unmarried one of the good heroes. It was not till we had got to the end of the first book that we had any suspicion of the existence of this couple which is at last to be so happy. We will own that at that stage of the story we did feel somewhat aggrieved when we found that we had an entirely fresh set of people to become acquainted with, and an entirely new set of circumstances to learn. The story had seemed, up to this point, clear enough. There was a beautiful girl who would grow into a beautiful woman, with a large fortune. There were two boys already fighting for her like boys, one of whom was to be handsome and good, and the other handsome and bad; there was a mysterious mother, and there was an utter scoundrel who had destroyed the register of one marriage and forged that of another. Here was ample material for three full volumes, and yet to our utter amazement, and we may almost say indignation, in the second book a briefless barrister appears as the real hero, and My Little Girl, the grand-daughter of a laundress, as the real heroine.

We must, in giving an account of the story, begin, where our authors begin, with the two boys in the island in the Pacific. The younger of them, Arthur, was the legitimate child, and the elder, Philip, the illegitimate child, of a wealthy planter, George Durnford. Philip’s mother, Marie, was a beautiful mulatto, gifted with a magnificent voice. When her lover turned her off and married, she went to London, and with the money he had given her “she learned all that a woman should learn, and more.” She became an accomplished singer, and went on the stage, and amassed a great fortune. This, at the close of the third volume, was found very convenient by the hero and the widow who wanted to marry, but except for her money would not have had enough to marry on. In fact, we suspect that the mother was altogether invented—except indeed that heroes must have mothers—to find a fortune for her son’s widow. Old bachelor uncles are almost worn out, and there is a certain novelty in making the good hero gain a fortune through the mother of his rival, the wicked hero. She is, too, very effective, we must not forget, at her drunken son’s death-bed, and a month or so later goes down herself, in the most exemplary way, in the wreck of a steamer. We are, however, anticipating matters. The two boys are brought up together in the belief that they were cousins. They have a playmate, Madeleine, whom they each intend to marry, and a wicked tutor Mr. MacIntyre. After a few years cholera breaks out in the island, and carries off their father. MacIntyre takes advantage of the confusion that follows on the death to steal some valuable documents, to cut out the register of George Durnford’s marriage, and to insert a false one of his marriage with Marie. He has no immediate end in view, but he thinks that some day or other he may find it useful. He does indeed throw out some hints to Philip, but he, who in spite of all his faults was early in the book honourable enough, kicks him out of the house. At this point of the story a gap of ten years occurs, and with it a total shifting of the scene. We are introduced to a certain Club, called The Chorus, which met in some chambers in Gray’s Inn. The common footing on which its members met was a want of success. Should any member cease to be a failure, he ceased to be a member of the Club. There was Hartley Venn, the hero, a barrister who knew no law and wrote articles that no magazine would publish. There was Lynn, who knew law but never had any briefs; and there was Jones, who wrote poems that were never published and plays that were never acted. Of the original twelve who formed the brotherhood, nine had been expelled for their success. Venn, some twelve years before, had begun to divide his time between the Club, the composition of

* *My Little Girl*. A Novel. By the Authors of “Ready-Money Moribond.” 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1873.

his opuscula, "which will one day be eagerly bought by an admiring public," and the education of the grandchild of his drunken laundress. "This little rosy-cheeked damsel of six had touched his soft heart with pity"; he had nursed her through a fever, he had taught her her letters, had made her a good scholar, and as perfect a lady as a girl can be whose education had been carried on solely by a gentleman. At the time the second part of the story opens she was eighteen years old, and Venn was beginning to see with alarm that the old relations in which they stood could not long go on. The girl Laura Collingwood lived a life of such entire seclusion that she herself never dreams of any suspicion of impropriety. Her innocence is happily natural enough; her ignorance, and it is on this ignorance that the story turns, is surely impossible. Had she been brought up by Venn alone she might have been, as it is represented, in utter ignorance of marriage. But she lived with her grandmother, a pilfering, drinking old woman, in a low court, and must, stainlessly pure though she might still have been, have heard enough to guard her against the troubles into which she is led. Venn, who knows how deeply he loves his Little Girl, but hardly as yet suspects that he is beginning to love her as a lover, tells her that he shall be happy if he can only see her married to some gentleman. He often repeats this to her, till she, in her wonderful simplicity and utter ignorance of what marriage is, begins to think it is her duty to get married. At this moment a stranger, Philip Durnford, who by this time has become a captain in the army, protects her from some rudeness offered her in the streets. He falls in love with her, and, after a few more meetings, offers to marry her. She, without really caring much for him, but seeing that he is a gentleman, thinking to please her guardian, accepts his offer. Philip binds her over to secrecy; but the evening before the day fixed for the marriage, overcome by doubts, she would have told Venn, her guardian, everything, only, in the full trust he had in her honour, he would not listen to her secret. Meanwhile Philip had recognized the scoundrel MacIntyre bearing advertising boards, or "sandwiches," as they are called, along the streets of London. For the first time for many a year the fellow had, as a boardman, an honest culling, for, as he himself said, "It is one of the advantages of the profession that you must be honest, because you can't run if you do steal anything." Philip supplies him with money, and MacIntyre becomes his evil genius. He persuades him to take advantage of Laura's utter ignorance of the world, and to play on her the same trick that Squire Thornhill, in the *View of Wakefield*, tried to play on Olivia. He was a Master of Arts of Aberdeen, and, to satisfy the scruples Philip still felt, half-hinted that he was in order. Philip carries off Laura to France, and first reads and then destroys all the letters she writes to her guardian. On his return home he takes to gambling, and quickly loses all the money he had. The book here, to our mind, becomes very dull. The author himself is aware of it, and thus apologizes for it:—

To him who is initiated in the mysteries of the turf my narrative will be intelligible, but probably uninteresting, for it is a tale he knows by heart. To the uninitiated this chapter must be to a great extent unintelligible, therefore uninteresting.

Surely what the writer calls "the exigencies of his history" cannot require him to fill thirty pages with the slang of the race-course, any more than the painful duty which they had to perform required the newspaper correspondents, some years ago, to fill two or three columns with an account of the first private execution. Philip is ruined by gambling, and drives Laura out of his house, first telling her the trick he had played her. She, after twenty hours' wandering through the streets, is found by a poor girl whom she had once befriended, and is taken to her lodgings. There Venn comes, and learns everything. Meanwhile MacIntyre had told Philip that it was he, and not Arthur, who was the legitimate son, and heir to the property, and had shown him a duly attested copy of the forged register. When Arthur saw the proofs he at once gave up possession, and though he more than suspected that they were forged, so anxious was he for his father's good name that he would not allow the case to be brought into court. MacIntyre received 5,000*l.* from Philip as his reward, and with this he retired to a life of great respectability in Scotland, having first been most mercilessly thrashed by Hartley Venn. At this moment Marie, Philip's mother, comes upon the scene, and admits at once that the proofs are all forged, and that she had never been married. She and Madeleine together, who also turns up, have influence enough over Philip to persuade him to go through the form of a regular marriage with Laura. At the church the husband and wife part, never to meet again. Philip goes on drinking, sees skeletons sitting by him, and at last hurries off to his estates in the island, for he still keeps them, to see what a sea voyage will do for him. He drinks harder than ever, till, as we have said before, he kills himself off. His mother, who had made her will, leaving all her property to Laura, meets her end with much sublimity in the wreck of an ocean steamship, and in due course of time Hartley Venn marries Laura. Arthur had some while before married Madeleine. Lynn gets a judgeship in Trinidad, and Jones has his play brought out at the Lyceum with all the success that the management could devise. The three members of The Chorus become successful, and the Club is dissolved.

The plot of the story is certainly very extravagant, and some of the incidents are offensive while others are dull. Nevertheless the book has considerable merits, and, except when on racing matters, or on penitence, is lively enough. The talk of the Club

is so amusing that it would almost reconcile one to want of success. Venn's account of his Eton days is comically told. It is much too long to quote, but the following passage is a fair specimen:—

"Jones, you were never flogged."

"I was not," said Jones. "If it is any extenuation of my master's crime, I may mention that he often caned me."

"I knew it," Venn returned, with an air of triumph. "There are subtle influences about the older and more classical instrument. It produces an effect which in after-life is only to be detected by those who have made an early acquaintance with it. Caning is merely a brutal mode of inflicting fear and pain. The poetry of punishment is in the birch. The actual performance, I admit—the mere physical process, either active or passive—affords little food for reflection. But when I think of the effects upon the sufferer, I am carried away, gentlemen, effused. There is the Anticipation, so full of tumultuous fears and hopes, and its certainties as to the future fact, and its uncertainties as to vigour and duration; its bracing influence on the Volition, its stimulating effect on the Fortitude, its cultivation of patient endurance. All this, my friends, is truly poetical. Consider, next, the After-glow. The After-glow is, indeed, a magnificent combination of sensations. Nothing that I can remember to have experienced comes near it. It lingers like the twilight; and, like the summer twilight, it lasts all night. It warms like the memory of a good action, or the blush of conscious virtue. It is as soothing as the absolution of a bishop. It removes as many cares as a confession, and it wipes off sins like a pilgrimage."

We hope that the next time our authors write they will know of no exigencies but those of good taste, and that they will leave all racing matters and racing slang to the sporting newspapers.

HANDBOOK TO THE CATHEDRALS OF WALES.*

MR. KING, who puts his name to the preface, has now completed his useful series of the cathedral churches of England and Wales. The present volume, which contains the four episcopal sees of the Principality, is, like those which have gone before it, carefully and accurately done, with constant reference to the latest and best lights on the subject, including of course the one trustworthy guide to Welsh ecclesiastical history, Mr. Hadden's first volume. The book will serve to bring a great deal which Mr. Hadden and other scholars have worked out before a wider circle of readers than they are likely to find in their own persons. In this way it will serve to remind the visitor and the merely architectural student that a church or other building is not only a building, but that, even as a building, and still more as a foundation, it fills a place in history. We should ourselves have been better pleased had the history and the architecture been made more constantly to bear upon one another; but the arrangement which is actually followed is perhaps better suited for actual use as a handbook on the spot.

It is characteristic of the present age that Mr. King has been hindered from giving some further illustrations of the churches which he describes owing to the scaffoldings set up for the restoration of the buildings, which make it impossible to take all the views that he wished for. Whatever may be thought as to restoration generally, whatever may be thought as to some particular points in the restoration of these four churches, it cannot be denied that some restoration was needed by all the cathedral churches of Wales, if they were to go on and discharge with decency even their functions as ordinary parish churches. To one who knew Llandaff five-and-twenty years back and who sees it now, the whole thing is like a rising from the dead, and St. Wulfstan could not complain that nothing has been done but to pile together dead stones or that the lively temple has been neglected. At St. David's again, though the church had not become, either in its fabric or in its foundation and services, so utter a wreck as Llandaff, there was no choice but restoration if the building was to be so much as kept standing. In the two smaller churches of North Wales restoration was not needed on this ground, but rather on the more usual ground of getting rid of modern disfigurements and bringing back ancient forms and arrangements, which had been hidden by modern changes, but which could still be made out. To one who, like ourselves, knows Bangor only in a very different state, its appearance in Mr. King's illustration is simply startling.

The four Welsh episcopal churches, though very unlike one another in their appearance, have some points in common. All are churches of the Old Foundation, though their foundations are mostly small and imperfect. St. David's and Llandaff, for instance, remained for many centuries without Deans, and Llandaff till our own time had no special Residentiaries. All four are of small size as compared with the great churches of England and France; St. David's is the only one of the four which carries out the received type of a minster in any degree of perfection. That is to say, partly no doubt through the poverty of the country, but partly also through its traditions, the fashion of building churches of enormous size, which the Norman Bishops and Abbots brought into England, never spread into Wales, any more than into Scotland or Ireland. The greatest churches, cathedral and abbatial, in all three countries rank in size far below the great English churches, and many of them, in all three countries, fall far below English churches of the second rank. Again, as Mr. King remarks, three of the four Welsh episcopal churches stand low in point of site, and this he contrasts with the position of the same class of churches in England. But he might have noticed that, though no English church lies down in quite such a hole as Llandaff or St. David's, yet the eldersites of the English bishoprics were most of them

* *Handbook to the Cathedrals of Wales. Llandaff—St. David's—St. Asaph—Bangor.* With illustrations. London: Murray. 1872.

low as compared with the churches which crown the highest points of the Gallic cities. The lofty sites of Durham, Lincoln, Exeter, and Old Sarum are all due to later changes, and in the case of Old Sarum the lofty site chosen in the eleventh century was in the thirteenth exchanged for one more like the ordinary site of an English bishopric. Both in England and in Wales the difference is doubtless due to the circumstances of the country, to the circumstances of bishoprics planted among a people who, when they had any towns, did not, like the inhabitants of the Continental Roman provinces, make them the centres of their whole political and social life. No one on the Continent would have chosen Lindisfarne or St. David's as a place for an episcopal church.

Another point of distinction is that, while, as a rule, the English cathedral churches are not strictly speaking parochial—that is, excepting the new foundations of Ripon and Manchester, they have no parish attached to them beyond their own immediate precinct—three of the four Welsh episcopal churches are also the parish churches of large parishes. St. Asaph alone, the smallest of the four, is the only one which has a separate parish church for the use of the little town. The parochial character of the other churches, combined with the existence in most cases of two languages in the district to be provided for, has always been a difficulty, and one which has been a fertile source of those untoward arrangements of these churches which it has been one main object of later changes to get rid of. At Llandaff alone the difficulty has been solved by the universal spread of English through the parish and neighbourhood, so that there now is nothing to hinder a single congregation from attending the English cathedral service.

In going through the history and description of the churches of Llandaff and St. David's, Mr. King has walked closely in the steps of the latest inquirers, following them up with the history of the changes and discoveries which have been made since their time. In the case of Llandaff he has to record the completion of the fabric, which has been so wonderfully culled up out of a state of ruin and chaos, and which, with some obvious faults, is certainly one of the greatest works of its kind in our day. Mr. King is more tolerant than we can profess to be towards the new roofs, towards the reredos copied from a Westminster tomb, towards the queer top given to the chapter-house, and towards the spire, a fine thing in itself, but which seems to have swum round about from Bayeux, as its older fellow certainly swam across from Somerset. Mr. King agrees with the suggestion that the original design of this church—or rather not strictly the original design—but the design of those who enlarged and transformed it in the thirteenth century was to have, like so many German churches, a pair of both western and eastern towers, though they were not meant as commonly in Germany, to flank an apse at each end. Llandaff, it should be remembered, is the only original cathedral church in South Britain—one of the very few great churches of any kind—which never had, or was meant to have, either a transept or a central tower in any shape. At St. David's Mr. King has to record considerable changes, above all, the strengthening of the great lantern piers, and the restoration of the upper window of the presbytery to its original form, one of those changes about which there will be always differences of opinion. Here Sir Gilbert Scott has got rid of the great Perpendicular window which had displaced four lancets, and has got the lancets back again; but he has kept and repaired the roof which agreed with the Perpendicular window, but does not agree with the lancets. Mr. King's engravings bring out strongly the features of that wonderful nave, where the rich work of the twelfth and of the sixteenth century so strangely harmonize, and he goes minutely into the history of the aisles and chapels, some of which are now happily roofed again. Late discoveries have brought to light a singular recess behind the high altar, which was found filled with human bones, bones which are conjectured to be those removed from the shrines of St. David and St. Caradoc.

The two North Welsh churches are in every respect inferior to those of the South. This is of course owing to the fact that South Wales came so much sooner under regular English rule, so that, at the time when their churches were built, the districts in which St. David's and Llandaff stood were not very much more disturbed than England in general. North Wales meanwhile went through the wars of the thirteenth century and those which followed on the insurrection of Owen Glyndwr. In these last the bishoprics and their churches specially suffered, and Bangor, above all, remained a ruin till near the end of the fifteenth century. The bishoprics were poor and were commonly held in commendam with some other preferment. The natural result is to be seen in two churches so small and plain as altogether to amaze those whose notions of a cathedral church are formed on an English or Northern French standard. But St. Asaph and even Bangor would quite hold their own in Ireland, and would not be altogether contemptible in Scotland. Neither of them, as they lately stood, had at all the character of a minster, and the original work, in many parts very good, had been much hidden and disfigured by later changes. St. Asaph is the smallest of all, yet the massive outline of this little cathedral is certainly one of the most effective to be found among churches of its own scale. The inside has been thoroughly cleaned out and refitted, but we trust that the hideous plaster ceiling of the nave, which hides the small and graceful clerestory, may soon be got rid of. But it is at Bangor that Mr. King has to record changes of modern times which are only less amazing than those which have been wrought at Llandaff. As Bangor Cathedral stood before the late restoration began, it was a church much larger than St. Asaph, but in every

other respect altogether inferior to it. St. Asaph, a small cross church with a central tower, belonged to a type which can better dispense with ornament than any other, and which, whatever its actual date and style, always keeps something of Romanesque solidity about it. Bangor, on the contrary, seemed to be only a long low church of poor and late work, with the worst possible outline, transepts crying in vain for a central tower, while the single western tower was so low as to give no kind of dignity to the building. It was easy however to see that something better had once been or been meant to be, that a central tower was at least designed, so that the church was meant to have the same outline as Purton and Wimborne Minster on a small scale, as Ely and Wymondham on a great scale, as Hereford, Shrewsbury, and Malinesbury as they once were. This arrangement with the two towers one in front of the other has been by irreverent minds likened to driving tandem, just as the side towers of Exeter and Ottery have been likened to a paddle-steamer. Sir Gilbert Scott has made out the former design of the transepts, and both they and the choir with their high roofs now soar far above Bishop Sherington's low-pitched nave. The inside, as shown in Mr. King's view, is now really stately, instead of being, as we remember it, about as mean as it well could be. We certainly hope that the central tower and spire will not be carried up to the amazing height which is shown in the engraving. At present the tower has only reached the roof-line, and we would strongly urge that one stage above it with a lower spire would be quite enough. Low and plain as the western tower is, still there it is the chief feature of the church, and its new comrade ought not to throw it into utter insignificance.

We congratulate the author and publisher on the completion of this useful series. We could sometimes wish in it for wider general views, and for a bolder spirit of criticism of works both old and new. But it is well suited for its own purpose, and it is a great improvement on anything of the kind that went before it. It is a great thing to be thoroughly trustworthy, and to be quite free from all nonsense and twaddle. We should be glad to see the series extended to some other of our great churches which are not of cathedral rank, and about which people often seem yet more in the dark than about those which are.

GREEK NUMISMATICS.*

IT is now nearly a century since Eckhel in his *Doctrina Numorum Veterum* traced with a master-hand the outlines of numismatics so far as regards the ancient world. This great work was a complete digest of all that had been written on the subject of Greek and Roman coins up to Eckhel's time; but since its publication the study of ancient numismatics has been greatly developed, not only by the discovery of many new coins, but by a prolific crop of treatises to which these discoveries have given rise. The time seems now to have come for a second Eckhel to arise; some one with sufficient judgement, learning, and industry to extract the pith of these various treatises, and to work them into a new digest embodying all the most recent results of numismatic discovery.

Why this task, which seems so suitable to the omnivorous activity of Germany, has not yet been accomplished, or even attempted, it is not easy to explain; but doubtless one principal impediment to the study of ancient numismatics is the want of catalogues of the great public collections, except such as are now comparatively obsolete. Up to this year, for instance, all the published information with regard to the magnificent collection of Greek and Roman coins in the British Museum (if we except stray memoirs and notices) was comprised in the Catalogues by Taylor Combe and R. P. Knight, of which the respective dates are 1814 and 1830, and which embrace not above a fifth part of the collection as it now is. It is therefore with great satisfaction that we note that the Department of Coins is at length making an effort to redeem these long arrears. The first volume of a general catalogue of the Greek coins in the Museum, by Mr. Poole, has appeared, and a second volume is promised shortly.

Eckhel, in his *Doctrina*, adopts a geographical arrangement of his subject, traversing the Mediterranean from west to east. The fault of this arrangement is that the semi-barbarous coins of Spain and Gaul, where Greek civilization was only sporadic and comparatively recent, are presented to the student before he has been introduced to the true sources of Greek numismatic art. The arrangement adopted in the Museum Catalogue is preferable, inasmuch as the series begins with Italy, to be followed by Sicily, two countries in which the history of Greek numismatics, from a very early period of their civilization, can be traced with greater exactness and continuity than in any other part of the Hellenic world. In the volume before us the coins of Italy are all classed under the general heading "Greek"; but it would be more exact to distinguish in this class the coins of pure Hellenic settlements from others in which Etruscan, Oscan, or Roman influence is apparent both in the art and the weight and standard, so that these coins may be roughly divided into Greek and Græco-Italian. If we draw a line across Italy from the mouth of the Volturnus on the west coast to that of the Aufidius on the Adriatic, it will be found that nearly all the early colonies made by the Greeks in Italy lie south of this line. The centre of Italo-Greek civilization is the fringe of shore

* *A Catalogue of the Greek Coins in the British Museum. Italy.* London: 1873.

between Tarentum and Reggio, known in antiquity as Magna Græcia, and now comprising part of Calabria and the Abruzzi. It was in this fertile and genial region that Greek numismatic art began to develop itself from a very early period. The principal settlements on this coast, such as Tarentum, Metapontum, Sybaris, Oron, were founded at various dates ranging from B.C. 750 to B.C. 650, and it is probable that the colonists brought with them the then newly-invented art of coining money. Hence the archaic coins of the cities of Magna Græcia have a special historical interest, especially when, as in the case of Sybaris, the known date of the destruction of the city and its consequent change of name enable us to fix the date of its coins with certainty to the period between B.C. 720 and B.C. 510. The coins, again, of Siris must have been struck in the same period, as its destruction preceded that of Sybaris. These archaic coins of Magna Græcia have a local peculiarity of fabric which distinguishes them from the other early coinages of Hellas. They are struck, not on lumps or nuggets, like the early gold coins of Lydia and the silver coins of Athens or Aegina, but on thin discs, the type being raised in relief on one side and repeated in intaglio, or, as numismatists say, *incuse*, on the other. This local peculiarity of fabric points to some early confederation of the cities that adopted it. In some few instances the types of two cities are combined on the same coin, in token of an alliance. As art advanced the incuse repetition fell into disuse, and a second type, in relief, was substituted for it. This change probably took place about the beginning of the fifth century B.C., in the course of which the confederacy of Achæan cities was annihilated by an invasion of the Lucanians. Some of these types are of peculiar interest as archaic representations of deities, in some cases perhaps actually copied from statues. Thus, on the coins of Poseidonia (better known to tourists under its Roman name, Paestum) we find Poseidon; Tarentum commemorates its mythic founder, Taras; and on coins of Kaulonia is a male deity, probably Apollo, holding a little running figure in his hand, a type the interpretation of which has perplexed numismatists.

As Greek art matures, it is interesting to trace its stages in the coins of the cities of Magna Græcia, whose civilization, somewhat prematurely developed, seemed to have reached its highest point a little before the Persian war. In forming an estimate of the relative political importance, wealth, and refinement of these cities, coins furnish some valuable evidence in supplement to the scanty notices in ancient history. Thus we learn from the Catalogue before us that the British Museum possesses 441 silver coins of Tarentum, 140 of Neapolis, 162 of Metapontum, 123 of Thurium, 116 of Velia, 108 of Oron. Of gold coins, Tarentum has thirty-two, Metapontum one; but the Catalogue assigns no gold coins to any other city in Magna Græcia. These numismatic statistics are borne out by history. We know that Tarentum and Metapontum were cities of great power and wealth from the first, and that they retained their political importance after most of the other cities of Magna Græcia had succumbed either to the Sicilian Dionysius, or to the inroads of ruder Italian races. The gold coinage of Tarentum is evidence of its wealth, which it owed partly to the richness of its products, both terrestrial and marine, but still more to the excellence of its landlocked harbour, and to the convenience of its situation as an *entrepôt* for the commerce of Greece and Egypt. The Tarentines were celebrated for their breed of horses, and in the art of the *manage* their skill was proverbial. On the splendid series of their coins in the British Museum we see this type of the Tarentine horseman repeated with a vivacity and endless felicity of invention almost worthy of the frieze of the Parthenon. In the execution of these coins there is an elaborate refinement reminding us of the art of the gem-engraver. The best of them were probably struck not long before the time of Alexander the Great.

We can only glance here at the coinages of the other cities of Magna Græcia, among which will be found some exquisite specimens of numismatic art, and especially at Terina, Oron, and Thurium. It is at Terina more than anywhere in Italy that we get on the coins that freshness and simplicity in the design which we usually associate with the school of Phidias. The coins of Heraclea, Neapolis, and Velia are later; their style is more effeminate and mannered, like that of the later fictile vases and terracottas of Southern Italy. The abundant coinage of Metapontum is deficient in variety of types. The predominant subject is a wheat-ear, a symbol of that fertility which led the Metapontines to dedicate a golden sheaf at Delphi.

Of far less interest are the coinages which we have designated as Græco-Italian. The principal classes comprised under this head are the copper coins commonly known as *æ grave*, struck in Etruria, Umbria, Latium, and other provinces of Central Italy, and the Græco-Roman coins of Campania, Apulia, Samnium, and Frentani. Under this head may be classed the coins with Samnite or with Oscan inscriptions, which occur here and there in Campania, Apulia, Samnium, and Frentani. Most, if not all, Græco-Italian coins (whether *æ grave* or Græco-Roman) were probably struck after A.D. 300, as the Romans began to extend their empire into Etruria and Campania. The system of the weight of these coins has been very thoroughly investigated by Mommsen, whose theory is generally followed in this Catalogue. It was the characteristic of the indigenous races of Italy from very early times to employ copper, a metal which abounded on their soil, rather than gold and silver, as the instrument of commercial exchange. Hence the word *æ grave* originally expressed the worth of anything in copper. At first bars or lumps of this metal, *res rude*, were used. It is not till A.D. 450, three centuries after the

founding of Rome, that we get any evidence of the use of coined money, *æ signatum*, at Rome. This was probably introduced by the Decemvirs, in whose laws fines are ordered to be paid in coin. The coined copper money of the non-Hellenic races of Italy consisted of the *æ* (originally equal to a pound of copper), and its subdivisions down to the ounce, *uncia*, and onwards. All this money is known as *æ grave*—i.e. money which was reckoned, not by tale, but by weight. The specimens which have come down to us are nearly all probably as late as A.D. 350, when the *æ* was greatly reduced in weight. As instruments of traffic nothing can be clumsier than these great lumps of metal, and as works of art they present a painful contrast to the beautiful coinages of Magna Græcia. The Museum has a very fine series of *æ grave* from Etruria, Umbria, and Central Italy, including some of the curious oblong ingots of great weight, which, though their form suggests a primitive origin, have no claim to a higher antiquity than the rest of the *æ grave*. These copper coins are cast, not struck. As the commercial intercourse between the Greek colonies of Magna Græcia and Sicily and the non-Hellenic races of Italy extended, it was necessary for the Greeks to adjust their standard, based on a silver currency, to the Italian standard, based on a copper currency, and how this was done has been traced by Mommsen with great skill in the coinage of certain Greek cities, principally in Campania and Apulia. But this is too intricate a subject to be dealt with here; ample materials for its study are to be found in Mr. Poole's Catalogue.

In the survey of Italian numismatics the question naturally presents itself, Had the great Etruscan cities in the time of their independence a regular silver currency, such as we find from a very early period throughout the Hellenic world? The only silver coins of Etruscan cities known to numismatists are the curious series from Populonia, struck only on one side, of which the Museum possesses twenty-six, and a very few quaint varieties struck by unknown Etrurian mints, of which we find only six in the Catalogue before us, one being evidently a very ancient coin. It seems probable from these statistics that a silver coinage was adopted by the Etruscans only in those maritime cities where commercial intercourse with the Greeks made such a currency convenient, and where Greek settlers formed an integral part of the population. Mommsen thinks that the coinage of Populonia may have been derived from that of Athens, with which city the Etruscans had very early commercial relations.

We have given here a sketch of the numismatics of ancient Italy, the correctness of which can be best tested by the study of such a Catalogue as we have before us, in which the classification according to mints and types has evidently been made with great care, and in which the tabular arrangement gives greater facility of reference than the arrangement in Mionnet's *Recueil*. The spaces allotted for the description of the coin are, however, too narrow for perspicuity; and it is to be hoped that this fault will be remedied in future volumes. The text is illustrated with fairly executed woodcuts of certain coins, not previously engraved; references in other cases being made to the *Museo Kroheriano* and to Carelli's Plates. But looking over the volume, we observe a certain capriciousness in the selection of the coins to be engraved which it is not easy to account for. Why, for instance, should we have not one cut of the beautiful coins of Thurium or of the interesting archaic coins of Kaulonia, Siris, Sybaris, &c.? It would have been better to have limited the cuts to the principal types and to very rare and unedited coins.

In this Catalogue the description of the coin is not accompanied by any commentary. This we think is wise—*bis dat qui cito*. It is something to have given us here an accurate classification and description of nearly four thousand coins of Italy. To write a sufficient commentary on these would be a work of years; and this is not so specially the function of the Keeper of a Museum as to print catalogues of what he has in his charge. But it must not be forgotten that a really scientific catalogue can only be made by bringing to bear on it the accumulated knowledge of a life devoted to a special study; and what renders the labour of cataloguing somewhat distasteful to all except those who are altogether destitute of literary ambition is the feeling that this knowledge is latent in their work, and that its recognition, like that of the labours of lexicographers, is apt to be tardy and scant. For the due advancement of the study of ancient numismatics, as indeed of every other branch of archaeology, we want not only scientific catalogues, but popular treatises based on such works.

We observe that an attempt has been made to render ancient numismatics more accessible to the general public by the exhibition in the Gem Room of the Museum of a set of electrotypes of Greek and Roman coins geographically arranged, and by the publication of a guide to this exhibition in which sound numismatic lore is stated in an unpretending manner and in a small compass. But we hope that this exhibition of electrotypes will be greatly amplified, and that the little guide will grow into a compact handbook, embodying the results of the Catalogue as successive volumes appear. We trust that now that a fair start has been made, this Catalogue will be pushed on with all the force which so great an undertaking demands. It is said that the British Museum contains not less than 60,000 Greek coins. In that case, the volume before us represents hardly a sixteenth part of the whole work.

TOO SOON.*

SOME men, less complimentary than sincere, say that it is women, not the other sex, who make love in the beginning of things, that coining prefaces pursuit, and that Joan is willing while John is shy. Apparently Mrs. Macquoid shares this opinion; for her heroine Ursula, at the ripe age of eighteen, shows an amount of unsought passion for the grave, massive-limbed Michael Helder, and suffers herself to fall in love with him in a headlong manner, that says more for the frank development of her instincts than for the modesty and maidenly pride usually characteristic of a well-conducted girl. In our quality as critic of light literature we are often gravely exercised to discover for what possible purpose, ethical or æsthetic, authors construct their stories. For artistic perfection? for the graces of literary style? for the representation of a beautiful humanity? for the pleasure to be derived from a vivid representation and dramatic rendering of life? Any one of these is sufficient reason why three volumes of honest paper should be covered with legible type, and a man's spare time be given to a pleasant perusal of an enlivening or ennobling history. But when we cannot find one of these reasons, then we confess we are perplexed, and feel our burden of critical analysis heavy.

For instance, what end worthy of a reasonable creature could Mrs. Macquoid possibly propose to herself in this book which she calls, affectually enough, *A Study of a Girl's Heart*? Take its obvious moral, "Don't marry on too short an engagement"—and what does it prove beyond the patent fact that Ursula was more ill-tempered and foolish than, we trust, most sane English girls are, and that every one concerned was nearly as ill-tempered and foolish as herself? Hurried marriages after short engagements are dangerous things at all times, and confessedly increase the chance of an unlucky draw in a lottery where, under the best conditions, there is a fearful proportion of blanks; but the most hurried marriage need not turn out so badly as did this of Ursula Williams with Michael Helder in the beginning of things; and none but creatures of exquisite silliness would have allowed such trifles as those which govern the people of *Too Soon* to have regulated or destroyed their happiness. The whole story is a tempest in a teapot, and all the pellets are made of bread crumbs. A chance word or a momentary glance is quite sufficient provocation for the personages of this absurd region to go off into paroxysms of rapture or despair, as the case may be, and bring consternation and bewilderment on every one around. Ursula is the heroine, and in her character of *femme incongrue*, as well as of enthusiast and poet, is of course the most upsetting and excitable. She gives no one any peace; and we must confess that we think all those who have her in hand are to be profoundly pitied, and that her physical charms, which, although we are expressly told "she is not beautiful," must have been considerable, would in no way have compensated for her want of sense, and her want of good temper, nor have made her exaggerated sensibilities more endurable.

Between those dreadful creatures who dishonour all that is noblest and best in womanhood by their attempts to make themselves bad copies of men, and those impersonations of inanity who, under the name of sensitiveness, dignity, ladyhood, and the like, render everything that is sweetest sickly, everything that is tenderest contemptible, the ideal type of womanhood seems to be passing out of existence like the dodo or the moa. And our novelists do not help to retain the standard. One day we have the apotheosis of moral deadness and intellectual imbecility, combined with fine eyes and a smooth skin; another that of an angelic patience which puts the virtues of the legendary Griselda to shame, and a persistent humility in offering the cheek to the smiter which we are not ashamed to confess discredits more than it edifies. Again, by way of contrast, we have some unhappy wives who have the misfortune not to admire their husbands, and who therefore accept as consolation the fervid love-making of their old adorers with a forgetfulness of the marriage service and the outworks of the Seventh Commandment that may be scrupulous in intention, but is decidedly dangerous in action; while their sisters are young maidens who fall passionately in love at first sight with brawny heroes who have apparently nothing to recommend them but a fine physique and undisguised sensuality. We suppose there is nothing for it but to wait patiently until the crase for what is virtually a caricature of human nature has worn itself out. Meanwhile we must speak of things as we find them, and when we come across such a mass of absurdity as *Too Soon* we must not be too nice in speaking the truth.

The chief personages of this book consist of two pairs of cousins, the older and more substantial of whom are Rachel Fraser and Michael Helder, living in a fine old house with a well-staircase, near Bloomsbury Square; the younger and frothier are Ursula and Frank Williams, the former of whom lives with her father and Aunt Sophy at Brompton, where they have a garden, and where the latter comes to see, teaze, and make love to her. Though only cousins, Rachel and Michael live together now in mature age as they have lived together through all their youth. Ever since he was ten years old and she twenty she has kept his house for him; and she keeps house for him still, worshipping him after the manner of women, occasionally dusting his books, and surreptitiously putting his study "to rights." This somewhat anomalous position the author conceives to be quite possible, because the lady is ten years older than the gentleman. But this is a difference of age between

handsome people of opposite sex and a slight relationship which would not have been considered a sufficient guarantee, we fear, to have kept the name of the respectable Rachel from local gossip. Be that however as it may, Miss Fraser is rather an awful kind of person, strong and firm and self-controlled as becomes a handsome maiden lady of middle age who dresses in black silk and does not wear a cap; and she is evidently sufficient for herself, and able to cope with her enemies, if she has any. Mr. Helder is something in the British Museum; exact position not specified. We presume he has something to do with the archaeological department, as he is the colleague of an "old fossil," as Ursula disrespectfully calls one Mr. Haven who croaks about Sanchoniathon and enters into "fearfully long discussions about Nisroch and eagles' wings." He cannot, however, be very hard-worked in his department, whatever it is, as he is able to remain for two hours on the first occasion of his seeing Ursula, sitting on a bench perhaps in the Elgin Marble room, at all events somewhere about there, telling her of his travels, and getting "a better view of the changes of the girl's sensitive face, as now the well-marked eyebrows, now the delicate nostrils, now the flexible mouth came into play and aided the meaning of those wonderful dark eyes." "Those wonderful dark eyes," indeed, make half the *signalment* of Ursula, and her curved mouth makes up the other half. The former are always flashing, or sparkling, or dancing, and the latter always curling, or parting, or pointing, or smiling, no matter what the insignificance of the occasion. It is a fatiguing kind of face, ever making much ado about nothing; as when she listens to Mr. Helder's account of Rome and Florence with "parted lips," a "flush kindled on her cheeks," her eyes "vivid questioners," and feeling "entranced by happiness."

This introduction to Mr. Helder destroys what little sense Ursula might have had before. She falls in love with him, *à la barinée*, and he is gently warned towards her; and after a brief period of the inevitable worn in the bud which feeds on her damask cheek and paints black rings round her eyes, the lovers come to a happy understanding under a tree in the Brompton garden, and are engaged. Business calls Mr. Williams to Italy, and Ursula has her choice, either to marry at once or leave her lover behind and go with her father to Italy. She marries at once; which is the "too soon" that gives its name to the book. Not that any amount of preparatory time or schooling could have done much towards rendering her capable of undertaking a rational life. Being of the tribe of the foolish, she has to sow her silliness, as young men are said to sow their wild oats, and to eat of the fruit thereof before she can be cured of her faults. She of course hates Rachel, and Rachel is naturally not behindhand in returning the compliment. Michael tries to make the women friends; but the one is antipathetic and the other insolent; so they kiss coldly and hate each other cordially. In due time the Helders give a dinner, which Ursula orders, and whereof roast lamb and a ham are the two principal dishes; and this makes a breach between the married lovers. Then Michael has to go to Scotland on business, and Ursula is wholly offended because he goes, and he is half offended because she does not show she is sorry to part from him. And while he is away her father telegraphs to her from Italy that Aunt Sophy is dying, and she is to go over at once. Rachel, who has come to keep the young wife company during her husband's absence, opposes this journey, and Ursula insists on it; the elder lady urges the well-worn platitudes about wifely duties, and the virtue of obedience, and the righteous disruption of all former ties as soon as you are married—with "marriage is not slavery," and a father's wish is always law, as the antistrophe from Ursula. It ends by Ursula's going, and by a total estrangement—no one knows how or why—from her husband in consequence. They cease to write to each other, each thinking the other indifferent; and after Ursula has been nursed out of a fever by Rachel, who goes to Italy for that purpose, and has come back to England, without assigning any reason she declines to go to her own home, and Michael does not press her. She pouts thus for some weeks, spending part of the time with her old friend Cousin Frank, now married to an amiable, unintellectual girl who does not write poetry, and continually thanking his good fortune that he did not marry Ursula, and with reason. Then she suddenly goes back to Michael and Bloomsbury, and sees her husband looking pale and thin with his arm in a sling; on which they rush into each other's arms, kiss, and make up. This salutary change in her mood has been brought about, be it understood, by the sight of the gown worn by poor Aunt Sophy at her wedding, which acts like a mirror wherein she sees "the leprosy of self-love that covers her whole soul."

Sermons are in stones, we know, so why not in old clothes? So long as a person of Ursula's morbid temper and absurd sensitiveness can be brought to reason, it does not really signify whether it is by a gown or a preachment, a drum or a fever. But we confess we do not agree with Mrs. Macquoid in her presumable estimate of the possibilities of conversion. Nothing but time and strong outside influences could have modified such a character as Ursula's, and conscience, like everything else, is a matter of training and growth. This woman, who would have gone so near to make shipwreck of her whole life for an absolute nothing, would not have been so suddenly transformed from a petulant fool to a self-controlled saint. Petrusio conquered Katherine by brute force and absolute fear; but Ursula, who is in her way a weaker, more sentimental kind of Katherine, grows into meekness by a bound, and with no outside pressure at all save reminiscence and an old gown. The whole book is pitifully weak, both in subject and treatment, in psychology and art. It is

* *Too Soon; a Study of a Girl's Heart.* By the Author of "Patty," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1873.

fantastic, threal, and yet commonplace and essentially vulgar in its central idea. It is a scrawl, not a neatly-written page of possible human history; and it has but one merit, that of being widely printed, and consequently very easily run through. We are sorry not to be able to speak better of Mrs. Macquoid's work; but what can be said of a novel which is weak and unreal as a picture of human nature, and without even the merit of technical skill?

BURCKHARDT'S CICERONE.*

MRS. CLOUGH has done good service by this translation of Dr. Burckhardt's *Cicerone*, a work which, as she truly says, "bears the highest reputation in Germany as an authority on the history of art." The original Handbook comprised architecture and sculpture as well as painting, while this English version treats of painting only. We shall look forward to further instalments of this valuable contribution to the literature of the Fine Arts. The arrangement of the treatise is not by localities, but by periods and schools; thus the chapters range from antique and mediæval painting down to "the Eclectic and Naturalistic schools" of the seventeenth century. The style is disquisitional; the basis of criticism is "the absolute"; the reader feels himself in the presence of an "æsthetic sense" rather than of hard historic facts, and in vain he searches for biographic details. Thus there is no mention of Giotto having been taken from the sheepfold by Cimabue, and the oft-repeated story of the elopement of Fra Filippo Lippi with a nun is neither affirmed nor refuted. But, as a compensation for the want of such sensational incidents, we are treated with the following piece of strictly subjective criticism. We might perhaps have better appreciated the ideas if the construction of the sentences had been a little neater, but German writing is defiant of form. Under the head "Filippo Lippi" the passage to which we refer runs as follows:—

The advance made by Masaccio is carried still further by Fra Filippo Lippi (1412?—1469), under the guidance of a less high and severe mind, but a rich and playful fancy. He lets himself go, but not through laziness, but rather in audacious experiments in what may be allowed to art. With what freedom and openness he reveals to us in the figures with which he fills up his scenes, the deepest nature of those whom he conceived, with what feeling he represents—the first to do so—the conscious loveliness and exuberant, even wild, playfulness of youth! He is the first who heartily enjoyed the fulness of life, even in its chance manifestations.

English readers have been made familiar with German critics of two kinds. The one, whereof Dr. Waagen is the type, is dry and laborious, matter of fact and unemotional. The other, of which Professor Kugler is the best known example, indulges in sentiment and falls into rapture. To the last class belongs Dr. Burckhardt, and yet with this difference, that in his more recent development of the manner there is a greater show of philosophy. The method has at once the weakness and the strength which inhere to subjective criticism. Art is not brought to the test of external laws; it is not measured by fixed standards; it is scarcely viewed as a physical existence at all; the relation between geometry and art composition, the bearing of spectrum analysis on pictorial colour, even the connexion of anatomy with the human figure or of geology with landscape, are wholly or in great degree ignored. But instead of an examination into the structure of the earth, which Mr. Ruskin has occasionally made the basis of his criticisms on landscape art, Dr. Burckhardt trusts to his intuitions. Thus he is content to speak of Claude as a "finely attuned soul who hears in Nature the voice which is especially qualified to console the human race and repeats her speech." Again, when we turn to Michael Angelo, specially identified with what has been termed the anatomical style, no mention is found of anatomy or dissections, but instead we read that "the grandeur of his thoughts and cycles of ideas, the free creative power with which he calls into existence all conceivable motives of external life, make the praise of Ariosto intelligible"—"Michel, più che mortale, angel divino." It is evident that such criticism is destitute of a scientific basis; it has not the element of certainty; it is without the promise of progression; it stands aloof from external facts; its judgments are not so much inductions as intuitions. Criticisms of this sort belong in truth to the period prior to the time when Bacon, in laying the foundation of the inductive philosophy, made scientific progress a possibility for succeeding generations. Assuredly art criticism in these pages does not take rank among either the positive or the progressive sciences.

But, on the other hand, Dr. Burckhardt is the best exponent we have yet met with of the intuitional system. A work of art is for him an idea; the outward form is of worth only as the expression of an inward thought; colours are symbols of sentiments, even human figures are of value chiefly as they reveal an indwelling soul. There is scarcely an instance in these pages in which colour is found fault with because a wrong colour has been chosen or a right colour put into a wrong place; neither are characters much blamed when out of drawing or mistaken in line or composition; what is really demanded of a picture is that it shall be right-minded, true, and noble in intent. Thus it will be understood that this criticism is not so much that of a painter as of a poet or a philosopher. The book affords no evidence that the writer could take the brush out of the hand of an artist and correct the errors into which he had fallen; it rather shows that operation of mental

analysis which might fitly be applied to a written drama. In fact, the art of painting is here considered but as a language, and a picture as little else than a mode of writing ideas on wall or canvas. In like manner the office of criticism is assumed to depend on the response of mind to mind, of emotion to emotion; the critic and the painter have a soul in common, and when two souls happen to accord, all is as it should be. Thought, it seems to be supposed, comes from the picture and joins thought in the mind of the spectator, and when the thought of each is true and beautiful, then the critic is satisfied and gives his verdict accordingly. Such judgment, which is grounded on sympathy, implies in the first place fine intuitions, and in the second full culture, in neither of which requisites is Dr. Burckhardt wanting. The mind of the writer is not only informed but attuned; it responds to truth, it vibrates at the touch of beauty. Such conditions, which perhaps preclude infallibility just as they favour sincerity, involve the gist of a lecture recently delivered by Mr. Sidney Colvin at the Royal Institution. They reconcile the widest toleration with the narrowest intolerance; they imply love, and therefore necessitate hate. Such criticism, earnest and truth-seeking, is kind to everything save what it deems untruth and insincerity; a lie, a hollow pretence, it cannot away with. Thus, in these pages, "the Byzantine style," instead of apology, meets with denunciation; of this epoch it is said that "sanctity always takes the form of moroseness," that "even the Madonna becomes sulky," and that "in male heads there is often an expression of malice quite odious." These terms of reprobation make it sufficiently clear that Dr. Burckhardt has no leaning towards archaism; he inclines, as we have already said, too much to the absolute in philosophy and art to find satisfaction in the partial and the imperfect. Neither does he commit himself unreservedly, as Sir Joshua Reynolds did, to the later schools; the Caracci he can appreciate without blind idolatry, Correggio he can at once criticize and extol. Of this last artist we read, "To some temperaments he is absolutely revolting, and they have a right to hate him"; and yet in the next page we meet with one of those appreciative passages which ever and anon come as by a spontaneous outflow from minds of this sensitive, inward, and subjective cast. Having spoken of the chiaroscuro, or, as Sterne has it, "the correggiosity" of Correggio; having contrasted the grand creations of Michael Angelo in the Sistine with the sensuous compositions which fill the domes of Parma; having accorded to Correggio in these cupolas, which contain the heavens and all that dwell therein, the distinction of being the first to give "perfectly realistic representations of space and light," Dr. Burckhardt proceeds:—

But the most striking point of Correggio's style is the complete expression of motion in his figures, without which there is for him no life and no complete representation of space, which can properly only be measured by the eye. The real measure of his performance is in the human form in motion, with indeed an entire appearance of reality, and in some circumstances violently foreshortened. He first gives to the glories of the other world a cubically measurable space, which he fills with powerful floating forms. This motion is nothing merely external; it interpenetrates the figures from within outwards. Correggio divine, knows, and paints the finest movements of nervous life.

The contemporary criticism of the Continent presents strong contrasts; certainly there is little in common between the leading writers on art in France and in Germany. We need scarcely stop to glance at M. Théophile Gautier, M. About, and others, who with facile, florid, and flippant pen descend with equal knowledge and zest on the painting of a picture or the making of an omelette, on the overthrow of a dynasty or an intrigue in a harem. There are other French writers, among whom M. Boulé is conspicuous, who pass with ease from the Acropolis of Athens to the Hotel of the Minister of the Interior; or again there are others, like M. Émile Ollivier, who, having commenced a fatal war with a light heart, consoles himself in exile within the Chapel of the Medici by penning a "Dialogue sur Michel-Ange et Raphaël." Examples of the kind might be further multiplied; both M. Guizot and M. Thiers have amused themselves in the leisure which statecraft has left them by making excursions along the highways and byways of art. But these writers, unlike certain of their contemporaries in Germany, do not make criticism the serious business of life; they are hasty instead of deliberate, superficial rather than profound. A German digs deeply, if only to obscure the air with dust; a Frenchman glides over the surface smoothly; he gathers a harvest as from a fertile soil without turning a furrow. And further differences might be pointed out. Thus we have found Dr. Burckhardt ideal and subjective; his system rests on the inner consciousness; whereas his contemporary in Paris, Professor Taine, might almost, by reason of his more positive method, rank with the Comtists. The Frenchman looks upon the arts as phenomena which may be accounted for by physical causes. Genius itself is but an effect, or at most one link in a long chain of causation. Giotto and Raffaele are little else than the products of climate, race, and other outward circumstances. The conclusion seems to be that each method has its shortcomings; but, of the two, that of Dr. Burckhardt is in closer accord with the life and spirit of art. Yet in point of written style French critics have the advantage of clearness; their definitions and descriptions are sharp in outline; in fact, M. Boulé is clear almost to a fault, simply because, as a plausible advocate, he leaves out perplexities which might encumber his argument or prejudice his case. The Germans, of whom Dr. Burckhardt may be taken as the representative, are more judicial

* *The Cicerone; or, Art Guide to Painting in Italy, for the use of Travellers.* By Dr. Jacob Burckhardt. Edited by Dr. A. von Zahn. Translated from the German by Mrs. A. H. Clough. London: John Murray, 1873.

and impartial. It will be seen how much criticism owes to both countries; the defects of each are supplied by the other. Indeed it might be said of the literature of art, as sometimes it has been said of the kingdom of science, that if it were possible for Germans to make the investigations, and Frenchmen to pen and to formulate the results, the world would possess treatises little short of absolute perfection.

The Cicerone, though a model of criticism, is not a work of original discovery. It is moreover too curt to be exhaustive of what is already the common property of all well-read students. On many of the topics treated we could have borne more copious facts and longer disquisitions, especially from a writer who places old materials in new aspects. Thus it strikes us that that complex but vital question, the rise in Italy of "the Gothic style," under Giotto and others, is handled with little knowledge and insight. In contrast to this inefficiency we cannot help recalling eloquent and searching passages by Mr. Ruskin which, though sometimes too sweeping to be strictly accurate in detail, give vivid panoramic views of wide tracts in the history of art. The inroad of Gothic nations into Italy, which Mr. Ruskin compares to a glacier stream invading gardens of vine and olive, is just the subject which might have fitly fallen under the cognizance of a German critic. The truth is, we have to thank Dr. Bueckhardt for so much that we are tempted to ask for more.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

IT is sufficiently remarkable that, notwithstanding all that has been written upon the Society of Jesus*, there should hitherto have been no compendious digest of the history of the Order, combining the notice of external incidents with an inquiry into its general spirit and its influence on the course of human affairs. Such, according to Professor Huber, is the case. It seems equally remarkable that the task should have fallen to the lot of one of the most decided opponents of the Jesuits in our own day, and that it should nevertheless have been performed with temper, dignity, and a very fair approximation to impartiality. An absolutely impartial history of Jesuitism will obviously never be written until the Order has long become a thing of the past. The interest in its fortunes which is necessary as a stimulus to the task implies in our day a strong party feeling on one side or the other. Professor Huber cannot write otherwise than as a steady antagonist of Jesuitism; but his antipathy is moderated by the conviction, expressed in his preface, that the Society is after all rather the hand than the brain of the Church of Rome. He apparently feels that the secular authorities will consider that they have done enough in banishing the Jesuits—a measure of questionable policy and legality in his eyes. Nothing, he insists, can be effected without a thorough internal reform of the Roman Church; the alternative of the sixteenth century, reaction or reformation, must be again presented to her, and the influence of the secular power must be energetically exerted in favour of the reforming party within her own bosom. The evident difficulty is that the number of really devout members of the Church who think with Professor Huber is small, and that the majority of merely nominal members will generally wish to go much further than is agreeable either to him or to the Governments. The work is divided into nine sections, treating respectively of the foundation of the Order, its constitution, its ecclesiastical and political activity, its missionary operations, its position as an *imperium in imperio* within the Church, its religious doctrines and practice, its educational system and works of literature and art, the Jansenist controversy, and the suppression of the Order by Clement XIV. A marked endeavour at impartiality is everywhere discernible; the writer renders abundant justice to eminent Jesuits such as Mariana, censures the most flagitious points of Jesuit teaching and practice with studied moderation, and seems always anxious to keep in view his main thesis, that the corruption of religion is mainly attributable to the evil tradition of the Court of Rome. A German Pope at Munich would probably be his remedy, if he felt at liberty to state his convictions without reserve. The literary execution of the book is able, but it belongs essentially to the pamphlet class, and will be forgotten after it has performed its office of enlightening readers anxious to acquaint themselves with particulars material to a controversy of pressing interest. For this it is excellently adapted by the judicious arrangement of the matter, and the fluency and clearness of the style.

The correspondence between the Austrian Emperors Joseph and Leopold and Prince Kaunitz, the most important part of which is now published under the editorship of Herr Adolf Beer†, is full of interest for the general political history of Europe. It bears little reference to the attempts at internal reform which constitute the most characteristic feature of Joseph's reign, but illustrates the system of foreign politics common in the main both to the Emperor and to his Minister. The influence of the latter in this department was, in Herr Beer's opinion, much greater than is commonly supposed, and undoubtedly this correspondence exhibits Joseph as usually in substantial agreement with him. The leading principle of Kaunitz's policy appears to have been the humiliation

of Prussia, to which end he was prepared to purchase the support of Russia by countenancing her designs upon Turkey, reserving the right to obtain what he could at the latter country's expense. Turkey, in fact, was to be partitioned like Poland, minus the participation of Prussia in the proceeds of the spoliation. This cannot be described as a sagacious or high-minded policy, and it terminated in the sole advantage of Russia. Kaunitz's memorials are drawn up with great terseness and felicity of expression, but nothing can disguise the short-sighted egotism of his political system. Joseph's letters are in general highly interesting, especially those written on his numerous journeys. The portion of the correspondence relating to Bavaria is reserved for publication in a separate work.

Prince Kaunitz reappears in another diplomatic collection containing a vast magazine of historical information, Alfred von Vivenot's‡ edition of the State Papers relating to the policy of Austria during the wars of the French Republic, down to the treaty of Lunéville in 1801. The first volume, extending from January 1790 to April 1792, comprises four hundred and two documents, not all proceeding from or addressed to the Austrian Chancery, but all bearing in some way upon Austrian affairs, and all written by sovereigns, Ministers, or diplomatic agents. In the editor's opinion, this collection is calculated to exalt the world's estimate of the Austria of the latter end of the eighteenth century, as the staunch representative of the principle of order. Without disparaging the principle, its champions at the respective European Courts make but a poor figure, pulling all ways, full of mutual envy and distrust, and totally unable to apprehend the new doctrines which were revolutionizing Europe. There is little room for censure under the circumstances, but still less for admiration. Whatever, however, may be thought of Herr von Vivenot's conclusions, there can be no question of the great value of the materials from which he has derived them; it would be impossible in our space to mention half the interesting episodes of history which the correspondence tends to illustrate.

"Sketches of St. Petersburg Society"†, partly a reprint from the *Neue Freie Presse*, are exclusively political in character. They possess the advantages and defects of anonymous political authorship, where the writer is not hampered by the restraints of caution and etiquette, but where at the same time there is no guarantee for the authenticity of his statements, apart from the intrinsic probability they may possess. On the whole, we should be inclined to pronounce favourably respecting the author's credibility, especially as his pages are principally dedicated to the description of a state of things which, upon his own showing, has to a great degree passed away. Under the form of a series of biographical sketches, he delineates the rise, progress, and abatement of the specifically national movement which, provoked into activity by the Polish insurrection of 1863, for a time carried everything before it, and threatened to place Russia in a position of antagonism to Western civilization similar to that occupied by the Church of Rome towards modern thought. For the first time in the history of Russia her destinies appeared to be directed by an able journalist—Katkoff, the editor of the *Moscow Gazette*, whose character, as well as that of the chief official representatives of the party, the brothers Miliutin, is here sketched from an inimical point of view, yet apparently without animosity. The almost complete collapse of a movement so spontaneously originated, and so much in harmony with the instincts and traditions of the people, is a curious phenomenon, only explicable on the supposition that it had not in fact penetrated much beyond the reading classes, and that these were sufficiently intelligent to recognize in the long run the absolute necessity of European capital for the development of the country. It is also apparent that the traditions of Russian statecraft will only be modified very slowly. They are at present personified in Prince Gortchakoff, whose influence and physical powers are here represented as alike on the wane, and the reversion of whose office is disputed by several leading statesmen. The author's favourite is M. Walujeff, whom he considers as the representative of the liberal and enlightened element in Russian policy. General Ignatieff, the Minister at Constantinople, is described as a man more favoured by luck than ability, but so very lucky that it would be difficult to set bounds to his possible advancement. There are also retrospective accounts of former statesmen whose influence is perceptible as an element in the present condition of affairs, especially of General Protassoff, whose dragon-like away over the Russian Church during the reign of Nicholas is said to have contributed much to the intolerant and thoroughly secular spirit which pervades it at present. On the whole, the picture of high political society at St. Petersburg is not a pleasing one, and serves as an apt commentary on the motto of the book—"La facilité de faire sa carrière préserve la Russie du mécontentement."

Roger, Count of Bruges‡, does not impress us as a traveller of remarkable discernment; his eye, at least, dwells mainly on externals, and we learn scarcely anything respecting the inner life of the remarkable countries he has visited. It is disappointing,

* *Der Jesuiten-Orden nach seiner Verfassung und Doctrin, Wirkamkeit und Geschichte.* Von Dr. Johannes Huber. Berlin: Lüdertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Joseph II., Leopold II. und Kaunitz. Ihr Briefwechsel.* Herausgegeben von Adolf Beer. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Quellen zur Geschichte der deutschen Kaiserpolitik Oesterreichs während der französischen Revolutionskriege, 1790-1801.* Von Alfred Ritter von Vivenot. Bd. 1. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Aus der Petersburger Gesellschaft.* Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Reisebilder aus West-Indien, Mexico und Nord-Amerika.* Von Roger Graf von Bruges. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

for instance, to accompany him to Mexico so soon after the triumph of the national idea personified in President Juarez merely to learn that the indomitable advocate looked like a villain, that he wore a black coat, and leaned upon a golden-headed cane. Such matters, however, as an ordinary observer may be expected to notice—the complexion of the Havana scorchitas, or the economy of American hotels and railways—are described agreeably enough, and occasionally we encounter a remark of some significance, as that, for instance, while the German nation at home instinctively sympathizes with the Northern American, the German emigrants in the South are more Confederate than the Confederates themselves. This, however, can scarcely apply to the settlers in Texas.

The lectures of Dr. E. Zeller*, one of the most eminent of contemporary German theologians, probably embody with sufficient accuracy the views of candid and enlightened public opinion in Germany with reference to the conflict of jurisdiction between the State and the Church. As a divine, Dr. Zeller is naturally unwilling to regard the Church as a mere department of the civil administration; but he is evidently impressed with the great difficulty of treating it otherwise, so long as the adjustment of its relations with the State involves the possibility of collision on a variety of questions, on all of which, if compromise be impossible, the Church must submit to be overruled. In the event of her not so submitting, the author's reasoning seems to leave room for no other solution than disestablishment and disendowment, a measure extremely repugnant to Continental statesmen. The free activity of a free Church seems natural enough in this land of individual liberty, but is regarded as something portentous in countries where all the relations of life are matters of governmental interference and prescription. Dr. Zeller, however, is sanguine in the belief that the Established Protestant Churches will prove manageable, and isolated bodies of seceders like the German Catholics are of little account. The Church of Rome is the great difficulty. With the most earnest wish to respect all vested interests, Dr. Zeller can but admit that, if a Church will concede nothing to the State, the latter must refuse her official recognition—that is, disestablish her. The Church of Rome, in her present frame of mind, will assuredly make no concessions; the case for the application of the remedy will accordingly arise; and Dr. Zeller labours with indifferent success to convince himself and his readers that it will not aggravate the disease. Had the Prussian Government fostered the Liberal tendencies of a portion of the Catholic clergy, the present situation would probably not have existed; it remains to be seen whether the recent remedial measures are too late. The volume is introduced by an able inquiry into the separation between the spheres of Church and State gradually occasioned by the increasing divergences of religious opinion, and is concluded by the consideration of the best way of reconciling the conflicting views of the two institutions on such practical questions as education and marriage. Everywhere the same principal aim is apparent—the preservation of the greatest liberty of action for the Church compatible with the maintenance of that system of superintendence and tutelage the absence of which a Prussian statesman is hardly able to conceive.

Pending the more copious biography of Ludwig Feuerbach †, understood to be in preparation, Dr. C. Beyer's reminiscences, though characterized by too partial an enthusiasm, are still very acceptable. The philosopher manifestly had his full share of the intellectual unsoundness and crotchetedness of his family, combined with their masculine independence, and a logical consistency peculiarly his own. A man of this uncompromising turn was not likely to make much way in a country governed by officials. Despairing of obtaining any public situation, he married without one, and led almost the life of a hermit, first at the castle of Bruckberg, and subsequently, after a serious reverse of fortune, at Rechenberg, undergoing annoyances and privations which seem almost incredible in the case of a writer whose readers were counted by thousands all over Germany and North America. Without being a misanthrope, Feuerbach seems nevertheless to have shunned all society except that of his humble country neighbours, and to have carried the simplicity of his tastes and habits to a somewhat exaggerated degree. Many anecdotes are related of his disinterestedness and love of justice. In personal intercourse he commonly appeared awkward and embarrassed, but occasionally kindled into remarkable animation and eloquence. As a thinker he has left his mark on the age, less by absolute originality than by the clearness with which he discerned, and the ruthless energy with which he expressed, the logical results overlooked or avoided by less perspicacious or more timorous men, and the practical direction he imparted to speculative problems. The fine portrait prefixed to this volume bespeaks the *enfant terrible* of philosophy; the physiognomy is almost that of an artist.

It seems almost incredible that even a German biographer should have managed to spin eight hundred large octavo pages out of the first half only of the uneventful life of Johann Sebastian Bach. ‡ The feat would have been impossible without a liberal resort to musical criticism, which constitutes indeed the staple of the volume. There are also copious particulars respecting Bach's ancestors, whose history is industriously traced out. We cannot

discover, however, that Herr Spitta even claims to have added any noteworthy particulars to Bach's history; and if his work is destined, as he anticipates, to supersede all former biographies, this can only be the case with the strictly musical public. For this class of readers it may be well adapted, supposing them to be possessed of, and competently acquainted with, the compositions which form the theme of Herr Spitta's exhaustive and enthusiastic exposition.

The third volume of Julian Schmidt's essays on the intellectual aspects of the present day* is hardly written with the finish of the others, and seems to bear some traces of haste or fatigue. Something of this may be attributed to the inferior interest of the themes discussed, the German novelists whose works form the subject of the more elaborate notices affording much less scope for remark than the Turgeneffs and George Eliots of former volumes. Fritz Reuter, whose realism accords so perfectly with Dr. Schmidt's own critical principles, obtains the most cordial praise; Spielhagen is treated as a writer of great significance, but is cautioned not to misrepresent the national character to foreigners. Wilibald Alexis, no great favourite with the critic in general, is commended as a descriptive writer, and as especially identified with the history and scenery of Brandenburg. One of the most interesting essays is that on Hermann Grimm, the association of whose æsthetic criticism with lofty moral ideas is exhibited in a very interesting light.

"All Sorts of Things" is the highly appropriate title of a curious medley by W. Spindler †, which possesses at least the incontestable merit of being readable throughout. In his more serious essays the author appears as a discontented politician, out of humour with everything in Church and State, and generally on grounds honourable to his sincerity and elevation of sentiment. The substance of many of his criticisms on the prevailing disposition of the people to condone political delinquencies in consideration of military success is excellent, but the style is frequently more provocative of mirth than of earnest conviction. Some of the little poems interspersed are very pretty; a successful translation of Poe's "Raven" demands especial notice.

The excellent series of popular scientific lectures, and that of discussions on controverted topics of the day, published by C. Lüderitz ‡, continue with unabated interest. Among the former we may particularly refer to one by Dr. H. Blüner upon artistic connoisseurship in the antique world, in which the æsthetic faculty of the Romans is rated very low, and to Dr. Peters's essay on the approaching transit of Venus. The latter series includes a concise but comprehensive review of the leading political incidents of the German Empire in the past year, from the pen of Dr. W. Oncken. The prospects of the Old Catholic movement are very favourably discussed by the eminent Lutheran theologian, Professor Nippold; and Professor Huber contributes a compendium of his larger work on the Society of Jesus.

The last number of the *Russian Review* § contains a number of interesting statistics respecting Russian shipping, railways, and banking; and an article on the progress of higher education, which the Government appears earnestly endeavouring to promote. Greek has been recently introduced into numerous schools where it was formerly omitted, and the time devoted to both classical and mathematical studies has been extended in all institutions under Governmental control.

* *Neue Bilder aus dem geistigen Leben unserer Zeit.* Von Julian Schmidt. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Allerlei. Gereinigt und Ungereinigt.* Von W. Spindler. Berlin: Staudl. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Sammlung gemeinverständlicher wissenschaftlicher Vorträge. Deutsche Zeit- und Streit-Fragen.* Berlin: Lüderitz. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Russische Revue. Monatschrift für die Kunde Russlands.* Herausgegeben von C. Rottger. St. Petersburg: Schmitzdorff. London: Siegle.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newagent, on the day of publication.

Nearly all the back Numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained through any Bookseller, or of the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., to whom all Communications relating to Advertisements should likewise be addressed.

Now ready, VOLUME XXXV., bound in cloth, price 18s. Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes, price 2s. each. Also, Reading Cases, price 2s. 6d. each. May be had at the Office, or through any Bookseller.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any Newagent in Town or Country on application to the Publisher.

* *Staat und Kirche. Vorlesungen.* Von Eduard Zeller. Leipzig: Fues. London: Nutt.

† *Leben und Geist Ludwig Feuerbach's.* Von Dr. C. Beyer. Leipzig: Froberg. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Johann Sebastian Bach.* Von Philipp Spitta. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

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POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

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The End of the Shah. Modern Archaeology in Devonshire.
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, in
AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE BIRMINGHAM GENERAL HOSPITAL.

THIRTY-FIRST CELEBRATION.

On Tuesday, August 20; Wednesday, August 21; Thursday, August 22; Friday, August 23.

President—The Right Hon. the Earl of SHREWSBURY and TALBOT.

Principal Vocalists—Madlle. Titicus, Madame Lommes-R'errington, and Madlle. Albani;
Madame Paly and Madame Trebell-Hewitt. Mr. Sims Rees, Mr. Vernon Higby, and Mr.
W. H. Cummings. Mr. Hantley and Signor Foli.
(Organist—Mr. Stiles.
Conductor—Sir Michael Costa.

OUTLINE OF THE PERFORMANCE.

THURSDAY MORNING, August 22.—Elijah. THURSDAY EVENING.—A New Cantata, by F.
Schire, entitled "The Lord of Hough" (first time of performance); and a Miscellaneous
Selection, to include the Song of Titicus, &c.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, August 21.—A New Overture, "The Light of the World," composed
expressly for this Festival, by Arthur S. Sullivan. WEDNESDAY EVENING.—A Miscellaneous
Selection, comprising Beethoven's Symphony in C Minor; and the National Hymn, &c. (first
time of performance).

THURSDAY MORNING, August 22.—Messiah. THURSDAY EVENING.—A New Cantata, by
A. Handcock, entitled "Elijah" (first time of performance); and a Miscellaneous Selection,
comprising "Prelude to William Tell," &c.

FRIDAY MORNING, August 23.—Sacred Cantata, "God Thou art Great, Spohr; Imperial
Mass, Haydn; Ave Maria (first time of performance), Rossini; Double Chorus, Cantata (first
time of performance), Rossini; Selections from Israel in Egypt. FRIDAY EVENING.—Judas
Maccabaeus.

The following Compositions of Handel will be performed, by permission of Albert Grant,
Esq., The Song of Titicus, National Hymn, Ave Maria, and Cantata.

Programme of the Performances will be forwarded by post on application to the under-
signed, at the Office of the Festival Committee, 8 Abchurch Lane, Birmingham.

By Order,

HOWARD B. SMITH, Secretary to the Festival Committee.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—PARTICULAR ATTRACTIONS

THIS DAY AND NEXT WEEK.

Saturday (August 10).—Opera, at 5. Great Chinese Fete and Feast of Lanterns in Evening.
Monday.—Theatricals; 8. Roman, at 8.
Tuesday.—Theatricals; 8. Roman, at 8.
Wednesday.—Orchestral Music; 8. Roman, at 8.
Thursday.—Opera (production of "Norma"); 8. Roman, at 8. Great Fireworks, 8.30.
Friday.—Orchestral Music; 8. Roman, at 8.
Saturday.—Special performance of Opera.

The Fine Arts Courts and Collections, including the Picture Gallery (the Works on sale), the
Natural History and Mineralogical, all the various illustrations of Art, Science,
and Nature, and the Gardens and Park always open. Music and Fountains daily.

Admission, Monday to Friday, 1s.; Saturdays, 2s. 6d.; 1s. for Guinea Season Ticket.
Cryстал Palace.—FORESTERS' GREAT GATHER-
ING ON TUESDAY NEXT.

DORR'S GREAT PICTURE OF "CHRIST LEAVING the
PRÆTORIUM" with "Night of the Crucifixion," "Christian Martyrs," "Francisco
de Rimini," "Nemphylis," "Andromeda," &c., at the DORR GALLERY, 35 New Bond
Street. Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.

ELIJAH WALTON.—EXHIBITION including "A Storm
at Sea" and "Good Storm in the Desert," and many new and important Drawings,
Alpine and Eastern. NOW OPEN at Burlington Gallery, 101 Piccadilly. Ten to Six.—
Admission, with Catalogue, 1s.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—THE BRITISH MUSEUM is OPEN
to the Public from ten o'clock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and from
Twelve o'clock on Saturdays, throughout the year. On application to the Principal
Librarian, complete facilities are afforded for the study of specified branches of the Collections,
on Tuesdays and Thursdays, to Classes or Parties of not more than Fifty in number for the
Lower Galleries, and Thirty for the Upper Galleries.

British Museum, & WINTER JONES, Principal Librarian.
August 9, 1873.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.

The WINTER SESSION will begin on Wednesday, October 1.
The Clinical practice of the Hospital comprises a service of 710 Beds, inclusive of 24 Beds
for Convalescent Patients.

Students can reside within the Hospital walls, subject to the College regulations.
For all particulars concerning either the Hospital or College, application may be made,
personally or by letter, to the Manager, WALTER of the College.

A Handbook will be forwarded on application.

COOPER'S HILL COLLEGE.—The following are the Names
of some of the SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS at the recent Examination for
admission to the Indian Civil Engineering College:

Simon, John Harrington	234	Stewart, Robert	1544
Osborne, Henry James	189	Lodge, Charles Henry	1600
White, John Charles	190	John, Edward Henry	1900
Osborne, Henry James	189	John, Edward Henry	1900

South of Mr. J. ASHLEY, of the Hospital, Road, & Hamstead, who receive RESIDENT
and NON-RESIDENT CANDIDATES. R.M.—Ten years sent up, eight passed.

GUYS HOSPITAL.—The MEDICAL SESSION commences

on October 1. The INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be given by JAMES HINTON,
Esq., on Wednesday, October 1, at Two o'clock.

MEDICAL OFFICERS.

Consulting Physicians.—Mr. W. Gull, Bart. M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.; G. Owen Rees, M.D., F.R.S.;
Physicians.—R. G. Habershon, M.D.; S. Wilks, M.D., F.R.S.; F. C. M. Fyfe, M.D., F.R.S.;
W. Rogers, M.D.
Assistant Physicians.—C. Hilton Fagge, M.D.; F. H. Pye-Smith, M.D.; Fred. Taylor, M.D.
Consulting Surgeons.—John Hilton, Esq., F.R.S.; Edward Croft, Esq.,
Surgeons.—J. Birkett, Esq.; J. Cooper Foster, Esq.; Thomas Bryant, Esq.; Arthur E.
Durham, Esq.
Assistant Surgeons.—H. G. Howe, M.S.; N. Davies-Colley, M.C.
Consulting Obstetric Physician.—Henry (Edman), M.D.
Obstetric Physicians.—J. Braxton Hicks, M.D., F.R.S.
Assistant Obstetric Physician.—J. J. Phillips, M.D.
Ophthalmic Surgeon.—C. Bader, Esq.
Assistant Ophthalmic Surgeon.—C. Haggens, Esq.
Surgeon-Dentist.—J. S. A. Salter, M.D., F.R.S.
Dentist-Surgeon-Dentist.—H. Moon, Esq.
Aural Surgeon.—James Hinton, Esq.
Medical Reporter.—Frederick Taylor, M.D.
Surgeon of Dispensary.—J. F. Goodhart, M.D.
Apothecary.—James Stucker, Esq.

The Hospital now contains 715 Beds. Of these 221 are for Medical Cases; 350 for Surgical;
25 for Gynaecological; 15 for Syphilitic, and 50 for Ophthalmic Cases. There are also 30
Children's Beds, and 40 Reserve Beds, which will be in use in the winter season.
In connection with the Lying-in-Charity, about 2,000 Cases are annually attended by the
Students.

Number of Patients relieved during the year, about 81,000.

WINTER SESSION LECTURES.

Medicine.—Dr. Wilks and Dr. Habershon.
Clinical Medicine.—Dr. Habershon, Dr. Wilks, Dr. Pavy, and Dr. Moxon.
Surgery (including Demonstrations in Practical Surgery).—Mr. Birkett and
Mr. Cooper Foster; assisted by Mr. Rendle.
Clinical Surgery.—Mr. Birkett, Mr. Foster, Mr. Bryant, and Mr. Durham.
Anatomy (Descriptive and Surgical).—Mr. Durham and Mr. H. Jones.
Physiology and General Anatomy.—Dr. Pavy and Dr. Pye-Smith.
Clinical Lectures on Midwifery and Diseases of Women.—Dr. Braxton Hicks.
Chemistry.—Dr. Deane and Dr. Stevenson.
Experimental Philosophy.—Mr. G. F. Rodwell.

DEMONSTRATIONS.

Anatomy.—Mr. Davies-Colley, Mr. Rendle, and Mr. Clement Lucas, Demonstrators.
Practical Physiology.—Dr. F. H. Pye-Smith.
Medical Jurisprudence.—Dr. C. Hilton Fagge.
Cutaneous Diseases.—Dr. C. Hilton Fagge.

Clinical Lectures in Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery, Weekly.
Special Classes are held in the Hospital for Students preparing for the Examinations of the
University of London, and of the College of Surgeons.
The Museum of Anatomy, Pathology, and Comparative Anatomy (Curator, Dr. Fagge)
contains 10,000 Specimens, 4,000 Drawings and Diagrams, a unique collection of Anatomical
Models, and a Series of 400 Models of Skin Diseases.

Students must give satisfactory testimony as to their
Education and Conduct. Fees: £40 for the first year; £40 for the second; £20 for the third;
and £10 for succeeding years of attendance. One hundred Guineas in one payment entitles a
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The House-Surgeons and House-Physicians, the Obstetric Residents, the Clinical Assistants,
Dressers, Dispensers in the Eye Wards, and Clinical Clerks, are selected from the Students
according to merit.

Six Scholarships, varying in value from £25 to £40 each, are awarded at the close of each
Summer Session for general proficiency.

Two Gold Medals are given by the Treasurer—one in Clinical Medicine, and one in Clinical
Surgery.

A Voluntary Examination takes place at Entrance, in Elementary Classics and Mathematics.
The First Three Candidates receive respectively bursaries of £25, £20, and £10.

Several of the Lecturers have Vacancies for Resident Private Pupils.
For further information apply to Mr. STUCKER.

Guy's Hospital, July 1873.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE, Spring Grove,
near Tottenham.—The AUTUMN TERM COMMENCES on September 16. Further
information may be obtained by applying to Dr. LEONARD SCHEIDT, the Principal, at the
College.

TRINITY COLLEGE, GLENALMOND, Perth.

Warden—Rev. R. THORNTON, D.D.

A School on the model of the greater Public Schools in England. There is a resident Medical
Officer. For particulars apply to the WARDEN.

The School will meet on Tuesday, September 9.

TRINITY COLLEGE, EASTBOURNE.

Master—Rev. JAS. R. WOOD, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

The next TERM commences on Saturday, September 20, when TWO SCHOLARSHIPS
are offered for Competition.

BRIGHTON COLLEGE.

President—The Earl of CHICHESTER, Principal—The Rev. C. BIGG, M.A. into
Senior Student and Tutor of Christ Church, Oxford.—There are special Modern Forms,
affording every necessary preparation for the India or Army Examinations. The School is
well-endowed and is perhaps the healthiest public school in the Kingdom.—Apply to the
Bursar.

GARRICK CHAMBERS.—The next Term will commence
on September 16. The Honour List for the years 1869-1870 contains the Names of
127 SUCCESSFUL PUPILS, appointed to the following Departments:

57 to the Civil Service of India.
10 to Attachments in the Diplomatic Service.
12 to the Foreign Office.
24 to other Superior Offices of the Home Civil Service.
11 to the Ceylon Civil Service and to Chinese Interpretships.
3 to the India Engineering College.

Of this number 33 gained the First place in their respective Competitions.

The List may be had on application, by letter, to the LIBRARIAN, Garrick Chambers,
Garrick Street, London.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL for BOYS, Saugeen,
BOURNEMOUTH.

A First-Class PREPARATORY SCHOOL for BOYS will be Opened on September 25
next, by the Rev. E. B. BRACKENBURY, of Exeter College, Oxford (late Minor Canon of
Bristol Cathedral), who has been engaged for several years past in Tuition, and has undertaken
the charge of the School carried on to the present time by M. J. BARRELL, Esq., The Codrers,
Bournemouth.

The house stands on the East Cliff, facing the Sea, but sheltered on every side by the pine
woods.

Bournemouth is now specially recommended by Medical Men for Children of delicate
constitution, and the house has been most carefully built, and arrangements, made by means
of hot-water apparatus, so that delicate Boys may have every comfort and convenience.

There are first-rate French, German, Music and Drawing Masters, and in the case of Boys
possessing a good ear and voice, the Rev. E. B. BRACKENBURY will be very glad to take
special pains in teaching them to sing from notes, to qualify them (if necessary) for the various
Choral Scholarships that are to be obtained at different Schools.

There are Three Vacancies in the year, viz.: five weeks at Christmas, three at Easter, and
seven at Midsummer.

Terms, 10 Guineas. Day Boys, 36 Guineas. But special arrangements would be made with
Parents bringing their Children to Bournemouth for a short period.

For references to Parents of former Pupils, and for further particulars, apply 221 September 5
to the Rev. E. B. BRACKENBURY, 2 Cambridge Park, Redlands, Bristol; and after that date,
Saugeen, Bournemouth.

OXFORD DIOCESAN SCHOOL, Cowley, near Oxford.

Visitor—The Lord Bishop of OXFORD.

A Public School, limited to One Hundred Boys, who are prepared for the Universities.
Military or Civil Service Examinations, for the Professions and Commerce.
The Terms are £25 a year, which includes Board, Education, Laundry, &c.
A Prospectus and particulars may be had of the Principal, The Principal,
The Next School Term begins on September 4.

EDUCATION, SUPERIOR—THE WICK, Brighton.

The following Distinctions have been recently obtained by PUPILS of this School, viz.:
Balliol Scholarship, Woolwich Cadetship, and in the last Examination, and also in the last
Classical Moderns, &c. &c. House stands in its own grounds of eight acres. Excellent
School. A large Department for Pupils preparing for Public Schools.—For terms, apply to
the PRINCIPAL, The Wick, Brighton.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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ELECTIONEERING PROSPECTS.

THE present intention of the Government is understood to be to defer the dissolution until after another Session, and one reason assigned for this resolution is that the Liberal party cannot easily be in a worse position than it is now, while it may be in a better a year or so hence. It is useless to speculate on the possibilities of a very uncertain future. Things may go against the Ministry or for them. Fresh blunders may or may not be committed; but in any case the difference between the results of an election held now and the results of an election held next year cannot be very great. It is easy to form a fairly correct estimate of what will happen whenever the dissolution may take place. There is no doubt that there will be a great Conservative gain, and there is not much doubt that this gain will be large enough to make a change of Government indispensable. But it is difficult to see how a Conservative Ministry can have any but a small majority. The Liberal party is so strong in the present Parliament that even to equal them their opponents will have to win a series of victories. The position of the two parties now is in some degree like that which existed in the last days of the Melbourne Ministry. Then, as now, a Liberal Government had resigned, and had to return to office because the Conservatives would not form a Ministry. Then, as now, the resuscitated Ministry had gradually sunk in repute, and the country was weary of the Government. Whether or not there is a Conservative reaction in the country now, there certainly was one then. The dissolution at last took place, the new elections were held, and Sir ROBERT PEELE took office with a commanding majority. But there were two circumstances then telling immensely in favour of the Conservatives to which there is no parallel now. The country then wished to get the Conservative leader in office, not only because he was the Conservative leader, but because he was Sir ROBERT PEELE, and was the one man in England who, it was thought, could give the nation what it then happened to want. The whole financial system was in confusion. The Whig Budgets had been a succession of blunders, and it was thought that a great financier was needed to get things out of the mess, and that the only great financier to be had was Sir ROBERT PEELE. No corresponding influence is felt now. There is nothing which the Conservative leaders can personally offer to the nation. They are not likely to be able to discharge their official duties better on the whole than the present tenants of office. In the second place, the Conservatives then started on an equality. Sir ROBERT PEELE had beaten the Government on a vote of want of confidence, and thus every seat gained at the election gave two votes towards a Conservative majority. When the next election takes place, the very lowest at which the majority commanded by the present Government can be put is sixty. This is probably putting the number too low, but even if this number is taken, the first thirty seats gained by the Conservatives will only suffice to put the two parties on an equality, whereas the same amount of success would, when Sir ROBERT PEELE took office, have given him a majority of sixty. But thirty seats is a large amount for the Conservatives to gain. It is enough to exhaust most of the seats which the Conservatives are tolerably sure to snatch from their opponents. Up to thirty it is not difficult to reckon English county and borough constituencies which will probably displace Liberals for Conservatives. But after that number is reached it becomes much more difficult to say where the Conservatives have a probability of success. The changes in Scotland, in Ireland, and in

Wales will, it may be guessed, not be very great, and, perhaps, not much in favour of the Conservatives when they are made. There will also be here and there, by chance or local influence, a Liberal gain in English constituencies. If, therefore, the Conservatives gained a balance of ten seats beyond the thirty seats which they must gain in order to start with a majority at all, they would do extremely well; but they would take office with a majority of no more than twenty, and this is as small a majority as a Government can have that wishes to take and hold office with credit.

But there are circumstances in which a very small majority is sufficient for a Ministry, and there is every reason to suppose that the Conservatives will find even a majority of twenty enough to ensure their possession of office during a length of time that may not be inconsiderable. Their adversaries will have no reason to wish that they should be defeated very quickly, for they in their turn would not wish for office until they were sure of a satisfactory majority. The Liberal leaders, too, are wearied, fatigued, and dispirited. They want repose. They need time to efface the memory of their blunders. They want fresh cries, new hopes and motives; above all, they want leisure for the seeds of peace and good will to spring up among themselves. Their supporters, too, will wish to give a new Government fair play, and would discountenance any measures that might be set on foot for a premature return to power. Even Liberal constituencies would also wish to see what the Conservatives would do were they in office. It is now nearly thirty years since the Conservatives held office with the means of proposing any measures of their own, and the wish to see what they would propose, if left to themselves, will be very natural and very general. If they can do any good in regard to finance, or the army, or Ireland, or India, or legal reform, it will be felt that they ought to be allowed time and opportunity to do it. They will not be obliged, as in their last term of office, to do the work of their rivals, and devote themselves to thinking how to outstep the Liberals in devising a Reform Bill. They will be able to take up such subjects as they please, and to make proposals really their own. They will be able to read up as many secret documents as they please, and thus to invent a policy where they now have none. It will be interesting to see what they will do under such circumstances, and the nation will not like to forego this source of interest. Then they will have appointments to make, and the public will welcome the introduction of some variety in the world of promotion. There is, in Mr. GLADSTONE'S appointments, a monotony which is perhaps justifiable, but which is certainly rather wearisome and depressing, and it would freshen official life if the wind blew for a while from another quarter. Once therefore in power, the Conservatives may hope to retain office for some time, and it may easily happen that they may find an element of great strength in the composition of the forces opposed to them. The Irish may do them great service. It is probable that the next Parliament may number a large increase of the supporters of Home Rule and of Ultramontanism. They will form a separate clique or faction, and will be very dangerous allies, although not at all dangerous enemies. The Conservatives need have nothing to say to them. They will make demands of some sort, and the Conservatives will, it may be expected, simply reject their demands. But the Liberal leaders will either have to do something to conciliate them which would be ruinous to the prospects of the party in almost every English and Scotch constituency, or they will have to do without them; and then, if the votes of these Irish representatives are to be subtracted from the

nominal strength of the Liberal minority, the real Conservative majority would be very large.

The prospect of a new Parliament also suggests speculations as to what will be the new elements introduced into it, and the feelings and opinions with which those who are to form the majority will take their seats on the SPEAKER'S right hand. Some indications on these heads may be gathered from the names, the position, and the addresses of candidates who have already come forward. We know beforehand two or three characteristics of the next House of Commons. It will, in the first place, show a large augmentation of local men. The wealthy resident is evidently the favourite of the newly enfranchised voter. If the elector is so pre-eminently happy as to find a brewer willing to represent him, then he has all his heart can want. If he cannot get a brewer, he may hope to get a distiller, or, if not, at least some one with large works, a big house, a smiling and familiar face, and inoffensive opinions. These are the men who, in conjunction with the relations of the great Conservative proprietors, will carry seats now held by Liberals and give Mr. DISRAELI a majority. So much is evident from what is already known of the contests that are to take place. And we may be equally sure from the evidence of Conservative manifestoes that the Conservatism of the new Conservative majority will be of a very mild type. A Liberal must be a very hot-headed Liberal indeed if he regards the programme of the ordinary Conservative as reactionary. Most Conservatives are like moderate Liberals who wish their own side to be in office. They say so precisely what the Liberals have taught them to say, that the difference in Conservative and Liberal addresses is imperceptible to the naked eye of the ordinary voter. There is, for example, a contest now going on in Radfrewshire for the seat vacated by Mr. BURKE. Two Colonels, one a Liberal and one a Conservative, are the candidates, and the chairman of a public meeting which was recently held in the county said that he thought the constituency might get on very well with either of the two Colonels. He might well say so. It appears that these political rivals are absolutely agreed on every point of the slightest interest to Scotch voters. The Conservative Colonel as well as the Liberal thinks that the Game Laws should be largely modified, the laws of entail and hypothec abolished, and the county assimilated to the borough franchise. The only points on which they differ are as to the value of international arbitration and the expediency of allowing Dissenters to be buried after their own fashion in English churchyards. Conservatism is certainly boiled down to the last point of mildness when these are the marks of its distinction from Liberalism. We shall soon have our normal candidate, the local Conservative brewer, reposing in the majestic silence of beer, until his Liberal rival has put out an address, and then announcing that he endorses every political opinion of his opponent, but that, unfortunately, they do not agree about the true site of ancient Troy; he must go to the poll, and he hopes all his kind fellow-townsmen will rally round the Barrel, the Altar, and the Throne. He may say this with a proud confidence as to the result. They will rally as they are asked, and he will go to Westminster as their representative; but when he gets there he will not be a very desperate sort of enemy for Liberals to deal with.

THE CANADIAN SCANDAL.

IT is unfortunately too probable that the name of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL will be mixed up in the controversy which now occupies universal attention in Canada. His personal honour will not be questioned by his most violent opponents; but he will be accused of sheltering his Ministers from Parliamentary investigation. In the colonies where responsible government prevails, the duty of the representative of the Crown is in the majority of cases rather to apply fixed rules to each particular case than to exercise political discretion. The Governor-General of Canada chooses or retains Ministers who possess the confidence of a majority of the House of Commons; and on fit occasions he gives them the opportunity of appealing to the constituencies. His own preferences and his opinions on public questions are, according to constitutional doctrine, suppressed or held in reserve. It is his duty as umpire to see that the rules of the Parliamentary game are strictly observed, instead of becoming a player. In extraordinary circumstances only the head of the Government interferes with a weight which is proportioned to his

habitual impartiality. The assailants of the Canadian Ministry maintain that the contingency had arisen when the Parliament reassembled after an adjournment of two months on the 13th of August. It had previously been arranged that the continuation of the Session should be only formal, and that it should be followed by an immediate prorogation. The commencement of the recess had been deferred to enable the Committee on the Pacific Railway to prosecute the inquiry into the alleged acts of Ministerial corruption, and to present its Report. In the meantime the Act which enabled the Select Committee to take evidence on oath had been disallowed by the Imperial Government; and consequently the Committee was unable to prosecute its labours. The Canadian Government offered to issue to the same persons who constituted the Select Committee a commission which would have enabled them to administer oaths; but two members out of five, representing the Parliamentary Opposition, refused to become Commissioners, on the ground that their services were due to the House of Commons, and not to a Ministry in which they had no confidence. The journals which were hostile to the Government now insisted on a fresh Parliamentary investigation, and on the prolongation of the Session for the purpose of the inquiry. Petitions to the GOVERNOR-GENERAL to abstain from prorogation had been prepared and presented; and the opponents of the Government have cited numerous precedents of inquiries instituted by the House of Commons of the United Kingdom before the date of the recent Act which enabled the House and its Committees to take evidence on oath. The supporters of the Ministry, on the other hand, contended that it was inexpedient to investigate charges of a criminal nature, unless witnesses who were necessarily of damaged character were rendered liable, if they should make false statements, to the penalties of perjury. The House of Commons had, as they plausibly argued, admitted the same principle in passing the abortive Act by which the Select Committee was empowered to administer an oath. To the objection that the members of a Commission would derive their authority from the very persons who were on their defence, it was answered that Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his colleagues had proved their good faith by their proposal of appointing as Commissioners the members of the Select Committee, and that it was their interest to select a tribunal which would command public confidence.

It was unlucky that the SECRETARY of STATE for the COLONIES should have been compelled to disallow the Canadian Act; but his decision ought to have been foreseen by colonial lawyers. The Imperial Act which constitutes the Dominion confers on the Canadian House of Commons all the powers and privileges which were at the date of the Act possessed by the House of Commons of the United Kingdom. It was evident that the Act which enables Committees of the House of Commons to administer oaths, having been subsequently passed, could not apply to the Parliament of the Dominion. The oversight may easily be corrected by an Act extending to the Canadian House the powers which are from time to time possessed by the Imperial House of Commons; but, even if a Bill had been introduced for the purpose, its provisions could not properly have been made retrospective. Lord KIMBERLEY'S interpretation was so obviously sound that the inconvenience which it has caused in the Dominion has not been attended by remonstrance or dissatisfaction. The Canadian House of Commons might, when in Session, have investigated the Pacific scandal through a Select Committee, or it might have acquiesced in the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry. The GOVERNOR-GENERAL had to choose between the ordinary course of following the advice of his Ministers and the experiment of transferring his confidence to a new Cabinet to be formed from the ranks of the Opposition. It may be assumed that Sir JOHN MACDONALD would not have consented to remain in office if the GOVERNOR-GENERAL had refused to proceed with the prorogation. The members of the Opposition were in the full flow of denunciatory eloquence when the Serjeant-at-Arms, in accordance with the celebrated precedent established by WILLIAM IV., summoned the House to attend the GOVERNOR-GENERAL to be prorogued. It is not supposed that the Ministers have any intention of dissolving the Parliament, as they have already appointed a Commission to proceed with the inquiry into the affairs of the Pacific Railway. Lord DUFFERIN'S well-deserved reputation for political tact and judgment renders it probable that in a difficult crisis

he has been well advised in supporting his Ministers. The invectives to which he may probably be exposed will not disturb his equanimity; but his position in the midst of official advisers who are subject to the gravest accusations will, as long as the inquiry proceeds, be embarrassing and painful. It is possible that Lord DUFFERIN's conduct may have been influenced by a disbelief of the charges of corruption. The acquittal on satisfactory grounds of the inculpated Ministers, and especially of their chief, would be in the highest degree gratifying to all who wish well to Canada. The next best result of the investigation would be the exposure and punishment of the guilty; but if the rulers and chosen representatives of a great community are open to vulgar bribery, there is too much reason to fear that the social and political organization is corrupt. In the neighbouring Republic official dishonesty has for some time past excited no surprise and but faint reprobation.

The conciseness and violence of the language in which the Canadian journals denounce the scandal at first provoke incredulity as well as repugnance; but it is impossible to deny that a case for rigorous investigation has been already established. Sir HUGH ALLAN's confessions are confirmed, notwithstanding some variations of detail, by the statements of his American accomplice M'MULLEN; and Sir JOHN MACDONALD, while he repudiates in general terms the charge of complicity, admits that some of the published documents are genuine by stigmatizing other parts of the correspondence as forgeries. He adds, indeed, that the genuine papers are so used as to produce a false impression, but it would have been easy to specify the documents which are declared to be spurious. The most damaging evidence consists of an alleged telegraphic despatch, in which Sir JOHN MACDONALD is represented to have pressed Sir HUGH ALLAN for an immediate payment of 2,000*l.*, as a final instalment of a larger sum. ALLAN himself asserts that he had paid nearly 70,000*l.* for the purpose of returning Ministerial candidates at the general election, and that he claimed to be reimbursed by his associates in the Pacific Railway. The Government of which Sir JOHN MACDONALD is the most conspicuous member had agreed to make the concession of the railway on terms which are stated by its opponents to be unduly liberal; and if the message to ALLAN is not either repudiated or fully explained, it is difficult to understand how Sir JOHN MACDONALD can establish his innocence. The right of reserving a defence, which belongs to all persons accused of a crime, is not judiciously exercised when the charge is wholly unfounded. If the telegraphic message is not a forgery, it must admit of some explanation, and the most obvious interpretation will be generally adopted, unless it is speedily displaced.

Lord DUFFERIN will undoubtedly feel it his duty to take care that the Commission is properly constituted, and that it commences and completes its inquiry with due despatch. The Ministers are perhaps for the present entitled to the benefit of the presumption that the GOVERNOR-GENERAL believes the charge of corruption to be unfounded; yet it is possible that he may have pushed constitutional scruples so far as to refuse to take notice of guilt until he has official cognizance of a conviction. The provisional opinion of the House of Commons has, in consequence of the immediate prorogation, not been ascertained; and it is barely possible that a party majority may have both believed in the truth of the charges and determined nevertheless to support the Government. It is quite certain that Lord DUFFERIN's inclination would lead him to break off all connexion with a Minister whom he suspected of corruption; but, as a constitutional representative of the Sovereign, he might be compelled to acquiesce in a Parliamentary condonation of guilt. In the United States moral qualities are not thought indispensable conditions of political success. The most notorious of American politicians is now a candidate for the highest office in the State which specially affects moral as well as religious puritanism. If Sir HUGH ALLAN's statements are true, several members of the House of Commons were returned through bribery exercised by the Ministers, and they may perhaps be resolved to fulfil their bargain. The GOVERNOR-GENERAL might have appealed to the electors; but he could have no opportunity of consulting the present House of Commons unless he had first dismissed his Ministers, who may perhaps still be supported by a majority. One of the numerous disadvantages of the scandal which has occurred will probably consist in the postponement of the enterprise from which it has arisen. Any concession which may hereafter be made will be tainted

by suspicion, if it is proved that the most eminent members of the Canadian Government and Parliament have contaminated themselves with political corruption, though they are not accused of accepting bribes for their own use.

THE CHANCES OF THE FUSION.

THERE are two theories as to the meaning which the Count of PARIS attaches to his visit to the Count of CHAMBORD. The first is that the step he has taken marks the abdication of all pretensions to the throne, either now or at any future time, except in the character of the heir of HENRY V. According to this view, the Count of PARIS has studied the position of parties in France, and has come to the conclusion that a Restoration is impossible unless there shall first have been a genuine reconciliation between the two branches of the Royal House. Such a reconciliation clearly implies that the head of the elder branch shall be able to count on the inaction, to say the least, of the head of the younger branch, no matter what may happen. There could be no real harmony between the two Pretenders if the one knew that the other had only withdrawn his claims for the moment, and was waiting to trip his rival up as soon as he made a false step. The Count of PARIS has recognized his cousin not only as the head of the House—which means nothing—but as the sole representative of the hereditary principle in France, which, in any natural acceptance of the words, means a great deal. When the Count of PARIS, who for the best part of his life has been the representative of a hostile principle, makes a formal recognition of the hereditary principle, it is difficult to see how he can cancel this recognition hereafter. The hereditary principle is not a thing which can be accepted one moment and rejected the next. So long as it is not challenged, it may be submitted to in a sort of *de facto* fashion which pledges its adherents to nothing. But when it has been discarded for more than a generation, and when the person who accepts it after that interval is himself the embodiment of a principle based on its overthrow, is it possible that this acceptance should be anything else than a repentance not to be repented of? If this is the light in which the Count of PARIS regards his act, in what light are we to regard the Count of PARIS? It seems to be the fashion among the enemies of the Fusion in France to say that he has insulted the memory of his grandfather. But it would be an intolerable burden on princes if they were for ever obliged to abstain from doing or saying anything which implied that their grandfathers had not been models of political wisdom and virtue. It is usually set down to the credit of a prince that he is more liberal than his grandfather; and, supposing the change of opinion to be honest, there is no reason why it should be less a credit to him that he has become less revolutionary than his grandfather. If the Count of PARIS thinks the Revolution of 1830 a blunder, and holds that Monarchy is an institution which may be taken or left, but which, if taken, must be taken without conditions, he is perfectly right in avowing it. Whether he has not been guilty of a grave political error in forming this opinion is another question. It is very hard to understand how, in the judgment of a Liberal, such as the Count of PARIS has always been, and, as is understood, still declares himself to be, absolute Monarchy can ever be the alternative to constitutional Monarchy. The gulf between the two ideas is infinitely greater than the gulf between constitutional Monarchy and a Republic; and, if the Count of PARIS has come to the conclusion that constitutional Monarchy is in France an unattainable good, it is to a Conservative Republic that he might fairly have been expected to transfer his allegiance.

It may be said that the restoration of the Count of CHAMBORD would not be the restoration of the absolute Monarchy. But in what does a restoration in which the Crown is offered without conditions, and, as is perfectly well known, would not be accepted if it were offered in any other way, differ from an absolute Monarchy? The devices by which the Fusionists hope to overcome the resolution of the Count of CHAMBORD not to make any terms with the Assembly imply that he himself sees no difference. According to the most probable account, the plan of the Fusionists is to bring forward two resolutions, one declaring that legitimate and hereditary Monarchy is re-established in France, the other appointing a Committee to draw up a Constitution, and proroguing the Assembly for two months. As soon as the first resolution has been passed, the Count of CHAMBORD

will publish a manifesto in which he will accept the Crown—thus becoming King without conditions—and setting forth the principles on which he intends to govern. It is hoped that under the influence of prosperity, and the persuasion of his new adherents, these principles will be tolerably Liberal, and so will admit of being incorporated without much difficulty into the new Constitution. But the King will not reign by virtue of their being liberal; he will reign by virtue of his own legitimate and hereditary right—a right which will in no way be the creation of the Assembly, but will have been recognized by the Assembly as pre-existing. If the Count of PARIS has brought himself to acquiesce in this view, can the Orleanists as a body be trusted to follow his example? A week ago this seemed almost beyond belief, but M. JONX LEROYER's article in the *Journal des Débats* goes far to shake our incredulity. The substance of this article is that, as the Radicals have been foolish enough to try to set up the Republic without the aid of the Conservatives, the Conservatives now intend to let the Republic take its chance, and either fail altogether or be altogether Radical. If this is the intention of those who until yesterday called themselves Conservative Republicans, still more may it be the intention of those who have never formally christened themselves Republicans at all. In that case, supposing the Fusion to continue unimpaired, the present establishment of the Republic will be attended with difficulties which may prove too much even for M. THURM'S immense Parliamentary skill and still great popularity.

The other theories as to the meaning which the Count of PARIS attaches to his visit would appear altogether impossible if it were not attributed to him by some of his own adherents. According to this view, the Count hopes in the end to bring France round to his opinion that a constitutional Monarchy is the best form of government. But, inasmuch as the majority in the existing Chamber is not Orleanist, and includes indeed many Legitimists who would prefer anything to an Orleanist restoration, this process of bringing France round must be a gradual process. It is easier, he thinks, for an absolute Monarchy to become a constitutional Monarchy than for a constitutional Monarchy to be developed out of a Republic, and therefore he has determined to be no longer an obstacle to the restoration of an absolute Monarchy. If this restoration is successful all will go smoothly. By and by, either soon by his cousin's abdication, or late by his death, the Count of PARIS will mount the throne and be able in person to superintend the constitutionalizing process. If the restoration comes to nothing, the Count of PARIS will be in no worse position than before. He will be able to claim the credit of having done all he could to make the reign of HENRY V. practicable, and to say that the result has shown that, even in exceptionally favourable circumstances as regards Orleanist support, it is not practicable. So far is he from insulting the memory of his grandfather, that he has given the best proof of respecting it by studiously following his grandfather's example. LOUIS PHILIPPE was the obedient subject of LOUIS XVIII., and, until his time came, of CHARLES X. All that the Count of PARIS has undertaken is to be the obedient servant of HENRY V. until his own time comes. And when is that time so likely to come as when France, convinced that a restoration of the elder branch is not to be borne, and still terrified at the thought of a Republic, turns and sees the Count of PARIS constitutional and convenient as ever? If this is at all an accurate version of the Count of PARIS's views, the prospects of the Fusion are not very encouraging. Before anything important can be done, there must be a working reconciliation between the Legitimist and the Orleanist parties, as well as between the Legitimist and the Orleanist Protenders, and how can a working reconciliation be effected if the Legitimists are convinced that the Orleanists are fully prepared to fight for their own hand the moment that an opportunity presents itself? It is just conceivable that the Orleanists may act so much like life as to dupe the Legitimists into believing them sincere, while all the time they are playing a double part. But traditional hatred is usually an admirable eye-salve, and it is far more likely that the Legitimists will think the Orleanists false when they are really true than true when they are really false. Some decisive question must speedily present itself upon which the Orleanists cannot yield without compromising themselves with the country or stand out without compromising themselves with the Legitimists. It may be the flag, as, according to rumour, has actually proved to be the case, or the terms in which the resolution re-establishing Monarchy shall be expressed, or the order in which

the re-establishment of Monarchy and the establishment of a Constitution shall be taken. But whatever it may be, and whenever it may present itself, such a question will subject the Fusion to a very rough test—a test that nothing short of perfect honesty on the side of the Orleanists will enable it to endure. It seems so improbable that the Count of PARIS should not have foreseen all this, that we are still of opinion that the first explanation of his motives is the most probable one, and that he has deliberately embarked in the same boat with his cousin, and staked their united fortunes on the issue of this single voyage.

SPAIN AND HER NEIGHBOURS.

AS a disorderly household generally becomes an nuisance to the neighbourhood, the universal anarchy of Spain has already produced complications with foreigners. Carlist batteries have, intentionally or otherwise, molested French and English vessels. German and English commanders have seized and disarmed insurgent men of war; and a simpler issue has been raised by the probably unwarranted capture of the *Deerhound* and the imprisonment of the officers and crew. With the Carlists and with the insurgents at Carthagena there is a certain difficulty in dealing without affording an indirect recognition of their belligerent character. The seizure of the *Deerhound* was effected under the authority of the Government of Madrid, which for certain purposes must be held to represent the nation. If the facts have been correctly reported, the English Government ought peremptorily to insist on the release of the vessel and of the crew, with compensation for a lawless imprisonment. The French Government also will have a right to redress if it is true that the ship was taken within French waters. It is more probable that the capture occurred in the open sea; but it is still possible that it may have been effected within the Spanish jurisdiction. As the *Deerhound* was engaged in the transport of arms and ammunition of war for the use of the Carlists, the officers and crew would be liable to the penalties of civil or martial law if they were seized within three miles of the Spanish coast; nor would there be any sufficient ground for disputing the legal forfeiture of the vessel. Beyond the boundary of Spanish waters, the capture would be as illegal as if it had been effected in the Straits of Dover. The belligerent rights of the Carlists have been recognized neither at Madrid nor in London; and the right of seizure of contraband can by no possibility arise until a state of war has arisen. If there had been any previous doubt of the established rule, the English interpretation of the law has been finally settled by a vigorous despatch, signed by Lord MAMMETER and generally attributed to the late Lord DERRY, in the case of the *Cagliari*, which had been captured at sea by a Neapolitan man of war. The ship was Sardinian, but some English subjects on board were seized and imprisoned on the charge of participation in an intended insurrection in Naples. The English Government, after some negotiation, compelled the Neapolitan Government to release the prisoners, and to give them full compensation. The question was not whether the charges against them were well founded, but whether they had been captured during time of peace in the open sea. If the *Deerhound* was not within Spanish jurisdiction, the moral culpability which attaches to the abettors of a foreign civil war can furnish no legal excuse for lawless interference with the English flag. The Spanish cruiser had no right to detain or to search the ship, and the capture was on this hypothesis utterly illegal. Even if the circumstances had been different, and the capture for carrying contraband of war had consequently been regular, the subsequent punishment of the officers and crew would have been wholly wrongful. The case of the *Deerhound* affords a curious and valuable illustration of the expediency of the celebrated Proclamation which recognized the belligerent rights of the American Confederacy at the beginning of the Civil War. It was for the purpose of preventing untoward occurrences of the kind that the English Government, at the instigation of Mr. FORSTER, who acted as a Federal partisan, announced its neutrality between the contending parties. From that time the Federal cruisers were entitled to seize contraband of war destined for the Confederates under the English flag, as well as to proclaim and enforce blockades of the Southern ports. Although the measure afterwards provoked the most captious and urgent reclamations, it rendered impossible such a miscarriage as the irregular capture of the *Deerhound*.

The strange proceedings on the Eastern coast of Spain will happily not produce any international misunderstanding, if a Spanish Government ultimately survives the chaotic confusion of the moment. The Ministers at Madrid, as soon as the insurgents at Carthagena had seized a considerable part of their fleet, adopted the strange course of denouncing the rebel cruisers as pirates, and of requesting foreign naval commanders to deal with them accordingly. If they had been taken at their word, they would have had no right to remonstrate even if the German and English squadrons had sunk the ships which they afterwards temporarily detained; but the Spanish nation would have justly resented an unfriendly act, although it might have been perpetrated at the request of a bewildered Government. Commodore WERNER has been disavowed and recalled by his superiors for a less violent interference in the civil commotions of Spain. He is dismissed because, though a gallant sailor, he is undoubtedly a hasty politician. His professional instincts inspired a natural feeling of contemptuous indignation when he met a squadron sailing under an unknown flag for questionable purposes, and manned by a discreditable rabble of mutineers. General CONTRERAS and his vessels were in truth engaged in one of the most illogical and anomalous enterprises which have ever been attempted even by Spanish adventurers. As the champion of municipal and local independence, he was occupied in cannonading the towns on different parts of the coast because they had not submitted to the novel sovereignty of Carthagena, or rather because they hesitated to pay tribute to the unceremonious invader. The expedition bore something of a piratical character; but in the ordinary sense of the words any Government which possesses an army and a navy is not a mere gang of maritime freebooters. Commodore WERNER, with the subsequent aid of an English naval commander, took the rebel ships back to Carthagena, where the crews were disarmed and landed, while General CONTRERAS remained a prisoner on board the German man-of-war. The Madrid Government immediately thanked the German Government for the interference; but their Minister at Berlin was at once informed that Captain WERNER had acted without instructions; and his recall has since furnished a sufficient comment on the policy of his Government. Prince BISMARCK appears as usual to have exercised a sound judgment, and his action has at least been consistent. Having never recognized the Republican Government, he has no official knowledge of the illegality of any rebellion against the authority of Madrid. General CONTRERAS is evidently not a pirate, but a political pretender, who may possibly establish by success the legitimacy of his claims. It was natural that Captain WERNER should be anxious to chastise mutineers; but he ought to have known that it was not his business to defend the Republican Government. If he had confined himself to an effective protest against the bombardment of Almeria or Malaga, his proceedings would perhaps have been approved by his Government. The English officers who concurred in Captain WERNER's vigorous measures have not incurred similar censures. Although the English Government has suspended its recognition of the Federal Republic, it draws a distinction between the ostensibly regular Government of Madrid and the various Juntas or cantonal knots of insurgents which are every moment springing up and bursting like bubbles in a whirlpool. It is said that the English Admiral has been ordered to surrender to the Republican authorities the captured vessels; and the Carthagena insurgents will have little opportunity of resenting a proceeding which undoubtedly violates strict neutrality. The chances are that CONTRERAS and ROQUE BARCIA will be in a short time convicted of treason on the proverbially conclusive evidence of failure. It is scarcely possible that the municipal independence of Carthagena or Murcia should expand into a *de facto* sovereignty of Spain. At the worst the insurgents will not be disposed to enforce their claim to recognition by prosecuting an unnecessary quarrel with England.

It is still doubtful whether Carthagena will be retaken, although the Government forces have inflicted a severe defeat on CONTRERAS. The timidity of the general who was employed against Valencia enabled the garrison of that place to retire at leisure with their arms; and it is thought that some of them will reinforce their rebel confederates. Several men-of-war fully armed are moored in the harbour ready to assist in the defence of the town, and the forts are reported to be formidable. There is indeed always a chance of treason against the traitors; and it is rumoured that the

commander of one of the forts has declared himself independent of the insurgent Government; but if the people and garrison display a moderate amount of courage, the Republican troops will have a difficult task. It is impossible to starve a town which has free access to the sea; and the Republican fleet has already found it prudent, after losing a few men, to retreat to Algeiras. The Central Government cannot count on the tranquillity of any town or province. As fast as the troops are withdrawn after the suppression of a local rebellion the party of disturbance will be ready once more to proclaim their independence. The only consolation for incessant military mutinies is that malcontent soldiers revolt, not to fight against the Government, but for the purpose of avoiding fighting altogether. During the latter period of the Monarchy, Republican patriots pursued with marked success the great object of demoralizing the army. The Cortes at Madrid has lately voted a levy of eighty thousand men; but the few recruits who are likely to be forthcoming will not fail to adopt the mutinous propensities of their veteran comrades or predecessors. In the midst of a promiscuous and many-sided civil war the English Government ought as far as possible to observe strict neutrality, and to compel all the numerous classes of combatants to respect the rights of English subjects. The manufacturers of Sheffield must bear with patience the Carlist investment of Bilbao, where they have invested a large capital in the hope of obtaining a supply of the best iron ore. Merchants and settlers in the maritime towns of Spain may reasonably expect protection from wanton bombardments by roving rebel squadrons. It will not be expedient to repeat the exploit of Captain WERNER. A Government which cannot ensure the possession of its own fleet must take the consequences of its weakness. It may be right for once to surrender to a Republican admiral the ships which were taken from the Communists; but for the future he ought to take care of his own vessels.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S EXPEDITION.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER, though it is ridiculous to compare his exploits with the achievements of CORTES and PIZARRO, has proved himself a bold and able adventurer. On a small scale the annexation of Unyoro bears some analogy to the conquest of Mexico; and in one respect the modern invader was comparatively at a disadvantage. Although CORTES led from Tlascala a large force of the hereditary native enemies of the Mexicans, his victories were chiefly owing to the indomitable courage of a few hundreds of Spaniards. BAKER has not a single English or European soldier in his train, which consists in various proportions of Egyptians, Arabs, and negroes. His body-guard, facetiously called the "forty thieves," possess in addition to their moral qualifications forty-six Snider rifles. The remainder of the force varies from time to time; but the regular and irregular troops seem never at the utmost to have exceeded the number of seven hundred. The barbarous chiefs in the interior are friends or enemies according to circumstances. One of them, having attempted to poison the invaders, was justly dethroned for the benefit of a rival who professedly acknowledges the supremacy of the KHEIVIE. In old maps the province of Egypt is depicted as extending nearly to the line of the Tropics. In later times the Viceroys have advanced their power further to the South; and now Sir SAMUEL BAKER professes to have extended their dominions beyond the Equator. English geographers doubt the statement which he repeats on native authority, that the two great lakes of the Upper basin of the Nile are connected by a water communication. If it should hereafter be found that there is an uninterrupted navigation, the establishment of a small fleet of steamers on the lakes would enable the rulers of Egypt to maintain their supremacy over the neighbouring districts. It is hoped that LIVINGSTONE may at last discover the source of the Nile beyond the lakes, and ultimately the entire valley may perhaps become subject to the KHEIVIE. It is possible that the imperfect and borrowed civilization of Egypt may be better suited to the government of savages than the higher cultivation of Europe. Sir SAMUEL BAKER may perhaps prove to have been the unconscious missionary of Mahometanism among the negroes of Central Africa. Although it may be unfair to judge of the spirit of the indigenous faith by the King of UNYORO and his jars of poisoned cider, conversion to the creed of ISLAM, whether forced or voluntary, might produce an improvement on native systems of divinity.

In April last Sir SAMUEL BAKER regarded the results of his arduous enterprise with unqualified satisfaction. The natives not only rejoiced in the protection of the Government, but even paid their taxes cheerfully; the slave trade was at an end, and Egypt extended to the Equator. If the Egyptian Government is earnest in its desire to suppress the slave trade, the control of the Upper Nile will facilitate a task which might be effectually accomplished by closing the markets. If the officers of the KHEDEVE had not connived at the trade, it would long since have been reduced to small dimensions. As Sir SAMUEL is about to return to England after the completion of his mission, there will be no sufficient security for effectual supervision; and unless Egyptian governors are maintained in the territories which have been nominally annexed, the transient victories of the adventurous Englishman will leave no lasting result. The new King of UNYORO will either be dethroned in turn by his rival, or he will revert to the same practices; and, if occasion arises, he will poison his cider. The first condition of the improvement of the country is the total suppression of the slave trade. The English treaty which has lately been imposed on the Sultan of ZANZIBAR will place great difficulties in the way of the maritime trade; and perhaps the influence of the Egyptian Government may be applied in the same direction. Sir SAMUEL BAKER'S marches must have brought him within a moderate distance of Zanzibar; and probably the slave traffic in the neighbourhood of the Equator is distributed between the valley of the Nile and the coast. As long as domestic slavery exists in Egypt as in other Mahometan countries, it is not to be expected that the supply of slaves will be heartily discouraged by the customers who produce the demand; but it is something to have induced the Egyptian Government, by the pressure of European opinion, to have included the abolition of the slave trade among the professed objects of its Southern enterprise. When the KHEDEVE entrusted an Englishman with the command of the expedition, he gave ample proof of his immediate sincerity. Sir SAMUEL BAKER would neither have accepted nor have obeyed instructions which involved any toleration of the obnoxious traffic. By the actual or nominal annexation of the equatorial portion of the Nile basin, the KHEDEVE has made himself more directly responsible than in former times for the abolition or discouragement of the slave trade. No benefit which could be conferred on his new subjects would be so great as the extirpation of the Arab traders and their native associates.

It may be assumed that Sir SAMUEL BAKER'S conquests have been effected in the name of the SULTAN, although they will accrue to the benefit of the KHEDEVE. The negro chiefs of the interior will scarcely appreciate the distinction between the Sovereign and his powerful feudatory. The recent patent or firman renders the supremacy of Constantinople less burdensome to Egypt; nor is there any probability of dispute as to the tenure of the conquered districts. Whether the KHEDEVE was justified on moral principles and by international law in invading the territory of his barbarous neighbours is a question of little importance. As a general rule, it may be fairly contended that any Power which believes itself civilized is entitled to impose upon adjacent barbarians the advantages which it enjoys. The conquest of Unyoro is nearly as justifiable as the conquest of Khiva, though it is not likely to be equally effective and permanent. The countrymen of the successful leader may reasonably feel pride in his victories. The organization and guidance of half-civilized auxiliaries seems to be a task well suited to the English genius. In Africa, as in India, the natural gift of authority is recognized by the corresponding tender of obedience. The commission from the Egyptian Government acquired validity through the proved competence of the English chief to exercise command. The employers of such officers as Sir SAMUEL BAKER entertain with reason perfect confidence in their loyalty and in the good faith of the English Government, which has assuredly no selfish designs in Central Africa. Subordinate French functionaries who interposed difficulties in the way of the Zanzibar negotiation were probably influenced by obsolete impressions of the English desire for aggrandizement. The Egyptian Government well knows that an Englishman who accepts its commission has no indirect object to effect for himself or his country. As philanthropists, the people of England wish well to the inhabitants of Africa, as to every population in the globe; and in their commercial capacity they would be glad to open

markets which are necessarily dependent on the maintenance of a certain degree of discipline and order. If English calicoes should hereafter find access by the Nile to the far regions of the interior, some part of the benefit which will result to producers and consumers will be due to Sir SAMUEL BAKER.

The maintenance or extension of the recent conquests may perhaps at some future time involve complications between Egypt and Abyssinia. Since the close of the creditable and costly expedition to Magdala little has been known of the domestic or foreign affairs of a country with which, as experience has proved, it is desirable to have as little intercourse as possible. Sir S. BAKER'S concise correspondence contains no reference to the independent nation which he left to the eastward on his advance to the Equator; yet it is hardly probable that the rulers of Abyssinia could regard with indifference the extension of the dominions of an unfriendly neighbour. A claim to the sovereignty of the basin of the Nile and its affluents would include the Abyssinian kingdom; and, although the Egyptian Government may at present entertain no designs of aggression in that quarter, there have been many frontier disputes, and much natural jealousy. The unlucky King THEODORE was anxious to obtain from England a guarantee against Egyptian encroachments; and during the campaign it was thought prudent to decline the aid which would have been readily afforded by the VICEROY. There is no reason for regarding with special interest any possible disputes or wars between two remote States, but the participation of English officers in an Egyptian invasion of Abyssinia would not be popular or judicious. It oddly happens that the Abyssinians are the only population in the uncivilized world which nominally professes Christianity. It is not known whether they derive any moral or intellectual advantage from a probably corrupt and degraded form of religion, but English concurrence in a conquest of Christians by Mahometans would not be regarded with favour. For centuries the creed of Abyssinia has been stationary and incapable of proselytism, while Mahometanism, which has elsewhere reached its limits, is still progressive in Northern Africa. If Abyssinia is at any time opened to European civilization, it would be a more hopeful task to purify and reform a faith which has locally degenerated into superstition than to convert the votaries of a hostile creed. As the military resources of Abyssinia are known to be contemptible, it is not improbable that the Egyptian Government may hereafter attempt to annex the whole or a part of the country; yet, if the KHEDEVE and his successors are well advised, they will value their present exemption from the necessity of governing or persecuting the professors of an alien religion.

GENERAL DUCROT.

A THIRD volume has been published of the evidence taken before the French Parliamentary Committee appointed to inquire into the history of the siege of Paris. Many of the witnesses have much to say which even at this distance of time is interesting and important; but the evidence of General DUCROT stands alone in its bearing not only on the history of France three years ago, but on the present and the future of French politics. Nothing, so far as we are aware, has been published which sets before the reader so vividly and so completely the sentiments and opinions which animate those who support and impel the present Government of France, and who are totally opposed to the system of M. THIERS, not so much from a wish to favour any particular set of dynastic intrigues, or to give the clerical party a triumph, as because they think that a Government of repression and of unrelenting hostility to Republicanism is the one thing to save the country. General DUCROT commanded the army of Paris until very shortly before the end of the siege; and, although he admired General TROCHU, and was perfectly loyal to him, he thought that TROCHU went altogether on a wrong plan in his relations with the authorities, supreme or municipal, by whom he was surrounded. TROCHU maintained persistently that he must rely on moral support, that he must keep on good terms with the Government of the 4th of September, and humour the Parisians, if an internal struggle which might place Paris at the mercy of the Prussians was to be avoided. DUCROT laughed at the notion of moral support; he despised and hated the Government of National Defence; he

wished to put down insurrection by force, and did not care how soon an opportunity of resorting to force was used. He wished to make an example which would frighten and tranquillize the insurrectionary bands of Paris. He was totally opposed to the enlistment of all the ragamuffins of the city under the name of National Guards. He wished to rely only on the regular troops under his command, and on select regiments of National Guards formed exclusively of persons of some wealth and education. The rest of Paris was simply to wait in total inactivity until it was announced what the military authorities had thought proper to do. There were to be no meetings and no journalism allowed. Paris was not to be stimulated to make a general effort at an heroic defence. It was to be kept in the most rigid state of siege; to say nothing, to hear nothing, and to do nothing, while those who were fit to act took such steps as they might think advantageous both as to fighting and as to treating with the enemy.

TROCHU sympathized to a certain extent with DUCROT, and was on more than one occasion on the very verge of letting DUCROT act as he wished; but he was still more accessible to the suggestions of those whom General DUCROT usually styles "Ces gredins," and who persuaded him that to provoke an internal struggle in Paris while the foreigner was at its gates would be a grievous crime against his country. What General DUCROT endeavours to prove is that, on each important occasion when the counsels of his adversaries prevailed, a distinct and perceptible evil consequence ensued. The revolutionary attempt of the 31st of October naturally supplies one of the instances on which he comments. On that occasion he as nearly as possible had his own way. What he wanted to do was, with a certain number of regular troops and Breton Mobiles, to attack the Hôtel de Ville, disperse the insurgents, shoot their leaders, and then make such an example of known revolutionists the next day that they would not be likely to give much trouble any more. It is true, as he candidly points out, that JULES FAVRE and other members of the Government were then in the hands of the insurgents, and would infallibly have been shot on the spot if the Hôtel de Ville had been attacked as proposed. But this was a matter to which General DUCROT attached no importance whatever. They would have been shot, and that is all that is to be said about it. DUCROT had actually got TROCHU's permission to advance, and at DUCROT's suggestion TROCHU had appointed ROGER DU NORD as commander of a trustworthy portion of the National Guard that was at hand, when JULES FERRY arrived, declaimed against the bad political effect the appointment would have, drew TROCHU aside, talked him over, and persuaded TROCHU to revoke the appointment of ROGER DU NORD, and make him, JULES FERRY, commander of the National Guard instead. The consequence of this astonishing instance of TROCHU's vacillation was that JULES FERRY went to the Hôtel de Ville, bargained with the insurgents, and released and restored their arms to over two hundred men who had been arrested by the Mobiles. The elections immediately followed, in which an almost unanimous vote was given in support of the Government; but General DUCROT maintains that a very large proportion who gave their votes in this way did so in reliance that TROCHU must have seen by that time that nothing could save Paris except his assuming the dictatorship, and that when, from his characteristic weakness or his honourable scruples, he declined to use the opportunity, those who were ready to support him fell off from him, and he never afterwards enjoyed power or popularity.

The most serious mischief which was caused by TROCHU's failure to make a decisive stand against the revolutionary element in Paris was, in the opinion of General DUCROT, that the opportunity of treating with the enemy on reasonable terms was thereby lost. The noisy foolish populace cried out for war to the death, and TROCHU was, as he thought, obliged to respect this manifestation of popular opinion, and to decline further negotiations. The outbreak of the 31st of October entirely changed the temper in which Prince BISMARCK had been prepared to treat, and he would not hear of anything but an armistice without Paris being allowed to supply itself with provisions. M. THIERS was prepared to treat on this basis, and he told DUCROT that if peace was made then, the Prussians would be content with Alsace and two milliards; but that if the war was protracted, they would want Lorraine also, and five milliards instead of two, so that M. THIERS must have been prepared long beforehand for the terms on which peace was ultimately concluded. General DUCROT

entirely declined to be a party to making terms on the conditions proposed. He wanted his army to do something great and striking, so as to save the honour of France, and then he prophesied the enemy would be willing enough to treat. He says that his prophecy was fulfilled, and that after the sortie on the side of the Marne proposals were actually made to him by the Germans for negotiations, but TROCHU, in order to humour the absurd public opinion of Paris, assumed an attitude which rendered all negotiations impossible. During the last month of the siege the leading members of the Government were bent on having a grand sortie of the National Guards. All the military men consulted unanimously answered that the attempt was sheer madness, and must lead to a useless and terrible disaster. But DUCROT says that those who insisted on the sortie assured him that public opinion would never permit peace to be made until ten thousand National Guards had been killed. DUCROT replied that his conscience would not permit him to order and execute a sortie merely that ten thousand men might be killed to humour public opinion; and that, moreover, if he were willing to fall in with the suggestion made to him, he did not see how he could possibly carry it out, as, even if he managed to get ten thousand National Guards into a position where, if they fought, they must be killed, they would almost all of them run away, and so public opinion would be disappointed. A disastrous sortie was made under the leadership of VINOT—DUCROT having declined to be responsible for it—and even after that terrible warning the desire to conciliate public opinion was so strong that the Government assembled a number of subaltern officers, and offered to make any one of them Commander-in-Chief who would propose and carry out another sortie, and it was only because no one could be got to take the risk that the Government prepared to negotiate.

Such was the general purport of General DUCROT's evidence, but before it was closed he entreated the Commission to place on record a summary of a speech he made in the Assembly while it was still at Bordeaux. The closing words of this speech were to the effect that he had suffered so much misery at the hands of those who during the siege had the direction of affairs, that he had vowed an eternal hatred towards them. What he had suffered was that he had been compelled to witness the conduct of men called to govern without any capacity for governing, and bowing every moment to the dictation of a set of idle, useless, noisy rascals, whose idiotic utterances were styled public opinion. What is important to notice at the present crisis is the intensity and the grounds of General DUCROT's feelings. He has been afflicted with the sight of incapable men having the country in their power, and listening to the dictation of others more wicked and foolish and ill-instructed than themselves; and the effect produced on his mind has been such that he openly avows that he hates and will ever hate these men, that he glories in the avowal, and is anxious above all things that it should be placed permanently on record. We need scarcely say that we do not share the opinions of General DUCROT, and that we have no sympathy with a man who vows eternal hatred to any section of his countrymen. But the important thing is not that General DUCROT's feelings are wise or foolish, but that they exist. No one can doubt that they exist in the breasts of many other very influential Frenchmen, and that those who entertain them fill up the background in front of which we see parading the wirepullers of Legitimist, Imperialist, and Orleanist manoeuvres. It is impossible to find a more lively picture than is contained in General DUCROT's evidence of the real thoughts and aspirations of those who pulled down M. THIERS and set up Marshal MACMAHON in his stead. Such attempts as that made by M. THIERS to bring about a state of things in which moderate men of different shades of opinion might co-operate to establish a temperate and orderly Government are altogether odious to them. They want nothing of the sort. They loathe the *gredins* who have in their opinion ruined, and would continue to ruin, France. They despise public opinion, moral support, and all such fatal absurdities. They want nothing and respect nothing but what they call "order"; and what order would mean if there were a Government after General DUCROT's heart, and he were its general, is to be read in every line of the evidence he gave before the Commission.

THE ARMY AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

WITHOUT echoing the gloomy forebodings of the military cranks who are just now filling the air with their dismal voices, it must be admitted that the present condition of the army is, for a variety of reasons, by no means satisfactory. We have been assured on the highest authority that the officers are discontented; and it is known that there are difficulties in keeping up the supply of men which is necessary for the working of the short-enlistment system. The discontent among the officers may be attributed to two causes. On the one hand, a large body of officers resent the withdrawal of the privileges of which they have been deprived by the abolition of purchase; and, on the other hand, the scientific corps are reasonably dissatisfied with a distribution of commands in which their services and qualifications are systematically and persistently ignored. It was of course impossible that an old-established institution such as the purchase of commissions could be abolished without occasioning a good deal of inconvenience and perhaps even hardship to individuals. Up to a certain point pecuniary compensation might be provided, but it is clear that a man who had bought into the army as it was must find himself in a very different position in the army as it is. It is no longer the same sort of army, and cannot be the same sort of army, though it is suspected that the Horse Guards is doing all it can to keep things as they were. Formerly the army was a profession in which a gentleman could amuse himself for a year or two before he settled down to a wife and the management of his property. Officers are now expected to be real working men, they are required to qualify themselves seriously for their duties, and promotion is supposed to depend upon professional fitness. This, at least, is the theory of the army in its new form; and it is not surprising that the theory should not be favourably regarded by the gentlemanly interest which despises brains and abhors anything like close application to regular work. Nobody has ever denied the spirit and courage of English officers, and if modern warfare were a mere question of personal daring, there would be nothing more to be desired. In point of fact, however, war has become an eminently scientific business, and can be safely entrusted only to men who have mastered it as a science. A battle-field has become more than ever like a chess-board, and the results of the conflict are in a great measure determined by the mere positions of the combatants. Personal courage will not alone for loose tactics or ignorance of strategy. The truth is, that an officer must now submit to learn his business like a doctor or an engineer, and for a certain class this rubs a good deal of the gloss off the profession. A considerable number of officers have retired, and if they were not disposed to make the best of the new conditions of service, this was undoubtedly the wisest thing they could do. But the great bulk of the officers are just the same as before, and it is perhaps hardly to be expected that they should all at once settle down quietly and contentedly under the change. They may perhaps derive some consolation and encouragement from the reflection that the chief military authorities have taken every opportunity of showing their sympathy with them, and may be trusted—if they are left to themselves—not to be too precipitate in the enforcement of measures which are calculated to give undue encouragement to professional merit at the expense of social position and family influence. There is, of course, nothing new in the invidious line which is drawn between officers of the Artillery and Engineers and the other officers of the army, but the studied neglect and injustice with which the scientific branches are still treated has become more conspicuous now that the army is supposed to have become altogether a scientific force. It appears that the regimental commander of two batteries of Horse Artillery at Cambock Chase became entitled the other day, as senior officer on the spot, to claim the command of the brigade of cavalry to which he was attached. It was thought necessary, however, to reserve this command for a cavalry officer, and the "gunner" was therefore detached from his batteries under the pretext of performing Staff duties. As he could find nothing to do on the Staff, he has now returned to headquarters at Dorchester. This is only one example out of many of the manner in which Artillerymen and Engineers are systematically treated. It remains to be seen how far the Horse Guards will be able to preserve their pet forces from the spreading taint of intellectual culture and scientific capacity.

Just now the army is in a transition state with regard to men as well as with regard to officers. Sufficient time has not elapsed to enable us to form a positive opinion as to the working of the short-service system; but our experience of it, as far as it has gone, is not very encouraging, and there is unfortunately reason to regard the future with some anxiety. It was anticipated that the reduction of the term of enlistment would, in conjunction with other advantages which were offered to the soldier, bring in a large haul of recruits; but the attractions on which the War Office counted so much appear to have made very little impression on the mind of the class appealed to. It is stated that when men enlist they seldom ask any questions as to the length of service, and when they do ask, what interests them is their chance of remaining long enough to obtain a pension. The Inspector-General of Recruiting reports that many men are now unwilling to enlist "with the uncertainty that prevails as to their being permitted to continue to serve till pensioned under the present short enlistment of infantry." Thus it would seem that, on the one hand, the sort of men who used to enlist with the intention of remaining for some years in the army and earning a pension are now rather deterred by the new arrangements, while those classes which were to be tapped by the short-service system have yielded but a scanty reinforcement. Last year 17,371 recruits were passed into the service, but in the same year there were 18,779 casualties. It appears, therefore, that the supply has fallen short of the numbers required to complete the army by 1,408. In the summer and harvest months of 1872 "the number of recruits taken was the lowest known for several years." In October recruiting rather picked up again, but we have yet to learn how far it has been successful during the present year. High wages in all branches of trade no doubt account both for the reluctance of labourers and artisans to join the army and for the large number of desertions; but there is no reason to suppose that there will be any reduction in the rate of wages in the general labour market, and the influences which affected the recruiting of last year will no doubt continue to affect it in future years. In 1876 the discharge of the first batch of the six-year men will leave a serious gap in the ranks, so that, in the opinion of the Inspector-General, "it is more than probable that the present system of recruiting will fail to supply the necessary demand." There is another circumstance which must also be taken into account. While more and more difficult to get, men are also more difficult to keep. We are told that the casualties of 1872 were increased above the average by a greater number of invalids, an increased discharge of men of bad character, facilities for obtaining discharge by purchase or otherwise, and by many desertions. This hardly speaks well for the character of the men enlisted. There is a dispute as to the quality of the recruits, but it is reasonable to suppose that quality would be affected by the same causes which kept down the supply, and this is confirmed by general observation. It must be remembered, however, that the localization of the army is a necessary complement of the short-enlistment system, and the experiment will not be fairly tested until both parts of it are in operation together. There can be no doubt that, if the new system will only bring in a sufficient number of men, its effect on the country at large, in training and disciplining, and we may add educating, a large body of the youthful population, can hardly fail to be beneficial. Although the present is an anxious moment, there is no occasion for despondency. After all, it is only a question of the cash-box. Soldiers can always be got for good wages.

A return has just been issued which shows that—on paper at least—the numerical strength of the army for home defence is adequately maintained. Last year there was a total force of 101,145 (excluding commissioned officers) on service in the United Kingdom; and this year the number is 98,719. There have been only five years since the beginning of the century in which this military strength has been exceeded; that is, in 1804, 1805, 1807, 1808, and 1810; and it is about twice as much as was thought necessary during the period from about 1820 to 1846. There has been a tolerably steady increase since 1847, when the Duke of Wellington addressed his famous warning to Sir JOHN BURGOYNE, and successive panics have helped the movement. This return was moved for by Mr. VERNON HAROULT with a view, it may be presumed, to demonstrate that the army is at present kept up at a

unprecedented and unnecessary strength. But though the first point is proved, it does not carry with it proof of the second. The question of the sufficiency of the force is not one which can be determined by a simple comparison of naked figures. The circumstances of the country at different periods must be taken into account; and there is at least one obvious reason why a larger army is now required for home defence than in former years. We have got to great wars of a few months or a few days, and the blow of an invasion, if one were ever attempted, would be almost instantaneous. Mr. HARCOURT is sceptical as to the possibility of an invasion, and there are no doubt others who share his opinion. From this point of view, it may be considered almost superfluous to keep up an army at all; but it is obvious that, if invasion is to be regarded as a danger which might really happen, it is necessary to treat it seriously in making our preparations for defence. Besides, it is not only by an invasion that this country might be attacked; events might happen on the Continent which would compel us to resort to arms, and the result of the conflict would depend on the swiftness with which we could bring them to bear on the enemy. It is satisfactory to observe that the army has been strengthened, not only in infantry, but, in a still greater degree, in cavalry, artillery, and engineers.

DEATH IN THE MILK CAN.

IT is seldom that an epidemic is so clearly traced to its cause as in the case of the late outbreak of typhoid fever in Marylebone. The account of the several cases reads like a list of experiments specially chosen to sustain a particular conclusion. The method of difference and the method of agreement are equally illustrated. Wherever a case has seemed at first sight to point to some other origin of the disease than the one assigned, something has almost always been discovered which supplies the missing connexion. In nearly every instance the families in which typhoid fever has appeared have been supplied with milk from the same dairy, and in several of the few instances in which the disease has attacked families not supplied from this dairy it has since been discovered that the sufferers have accidentally been brought in contact with it. Thus in one case the only member of a family attacked was a child who had been away from home and had drunk the suspected milk while on her visit. In another, the patient lives at Norwood, and there has been no typhoid fever in the neighbourhood. But a week or two before she was attacked she had been staying near Portman Square, and there had drunk the milk from the dairy in question. These and many other coincidences are too striking to be set down to accident. They point unmistakably to a particular supply of milk as the cause of the disaster. When the farms from which this dairy obtains its milk came to be inspected, one of them turned out to have all the conditions necessary for the production of typhoid fever. The milk cans were washed with water drawn from a well that "has long been condemned by the medical man as unfit to drink, and is, in fact, obviously impure both to eyes and nose." Considering what the situation of this well is, nothing but a miracle could have kept it pure. It is only eight feet from a ditch into which the pigstyes, the dairy, the manure heap, and the only privy on the premises all drain. Thus the contamination of the milk with sewage is inevitable, and it is further proved that the sewage of the house has lately been charged with typhoid poison. One of the men employed on the farm died there in June with all the symptoms of typhoid fever on him, and his son was ill of the same disease at the time when the farm was inspected. The chain of evidence is thus as complete as need be. The connexion of the cases of typhoid fever with the drinking of a particular milk cannot be disputed, and the contamination of this particular milk by typhoid poison cannot be disputed. It is impossible for any disinterested scepticism to resist such proof as this.

Nor are the conclusions which follow from the facts thus established a matter of much doubt. It is clearly of no use to be careful about the water we drink if the milk which we thus hope to keep out of the system comes in in the milk can. The milk supply of London is now drawn from so large an area that sanitary neglect in Oxfordshire may be as fatal to the lives of Londoners as

sanitary neglect in Middlesex. More and more it is becoming true in these matters that if one member suffers all the members suffer with it. Six serious outbreaks of fever have now been traced to the milk supply. There is nothing to prevent a single case of typhoid fever occurring in any one of half-a-dozen counties from conveying the infection to a whole district of London. It has been so in this instance; it may be so in any number of other instances. The dairy well on one farm became contaminated with sewage in which the typhoid poison was present, and the milk sent up to town in cans which had been washed with the water drawn from this well carried typhoid fever to more than a hundred families. Coming, as the outbreak did, just when everybody was leaving town, many of the sufferers have sickened in other parts of the country, so that unless disinfection is universally practised the infection has been carried far beyond London. The means by which this danger can be guarded against are so well stated in the *London Medical Record* that we shall make no apology for transferring the passage to our own columns:—1. "It is the duty of a milk-vendor who obtains his milk not from his own farms, but by contract with farmers, to make sure that the sanitary condition of the farm is good, and to provide for its inspection from time to time by his own agents or by the local medical officer of health." 2. It is his duty to apply to the milk which he supplies under such circumstances not merely the physical tests of the hydrometer and creaming-glass, which can easily be cheated by the practice of skimming the milk of a portion of its cream, and adding about ten per cent. of warm water, but by a simple chemical test, the estimation of the solids by WANKLYN'S method. 3. It is the duty of the Local Government Board and the rural sanitary authorities, under the Public Health Act, to issue strict directions to medical officers of health and inspectors of nuisances for the supervision of dairy farms and periodical report thereon."

Whether the sellers of milk will recognize their duty of their own free will it is hard to say. Sanitary morality is as yet so undeveloped that many men who would shrink from committing manslaughter with their own hands seem to have no scruple about committing murder by means of the goods they sell. But we will undertake to say that any dairy owners who have the farms from which their milk comes regularly inspected by competent persons, and the results of the inspection regularly made public, and who supply trustworthy evidence that no milk is sold by them except such as comes from these inspected farms, will do an unusually good business. Still traders are often so shortsighted that we do not feel at all certain that this course, plainly to his own interest as it would be, will be adopted by any milk-dealer. The best that can be expected from them perhaps is that they will shut the stable-door when the horse has been stolen, and have their dairy farms inspected after disease has been communicated to their customers. The second of the suggestions quoted above may help, however, to keep the owners of dairies up to their duty. The analysts now appointed or being appointed in every parish should be instructed to apply chemical as well as physical tests to every sample of milk which is brought to them for analysis. They have already done a good deal to check the addition of water to milk; they may now render a still greater service to the public by checking the addition of sewage to milk. In this beneficent work they may be greatly assisted by the Local Government Board. It is to be feared that in some country parishes Inspectors of Nuisances and even Medical Officers of Health may be a little slow in bringing effective supervision to bear on dairies owned by rich farmers. It should be the business of the central authority to see that these local inspections are thoroughly carried out in every dairy farm, and from time to time to test the reports of the local authorities by the personal visits of their own officers. Provision should also be made that, whenever an analyst discovers the presence of sewage contamination in a sample of milk, the seller should be forbidden to sell any more until the farm from which the sample has been brought has been inspected and the flow of contamination stopped. If this last suggestion is objected to as an arbitrary interference with trade, we answer that the sale of poison under the name of food is not a business which it is desirable to encourage. Except in name, there is no difference between selling milk mixed with typhoid sewage and selling milk mixed

with arsenic. Both substances are calculated to cause death, and if drunk, will, in a certain percentage of cases, undoubtedly cause death. The precautions which are justifiable in the one case are equally justifiable in the other, or, if there be any difference, it is in favour of the case which is likely to occur oftener.

Alarming as the communication of typhoid fever by milk undoubtedly is, Mr. ALFRED SMEE has contrived to suggest a more terrible, because more widely spread, source of danger. It has hitherto been assumed that wherever the typhoid poison has been detected in milk it has been communicated to it in water added after the milk has been drawn from the cow. Mr. SMEE contends that the origin of the evil lies further back, and that the milk itself, as secreted by the cow, may be charged with sewage poison—typhoid or not, as the case may be—derived from the food of the animal. If this position could be maintained, the consequences would be exceedingly serious. It has been ascertained that it is impossible to put sewage into water without endangering the health of the community, and if it should turn out to be equally impossible to put it on the land without endangering the health of the community, there will be no way out of the dilemma in which every sanitary authority will find itself. The burden of a sewage which could be disposed of in neither of the only two ways in which it seems possible to get rid of it would be greater than they could bear. Happily, however, Mr. SMEE has yet a good deal to do before he can be held to have made out his case. All that is yet clear is that on two occasions when the cows on Mr. SMEE's land had been fed with sewage grass, their milk and the butter made from their milk soon became rancid. Even if this was shown to be the case with all milk drawn from cows which have been fed on grass manured with sewage, it would not be the same thing as proving that any special poison contained in the sewage can be conveyed to the cow. There seems, however, to be a mass of evidence which Mr. SMEE will find it hard to controvert that sewage grass has not ordinarily the effect which Mr. SMEE attributes to it. One theory which has been offered in explanation of the mischances which befell his milk and butter is that the grass may have been contaminated with sewage particles, the composition of which had not been changed by contact with the soil. If this should prove correct, it will clearly be of great importance that the sewage should be so applied to the land as not to leave any part of it unabsorbed. Other explanations are that the sewage in this case had been stored instead of being laid on fresh, or that the grass had been cut too soon after the sewage had been applied to it, or that the cows were allowed to feed in the open fields after their taste for succulents had been stimulated by the sewage grass, and had eaten rushes or other plants which give a disagreeable smell and taste to milk. Although, however, Mr. SMEE seems to have arrived at his conclusion upon very insufficient grounds the controversy, as to the effect of sewage manure on food, is one of great importance; and it is to be regretted, in the interest of sanitary knowledge, that Mr. SMEE should have allowed himself to conduct it, as regards one of his adversaries, in a manner which, to say the least, is eminently unscientific. Personal abuse and innuendo are the worst possible weapons to employ in a contest which professes to have for its object the establishment of certain truths upon matters of immense interest to the physical well-being of the community. It is to be hoped that in this respect Mr. SMEE will find no one to follow the example which he has so unadvisedly set.

MR. GLADSTONE AT MOLD.

MR. GLADSTONE has invented a new theory. The fact is by no means unprecedented, nor is it entirely without precedent that the theory should be quite satisfactory to nobody but Mr. Gladstone himself. Anybody of less amazing mental activity might have thought it a sufficient feat to add to the multifarious cares of Government the presidency of an Eisteddfod, and might have been content with discharging the duties of the position in as perfunctory a manner as possible. There have been Ministers who would have satisfied themselves and their admirers with a few gentle jokes imbedded in a series of unpretentious commonplaces. Mr. Gladstone, as a matter of course, was quite incapable of taking any duty in such a spirit. He is absolutely blind to the comic side of the proceedings, and takes an Eisteddfod as seriously as though it were a meeting of the Imperial Parliament. To be commonplace, again, would be altogether out of character, and therefore Mr. Gladstone naturally propounds in all earnestness an

historical theory which had never before entered the head of any human being. There are limits, however, even to Mr. Gladstone's powers; and we fear that the novel theory can scarcely have received very mature consideration. Perhaps it sprang to life whilst he was trying to listen with one ear to the rhetoric of some Welsh member; or he struck it off in the interval between the discharge of one duty as Chancellor of the Exchequer and of another duty as First Lord of the Treasury; or possibly it only occurred to him as he was travelling on the railway to meet his audience. Considering what Mr. Gladstone is doing at the present moment, the responsibilities that are weighing upon him, and the infinite number of claims upon his attention, we should not be too exacting. When an acrobat is supporting one man on his right shoulder, and another on his left, whilst half-a-dozen more are clinging to him in various attitudes, one cannot complain if he fails at the same time to keep a couple of balls in the air with a disengaged hand.

The theory itself is not worth very much discussion. The problem which Mr. Gladstone considered was the curious permanence of the Welsh language as compared with the Erse and the Gaelic. The solution which he offered suggests, like most other things in creation, a most instructive lesson. The subject indeed is "full of great lessons to Government, applicable to all subjects and to all people," and the main lesson is that we attempted to "hector the Welsh people into the abandonment of their language," and that, in consequence of this hectoring, they clung to it "with unexampled fidelity." Any number of objections to this theory may be easily suggested. The alleged facts and their connexion may be disputed. The "hectoring" of which Mr. Gladstone speaks consists simply in this—that, since the beginning of the eighteenth century, none but Englishmen have been appointed to Welsh sees, and that livings in Welsh-speaking parishes have been held by Englishmen. Mr. Gladstone's language indeed, as reported, might almost be taken to mean that there had been an absolute disqualification of Welshmen from holding livings in Wales. The real state of the case is of course simple enough, and its effects have been important in their way. The Church of England was in a very sleepy state in the last century, and a great many bishops had very little to do with their sees beyond deriving a handsome income from them. When to this indifference is added the mutual unintelligibility of the bishops and their flocks, it is not surprising that the field was open to Wesley and his followers, and that the consequence has been a great alienation of the Welsh from the national Church. But there is the widest possible difference between this calm indifference and anything that can reasonably be called "hectoring." The people became cold to the Church, but not disloyal to England; as indeed Mr. Gladstone asserts—and we have no doubt with perfect accuracy—that they are as good subjects as the inhabitants of any part of the Empire. An attempt to proscrib a language would have aroused some warmth of national feeling; but no such animal as a Welsh advocate for home rule has been known to history for several centuries. In Ireland the language has died out in spite of much "hectoring" on our part, and much antipathy on the part of the hectoring; and it would be easy to maintain a theory the very reverse of Mr. Gladstone's. A vigorous attempt to keep down native sentiment, we might say, has in Ireland led to the suppression of the language, though much else has survived. Wales, on the contrary, having been once thoroughly conquered, was pretty much left to its own devices, and therefore retained its language. Oppress people strenuously enough and they will in time give way. At the period of the conquest nobody cared to put down the language, and since then the Welsh have been left to themselves. Welsh has survived because the governing race has for many generations not endeavoured to force its customs or religion upon the conquered race.

We do not mean to say that this is the true moral of the case, though it is about as plausible as Mr. Gladstone's; for the causes which determine the decay and growth of languages are infinitely too complex to be thus decided offhand. To give any opinion we should, for example, have to consider the nature of the language itself, and how far it possessed a literature to give it a certain consistency and make its maintenance a matter of interest even to people who could read English. Other obvious considerations are the social and the geographical relations of the people, how far they formed a separate organization, and how far they were a homogeneous race, and how far altered by immigration; what was the nature of their commercial and political intercourse with the outside world, and whether it tended to give a decided advantage to the possessors of the foreign language. Then, again, we should have to inquire into the true nature of the phenomenon under discussion. At what period did this attachment to the native language first manifest itself? Was Welsh more remarkable for its vitality in the last century than Erse or Gaelic? When, and under what circumstances, did those languages begin to decay so rapidly as they are at present doing? If such conditions were reproduced in Wales, might we not expect to see an equally rapid decline of the Welsh language? Then it might be as well to compare the case of other dialects lingering in various parts of the world; of the Manx and the Cornish, for example; of the Basque in France, or of the curious fragments such as the Romansch of the Grisons, which still hold their ground in various Alpine valleys. We do not venture a guess as to the probable result of such inquiries, except so far as to say that in every case the conclusion would probably be that many highly complex conditions determine the survival or extinction of different dialects, and that, as a general rule, such a fact as the appointment of

bishops speaking a different tongue would be found to exercise an almost inappreciable influence. The general proposition asserted by Mr. Gladstone appears to be that "hectoring" a people out of their language is the way to make them love it. We should be inclined to add that it depends upon whether you hector long enough and vigorously and judiciously enough, and whether the hectoring party be decidedly the stronger.

If there be any truth in the hectoring theory, we, as brutal Saxons, have the comfort of reflecting that the Welsh language must be doomed to speedy extinction. We have now decidedly taken to petting instead of bullying; and as the bracing atmosphere of persecution has done so much good to the patient, we must assume that the relaxing effects of coddling will have the reverse influence. Speaking for the moment, not as archaeologists or historians, but from the commonplace point of view of the British tourist, would it not be a very good thing? Is it not rather humiliating for an Englishman taking a few hours' trip to his own scenery, to find a race of fellow-countrymen who can only communicate with him by the language of signs which would be equally available in the centre of Africa? And, indeed, would there be really any great harm to archaeologists if Welsh became a dead language? We derive as much advantage from the study of the classical languages as if Greek and Latin were still surviving in the actual world. Philologists have dreamt very often of a universal language which should supersede all existing tongues. We are apt to shirk with abhorrence at such a proposal; and yet, if it could be realized, would it not be a great advantage? Is it not as desirable to have a means of communicating thought freely throughout the whole surface of the globe as to have a common system of coinage or of weights and measures? If we calmly compare the advantages and the disadvantages of such a consummation, it is difficult to say that the drawbacks would overcome the positive convenience. The conveniences, indeed, are too obvious to need explanation; and what are the disadvantages? That Shakespeare, and Dante, and Goethe should be written in a dialect only intelligible to people of a certain degree of education, and that even to these there should be a distinct loss in fulness of appreciation, is undoubtedly an evil as far as it goes. But we must remember that, in the first place, to the great mass of the people the loss would be infinitely less than common language supposes. It may safely be said that the reading of ninety-nine men out of a hundred, even of tolerably educated people, is confined to writers in their own dialect, and who have lived within the past century. How many authors can be mentioned in English whose works are really familiar to any one below the most cultivated classes a century after their death? Two or three poets, as many religious writers, and a novelist or two would exhaust the list. And, on the other hand, cultivated people can derive as much cultivation from a writer in a dead language as from one in their own. Plato or Cicero has as great an influence upon educated men as Bacon or Burke. Translation can transmit thought, if not external polish. The Bible is with all classes as great a power as if they could still read Greek and Hebrew; and thought does not disappear with the disintegration of the stratum in which it was originally deposited. If the day ever comes in which everybody will talk English, the most rapidly growing of existing languages, perhaps the increase in present comfort will counterbalance the evils produced by the loss of some advantages peculiar to other languages and the diminishing of many great literary luminaries.

We do not, however, profess to discuss so wide a question, to which, moreover, no very definite answer can be expected in less than several centuries. But the conceivableness of such a conclusion suggests that the loss of such languages as Welsh would not be an unbearable calamity. It is a real misfortune to be brought up to speak familiarly a solitary dialect confined to a small district. A man of genius who can only write freely, say, in Dutch, would lose nine-tenths of the audience which would be open to a Frenchman or an Englishman. But if his native tongue were Welsh or Basque, what chance would he have? Cut off from the best sources of inspiration, and deprived of a fitting audience, he must be more than human to produce any worthy fruit. The influence upon the ordinary mind of being thus imprisoned within the four corners of a language with no living literature and little communication from without must be generally a kind of mental asphyxiation. That Welsh should be carefully studied is of course desirable; but that many human intellects should be permanently fettered in Welsh would be a result which, if Mr. Gladstone's theory be true, would show that the victims of persecution are sometimes punished severely for their virtuous, but ill-guided, resistance.

HOLIDAY TRAGEDIES.

NOW that a prince has been nearly drowned, common people who are making holiday will perhaps be taken care of a little, and it is just possible that they may begin to take a little care of themselves. At this period of the year London is conventionally described as empty, but there are three millions and a few odd thousands still left to enliven the solitude, and if any of these should happen to feel morose and ill-tempered at being left behind, they may derive some consolation from reading in the newspapers the histories of those who have gone on their travels. Signalmen and "facing-points" we have with us always, and a railway official has just done his best to encourage railway travellers by assuring them that "railways themselves being danger-

ous, facing-points are to a certain extent an increase of that danger, yet it is one of the necessities of railways that they should have facing-points." We are also told that, if trains went quietly through stations at which they did not stop, the safety of the public might be increased; but then this would not suit the Companies, and therefore officials, speaking as it were over the graves of fifteen slaughtered victims, tell us that they "really cannot say that they would recommend it." Happy-go-lucky, smash and kill, and take your chance of being pursued through two courts for damages, which, if gained by the plaintiff, will have already been pretty well consumed by him in law expenses—this is the policy of the Companies. Have not the passengers—as an eminent railway chairman, who rules we don't know how many Companies, as Ducrow used to ride his half-dozen horses, said the other day—have not the passengers always a chance of not being smashed or roasted alive, and are Railway Companies to be put to expense for all sorts of "fads" for the mere safety of passengers? For our own part, we have heard all sorts of theories as to the duty of railway directors. There are weak people who imagine that they should occasionally bestow a passing thought on the lives of the public. More philosophical persons hold that a director has only one duty, and that is to nurse dividends for shareholders. However this may be, we feel confident that if directors would only withdraw their minds from strategical and speculative pursuits for a short time, and would tot up the cost of killing people, adding in their own law costs and other expenses as well as the damages, they would probably come to the conclusion that it would be almost cheaper to spend a little more in taking care of passengers.

We all take our seats in the railway carriage so much as a matter of course that we scarcely reflect on the likelihood of our forming part of that percentage of disasters which is triumphantly referred to by the railway officials as forming so comparatively small a proportion to the whole body of railway passengers. And considering how hopeless it is, according to railway managers and station-masters, to think of preventing what they call accidents, this is perhaps the most philosophical frame of mind that could be cultivated. Possibly people who have survived one or two railway journeys—for example, on that prosperously homicidal railway, the London and North-Western, where engine-drivers are in the habit of looking back as they pass through certain stations with a feeling of relief when they see actually the whole of their train behind them—may begin to feel reckless and to fancy that they have a charmed life. That unfortunate man who was capsized, with his wife and children, on Windermere, must surely have been under some such impression. Windermere is one of the most dangerous sheets of water in the country. It is exceedingly long, surrounded by low hills with many openings between, and is subject to all kinds of uncertain and treacherous blasts of wind. We should have thought that anybody who knew anything of Windermere must have heard of its notorious reputation as a dangerous place for sailing. In this instance several boatmen had warned the man that it was dangerous to try to cross, and nearly all the other boats had kept to the shore. There was a gusty wind, and the water was chopped and rough. It appears that the boat was caught by a sudden squall when tacking, and capsized. The sheets had been made fast before there was sufficient way on the boat, and she simply toppled over on the instant when the wind came. The jury at the inquest suggested that the Windermere boats should all be provided with life-belts, but in a case of this kind there would be no time to look for them, or to fix them on. To be of any use, the belts would require to be around the waists of the voyagers on starting. It might have been more to the purpose to have recommended people not to go out in boats when the lake was rough, and when experienced boatmen warned them of the danger of tempting the treacherous waters. For any one who does not understand perfectly what he is about, and who is not also by nature one of the coolest and most self-possessed of men, a sail in a small boat is about as reckless a way of tempting Providence, as the old phrase was, as can possibly be imagined. The trim of the sails, the balance of the boat, the least puff of wind, especially in a land-locked sheet of water, require constant and anxious attention, and the slightest flurry may produce the most disastrous consequences. In this instance, it is true, the gentleman who hired the boat took a boatman with him, but the boatman is described as only "an experienced hand as far as boatmen go." Perhaps a special certificate for boatmen would be of more value than a life-belt.

Bathing accidents are still more under control. Indeed there ought not to be even the possibility of a death from drowning at a regular bathing-place during the regular bathing hours. If people choose to go into the sea at secluded spots, or at unusual hours, of course they must take the consequences. But there can be no difficulty in making bathing perfectly safe at appointed bathing-places. Last Saturday two young ladies while bathing at "the usual ladies' bathing-place" at Ilfracombe, and "only half-a-dozen yards from the beach," were overpowered by a sudden rising of the sea and drowned. It seems that the bathing-place is approached only by long tunnels through the rocks, and "both the boatmen in attendance and the only bathing-woman who could swim happened to be away." There was therefore no help at hand, and the poor girls were drowned in the sight of a number of people, who could not even make an effort to save them. We should think that it would be the interest of the

inhabitants and hotelkeepers of Ilfracombe to induce bathers to go there, and it would therefore be worth their while to try to secure the continuous attendance of boatmen, if not also of a bathing-woman who could swim, during the bathing hours. No bathing-coaches should be licensed except on condition that a boatman is kept on the water during the time they are used, as a protection to bathers. Even the best swimmers are subject to cramp and faintness, and are liable to be overwhelmed by the sudden breaking of a rough billow. It should be an unfailing municipal regulation that there should always be a boatman on duty at the bathing-place during certain fixed hours. Ilfracombe is, from its rocky situation, a peculiarly dangerous bathing-place, and yet we find that the boatmen who are supposed to be in attendance are allowed to be absent, and the result is that a couple of young ladies are drowned within a few yards of the beach, and in sight of a crowd of people. Only a few days before a gentleman and a boatman were drowned at the same place, by the upsetting of a boat close to the pier-head, and here again no help was at hand. In another case during the present week a man was drowned at Salcombe. He had gone to assist another man and a boy, and was carried off by a current; but the "boatman who is always on guard" saw nothing of all this till it was too late. At a watering-place the sea is as much frequented as the land, and something in the nature of a sea-police ought to be organized. The beach should also be carefully explored, and all dangerous spots should be indicated by notices or buoys. It would also be natural that the bathing-coaches should be prohibited from taking people out in certain dangerous conditions of the weather. If these rules were observed, it is scarcely possible that accidents, or at least fatal accidents, could happen. But of course bathers should also condescend to think a little of their own safety. They should avoid bathing at strange hours on a beach with which they are not acquainted, and indeed solitary bathing had better always be avoided. There are many parts of the coast which look innocent enough, but which are made dangerous by abrupt rocks, over the edge of which you may plunge suddenly into deep water, or by eccentric currents. Prince Arthur's accident seems to have been due to his ignorance of the strong current of the Seine, which is very strong at a short distance from the shore, and sometimes lays hold of swimmers before they know where they are. At Trouville, as at Biarritz and all French bathing-places which we have visited, there is usually a regular service of boatmen bobbing up and down on the waves just in front of the bathing-places. It is stated that Prince Arthur went out to bathe "unattended at an early hour," and, after swimming out some distance, disappeared under a heavy breaker. The Prince was saved by a waterman and a member of his suite who happened to be at hand; but as there were no boats about, we suppose the Prince had anticipated the regular bathing hours. There are good sands at Trouville, but the waves are often long and heavy, and the currents dangerous.

There is probably something in the exhilaration and excitement of a holiday which accounts for a good deal of the recklessness which may be traced in holiday accidents. People in the fresh glow of health which comes over them on such occasions sometimes describe themselves as walking on air, and we suspect they occasionally forget that they are neither so strong nor so agile as they fancy at the moment, and allow themselves to be tempted into enterprises beyond their powers. The ordinary life of a middle-class Englishman is so narrow and wearisome, he is so hardened with work and fenced about with respectabilities and social ordinances, that when at last there seems to come a momentary opening for the free play of the primitive wild man which is to be found inside most of us, he is apt to lose all control over his prudence, and to fancy himself rather a child of the woods than a citizen of the pavement. As he puts on the wide-awake and tweed coat he flings off the restraints of common caution and reserve, and feels an irresistible impulse towards all sorts of reckless, madcap feats. There is a sort of secret faith that a man can do anything at such a time, eat anything, drink anything, walk any number of miles, or get wet, without suffering any of those personal consequences which might safely be expected at another season. The number of people who every year injure their health seriously, and perhaps permanently, by foolhardiness of this kind, greatly exceeds the number who are killed by falling off steep crags, or by going too far out in rough waters, but it is all part of the same mania. Surely tourists and holiday-makers have every reason to be content with the elaborate arrangements which railway managers make for their destruction without inventing additional perils.

RE-ELECTION OF MINISTERS.

THE question as to the avoidance or non-avoidance of Mr. Gladstone's seat for Greenwich by his acceptance of the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer is one which suggests thoughts that go a good deal further than either the point of law or the point of conventional political propriety which is first started by it. The law which requires a member of the House of Commons who becomes a Minister of the Crown to vacate his seat and to take his chance of re-election is one of a large class of cases where a rule was first made to answer one purpose and is kept on to answer another. Such cases are specially common in our conventional constitution. A rule was laid down long ago under some

wholly different state of things. In process of time it perhaps ceases to secure its original object, or perhaps its original object is one which no one any longer thinks of securing. In such a case the rule may die out or be abolished, or it may linger on as a mere survival, no longer answering any practical purpose at all. But it is just as likely that, in the gradual process of change, the rule may become endowed with a new life, and may still have a highly practical effect, though in some way quite different from that which it was at first meant to have. We are putting our case in a way which is perfectly colourless, because the process of change is exactly the same whether we hold the result of the change to be good or bad. A law ordained for a good purpose may come to work for a bad one; or a law ordained for a bad purpose may come to work for a good one; or there may be endless differences of opinion as to which is the good purpose and which is the bad one, whether, in short, the change is an improvement or a corruption. It is clear, for instance, that the fellowships and scholarships in the Universities do not answer the particular objects which were designed by their founders; it is equally clear that they do answer certain other objects. Whether the change is good or bad, whether the original objects are now either desirable or possible, whether we ought to try to go back to them or to go away farther from them, are questions which awaken warm controversies. But the fact is undoubted; the change has taken place, and it has taken place by the gradual working of circumstances. Particular enactments may have strengthened and hastened it; but they have simply strengthened tendencies which were already at work; they did not give them their start in the first instance. Or take another case more closely connected with our immediate subject. The ancient privilege of Parliament which made it a breach of privilege to publish debates and the like had a real use when there was a chance that the King might send a bold and patriotic member to the Tower. When this danger had passed away, it served for a while the opposite purpose of setting members as free from the control of their constituents as they already were from the control of the Crown. Now it sleeps, to be ever and anon called into life for a moment at the caprice of some individual member. It may possibly be wise to keep such a power in the hands of the House itself; but, if so, it is certainly not for the sake of the object which the privilege was first designed to serve, nor yet for the sake of the object which in after times it practically came to serve. Here is a case in which a rule has altogether changed its working, not through any formal enactments, but through a change in the general state of things. A right first claimed for one end came to answer an exactly opposite end; it was ordained to meet a real danger, and, when that danger ceased to be, it was found to be itself the cause of equal danger the other way. The privilege which had once secured Parliament against arbitrary interference on the part of the Crown came to lay it open to corruption on the part of the Crown. Now it serves no constant or regular end, it is at most a weapon which commonly lies idle, but which it may possibly be wise to keep in the store-house, in case some unexpected accident should again call for its use.

In the like sort the law which vacates a member's seat on his acceptance of office is one which can be defended now only on grounds quite different from those which led to its original enactment. The grounds which led to its original enactment imply that the government of the country is personally in the hands of the King, that he has the free choice of his Ministers, that he has the means of influencing and corrupting the representatives of the nation. The only grounds upon which it can be defended now imply that the government has ceased to be personally in the hands of the King, that it has passed into the hands of Ministers whom the House of Commons may be said, in a rough kind of way, to choose, and to whose appointment it is thought desirable that the people should, in a still rougher kind of way, give their approval. The principle on which the rule was laid down was a modification of an earlier principle by which it had been attempted to enact that no Minister of the Crown should have a seat in the House of Commons. The only principle on which the rule can be defended now implies the opposite doctrine; it implies that some at least of the Ministers of the Crown cannot properly discharge their duties unless they have seats in the House of Commons. The old evil was the multitude of placemen by whom the House was crowded, and whose presence destroyed its independence. A dependent constituency might be driven to elect a placeman; an independent constituency might see the member whom it had freely chosen corrupted by the acceptance of a place after his election. These two sources of corruption went on, in different forms, throughout the Tudor and Stuart reigns. The remedy proposed in William the Third's reign was absolutely to forbid all persons who held any office, great or small, from sitting in the House of Commons. The Bill indeed never became law, and those who supported it took care of their own interests by confining it to members elected after a given day. But it proposed one way of getting rid of the evil—a way which in some times and places would have been the obvious and natural one. If no member of the House of Commons could hold any office under the Crown, the Crown was clearly cut off from one great means of influence over Parliament. The point is that those who brought in such a measure as this looked on the presence of the Ministers of the Crown in the House of Commons simply as a sign of the influence of the Crown over the House of Commons. It did not come into their heads that there ever could be a state of things in which the presence of the Ministers of the Crown would be a sign of the influence of the House of Commons over

the Crown. A proposal to shut out all officers of the Crown from the House of Commons implies that the Executive and Legislative branches of the Government are two things which are quite distinct, and possibly hostile. The Minister is the servant of the King, appointed by the King, doing the King's orders, and responsible to the King only, except so far as he may be touched by impeachment or other strictly legal process. The presence of such men in the House of Commons, men who have nothing to do but to obey their own master, and who are in no way bound to shape their conduct according to the pleasure of the House, clearly undermines the independence of the House. The House contained a number of members who simply voted as the King bade them. A Bill to exclude such men, a Bill to shut out such men from the House, was in some times and places the best means of meeting the evil. Such a Bill would, in the days of Henry the Eighth, have been a wise and admirable measure, so wise and admirable that it would not have had the least chance of getting passed. And it should be noticed that this shutting out of the officers of the Executive from the Legislative body is actually the law of the commonwealth of the United States. Unlike as that commonwealth is in other things to the despotism of the Tudors, it is like it in this, that the Executive and the Legislative branches of the Government are quite distinct. Congress does not choose the President, nor can it remove him. The President therefore is really a four years' King, with Ministers of his own choosing, or at least not of the choosing of Congress; responsible only to himself, or at least not responsible to Congress. Such Ministers are very naturally shut out from Congress, and the question of their exclusion is simply part of the greater question, whether the whole relation between the Legislative and the Executive powers in the American Congress is a wholesome one. In Switzerland, where the two branches are so much more closely connected, where the powers of the Executive are so much smaller and where the Executive is chosen by the Legislature, the difficulty is got over by allowing the members of the Federal Council to be present and speak in either House of the Assembly, but without the right of voting. Thus the Executive cannot command a single vote in the Legislature, while the Assembly has the advantage of constantly hearing what we should call ministerial explanations on any point that may arise, while the American Congress puts nothing except set and solemn messages from the President.

We have said that a complete shutting out of the Ministers from the House of Commons would have been the right remedy for the evil in the time of Henry the Eighth. But it was no longer the right remedy in the time of William the Third. Though the Constitution had not then reached its fully developed modern conventional form, it had come far too near to it for the complete shutting out of the Ministers of the Crown to be any longer the right thing. Things were then in a transitional state, when the old remedies would no longer meet the old evils. The more the influence of the House of Commons grew, the less desirable or possible was it to keep the Ministers of the Crown altogether out of the House of Commons. They were fast becoming, not only the Ministers of the Crown, but the Ministers of the House, and thereby the Ministers of the nation. As soon as it was understood—as soon as there was even any approach to understanding—that the Crown could only name such Ministers as the House of Commons approved of, it followed that their presence in the House might be quite as much a sign of the influence of the House over the Crown as of the influence of the Crown over the House. It had once been desirable to shut out the Ministers of the Crown, because the House had no control over their acts. As soon as the House began to have a control over their acts—that kind of control, we mean, which is exercised without any appeal to the law, and of which a vote of censure is the strongest form—it became desirable to have the Ministers in the House, that the House might be able to hear the explanations of their policy, to question, to approve, to censure, practically to dismiss. But it was plain that this applied only to the chief officers of the Crown, to those whom we commonly speak of as the "Ministers" or the "Government." The control of Parliament over the Executive was made really more perfect by having them in Parliament, but its control would have been less perfect if they were allowed to bring in a crowd of their subordinates with them. We thus gradually reach the modern rule by which it is understood that each department of the State must be represented in each House of Parliament by one or more of its leading members, while the crowd of subordinate functionaries are shut out. By this means the Legislature is able at once to preserve its independence and to keep up its proper connexion with, and its proper control over, the Executive power.

This brings us to our immediate subject, the avoidance of seats on acceptance of office. This, as every one knows by this time, dates from the reign of Anne. But we may be pretty certain that the rule was first laid down with a somewhat different object to that which it answers now. In the reign of Anne the old feeling about the influence of the Crown had not wholly passed away, nor had the facts on which it was grounded wholly passed away either. The member who accepted office forfeited his seat, but his constituents might re-elect him if they chose. That is to say, if his constituents objected to being represented by a Minister of the Crown, and preferred to be represented by a member who was wholly independent, they might reject the placeman, and make another choice. In this we can still see the feeling that a member holding office

was less independent than a member not holding office. He had another master besides his constituents, and his constituents were therefore given the option of rejecting one who could serve them only with a divided allegiance. That right they still keep, but the reason on which it is now commonly defended is a somewhat different one. It is held that the constituencies ought to have the power of judging of the conduct of their representatives in taking office, not for the old reason that by taking office they come under the influence of the Crown, but in order that something like a national approval or disapproval may be given to the Ministry which comes into power. If the chief members of such a Ministry fail to obtain re-election, the nation has pronounced against them, and they are still more incapable of carrying on the Government than if the House of Commons had pronounced against them. The reason for re-election, in short, is no longer any dread of the encroachments of the Executive, but a feeling that the nation itself should have a share in determining who should form the Executive. And with this is perhaps connected the last change of all—that by which re-election is no longer needed on a mere exchange of office. This change is closely connected with the notion, which is now fully received, but which in Queen Anne's time was only beginning to be understood, of the "Ministry" or "Government" forming a closely connected whole. In former times the question was as to the independence of each particular man who took office. Now the question is as to the general policy of the "Ministry" or "Government" as a body. It may be argued that the nation has given its sanction to a particular Government by re-electing its members on their first appointment. When the next general election comes, it will again have the opportunity of pronouncing yet more distinctly for or against them as a body. But it may be held that a mere change of office by a member of a Government which has been approved as a whole does not involve any question of principle, and need not be followed by an appeal to his constituents. From this point of view, exchange of office and accumulation of office would be the same. How far they are the same as far as the letter of the law is concerned is another matter.

One point still remains, a small technicality which may not strike at first sight. The necessity of re-election is confined to those offices which are in the direct gift of the Crown. There are some subordinate, but still very important, offices, whose holders constitutional custom requires to have seats in Parliament, but the acceptance of which does not involve re-election, because their holders are not appointed directly by the Crown, but by the heads of their departments. Now these are just the offices for which, according to the old notion of things, re-election is most needed. Their holders are not independent. They have neither the independence of the private member nor the power of the Cabinet Minister. A constituency may like to be represented by a private member who can vote exactly as he pleases. Or it may like to be represented by a Cabinet Minister, who must vote with his colleagues as long as he remains in office with them, but who, on the other hand, has a voice in determining what measures shall be voted about. But it is quite possible that a constituency may not like to be represented by a member who has neither of these advantages, but who, as long as he remains in office, must vote for measures about which he is not consulted. According to the older notion, the necessity for re-election would be much more plain in the case of these subordinate Ministers than in the case of the chiefs of the Government. Yet, by reason of a simple technicality in the form of their appointment, there is the case in which the appeal to the constituency is not made.

After all, the argument from the existing relations between Parliament and the real Executive—that is, the Ministry or Government—might be made to cut two ways. It would be quite possible to argue that there is no need for vacating the seat in any case. It might be argued that any constituency which elects a member of the class likely to hold high office, say a constituency which elects Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli, must know that it is electing one who is likely to be called to a place in the Government, and it may be argued that, by electing him, it shows that it wishes him to become a Minister if he has a chance. In this way the reason which now justifies the need of re-election, the argument that the nation in the form of the constituencies ought to have a voice in determining who shall hold the powers of government, might be turned about to prove that the vacancy and the re-election are needless.

PLEASURES OF AN AUTUMN IN SPAIN.

YEAR after year the romance of travel is removed further and further from the reach of the tourist, as civilization extends its humanizing influences beyond what we have been wont to consider its recognized frontiers. It was but the other day that the boundless prairies of the West were brought within easy reach of Euston Station. Rail to Liverpool, steamer over the Atlantic, rail again to St. Louis on the Mississippi, and then a hundred miles or so of riding carried you into the country of the buffalo, and offered you every reasonable chance of having your hair lifted by the red man. That is altogether a thing of the past. The buffaloes are fled from the whistle of the locomotive, and the Indians are gone after them. You travel in Pullman's patent cars past the notorious Smoky Fork, the Death Bluff, and the Bloody Ford; and you must penetrate into the remote recesses of the Nevada if you are even to have a risk from miserable diggers. This is only a specimen

of the revolution that is being wrought everywhere. Russia's pacifying process in the Caucasus has made the skirts of Ararat almost as safe as the valleys that lie round Mont Blanc. No future Vambéry need visit the Tartar Khanates in a perilous masquerade, and Baker Pacha believes he has moved the borders of Egypt within easy sail of the spot where Her Majesty's Consul for Southern Africa has established amicable relations with the savages. No doubt there are still localities like Mongolia and Chinese Tartary where you must find your way through hordes of warlike barbarians, riding along precarious gangways of plank pegged to the precipices that hang over bottomless abysses. But then there are not many men who could spare the time for such an expedition as Mr. Ney Elias has successfully undertaken, even if they could manage to muster the extraordinary resolution necessary. Most people desire to compress their autumn excitement into an ordinary holiday-time, and hurry home again to resume their ordinary avocations of business or pleasure.

To such people we would say, go to Spain. The Peninsula always has plenty to interest; but this season it offers extraordinary temptations to the curious and adventurous tourist. No matter what way his tastes may tend, he can scarcely fail to find something to gratify them, whether he be interested in military operations, regular and irregular, or care to follow the deliberations of the Cortes over those causeless constitutional projects which the Ministry so carefully matures; or to watch the working of mob rule in the various revolutionary Communes, or the conflict of capital and labour as carried on with murder and fire-raising in the great commercial cities. He will be thrown into the closest contact with those bolder and more picturesque types of society with which Spain abounds, but which used to be kept in the background when the law was stronger, or when autocrats like Narvaez governed society with the musket. It will be the great charm of his journey that he will be able to count upon absolute safety nowhere. People say that, though there is a good deal of disturbance in Spain, the greater part of the country remains peaceable and indifferent. It possibly may be true. But the worst of it is—or the best of it, as you choose to regard it—that you have no guarantee for the permanence of peace in any particular spot, for the whole land is volcanic, and now Communes break out like new craters in the most unlikely spots. You go to bed one night at the *Parador de las Diligencias* in the dull old market-place of some grim old city. There is the usual swarm of draped conspirators under your windows, with the folds of the *capa* cast over their mouths, although the thermometer at midnight would mark something like 100°. You never doubt that they are discussing as usual the price of pork and garbanzos over their home-grown tobacco, and perhaps they are. But you wake next morning to find the town in full revolution. A revolutionary Junta is sitting in the town-hall opposite, presided over by your fellow-passenger in the banquet of yesterday's diligence. Bill-stickers are affixing the Junta's first and latest edict to the gates of the great church, and a couple of its functionaries are on duty at the gates of the *Parador*, because your fellow-passenger has a bedroom there, or the corporal commanding-in-chief is having his chocolate downstairs. Probably, in the dignity of their new-born authority, and in their anxiety to avoid complications with foreign Powers, the Junta may courteously kiss the hands of your worship and permit your worship to slip through their own. But then again they may not; and there is always a chance of some subordinate levying a forced benevolence on his own account, and confiscating your bullion to his pressing personal necessities.

So, whatever pessimists may say, you may be pretty certain that you will have no assurance of safety anywhere when once you have crossed the Bridge of the Bidasoa. Even if you pass straight through to Cadiz, you are likely to meet with more adventures than the Knight of La Mancha ever dreamed of, for the police of the Holy Brotherhood kept the Peninsula tolerably tranquil in Don Quixote's days. But if you desire to make the most of your opportunities, you will take one of those circular tours which the enterpriser of Mr. Cook has made so popular. You enter, as we have seen, by San Sebastian, touch Carthage on the extreme South, and come back, if you can, by Internationalist Barcelona. The beauty of it is, that, barring the risks inseparable from the free fight that is going on over the length and the breadth of the land, there is little interruption to the travelling. Had Mr. Cook himself bargained with the Spaniards to throw their country into anarchy for the diversion and instruction of his clients, the arrangements for visiting the battle-field could scarcely be more perfect. When you pass the Bidasoa, you learn that the Carlists are in force on the heights to the right which saw so much hard fighting when Soult was being pushed backwards by Wellington. That picturesque-looking old city by the river mouth is Fuenterrabia, where fifteen hundred Carlists assisted at a disembarkation of arms only the other day. You learn that Carlist pickets had been patrolling your road the very evening before your arrival, although these are Republican bayonets that you distinguish glancing in the sun on the slopes in front of you. For that long street which continues the straight road you are driving along is Irun, and Irun is occupied by five hundred civil guards, a company of regulars, and some custom-house officers. The train moves quietly onwards, although for obvious reasons a little more slowly than usual. Yet, for all you know, the opposing parties may come in collision just as you cross the ground between them; and when you have been looking forward to breakfast at the station, you may find that you have come up in time to be present at an assault in force on the town. The train moves somewhat more slowly

than usual, because accidents will occur even on comparatively level roads when rails are lifted. But when you mount into the wild mountain passes in the province of Vittoria, you become perceptibly more sensitive to that particular form of danger. The curves are so sharp and the gradients so steep that the strongest breaks could hardly save you if they happened to be applied a moment too late. Yet here, in the face of such very probable perils, the train dashes along at a somewhat reckless pace for a mountain line. If you ask the armed conductor the reason, he points out that of two evils it is wise to choose the less. Nothing is more likely than that you may go flying over some precipice at a corner, instead of running round the curve, except, indeed, the probability of the Carlists firing a volley into the windows by way of practical joke, were you to slacken pace sufficiently to tempt them. For the time being they are invisible, like Old Alpine warriors before they started into sight at their chieftain's signal whistle; but doubtless the copsewood is quite full of them. It is true the railway directors have contracted with the Carlist leaders that the trains shall go free for a certain blackmail; but subordinates are apt to override such arrangements when they have not been invited to share in the subsidy.

Suppose you emerge from the Carlist country with your person safe, and without having been executed as a Republican spy, or put to ransom for the benefit of the Royal Exchequer. Suppose you escape those independent outlying bands which infest the Guadarrama and the environs of the Escorial. You find yourself in the capital enjoying a new phase of excitement. Here there is no fighting or civil disturbance. It is merely a question of amicably arranging the new constitution of the Federal Republic. It is all to be settled within the walls of the Cortes in Parliamentary debate. You obtain a ticket for the gallery, and, having occasionally assisted at the deliberations of the Versailles Assembly, are not much scandalized by the vigour and fervour of these Southern orators. A burning matter of detail is being debated, and you explain the violent and tedious personalities of the irreconcilables by the certainty of their having to succumb on a division to an overwhelming majority. Soon you surmise that it was not altogether without an object that they have been talking against time. Something like a dull roar is coming through the open windows, and you see faces on the Ministerial bench turning from red to pale in spite of the heat. The debate is hastily adjourned without the objectionable resolution being passed, and when you have made your way out of the door, you are landed in the middle of the Madrid mob. You may have seen the many-headed in the bull ring before, and thought it one of the very ugliest monsters you had ever set eyes upon. You like its looks much less now, when it has been largely recruited from those desperate ragamuffins who cannot even command a peseta for the bulls, but who can all afford the long Albacete knives which they wear conspicuously in their ragged sashes. Nor is it altogether reassuring, if you care for your life more than for Señor Salmeron and his Constitutions, that the windows of the great Medina Celi palace opposite should be filled with civic guards and their rifles. It would be so safe in the meantime for those amateur soldiers to pour a volley down among the knives and rusty muskets; and the decent dress which marks you an aristocrat and a foreigner is already causing you very serious anxiety, although the mob as yet has not been lashed into fury. You have, in fact, arrived in Madrid during a Spanish Ministerial crisis, and, as a stranger and a neutral, the situation becomes rather tense for your nerves when you can never take the shortest walk abroad without passing between the hostile positions of excited politicians of the most advanced opinions.

Proceeding southwards, your speculations take a somewhat anxious turn as you approach the railway junction in the Sierra Morena. It is not that you are doubtful about "establishing connexions," but because it is the celebrated Peco who superintends the arrangements of the line, and Peco is a brigand of the good old school, although he can show his colonel's commission from both the Carlists and the Republicans. If you reach Cordova without having been interviewed by Peco, you glide along the banks of the tawny Guadalquivir to Seville; and, had your luck been better, you might have seen the Communists executing their masterly retreat, leaving the city in flames behind them. Shells from an insurgent cruiser are falling fast into fair Cadiz. You cannot carry out your intention of riding from Gibraltar to Malaga by Ronda, because the Internationalists are established in force in the Sierra, and none of the horse-hirers of the Rock will trust his animals in the clutches of these men and brethren. So you take a berth in a coasting steamer. It dares not touch at Malaga, because a bombardment is going on; you can hear the shots as you hold out to sea; and at Almeria you see the visible signs of a bombardment which took place before your visit. Off Carthage you are chased by one of the ironclads of the Murcian navy, and you only escape being made prize of war because the landsman in command of her cannot sail his ship. Alicante, the port of the capital, is quiet, because it is filled with vessels of war, and all bristling with bayonets; and Valencia, because the Communists have had their will of it already, and left it in comparative solitude. But you find Barcelona in full insurrection; the Commune is proclaimed at last by its thousands of Internationalist workmen; the fort of Montjuich is firing on the town, and the Carlists are occupying the suburbs that have sprung up round the villas of the manufacturing princes. It is out of the question landing there; nor, if you did, would it help you out of the country, which by this time you begin to have had quite enough of. All travelling is stopped on the great

line of communication with France, and the Carlists are threatening all the Northern fortresses.

With the exception of the outbreak in Barcelona which is always imminent, and the bombardment of Malaga which was merely avoided by an accident, we have combined these experiences of our imaginary tourist entirely from the telegrams of the last few months, and who shall say that the future does not promise as much sensation as the past? We have avoided Salamanca and Granada, and many other places of interest; but even his flying trip by the chief cities and the main lines must have provided excitement enough to satisfy any reasonable man.

BISHOP REINKENS'S PASTORAL.

WHEN we spoke last week of Bishop Reinkens's consecration, we stated that he had issued a Pastoral, but that the text was not yet before us! And we might have added that the telegraphic summary, which represented it as a homily on the duty of passive obedience to the State as comprising the whole duty of man, or at least of an Old Catholic, did not strike us as very likely to be correct. That suspicion is now abundantly confirmed by the appearance of the document itself in the German newspapers, though it is no doubt open to the intelligent criticism of the *Times*' Correspondent, who dismisses it with the contemptuous remark that "the Bishop is silent upon the nature of sin, the efficacy of prayer, and the immortality of the soul." We believe the Lord Chancellor's Judicature Act is equally "silent" on the rights of man. But Dr. Reinkens might fairly plead that a pastoral is not a treatise on the first principles of natural and revealed religion, however "all-engrossing" such subjects may be, and that a Christian bishop must be presumed to believe what nineteenth-century Christians of every communion regard as elementary truths, unless he expressly asserts his disbelief. His manifesto is, in fact, an extremely able and comprehensive statement, defining with much force and clearness the position of the Old Catholic body, and their conception of the true office of the episcopate. But, before giving an account of the document, it may be as well to say a word of the writer and of the present religious situation in Prussia as it affects his prospects.

Our readers are already acquainted with the recent decision of the Supreme Court of Appeal at Berlin, which recognizes the full rights of the Old Catholic clergy and laity as belonging equally with their Ultramontane adversaries—and indeed by a better title—to the Catholic Church. Dr. Reinkens and the priests he ordains must therefore be acknowledged as a Catholic bishop and Catholic priests in the eye of the law, just as much as Bishop Ketteler or Archbishop Ledochowski and their priests. And what makes this all the more important is that the Prussian Government is just now engaged in an interminable struggle with the diocesan bishops, who one and all refuse to submit their seminaries or their appointments to benefices to civil inspection, according to the new laws; while all priests trained in colleges not sanctioned by the State, or appointed without its sanction to any cure of souls, are henceforth to be treated as intruders, and their acts—e.g. of marriage or baptismal registration—as having no civil validity. It may be as well, however, to add that the Ultramontane *camard* about their priests being forced to serve in the army, which the *Times* went out of its way to repeat the other day, long after it had been contradicted, never had any foundation, except that the law of conscription will henceforth apply to theological students in unlicensed seminaries. Still it is a very pretty quarrel, and both parties look resolute and uncompromising enough; in fact, both have gone too far now to recede without sacrifice of dignity, if not of self-respect. Under these circumstances it is obvious that the existence of an Old Catholic episcopate and priesthood—whose orders, be it remembered, even Rome cannot venture to impugn—may have a very important bearing on the future progress of the conflict. And, although Bishop Reinkens, who is naturally careful to keep quite within the mark, only lays claim as yet to "more than fifty thousand German Catholics" who acknowledge his jurisdiction, the number is continually increasing, and is likely to increase more steadily now that the movement is better organized. Moreover, as we have before observed, the influential and significant Silesian address to the Emperor would alone prove that there is a very large reserve force of anti-Ultramontane sentiment among the educated members of the Church who have not openly joined the anti-infallibilist party. There is nothing in the character or antecedents of Dr. Reinkens to prevent his winning the confidence of moderate men who are Catholics without being "Romanists," in the sense attached to that word in Germany. He is 52 years old, and was ordained priest in 1848 at Cologne, having previously distinguished himself at the University of Bonn. In 1849 he received a doctor's degree at Munich, and in 1850 commenced teaching as a *Privat-Dozent* at Breslau, where he has twice been Dean of the Theological Faculty, and once Rector of the University, and where for five years he held the office of First Preacher in the Cathedral. During 1867 and 1868 he resided in Rome, and thus had an opportunity of examining on the spot the present condition and policy of the Roman Church, his unfavourable estimate of which was confirmed by the conduct and results of the Vatican Council. His first work was a prize essay on the "Idea and Definition of Virtue among the Greeks"; and he published three years ago his *Aristotle upon Art*, for which he received an honorary doctor's degree from the University of Leipzig. His other publications

are chiefly on theology or ecclesiastical history, and include works on St. Clement of Alexandria, St. Hilary of Poitiers, St. Martin of Tours, and the *History of St. Augustine's Philosophy*. And he has the advantage, not perhaps very common among German Professors, of being a fervid and eloquent preacher, as well as a man of deep learning and thought. The Old Catholics, to all appearance, could hardly have made a more judicious selection of their first bishop.

The opening words of the Pastoral are calculated, and probably designed, to dispel any lingering doubts or misrepresentations as to the religious standpoint assumed by the newly consecrated Bishop for himself and his flock:—"Joseph Hubert Reinkens, Catholic Bishop, to the Catholic priests and laity of the German Empire who persevere in the ancient Catholic faith, greeting in the Lord." He then says that the delegates of more than fifty thousand of these Catholics, with their faithful priests, have chosen him bishop, by a method of election unusual now, though it is in reality the ancient, apostolic, and truly ecclesiastical method, and is not a novelty, but a return to the original and legitimate practice. He cites St. Bernard's authority to show that an election of bishops by the clergy and people was still in the twelfth century regarded as the sole legitimate and apostolic method of procedure, though it had already been disturbed and interrupted. As the episcopal office became more and more transformed into a place of worldly dignity and emolument, and an object of ambition, often of purchase, to the younger sons of noble families, the clergy and people were by degrees robbed of their rights, which were usurped under various pretexts by the Pope and the civil potentates, and the Pope began to call himself exclusively the Vicar of God, whereas all bishops had formerly shared that title. And thus we have been at last brought, after long contests, and to the deep injury of the Christian religion, to the present state of things, when Catholic princes nominate bishops in their dominions, and the Pope confirms them, while in non-Catholic countries the Chapters nominally appoint, but the Pope in the last instance, and in heathen countries, or countries treated as such, the Pope directly and alone. The conduct of the bishops, who act as mere creatures of "their master" the Pope, and have abetted him in overthrowing the divine order of the Church, and distorting the faith by additions made in defiance of Scripture and tradition, has compelled those who are loyal to the ancient faith to act for themselves, and fall back on the old apostolic system. Dr. Reinkens has been called to an office which he had earnestly sought to decline, but which is now his by virtue of legitimate election and consecration. He has not been named by the Pope, nor sought his confirmation, nor taken any oath of allegiance to him. In strict canon law, indeed, the Papal See must be regarded as vacant, for a Pope who obstinately persists in error is *ipso facto* deposed. And the two decrees of July 18, 1870, which attribute to the Pope universal ordinary jurisdiction and a final infallibility in faith and morals independent of the Church (*irreformabilem ex sese non autem ex consensu Ecclesie*), are an outrage on her authority, and would annihilate her apostolic constitution. Christ bids us hear the Church, but Pius IX. bids the Church hear him. To such a Pope no oath of allegiance can be taken, neither is there any necessity for it. Such oaths have never been required of Oriental bishops, and were only introduced in the West in the later middle ages, and the present form of oath is an usurpation and a sin against the Church. Bishops have now to swear obedience to the Pope as their master and absolute sovereign, whose prerogatives they will maintain and extend to the utmost of their power, while there is no word of their duties to their people or their responsibility before God. It is not Papal nomination or confirmation, but consecration by a bishop who can trace his succession from the Apostles, that makes a legitimate bishop, according to the teaching and practice of the ancient Church for above a thousand years. And this consecration he (Dr. Reinkens) has received at the hands of Mgr. Heykamp, a bishop of the ancient and rightful Church of Holland, which the Court of Rome and the Jesuits have iniquitously persecuted. "I therefore undertake the office by virtue of legitimate election and apostolic succession, and in order to help those Catholics, loyal to their faith, who, without any fault of their own, are involved in so terrible an oppression of conscience." For Christianity has become even more degenerate than Judaism at the time of Christ, when ceremonial was corrupted with heathen admixture, and men were taught to divert their religious reverence from God Himself to the priesthood who usurped his place. In demanding and promoting this worship of their office the chief pastors feed themselves instead of their flock. This worship of office (*Würdencult*) is as heathenish as the miracle-mongering through a senseless image-worship. "Instead of the Word of God, the pulpits resound with controversy; instead of Christ, the Pope is preached; instead of grace and truth, miraculous legends; hatred instead of brotherly love, and cursing instead of blessing." Nothing may be read or listened to which the Roman bishops forbid, without mortal sin. The upshot is, "Prove nothing." Thus the need is now at its sorest, but also God is nearest.

The Bishop proceeds to inquire what are the duties of his office. Not certainly to assume the pomp of an ecclesiastical court, which bishops borrowed from the old Roman Empire, or to receive divine homage and titles; above all, not to dominate. It is an error to suppose that bishops are to represent the divine attributes on earth by a standing personal miracle; their office is not a personal privilege, but the service of the faithful. What then, asks Dr. Reinkens, is my duty? To proclaim what God has revealed to little

ones; to preach from the housetops what He revealed in secret to His disciples. That is a message of which nothing is "inopportune," nothing for a privileged caste, but all for every one, and at all times. It is not a penal code, still less a sentence of condemnation or an anathema, that has been nailed to the Cross—but the Gospel, the good tidings, the truth which makes men free, the light which shines in freedom. It is a bishop's office to be the steward and dispenser of the mysteries of God. And his first duty is to be faithful, above all to God, who has made him His steward, but not His substitute, and who alone possesses those treasures of grace which He has committed to His Church to use and dispense. A bishop must preach the religion of Christ and stir up in men's hearts the love of God and of our neighbour, without which all outward show of religion is vain. And, lastly, a bishop must support and promote in the consciences of men loyalty towards the civil order, which is of God. Honour to kings, reverence for law, love of fatherland, are not ethical virtues outside Christianity and the Church, but Christian virtues, for which view various passages of the New Testament are quoted:—"It is not the domain of faith but of law which belongs to Caesar; but he possesses that by the immediate ordinance of God." A bishop, therefore, must exhort men to obey the secular power for the Lord's sake, and he betrays his office if he preaches disobedience. The Pastoral concludes as follows:—

Two mighty enemies are opposed to the fulfilment of my office, ecclesiastical materialism and indifference—both produced and fostered by the corrupting Romanism in the Western Church. The first merges religion in sensual excitement and the mechanism of Church government and ritual; it ties down the divine to accidents of place and person, which it makes the objects of worship, and leads on the inextinguishable superstition and thence for the marvellous of a people who have been continually kept in ignorance of Scripture and Tradition. In this there is no religious life, and the spirit is fled. . . . But the number of the indifferent is legion, who in the din of the world's market have grown deaf to the heavenly revelations of the glory of God and the music of the Gospel message of eternal peace and love. These men our opponents count as material ready to their hand. And then besides these, on our right and left are arrayed the half-hearted, some of whom cry, "You go perhaps too far for us," and others, "You perhaps don't go far enough." To them I answer, "We will go as far as the Spirit of Christ will lead us, and no further. If you believe that you are more entirely under the control of that Spirit, come and help or guide us: to stand all day idle, while the vineyard of the Lord is being worked and there is a cry for more labourers, is anyhow sinful." Yet we acknowledge with thankfulness to God that many who had been repelled by the materialistic Romanism in religion are now returned with joy to Church life, since it has been offered them in a worthy and really religious form. But it behoves us above all, beloved in the Lord, who by God's grace we clearly, to bring our hearts into entire subjection to the kingdom of God, which is truth and righteousness, that, as the spirit manifests His life in us, we may exhibit a true renewal of Christianity in its original light and winning loveliness before the face of the nations. And then will the elevating hope which inspires us grow stronger day by day, of seeing all the abuses at length healed which have led to the building up of a spiritual despotism in the Church. The schism between the Eastern and Western Church, and within the bosom of the latter, is a great evil. Not unity, but manifold division, has the Roman dominion produced, because it detested love and set naked authority in its place. We strive to regain unity, but in conflict, and on our banner is inscribed on one side, "No other foundation can be laid than that which is laid, Jesus Christ"; and on the other, "Whatever is not of faith is sin."

SERGEANT COX ON "BUTTONS."

THE newspapers have been treating their readers to long and unsavoury reports of a case of alleged fraud, which would probably have been disposed of in a few lines but for the nastiness supposed to be mixed up with it. A page, fourteen years old, was accused by his mistress—described as a "lady of fortune and social position"—of having defrauded her of some three hundred pounds by falsely representing that he was suffering from a painful disorder and required medical treatment. It was admitted that there was really nothing the matter with the lad, but it was alleged in his defence that the lady knew this, and that the imaginary payments to the doctors were only a cover for bribes of a particularly disgraceful kind. The jury were unable to agree upon a verdict, and the case will therefore be tried again. Upon the question at issue we have of course nothing to say. The lady appears to be one of those weak, impulsive persons who are capable of almost any amount of imbecile folly, and who painfully illustrate the saying that there is no fool like an old fool. Whatever may have been the original character of the page or the relations between him and his mistress, there can be no doubt what he is now. A wretched little puppy of fourteen, who spends his evenings at music-halls, intrigues with shop-girls, and imitates all the fashions of mature debauchery, is indeed a pitiable product of modern civilization. The poetry of Cherebin is lost in the gross disorders of this diminutive Don Juan. Apart altogether from the particular issue submitted to the jury, it is impossible to acquit Miss Warren of having contributed to corrupt and demoralize the boy by the outrageous way in which she petted and indulged him. No child of that age could resist the baneful influences of such a scandalous degree of freedom and dangerous command of money. His mother and a sister, who were also for a time in Miss Warren's service, assert that he ruled the whole household. "He used to order us about, go in and out when he liked, wear evening dress, with white waistcoat and roses in his button-hole; in fact, he was quite the gentleman." His brother, who was coachman, said the boy would often spend 5*l.* in a day. It is impossible to imagine anything more ruinous for a lad than such treatment as this. It is true that spoiling a child in this manner is not a criminal offence, but Miss Warren has certainly laid herself open to the strongest

censure. The old idea of a parental relationship between the master or mistress of a household and the servants is happily not yet altogether exploded; and the tender years of the boy in this case made it still more necessary that he should be sharply watched and subjected to strict discipline. Walter Howard could never have become such a precocious and disgusting little *roué* if his mistress had not failed egregiously in her duty towards him, and the painful and humiliating exposure which she has suffered is a very slight punishment for the evil she has done.

However, what now concerns us is not the case itself, on which, as we have already said, we express no opinion, but the remarkable dissertation on the whole duty of pages and the natural relations between them and their mistresses which is to be found in the summing-up of that learned judge, Sergeant Cox. The Sergeant appears to be disposed to take what we may call a broad view of the subject. "If," he told the jury, "they know anything of the habits of persons of the rank of life in which pages were kept," they would probably know what was the position of a page. We are not aware how far the sort of people who fill the jury-box at the Middlesex Sessions can be expected to know anything of the habits of persons who keep pages, but no doubt they were quite ready to believe anything the judge chose to tell them. Mr. Sergeant Cox, from the ease and confidence with which he dealt with the subject, is evidently under the impression that at least he is himself thoroughly acquainted with the habits of this "rank of life." It would perhaps be more correct to say that there are several ranks of life in which pages are to be found, and that there are a great many different kinds of pages. But we presume the judge was speaking of some rank of life with which he is himself personally acquainted, and the account he gives of the ways of this society is certainly rather startling. Mr. Sergeant Cox starts with the proposition that a page occupies quite a different position from that of ordinary servants. He is "appointed specially to wait on his mistress," and "to do all kinds of things." "He is admitted to all kinds of privileges, and to places where no grown man would be allowed." We rather that the peculiar position of a page is due partly to his extreme youth, and partly to his being specially attached to the lady; but we are hardly prepared for the length to which Mr. Sergeant Cox carries the principle of freedom and familiarity of intercourse between "buttons" and his mistress. There would, he assured the jury, "be nothing wrong in allowing a page to go even into his mistress's bedroom." We should rather have expected that this statement, which is somewhat sweeping as it stands, would have been qualified by the addition of "under certain circumstances." It is obvious—at least we should think it must be obvious to any one except the learned Sergeant—that this is a case in which a good deal might depend on circumstances—as, for instance, the time of day; and that what might be natural at one hour might be thought a little strange at another. The Sergeant's notion seems to be that a page is a sort of body servant, who is in and out of his mistress's room at all hours. We cannot say what he may have observed in his own "rank of life," but he may possibly learn on inquiry that in other spheres it is not usual for ladies who keep pages to dispense with the personal attendance of their own sex in their more private hours, and that "buttons" is not exactly a substitute for a waiting-maid. Having settled this point, Mr. Sergeant Cox (if he is correctly reported) pushed his argument a step further. "No familiarity," he declared, "with a child of eleven and a half years would reflect the slightest discredit on an elderly woman; not even if she kissed him every day, and even put him to bed." We may remark in passing that, although Walter Howard was eleven and a half when he entered Miss Warren's service, he is now fourteen; but the judge's observation would seem to be meant to apply equally to the more advanced age—at least we are led to suppose so from the absence of any hint to the contrary. When a Middlesex Sessions judge is explaining the mysteries of high life to a Clerkenwell jury he can hardly be too precise in his statements, and it is a pity that Mr. Sergeant Cox did not lay down the age at which, in his opinion, elderly spinsters who are in the habit of kissing their pages and putting them to bed had better draw the line. If there is no difference between fourteen and eleven and a half, is there any difference between fourteen and sixteen, or may the kissing and cuddling go on till the boy comes of age? As far as we can make out, the learned judge seems disposed to draw the line according to size rather than age. He was at considerable pains to impress upon the jury that the boy in this case was "a very little boy" for his age. If he had been the least thing bigger it might perhaps have made a difference. It would be interesting to know the exact point of stature which marks the distinction between innocent and compromising familiarities. The "only a very little one" argument has been heard before in the case of another infant, but the Sergeant is entitled to credit for the novelty of the application of it in this instance. It is unfortunate, however, that he did not favour the jury with a more precise indication of the size at which a boy in buttons becomes in his opinion too big for the purposes to which he so delicately alluded. If this had been furnished, a yard measure might perhaps have settled the question at issue.

With the Clerkenwell jury Mr. Sergeant Cox of course had it all his own way; but it may possibly surprise some persons of "the rank of life in which pages are kept" to learn on such high authority that it is usual for ladies to bestow motherly or grandmotherly attentions on the little boys who are hired to wait on them, and that there is nothing to excite remark in a lady

kissing and hugging her page, or putting him to bed. Miss Warren said that she had kissed and been kissed by young Howard, that he once addressed an indecent observation to her about her legs, and that he had also sung an indecent song in her presence. She hung up a photograph of this interesting child in her drawing-room, gave him the use of her pony, played the piano to him while he sang, called him "dear" and "darling," and kept him plentifully supplied with money. The learned Serjeant suggested that she took a grandmotherly interest in the boy, and that it was very natural she should do so. But, in the first place, we should expect to find a grandmother hoxing the ears of a boy who behaved in this disgraceful manner, instead of petting him; and, in the next place, mistresses can surely take a proper interest in a young domestic without going the length of grandmotherly fondling. The page was a curious and important figure in the social life of a former period, and those who came to study the relations which were then apt to spring up between pages and their adopted manus may satisfy their curiosity by reference to such stories as that of *Petit Jehan de Saintre*. The page of our own day had sunk, we imagined, from romance into common drudgery, and it is a pity that Mr. Serjeant Cox should have attempted to revive him as a poetical pet. On the whole, the grandmotherly attentions which he thinks so natural seem to us, and we should hope they would seem to most people, in exceedingly bad taste. To say the least, they are sickly and unwholesome, and liable to misconception. Elderly ladies who have no families to look after must, we suppose, have pets; but it is as well that they should confine themselves to the animal kingdom. Cats or parrots may be petted with impunity, but such a shameless young rip as Walter Howard is a social nuisance, and even danger.

Mr. Serjeant Cox made one rational observation in the course of his address, but we are hardly surprised that he does not seem himself to have understood it. He said it was difficult for parents to know when children ceased to be children, and that they often continued to treat them as mere children after they had passed the age of puberty. This may be natural with parents, but the case is different when we come to old ladies and their pages, and old ladies should at least be warned that they had better be careful to err on the safe side. The judge's address was no doubt framed in a spirit of amiable benevolence towards both elderly ladies and small boys in buttons. He seemed to be willing that they should be regarded as ethereal and disembodied creatures, apart from and above the censorious rules of conventional propriety. But the effect of his remarks is calculated, we fear, to produce dreadful confusion in a sphere of social life which is entitled to every consideration. Elderly ladies who do not care to have it supposed that they are in the habit of cuddling and slobbering their youthful domestics and tucking them snugly into bed may, after Mr. Serjeant Cox's startling assertions as to what is the common usage in such cases, feel bound to free themselves from suspicion by discharging the luckless lads. On the other hand, there may be old ladies who will be encouraged by the Serjeant's glowing pictures of the tender sympathies which he says prevail in high life between mistress and page to proceed to the extreme verge of grandmotherly familiarities, and they may even be led to suppose that they will be wanting in their duty unless they do so. As for the boys themselves, they will, no doubt, all expect to enjoy those privileges of their "peculiar position" on which the eminent judge descanted so warmly. As far as our own observation has gone, we cannot say that we have found that old ladies who kept pages were usually deeply enamoured of them. The tendency on their part has rather been to decry and disparage the youths as demoniacally inspired with a hopeless passion for idleness and mischief. The Serjeant's remarks will, we fear, still further embitter the relations of mistress and page.

VESTIGES OF CARACTACUS.

THE interest of the recent meeting of the Cambrian Archaeologists at Knighton turned rather on camps and entrenchments than on churches and castles. Knighton is a pleasant little town on the right bank of the Teme, on the confines of Radnor and Salop, and conveniently situated for exploring the border country on either side. On the English side Wigmore Castle arrested special attention both by its magnificent site and outlook and its great historic interest; Olun Castle claimed due notice as the original of the "Garde Doloureuse" in Scott's novel of the *Betrothed*; and Bampton Bryan was visited as the scene of Lady Brilliana Harley's famous resistance to the Royalists in the time of the Civil War. On the Welsh side, except for the faintly traceable vestiges of Abbey Owmlhir, once a Cistercian monastery and abbey of very noble dimensions, there was little to attract attention, the churches being of a rather poverty-stricken type; and across the Teme restoration had so mistaken its proper work as to limit or obscure considerably the province of the antiquary. But the number of British and Roman camps and stations in the neighbourhood, and the local sense of proprietorship in the British hero Caractacus and his gallant resistance to the Roman arms, justified a more than ordinary diligence in this department of archaeology, with a view to determine the claims of traditional sites to the honour of having furnished the brave Silurian with a last battle-field. The area covered by the excursions of the Association in the first week of August included at least three competing claimants for this distinction: the Gaer camp on the hill above Llanddewi and the valley of the Llan, Caer Caradoc, a mile

or two from Knighton, on the road to Ludlow; and Corwall Knoll, some three miles to the east, which relies for its chief title upon the fact of its nearness to the Roman station of *Travialum*. For each of these there is more or less to be urged, but we cannot say that the researches of the week succeeded in doing much towards an affirmative conclusion in favour of any one of them, although indubitably each may have been a fortress, and even a battle-ground, of the Silurian chief, whose final struggle we should be inclined to place a good deal nearer the Severn in Salop or Montgomery. The difficulty of the whole question consists in the very slender data furnished by Tacitus, who describes the scene of operations at second-hand, and in the total absence of any collateral testimony. Obviously the discussion may go on for ever, if the faintly marked lines of the Roman historian are departed from, and if local predilections assert pretensions not in accordance with his account, such as it is. A frequent rejoinder to those who suspend their belief in the claims of Caer Caradoc is that the name itself is conclusive. But unfortunately there is also a Caer Caradoc, or Camp of Caractacus, near Church Stretton, and another, called by the natives "Craddock," near Sellack, in Herefordshire. All these being in the territory of the Silures, each may have been, and probably has been, a defensive work of the hero of the struggle against Ostorius; but it is difficult to say which of them is to be identified with the scene of his last struggle.

As the whole campaign occupies only five chapters in the Twelfth Book of the Annals, and as no small part of these is irrelevant to the site question, being devoted to the arguments used by the leaders on either side to inspire courage in their soldiers, all that can be done is to get a clear general view of the geography and topography as Tacitus understood it, and as it is broadly set down by commentators and historians. If we take up Tacitus's account at the point where, having chastised the Cangri (at the extremity of Carnarvonshire), the Roman General Ostorius is recalled to repress a hostile movement of the Brigantes, who lay to the north of the Mersey, and extended from sea to sea, it appears that these were quickly quelled, but that the Silures offered a more troublesome and menacing obstacle to Roman supremacy. The Silures broadly represent the people of South Wales, with the addition, in all probability, of the counties of Hereford and Monmouth; and the Roman general's device of founding a colony at *Camulodunum* (Malden), in Essex, "as a bulwark against the rebels, and for inuring allies to the laws and jurisdiction of the Romans," seems a roundabout way of coercing the Silures. But it appears from Dion Cassius that Caractacus was the son of Canobelin, the chief of the Trinobantes, so that between the far East and far West there were ties of clanship and interdependence. Such must be the interpretation of the words "*Id quo promptius veniret—colonia Camulodunum deducitur*" (*Tac. Ann.* xii. 32); and in the fifty-first chapter of his *History of the Romans under the Empire* Dean Merivale gives ample reasons why this should have been a relevant act of repression and coercion, and not so incongruous as to justify resort to another theory—namely, of a *Camulodunum* in South Wales. When, however, this had been done, Ostorius, we read, proceeded to the direct task of crushing the Silures and their leader, who had laid waste the fields of the Roman settlers on the Severn and the Wiltshire Avon. Driving him across these, with the contingents which he would gather from his stations on the Outwolds, he may be assumed to have forced the Briton back first on his outer line of defences on the Malvern range, and then upon the inner line to the north of Herefordshire, where the undoubted British camps of Croft Ambrey and Wapley represent the southernmost fortresses of the inner series. Storming those with no small loss of men and time, he seems next to have been drawn by Caractacus, who knew the country, into the territory of the Ordovices (in other words, North Wales), the boundary line betwixt whom and the Silures Dean Merivale would place between the Wye and the Teme. Now such a boundary would not be inconsistent with the claims of the Knighton district to have given Caractacus a field for his last struggle; but, unless the other features which the historian expressly associates with it are traceable, prudence would dictate seeking further on in North Wales—in Montgomeryshire, for example—a site more exactly corresponding with the account of the Annalist. And the notes which he furnishes of the situation are simply these:—"Access, egress, everything, was in favour of the Britons, and inconvenient to the Romans." "The naturally steep ridges of mountain whereon the stand was to be made were strengthened, wherever they were of an easier ascent, by stones piled up in the fashion of a rampart." "At the base of the mountain flowed a river, which, either because of occasional floods or ignorance of its depths, was of uncertain forage (*yado incerto*)," and beyond it, on the rocks above, "stood swarms of barbarians ready to contest the vantage-ground." It follows surely that, amongst other things, we require, in the site of Caractacus's last battle, a river at its base which might test the legionary's skill as a swimmer, and that, the river passed, he should find a sheer height opposed to him, with the enemy atop of it. Furthermore, when beaten, the Britons, according to Tacitus, had easy means of retreat to their native fastnesses. "*Decedere barbari in juga montium*"; and this too by a way, as we have seen before, which was favourable and friendly to the Britons.

Of the three British encampments visited by the Cambrian archaeologists during their meeting at Knighton, two fulfil most requirements, but not one of the three quite satisfies the description of the situation by Tacitus. To take them in their order, the British camp above Llanddewi, visited on the 5th of August,

is a very strong entrenchment, with a triple ditch on the accessible side, where stood the principal entrance. From its top there is a commanding view embracing Plinlimmon and the Kerry Hills, and overlooking the Roman road and Roman station in the valley of the Ithon. Dean Merivale had already, in his history, recognized the possibility of a competing site in this place, and an ingenious theory was started by a gentleman possessing intimate knowledge of the country, that, supposing the object of the Roman general to have been to cut off the retreat of the Silures into the mountain fastnesses, he may have advanced from Wapley by the bank of the Arrow, and so into Radnorshire through the open valley of Painscastle, and along the line of what was afterwards the Roman road, now called the Portway. At Llanddewi the vale of Ithon narrows, and, to storm the Gaer camp, he would have had to cross the river immediately at its foot. As this is even now impassable, and as its fords are very uncertain in the rainy season, it would have still more merited the description of Tacitus when the valley was a swampy morass with dense underwood. The theory which we are recording proceeds on the supposition that the Silures after defeat retreated from this entrenchment on its north-eastern extremity, and made for the forests and fastnesses of Plinlimmon by way of Caer Sws; to effect which they would have no steep slope between them and the hills, whilst, if Ostorius endeavoured to advance further than Llanddewi, on the north-western side of the camp, his progress would be impeded on that side by the then impassable gorge of the Ithon. Here we have then the river, the Roman station in the neighbourhood, and the hills upon which the Silures could without difficulty retire. What chiefly stands in the way of the acceptance of this site is that it is almost certainly in the country of the Silures, whereas Caractacus's last battle was in the territory of the Ordovices. Whatever was the boundary line between these important tribes, there is no reason for supposing that it would affect the dwellers at Llanddewi and on the Ithon. That Caractacus may have occupied this strong position in the course of the campaign is quite possible; that it was one of his own strongholds, and one capable of defence by an uncivilized force against a civilized, is not improbable; but unless we decide that Tacitus was more lazy about the lines of demarcation between the British tribes than consists with his relationship to Agricola, who would be at home in the whole subject, it is hazardous to fix the last battle in the country of the Silures in South Wales instead of North. It might be added that this theory involves a greater *détour* on the part of the Romans than is consistent with a step-by-step pursuit, especially when, as Tacitus puts it, the retreating general was superior in knowledge of the country, and to a great extent determined the line which both armies would have to take. It is easier to believe that the Silurians retreated from Wapley on Caer Caradoc by the valley of Presteign and the defiles betwixt it and Knighton; or else on Coxwall Knoll in two bands, the one retreating towards Knighton, and then following the course of the Teme, the other finding its way less circuitously by the course of the Lugg.

Caer Caradoc was visited by the Cambrians on the 6th of August, and Coxwall Knoll on the day following. No one having the least acquaintance with the subject can doubt that both are British works of defence, the former being a fortress of remarkable strength and magnitude. The triple lines of entrenchment here are stiffer and steeper, as well as of greater height, than in the case of any other British camps in the neighbourhood. Its irregularly oval area extends over a larger space of ground, and its two entrances at north-east and west are conveniently placed and admirably furnished with facilities of defence. In many respects it gives the impression of a strong permanent fortress, such as might have been inhabited constantly or on emergencies for a considerable time, though there is no trace here, as at Wapley, of a spring or reservoir for the supply of water. At Coxwall Knoll there are two ponds which might have answered this purpose. But we fail to discover at Caer Caradoc the precipitous ascent which Tacitus's narrative supposes. Its character is rather, as Hartshorne has observed in his *Salopia Antiqua*, that of an elevated down. Besides this, the stream to be forded or swum across is conspicuous by its absence. The Teme at Knighton is three miles away. The Clun, its sister stream, is at a like distance. An inconsiderable rivulet, called Chapel Brook, is literally invisible from the summit, and no allowance for the lapse of ages and for changes due to cultivation and civilization can persuade us that it could ever have presented even a nominal obstacle to the Roman invader. Neither do we find here the easy access to mountain fastnesses when defence was hopeless, whilst it must be added that no Roman station is in the immediate neighbourhood. That this Caer Caradoc was a place of great strength and importance is indubitable; and it would be interesting to make excavations for traces of huts or dwellings there. But though it may possibly have answered the description of Tacitus as an Ordovician and not a Silurian fortress, it has so many notes of difference that one is constrained to give up an entrenchment worthy to have made the last standpoint of the gallant Briton. Of the pretensions of Coxwall Knoll (a wooded camp, as its name from *yagod*, "silva" and *gwel*, "vallum," seems to import) less can be said with plausibility. Its base is indeed washed by the Teme, which is here very shallow to all appearance; and it has opposite to it the Roman entrenchment at Brandon Camp, with Norton Hill at no great distance. But in its narrow oblong eminence of twenty acres, girt with double ditches and mounds following the configuration of the ground, there is no

great altitude, certainly not the commanding height which the Britons generally choose; and whereas Tacitus says of the "last battle" that its situation was favourable to the Britons, but not so to the Romans, it is plain that a position so comparatively low-lying would be easy for the Romans to scale, while its absolute insulation on all sides would render it signally unfavourable for the British retreat. Coxwall Knoll has some very notable features, particularly a sort of double camp, of which the east end, of irregular shape, is separated from the west and larger part by a fosse, or perhaps natural ravine, of great depth; but the theory originating with Aubrey, that it was the scene of the last battle, fails in so many particulars that Sir Roderick Murchison was led to suggest a commencement of the battle two miles higher up, at Holloway Rocks, and a final decision at Caer Caradoc. It seems a sorry return for the kindness of the modern Silures, who welcomed the Cambrian Association with so friendly and intelligent a spirit at Knighton, to rob them of the reputation of a supreme decision of battle in their borders; yet all that can safely be said is that their neighbourhood teems with vestiges of their hero's standpoints, and that if we cannot accede to their claim to have furnished him with the last of these, it may be because Tacitus wrote from hearsay, and may have been more or less vague and erroneous in his account. A learned antiquary at the Knighton meeting affirmed that the Breidden Hills, above the Severn, do not answer Tacitus's description; but we should like to hear more about another site, suggested by Hartshorne—to wit, Cefn Carnedd, on the western bank of the same river, near Llandinam, in Montgomeryshire. This site, like that latest mentioned, would lie in the undoubted territory of the Ordovices. It may, however, comfort zealous and patriotic Knightonians to be assured that the question is one which can never, at this point of the world's history, be clearly settled.

THE SCHUMANN FESTIVAL.

IT is two years since Bonn, as the birthplace of Beethoven, was chosen as the scene of the musical festival which (after being put off for a year by the war) commemorated the centenary of one of the very greatest musicians whom the world has yet seen. A concert-hall was built specially for the occasion; artists were collected from all parts of Germany, and worked together for the common end with a zeal, fidelity, and diligence worthy of such an occasion. The result was eminently successful. It is no exaggeration to say that the performance of Beethoven's masterpieces attained unprecedented excellence, and it excited an interest and enthusiasm which must have been an ample reward to both leaders and followers for all the toil which bore fruit in three days of perfect music. The impression made by the Beethoven Festival was one never to be forgotten; and it was natural that Bonn should not be content to wait for a second centenary of Beethoven to see other such three days. The Beethoven Halle remained standing; the organization once called into existence for the Beethoven celebration was ready at hand; nor was a new object far to seek. The most creative and original musician of the generation following Beethoven's passed his last days in Bonn, and lies buried there. The reputation of his works, which for some time suffered from the intolerance of those who demand that all music shall conform itself to their understanding of its principles, and from the impatience of those who do not care for music that requires any understanding at all, has since his death been steadily increasing within and without his own land. The time has not been long, but it has sufficed for the full establishment of Schumann's fame; and when the word went forth for a Schumann Festival after the pattern of the recent Beethoven Festival, the success of the undertaking was assured beforehand. And, in fact, the enthusiasm excited on this occasion has been even greater than in the case of the Beethoven Festival. Whether this was due to the way having been so effectually prepared by the brilliant success of two years ago, or to the personal interest of Schumann's life and works being so recent, may be left to conjecture; but the manner in which the artists performed their part was certainly, if possible, more perfect, and the sympathy of the audience more spontaneous and complete, than in 1871.

The effect of the Festival on the general aspect of Bonn is certainly very singular. A peaceful, and in ordinary times somewhat commonplace, Rhineland town is converted for half a week into a scene of enthusiasm to which it would be difficult to find a just parallel in any other country. There is an odd mixture of solemn exaltation and simple, almost childish, gaiety, which however seems quite natural for the time and place. An Etonian reader may perhaps form an approximate notion of this disposition by imagining the Fourth of June at Eton to be still a serious and veritable commemoration of King George III.'s birthday, and all its fireworks and other diversions to be gone through with a deep sense of duty and an almost religious reverence for King George and his works.

The celebration was made up of two evening concerts on the 17th and 18th, and a morning concert of chamber music on the 19th of August. Many of the artists were naturally the same who had been prominent two years ago. Chief of these must be reckoned Herr Joachim, who is the acknowledged master of all who handle his instrument, and who has also, by the result of a difference with the Prussian ex-Minister of Education, Von Mühler, supplied a practical illustration of the principle that it is better to play the fiddle well than to govern a nation badly. On this occasion

his principal function was that of conductor, though his violin was at least heard in its usual, or something more than its usual, power, in the final concert of chamber music. Strauss was there again too, in his place of first violin—a worthy lieutenant of such a commander; and Madame Joachim came as before with her gift of song, clear and strong, as if to match the tones which her husband draws out of strings and wood. The most notable change among the leading personages was a natural, and indeed indispensable, one. At a feast of Schumann's music, given in honour of Schumann's memory, only one person could be thought of as the interpreter of his compositions for the pianoforte. The office fell, as a matter of right, one may say, to Madame Schumann, the power and beauty of whose playing are well known to all English lovers of music. On this occasion she surpassed herself, and it is almost needless to add that the active part she took in the Festival contributed in no small degree to its interest and success. Two of the leading singers were also new to the Beethoven Hall; Madame Wilt, of Vienna, and Herr Stockhausen, of Stuttgart. Herr Stockhausen's finished and dramatic rendering of German song has during some recent seasons become familiar to the English public. Madame Wilt, we believe, is very little, if at all, known in England. Together with a voice of rare quality, she has the artistic cultivation without which no natural gifts can be rightly developed. These whom we have named, with other worthy companions of whom we are forced to omit special mention, and an admirably trained orchestra and chorus, making up the whole tale to something over five hundred, were the fellow-workers who met together to do honour to Schumann in these three days of August. The results obtained were such as to give a full reward for their endeavours. It was impossible to come away from the Festival without a heightened appreciation of the composer, and a sense of gratitude to the artists who had so perfectly realized his best conceptions.

The general effect of the music was indeed not to be compared to that of Beethoven's at the former celebration. Schumann has not the volume or universality of Beethoven. In the handling of music as an instrument to express particular moods and emotions he is hardly to be surpassed; he can be intense, exquisite, discursive; but he is not comprehensive. He seldom rises above the sphere of the emotions which supply the motive of his work to the serene position of the mastery from which every part of the artist's world is seen in its due harmony with the whole. This final satisfaction and reconciliation, which is the rule with Beethoven, and is most conspicuous in his greatest works, is the exception with Schumann. He never fails to stir, but he rarely satisfies. The symphony which opened the first concert at Bonn is fiery and restless throughout. It is a conflict brought to an end at last only by main force. If there is a note of triumph at the end, it is the triumph of some overbearing and destroying destiny which strikes us with astonishment, but does not command any worship; some force which we acknowledge as irresistible, but cannot reverence as good, or even understand as necessary; and we are left bewildered witnesses of a great event the importance of which cannot be realized at the time. We miss the perfection and sufficiency of the greatest masters. Beethoven is lord of all the elements, and develops a world out of chaos; Schumann is for the most part a Demiurgus fighting with chaos and uncertain of the issue. Perhaps this is the reason why Schumann's most satisfactory works are those in which he elaborated motives already determined by a poetical text. Such are the scenes from *Faust*, of which the final part was given at the second concert of the Festival. Goethe's poetry is pre-eminent in the quality of completeness which is wanting in Schumann; and, on the other hand, the exalted vision with which the second part of *Faust* comes to an end strains the powers of articulate language to the very utmost, and may be fairly considered to stand in need of musical interpretation—the only kind of interpretation perhaps which is likely to throw much light upon it. The raptures of the *Doctor Marianus* and of the glorified Gretchen, the joy of the angels who bear up Faust's immortal part to heaven, the mystery of the final chorus—

Alles Vergänglich's
Ist nur ein Gleichniss,
Das Unzulängliche,
Hier wird's Ereigniss;
Das Unbeschreibliche,
Hier ist es gethan,
Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan—

can hardly be explained by any commentary; but they are sympathetically illustrated by Schumann's music. Madame Joachim, Madame Wilt, and Herr Stockhausen were all admirable in this performance. One exquisitely sung passage of Herr Stockhausen's solo was followed by a storm of applause and a shower, which might almost be called a storm, of bouquets. It appears to be the custom on these occasions to aim the complimentary missile, not vaguely in the direction of the artist's feet, as we do in England, but straight at his head, which is much more impressive to look at, but must be now and then embarrassing. The peculiarity which we have noticed in Schumann's genius is, however, not without splendid exceptions. A notable one is the concerto which Madame Schumann played on the second day. In this the composer lifts himself to the region of pure and consummate mastery. The impression given by this piece may indeed have been partly due to the performer, for whom it was

doubtless a triumph. We doubt whether Madame Schumann has ever yet put forth her powers so completely and successfully as at this Festival.

The artistic constellation has now dispersed, and Bonn resumes its usual aspect of a polyglot halting-place of Rhine tourists, where travellers diffidently address waiters in English-German, and waiters confidently reply in German-English. But the memory of the festal days remains, and we do not suppose the Beethoven Hall will be very long allowed to stand idly vacant.

ART AT THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

III.

IN this, our concluding notice of the pictures, we shall give such description as space may permit of the several national schools not already passed under review. Beginning with the French, we can truly say, to the credit of the Vienna Exhibition, that never, except in France itself on the special occasion of some international competition, has a collection been brought together comparable to the present. We do not hold ourselves called upon to enter here on a deliberate criticism of the great French school—a school which will probably remain, for the next half-century at least, the foremost in Europe, notwithstanding the loss which France has sustained in the balance of European power. To do justice to so large and so inviting a subject would need not a page, but a volume. We shall content ourselves with a rapid survey, and at once proceed to show the exceptional character of the collection by mentioning some few of the works exhibited. M. Boulanger proves his versatility and audacity by five well-chosen examples. Cæsar at the head of the Roman army marching through the snows of Germany is almost appalling in its voracity. M. Bonqueroau, a pretty sentimentalist, and thus a favourite with London dealers and the English public, is seen also by five works, some of a higher order than any which commercial enterprise has yet brought into the London market. M. Breton exhibits four examples of his naturalistic manner, two of which, depicting peasant life in Brittany, have been for years familiar in the Gallery of the Luxembourg. M. Cabanel, in five creations, two of them large and most important, again stands, notwithstanding his extravagance, in the foremost rank of living painters. "Le triomphe de Flore" and "La mort de Francesca di Rimini et de Paolo Malatesta" cannot be overlooked when the history of the art of the nineteenth century comes to be written. M. Corot proves the monotony of his most charming landscapes combined with figures in no less than eleven effusions of grey-green pigments, the best of which we had the pleasure of praising when exhibited in the Gallery of French Artists in Bond Street. It is curious to observe how certain pictures, in passing habitually from exhibition to exhibition, make in the end the grand tour of Europe. The numerous master works here collected of MM. Delacroix, Desgoffe, Isabey, Rousseau, and Troyon serve still further to raise names which we had thought could not possibly be more exalted. MM. Ary Scheffer and Delaroche, leaders in the opposite school, are again absent, as they ever were from even the international Galleries of their own country. Like some of our English painters, presumed to be elect and precious, they have held themselves aloof from the arena of public criticism, not only to their own loss, but to the prejudice of the principles they espoused. Two more painters, who, thanks in great measure to the commercial enterprise of London picture-dealers, are now better known in England than any of their contemporaries, excepting perhaps only M. Edouard Frère, are particularly strong in Vienna. The one, M. Gérôme, commands the better part of an entire wall by seven characteristic scenes, of which "La promenade du Harem" on the Nile may be quoted as inimitable in workmanship, and in the delineation of character; this consummate product shows, by its tender silvery greys in the water, as by the shadowy phantoms of palm trees and villages rising like a mirage on the shore, a simple love of natural scenery for which the painter has not had due credit. Four out of these seven works have been seen in London. Need we say that the other artist to whom we refer is M. Meissonnier, here more than ever conspicuous by a composition of unwonted size and complexity—Napoleon in 1807, on horseback, surrounded by his staff and in the midst of his army; the foreground is reserved for a body of cavalry rushing headlong at full speed with brandished swords and loud shouts. This very remarkable work, nine feet long and four and a half feet high, lent by Sir Richard Wallace, is naturally viewed by the Germans with admiration and wonder. The picture shows unaccustomed largeness of execution. We must here unwillingly stop in justice to the claims of other nations. We will just add that the 657 works collected fairly represent the very many artists who, unlike those already named, have yet to acquire a European reputation. We are glad to see again "Le marchand d'esclaves," a chief work in the salon of 1867. The painter, M. Victor Giraud, we are sorry to say, died two years ago at the early age of thirty; the State has possessed itself of this pledge of genius. When will our Government pay like tribute to native talent? One cause of the exceptionally high character of the French Galleries is that more than one hundred and fifty pictures are contributed by the State.

Italy makes a strenuous effort to show to advantage at Vienna, but we regret to state that seldom has there been so sad a display as that made by the 277 pictures here ambitiously placed on view. The

art of modern Italy has been for several generations obsolete and effete, but latterly a revival has set in; yet the new life, with few exceptions, is as bad as the previous decay and death. Here are present all the styles that have ever been known to exist, and yet not one work is the best of its kind. A place in the International Salon of Honour—a kind of tribunal for distinguished talent—has been accorded to Signor Giannetti's "Relieve of the Queen of Hungary." This attempt at a noble historic style is distinguished almost as a matter of course by feebleness, refinement, and conventionality. It is certainly the reverse of an advance on "The Banishment of the Duke of Athens," by Francesco, a picture which won reward in a previous contest. A fairly favourable sample of the Italian Academic manner is given in Cavalotti's tragic scene on the bank of the river Po during the fatal inundation of last year. Signor Fazio has been scarcely so successful in the line of contemporary history when he exaggerates the portly swagger of the glib King coming from the excavations at Herculaneum. There are a few parts of tolerably well painted, and again Cavalotti's Induno, in Milan, takes the lead in that rough and ready-headed manner in which there is to bring about a revolution in the art of Young Italy. The broadscapes, like the figure paintings, are without fixity of purpose. Signor Vertuani, known on the line in our London Academy, is the only artist who approaches nature like a man, with complete independence, and unflinching truth. One chief use of the world-wide exhibitions is to tell a nation plainly when he is going to the bad.

The Swiss make a respectable show, though the fifty pictures exhibited seldom rise to the standard maintained by the great nations of Europe. It may indeed be questioned whether the Swiss have more of a national art than of a distinctive manner, one is almost tempted to say that, just as the people speak the tongue of France, Germany, and Italy, so do the artists adopt the several styles of the three countries which lie on the frontiers of the Federation. And yet when we look around this Gallery we discover, as might be anticipated, an aptitude among Swiss artists in the direction of snow mountains, Alpine pastures, cattle-herds, and peasant life. The modes of treatment are no doubt borrowed, but the themes are local and national; indeed it is instructive to observe that, as soon as a Swiss artist crosses the frontier in search of a subject, he takes a step in the wrong direction. In this exposure of national character we are once more met with the anomaly that the land of mountains and of storms, a land which most strongly excites the imagination of the stranger, leaves the native cold and prosaic. It is not the spell of imagination, but the love of country and of home, known to be inexhaustible in the Swiss, that serves for inspiration. Data in proof of these conclusions might be cited in abundance did space permit. MM. Koller, Meuron, Grob, Meyer, Stuckelberg, and Vautier are the chiefs in the several departments already indicated.

Belgium and Holland, as heretofore, exhibit in adjacent though separate rooms. Since these two nations were last weighed in the balance, little change either for better or worse has come to pass. Belgium indeed has for years, in Paris, in Pall Mall, and at Kensington, so nearly touched the limits possible to the conditions under which she works, that we know beforehand precisely how far she can go and no further. M. Gallut or the late Baron Leys cannot surpass their former selves. M. Gallut exhibits "Peace" and "War," of which every one had more than enough in the London Academy. The established position of Baron Leys is asserted by six works, all known before. M. Willems, fortunately the only perfect painter of satires now surviving, is less perfect now than he was in Paris six years ago. M. Alfred Stevens, who aims at something more than silks and satins, would justly claim our admiration for character, taste, treatment, &c., had we not seen in London, Paris, or elsewhere, all that he has produced, or is likely to produce. The same observation holds as to his brother M. Joseph Stevens, who devotes his undivided talent to that ill-used race, the harnessed and heavily burdened dogs of Belgium. In thus reiterating the complaint that there is little new, and that no progress is shown, we do but tell the old story that these International Exhibitions recur too often. We cannot, however, wholly pass over a couple of pictures which are seldom seen outside their resting-places in Brussels. One, by M. Wauters, represents the painter Van Goyen when insane. He is seated in a chair, distracted; he stands a monk leading a company of choristers with the monotonous voices may exercise madness. But the poor fellow shows himself tortured all the more. M. Wauters, having demonstrated his power, has received as a reward commissions to execute important mural paintings. One composition that calls for mention occupies a giant canvas; the subject is the "Fall of the Angels," and the painter is a madman, the late Antoine Wiertz, the astounding work of his life's labours in Brussels is doubtless familiar to our readers. M. Wiertz, consumed by vanity, cherished the hope that he could surpass any of the old masters whom he set before him to emulate, and the composition before us, it may be admitted, exceeds Rubens in extravagance. The volume and weight of this Belgian section are further enhanced by works of unusual worth from MM. Keyser, Portaels, Madou, and Olys in their several departments. We feel bound to mention as a bad sign that here and in other rooms large tickets *à rendre* are placed on the frames. Thus the Exhibition is scarcely saved from sinking into a shop.

The Dutch, who are always anxious not to be confounded with their neighbours the Belgians, make a small but laudable display. Yet M. Alma Tadema, the one signal phenomenon in Dutch art, does not appear at all, possibly because he is now a naturalized English subject. Among the best-known painters represented are M. Israels, the pathetic chronicler of peasant life; M. Bisschop, who sometimes takes the spectator back to Rembrandt; M. Bosboom, an absolute genius when within a small church interior, and one or more capital marine painters, especially M. Meulzer, who has always been fairly well placed in our Royal Academy. A survey of this Gallery shows that Dutch painters of the present day cherish the traditions of their forefathers, and emulate all antecedent styles from Rembrandt to Toniers; that, like the Swiss, they are true to their country and their people; that they do not, for the sake of the sky of Italy or the blue waters of the Mediterranean, surrender the legs of Holland and the mud of the Zuyder Zee.

In the Northern schools of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia, little calls for observation. The best Russian picture is that of the Winter Fair in St. Petersburg, a work which attracted at Kensington the attention which might have been expected from its fame in Russia. Denmark does her best, but had it the best; her distinction is that she takes the lowest place in the scale of European art. Norway and Sweden approach as closely to each other as sister nations can do. They continue as heretofore to be faithful to a twofold vocation; first, that of delineating the life of the peasant in those Northern latitudes, as in the genre compositions of MM. Tidemand, Fagerlin, Jeunberg, and Nordenberg; and secondly, that of giving a faithful and loving transcript of fjords, torrents, waterfalls, and forests, as in the landscapes of MM. Gude, Holten, M. Muller, and E. Borg. These products from the North strikingly illustrate the law everywhere proclaimed within these Galleries, that a national art is true, strong, and vital just in proportion as it proves itself faithful to the life of the people and to the local aspects of nature.

It is with pain that we speak of the humiliating position forced upon our English artists. Seventy-two pictures, even though they had been better selected than the ones now exhibited at Vienna, cannot possibly do justice to our native school. Yet we know that Germans appreciate the English collection even such as it is. Still every one must feel that English pictures, usually limited to cabinet size, and to the most part content with a genre treatment, not only suffer when brought into competition with large canvases from France and Germany, and even from Italy and Russia. We devoutly wish that it were possible for the whole Royal Academy to go over bodily to Vienna. Academicians and Associates would then have to confess, as did Sir Joshua Reynolds in the Vatican, that they were brought into contact with noble works whereof they could not so much as comprehend even the rudimentary principles. Yet we naturally looked for some compensation in the direction of English landscape and of native water-colour drawing. But the good cause of the one was rendered hopeless by two chief productions from the pencil of Mr. Richard Redgrave, R.A.; while as to English water-colours, what do we find? Why that here conspicuously are the men and the works that stand at a discount in London. The space assigned to England is avowedly inadequate; and yet, as if to make bad worse, the walls reserved for the fine arts are usurped by botanical diagrams and other abortions of "science and art." Never before has a nation gone into battle more deliberately courting defeat. It is right that our English painters, sculptors, and architects, when they find themselves humiliated in Vienna as they were in Paris, should know that it is to their generous and disinterested friends at South Kensington that their gratitude will be due.

In our next article we hope to speak of the Sculpture of the Exhibition.

REVIEWS.

TEUFFEL'S HISTORY OF ROMAN LITERATURE.*

IT is a good sign when one German Professor undertakes an English translation of a sterling work by another German Professor. Dr. Wagner's English is often far from idiomatic, and now and then he uses words in odd senses; but there is never any doubt about his meaning. We have before now had to deal with English translations of German books done after such a fashion that we have had to turn to the original to find out the meaning of the translation. We have not seen Professor Teuffel's own text, but we have certainly not had occasion to wish for it for that particular end. Dr. Wagner says, doubtless with truth, that he has "more than once found it difficult adequately to render the author's meaning in English, and that he is aware that his translation is sometimes awkward, because he has endeavoured to be rather faithful than elegant." He tells us that "the German work is not a great achievement in point of style," and that "there is not the slightest doubt but that many English readers will pronounce the present work 'dry and heavy.'" Well, there is no denying the truth; Professor Teuffel's book is dry and

* *A History of Roman Literature.* By W. S. Teuffel, Professor at Tübingen. Translated, with the Author's Sanction, by Wilhelm Wagner, Ph.D., of the Johanneum, Hamburg. 2 vols. London: Bell & Sons. 1873.

heavy; in Dr. Wagner's words, "it is a store-house of learning and exact scholarship rather than a brilliant composition." We do not think that Dr. Wagner goes too far when he speaks of Professor Teuffel's book as "being acknowledged as the standard work on the history of Roman literature"; but the author has certainly taken no small pains to put a great deal of valuable matter into as repulsive a shape as he could. It is a book of the old German type, which seems not to be meant to be read, but only to be referred to. Mommsen and Curtius are eminently books to be read; but Professor Teuffel's book comes to little more than a dictionary put into chronological order. Now a dictionary in alphabetical order is a dictionary, and there is no mistake about it. We should feel it a serious loss if our Potthast's *Wegweiser* were to be taken from us; but we never thought of reading our Potthast straight through. Now it is not fair to put Teuffel and Potthast on the same level, because Potthast is simply a dictionary, while Teuffel is a history, and a very valuable history. But when the history and the biography and the criticism and the references and extracts and lists of editions and notices of reviews and articles all come, if in different types, yet in one consecutive text, the thing is made ugly to look at and unpleasant to use.

We had hoped that this kind of thing was going out of fashion in Germany as well as in England. And it is the more pity that it should have been fallen back upon in the case of a book where the matter itself is so excellent. A History of Roman Literature, one especially conceived in the wide and liberal spirit in which Professor Teuffel's work is conceived, should have been a book which could be read and not only referred to. Foremost among its merits is that it really deals with Roman literature as a whole, and not merely with the literature of two or three arbitrarily chosen centuries. It does not seem to be Professor Teuffel's way to put anything forth in a bold and striking manner; otherwise one might have looked for some vigorous assertion of the true position of the Latin language in the history of the world. But, if he does not formally set forth, he not the less practically acts on, the doctrine that the tongue of Rome is something more than the mere tongue of Cicero and Virgil, something more than a tongue in which schoolboys may be set to make imitative verses, something more than a tongue whose literature may supply speakers in public assemblies with hack quotations. Professor Teuffel, in short, altogether rises above mere classical exclusiveness. We have here a History of Roman Literature in which their full space is given to those branches of it to which the tongue and the dominion of Rome really owe their abiding and Imperial character—to the legal and to the Christian writers. It is something to find a list of Roman writers which does not stop with Juvenal and Tacitus, which does not even stop with Ausonius and Claudian, but the last names in which are Eadhelmi, Beda, Tatwine, and Winfrith, otherwise Boniface. We should have been well pleased to have gone on further still, at least, we think, to the twelfth century. Roman literature, it strikes us, comes to an end where Romance literature begins. At that point Latin ceases to be the universal language. Long before that time it had been used, as the list of English writers we have just quoted shows, by many whose native tongue it was not. But it was still the universal tongue; it was the only tongue which men in the old Western provinces of Rome thought of writing. It was when men in Italy, Gaul, and Spain found out that the language which they spoke had become something essentially different from the language which they wrote, when they found that it was possible to write as well as to speak in the despised vulgar tongue, then, and not till then, the Latin tongue ceased to be universal. Beda had written in Latin, as Jornandes had written in Latin, because it was the universal tongue of the West, the tongue which was native to all save barbarian Goths or Englishmen, and which was the only tongue that barbarian Goths and Englishmen needed to learn. That the Teutonic nations, both within the Empire and within the other world of our own island, adopted Latin as their literary language, is, in truth, the greatest of all trophies of Roman conquest. It is when new tongues spring out of Latin itself, when men begin to write Italian, Spanish, Provençal, or French by the side of Latin, that the dominion of Latin is for the first time seriously shaken. For a long time the use of the Latin language had been something artificial. Men thought and spoke in Romance, but, when they had to write, they exchanged their Romance for Latin. But as soon as the Romance tongues began to be written, the use of Latin was not only artificial, but consciously artificial. Dante must have turned over in his own mind the question whether he would write his great poem in the language in which he spoke or in the language in which he wrote his political treatise. As soon as this recognition of the Romance languages is accomplished, native Latin literature comes to an end. The case is different from that of a foreigner writing Latin in any age. Latin is supplanted by its own children, or, more strictly, by later forms of itself; it is no longer the one tongue which suggests itself; it is something archaic, something chosen by preference, instead of another tongue which is more familiar. It will of course be remarked that, alongside of this recognition of the Romance languages, which we may look on as spread over the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, there begins to be a great improvement in the Latin literature of the time. This is what could not fail to happen. As soon as men became fully conscious that Latin was not their own natural tongue, they began to write it with the care and accuracy with which men write a strange tongue. It had been so with foreigners all along. There never was any time in England in which men wrote such prose as those with which the Italian poet commemorated the imprisonment of Lewis the Second.

We think then that Professor Teuffel might very well have gone on a little further, and might have traced the history of Roman literature till it split asunder into a natural Romance and an artificial Latin literature. At the same time our feeling towards him is one of pure thankfulness for having carried it on so far as he has done; the great point is gained when a History of Roman Literature overleaps the artificial classical barrier, and gives us not only Augustin and Jerome, not only Boetius and Cassiodorus, but our own Beda and Boniface. This witness is the more precious, as it is plain that Professor Teuffel starts from the classical point of view, but that he has seen that a History of Roman Literature, to be what its name professes, must rise above classical narrowness. When a man fully understands that the classical Latin poets, with their imitative Greek metres, are really interlopers, and that the mediæval Saturnians are the true representatives of the old Saturnians of Nævius, then he really understands the history of Roman literature, but not till then.

Professor Teuffel's book is not a History of the Latin Language, but a History of Roman Literature—two things which are quite distinct. With the forms of the language therefore, and with its relations to other languages, he has little to do. But he has to do with every scrap of extant Latin writing from the earliest times to the latest, and he certainly has gone through the whole of his task with amazing thoroughness. He has recorded, we are not ashamed to say, a great number of writers of whom we had never before heard, and we do not see that the book at all flags when it draws near to the end. Each author comes in his proper order, with comments on his literary and historical position, with a list of his writings, illustrated by such comments as each suggests, and a further list of the editions and of modern writers who have dealt with them. It is all this which, as we have said, is put together in a way which Dr. Wagner allows to be dull and heavy, and which certainly does remind us of a Bibliographical Dictionary put in chronological order. But the matter which is thus thrown into a needlessly repulsive form is as good and full, and, allowing for some of the oddities of the translation, as clear, as it well could be. We have never seen any book in which such a vast amount of information about the Roman writers and their works is packed so close together in a form which, though certainly wearisome to read through, is easy enough to consult. It would perhaps have been easier still if the references in the index had been made to pages instead of to sections or paragraphs—a way which is always puzzling at the moment of reference, though it has the advantage of not involving so much change in the case of successive editions.

The book, however, is not so purely bibliographical as might seem at first sight from merely turning over the pages devoted to any particular author. Professor Teuffel skilfully groups the various departments of Roman literature according to periods and according to subjects, and he well brings out the leading characteristics of each. At Rome, as elsewhere, verse came before prose, and Latin prose composition was checked in a way in which Greek prose composition was not—in the same way, in short, in which Latin itself afterwards checked the growth of the modern languages of Europe. The beginning of Latin prose writing, as distinguished from the publication of mere legal formulae, is placed by Professor Teuffel with the publication of the speech of the Censor Appian Claudius against peace with Pyrrhus. Then came a time in which the growth of the native literature was checked through the fashion of the Roman historians writing in Greek, just as the mediæval historians wrote in Latin. It is with another famous Censor, the elder Cato, that the prose literature of Rome really begins again. On this Professor Teuffel begins to comment:—

For long, however, the written speech remained insignificant by the side of the spoken one, and became its equal only in the time of Cicero, when the prose attained to its climax and became the adequate expression of the author's individuality. A rhetorical character remained to it for ever from its origin. In the first century of the Imperial period it begins already to decay, by being mixed with poetical diction and becoming estranged from natural expression. The decay of accident and syntax begins also about this time. Later on, the plebeian element found admission. And when the influence of provincial writers who were not guided by a native sense of language and who mixed up the diction and style of all periods, became prevalent in literature, the confusion became still greater. The language of literature became more and more different from the living language, and became entirely dependent upon the culture attained by each writer, which continually fell to a lower level. The more the provincial idioms were developed into the Romance languages, the more did Latin become a strange tongue.

This last remark naturally leads to the line of thought in which we ourselves indulged a little while back. Professor Teuffel goes a little later:—

The centuries during which Rome possessed no literature and the real greatness. Her literature arose through the demands of a stage, when the instruction gained by youths from accompanying fathers to the market-place and into the Senate appeared no longer sufficient, and when the stage was expected to give continuous instruction besides the customary national farces and dances. The Roman literature was, therefore, from its very beginning under the influence of the Greek, through this it was called into life, remained in its way always dependent on it, and thus could gain ground only at the expense of the genuine Roman character.

In short, the book, though it is rather hard work using it, is one which we can thoroughly recommend, and we are not surprised at the success which it has already met with among the scholars of its own country.

TRISTRAM'S LAND OF MOAB.*

WE have always had a little grudge against books of travel, though travel books are the most delightful reading in the world. The grudge springs simply from a sense that every traveller is robbing us of a little of the unknown. The griffins and strange beasts that marked the unexplored spaces of the older maps have hardly a waste left to browse in, and every season brings a new adventurer to the Geographical Society with a fresh bit of the undiscovered in his carpet-bag. The one chance of preserving a fragment of the world's mystery lay, as we had fondly hoped, in the Bedouin and the Turcoman; but the great Asian mystery has all but ceased to be a mystery since the Russian bayonets pushed their way to Bokhara, and now Mr. Tristram presents us with the inevitable octavo which solves for ever the problem of Moab. The problem, too, is solved with a fatal completeness. When Burton wanders alone to Medina, or Livingstone undertakes single-handed the exploration of the Nile sources, there are always nooks which they are forced to avoid, and certain departments of human knowledge which escape their scrutiny. But Mr. Tristram strictly follows Biblical precedent. He goes through the land to subdue it, and his company "licketh up the very grass thereof." Arab sultans protect him from the lances of the Desert. If he gets into trouble at Kerak, Pachas move armies to deliver him. His party is ready for every emergency; however wild are the savages he meets, he has a missionary to spring on them who is familiar with their tongue and their manners; he has a botanist for every shrub and a photographer for every ruin. And, besides all this, he is a host in himself—naturalist, philologist, antiquary, geologist, Nimrod; he is equally ready with his gun and his fossil-hammer, his Bible or his Arabic, equally adept in solving the difficulties of Bedouin etiquette, or stuffing a vulture, or determining a site. And besides all this, he carries a pen, and a very deft and ready pen, and when there is anything to tell he knows how to tell it; and so Moab has been reft from the domain of the unknown and the unknowable, and lies all mapped out and photographed and described in a very pretty little octavo for our drawing-room tables.

Not that Mr. Tristram is without his adventures by any means. There is an imprisonment at Kerak which agreeably breaks the middle of his story, and there is a most effective skirmish at its very opening. As the little party rounded the southern end of the Dead Sea they came upon "a savage-looking lot," who held the boundary line between Edom and Moab with a confidence worthy of olden days:—

They were a savage-looking lot, more like Maoris, or Fiji Islanders, than any western race, as they yelled and capered, evidently meaning mischief, and stripped for the fight, for the Bedouin, unless mounted, always go naked into battle. Some had guns, some spears, a few huge swords, and many only most formidable clubs, or maces with a round spiked head.

We were bewildered for the moment, and I feared the Sâfîh was destined to be, for the second time, a turning point for me. Suddenly our gallant old sheik, Selameh, dashed across the stream to parley with the single mounted horseman, a fine-looking, wild fellow, clad in a sheepskin coat with the woolly side in, and painted yellow. Several shots were fired harmlessly from the other side, but none in return from ours. As the old sheik mounted on the opposite bank, his horse sank in the mud, and rolled over; in an instant he was dragged out by the ruffians, his gun and all else taken from him, and he was lost to our sight in the mêlée.

Some of the foe now waded across to where we were standing in line by the edge, apparently aiming at capturing some of the mules behind. One of our Jehalin footguard, a fine young Bedouin, who was my special companion, and had been also with me on my former expedition, tried to push them back, and was instantly felled senseless to the ground, by the butt end of a gun, which cut his cheek to the bone. Another fellow came up, as if to despatch him with his club, but was held back by his own party. Old Hamzi now came to the front on foot, assured us that it was a tribal quarrel, and that we had nothing to do with the fray, and, barelegged, waded across in great excitement, when he too was lost in the yelling crowd.

But the skirmish turned out to be a sheer mistake, and a liberal baksheesh soon opened a way through the border country into a land "which has not been traversed at leisure by any explorer since the fall of the Roman Empire"; for hurried visits to a few of its more obvious sites, such as the visit of Irbay, have little in common with the very thorough exploration which Mr. Tristram was able to accomplish. The country is in effect a high table-land lifted some four thousand feet above the level of the Dead Sea, into which it falls to the westward in a succession of gentle valleys which narrow as they descend into wild ravines, while some thirty-five miles to the eastward it is again bounded by the low and barren ridge of limestone which forms the watershed, and is the conventional boundary of Arabia. Across this strip of table-land runs the great gorge of Arnon, breaking it into two portions, which seem always to have preserved a remarkable distinctness in physical and political character. To the north lie the great pastoral reaches where Reuben abode "among the sheepfolds to hear the bleatings of the flocks," a country which had been previously traversed and described, though not very accurately, by Biblical explorers. To the south lies the district which remained to the Moabites, and which served as a base from which they were again able to regain the country which had been torn from them by the Israelites—a district about which very little has been hitherto known, and whose minute description in the present work is a remarkable contribution to geographical and Scriptural research. Its character is that of a

land of tillers, as the character of the northern district is that of a land of shepherds. Knolls of bare limestone rise here and there out of the rich red loam which forms the general soil of the plateau, and which has been swept down by water action from the eastern hills. "Had the country," remarks Mr. Tristram, "been without these excrescences of rock, affording unlimited facilities for cistern excavation, and for the storing of water supplies, it is utterly impossible that it could ever have sustained, as it has done, a vast resident and agricultural population." As it is, after all the waste of time, its resources remain really unimpaired. The wells remain as of old. The limestone knolls are still honeycombed with vast cisterns that need only to be put in order. The soil is still fertile, and nothing is wanted but a settled government and the simplest conditions of peace and order to restore Moab to its old prosperity.

In reading accounts of the more sacred ground west of the Jordan we are often inclined to sympathize with Mrs. Burton's piteous protest against the peculiar enthusiasm which she styles "Holy Land on the brain." Whatever other attractions Palestine may have, nature has made little there to see, and man with his wars and Crusades has left—if the Exploration Fund will allow us to say so—very little to discover. But on the eastern side of Jordan, and, above all, in Moab, the scenery is often on a scale which needs no enthusiasm to enjoy, while the remains of the past have an interest to the architect and the antiquary which can hardly be equalled elsewhere. Each of the limestone knolls we have noticed is crowned with the ruins of a forsaken city, Greek, Herodian, Roman—in one memorable case Persian—here and there turned in later times into the fortress of the Crusader or the hold of the Arab chieftain, but for the most part abandoned and left to quiet decay ever since the Saracen wave rolled over them in the first years after the death of the Prophet. A ride of a few hours carries the traveller past buildings which would be notable anywhere, and which exercise a strange fascination as they stand silent in the Moabite waste. On the ride from Rabba, which we take at a venture, Mr. Tristram traverses a Roman road with three Roman milestones prostrate beside it. In an hour's time he comes upon "a tolerably perfect little Roman temple," with its adytum still standing, and the pillars thrown down beside their bases. A few more miles bring him to the great temple of Kasr Rabba, its gigantic columns still lying shattered as the earthquake left them. Another ride leads through terraced gardens walled by blocks of basalt to the Roman debris of Shiloh, with a vast view from its hill-top far away to Jerusalem and Mount Her. There is hardly one of these ruins at which one is not tempted to stop and ask for a little digging and delving, but the interest of none of them equals that of the exquisite palace of Mashita, whose discovery would alone have made Mr. Tristram's excursion a very memorable one:—

Suddenly drawing rein in front of Mashita, after a headlong dash at a herd of gazelles across the Hadj road, we were astonished at the unexpected magnificence of the ruins, unknown to history, and unnamed in the maps. It has evidently been a palace of some ancient prince. There is no trace of any town or buildings round it. The only remains, outside the walls, are those of a deep well near the S.W. corner. It must have stood out on the waste, in solitary grandeur, a marvellous example of the sumptuousness and selfishness of ancient princes.

We were at first perfectly bewildered by the variety and magnificence of the architectural decorations. The richness of the arabesque carvings, and their perfect preservation, is not equalled even by those of the Alhambra, though in somewhat the same style. The whole consists of a large square quadrangle, facing due north and south, 170 yards in extent on each face; with round bastions at each angle, and five others, semicircular, between them, on the E., N., and W. faces, all, like the wall, built of finely-dressed hard stone.

But it is on the south face that the resources of Eastern art have been most lavishly expended. There are here six bastions, besides the corner ones; for the fretted front, which extends for 52 yards in the centre of the face, has a bold octagonal bastion on either side of the gateway. This gateway is the only entrance to the palace, and on either side is the most splendid façade imaginable, of which our photographs alone can convey a correct idea. The wall is 18 feet high, and covered with the most elaborate and beautiful carving, nearly intact, and hardly injured either by time or man.

Mr. Tristram has added a conjectural restoration of the ruins by Mr. Fergusson, which seems to us to be built upon a number of very loose guesses and hypotheses, such as that of a substantial identity between work which he admits to be in effect Roman work of the seventh century after Christ and the work of Assyrian builders in we know not how many centuries before the Christian era. But Mr. Fergusson's familiarity with the architecture of India gives a very different importance to his conclusion that in the palace of Mashita, which he believes to have been erected by Chosroes as a hunting lodge during the few years before the reconquests of Heraclius in which he remained master of Syria and Asia Minor, we possess the only known link between the Roman architecture of the West and the great lines of Eastern buildings which are represented by the Jumna Masjid at Delhi. The earliest Indian mosques are of the thirteenth century, and the "wide gap" between this date and the seventh "can only be bridged over by buildings in Persia and the countries between that and India," which he believes still exist to reward some day the research of the architectural investigator. But even across this gap he is able to trace a substantial identity between Mashita and the Indian buildings in ground-plan, the elevation of their façade, and the elaborate style of decoration which is common to both. "That peculiar conventional treatment of vegetable forms which is the principal beauty of the façade at Mashita is reproduced, without the animals of course, in almost all the mosques at Gujarat." This is not the place to discuss Mr. Fergusson's theory, but the mere fact

* *The Land of Moab: Travels and Discoveries on the East Side of the Dead Sea and the Jordan.* By H. B. Tristram, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Hon. Canon of Durham. With a Chapter on the Persian Palace of Mashita, by Jas. Fergusson, F.R.S. With Map, and Illustrations by C. L. Buxton and R. C. Johnson. London: John Murray. 1873.

that he assigns so important a place to the palace of Chosroes is enough to direct attention to Mashita, even if one were not attracted by the exquisite instances of wall ornamentation which Mr. Tristram has given in the illustrations to his book.

But though explorers are bound to give attention to ruins, it is pretty plain that Mr. Tristram's natural taste does not lead him to stones. He is a very fair antiquary, and he is a keen geologist, but he only really kindles at the sight of birds of the air and beasts of the field. There is an unpleasant air of "sport" running throughout the volume; guns are perpetually going off, and this thing or that thing being "bagged"; but sport is allowable enough when, as in this case, the game-bag supplies the dinner-table and furnishes the one relief from perpetual boiled mutton, or when science glorifies butchery, and the bird is fetched down to be properly tabulated under its genus and species. But there are some creatures that have been described too often to give any excuse for murder on the score of science, and which certainly afford no excuse for it on the score of the table, and we could heartily wish that the page had been blotted from the book where its author pictures his party rushing into the midst of a flock of vultures, and for want of guns breaking the poor creatures' legs with the butts of their riding-whips. Still, to do him justice, Mr. Tristram prefers live birds to dead ones, and one of his liveliest sketches is that of the bird-life over Arnon:—

While we stood on the edge, looking down into that noble rift, the great birds of prey were rallying forth to forage. The griffons circled and soared from their eyries lower down, till lost to sight in the sky: the buzzards lazily flapped their heavy wings as they crossed and recrossed; but, grandest ornithological sight of all, a pair of lammergeyers (*Gypaetus barbatus*), the largest on the wing of our raptorial birds, kept sailing up and down, backwards and forwards, quartering the valley, and keeping always close to the brow, the sinuosities of which they followed without a perceptible movement of their wings; only their long tails gently steering them in and out, as each time they passed us, easily within gunshot, on a level with our eyes. They were perfectly fearless, as though they knew the sportsman had only No. 7 in their barrels; and in the morning sunlight their brown tails and wings gleamed with a rich copper hue, and their ruddy breasts shone brightly golden.

Quite as fresh and delightful is the description of Callirrhoe and the great gorge through which the sulphur springs make their way to the Dead Sea. After endless rides and endless ruins, the scramble in this wonderful gorge is a treat which the reader enjoys as keenly as the scramblers themselves seem to have relished it. By an amusing sort of irony, considering the very religious and Sabbatharian tone of the party, their guides chose to implicate them at this spot in an act of devil worship by their sacrifice of a lamb to appease the demons whom their presence was supposed to disturb. Nothing is more amusing through the journey than the lights and shadows of Arab life which it brings us across. The wild Beni Ateyeh and their skirmish at the ford, the robber chiefs of Kerak, the courteous and chivalrous Zadam, chief of the Beni Sakkr's, the Bedouin tribes migrating in long lines of camels across the waste, the hunt after the stolen horses, are all charming pictures of the life of the Desert. Our favourite in the whole book is one Goblan, a tall, spare fellow, over sixty, with a grey moustache, a sabre cut along the cheek, and a bloodshot eye, who tells the story of his first crime:—

When a very young man, riding over the plain, he noticed a horseman before him on a splendid iron-grey mare: the demon seized him—he resolved he would have the mare, and, watching his opportunity, he speared the rider, and carried off the animal. The murdered man was a Beni Sakkr's, though not of Zadam's sept. The man was recognized, and the crime suspected. Years have passed, and Goblan knows not the name or the family of his victim: but he feels sure that some one has vowed vengeance, and that he shall yet suffer retribution. "I cannot sleep," said he, "without seeing the grey mare and her rider before me. But she was a splendid mare! Who would not have killed a stranger for her?"

But, as we have said, there are other things than good stories in this book. The explorers did a great deal of careful and valuable work; the verification of the site of Macharus, the discovery of that of Zoar; and, above all, the exploration of Mashita, would suffice to raise this expedition above the general level of similar journeys. An account of the flora of Moab, contributed by the late Mr. Hayne, who acted as botanist to the party, is chiefly interesting as confirming and developing the conclusions previously arrived at by Mr. Lowe from his survey of the shores of the Dead Sea. Altogether the book is a very interesting one, and we can only hope future explorers will imitate Mr. Tristram's party in the zeal and thoroughness of its research.

A SIMPLETON.*

THOSE stupid and malicious beings, the anonymous critics, have, we regret to say, been once more vexing the peaceable soul of Mr. Charles Reade. Their last charge against him, made in "studiously courteous terms of course," is that he is a plagiarist. Mr. Reade accordingly annihilates these wretched cavillers in a preface to his new volume. He replies that he borrows facts from every accessible source, but is not a plagiarist; he appropriates raw materials, in other words, but does not steal the manufactured article. Mr. Reade proceeds to boast of the variety of the sources from which he draws, and assures us that he rarely writes a novel "without milking about two hundred heterogeneous cows" into his pail. Now as we have not been watching for criticisms upon Mr. Reade with that anxiety which the importance of the topic seems to him to justify, we are unable to say whether he puts a fair

interpretation upon them. Taking his account of the matter, however, we agree that the charge is absurd. It is a preposterous misuse of language to call a man a plagiarist because he gets up a subject before he proceeds to write about it. And Mr. Reade is perfectly right to study "men, journals, blue-books, histories, law reports," and anything else that comes in his way before describing the prisons, lunatic asylums, or manufactories, with which he may be dealing. Indeed, the accusation, as he states it, is so silly that we have a lurking suspicion that he may have misunderstood his accusers. Perhaps, if we may venture upon a conjecture, they meant to make another charge, which would bear not against Mr. Reade's literary honesty, but against his skill as an artist; and to which, in our opinion, the answer would be not quite so easy. They meant, it may be, not to deny Mr. Reade's right to seek for materials wherever he could find them, but to complain of his method of turning them to account. They would fully admit, for example, that a novelist ought to read a blue-book about Trade Unions before writing a story which turns upon trade disputes; but they would add that undigested lumps of blue-book ought not to appear in the finished product. If this were the intention of the criticism, however badly it might be expressed, we should be inclined to say that there was some force in it; and, indeed, that the fault thus indicated goes far to explain why Mr. Reade's books, with all their undeniable merits of vigour, decision, and brilliance, have yet a certain stamp of inferiority.

We may best illustrate our meaning from his present performance. The *Simpleton* is unmistakably a good novel. It carries the reader along with it. The adventures, when measured by Mr. Reade's scale, are not altogether preposterous; and, in short, though one is sometimes inclined to laugh when the author means us to be impressed, we admire its audacity and liveliness. The characters are of course those with which Mr. Reade has made us familiar in we know not how many previous stories. There is the regular type of handsome healthy young woman, with strong affections and inferior reasoning powers, coming right by intuition instead of logic, saying No when she means Yes, and most ashamed of herself when she is blundering into some action of unselfish heroism. In fact, there are, as usual, two of these young women—one in the costume of a lady, and the other, for the sake of contrast, in the costume of a farmer's daughter. We know them perfectly well, and like them very much; though we are a little surprised at the complacency with which Mr. Reade hugs himself on his knowledge of human nature when for the hundredth time he unravels the secret of feminine coquetry. Then, equally of course, there is the noble young man with big brains and muscles, who goes about exposing medical and other pedants with a few pithy common-sense maxims. He is always equal to any emergency, and whether he is turned adrift on the Atlantic Ocean or exposed at night in an African desert, he always has about him the ball of string or the pair of scissors which, such is his ingenuity, supply him with the means of overcoming sharks and tigers, whether bestial or human. On this occasion he is a doctor, and invariably sees at a glance the simple cause of the evil which has evaded the penetration of all the stupid old fogies who call themselves regular practitioners. The adventure upon which the novel turns is one of those good old-fashioned catastrophes which have been part of the common stock of novelists time out of mind. The admirable doctor is married to one of the admirable young women, who has unluckily no knowledge of housekeeping. They get into difficulties, and the doctor has to take an appointment which involves a separation. Then, by a strange series of adventures, he is supposed to be drowned, and escapes only at the price of losing his reason for many months. Consequently his wife goes through the usual brain fever, remorse for previous extravagance, conversion to better habits for the sake of her orphan son and her husband's memory; and, finally, a temptation to marry a clever scoundrel. We need hardly say that this last trial happens very near the last page of the third volume; nor shall we insult our readers by hinting at the conclusion. "As to the plot and characters," says Mr. Reade, "they are invented." In one sense they undoubtedly are; the characters were invented a good many years ago when Mr. Reade first took to novel-writing, and we can only congratulate them and him on the immense vitality, whether in him or them, which still enables their creator to follow their fortunes with as keen an interest as ever. As for the plot, we have certainly never read anything precisely like it, but we do not imagine that its contrivance can have inflicted any great torture upon a brain so ingenious and fertile as that of Mr. Reade.

We return, however, to the criticism from which we started. The course of the plot, as it will be seen, involves, besides other details, a good deal of medical business, some nautical business, and, as the hero turns up at Cape Town after his escape, some South African business. Mr. Reade gives us his authorities in each of these departments. His medical knowledge, he tells us, comes partly from personal experience, partly from books "far too numerous to specify." The nautical details were supervised by two practical seamen. For South Africa he gives us a list of authorities, but his chief obligation, he says, is to Mr. Boyle, who wrote and has republished some admirable letters to the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Reade, it may be admitted, has crammed himself (we do not use the word in an offensive sense) elaborately for his task; and so far we are grateful to him. When we come, however, to inquire into the use of his materials our commendation must be more qualified. To take instances, we have no objection to one result of his medical studies. The hero, as we have said,

* A Simpleton. A Story of the Day. By Charles Reade. London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.

loses his reason, and, as it returns, only recovers his memory in a strangely fluctuating, capricious manner. There are cases on record justifying this description, and Mr. Reade has turned them to good account. A man in whose memory all events previous to a certain date have been completely blotted out is not only an interesting phenomenon to physicians and psychologists, but is in a very pathetic situation. He is therefore a fit subject for art; and Mr. Reade uses his patient skilfully. The efforts to regain the lost thread of memory, the pain felt when certain old memories start again into life—these and other strange combinations of thought and emotion give interest to the story; and, if a more delicate artist might have turned them to better account than Mr. Reade, they still impress us when portrayed in his vigorous blacks and whites. But, if this is an instance of a fair use of cram, we can hardly say as much for some of the nautical information. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Reade gives us irrelevant bits of information which have no conceivable bearing on the story or its development; and which at most could only be defended on De Foe's principle of attempting to deceive us into belief by the very fact of their irrelevancy. Nobody, however, could give to a story so palpably melodramatic as *A Simpaton* more than that amount of belief which we ordinarily concede to fiction, even were it not too plain that these fragments of irrelevant matter are dragged in, partly because Mr. Reade is too much pleased with his recent information not to exhibit it, and partly because it gives him a chance of trampling upon various idiotic prejudices common amongst mankind. Thus we are suddenly introduced to the sea-serpent for no particular reason except by way of expressing Mr. Reade's passionate conviction that people who deny the existence of sea-serpents on *a priori* grounds are fools. It is odd that any one should be so anxious to denounce this particular form of folly as to drag a sea-serpent into a novel for the express purpose: for, after all, we don't happen to know any one who denies the possibility of sea-serpents as big as whales, though the evidence for their actual existence is unluckily very doubtful. In this instance the superabundant pugnacity indicated in the superfluous assault on the sceptics has a kind of humorous effect; but elsewhere the constant intrusion of the odds and ends of facts which Mr. Reade thinks it may be useful to us to know, and which he assumes that we are perverse enough to ignore, becomes rather tiresome. A novel ought to be a novel, and not to be stuck over with hints upon housekeeping, plans for killing sharks, suggestions as to ostrich farming, and observations upon the geology of "diamondiferous" strata. The hints, it is true, are introduced under cover of illustrating the hero's cleverness; but one can't help feeling that the hero is Mr. Reade in disguise, bursting with stores of information just laid in, and unable to refrain from communicating them. We have, however, a still more serious objection to Mr. Reade's method. He names about a dozen books on South Africa which he has read for the purposes of this novel. Now we frankly confess that our acquaintance with African scenery is not sufficient to enable us to judge directly of the merit of Mr. Reade's descriptions; but we must confess to a profound distrust of such compilations. No description of scenery which we have ever been able to compare with the original was worth a farthing unless done from actual observation, and few are good for much that have not been at least prepared on the spot. Now Mr. Reade, with all his talent, is not an exception to the rule. Whether he makes many actual blunders or not is more than we will say; but nobody can mistake the second-hand nature of his descriptions. Mr. Reade's enviable self-reliance takes him too far when he fancies that he can really paint a picture without seeing the original, and do Africa without moving out of his study, by a few guide-books, popular travels, and letters of newspaper correspondents.

Without giving more instances, we may say that our view of the proper limits of a novelist's art is unfortunately different from Mr. Reade's. We are glad that on this occasion he has not treated us to a political or social disquisition disguised as a story; but we could wish that he had also refrained from emptying his note-books quite so recklessly. Perhaps we are treating the whole affair rather too seriously; the author seems often to be writing as if he were indulging in a practical joke, or burlesquing himself. He can, however, show so much spirit at times that we cannot but wish for a more artistic management of his materials.

LIFE OF MOHAMMED.*

THIS very able and most interesting volume is strictly an apology for the Founder of Islam, and for the doctrines which he wrought into a system. It regards the prophet as arraigned before the tribunal of European thought, and expresses the emphatic conviction of one who is no blind and unreasoning believer in his mission, that by that tribunal he has been unjustly tried, misunderstood, and condemned. Nothing but good, we may confidently say, can come from impartial critical efforts made by the adherents of one creed to correct or remove the misconceptions formed of that creed by others; and happily there are few subjects on which the progress of thought during the present century has done so much to bring about a more healthy state of feeling as in the matter of Mahometanism, so far as Mahomet himself can be made responsible for it. The phase of opinion which marked the pages of Pridcaux, and which delighted to

paint Mahomet as a conscious impostor sent out by the devil to do his own special work, either has passed away or is confined within bounds so narrow as to have lost all influence; and to this more negative gain has been added a more truthful and generous appreciation both of the man and of his work. Mahomet has of late years had many biographers, and there is not one among them who has not set himself patiently to sift the grains of truth about his career which may have been mingled with falsehood in the vast mass of Mahometan tradition, not one who has not shown a praiseworthy anxiety to avoid ascribing to him, on inadequate evidence and suspicious authority, words or acts which would tell against his good name. Some of them may have started with a bias against him; some may have felt that bias sensibly weakened as they went on with their task; some may have ended their work as they began it, with a painful sense that in the prophet of Islam not a little dross was mixed up with the pure gold. But all have seen and acknowledged that he has been charged with many offences which he never committed, and been made responsible for some doctrines which he never propounded. The result has been to reduce the points of controversy to a very small number, and to these Mr. Syed Ameer Ali addresses himself with an ability and an earnestness which should command respect, even if they may not be rewarded with complete success.

We will not attempt to praise a Mahometan of India for a command of English which few English writers possess; but we may say that it will be a good day for Christian missionaries when, in the language of those whom they seek to convert, they can utter their own convictions and plead the cause of their Master with the eloquence and force of Mr. Syed Ameer Ali. One thing assuredly they will do well to learn—and they can scarcely fail to learn it from reading this book—that the points on which the most thoughtful and educated among the adherents of the two faiths are agreed are by no means insignificant either in number or importance. It is impossible that the great work which they have at heart can be promoted by intolerance and uncharitableness; nor can the superiority of one religion over another be successfully upheld by those who obstinately shut their eyes, not to facts which seem to tell against themselves, but to those which tend to exhibit their adversaries in a less repulsive light.

Of Mr. Syed Ameer Ali it may be said in few words that, in his belief, the indictment against Mahomet which still remains to be met may be summed up under the three heads of slavery, persecution, and marriage. It is unnecessary to reserve for a fourth head the charges grounded on the alleged change in the character of his teaching, which may be said to have passed from the simplicity of absolute conviction to a condition closely bordering on conscious imposture, if not to wilful falsehood. On the subject of slavery there is not much to be said. The Mahometan may fairly argue that the spirit of the Koran is as much opposed to this primeval institution as is that of the New Testament, and that the former differs on this subject from the latter chiefly in that it defines the conditions under which slaves may be acquired. They are strictly to be captives taken in war after open fight. As Mr. Ameer Ali puts it:—

The possession of a slave by the Koranic laws was conditional on a *bond fide* struggle, in self-defence, against unbelieving and idolatrous aggressors, and its permission was a guarantee for the safety and preservation of the captives.

Nay, he infers further from this that Mahomet anticipated a very speedy ending of the incessant warfare which had been the normal condition of Arab life for centuries, and which for the present had received a fresh stimulus from the antagonism of a new creed with the old polytheism. With the zeal of an ardent defender our author asserts that, as Mahomet looked forward to the union of all the tribes in the true faith within a period of at the most two or three generations, so he felt assured that with this union the slavery which, by his restriction, could be fed only by warfare, would at once come to an end. The notion may seem to us to belong to the region rather of fancy than of fact; but whatever may be the iniquities of the nations of Islam, Christians are not yet in a position to cast stones at them. The New Testament has no positive and absolute condemnation of the system; it has existed in Christendom alike in the East and in the West, and by the great Digest of Justinian it was declared to be a constitution of the law of nature. But there cannot be the least doubt that the New Testament sets forth principles the hearty acceptance of which must excite an utter hatred for the vile injustices of a system which has filled the world with misery. Mr. Ameer Ali is not one who palliates the evil deeds of Mahometan peoples. He admits that—

To the lasting disgrace of the majority of the followers of Mohammed, it must be said that, whilst observing, or trying to observe, the letter, they have utterly ignored the spirit of the Teacher's precepts, and allowed slavery to flourish (in direct contravention of the injunctions of the Prophet) by purchase and other means.

Not very long ago the same hard words might have been applied to ourselves, and it was but yesterday that slavery was elaborately vindicated and eulogized on principle by Christian statesmen and divines on the other side of the Atlantic.

On the subject of the propagation of Islam by the sword, the author's defence seems to be less successful, although here too the controversy must be confined to the sayings and deeds of the Author of Christianity and the Founder of Islam. It would have been better for his argument if he could have abstained from the insinuation that the non-employment of force, perhaps from want of opportunity to use it, "has been looked upon as establish-

* *A Critical Examination of the Life and Teachings of Mohammed.* By Syed Ameer Ali, Moulvi, M.A., LL.B., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Williams & Norgate. 1873.

ing the divinity of the noble Prophet of Nazareth." But at least there is no mincing of matters when we are told that Mahomet had a mission to fulfil, and that he was not "obliged to sacrifice himself and the whole community over which he was called to preside, for the sake of carrying out what, in the present time, would be called an idea." The main fact is the declaration of Mahomet that he, the last of the prophets, was sent with the sword. Mr. Ameer Ali's comment is that the circumstances in which Mahomet, with his little knot of followers, found himself, made the use of force a question of self-preservation, and that all subsequent Moslem conquests were simply punishments for unprovoked aggression. With the latter assertion, which in its wide sweep justifies the career of Amr and of Taric, we are not here concerned. Even less can be said for the professors of Christianity than for the followers of the Arabian prophet. The atrocities of inquisitors in Provence, the iniquitous laws passed to defend the Reformation or the Established Church in England, fully surpass anything done at any time by propagators of Islam.

The real point at issue in this matter is the divine sanction which Mahomet claimed for acting as a leader of armies not less than as their teacher; and this point may best be tested by his precepts and acts on the subject of marriage. Unhappily, the two cannot be taken separately; but on both we may form, and are bound to form, a judgment without reference to practices prevalent from time immemorial, whether in Arabia or elsewhere. It is unnecessary to discuss the origin of polygamy, or the benefits which under certain conditions it has been supposed to confer; but it is difficult, if not impossible, to believe that the numerical inequality of the sexes originated the evil. Left to the working of natural causes alone, that inequality is the same in all ages. If we choose to speak of the further inequality caused by war, slavery, or infanticide, we are really altering the terms of the question. Still more puzzling is it to be told that in the generality of cases it is "sheer necessity which drives people to polygamy in the East" (p. 237). The words seem to apply to men and women alike; and in this case poverty in hot climates has an effect as wonderful as that which, according to Sam Weller, it produced on the inhabitants of Whitechapel. But if the words are meant to apply to the women only, it becomes a mere matter of statistics to ascertain whether, and how far, the women sent into the harems of polygamists are the daughters of beggars. All this, however, is for the present beside the mark. Unquestionably Mahomet found polygamy not merely in existence, but generally prevalent; and the position of Mr. Ameer Ali is that he

struck at the root of the evil . . . by limiting the maximum number of contemporaneous marriages; by giving rights and privileges to the wives as against their husbands; by making absolute equity towards all obligatory on the man; by guarding against their being thrown helpless on the world at the wilful caprice of licentious individuals.

At the least we may give Mahomet credit for doing something towards modifying the evil; but in his own practice he far exceeded the maximum. Even here his advocate is not at a loss. "A dispassionate examination of facts, a thorough analysis of motives from the standpoint of humanity will," he urges, "show us the extreme want of candour, fairness, and simple charity on the part of the writers" who cast the marriages of Mahomet in his teeth. The defence resolves itself mainly into the assertion that these marriages were almost all mere acts of kindness, which he would much rather not have performed if he could have helped it. Twenty-five years of age at the time of his first marriage, he had for twenty-five years longer but one wife in Kadijah; after her death he married Sauda, the widow of one of his earliest followers, whom persecution had driven to Abyssinia, where he died. His widow was destitute; what could the Prophet do but marry her? He married Ayesha while she was yet a child; but this was only at the earnest desire of her father Abu-bekr, who thus wished to testify his gratitude to the teacher "who had led him out from the darkness of scepticism." His next wife, Hafsa, the only daughter of Omar, he married merely because neither Abu-bekr nor Othmar would have her, and because Omar, on learning their refusal, flew into a rage, which threatened nothing less than a civil war. Three other women he married from the impulse of pure charity, because they were widows whom their kinsfolk either would not or could not support. Then follows the story of the wife of his freedman Zaid; and here also a justification is not wanting. The marriage was an unhappy one. The high-born lady could not bear the idea of consorting with a manumitted slave; and she greedily availed herself of a weapon with which an accidental utterance of the Prophet had furnished her. "He had occasion," says Mr. Ameer Ali, "to visit the house of Zaid, and upon seeing Zaynab's unveiled face, had exclaimed, as a Moslem would say at the present day when admiring a beautiful picture or statue, 'Praise be to God, the ruler of hearts!'" These words Zaynab so often repeated that the patience of Zaid at last gave way, and, resolving to be rid of her, he went to Mahomet and said that he was going to divorce her. Mahomet was grieved at this result of a marriage which he had himself brought about; but his efforts to change Zaid's determination were vain. Zaynab was divorced, and sent a message to Mahomet to say that she looked to him for support. "Under these circumstances Mohammed married her."

This is all that Mr. Ameer Ali says of this matter; but the real offence lies elsewhere. Sir William Muir has also told the story, and has necessarily told it without the wish to shelter Mahomet which animates Mr. Ameer Ali. Mahomet not only took Zaynab after making some one in the presence of Ayesha

to go and tell her that the Lord had joined her to him in marriage; he added a Sura to the Koran, representing God as rebuking him for his hesitation and for fearing men rather than God:—

When Zaid had fulfilled her divorce, W. F. joined thee in marriage unto her, that there might be no offence chargeable on believers in marrying the wives of their adopted sons, when they have fulfilled their divorce; and the command of God is to be fulfilled.

In short, he made use of his prophetic office as an instrument for carrying out his own plans and furthering his own wishes or pleasures; and one alternative only remains. Either he looked on his wishes and plans as being perfect—and in this case he was a presumptuous fanatic; or he did not, and thus far he was a conscious deceiver. Sir W. Muir is assuredly fully justified in putting down this Sura as a piece of "impious effrontery," and in adding the remarks which he makes on the subject. "Our only matter of wonder," he insists,

is that the Revelations of Mahomet continued after this to be regarded by his people as inspired communications from the Almighty, when they were so palpably formed to secure his own objects and power even to his evil desires. We hear of no doubts or questioning; and we can only attribute the confident and credulous spirit of his followers to the absolute ascendancy of his powerful mind over all who came within its influence.

Of his other marriages we need not speak. Of his concubinage Mr. Ameer Ali seems to take no notice; yet the affair of Mary the Coptic maid is one with which an advocate surely ought to deal. We may turn to another phase of his character, in reference to which Sir W. Muir says emphatically that "the daglarding assassination of political and religious opponents, countenanced and frequently directed as they were in all their cruel and perfidious details by Mahomet himself, leaves a dark and indelible blot upon his character." It is unfortunately not difficult to give specious names to sins and crimes; and on the champions of a religion the temptation to palliate or veil offences must always exercise a terrible force. The greater is the credit due to Mr. Ameer Ali for the firmness with which he has generally resisted it; but we, who look on Mahomet from a point beyond the circle of his influence, may fairly say that there are some dark blots which he has failed to hide, and which will not be washed away. We may appreciate fully the benefits which on the whole Islam has conferred upon the Eastern world; but we dare not shut our eyes to the flaws which are manifest whether in the man or in his work.

TULLOCH'S RATIONAL THEOLOGY IN ENGLAND.*

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH'S fresh and most instructive volumes may be regarded as specimens of biography directed to a purpose; and although we shall not agree with one of his reviewers in pronouncing the biographical parts to be the cream of his book, we may well bear testimony to the charm of the two or three upon which he has bestowed most pains, pre-eminently that of one whose posthumous works appeared under the title of the *Golden Remains of the Ever-memorable Mr. John Hales of Eton College* (1659), yet who is now scarcely remembered at all, save in the praises of his younger contemporaries. Dr. Tulloch's spirit and design in this considerable production of his active pen (which is inscribed to Dean Stanley), may best be described in the following extract from his vigorous preface:—

Deeply interested in the principles expounded in these volumes, and the writers who first advocated them in England, I have had sincere pleasure in endeavouring to do some measure of justice to both the one and the other. I have felt this pleasure all the more that some of these writers have hitherto received scanty acknowledgment. It is something of a misfortune for religion and the history of the Church, that the men who secure most attention in their own day, and afterwards, are by no means those distinguished for Christian moderation. Violent and picturesque characters, the fervid and zealous missionary, the eloquent fanatic, the dogmatic and denunciatory theologian, are all apt by their prominence to throw men of quiet thoughtfulness and tempered and rational enthusiasm into the shade. Churchmen like Hales and Whichcote are forgotten, while the noisy champions of extremes are remembered and live in the historic page. I have derived so much pleasure from the repeated study of Hales and Chillingworth, and again of Whichcote and his Cambridge contemporaries, and cherish so warm an admiration of their great gifts of Christian reasonableness, that I should rejoice if I have done anything to restore the images of men who appear to me the very best types of the English theologian—manly and fearless in intellect, while reverent and cautious in spirit.

"Christian reasonableness," or, as he elsewhere defines it, "the slow elaboration of the Christian Reason, looking before and after, gathering into its ample thoughtfulness the experiences of the past, as well as the eager aspirations of the present"—in short, the religion of the head, rather than of the heart or the imagination—is the special quality which attracts our author's sympathy towards men some of whom had little else in common, except that they lived in the same century and were all members of the same communion. The "Liberal Churchmen," as the Principal calls them in his modern parlance, thus commemorated in his first volume, are Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland (1610-43), John Hales (1584-1656), William Chillingworth (1602-44), Jeremy Taylor (1613-67), and Edward Stillingfleet (1635-99). We must

* *Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century.* By John Tulloch, D.D., Principal of St. Mary's College, in the University of St. Andrew's, one of Her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland. Author of "Leaders of the Reformation," and "English Puritanism and its Leaders," a vols. Vol. I. Liberal Churchmen. Vol. II. The Cambridge Platonists. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1872.

confess to have felt at first a little surprised that our English Chrysostom should have found admission into so select a company; impassioned and moving eloquence is the characteristic feature of Bishop Taylor's writings, rather than the faculty of calm, sustained, and cogent reasoning. The argument is that both he and Stillingfleet hold their place there in spite of the general tenor of their minds and the dominant temper of their publications, as standing in a peculiar relation to the history of religious thought in this country:—

They belong to the liberal movement of the seventeenth century, in so far as they contributed by distinct and important works to its advancement; yet neither their special reputation, nor the prevailing character of their theological activity, has identified them with it. Jeremy Taylor's *Liberty of Prophesying* [1647] is among the most remarkable works of the century. Stillingfleet's *Irenicum* [1659] is of less significance, because less distinguished by genius and interest, and in our day it is comparatively forgotten. Yet it, too, claims to be remembered as marking the height to which the wave of liberal Churchmanship had risen before the reaction which set in with the Restoration.—Vol. I., p. 315.

The *Irenicum* would naturally be viewed with special indulgence by an eminent member of the Scotch Establishment like our author, inasmuch as its main object was to lay the foundation of a "Comprehensive Church," large enough to receive into its fold Episcopalian and Presbyterian alike; it is a clever and honest, if not a very successful, attempt to demonstrate that in primitive times diversities in Church government were regarded as insufficient to justify a severance of communion. The results of the Savoy Conference seem to have directed Stillingfleet's thoughts and studies into other channels; nor was he much disposed to argue against the essential need of the order of bishops, when himself seated on the throne of Worcester. "He was a great man in many respects," said Burnet long afterwards, in his quaint manner; "he knew the world well, and was esteemed a very wise man. The writing of his *Irenicum* was a great snare to him; for, to avoid the imputations which that brought upon him, he not only retracted the book, but he went into the humours of a high sort of people, beyond what became him, perhaps beyond his own sense of things." This perhaps is hard measure; but it is characteristic. He became distinguished as a defender of the faith against unbelievers; he was celebrated as an ecclesiastical antiquary; even in his final controversy with Locke he held his own better than some of that philosopher's votaries would have us believe; but his subsequent labours, "clever, able, and eminently successful in their day . . . [yet] lack the vital interest which alone some spark of nature, some fire of passion, or some glow of meditative or speculative genius, can give to theological polemics" (vol. i. 416), as well as to polemics not theological.

Passing by the honoured name of Falkland, which serves chiefly as a *πρόσπων ἐμπρόσπον* to the goodly building which Principal Tulloch has raised for our delectation, the model examples of "Liberal Churchmen" at that period were doubtless that pair of intellectual giants, John Hales and William Chillingworth. Their fortunes had this much in common, that they were both of them first honoured with, then ruined by, the friendship and patronage of Archbishop Laud, whose soul was not so narrow but that conspicuous merit, wheresoever found, had power to win his help and countenance; yet neither of them could have given a whole heart to the Royal cause, for the sake of which the elder of the two spent his last years in the deepest poverty, and the younger died only not a martyr. When they are compared together, to Hales must be adjudged the palm for erudition—"The Walking Library" was the appellation by which he was familiarly known. Chillingworth has perhaps no match in all literature for close and subtle reasoning; only that we are almost tempted to distrust that remorseless logic which first beguiled its master against his will into the bosom of the Church of Rome, and then forced him, possibly with less reluctance, *refrorum mala dare, atque iterare cursus*. It has always seemed to us that his grand treatise "The Bible, the Religion of Protestants," fails utterly as a constructive work; its destructive power cannot be exaggerated; as an engine of assault it is simply terrible. But the reader who thirsts for truth would fain learn something better than that what others hold is not the truth, and would have been at times right glad if his own champion's campaign had been less brilliant.

We cannot help returning for a moment to the Principal's Life of Hales, for whose genius, disposition, and pursuits he has a scholar's admiration and brotherly sympathy. Few representations can be more touching than the good man's disgust at "the brawls grown from religion," which his presence as a hearer at the miserable Synod of Dort in 1618 tended powerfully to foster; few protestations can be more pathetic than that which he poured into the ears of his patron Laud, whom he saw disposed to resent certain notions broached in his yet unpublished tract on "Schism":—

The pursuit of truth [Hales writes] hath been my only care ever since I first understood the meaning of the word. For this I have forsaken all hopes, all friends, all desires, which might bias me, and hinder me from driving right at what I aimed. For this I have spent my money, my means, my youth, my age, all I have, that I might remove from myself that censure of Tertullian—*Suo vitio quis quid ignorat?* If, with all this cost and pains, my purchase is but error, I may safely say, to err hath cost me more than it hath many to find the truth, and truth itself shall give me this testimony at last, that if I have missed of her, it is not my fault, but my misfortune.—Vol. I. p. 23.

The enemies of Laud's memory ought to be told that he replied to this noble remonstrance by procuring for its author a canonry of Windsor. It may not be true of the Archbishop that "fatal

learning led him to the block," but the love of it undoubtedly consoled and dignified his troubled life.

The second volume of this work, which introduces us to the Cambridge school of Platonists, will hardly be so popular as the first with general readers, but it overflows with new matter, and will repay even more abundantly the pains of an earnest student. Dr. Tulloch selects as his subjects men once deservedly esteemed, although the fame of scarcely more than one of them has survived the waste of two centuries. They are Benjamin Whichcote (1610-1683), of Emmanuel, who, in spite of the moderation of his opinions, suffered himself to be intruded into the Provostship of King's during the Great Rebellion (1644-60); John Smith (1618-52), also of Emmanuel, "in some respects the most remarkable of the Cambridge school—the richest and most beautiful mind, and certainly by far the best writer of them all"; Ralph Cudworth (1617-88), again an alumnus of Emmanuel, in reputation the Coryphæus of the company, intruded as Master into Clare Hall by the Parliamentary Visitors, as Whichcote had been into King's, from no identity of feeling with the party in power, but because the fact of their having been bred in the Puritan College "seems to have formed a sufficient passport to promotion in the eyes of Parliament"; Henry More (1614-87), of Christ's, the most voluminous and fanciful, but least readable, of them all. A few lesser lights are briefly glanced at in a chapter by themselves, as Nathaniel Culverwel, a Puritan indeed worthy of Emmanuel College, the Master of which, Anthony Tuckney, gave one proof at any rate of his practical good sense when, in reply to an exhortation that in elections to Fellowships he would have regard to the godly, he declared his determination to choose none but scholars, "adding very wisely, They may deceive me in their godliness, they cannot in their scholarship." At the tail of the list come two Oxford men, of whom Joseph Glanvill (1636-80) is best known by a defence of witchcraft, which in its posthumous form bears the title of *Sadducismus Triumphatus*. But, in truth, the catalogue is a melancholy one. It is enough to damp the spirit of any ardent young student who may pant for the praise of posterity to contemplate a whole busy school of intellectual thought, composed of men who formerly were the pride and righteous boast of one of our great Universities, but who are as much forgotten, save by a very few of those who now fill the self-same places, as though they had never been.

Cudworth, by this time become Professor of Hebrew, who in 1654 had been promoted from the Mastership of Clare Hall to that of Christ's College, was in this respect more fortunate than Whichcote, for he retained that post and the Professorship of Hebrew after the Restoration. His new college was then basking in its brightest sunshine, for Joseph Mede and Henry More were among its Fellows, and Milton had left it only some twenty years before. In this enviable station he composed the work by which he, and indeed the Cambridge school, are best known, the *True Intellectual System of the Universe*. This "immense fragment," as Dr. Tulloch calls it, extended in the original folio edition (1678) to about nine hundred pages, yet comprises only the first book or part of his projected task. It seems to have been suggested, and was largely affected, by Hobbes's able and insidious *Leviathan* (1651), wherein, under a feigned show of reverence for Christianity and good government, the very foundations of religion and morality are sapped, and no better substitute is put in their room than the iron despotism of irresponsible civil power. Since Cudworth's volume, though well known by name, and often cited in philosophical discussions, is far less read than it should be, our author supplies us with an excellent summary of its contents and general spirit, more full and satisfactory than that given by Hallam in his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, and on the whole more favourable. While regretting that "the massive build of thought is unrelieved by any graces of style or felicities of expression," and lamenting the frequency of digressions which increase the bulk of the treatise, while they even impair the force of its arguments, he yet pronounces that, "taken as a whole, it is a marvellous magazine of thought and learning, and remains one of the most undoubted monuments of the philosophical and theological genius of the seventeenth century." The subject which he handled so well goes to the very root of all knowledge and all truth, being no less than the settling forth of such proofs as our natural reason can afford us of the existence and personality of a Supreme Being. Cudworth saw as distinctly as those who are bearing their part in the same great controversy at present, that the whole question resolves itself ultimately into this—whether mind or matter be the sovereign of the universe; whether mind originates and controls every motion and combination of inert matter, or be itself but a function and property of such matter. It is not logically impossible for the most rigid advocate of materialism to be a Theist; whosoever believes in the independent existence of mind cannot be otherwise. We subjoin the final paragraphs of the Principal's review, though we do not sympathize with the cheerless tone of his concluding sentence:—

These are the questions which Cudworth pondered; they are those which our age still ponders. If he cannot be said to have solved them, he yet steadily and rationally faced them. He has shown—no one has ever shown better—how we cannot work from below upwards; and that if we begin with matter and a philosophy of sense, we can never reach conscience and a philosophy of reason. He has exhibited the co-ordination of the different planes of thought [a favourite metaphor with Dr. Tulloch], and made it clear how we must stand on the one side or the other. It is not possible perhaps to do more, or to fathom the depths of that dualism that meets us everywhere in the last stages of our inquiry.

If we learn nothing further from Cudworth, we will learn strength,

patience, and candour in conducting so great an argument. His form of exposition may be antiquated, but his spirit and reason will never grow old. And if we do not come in his pages nearer to that certainty which some minds are destined never to reach in this world of endless interrogation, we may be helped to trust where we cannot know, to tolerate those who differ from us, and to welcome light and truth from whatever quarter it may come.—Vol. II. p. 302.

We have said of Henry More that his writings are the most voluminous and unreadable of any of his school. "They never became literature" is our author's verdict. We must add in fairness that the man himself was the most genial, natural, and perfect of them all. "We get nearer to him than any of them," says Dr. Tulloch, "and we can read more intimately his temper, character, and manners—the lofty and severe beauty of his personality—one of the most exquisite and charming portraits which the whole history of religion and philosophy presents." In these respects the Fellow of Christ's (his contented soul never craved for higher preferment) was a pleasing contrast to the Master, whose disposition seems to have been a little jealous and exacting. Yet in solidity of sense and judgment More's was conspicuously the inferior intellect. Tormented for some years in youth by sceptical doubts, he afterwards became fascinated by the mystic writers, and even grew enamoured of the transcendental nonsense of the Cabbala. In this vein he took to writing verses; but though "there are here and there not a few gleams of poetic and spiritual insight, apart from the notes and interpretation general, which he has himself happily furnished, they are barely intelligible." One of his lady pupils, a sister of Lord Chancellor Nottingham, and afterwards wife of Lord Conway, contributed as much to the refinement of his mind as he did to the strengthening of hers. She ultimately caused him much grief by falling under the influence of the Quietists or Quakers. It was a peculiarity of this whole school that its teachers cherished a belief in supernatural apparitions. Even Oudworth alleges them as a direct confutation of Atheism, and a proof of the reality of the world of ghosts; but More and Glanville had carried their credulity into particulars, as *Saducismus Triumphatus*, which was virtually their joint production, too plainly demonstrates. Yet even here the Principal does well to remind us that "we may also recall the phenomena of what is called spiritualism in our day before condemning too loudly the absurdities of such men." Some of their stories are singularly like those now or lately soliciting scientific investigation. Their "spirit-thumping on the bench" must have been very much the same as our table-rapping. So strangely in very different ages do the follies of the wise repeat themselves.

And here we must take our respectful leave of this large-minded, lively, and thoughtful work, which deserves to the full the acceptance it cannot fail to receive. We note here and there a little ruggedness or carelessness of style, and the way in which Greek words and passages in the notes are printed and accentuated is not creditable to the printer. Admiring and thankful for these volumes as a whole, we shall not be thought to hold ourselves responsible for every incidental opinion expressed in them. Especially would we enter our protest against that gratuitous and unreasonable prejudice which persuades the author to disparage Oudworth's prophetic investigations, and to marvel that such a barren line of study as an inquiry into the chronology of Daniel's seventy weeks should have had charms, not for a Hebrew Professor only (for that were a pardonable weakness), but for laymen like Newton and Locke. We cannot conceive any possible theory of inspiration on which exact researches into the literal meaning of Scripture should be misplaced; and if their result should haply prove what those great philosophers believed or hoped, the inference to be drawn from such a fact would surely neither appear futile to, nor be regarded as unwelcome by, "One of Her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland."

A SEASIDE EXCURSION IN ANCIENT INDIA.*

AN essay in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* comes opportunely at this season when half London is either at the seaside or is meditating a journey thither. It shows us how the ancient Hindus disported themselves at their watering-places more than two thousand years ago, and how they enjoyed their day's excursion to the sea with all the zest and more than the boisterous hilarity which attends the outings of our modern citizens. This very curious picture of ancient manners has been fished out of the ponderous volumes of the "Mahā-bhārata," a Sanskrit poem containing more than a hundred thousand couplets, compiled some centuries, how many it is difficult to say, before the beginning of the Christian era. We are indebted for it to Bābū Rājendra Lal of Calcutta, a learned Hindu deeply versed in the ancient language and literature of his country, who writes English in a style which might put many a well-to-do Englishman to the blush.

The scene of this excursion, or picnic, as the Bābū calls it, was Pīndāraka, a small watering-place on the coast of Guzerat, near Dwāraka, the "city of gates," a place of great renown as the capital of the god Krishna, the most celebrated and popular of the many incarnations of Vishnu. The place itself is described as a *dhāra*, or holy bathing place; but as the Bābū observes, "the trip was one of pleasure and had nothing religious about it." Krishna himself, some of the half-deified heroes of the poem, and a celebrated sage named Nārada, whose writings even yet retain their authority, are represented as leading

members of the party. But although the poet revels in describing the godlike powers of Krishna, that hero and his companions are all of the earth earthy, and enjoy themselves in bathing and sports, eating and drinking like ordinary mortals. They are but characters in a picture drawn by the poet from real life, exaggerated by a love of the marvellous, but acting parts in scenes similar to what he had actually beheld. So, putting aside all that is superhuman, the rest may be taken as only an overdrawn picture or extravagant description and amalgamation of scenes that might have been witnessed at watering-places in those ancient days.

Krishna, having determined to visit the seaside, placed his capital in charge of some friends, and set out, accompanied by his family—rather a numerous one, for his sixteen thousand wives are represented as being present; but we will assume this to have been in the spirit, not in the flesh. With him went in separate parties

the wise Balarāma, the lord of regions Janārdana, and other princes of god-like glory. Along with them went thousands of courtesans, dealers in their beauty, captive women who had been originally introduced into the city by the Judavas, and had been kept there by Krishna to prevent unseemly brawls, which at one time used to take place on account of women. Balarāma went out with his only affectionate wife Kevati, for whom the glorious chief entertained the most devoted affection. Adorned with garlands of wild flowers and jubilant with draughts of wine, he disported with her in the ocean waters.

It seems to have been the fashion for husbands to dance, sing, and sport with their wives, but the constancy of Balarāma to his only wife is dwelt upon as something commendable, though unusual. No mention is made of maidens; married women and courtesans alone are named, and these mixed together without any restraint, the courtesans enjoying a familiarity with the married ladies which appears almost incredible. Evidently immorality among the Hindus in those old days had sunk to a lower depth than it has yet reached in modern times. The *demi-monde* may be envied for its luxury, its dress and manners may be imitated in fashionable life, it may be spoken of and looked upon with only simulated disdain, but still it finds one barrier which it has not yet broken down, though even this shows signs of weakness. We will now see how the holiday-makers enjoyed themselves in the water:—

Krishna of the lotus eyes entertained himself in many forms with his sixteen thousand wives. . . . and they standing ankle-deep or knee-deep or breast-deep, each according to her choice, in great glee threw water upon him, even as the heaven pours on the sea; and Krishna, in his turn, showered water on the ladies, as gentle clouds drizzle on flowering creepers. . . . Others swam about supported on floats of various forms, some shaped like cranes, others like peacocks, others like serpents, or dolphins, or fish. Some, resting on their breasts like pitchers, swam about in great joy. . . . Gazelle-eyed damsels sported in the water with very thin raiment on their persons. . . . The accomplished and heroic princes, in a separate company, entertained themselves in the waters with the damsels that had come with them, and who were proficient in dancing and singing. Though these women had been forcibly torn away from their homes, they had been overcome by the suavity of the princes, and these, in their turn, were delighted with the singing and acting of these charming creatures.

The bathing being over, dancing and singing followed. Celestial damsels went through their performances to the delight of the eyes and ears of the beholders, for "by their sidelong glances, their hints and smiles, their assumed arrogance, and mirth, and complaisance, they completely charmed the spectators." Nor were creature comforts wanting. "Of eatables and drinkables, of things to be chewed, swallowed, sucked, or licked, there was nothing wanting, and whatever was desired was immediately forthcoming." But this was a mere refectory; the grand feast was to be served at a later hour. Next came dramatic and operatic performances, representing passages in the lives of the gods and heroes. "These and other most delightful subjects were enacted and sung by beautiful women." The pleasure-seekers then engaged in dancing among themselves. "Balarāma, the Majestic, inflamed by plentiful libations of wine, danced in joy with his wife, sweetly beating regular time with his own hands." In his appearance and dress he is described as "covered with sandal paste, with eyes glowing crimson under the influence of wine, and with unsteady steps, paying his attention solely to his spouse. Dressed in two pieces of sky-blue cloth, bright-complexioned as the moon, and languishing-eyed, he appeared charming like the moon partially hidden under a cloud. With a beautiful earring in the left ear, and a pretty lotus on the other, he looked upon the smiling face and arch glances of his love." Such, we must suppose, was the style in vogue among the exquisites of the age. Krishna himself and the leading members of the party all joined in the dance with such eagerness and spirit that "the creation smiled in joy." Now appeared "the Brahman sage Nārada, the revered of the gods, dancing with his matted locks all disheveled. He became the central figure in the scene, and danced with many a gesticulation and contortion. By mimicking the action of some, the smile of others, the demeanour of a third set, and by other similar means he set all a laughing who had hitherto preserved their gravity. For the amusement of Krishna, he mimicked the smallest little word of his, and he screamed and laughed so loudly and repeatedly that none could restrain themselves, and tears came to their eyes." If such was the behaviour of a hoary sage, supposed to be dead to the pleasures of the world, what was to be expected of mere ordinary mortals? But of a truth these old Hindu philosophers and lawgivers were many of them very far from being the saints and ascetics they have been described. Some of them appear in the dramas and poems with very worldly and carnal affections, and the oldest extant treatise on the *art amatoria* was the production of a sage

* A Picnic in Ancient India. By Bābū Rājendra Lal Mitra. *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, Vol. XII.

whose ordinances are only inferior in authority to the Vedas themselves.

This morning performance, as we may call it, being ended—

Krishna took by the hand the venerable sage Narada of imperturbable mind, and coming to the sea-water along with his wife and his followers, said, "Let us enter the delightful water with the ladies in two parties. Let Balarāma with his wife be the leader of one party consisting of my children and half of the company, and let the other half of the company and the children of Bala be on my side in the sea-water." Krishna's wife incited by a wink from him began to throw water on Narada. Balarāma tottering with drink, with great glee fell into the water, and beckoning his wife, the charming daughter of Revata to his side, he took her by the hand. Then the sons of Krishna and those who belonged to the party of Balarāma, joyous and bent on pleasure, unmindful of their dresses and ornaments, and excited by drink, followed him into the sea. Krishna and Narada, with all those who were on their side, began to splash water on Bala and his party; and they returned it on Krishna and his supporters. The wives of Balarāma and Krishna, excited with arrack, followed their example, and with great glee squirted water from syringes. Some of the ladies, over-weighted with the load of love and wine, with crimson eyes and masculine garments, entertained themselves before the other ladies with squirting water. Seeing that the fun was getting fast and furious, Krishna desired them to restrain themselves within bounds.

The aquatic diversions were ended, but the day's enjoyments were not yet brought to a close. The grand feast was to follow. All repaired, by order of Krishna, "to the banqueting hall, and there, taking their seats according to their respective ranks, ages, and relationship, they cheerfully commenced the work of eating and drinking." The bill of fare is given—a very long and curious one. In it we find large joints of meat roasted on spits, various curries of meat, sauces made of tamarinds and pomegranates, young buffaloes roasted and basted with butter, buffalo meat fried in butter and seasoned with acids and salt, and "branches of venison boiled in different ways with sorrel and mangoes, and sprinkled over with condiments." As relishes and seasonings they had sweet basil, ginger, asafetida, and a variety of herbs. Of wines, or rather spirits, there was abundance, consisting of liquors prepared by the distillation or fermentation of flowers and other vegetable productions. Nor were whets and zests wanting to incite thirst and give a relish to the potations. The pastry and sweetmeats we must pass over. But amid this riotous feasting there were some who restricted themselves to more humble fare, "respected heroes who did not drink, but heartily feasted on vegetables and fruits, broths, curds and milk, drinking sherbets of divers kinds and milk boiled with sugar." Having thus got through the day, they proceeded to make a night of it. "The gallant chiefs, seated with their ladies, began to sing such choice delightful songs as were agreeable to them." The sage Narada took up his "rāmā" of six octaves and exhibited his musical accomplishments. Krishna himself beat time with the cymbals; another chief lent his aid with the flute, and all who were able joined in with their respective instruments. An accomplished actress then "delighted them with her acting and her exquisitely slender figure." Other songs and dramatic representations followed, till at last they came to the grand concluding piece of music, "which was sung in six octaves and in various modes." Young and old all joined in the song, which was repeated by different parties of singers and cheered over and over again. When at last it was ended, "Krishna rewarded the dancing girls and heavenly actresses, and the company broke up."

Such were the bhochanaliya caries in which the gentle Hindu indulged in ancient days, overdrawn and exaggerated, as we have said, by the imagination of the poet, but still having a broad basis of fact in the manners and customs of the times. All is not as it should be in modern India; morality is at a low ebb, and religion is corrupt and wildly superstitious; but, had a society may be, it is at any rate better than it was in days when godlike heroes and saintly sages and lawgivers trod the earth.

CHRONICLES OF ST. ALBANS.*

WHEN we reviewed the ninth volume of the Chronicles of St. Albans (September 23, 1871) we took advantage of the absence of matter of historical interest to criticize the text as produced by Mr. Riley. We observed that there were several instances in which he had failed to copy from the MS. correctly, and others in which he had missed the proper interpretation of it. There was one case in which we accused him of failing to interpret a word concerning which we hazarded a conjecture which we have now to retract. In the lines

Mitra sacra cunctum, vel dedicat annulus hircum—
Hec lupus agnoscit, heu vulpes præcedit amicis,

we ventured to suggest that the word written *amicis*, which must of necessity mean *goats*, was a mistake of the writer's; but a correspondent has reminded us that *amicis* must have been the reading which Mr. Riley found in the MS. and ought to have printed, the word *auca* being commonly used in post-classical times for a *goat*.

In the present volume, which is the tenth of the series, there are not nearly so many mistakes of this kind, yet there are frequent

indications of Mr. Riley's weak point, which is want of scholarship. We must not dwell long upon the execution of the work, because the contents are so interesting that they will demand all the space we can give to them. We shall only remark, therefore, that though misprints are not so common, as far as we have observed, in this volume as in those previously issued, yet it contains more errors than such a handsomely printed volume ought to present; by no means all of them having been noticed on the page of *Corrigenda*, which contains the very modest and allowable number of eleven *errata*. And as regards the editor's own suggestions, they seem to us in some cases to be most unfortunate. Thus, to give but one or two instances, at p. 153 Mr. Riley has inserted the word *utramque* as a conjectural emendation of a passage where two documents, written in Latin, are said to have been briefly and clearly explained to the unlearned. After mentioning the *carta regis* and the *bullæ Sanctissimi Patris*, the writer continues:—

Quarum vir alter discretioris et morum gravitate pollens, Vicarius Generalis Domini Episcopi memorati, vulgari eloquio succincte ac periculo omnibus explicavit.

We should have thought there could have been no reasonable doubt that *senum* is the word omitted after *quarum*, and not *utramque*. Soon afterwards, in the description of the Duke of York taking the oath of future obedience to the King, in the expression *quod de ceteri sic peccare non audiret* Mr. Riley has mistaken the last word, which is very common in mediæval Latin, and not unknown in classical times, as a substitute for *adjuveret*, and altered it into *adjuveret*, which is entirely unconstruable. Again, the editor has occasionally missed the meaning of his author, as, for instance, in the marginal analysis at p. 375, where the insurgent nobles are represented as "taking the sacrament" before they escort the King to London. The expression *inmolato tamen prius Domino Deo sacrificio laudis* merely implies that they were present at mass. As regards the proper method of representing the readings of the MS., the editor, apparently alluding to past criticisms on this point and deprecating further reference to it, quotes the Directions given for the Guidance of Editors in defence of the line which he has adopted; but he has neither succeeded in all cases in placing the Latin text before the reader in the ordinary classical manner, nor does he appear in all instances to know which is the mediæval and which the classical form. He might, for instance, have left *exillum*, and not invented the unheard of and improbable form, *exillum*; and the *pulchritudo* of the MS. might have been allowed to stand instead of what has hitherto been wrongly supposed to be the more classical mode of spelling—namely, *pulchritudo*. Again, what are we to think of the word *impissimus* at p. 288, and *corroberant* at p. 337, printed without attention being called to the anomaly? Or again, are *relaxamen*, p. 351, and *altissima*, at p. 407, classical modes of spelling? The truth is, we are frequently at a loss whether to attribute the blame to Mr. Riley or to the corrector of the press. And, on the whole, we see no reason to change the opinion we have often expressed in reviewing the volumes of this series, that such words as *dampnum*, *sollenpissus*, and the like, the spelling of which is uniformly the same in mediæval Latin of the period of these volumes, ought to be printed exactly as they are in the MS., no variation being adopted, except where the reading is a manifest slip of the pen of the scribe.

We now turn to the contents of the volume, which gives us the continuous history of ten years of the second period during which Whethamstede was Abbot of St. Albans, and which undoubtedly by its manifold points of interest amply atones for the meagreness which we complained of in our review of the ninth volume. It treats of the period from A.D. 1452 to A.D. 1461, the last ten years of the reign of Henry VI. Mr. Riley's introduction is confined to the single question of the authorship of the work. His title-page speaks of the book having been attributed to Robert Blakeney, who at some time or other was chaplain to Thomas Lantardge, Abbot of St. Albans from 1492 to 1522, and who wrote his name and designation on the flyleaf. Mr. Riley thinks there is ground for belief that it was written earlier than the year 1476, and inclines to the opinion that it was compiled by some unknown hand from various sources and put together shortly after the death of Abbot Whethamstede, which took place in January 1465. The object of writing, he thinks, was to disqualify William Walsingham, the Prior of the Abbey, from succeeding, as he afterwards did in 1476, to the Abbot's place. We have no time to follow the investigation here. We will only say that Mr. Riley makes out a very good case for his theory, and undoubtedly completely disproves the notion of its being the work of Whethamstede himself.

Of the first two years of the second abbacy of Thomas Whethamstede we have nothing to say. All the details respect the peculiar circumstances of the Abbey, and have little or nothing to do with the political history of this period; but the scene changes in the fourth year, when the first battle of St. Albans introduces us to the history of the Wars of the White and the Red Roses. This, which it is almost needless to say is far the most interesting part of the Register, has been printed before by Hearne, and is indeed one of the principal authorities for the history of the reign of Henry VI., which is somewhat meagre in original documents. The battle itself, which took place May 22, is evidently described by an eye-witness, who pictures the principal street of the town as filled with the mutilated bodies of the combatants, and who is glad to be able to fill up his descriptions with passages quoted from classical poetry, or feeble imitations of heroic and elegiac verse.

* *Chronicon Monasterii S. Albani. Registra quorundam Abbatum Monasterii S. Albani, qui seculo XVmo. floruerunt. Vol. I.—Registrum Abbatum Johannis Whethamstede, Abbatum Monasterii Sancti Albani, iterum susceptum; Roberti Blakeney, Capellani, quondam abbatum.* Edited by Henry Thomas Riley, M.A. Cambridge and Oxford, and of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

which are the compositions of his own brain. And here again we light upon another indication of want of scholarship. Surely it would have been easy to make something out of the following:—"et clypeus clypeo et umbone repellatur umbo, esse minax ensis, podo pes, et cuspidis cuspis." The alteration of *esse* into *cuse* would have made the lines construable; to say nothing of the editor apparently never suspecting that his author was quoting a couplet of hexameter verses. But this by the way. The battle is made the pretext for going back twenty years in the history to trace the origin of the dispute to the time when, after the death of the King's uncle, the Duke of Bedford, in 1435, the government of Normandy had been committed to Richard Duke of York for the space of five years; after which followed the cancelling of the renewal of the appointment for another five years at the instigation of Somerset, who, with the help of Suffolk, persuaded the King to substitute him for the Duke of York. The writer apparently sympathizes with the King, and lays stress on the vindictive character of Richard, and the suppression of his hatred for Somerset till the time when his being made Protector of the realm afforded him the opportunity he desired. The illness of the King is described as consisting in failure of reason and memory and loss of physical power, to the extent of not being able to stand upright or to lift up his head or to move without assistance from the seat which he occupied. During this time York, having obtained from the Pope a dispensation from his oath of obedience to the King, imprisoned Somerset, who however was soon released upon the King's recovery. The battle of St. Albans gained for him what he most wanted, the death of Somerset, for whose burial the Abbot petitioned the victorious Duke. This was the first of the thirteen battles fought between the rival Houses of York and Lancaster.

We may omit all consideration of the concerns of the Abbey which fill the Register for about ten years from this period. The next point of interest is the description of the heresies of Reginald Pecock, Bishop of Ely, which have probably found their way into the Register because of their bearing upon Church history, but which have no immediate connexion with St. Albans. It is remarkable that the copy of his recantation contains an item which does not appear in any other known copy. The last article about which the writer says that Pecock *hæreticavit contra judem* is as follows:—

Item, bene licebit unicuique Scripturam Sacram in sensu litterato intelligere, nec teneatur aliquis de necessitate salutis alieni alteri sensui inhere.

After this the Register takes no notice of succeeding events of history till the Council of Westminster in 1458, which the writer describes as an attempt to make up the dissensions that arose upon the slaughter of certain noblemen at the battle of St. Albans. The King's final award as to the terms of reconciliation is given in full, and may be read in the historians of the period or in Lingard, who gives it in brief. We need not notice it further, except that we should have been glad if, in regard to such documents as these, running over in this case as many as ten pages, the editor had supplied us with the same useful marginal analysis which he has so copiously given throughout the rest of the volume.

The King spent his Easter in 1459 at St. Albans, and left the Abbey to go to London after arranging that his Obit should be duly celebrated at the Abbey. Soon after this we light upon the proposals for celebrating the Council of Mantua. The prelates and nobles deputed are named, but the breaking out of the Civil War put an end to their embassy. And the Register from this point to the end is wholly taken up with the narrative of the dispute between the houses of York and Lancaster, with the exception of ten pages only, which relate to the management of the property of the Abbey. It is not till the autumn of 1459 that we have any intimation of the compiler's belief that the purpose of the rebellion was to place the Duke of York on the throne. We do not intend to follow the chronicler through the details of the war, which began so successfully for the King, and ended in placing Edward IV. on the throne as the legitimate heir of Lionel Duke of Clarence. The writer appears to have been as fond of rhetorical as of poetical effusions, and describes a mock trial of the insurgent nobles which is supposed to have taken place after the sack of the town of Ludlow, Justice coming forward against the accused and Mercy standing up in their behalf. This is preliminary to the description of the Act of Parliament passed against the insurgents, in which the King had a proviso inserted that he might show mercy towards them without the consent of Parliament. The next year, however, witnessed a change in the state of affairs, and the King was obliged to submit to being recognized as *de facto* King, to be succeeded at his death by Richard Duke of York, upon his consenting to waive his rights during the lifetime of Henry, when he was to act as protector and guardian to the King. His protectorate was shortlived, as he fell in the battle of Wakefield, December 30, 1460, leaving his son, the Earl of March, to make good his claim to the throne.

And here, obviously enough, the sympathies of the writer seem suddenly to change, and Edward's claim to the crown is acknowledged as paramount, he being the representative of Lionel, third son of Edward III., the great-grandson of Henry III. The whole title is described in a long series of villainous hexameters, in which also the fall of Henry and the defect of his title are mourned over, and the victory of Edward described in some concluding lines of congratulation; and the Register concludes with the names of the Queen, the Prince, and several other persons, who are pronounced by Act of Parliament dishonoured and attainted. The writer has

chronicled no further, and if his own description of his falling powers is correct, it is scarcely likely that he lived to witness any of the events of the year 1462.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.*

WHAT may be called Miss Braddon's later manner, though not disfigured by the unnatural sensationalism of her earlier, and though making a creditable endeavour to keep off dangerous ground, and to have some kind of relation to a higher line of thought, is yet not wholly satisfactory. With the abandonment of her old exaggeration of theme she has lost the vigour of treatment which characterized her earlier productions, and her innocence is almost as rapid as her crimes were once fiery. It is becoming too much like milk and water in exchange for alcohol. We cannot help, too, having an uneasy sensation that in *Strangers and Pilgrims* there is something like an attempt to make literary capital out of the Bible, and this helps to diminish its claims on our consideration. *Strangers and Pilgrims* is a painful story, and confused in its rendering of character. It does not scan somehow, and seems to have been written mainly for a bitter attack on lunatic asylums, which is the point of the third volume. Lunatics are "trying" to people of higher mental qualities than those usually found in the unimpaired men and women who are chosen for attendants; and it is difficult to know what to do with people who, while retaining consciousness and perhaps an exquisite sensibility, are not to be treated with their own lives or the lives of those about them. We are sorry that Miss Braddon has swelled the cry against these asylums. Unconfining lunatics would probably inflict greater discomfort on their friends than they have themselves to endure in these places.

Of the real nature of the heroine we confess we understand but little. Given a girl of strong will, changeable temper, tenacious affection, and infinity of purpose, full of pride and self-abasement, pure, yet guilty of questionable conduct, deep and shallow, passionate and cold, and what can we make of her? Out of such contradictory elements it would seem hard to create a character that will stand; but this is the character of Elizabeth Luttrell. We are of course expected to be profoundly interested in her; but for our own part we cannot see much in her to like or esteem. Her beauty seems to be her only real fascination, unless we add her misfortunes; for she is rather wrong-headed than true-hearted. As a girl, in what she would call her degenerate days, she is pert and superficial, unloving to her sisters, and vain beyond even the large amount of vanity allowed to a pretty woman. She takes up with district-visiting and goodness because she is in love with her father's curate, Malcolm Forde, and wishes to "cut out" her eldest sister. She is in love with Malcolm mainly because he does not care for her. Hitherto she, of all the four Misses Luttrell of Hawleigh, has been the one before whom the curates have gone down to a man; but Malcolm Forde, who has been in the army before he entered the Church, is a man of a different stamp from the ordinary "young Levite," as Miss Braddon calls the pædic curate. He is moreover fortified against the beautiful Elizabeth on two sides; on the one by his resolve not to marry at all, being a priest and regarding priestly marriage as unholy; on the other, by his recollections of his dead and dearly loved Alice Fraser, to whom he had been betrothed. At first he looks on undazzled and unalarmed at the all-conquering beauty of Elizabeth, whereby he piques her pride; and it is only when he takes an interest in her soul, which she mistakes for love, but which is really in the beginning nothing warmer than spiritual philanthropy, that he falls into her toils. The witchery of her eyes, the sauciness of her tongue, and the unnatural success of her district-visiting subdue the man who sets out with a memory and an ideal, and who is described as noble, loyal, and self-controlled. We cannot but think that Miss Braddon has stumbled here over the same difficulty as that which beset her in *Robert Endleigh*. Men of strong will, and, with a purpose in life, are not of the kind to be drawn aside by love. In the lives of such women play only a secondary part; and when the very soul of a man's purpose is a religious objection to marriage, we scarcely think the drawing true which attributes to him, along with will, conscience, resolve, the fluidity of sensuous weakness. Such a man as Malcolm Forde would have commanded his fancy and his passions more thoroughly than Miss Braddon has allowed. He would have been keenly alive to the inappropriateness of an attachment between himself and a girl who had already shown more levity of temper, and more coquetry in mystifying him, than harmonized with depth or straightforwardness of affection, and whose passion, when it did express itself, had an ugly look of recklessness rather than of intensity.

On this last count it is Elizabeth herself, who, to borrow Miss Braddon's own style, "makes the running." She goes to Malcolm Forde's lodgings alone, seeking to interest him in her conversion—of itself a rather startling proceeding in a country town where everybody knows everybody else, and no lights burn under bushels—and she all but tells him that she loves him when she follows him into his garden on the night of his intended leaving-taking. To say the least, she lets him see her drift too plainly for any mistake to exist, and Desdemona's "hint" was less palpable than hers. After this, and when she is absolutely engaged to him, she goes up to London to have her long promised "season" in the

* *Strangers and Pilgrims*. A Novel. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." 3 vols. London: Maxwell & Co. 1873.

house of her aunt, whose mind is bent on making her Viscountess Paulyn; and she enters into all the dissipation of the fast set in which she finds herself, with the Viscount at her elbow, making hot love to her. Yet her conscience is void of offence, because she likes to have Malcolm's letters in the morning, and because, when occasion occurs, she speaks of her love for him as no girl of natural pride or delicacy could speak of her lover to another man. All this part of Elizabeth's character and actions is quite out of harmony. Either she was sincere or she was not. If she had been sincere in her love for the one man, she would scarcely have placed herself in daily contact and peril with the other. If she had been a more weak, silly girl, waited hither and thither by every influence, her conduct would have been natural enough. But then in that case her tenacity of memory and her undying love for Malcolm through all her social success and brilliant position would not have fitted in. To be sure, women who brood much over the past are apt to invest their love with qualities which it never had. They forget their distastes, their qualms, their doubts, and remember only that they loved. Besides, it flatters them to imagine themselves constant in their inconstancy, and they forget the loop-line into which they have run, and go on again as if things had never known a break. But it could scarcely have been Miss Braddon's object to illustrate this tendency in the portrait of Elizabeth; nor do we think she means to have it understood that a strain of madness existed in her from the first to account for much that is inexplicable. Crazy heroines may be pathetic, but they are not interesting; and to have to forgive follies because they have been committed under partial mental aberration is a better excuse for the reader's charity than a proof of the writer's dramatic power.

We object altogether and on every ground to the conduct and character of Gertrude, the eldest Miss Luttrell. Her piety is simply grotesque; her love for Malcolm, though rather indicated than clearly made out, is unnatural, and her conduct in the matter of the anonymous letter is too suddenly and abruptly vile. As the eldest of the four sisters, her father's housekeeper and district-visitor, Gertrude was never worse than decently disagreeable. She was not delightful, but she was not a monster; so that when we find her suddenly confessing to an action through which her sister's life had been in part wrecked, and the extenuating circumstances of which are of the weakest kind, we are struck by a rawness in the colouring and violence in the outlines from which a veteran hand like Miss Braddon's should be free. The bitterness which runs through the whole story of *Strangers and Pilgrims* is seen nowhere more strongly than in the character of Gertrude. Of course Viscount Paulyn, being the husband, is a brute. In all novels the coarse-minded man who loves and marries in good faith the superior being who marries and acts in bad faith is the brute. That is indispensable. Without such a self-evident target, where would the slings and arrows of outraged womanhood strike? But really even the vulgar horse-racing Viscount had his griefs. He is not a very charming person all things considered; but a man who sincerely loves with the best love he has to give, if it is only the commonest kind of passion, a woman who gives him in return nothing but loathing and cold calculation, may be forgiven if he shows more temper than docility in the years which have to come to all whose marriage has tested character, and daily intercourse has brought down the goddess into the narrower domain of the wife. In the third volume a characteristic scene, too long to extract, ends with what we must think a piece of injustice on Miss Braddon's part, taking her, at her own showing, as the partisan of Elizabeth. She is now Lady Paulyn, and has been asking her husband to take her away from Slogh-na-Dyack, the Scotch castle to which they have retired, and near which Malcolm Forde is officiating as a temporary substitute for the minister of one of the churches. The Viscount refuses, and the conversation ends thus:—

"Be happy any way you please, so long as you don't worry me with this kind of thing. Come, now, Lizzie, be reasonable, you know. Let us retrench this year, and I'll give you a month or two in Park Lane in the spring. Of course I'm proud of you, and all that sort of thing, and I like to show you off. Only you've contrived to make it so confoundedly expensive."

"What other happiness do you suppose I expected when I married you, except the pleasure of spending money?" she retorted, in her coldest, hardest tone.

"Upon my soul, you're too bad," he cried angrily. "You're not the first woman that has married for money, by a long way, but I should think you're about the first that would look a man in the face and tell him as much without blushing."

And with this reproach he left her, to go back to his friends and smoke a moody cigar in their congenial society.

We would also notice two minor mistakes of treatment that do much to mar that truthfulness to nature which is of the first importance in a novel, and the want of which is not to be atoned for by any vigour of thought or vivacity of expression. When Malcolm Forde makes Elizabeth Luttrell his confidante, would she have so continually talked to him of his dead love? There is surely something not only indelicate, but unnatural, in the incessant references which seem to repudiate all sacredness and tenderness in a matter essentially both sacred and tender. Also, for a naturally reticent and resolute man, would Malcolm have told, first, his love affair with Alice to Elizabeth, and then that with Elizabeth herself, now Viscountess Paulyn, to Mr. MacKenzie? Again, when he saw his and her danger by their nearness of neighbourhood, would he not have found another friend for the Reverend Peter, and have escaped? Playing with edged tools is risky work, and Malcolm Forde was no fool. Still, with all its

faults, there is a certain quality of intensity in the character of this book which carries the reader over the faults and dreary bits, which are not a few. But why has Miss Braddon given way so much of late to melancholy and the exhibition of awkward in her dolls? Cheerfulness goes further than moping, and there is real sadness enough in the world without inventing so many artificial woes. We trust to meet our author in a brighter mood on the next occasion, and to see that she has conquered some of the bitterness, injustice, and passionate spirit of partisanship which sadden her latest story.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

THE Ministry appears to be in the position of an invalid who in the restlessness of debility constantly tries to gain ease by some trifling shift or turn on his couch. It cannot keep still for a week, and a new attempt to gain ease is now announced in the shape of what is termed the retirement of Mr. MONSELL. That unfortunate possessor of Ministerial honours is to be got rid of because it has been discovered that the Post Office has become too big a concern for mediocrity to manage. It is, indeed, impossible to conceive a greater damper to Parliamentary ambition than that which it has been Mr. MONSELL's lot to offer for contemplation. It appears that he was selected to fill the office of Postmaster-General on the two grounds that his appointment would please the Ultramontanes, and that the office was so unimportant that even Mr. MONSELL could fill it. Mr. MONSELL thoroughly appreciated the reasons which had led to his appointment. He was expected to be a cipher, and he behaved like the cipher he was expected to be. He made no attempt to control the machinery of the office of which he was nominally the head. His subordinates disposed of vast sums of money without taking the trouble even to let Mr. MONSELL know what was being done, and corresponded directly with the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. Mr. LOWE and Mr. SCUDAMORE managed or mismanaged the Post Office between them, and saved themselves much time and worry by ignoring Mr. MONSELL altogether. The gratification of the Ultramontanes was considered to lie in Mr. MONSELL's being called Postmaster-General and receiving his salary, and to be quite independent of his doing anything for his money. It was, indeed, necessary to use his name for the publication of an absurd and vexatious edict forbidding the transmission of stamps by post, and he had to undergo the humiliation, if his weak mind is capable of understanding the meaning of the term, which was involved in having immediately to revoke this edict in deference to the opinion of the House of Commons. But in general there was no occasion to disturb him from the repose of utter insignificance. When the scandals of the misappropriation of Post Office money and of the Zanzibar Contract were revealed, he told with gentle candour the story of the process by which he had been reduced to a mere nonentity in his own office. He did not complain, or show any signs of irritation. He merely entreated the House of Commons to observe that he was a good, harmless, inefficient sort of man, and craved indulgence on that unanswerable plea. Censure and criticism were thus disarmed, and no one had a hard word for this mildest and humblest of officials. His punishment has now come in as mitigated a shape as possible. He was not at once removed from the sphere of mischief, like the fiery AYRTON and the irrefragable LOWE. He was allowed, when the first transformation of the Ministry was made, to go on calling himself Postmaster-General. Even now, when his turn has come, he is not abruptly dismissed. He is to continue, in the humorous language of official life, discharging the duties of his post until his successor is appointed, and that is to be before October; so that during September, at any rate, he is to have the pleasure of exhibiting that mediocrity of intellect in the conduct of his department which he has been given to understand will no longer suffice for its proper management.

That this should be the end of a long Parliamentary career, and of an attempt to please the Ultramontanes, suggests many reflections as to the vanity of human wishes and purposes. But we are obliged to forget Mr. MONSELL when we are told that his retirement is only the prelude to

a further transformation of the Ministry on a large scale. The basis of the GLADSTONE Cabinet appears to be that so long as Mr. GLADSTONE is Premier anybody else may be anything without making much difference. The whole composition of the Cabinet is thus thrown open to speculation, and kind friends of the Government are at liberty to make any suggestions they please as to the distribution of offices. The last scheme that has been started with somewhat of a solemn and semi-official air is that the Duke of ARGYLL should be discovered to be weary and ill, and should take Lord ABERDARE's place, that Lord ABERDARE should get any little post he can lay his hands on, and that Mr. LOWE should leave the Home Office and rule over India. This, it is thought, will be a source of much ease and comfort to the Ministry, because, by the time the remote Indians have begun to be dissatisfied with Mr. LOWE, the whole Cabinet will probably be out of office; whereas the calamities he would cause by being at the Home Office would be immediately felt, and the Ministry would suffer for them at once. Mr. LOWE is to speak at Sheffield next week, and may possibly give some hint of the feelings which the suggestion has awakened in his mind. But even if he keeps a discreet silence, it will be difficult to conceive that he can regard with equanimity a proposal to remove him from an office which he has not held a month, on the ground, not that he has misconducted himself in it, but that he is by nature so disagreeable and wrongheaded that he is sure to misconduct himself in it. To acquiesce in such a view of his character and probable conduct would be an avowal of defeat and disgrace which Mr. LOWE might prefer to avoid by resigning office altogether. The framers of these schemes of Ministerial reconstruction appear to omit from their consideration the possibility of men of some eminence thinking that to form a part of the Ministry in its present dilapidated condition is no such great gain as it is said to be. It is said that part of Mr. GLADSTONE's new arrangements should be the inclusion in the Ministry of a certain number of conspicuous independent Liberals, and the claims of Mr. BOYER and Mr. HARCOURT are especially selected for recognition. What office is proposed for Mr. BOYER is not divulged. The startling thought seems to have occurred that he might be made Home Secretary, but to have died away as too big for utterance. But a post has been contrived for Mr. HARCOURT by suggesting that Mr. MONSELL should be replaced by Mr. AYRTON, who is pronounced to be exactly the man to look after letters, and who certainly would vex the soul of Mr. SCUDAMORE in a way that would amply punish him for any misdeeds of which he may have been guilty. This would leave the office of Judge-Advocate-General open, and as it is an office which has a judicial flavour about it, it would, it is imagined, exactly suit the taste of Mr. HARCOURT.

If humble posts of this kind are offered to Mr. BOYER and Mr. HARCOURT and are accepted by them, that will be their affair, and the public will have no reason to complain. Considering that when Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry was formed the Under-Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs was offered to and refused by Mr. HARCOURT, no one can say that five years afterwards, when the Ministry is in a state of collapse, the post of Judge-Advocate-General, which has been kept in abeyance for years as a useless sinecure, is above his pretensions. But if the Government wants to secure the services or the silence of conspicuous independent Liberals, and can get what it wants at such a price, it must be allowed that it will get it uncommonly cheap. What is the good of holding a minor office for a few months under an Administration that is struggling daily for existence? The independent member gives up his position, his pleasure,

his power, when he takes office; he must speak as he is told, defend the measures of his superiors, and toil through weary hours in order to make and keep a House. Even when the Ministry goes out, he is still a humble part of the recognised Opposition, and has to obey his leaders when out of office almost as much as when they were in office. The temptation seems exceedingly small, and it may be added that a member to whom such a bargain is now proposed will naturally think of his constituents. It certainly is no recommendation to electors that a candidate should be associated with the present Ministry, and a seat might be safe enough if sought for by an independent Liberal, which would be greatly endangered if the candidate appeared as the holder of some tiny Ministerial appointment. If the Government could be strengthened by the admission to its bosom of some of the leading Liberals outside it, the gain might counterbalance the cost of disappointing some of those obscure followers of the Government who think they have earned promotion by fidelity and length of service. But the probability is that what is proposed will be found impossible, and that no strength can accrue to the Government from this source. Nor is it in the least likely that any further transmutations in the existing Ministerial circle can do any good to the Government. To push Lord ABERDEEN and Mr. LOWE out of offices which they have only held for a few weeks in order to put some one else in, and to contrive new holes for the outgoing Ministers, will only increase the impression of weakness and incapacity for the effective discharge of administrative duties which the Government has created. There may be reasons not known to the public for further changes. Discord and jealousy may need to be appeased, or Mr. GLADSTONE may have cause to think that, unless he makes new arrangements, business cannot be carried on. For such reasons it may be worth his while to incur the risk of producing a bad effect on public opinion by another recast of his Cabinet. But the fact that he has to make another change, and cannot face Parliament again with the present distribution of his forces, must do him some harm in general estimation, and cannot possibly do him any good.

THE DUKE AND DUCHY OF BRUNSWICK.

THE will of the crazy and disreputable prince who was notorious as titular Duke of BRUNSWICK is worthy of his career. It may be doubted whether the document ought not to be considered invalid through the indications which it contains of partial or possible derangement. If the Duke of BRUNSWICK was not strictly insane, his character was formed after the type of the more extravagant and vicious Roman Emperors, whose moral perversity often seemed to affect their intellectual condition. His first care is to provide for an inquiry into the cause of his death and for the disposal of his body, and he then requires the erection of a gorgeous monument to perpetuate as long as possible the memory of an ignominious existence. A number of physicians are to ascertain whether he has been poisoned; and his remains are to be deposited at Geneva in a mausoleum above ground in a dignified and prominent position. Over the tomb is to be erected an equestrian statue of the deceased, and in his unworthy company are to be placed effigies of his famous grandfather, and of his father who died gloriously at Waterloo. The executors are enjoined to spare no expense, and to employ the most celebrated artists. Having as far as possible indulged his posthumous vanity, the testator next proceeds to gratify his feelings of resentment. The executors are prohibited from entering into any compromise with his brother the reigning Duke, or with his distant kinsmen the Hanoverian princes. Finally, all his property, real and personal, including rights which are scarcely the subject of testamentary disposition, are, subject to a few legacies, given absolutely to the city of Geneva. The enumeration of the details of his property recalls passages from English dramatic poets who have sometimes revelled in the description of imaginary wealth. Castles, domains, forests, estates, mines, saltworks, hotels, houses, parks, libraries, gardens, quarries, diamonds, jewels, silver, pictures, horses, carriages, and many other items, swell the catalogue of riches which failed to secure to the head of the old House in Europe the smallest consideration or respect. All these things it may have been in the Duke's power to defend and to bequeath; but other assets will scarcely be so easily by the city of Geneva. "That important part of

"our fortune which has been taken by force from us and kept since 1830, with all the interests in our Duchy of Brunswick"—a phrase which has perhaps been mistranslated—will scarcely be claimed by the legatees or surrendered by the actual holders. It may be presumed that, according to the law of the Canton of Geneva, the will will operate on the personality, unless it is set aside on the ground of unsoundness of mind. Difficult questions may arise as to the lands and houses which are devised; and the property which is attached to the Dukedom of Brunswick was clearly not at the disposal of a prince who had been long since dethroned. It seems that a previous will in favour of the Prince Imperial of FRANCE was revoked in 1870, either on the declaration of war or after the disaster of Sedan. Any feeling of patriotic indignation against the wanton assailant of his native country would have been entirely foreign to the character of the banished Duke. The will had probably been framed in the hope of embroiling France and Germany, and it may have been revoked when the beneficiary had become incapable of asserting by force vexatious claims on a German dukedom.

The fortunes of the great House of WELF, which culminated at the beginning of the thirteenth century in the person of HENRY the Lion, revived, after a long period of obscurity when the head of the younger branch of the family of BRUNSWICK married the daughter of the English princess ELIZABETH, Queen of Bohemia, and obtained the erection of his duchy into a ninth electorate. Duke FREDERICK of Brunswick, younger brother of the reigning Duke of the elder branch, one of the ablest among the lieutenants of FREDERICK the Great, commanded the English contingent at the battle of Minden. His nephew commanded the Prussian army which invaded France in 1792; and he might probably have occupied Paris if he had not been deluded into calculated inaction by DANTON and DEWOLLE, who flattered him with the empty hope of ascending the throne of France. His considerable military reputation was compromised when he fell at the battle of Austerlitz; and his son, the father of the deceased Duke, could only sustain the character of his House by his gallant death in the field of battle. The heir to the dukedom grew up an unbecoming tyrant, and the German Diet continued the sentence of deposition which had already been anticipated by a popular revolution in 1830. The Dukes and other minor princes of Germany had from time immemorial acknowledged the superiority of the Emperor; and they were in certain respects amenable to the jurisdiction of the Imperial Courts. Under the Federal Constitution which had been substituted at Vienna for the old organisation, the Diet succeeded to a right of interference which was not wholly inoperative for the restraint of petty potentates. The Dukedom of Brunswick corresponds in extent and population to an average English county; and even if the theoretical right of sovereignty had been absolute, it is obvious that the ruler of a petty province cannot, in the midst of well-governed States, really exercise the powers of a despot. In the eighteenth century the Dukes of Brunswick, though their allegiance was exclusively due to the Empire, had, like many of the minor princes in the North, become practically dependents of Prussia. The ducal dynasty owes the retention of its dominions to its fortunate weakness. In 1866 Brunswick necessarily adopted the cause of Prussia, while Hanover rashly affected an impracticable and ruinous independence. Notwithstanding the progressive consolidation of Germany, it is not impossible that the successors of the present EMPEROR may continue his policy of preserving as far as possible the rank and authority of the princes of the Federation.

The reigning Duke of BRUNSWICK is childless and advanced in years. At his death the succession to his dominions will probably be determined by mixed considerations of law and expediency. The ex-King of HANOVER, whose ancestors branched off in the sixteenth century from the House of BRUNSWICK-WOLFENBUTTEL, is probably the nearest kinsman of the reigning Duke in the male line; but a minute knowledge of treaties and family compacts would be required before the right of succession could be determined. The reigning families of Germany often exercised a power of modifying the strict rules of inheritance by contracts of so-called hereditary fraternization which created between the parties a reciprocal right of succession. As the Houses of HANOVER and BRUNSWICK have been repeatedly connected by intermarriage, it is not improbable that they may have formed between them-

selves engagements which may affect the title to the dukedom. The history of Germany down to the fall of the Roman Empire furnishes innumerable instances of quarrels on rights of succession, which were occasionally decided by agreement or litigation, and not unfrequently by war. In recent times the title of the Duke of AUGSBURG to Holstein was only established to be set aside, first by the Great Powers of Europe, and afterwards by the victorious arms of Prussia. The heir of Brunswick will owe his succession to the uncontrolled choice of the Imperial Government of Germany. It may be conjectured that the EMPEROR would not be unwilling to grant the dukedom to the King or Crown Prince of HANOVER in compensation for the loss of their kingdom; but the Hanoverian family have since their fall constantly preferred to their own material interests the empty assertion of their rights as legitimate Pretenders. The King of HANOVER would have welcomed the success of France against Germany if the war of 1870 had resulted in the restoration of his dominions. Henceforth an indispensable condition of the exercise of nominal sovereignty in Germany will be loyal adherence to the constitution of the Empire. If the princes of Hanover refuse compliance with the terms, the Duchy of Brunswick will be annexed to Prussia, or perhaps to the German Empire; or it will be transferred at the pleasure of the EMPEROR to some less impracticable nominee. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE, who comes after the family of Hanover as next-of-kin to the Dukes of BRUNSWICK, is supposed to share their disapproval of the annexation of the kingdom to Prussia. It may be doubted whether the English COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF would care to exchange his English rank and allowances for a petty foreign dukedom; and as the Duke of CAMBRIDGE is unmarried, his succession would only postpone the necessity of providing for the ultimate disposal of the territory. The sons of the Queen of ENGLAND are, according to German law, utter strangers to the succession. The union of Brunswick with the distant principality of Coburg-Gotha would be awkward and inconvenient; and it would seem an absurd alternative to convert a second English prince into a little German potentate. It is barely possible that the Court of Russia might be gratified by the transfer of the vacant dignity to the son-in-law of the Emperor ALEXANDER, but such an arrangement would have been more probable thirty years ago than at the present time. It matters little, except to the three hundred thousand inhabitants of the duchy, how the question of succession or annexation may be finally settled; but the German princes will watch with natural anxiety the manner in which the Imperial Government may think fit to deal with a lapsed fief, or vacant possession. If the Empire is declared to be the heir of all princely families which may happen to die out, the same process will have commenced by which some great European kingdoms were originally constituted. The Imperial Government is probably not anxious to accelerate the centralization of nominal as well as of real authority at Berlin. The minor potentates are never again likely to be tempted into connivance with alien enemies or invaders, for the reigning families would be summarily deposed by their subjects if they were guilty of treason to the nation. It happened by an odd coincidence that the late Duke of BRUNSWICK protested in his will, not against the aggressions of Prussia, but against the alleged injustice of the dethroned King of HANOVER.

THE FUSION, THE CHURCH, AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THERE seems a disposition in Paris, at all events among the Republicans, to underrate the probability of a serious attempt being made to place the Count of CHAMBORD on the throne. The visit of the Count of PARIS to Prohonor took the public by surprise, and most people jumped at once to the conclusion that everything was prepared for a Restoration. Now they see that there is still a great deal to be arranged; and they are consequently tempted to go to the other extreme, and to assume that, because nothing has been done yet, nothing will be done at any time. They forget that the Fusionists have no real reason for hurrying matters. It is very important that they should have resolved upon a course of action by the time that the Assembly meets in November, but there is no need that their policy should be set on foot, and published in the newspapers by the 1st of September. A premature dis-

closure would be likely to do them harm rather than good. It would give notice to the Republican party of the point at which the attack is to be made, and thus supply a motive purpose to their preparations for resistance. The fact that the obstacles which have stood in the way of any real co-operation between the two parties among the Royalists have not been removed hardly proves that they will be still in existence two months hence. Supposing that the Count of CHAMBORD has shown himself impracticable upon the question of the flag or the charter, nothing would be gained by announcing it. He may change his mind, or some new and more ingenious combination may succeed in satisfying scruples which have hitherto survived every suggestion of compromise. The proposal that the white flag and the tricolour shall both be used, the one as recalling the ancient glories of the French Monarchy, the other as symbolizing the modern victories of the French army, is in itself sufficiently reasonable; and it is difficult to believe that, if a Restoration should prove to be otherwise possible, it would come to nothing on such a trifle as this. The difficulty about a charter is more serious, because the two sections of the Royalists are equally opposed, the one to a restoration in which a Constitution is imposed upon the Sovereign by the Legislature, the other to a restoration in which the Legislature accepts a Constitution from the Sovereign. It may turn out, however, that there is no imperative necessity for a Constitution being either imposed or accepted. France has got along very well without one for the last two years and a half, and though the Provisional Government has been found inconvenient, it has been by reason of the uncertainty as to its ultimate character, not of any technical defects. If the Assembly were to proclaim the Count of CHAMBORD King, there would be no difficulty in adding a Second Chamber and introducing such limitations as may be thought necessary in the suffrage without the words Charter or Constitution being even spoken. France has all the essentials of a working Constitution already, and so long as she has a Legislature—a blessing of which the Count of CHAMBORD probably does not propose to dispossess her—the means of adding to or modifying those essentials lie ready to hand.

Even the Count himself probably sees that his chances of success is far greater than it has ever been before; and though, left to himself, he might prefer the gratification of his own obstinacy to the Crown of France, it is not likely that he will be left to himself. The most serious feature, perhaps, of the monarchical movement in France is its association with religion. The Roman Catholic Church has once more definitively allied herself with the Legitimist cause. In all the crowds of pilgrims who throng the sanctuaries of La Salette or Paray-le-Monial, there is probably not one who does not pray for the restoration of HENRY V. as well as for the restoration of Pius IX. This association with religion is an element at once of weakness and of strength. To the French middle class, no doubt, it is an additional obstacle to be got over. They do not like priestly domination, and they would much rather have their lives and properties made safe in this world without being troubled to make their souls safe in another. On the other hand, it is rather hard nowadays to get up much enthusiasm for hereditary Monarchy, and yet in fighting the Republicans enthusiasm is a most valuable weapon. The Church is in the highly advantageous position of having a large stock of enthusiasm to dispose of. There is apparently a genuine revival of religious feeling in France, and the clergy have had it very much in their own power to decide whether it should be turned to the account of any one political party. The character of the Count of CHAMBORD has determined them to use it in his favour. HENRY V. will not only be a good Catholic at home; he will be a good Catholic abroad; and at present this is the more essential qualification of the two. He will be the only Sovereign in Europe who has any personal zeal for the Pope—any desire, that is, to see his temporal dominions restored to him irrespectively of political considerations. M. THIERS is sound on the Roman question, but then he is sound for political reasons, and political reasons may change. If M. THIERS had seen his way to securing the Italian alliance for France, the Pope might have been confined to the Vatican for the rest of his life, even though he were to double, instead of equalling, the years of PETER. This is not the kind of support which the Roman Catholic Church wants. It will put up with it if it can get nothing better, and some of its shrewder politicians might even have preferred it as being likely to wear longer. But the Count of

CHAMBORD's devotion to the POPE for the POPE's own sake is naturally more to the taste of PIUS IX., and the influence of the Church in France has been given unreservedly to the Legitimists. It is not only as supplying the aid of religious enthusiasm that this adds strength to the Royalist cause; it supplies, what in the present instance may be almost as valuable, a means of bringing the Count of CHAMBORD to reason. If there is anybody who can make him tolerate the tricolour and recognize modern institutions it is the POPE; and though the POPE is as obstinate as the Count of CHAMBORD where his own prerogatives are concerned, he has only a very moderate reverence for other people's prerogatives. He is not likely to see the Count making up his mind to throw away his last and best chance without trying to change his purpose, and when PIUS IX. preaches concession, the sermon will at all events have the force of novelty. On the whole, therefore, we think it probable that November will find the Fusionists still bent upon carrying out their aim.

A good deal has been made of a speech of the Duke of BROGLIE, in which he preached the necessity of union among Conservatives, and called upon all honest men to rally round Marshal MACMAHON. Some critics have treated this speech as though it were intended to mark his disapproval of Fusionist projects. This view seems to be founded on a misconception of the Duke of BROGLIE's position. He is not himself a Fusionist; he is the leader of that Conservative Coalition of which the Fusionists are one element among several. If they were to succeed in absorbing those several elements, or were to become so unmistakably the strongest section of the Coalition that the alienation of the other sections would be a matter of no moment, the Duke of BROGLIE would no doubt declare in favour of a Restoration, and call upon all honest men to rally round HENRY V. But as yet the prospects of the Fusion are uncertain, and the Duke is bound to remember that the interests of Conservatism may survive the interests of the Monarchical party, and might be injured by premature identification with it. It is not for him to depreciate the authority of Marshal MACMAHON; on the contrary, it is as important for the Monarchists as for the Conservatives that this authority should be recognized and sustained. Marshal MACMAHON means the army, and without the army the Restoration could not last for a week. Consequently the Duke of BROGLIE's speech proves nothing as to his own belief in the Fusion, and need have no hostile influence on its prospects. It must be a very fanatical Royalist who would wish Conservatism itself to be identified with a lost cause, and a very sanguine one who would not admit that it is still possible, though, as he would insist, highly improbable, that Monarchy may yet be included among lost causes. The Duke of BROGLIE has better means of assuring himself as to the feeling of the country than can be at the disposal of any one who is not a Minister; and he may see reason to suspect that the deputies of the Left Centre will come back from visiting their constituents with a more settled conviction in favour of a Conservative Republic than has lately been attributed to them. In that case the majority in the Assembly in favour of proclaiming HENRY V. would be very small indeed; and though the Duke of BROGLIE has more courage than statesmanship, it is not likely that he will be so reckless as to wish to found the Monarchy on the support of one-half of the Assembly plus one. Again, it is better for the Royalists that they should appear to have converted the Duke of BROGLIE, by proving that the country is with them, than that the Duke should be supposed to have been a Royalist in disguise even when he professed to care nothing for the form of the Government provided that its substance was Conservative. Therefore, even if he were actually in league with the Fusionists, which appears improbable, he would have made precisely the speech which he has made. If a Government which claims to have no other end in view save to carry on the conflict with Radicalism accepts Monarchy as the standard under which it can fight the battle most hopefully, the impression made on the country is just what the Royalists themselves ought most to wish for.

THE EDINBURGH WORKING-MEN'S MEETING.

A LARGE meeting of workmen was lately held at Edinburgh to denounce the unpopular portions of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. Assemblages of this kind

are often described by their promoters as Demonstrations; and the phrase, however vulgar, indicates with approximate accuracy their purpose and character. The object is not to reason or to persuade, but to exhibit the numerical and physical strength of those who join in the agitation. A procession of eight thousand, or, according to another estimate, of sixteen thousand, persons traversed the streets of Edinburgh with the pomp which gratifies the unsophisticated taste of Scotch as of English mechanics. Some of the banners, preserved since the days of the Reform Bill, were probably unintelligible to the present generation, as they commemorated the public services of Lord GREY and Lord BROUGHAM; but there were also symbolical illustrations of the operation of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, including a picture by an ambitious artist of the commitment of a little boy to prison "in presence of a weeping mother and an execrating public." The members of Parliament who had been invited to attend unanimously excused themselves, with or without professions of sympathy. Mr. TREVELLYAN, as became an extreme democrat, expressed his approval of the object of the meeting; and Mr. AUBERON HERBERT, in a long letter, assured the astonished Trade Unionists that working-men "believe in the sacred duty of respecting individual liberty, and look with horror and detestation on all acts, by whomsoever they are done, which infringe upon this liberty." Mr. HERBERT's "complaint against the Act" is that certain actions which do not deserve imprisonment are included in the definition of 'molestation,' and that "an unusually heavy punishment is assigned to those actions, because they are supposed to be done with an intention to 'coerce.'" It is unfortunate that a scrupulous and delicate regard for individual liberty should express itself in acts which a perverse Legislature mistakes for molestation and coercion. The speakers at the meeting were less inclined to dwell on the sacred right of "picketing" than on the provisions of the Act which render certain breaches of contract criminally punishable. The judicial interpretation which has been given to the law of conspiracy constitutes a more solid grievance, and the Edinburgh orators denounced with cordial animosity Lord CAIRNS, the House of Lords, and the Conservative party in general. Some of them were of opinion that Mr. BRUCE had been the worst enemy of the working class, and at the same time they expressed the reverse of confidence in his successor. Mr. VERNON HALLGOURT had fairly earned the gratitude of those artisans who are dissatisfied with the present state of the law. The Bill which he introduced might perhaps have passed the House of Lords if the Government, which had originally discouraged his interference, had not converted a measure which would have remedied the grievances of the workman into a new law of conspiracy. Lord CAIRNS was justified in declining to discuss at the close of the Session a questionable alteration in one of the most difficult parts of the criminal law.

The speeches at the meeting were naturally monotonous; nor indeed has entire unanimity of sentiment any tendency to encourage eloquence. The use of speech, and especially of public speech, is to persuade, to convince, or to inform; and there is for the most part little use in declaiming to an audience which has adopted beforehand the conclusions of the speaker. The language which was used was for the most part temperate and decorous, though one enthusiastic advocate of Mr. AUBERON HERBERT's individual liberty proposed, it is to be hoped in a metaphorical sense, that certain "English rats" who had ventured to compete for work with Scotch compositors should be summarily strangled. When some dissatisfaction was expressed by a portion of the audience, the orator defended his proposition by the forcible argument that, according to the laws of nature, all vermin ought to be strangled. The minor premiss of the syllogism must have been that English non-Unionist workmen were properly described as vermin. Much interest was excited by the appearance of a victim of tyranny who had been imprisoned for a few days on a charge, as he said, of looking at a recreant who had deserted the Union. There are ways of looking at a person engaged in an unpopular act which, if they are practised by considerable bodies, may perhaps not be unreasonably thought to amount to molestation. At the same time it is possible that magistrates may occasionally be biased against members of a Union who are charged with attempts to coerce their non-conforming comrades. While some Unionists only look significantly at obnoxious workmen, others hold that the delinquents ought to be

strangled as vermin. If the class which was represented at the Edinburgh meeting should hereafter obtain control over legislation, it is certain that all the securities which now afford protection against the dictation of the Unions would be at once repealed. Other classes have been more or less selfish; but the working-men and their advisers professedly look exclusively to their own interests. No agitator against the law as it stands even affects to devise a remedy for breach of contract with an employer. The consumers will hereafter feel the benefit of absolute dependence on those who contribute manual labour to production.

The next election will diminish the existing uncertainty as to the extent of political power which has been conferred on the organized part of the working classes by the Reform Act of 1867. The principal speakers at the Edinburgh meeting urged their adherents to vote only for members who would promise compliance with their demands. It was also suggested that Mr. M'LAREN, who has given offence by his conscientious votes on the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, should be supplanted as member for Edinburgh by a working-man. Recent elections have not given encouragement to the advocates of democratic supremacy. Even at Dundee a local employer of labour obtains a considerable majority over a professed philanthropist whose theories border on Socialism. It has been conjectured with some probability that the smaller class of traders take advantage of the Ballot to express their jealousy of prosperous labourers and artisans. The great increase in the cost of living is perhaps attributed to the general rise in wages, which is but one of its secondary causes. The overbearing language of the working-class agitators produces a more legitimate resentment. It is still possible that the inference which has been drawn from isolated and occasional contests may be falsified by the result of a general appeal to the constituencies. The voters who exercised their franchise for the first time in 1868 were in many boroughs indifferent to political questions; nor had their forces been regularly organized. The political strength of the working class will not be fully tested until a general election turns on some question in which they are specially interested. Their leaders have with some adroitness taken advantage of casual opportunities to create excitement on the questions arising out of the Criminal Law Amendment Act and the law of conspiracy. It might be plausibly contended that the working class is interested in the enactment and enforcement of strict laws for the prevention of undue interference with the individual liberty, and for the enforcement of contracts; but it is not to be expected that penal legislation should be popular with those against whom it seems to be directed. If the indignation which has been loudly expressed at public meetings is generally and sincerely entertained, it is not improbable that the new electors may be induced to concentrate their support on candidates who will pledge themselves to the repeal of the obnoxious laws. The influence which has been for two years exercised by the publicans illustrates the power which may be exercised by sections of the community when their own interests are specially affected.

It is pleasant to find that even in a political gathering there was room for the gratification of ordinary tastes. A demonstration has the incidental advantage of serving as a reason for a holiday, and the younger attendants, at the meeting proceeded, when the speeches were over, to amuse themselves with dancing and similar recreations. The flags and the brass bands, and more especially the men in armour who form an indispensable element in popular processions, gave perhaps as much pleasure to the multitude as the eloquence of the speakers. A less satisfactory accompaniment of the meeting was an unusual amount of drunkenness. It may be taken for granted that the agitators and their more serious followers are too much in earnest to disgrace themselves by intemperance, but a large assemblage, whatever may be its object, always displays the characteristics of a mob. The same reasons which induce demagogues to arrange processions and to collect crowds have gradually put an end to all attempts to hold public meetings for discussion. It is found necessary that a popular audience should be of one way of thinking; and consequently the Houses of Parliament have gradually become the only places where debate is still allowed. The attendants at meetings of workmen probably fancy that statements and arguments which are never in their hearing answered are therefore unanswerable, and a Legislature which hesitates to comply with their demands is regarded as perversely tyrannical. It is not unlikely that some of

the more prominent leaders of Trade Unions may find their way into the House of Commons at the next election, nor would it be just to blame them for their natural ambition. At first they will perhaps be surprised to find that there are two sides to many political questions; and that Parliamentary tradition secures entire freedom of speech to all parties. If at any future time the middle classes are practically disfranchised by further extension of the franchise, it will not be surprising if Parliamentary debates degenerate into "demonstrations." The Government will probably rally the working classes to its side by offering them an enormous augmentation of their strength through the establishment of household suffrage in the counties. It remains to be seen whether the opposition to the measure which may be expected from other sections of the constituencies will counterbalance the benefit which the Ministers hope to gain.

FRENCH GENERALS AND REPUBLICANS.

LAST week we noticed the evidence of General DECROT given before a Parliamentary Commission. It was so much more vigorous and decisive than that of any other witness, and it expressed so forcibly the feelings of those who hate the Republic not only for its own sake but on account of the memories of the war, that it deserved especial notice. But the volume in which it appears is composed almost exclusively of evidence given by different generals. It is, in fact, an embodiment of all that those in command of French armies after Sedan have to say for themselves in the way of defence of their acts or in reproach of other people. It is therefore not without importance that we find the Generals, as a rule, evidently speaking with great soreness of the treatment they received and the conditions imposed on them. It is obvious that almost all of those who gave their evidence think that the rule of any such Republic as that which would recognize M. GAMBETTA as its chief would not at all suit them. Of M. GAMBETTA personally they almost all speak with respect, if not with admiration. But of his subordinates many of them speak with intense irritation, and they object to the whole system of managing affairs which then prevailed in France, on the double ground that it placed the care of important interests in the hands of ignorant men, who ordered experienced professional men about without knowing anything of the elements of the profession of arms, and that it inevitably led to the sacrifice of the country to the interests of a party, and the postponement of all other claims to those founded on a clamorous and obtrusive devotion to the Republic. As to the latter ground of complaint, it must be owned that the Generals had less reason to complain of it than any one else. All of them own—some of them reluctantly, and some of them eagerly—that M. GAMBETTA selected the best men he could, and stuck honestly and fairly by those whom he had chosen. He gave the command of the Army of the Loire to D'AUDELLE, who was as little of a Republican as possible, and who records for the benefit of the Commission the delight with which he witnessed his men go to church in the midst of their trials and defeats. BOURNAZI was removed from the command of the Army of the North on account of a clamour raised against him as an Imperialist; but he owns that the reception he met with from GAMBETTA appeased his wrath, and he was entrusted with the conduct of the last effort that was made to arrest the tide of adverse fortune. There can be no doubt that while the Republicans were in power they, like every other party in France, used the opportunity to promote friends and displace enemies; but this was not the case in the higher commands of the army. So far as supposed merit ever is the source of promotion in this world, it was the main, and perhaps the only, source of promotion to such commands while the Dictator of Tours ruled France. What is true is that he and his friends put the machinery of ordinary government into the hands of Republicans as much as they could. What is not true, on the showing of the Generals themselves examined before the Commission, is, that he looked to anything in his appointment of a general except his supposed capacity of beating the enemy.

What the Generals really complain of is that they were subjected to the surveillance and dictation of two subordinates of M. GAMBETTA who knew nothing about war, who took upon themselves supreme authority, and who were

constantly urging them to commit what were obviously blunders, and to attempt impossibilities. These two subordinates were M. DE FREYCINET, who was appointed by GAMBETTA as his delegate in the Ministry of War, and M. DE SERRES, who was simply appointed as an attaché to the Council of War. They were ardent and eager in the discharge of their duties, which seem to have been of the vaguest possible description, and they freely gave what to all appearance were orders to the different generals in command, although, when examined before the Commission, they insisted that what they gave were not orders so much as indications of what the civil authorities thought the military chiefs might conveniently do. M. DE SERRES more especially took upon himself to send General CREMER an order to shoot a spy, and General CREMER at once obeyed, and shot him. But M. DE SERRES insisted that a competent general would have read between the lines, and understood that the man was to be shot only after he had been satisfactorily proved to be a spy. In spite of his declarations, the order seems as positive as it was possible to make it, and M. GAMBETTA acknowledged that M. DE SERRES in his zeal had occasionally assumed an authority beyond that to which he was entitled. As we read the whole story it becomes evident that M. GAMBETTA and his subordinates did in point of fact give a variety of orders which were foolish and based on a wrong appreciation of circumstances, that they often did not know where the forces they were directing were, or of what materials they were composed, and that they started large bodies of troops on adventures of a very rash kind without having taken care that the men should be provided with the means of transport and with enough to eat. The expedition of BOUBAKI to the East was entirely the work of M. GAMBETTA and his subordinates, and M. DE SERRES seems to claim for himself the chief credit of having devised it; but he is obliged to own that the troops sent on this foolhardy adventure were without the commonest necessities of life, and he tries to throw the blame on the Railway Company, which, without having ascertained how it could be done, he took for granted ought to carry all they could want. It must, however, be remembered that the civil power at once found itself supreme beyond what is ordinarily the case in war, and destitute of the machinery which it usually possesses for aiding the operations of armies. The generals outside Paris could form no conception of the plan of war as a whole, as they were not in communication with TROCHU. A great general like NAPOLEON would have insisted on having all messages from Paris sent to him, and would have taken care that all messages sent to Paris should emanate from him. But there was no one at all like NAPOLEON among the generals who commanded after Sedan. There was no one of note or fame amongst them. They had not the confidence of the army or of the country. They were all much on an equality, and M. GAMBETTA therefore organized and conducted the campaign because there was nobody else to do it. He could only work with the instruments he had at hand. There were no experienced, cautious, energetic subordinates to be found after the collapse of the Imperial Government at Paris and the disasters of Sedan and Metz; and those whom he did employ were at least very energetic, if they did not know much and were not careful to keep strictly within the limits of their authority.

Nothing can be more obvious than that, had it not been for M. GAMBETTA, there would have been no resistance to the Germans outside Paris at all. Had France stood by the Empire even after Sedan, or had it been possessed by such a desire for a BOURBON restoration that it had immediately called one of the exiled princes to the head of affairs after Sedan, there might no doubt have been some one whose name is now unknown to fame who could have done, on behalf of the Government he served, as much as M. GAMBETTA did under the Republican Government which in point of fact was established. But, as things happened, it was M. GAMBETTA, and he alone, who made possible such resistance to the Germans as was offered. He committed a thousand mistakes, but the evidence given before the Commission shows that there was no general who had a plan of campaign in the probable success of which he believed, and that the plans of other persons may be criticized with quite as great severity as those of GAMBETTA. It was, as is now known, the plan of TROCHU to make his great sortie, not on the side of the Marne, but down the valley of the Seine, in order that Paris might be revictualled from Rouen and Havre; and in his evidence General Ducrot approves of this plan, and says that it was only

abandoned in deference to the foolish notion that the Army of the Loire was approaching, and that Paris must hold out a hand to meet it. General d'AURELLE, when examined before the Commission, took the opportunity of speaking his mind as to this scheme of a sortie down the Seine, and no language could be stronger than that in which he criticized its grotesque absurdity. He had taken the trouble to make a series of calculations showing how many men and animals must have been engaged in the operation, and how inevitably they would have fallen into the power of the enemy if they had made the attempt. None of the blunders of GAMBETTA or his subordinates seemed to General d'AURELLE half as ludicrous as the gigantic blunders which TROCHU and DUCROT were prepared to perpetrate if they had had the chance. When, therefore, it is said that M. GAMBETTA and his subordinates interfered with the Generals continually, and often unwisely, although this is quite true, yet it must be remembered that none of the Generals believed that they could do any real good, and that the schemes which each formed for doing the little he thought possible often seemed absurd to others of their number. It was because there was one civilian who really believed in success, who formed such plans as he could, and insisted to the utmost of his power on having them tried, that France did make a four months' fight after Sedan. Thus much must be said in justice to M. GAMBETTA; but, on the other hand, this volume of evidence brings into the strongest relief the patience and good temper with which the Generals tried to carry out the tasks assigned them, the small degree of jealousy which for the most part they showed at the time, and their patriotic anxiety not to let the attempt to save the country fail because they did not like the men who guided them in making it.

THE COAL QUESTION.

THE able and judicious Report of the Select Committee on Coal, drawn by the Chairman Mr. AYTON, can have disappointed by its moderate or negative conclusions only unreasonably sanguine expectations. No inquiry was needed to ascertain that the causes of the dearth of coal, whether they consisted of the concert of masters or of workmen, or of the operation of the ordinary laws of supply and demand, were beyond the reach of legislation. Although one or two of the members of the Committee seem by the questions which they addressed to the witnesses to have contemplated as possible an arbitrary expropriation of the coal-owners, the Report, which was unanimously adopted, recommends strict adherence to the principle of freedom of trade, and "an inflexible resolution of non-interference on the part of the State." The more plausible suggestion of an export duty on coal is for good reasons definitively rejected. Some exported coal is used by English ship-owners, and much of the remainder aids in the production of commodities which are afterwards imported into the United Kingdom. The Committee also forcibly remark that the recent excess of demand for export applied, not to coal, but to iron. Every ton of pig-iron represents three tons of coal consumed in the process of smelting, and every ton of rolled iron three additional tons. Unless, therefore, the exportation of iron were discouraged, the desired effect of lowering the price of coal by an export duty would only be produced to a comparatively trifling extent. As far as the more important question of production is concerned, it is evidently impossible to place an artificial limit either on profits or on wages. Since Parliament can do nothing to cheapen coal, political pedants might object to the appointment of a Committee for the mere purpose of collecting information; but it is not a waste of time to contribute to a better understanding among different classes, by means of a clearer comprehension of their motives and conduct. The evidence fully justifies the statement of the Committee that "the real order of events has been the rise in the price of iron, the rise in the price of coal, and the rise in the rate of wages." Indirectly the rise in wages has, by its effect in shortening the hours of labour, largely tended to maintain the high price of coal; but the prospects and growth of the iron trade are primarily responsible for all the disturbance which has occurred in the coal market. The Committee acquit the coal-owners of the charge of having combined to raise the price of coal; and while they express regret at the desire of some of the workmen to restrict the storage of coal for future consumption, they add the statement that some of the witnesses

who have appeared on behalf of the workmen disclaim the opinion that an accumulation of stocks ought to be discouraged. For the moment the question possesses no practical importance, because every coal-owner is using his utmost efforts to keep pace with the demands of the market.

The Committee prudently abstained from any attempt to ascertain the profits of the coal-owners since the rise in prices; but the witnesses who were engaged in the business candidly admitted the magnitude of their gains. Mr. ELLIOT, member for North Durham, who is largely interested in coal in the North, in Staffordshire, in South Wales, and in Nova Scotia, informed the Committee that, although during thirty years the coal trade had been comparatively unremunerative, a year or two more of the present prices would redress the balance by giving a fair average over the whole of the period. The price is, as Mr. ELLIOT readily admits, too high; but he holds out little hope of an early reduction. "It is unnatural," he says, "that a person investing in the coal trade should be making such a large profit as he is now." In other words, capitalists have a strong inducement to engage in the business; and, if the production is consequently increased, the price of the commodity may perhaps be gradually reduced. Canada, which now consumes a large quantity of English coal, will probably hereafter derive its supply from Nova Scotia; and steamships trading to America, to the Black Sea, and to China will probably become more and more accustomed to coal abroad for the homeward voyage. A larger diminution of the demand might be caused by an interruption of the prosperity of the iron trade. Some part of the recent activity has been produced by the necessity of improving every kind of machinery which affects the consumption of fuel. When the alterations are completed the special demand will be withdrawn, and the proportionate consumption of coal will at the same time have been permanently diminished. The Committee exhibited a sound discretion in not attempting to solve complicated and speculative problems. A small excess in the demand over the supply may sometimes cause a large advance in price. In the opinion of some of the witnesses, the expansion of the iron trade in Middlesborough alone, and the strike of the South Wales colliers in 1871, would together almost sufficiently account for the entire rise of prices. The consumers are also paying the cost of the provisions of Mr. Bruce's Mines Regulation Act of 1871. They have not only to bear the losses which arise from strikes, but to secure the coal-owners against possible strikes, and to compensate them for the diminution in the hours of labour. In the case of new lettings the owners of mineral property will probably be able to make advantageous bargains; but they are sometimes in their turn hampered by exorbitant demands for way-leaves when their access to railways is impeded by the caprice and imperfect information of Parliamentary Committees.

The most interesting part of the inquiry related to the demands, the condition, and the conduct of the working colliers. If the representatives of the Trade Unions may be trusted, the influence of these associations is habitually employed in favour of steady and regular labour during the reduced hours of work which have resulted from the high rate of wages. Although extravagance and intemperance are not uncommon, it would appear that the standard of comfort has been raised, that the children are better educated, and the houses better furnished, and that some of the men save considerable sums of money. One or two witnesses indeed assert that in Northumberland the collier "is not a gentleman as he was thirty years ago," but the alleged change for the worse is fully explained by the immigration of strangers among the hereditary mining population. The employers, with scarcely an exception, speak of the workmen with creditable candour and good feeling; and some of them think that a reduction in the hours of a severe and exhausting kind of labour is not unacquired. Mr. ELLIOT expresses a wish that the experiment of co-operative mining should be tried with the aid of the large capital accumulated by some of the associations of working colliers. He says that he has collieries which he would willingly let them have for the purpose; and that he would give them ample time for payment, and assist them in every way. A majority of the coal-owners who give evidence refuse to favour the plan of arbitration which was strenuously advocated by Mr. MANNING, a member of the Committee. The leaders of the Unions, as might be expected, announce in their reports a system

tem, which virtually recognizes their claim to a share in the profits earned by capital. The Committee, with its customary prudence, pledged itself to no definite conclusion on the subject. The more cautious witnesses confessed their inability to understand the basis on which arbitration was to proceed. If wages rise with profits, they ought also to fall in the same proportion; and yet it is evident that a workman requires a certain minimum of wages for his subsistence. According to Mr. ELLIOT, the average profit of coal lessees during nearly thirty years scarcely exceeded five per cent. The rate is now perhaps forty or fifty per cent.; and the collier earns eight or ten shillings a day. If the former state of things were restored, it would be impossible that wages should be reduced in the same ratio as profits.

Mr. NORMANSELL, Mr. MACDONALD, and other representatives of the associations of workmen generally profess their desire to deal with employers united in similar combinations. The masters, it is true, derive strength from union; but, on the other hand, they recognize by joint action the legitimate nature of the Trade Unions, and the official character of their representatives. During the South Wales strike of the present year, the chief contention of the ironmasters was for the right of each employer to negotiate separately and independently with his own men. In the result the demands preferred by Mr. HALLIDAY and the Miners' Association were practically conceded, but in point of form the men submitted to a nominal reduction, and the credentials of Mr. HALLIDAY were never acknowledged by the masters. Mr. LANDALE, an experienced manager of collieries in Scotland, assured the Committee that the uneasiness among the miners proceeded not from themselves, but from Mr. MACDONALD and other delegates, who, as he said, live by agitation. As might have been expected, Mr. MACDONALD earnestly denied the truth of the statement; nor is it either possible or useful to distinguish between popular feeling and personal influence. All unions of men, political or social, are directed by leaders who alternately impel the mass and submit to its pressure. As Trade Unions exist, delegates and members of Council must also be tolerated, with all the results which may attend their inevitable control over the decisions of the workmen. If a large body of colliers think fit to devolve the management of their interests on chosen agents, employers will probably find it convenient to recognize the delegation. In many cases, consultations among the representatives of employers and of workmen tend to prevent or to postpone collisions; but when the discussion takes the formal shape of an arbitration, the want of a basis for an award will sooner or later make itself felt. In seasons of prosperous trade, capitalists who are making large fortunes and workmen who are with much ease earning enormous wages will have strong reasons for avoiding a rupture. The consumer who pays for all is not represented at the arbitrations, nor was his evidence tendered to the Committee.

THE BANK FORGERIES.

THE virtual confession of two of the prisoners in the Bank forgeries case left the jury little to do. There was no doubt that MACDONNELL, NOYES, and the two BIDWELLS had all been concerned in the crime; the only question was whether NOYES and the younger BIDWELL had understood the nature of the transactions in which they were engaged. The jury thought that guilty knowledge was fully proved against them, and the judge saw no reason to make any distinction in their sentences. Humanity, like honour, may sometimes be found among thieves, and the two prisoners whose guilt was unmistakably proved showed considerable anxiety that their companions should be let off with a lighter sentence, even if they did not escape altogether. Perhaps some persuasion had in the first instance been necessary to induce AUSTIN BIDWELL and NOYES to join in the enterprise, and in that sense the responsibility of MACDONNELL and GEORGE BIDWELL may have been the greater. But there is nothing in the evidence to show that when once embarked in it there was any difference in the zeal with which they played their several parts. So much of MACDONNELL's speech as referred to himself was directed to show that the counsel for the prosecution had assigned too early a date to the first conception of the scheme. He reminded with something like indignation the charge that he had come over from America with an intention of committing a forgery on the banks of England. It was not, he said, until he had been some time in England that he conceived the

discount are not, as in America, sent round to the acceptor to be "initialled," that the possibility of forging bills of exchange presented itself to him. As, however, he immediately telegraphed to a friend that he had made a discovery of great importance, it was clear, even apart from the facts that have since been made public, that the idea of forgery was sufficiently familiar to him, and the *a priori* probabilities of the case are certainly on the side of the prosecution. The story as it came out in the evidence was this. In the spring of 1872 AUSTIN BIDWELL ordered some clothes of some tailors, named GREEN, living in Savile Row, and asked if he might leave some money with them while he was in Ireland. Mr. GREEN declined to become BIDWELL's banker, and instead introduced him to his own bankers, the Western branch of the Bank of England. BIDWELL at once opened an account with the very respectable payment of 1,200*l.*, and he soon followed this up by a further remittance of 1,000*l.* In September it was further increased by the proceeds of 8,000*l.* worth of Portuguese Three per Cent. Bonds. Having thus established their credit with the Bank, the confederates began to present genuine bills to be discounted. These bills had been bought by them in various European cities, and before being presented to the Bank they had served as models for the forged bills which they intended to present later on. By the 21st of January they thought the Bank had been sufficiently accustomed to the sight of their paper to make it safe to begin work, and on that day the first batch of forged bills was sent in and discounted. By the end of February 102,217*l.* had been made in this way, and, but for the accidental omission of a date, which led to a bill being sent to the supposed acceptor to have the oversight rectified, there would have been ample time before the bills became due for the prisoners to have made their escape. They had, as they thought, made it impossible for the proceeds of the fraud to be traced into their hands by a process of double exchange, first of notes into gold, and then of gold into notes. By this means, and by the number of different names and characters they had assumed, they no doubt hoped that their identity with the authors of the forgeries would remain unknown.

"Fraud," said MACDONNELL, in his speech to the jury, "though a very wretched, unhappy, miserable, and contemptible art, may be to a certain extent called an art 'nevertheless.' It is difficult to believe that this depreciation of his own pursuit was genuine. It is far more probable that the excitement and danger with which the execution of the scheme was surrounded had blinded the conspirators to its real character. There is something almost heroic in the idea of coming over to London and there turning a small capital into a large one by a series of forgeries clever enough to deceive such practised eyes as the officials of the Bank of England. It wanted something of this sort probably to supply the necessary motive. Desperate men will undertake desperate enterprises for the mere sake of getting money. They will not work, they are too proud to beg, and they take to robbery as the only alternative. But these men were not desperate. Previous forgeries had supplied them with a moderate capital which in the ordinary course of business would have yielded them enough to live on, and it is doubtful whether the desire to become rich would alone have sustained them in all the difficulties of their undertaking. The love of exciting adventure and the pride of successful adventure is seen in the letter written by GEORGE BIDWELL while he was flying from the police. He describes how 'his nerve has stood him through two taps on the 'shoulder and four encounters,' how he 'has been a 'Fenian, a priest, a professor, a Russian who could 'speak 'only verree little Engles mais un pen de Français 'et Allemand,' a deaf and dumb man with a slate and 'pencil—all in the space of a week.' Something of the pleasure which evidently underlies this description was to be gained at every step of the scheme. The same qualities seem to run in the BIDWELL family, at least if the brother JOHN BIDWELL is the author of the plot to get the prisoners out of Newgate, if not out of the very Court itself. Most men would have thought a well-guarded prison in the very heart of London too unpromising a field to be worth the trying. The BIDWELLS thought differently, and the result had almost justified their faith in the power of money in daring hands. A bribe of 1,000*l.* is supposed to have been too much for the honesty of one at least of the warders, and the extent of the precautions taken during the later days of the trial, and continued down to the moment of passing sentence, show, at all events, that the authorities

did not to the last think it impossible that a rescue of some sort would be attempted.

The whole case is too remarkable and exceptional to admit of any moral being drawn from it. It is one of those strange instances in which individualism occasionally asserts itself even in crime. America is just the country to furnish criminals of this type, because there alone is to be found the combination of large mercantile transactions with a state of society in which men still carry their lives in their hands. The scheme of getting one hundred thousand pounds from the Bank of England by means of forged bills might have suggested itself to the brain of a Londoner, but a Londoner would hardly have had the nerve to carry the idea out. In America the clerk who is sitting at a desk in New York to-day may next week be collecting debts in California, or making inquiries in Mexico. Under such conditions as these men learn to depend on themselves, and to believe that everything is possible to coolness and daring, to a degree which is hardly attainable in communities where civilization is more universally diffused. As regards the morality of the act, it is really no worse than some which have met in America with very different treatment. There was not one of the scoundrels concerned in the Erie swindle who did not deserve as severe a punishment as any of these forgers, and the generally lax tone of American comment on the proceedings of Mr. JAY GOULD and his fellow-criminals may well have led the BIDWELLS and MACDONNELL to think that success was all that was required to secure them immunity against disgrace, even if their plans for disarming suspicion should not do all that they intended them to do.

The Bank of England has been so heavy a loser by these frauds, that the best attention of the Directors will no doubt be given to devising precautions against a recurrence of the crime. Of course there is one great safeguard in the fact that nothing but a very long preparation could have disarmed suspicion, and a very long preparation implies that there is an amount of skill and capital at the command of the forger which is not very often met with. Still in the hurry of business even such frauds as these soon slip out of remembrance, and if equal ingenuity were directed to a similar object ten years hence, it is far from improbable that it might have much the same result. The manager of the Western Branch will perhaps in future be more likely to refuse a genuine bill than to discount a forged one, but managers who have not had his painful experience may be less cautious. What precautions ought to be adopted to ensure the Bank against deception is a matter for experts to settle, but it seems clear that when a succession of bills are presented by a customer having no recognized position in London, some steps ought to be taken to ascertain that the acceptances are genuine. After this startling proof of the necessity of some such process, no offence can possibly be given by laying down a rule to this effect for the future. Whether MACDONNELL's assertion that the absence of such a rule first suggested the forgery to his imagination be true or false, it certainly ought not to remain possible for any future criminal to make a similar statement.

ACCIDENT UPON ACCIDENT.

THE Retford railway accident is an occurrence of a much simpler type than its predecessor at Wigan. It is not yet known how the engine-driver will explain his apparent disregard of signals, but that the disaster was caused by his disregard of them seems scarcely open to question. No doubt the conditions under which the Great Northern line crosses the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire line at Retford are unusually favourable to collision. The case with which trains are now taken up very steep inclines has not induced either Company to carry its rails across the other line by means of a bridge. The traffic from East to West and from North to South passes over the same spot at a level, so that the safety of the passengers depends entirely on the accuracy with which the signals are worked, and the care with which they are watched. In this case, two trains proceeding at right angles came in contact just at the crossing. The passengers by the train going East had seen the train approaching from the North, and expected that it would stop until they had passed. Instead of doing this it came on at a rapid rate, and cut the other train in two. Two days later, at Dodworth, also on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire line,

another excursion train was run into by a goods train, the driver of which had been unable to see the signal owing to the fog. At Eastbourne, a day earlier, two trains, which have to run for a short distance over the same rails, were both late, and came into collision. Here, therefore, were three accidents from the same, or nearly the same, cause within four days. There is no mystery about this class of railway disaster. In all these instances alike we have an overcrowded and unpunctual traffic, which necessarily leaves the lives and limbs of the passengers to the mercy of an overworked signalman or engine-driver. As regards railway travelling, a dark winter night is not half so dangerous a time as a bright August day. At this season the Railway Companies seem to set no limit to the number of trains they are prepared to run, except such as may be imposed on them by the amount of their rolling-stock. Tourists going off to Scotland, families going to the seaside, excursionists pouring out of the great towns to the nearest bit of woodland or coast—all these classes of travellers want to be accommodated at the same time, and the Companies have not the heart to refuse any one of them. Towards every junction therefore trains are converging at all hours, and there is nothing but the signals to preserve even the minimum of necessary interval between them. But no matter how perfect the system of signalling may be, it has to be interpreted at very short notice by men who as often as not are in urgent want of rest and sleep. Any one who will think for a moment what mistakes he has made when thoroughly tired out with work will be inclined to wonder that the drivers so rarely misread or neglect a signal, and that the signalman so rarely sets the wrong arm in motion or shows the wrong lamp. A recent accident on the Great Western line near Salisbury was admitted by the station-master at Wilton to be caused by first telegraphing to Salisbury that the line—a single one—was clear, and then, in a moment of forgetfulness, sending a train on. "In answer to inquiries," says a report of the Coroner's inquest, "he added that, in addition to the duties of 'station-master, he had to attend to all the accounts, to 'issue and collect tickets, to attend to the telegraph and 'to all trains, and that his hours were from six in the 'morning to half-past nine, and sometimes later at night, 'with only one porter to help him." Even an ordinary working day of fifteen hours might not have made him lose his head, but on the day before the accident there had been a great fête in Wilton Park, "and he had been very 'much harassed, having had a great deal of work to do"—meaning evidently extra work. Whatever verdict the coroner's jury may return, no reasonable person can doubt that the station-master's employers, not the station-master himself, are to blame for this accident; and it has yet to be seen how far similar causes have been at work at Retford and Eastbourne.

There are three conditions under any one of which railway travelling in August might conceivably be safe. One is that the Companies should run no more trains than their present servants can properly attend to. A second is that there should be no level crossings, and no part of the line on which trains going in different directions can ever meet. A third is, that, supposing the number of trains and the dangers of the crossings to remain what they are, the staff of servants should be large enough to ensure that every one of them may have all his faculties about him during the whole time he is on duty. If the first of these precautions were observed, the interval between trains going in the same direction would be considerable, and, though junctions would still be a source of danger, yet the punctuality with which the trains would be able to travel would allow of the distance of each from the point of possible contact being accurately calculated. If the second condition were observed, collisions would be very much rarer, because they could only happen when a train had been accidentally sent on to a line with which it would properly have no connexion. At Retford, for example, if there had been a bridge, and at Eastbourne, if there had been a different line of rails for trains having different destinations, the accident would have been altogether prevented. Even if the Companies were to establish their right to neglect both these safeguards, the worst consequences of the omission might be remedied by a very vigilant staff of servants and officials. Imperfect machinery thoroughly well worked may be safer than better machinery in the hands of less competent men. There is not one of these suggestions which might not be carried out in almost every case, supposing the Companies were willing to have

recourse to them. As it is, they neglect all three. They overcrowd their lines; they make the same line of rails do double duty; they work their servants till they lose their wits from sheer fatigue. And every one of these acts of wilful carelessness is committed with perfect impunity, except from damages. Parliament seems quite unable to devise any means of compelling Railway Companies to do their duty. We know as each summer comes round that the same accidents will happen from the same causes. And yet we are powerless to make the Companies take the necessary steps to guard against them.

In this state of things Lord CAMPBELL'S Act is the only plank we have to cling to. It is easy to find fault with it. It is easy to say that it bears hardly on the Companies because juries have, as a rule, more sympathy with the travelling public than with the shareholding public, or that what a railway passenger wants is protection for his life, not compensation to his representatives for his death. But so long as no other law bears on Railway Companies at all, and so long as compensation for death is the nearest attainable approach to protection of life, it is of the utmost moment that Lord CAMPBELL'S Act should be retained in its present form. We grant that it dispenses but a very rough justice; but even rough justice is better than no justice at all, and, little as Railway Companies seem to mind the prospect of heavy damages, they would mind immunity from heavy damages a good deal less. We should much prefer seeing some machinery in force by which the Companies should be compelled to adopt every approved precaution against disaster; and in that case we readily admit the responsibility for accidents would be removed from the shoulders of the Railway Directors to those of the department which had allowed a necessary precaution to be omitted. But we have not got any such machinery, and in the present temper of Parliament there does not seem to be much chance that we shall ever get it. Railway travellers, though a very large, are a very unorganized body, and the consequence is that in the House of Commons they are absolutely powerless. This was shown very clearly in the debates on the Railway Traffic Act Amendment Bill last Session. So long as it was a question of forwarding goods in safety to their journey's end the railway interest found that it had energetic adversaries to contend against. But as soon as an attempt was made to make some provision for forwarding passengers in safety to their journey's end, the railway interest had everything its own way. Probably it would now be impossible to pass such a measure as Lord CAMPBELL'S Act. But, as by a happy chance we are in possession of it, it only remains to take care that it is not in any way tampered with. Year by year there will necessarily be less and less competition between Railway Companies, so that the chance which we might otherwise enjoy of having greater safety in travelling held out as an inducement to prefer one line to another is denied us. Throughout a great part of the country railways possess a monopoly of the means of locomotion. The only choice left is the choice between travelling by railway or staying at home. The Companies are perfectly aware of this fact, and they show their knowledge of it by their studious disregard of the comfort and the safety of their passengers. Instead of the public being their customers, they are their serfs. Nor is the prospect an improving one. The increase in the working expenses of the several lines consequent on the rise in the price of coal and iron must be met somehow, and the most natural way to meet it is by carrying more passengers, employing fewer servants, and introducing no improvements. The Board of Trade can do little for us, for, though it can point out the cause of an accident, and suggest means of preventing its recurrence, it cannot insist on its advice being taken. The very day that the Wigan accident happened the surviving carriages of the tourist train were nearly run into because their engine broke down, and there was no means of signalling to the driver of the Limited Mail. Yet, if the suggestions of the Government Inspectors had been attended to, this source of danger would long ago have been removed. These are the facts which justify juries in giving heavy damages against Railway Companies. If they cannot be forced to make railway travelling safe, they can at all events be made to feel that leaving it unsafe costs money. If they could once be taught that a low death-rate means a high dividend, avoidable accidents might become as obsolete as stage-coaches.

SPORTS AND STUDIES.

A COMPLAINT which is rapidly becoming rather commonplace cropped up in the *Times* the other day. An "Officer of the Army with Limited Means" complained of the present system of exalting the importance of athletic sports as compared with the studies which are still conventionally supposed to be the main occupation of schoolboys. The Officer's point of view was perhaps not the highest, but it had the merit of being intelligible to large classes. He thought it very hard that, whereas he paid for Latin and Greek, the article actually delivered was adulterated with rowing and cricket. His explanation of the phenomenon was in accordance with this view of the evil. Schoolmasters, he said, let their boys play because they escape a great deal of drudgery. A master at a public school often receives a very large income; and if he were compelled to provide his boys with a corresponding amount of knowledge, he would either have to incur a much greater expense, or to work very much harder for his money. Therefore he behaves like a dishonest tradesman, and, instead of teaching the boys, allows them to amuse themselves, and then dignifies the amusement by a free use of the vocabulary of the muscular Christians.

This theory will of course be indignantly repudiated by the high-minded gentlemen who have the charge of our youth. Whether some infinitesimal grain of truth may lurk in it is more than we can say offhand. It is conceivable that the natural indolence from which schoolmasters are no more exempt than any other class of the population may incline them to look with undue favour upon a system which certainly lightens their duties. Nobody, however, who knows them will deny that schoolmasters, as a rule, are a very hard-working set of men; and it would be the grossest injustice to assert of any of our greater schools that the masters are consciously moved by such sordid considerations as those suggested by their military critic. It is pardonable in a father who finds that his son cannot construe a line of Greek, but can run a mile in four minutes and a half, to be rather irritated at the turn things have taken; and it is not surprising that he should deal in random accusations. Schoolmasters may profitably turn his remarks to account by looking at themselves with the eyes of the ordinary parent. We, however, can by no means accept his doctrine as final, or place the whole responsibility upon the shoulders of a deserving body of men.

To say the truth, the question whose fault is it? is about as useless here as it is in most cases. It is very convenient for parents to say that the wicked schoolmaster gives a bad article because he is idle or avaricious. The schoolmaster can, of course, retort with equal plausibility that the parent is the real source of the evil. Theoretically, a school is what the master makes it; practically, it is very much what the parent wishes it to be. The schoolmaster can only deal with the material supplied to him. Boys who have been brought up in idle luxury for fourteen years cannot be drilled into intellectual activity in the four or five following years. The ultimate appeal is to parental authority. If the average father cares very little for learning, he will not back up the schoolmaster's efforts at raising the standard of study. The same people who cry out against the laxity of discipline are roused to indignation if their own lads are stinted of amusement or exposed to any kind of hardship. Too much importance, it is generally admitted, is attached to cricket; but, if the head-masters venture to draw the moral that the public school matches should not take place according to precedent, a thrill of indignation passes through the whole country. If schoolmasters are to be regarded from the tradesman's point of view, it must be admitted that they will generally supply that kind of article which their customers desire. The application of this principle to particular cases is only too obvious. Why is a boy sent to a public school, as a general rule? Various answers may be given; and amongst others the obvious one that a boy is a trouble at home, and that whatever may be the faults of public schools, private schools are generally worse. When, however, this statement is examined a little more closely, it generally bears one meaning. A boy is not sent to school to learn, but to gain certain supposed moral and social advantages. If the father is a snob, the boy is sent to keep company with lords; if the father is an ordinary English gentleman, the boy is sent to get that kind of polish which for generations has been held by his class to be as essential as a power of discriminating between the proper uses of knives and forks. A phrase incidentally used by our military friend perhaps lets out the secret. He states it as a primary axiom that every parent, whether millionaire or poor professional man, "must in self-defence place his son at the same style of school to insure him a fair chance of success in life." Very many parents consider that the first requisite to success in life is the habit of associating freely with millionaires and their sons. They would, if possible, get teaching too; but the first demand is that their boys should go to the same schools with the sons of men of wealth and rank. When that is a predominant passion, it is not surprising that the prevalent tone at the schools should be determined by that prevalent amongst the children of the richest classes; or, in other words, that boys should be as eager to learn how to amuse themselves as to learn how to make an honest living by their brains. The public schools, again, set the tone for their humbler rivals; and thus the schoolmaster has to contend, not merely against the natural *inertia* which nine schoolboys out of ten oppose to learning, but against all the home influences which teach boys to consider success in life to involve the adoption of the habits of millionaires.

So much may be said as regards the attempt to localize the responsibility. That schoolmasters might do much to stem the current which now runs so strongly towards athleticism is undeniable, but they will be fighting at a great disadvantage until they are backed up by a vigorous body of public opinion. The general tone of feeling upon the subject requires a good deal of bracing, and there are fortunately signs that people are beginning to listen to reason. The old commonplaces are indeed put forward as an answer to very reasonable complaints. Athletic sports, it is said, have many good effects upon mind and body; the boy who plays best works best; and so on. We should be the last to deny what is true in those statements. We believe that a love of manly exercise is an excellent thing, and, so far as the desire for athletic sports is a result of the increasing prominence of town life and sedentary habits, we may admit it to be useful. So large a proportion of the population is now confined within city walls, that it is highly desirable that every healthy mode of physical exercise should be encouraged. But we object to its excessive development as decidedly in the interests of sport as in the interests of study. Under the present system play too often ceases to be play, and becomes a profession. In that case its effect on the body is as questionable as its effect on the mind. A daily constitutional and an occasional walking tour improve the digestion and clear the brain; a course of training which qualifies a man to do seven miles an hour is a severe strain on his constitution, and reduces his brain to be a mere machine for judging paces and making bets. We need not enlarge once more on the degrading tendency of every sport as soon as it has ceased to be a friendly rivalry between the boys themselves, and has become in a manner public property for the benefit of well or ill dressed London mobs, and even of the betting-ring. When athleticism is developed after this fashion, the saying about the best worker being the best player becomes the very reverse of the truth; the two pursuits are simply incompatible; but we could not ask for a better test of the utility of athletic sports than that which this doctrine supplies. So long as it was really true that a schoolboy or an undergraduate could excel in both capacities, it is presumable that he has pushed neither pursuit to an excess. When devotion to one practically excludes excellence in the other, as has long been the case, it is evident that his education is of a one-sided, and probably of an injurious character. The question is not, as the advocates of the present system insist upon stating it, whether boys are to be encouraged to play cricket or to over-eat themselves in confectioners' shops, but how the athletic mania which is now prejudicial both to sport and to study is to be kept in due subordination. The singular growth of that mania within the last fifteen or twenty years is probably due to various causes, some of which are unluckily difficult to attack. Partly, as we have already admitted, there is an element of real common sense in the movement, though it has been overlaid with mountainous heaps of nonsense. Something must perhaps be put to the account of the national growth in wealth and luxury which has made the great schools of late years too prosperous to be anxious for serious reform, and which has perhaps filled them with a class more anxious for the society of millionaires than for the acquisition of classical knowledge. Then that intense *esprit de corps* so characteristic of our great schools has prevented them from lowering themselves by any active competition with crammers; whilst the crammers, profiting by the increase of open examinations, have drained off the boys who really want to learn something. What was to be, in the calculations of its originators, a great impulse to education, has in fact left the general system of education pretty much as it was before, though it has led to the growth of a subsidiary system of very questionable merit. And thus, by an ingenious division of labour, one set of boys have their brains, whilst another have their muscles, overworked; a system which is hardly calculated to turn out very admirable results. We do not, however, profess to investigate in a few lines the causes of this curious current of popular feeling. When mankind by any accident get a new idea into their heads, they are apt to allow it for a time to exclude all others, and thereby make a half-truth as dangerous as a complete blunder. The protests which have been excited by recent excesses will, it is to be hoped, do good in time; and after the schoolmasters and the parents have been content with handying the responsibility backwards and forwards, they may perhaps agree to make some joint efforts to diminish an acknowledged evil.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXCURSIONS.

FOR some reason which it would not become us to guess, the doings of the British Archæological Association are always chronicled in the *Times* at much greater length than the doings of the Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland. There are mysteries about these things which the initiators alone can understand. It certainly is not because, as some people hint, perhaps, not without truth, the proceedings of the Institute are falling off. For the distinction of which we speak has been made for years, long before the proceedings of the Institute had at all begun to fall off; and if they have fallen off, they have at least not fallen to the level of the proceedings of the Association, at all events as reported by the *Times* itself. We trust, for the sake of Mr. Edward Roberts, whose discourse at Coningsburgh Castle the *Times* has reported at some length, that he has been reported very inaccurately; still the report is there; there is the idea which Mr. Roberts discourses

conveyed to the mind of somebody, and we cannot believe that any reporter could have been so dense as not to have carried off a clearer notion of things if the orator had been Mr. G. T. Clark. Mr. Roberts and his company got to Coningsburgh, which, according to the *Times*, "is an interesting ruin and must have been of great strength." This light-of-nature way of looking at things is the *Times*' own, and must not be laid to the charge of Mr. Roberts; but we seem to get a touch of the lecturer himself in what follows:—

The keep contains a chapel, in which Scott, in his *Ivanhoe*, represents that Athelstan's body was laid; but Mr. Roberts expressed a doubt whether such a coffin as he would have had could have obtained ingress; indeed, he thought the castle was not erected till 1188-90.

It would seem that Mr. Roberts, or his reporter, or somebody or other looks on *Ivanhoe* as a true history, or at any rate as something so nearly approaching to truth as to make the probability or possibility of any part of the story worth disputing about. It is something that Mr. Robert "thinks that the castle was not erected till 1188-90," for some people have thought that it was built by Cartimandun; but the point is that it is plain that *Ivanhoe* has been brought into a grave discussion on Coningsburgh Castle as something other than a joke. And this alone is worth recording in the history of the human mind. If Mr. Roberts told his hearers anything of the true history of Coningsburgh, it made no impression on the mind of the *Times* reporter. People with their heads full of *Ivanhoe* are not likely to think much of Domesday. If they would deign to turn to the great Survey, they would find that, a hundred years or more before the present castle was built, its site, marked doubtless by some ruder fortress, was a possession of Earl Harold, and passed by the gift of the Conqueror to William of Warren.

One might be curious to ask how many of the people who talked about *Ivanhoe* on the site of the house of Harold believed, if they overheard of it, that the fight of Brunanburh was won by the "unready" hero of the fable. Chronology need not stand in the way. Cedric in 1194 is not a very old man, and his father was not a very young man when he fought at Stamfordbridge in 1066. After this, a century or so more cannot much matter, and the leap back to Brunanburh is easy. But presently we get some historical criticism:—

A tumulus in the vicinity is traditionally deemed the tomb of Hengist, but probably few antiquaries now believe in Hengist's existence.

Whatever antiquaries may do, historians do commonly believe in Hengist's existence, though they both know how to spell his name and are not likely to carry him into Yorkshire. Still we should like to know something about the "tradition," which, like most "traditions," is pretty sure to mean the guess of some one or other. But we must not forget that at Coningsburgh we have got within the elfin realm of the Rector of Sprotburgh. Was not our old friend there? We trow not; surely neither Mr. Roberts nor anybody else could venture to hold forth about Coningsburgh in the presence of the man who has made Coningsburgh his own. And against one of the errors of *Ivanhoe* Mr. Surtees would be quite guard enough. Mr. Surtees of course does not believe that Stamfordbridge is Stamfordbridge; if he did, he would not be Mr. Surtees. But Mr. Surtees happily lives in Yorkshire; so the great fight is at least kept within its own shire; while Mr. Roberts and the votaries of *Ivanhoe* most likely still think that it was fought by the banks of the Welland.

We had wandered thus far from the walls of Exeter, though we had been brought back by another road to their great builder in the tenth century, when we were suddenly awakened to the fact that we were still in a state of war with the *Pall Mall Gazette* about his doings. To be sure the critic who so jauntily took up Athelstan and his acts in the interval between "London task-work" and "the serious business of sporting" "hardly expects readers in general to take an interest in so antiquated a controversy," or "in that field of remote speculation." We can only say that it was he himself who began the controversy of which he now speaks with so convenient a contempt. We need not go through the dispute again, as we should only have to say the same thing over again; but one or two points are amusing, as showing the way in which men can evade evidence which tells against them. The *Pall Mall* critic affirmed that William of Malmesbury gives no suggestion that he used lost sources for his history of Athelstan. We showed that he distinctly referred to lost sources. Our disputant answers that we had turned three sources into four, that the sources were worthless, and that they did not bear on the particular question about Exeter. We admissions of these answers; but if we admitted them all, they would only prove that the sources to which William referred were untenable, whereas the proposition which we attacked was that he referred to no sources at all. This curious forgetfulness of that point at issue is, not unhelpfully, designed by our critic to "point the very moral of our discussion." He then goes on to say:—

That Athelstan may have visited Exeter we have not doubted, and cannot think why the critic chooses to mention with a variety of charter paragraphs to prove it. It is a very easy case that Exeter was, in the time of that monarch, a long-settled West-Saxon city, and may, of course, have often received its Saxon ruler within walls which he is commonly (and very creditably) asserted to have built.

That Exeter was in the days of Athelstan a long-settled West-Saxon city, as is shown by its mention in the days of Alfred, is just as much a part of our case as of the case of our adversary. It is implied in the very words of William of

Malmesbury, only he implies further that there was in Exeter then, as in many Welsh towns ages after, a Welsh as well as an English quarter. But the critic "cannot think" why we quoted various passages which prove a special connexion between Athelstan and Exeter. We know not whether our adversary's London task-work is of a legal kind; if it is, he may have heard of a species of evidence well known to country justices, called "corroboration in a material point." Such evidence of itself proves nothing as to the main fact, but it often proves a great deal as to the credibility of the witness who asserts the main fact. William of Malmesbury asserts that Athelstan did certain things at Exeter. His credibility is attacked and sneered at by a critic who puts him on a level with Geoffrey of Monmouth. We answer that, though there is no other direct witness to the fact, yet there is a large amount of independent and incidental evidence pointing to a state of things such as we should look for if the statement made by William of Malmesbury were true. We have evidence that Athelstan, and Athelstan alone, as far as our evidence goes among our early kings, had a great deal to do with Exeter, that he and he alone, in the language of the class of cases which we have in our mind, "kept company" with Exeter. This, though it proves nothing directly as to the alleged fact, proves a good deal as to the probability of the fact, and as to the credibility of the witness who asserts it. For the rest we have only to say that when the fact of the occurrence of undoubted Welsh names in certain districts is set aside as "scrapes of etymological conjecture," we can only say that the writer is very discreet in professing himself but little "affected by proofs of this nature."

We have quite rambled away from our immediate purpose, but such a vagabond process may not be unfit in an article which professedly deals with rambles, and we were really taken by surprise when we found that an adversary who we thought had fallen back into a discreet silence was once more in the field. However, he has carried us back to Exeter and Devonshire generally, which was where we meant to go, though not by quite so roundabout a road. The *Times* does not record that anybody laughed at the *Ivanhoe* talk at Coningsburgh, but most certainly a good many people laughed very heartily at some kindred talk at Totnes. There, on the great mound crowned by the shell keep which represents the fortress of the famous Judahel—the name is spelled a hundred ways—an ancient Briton stood forth to explain that the castle, or at least some earlier one on the same site, was the genuine foundation of Brutus, and moreover that the mark of the foot of Brutus was still to be seen in the street. This was asserted on the authority of "Forster's Chart of History," which, the orator added, "cannot be doubted." And as no one present had heard of the author who enjoyed this unique privilege, the believer in Brutus kindly explained that Mr. Forster lived in the Eastern counties, and moreover lived to be a hundred years old. Those who argued whether it were possible that the coffin of the mythical Athelstan could have been got into Coningsburgh chapel might have gone with all zeal to measure the foot of Brutus, but the more sceptical mind of the members of the Institute was satisfied with the judgment of some geologists present, that the relic was in truth a boulder with a hole in it. It might be worth a moment's thought whether the legend which thus specially connects Brutus with Totnes is purely arbitrary, or whether it arose out of any confusion with the occupation of the site by the Breton Judahel. Anyhow that occupation is one stage of the singular flowing backwards and forwards of the stream of conquerors and settlers between the greater and the lesser Britain. The Breton ruled at Totnes over what seems to have been a flourishing borough in King Edward's time, and he and his Norman tenants held the lands of a crowd of dispossessed Englishmen. The town is itself a hill-fortress, with the castle rising on a height above a height, a contrast to the position of another famous Devonshire site, where, almost suggesting the twin hills of Sitten, the castle and church—St. Michael's Church—of Okehampton, sit each on its height with the town at some distance at their feet. The *Ockenwone* of Domesday, the *Ockington* of local pronunciation, does not appear in the Survey as a borough, but we have the distinct entry "*ibi sedet castellum*." It was the fortress of the Sheriff Baldwin, the same who held sway on the Red Mount at Exeter, the son of Count Gilbert of Bretonne the guardian of William's childhood, and who must be carefully distinguished from the later Baldwin of Redvers, with whom he has sometimes been confounded in local history. A fine wild site it is that it occupies on the northern side of Dartmoor, as Totnes skirts the same bleak and lofty region to the South. But, though the present keep, on the highest point of the mound, is square, it is clearly not the building which is entered in Domesday.

In churches the excursions from Exeter were less rich than those of many meetings have been. The churches of Devonshire are for the most part inferior examples of the pattern which reaches its perfection in Somerset. Towers like those of Totnes and Collumpton would be wonderful in a midland county; in East-Anglia they would rank as distinguished foreigners; but beside Wington and Okehampton and North Petherton, or even beside Corstorphine, they do not count for much. But Devonshire is of all lands the richest in green-work, which at Totnes rises into a stone roodscreen and a loft which must have covered the whole choir. The collegiate churches of Okehampton and Crediton rise above the common type. Crediton has a stately minister-like outline, but the inside is disappointing, and disappointing it must always have

been in some measure, even before it was disfigured as it now is. Ottery, with its two side towers after the fashion of Exeter, is worth careful study as an example of a comparatively small church initiating a great one. In this process Continental architects were more successful than those of England. On the other hand, the great church of strictly parochial type, in no way imitating the minster, but just as good in its own way as the minster, is something distinctively English. Of Exeter itself, its buildings and its history, we have said all that we have to say long ago.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSION ON SCIENTIFIC INSTRUCTION.

THE Third Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of scientific instruction, which has just been issued, deals with the condition of scientific instruction in the Universities. It is, as might be expected from the names of the Commissioners, wise and moderate in its tone. It is free from that querulousness, that sensitiveness as to whether their peculiar subject gets its full measure of appreciation, which has of late shown itself in the small fry of science, just as it did in that of literature before it was pooh-poohed out of existence by Mr. Thackeray. The Commissioners evidently feel that there is a certain arrogance implied in limiting the word science to their particular province, and "they desire at the very outset to guard against a possible misconception. Our use of the term science in this Report is limited, by the scope of the duties assigned to us, to the sciences of organic and inorganic nature, including under that general designation the sciences of number and magnitude, together with those which depend on observation and experiment." In the body of their Report, however, "science" is so used as to exclude pure mathematics, though that subject is comprised in the above statement.

The Report contains an account of the existing appliances for scientific teaching at the Universities, with various suggestions. The Commissioners find, they say, that "on many of the most important questions the evidence of the witnesses is on the whole characterized by a remarkable unanimity." We have ourselves in articles on the Universities adverted to this general convergence of opinion in particular directions as a very hopeful sign; it shows that great educational questions are being removed from the province of personal feeling and mere sentiment, and are approached in an earnest and genuinely scientific spirit. We can only touch on the portions of the Report which are of the most general interest.

The Commissioners desire that young men should be set free to follow their own bent in pursuing science at the Universities; it may be gathered from what they say that they have in their eye only those who have more than average ability and who would be candidates for honours. The "pass men," we suppose, do not come within the sphere of their observation. Herein their views agree with those prevalent at the Universities, and they admit that the condition of things at Cambridge does allow, and at Oxford easily might be made to allow, that after the first term a man may follow his own course. They think, however, that all should obtain some knowledge of a physical science—at Cambridge this is to a certain degree effected by the requiring of elementary mechanics from all students, while "pass men" must do Heat and Hydrostatics as well—but they intimate that they would be glad to see all the compulsory part of a student's work got through at school.

Here we pause awhile in pursuing the Report. Can we accept without reserve this notion of the day, that a young man after eighteen—for, though the Commissioners say that more students come to the University over nineteen than under, we have statements from Cambridge just to the contrary effect—that a youth of eighteen, we say, is to claim exemption from all further direction of his studies after some school examination, and devote himself to one subject? Our doubts are further increased when that subject is natural or experimental science. We hear, from Cambridge especially, that one of the bad symptoms is that young men are now overtrained for some special scholarship examination—it may be in mathematics, or it may be in natural science (the Commission says nothing of the numerous natural science scholarships at the colleges at Cambridge)—and that they are utterly illiterate in consequence. The specializing process begins too soon. We quite agree with Professor Adams in this. A boy has no mind for science, properly speaking, till he is at least sixteen; and if he is to qualify himself for a minimum in some branch of natural science before eighteen, it will often have to be done by leaving his general cultivation to take care of itself. But the minds of young people are best moulded, not perhaps by language, but by what language tells us of the doings and sayings of great men. It is the classical men in every school who form its intellectual life, who are known in its debating societies, who write for the *School Magazine*; so that we doubt whether this compression of all general education, including science, into the time below eighteen is not dangerous. In Germany, whence this "Leaving Examination" is borrowed, young men, it should be recollected, do not go to the University in general till they are twenty, and they go to school earlier, and when there work harder, than English mothers would at all permit. But we return, having eased our mind, to the Report of the Commissioners.

They advocate in consequence the introduction of a system of "Leaving Examinations" to be held at the schools and conducted by the Universities, the passing of which examinations should be

accepted in lieu of "Little Go." A plan for effecting such examinations is now being carried out by a joint Board of the two Universities; indeed, the term "Leaving Examination" was introduced in the discussion between the Universities and the masters. We have frequently expressed ourselves favourable to the carrying out of such a system, and have pointed out to the masters how much more that freedom which we consider to be of vital importance to all teachers could be maintained by their working in concert with the Universities than under a Government department. We have always maintained that such a system was better than a matriculation examination—first, for the sake of the schools, because in order to pass the latter boys will leave school to obtain special and very narrow instruction immediately directed to it, whereas by the other system the motive power of the examination is turned to account in giving life to the whole work of the schools; and, secondly, for the sake of the University, because a matriculation examination, that is, an examination on coming into residence—in which sense the matriculation examination at the London University is not a matriculation examination, but only the first examination of a course, like the "Little Go"—has many disadvantages which are pointed out in the Report, and one which is not so pointed out, though in the eyes of college tutors it is, it appears, a very strong one. Young men, it is said, come up from tutors, after some weeks of hard work, with every nerve bent on passing this examination; and when it is over and the burden is relieved, their nerves are altogether unstrung from the sudden withdrawal of the tension; they think they may give themselves a holiday after their work, and the holiday sometimes never comes to an end. At any rate it is bad for young men on first coming to the University to have their minds thus suddenly left in a state of vacuity by the withdrawal of an absorbing interest. The difficulty of the question, however, the Commissioners do not deal with. They speak as if all boys came from schools. But it has been found at Cambridge that one-third of the freshmen have not been to school at all, or only for a very short time. Among them many come from the colonies, some from America, and two or three yearly from India and Japan. What is to be done with them? We should think it sufficient to say that these must pass their "Little Go" in their first term; but it is alleged that this is putting them at a disadvantage when compared with the boys at schools, who, having got their general education done before coming up, will have more time for their particular study. Some open examination may be held to meet this difficulty; but then, if this be harder than the "Leaving Examination," the injustice remains; and if it be as easy, many boys will find that they will pass much more readily by leaving school and going to a crammer. We have in our own minds, we confess, a doubt as to the value of the knowledge which is supposed to be tested by an open pass examination. A boy gets much good from being well taught, apart from the actual information he lays up. The good which a boy got from being taught by Arnold did not lie in the Greek he brought away; and, on the other hand, he may be trained to carry a certain amount of information into an examination room and discharge it on paper, and in a day or two the knowledge will have disappeared from his mind, and it is not the better, but rather the worse, for the process it has gone through. The great value of a "Leaving Examination" lies not in the actual knowledge it indicates, but in giving a sanction to the teaching of the school. More good comes from the act of learning than from what is learnt, and we do not look to have a more scientific public opinion from the exaction of the "minimum" of science which is spoken of by the Commissioners. The difficulty we have mentioned does not exist in Germany, for there nearly all the boys go to gymnasias; they can hardly enter the Universities if they do not. A few noblemen and others obtain leave for their sons to pass the examination at the gymnasias though they are not pupils. Something of this kind might be done with us, but we do not see our way to maintaining the perfect equality which is demanded without doing some mischief to education; the "scientific culture" secured by an elementary examination unconnected with any particular kind of teaching would, we fear, come to mean the learning a portion of a manual which gives the nomenclature and the results of science. The difficulty is to get a boy's mind to follow any scientific process of thought, and to put these studies into such a definite shape that they may be made the subjects of lessons, so that a boy may be found fault with for not doing them. We cannot spare rigour from education just now. Improved science manuals are, however, in course of appearing, and the Cambridge Board of Natural Science Studies put out last June a sort of programme of study in each branch.

The Commissioners seem to be aware that they must have professors who shall not only lecture, but teach; two processes which are very different—different above all in this: that the professor only tells his hearers, but the teacher sees that they learn what he tells them; and for this purpose we find a new class of functionaries introduced called Adjoint Professors, who are to do for the University what college lecturers do for the colleges. They also recommend, as may be supposed, a considerable increase of the Professoriate proper in the scientific department, and they are inclined to make certain professors ex officio members of certain colleges. They say truly that it is very desirable to draw the professors into closer communion with the students and with the general course of teaching. The family feeling is, in truth, the strength of the college system, and the absence of it is the weakness of the professorial one. The complete absence of all personal

relations between professors and students in the German Universities is a defect often dwelt on by the students, and sometimes deplored by the professors themselves.

With regard to fellowships, the views of the Commissioners also agree pretty much with those which appeared in this journal at the end of December last. It is proposed—

- (1) That there be three classes of fellowships—senior, junior, and non-resident.
- (2) The senior fellowships to be permanent, and free from the restriction of celibacy, but subject, as a general rule, to the condition of residence in the University, and readiness to take some part in the work of the college or University.
- (3) That the election to the seniority should in ordinary cases be made from the class of juniors, but should not be limited to that class.
- (4) That the junior fellowships should be tenable for, say, fourteen years, and should be subject to such restrictions as to residence in college and duties as may appear desirable to the several colleges.
- (5) That the non-resident fellowships should be tenable for about half that time.
- (6) A junior Fellow may at any time transfer himself to the non-resident tenure, with a proportionate allowance for the unexpired term of his holding; so that, if he had six years to run, he might take a non-resident fellowship and hold for three.

The occasional election of men of science, of mature age, to the senior fellowships is contemplated. The three separate functions of the fellowship—that of providing the governing body, the educating body, and as stimulants to induce men to read for high honours—are here represented by distinct heads of tenure, most of which are in existence in Cambridge, where a considerable number of fellowships are held on limited tenure without the restriction of celibacy.

We fear that the proposal to impose the restriction of celibacy on the junior Fellows engaged in tuition will cause great disappointment to the younger reformers. "Why are we reformers at all," many may say, "excepting that we want to marry." On this point they take high ground; they find marriage early in life requisite to complete general culture; the dictates of culture take no refusal—it is fortunate that they so generally fall in with inclination. We, as impartial spectators, would say that there is no need to provide young college lecturers with the means of marrying before other people; the requirements, too, of the college may render their presence within the walls desirable, and if married men cannot live in college, a certain number of Fellows must remain single. The same restriction is practically imposed on some of the junior masters at schools; but we own that the junior Fellows should not be constrained to celibacy for so long a period as fourteen years, and we think that some provision might be made for permitting those to marry who had done work satisfactorily for seven years in college. It is most essential that a residence should be provided within the college precincts for that functionary, whether dean or tutor, who is answerable for the general discipline of the college, or who stands *in loco parentis* to the students. Indeed these junior fellowships form the great difficulty, and we are inclined to think that two kinds of fellowships might be sufficient, one answering to the seniors and the other to the non-residents spoken of above. The portion of the funds which would have gone to the junior Fellows might be employed in paying sufficient salaries to those engaged in tuition and in preserving discipline. In this way an inefficient person could be got rid of, but a junior Fellow would be a fixture for fourteen years, however great an incumbrance he might prove. Of course a non-resident Fellow might be appointed tutor.

Though not sanguine as to the Universities becoming places of technical education, still the Commissioners, we think wisely, recommend the establishment of a professorship of civil engineering. It is good for all schools of theoretical science to have the practical applications of theory under their eyes. There is a proposal that some accommodation in the way of a room or workshop, with the use of apparatus, should be provided for those who wish to carry on experiments by themselves. The want of this has certainly deterred many persons with a turn for experimental investigation from pursuing some idea which has occurred to them. The recommendation which will cause most demur is that of a doctorate in science, not from any jealousy on the part of divinity, law, and physic, but from the disregard of all academic titles which is now prevalent, and from the assumption of the title of doctor by so many questionable persons; but that we should have some means of aggregating to our academic bodies highly distinguished persons, by some process which does not involve examination, is what all will admit to be desirable. We believe that many persons would prefer the full degree of M.A., with its well-understood name and privileges, to the more pretentious title of Doctor of Science. This title would, for a long time at least, point out a stranger, whereas our object would be to make those distinguished persons whom we would draw to us as much at home as possible.

The Commissioners speak wisely and well in deprecating the tendency to look on the Universities as merely educational bodies, instead of as seats of learning. Of many kinds of learning they are now the homes, and it is most desirable that by furnishing themselves with every appliance for the cultivation of science they should become the foci of scientific life. Some things can be studied anywhere, but physical science localizes herself by demanding laboratories and museums. These appliances are daily getting more expensive, and, judging from the scheme of the Com-

missioners, there are no prospects of surplus funds to be bestowed on any of the fancy schemes which so many delight in contriving. After saying that it is "a primary duty of the Universities to assist in the advancement of learning and science and not to be content with the position of merely educational bodies," and touching on the spread of the feeling in favour of increasing the quantity and quality of education, both primary and advanced, they say:—"But there is some reason to believe that the preservation and increase of knowledge are objects which are not as generally appreciated by the public, and of which the importance is not so widely felt as it should be." In all this we most heartily concur.

THE WHEAT CROP.

ANXIETY as to the goodness or badness of the harvest in this country seems almost to be a thing of the past. England appears to have passed out of that phase of her existence when the yield of her corn-fields was a matter of vital or even of considerable importance to all classes. Bread is no longer, in the sense that it was five-and-twenty years ago, the food of the people. In years of prosperity the supply and the price of bread were always matters of less importance than they were in years of adversity; and a series of prosperous years seems to be yet unbroken—prosperous as no years have ever been before in making possible the payment of a scale of wages to the great consuming classes which has hitherto been unapproached in the history of the country. This high scale of wages, so long as our manufacturers can hold their own in the competition in the markets of the world, makes our statesmen and traders indifferent to the comparative plenty or scarcity, to the higher or lower price, of bread. It is no longer a question between existence and starvation, no longer a question between a very much greater and a very much less demand for the staple articles of consumption, no longer a question of somewhat less or somewhat greater wages to be paid to keep the labourers alive; for it is well known that the earnings of labour at the present time are sufficient not only to provide all that is necessary for subsistence, but also to afford a very considerable supply of luxuries. It is because the working classes now consume so much more meat than formerly that the price of that commodity has been so greatly raised and continues to be so high. It is the working classes who fill the excursion trains, and whose fares swell the receipts of the Railway Companies. It is the increased consumption by the working classes of beer, spirits, and tobacco that increases the Inland Revenue income of the country. And the effect of dearer bread would be perhaps but to lop off a few, and after all a very few, of these superfluities—a result which need not alarm any of us; and thus it is, probably, that so little anxiety is felt or expressed as to whether the barns of our farmers are well or ill filled. Moreover, the experience of twenty-five years of free trade in corn has demonstrated that, if the world is at peace, if communication with all the great producing countries is free, if the world's harvest has been of average extent, if England be the only country in want, enough corn will be sent here to prevent prices rising to a high level. In each succeeding year the development of new corn-growing regions, new railway communications, the speedier transit by steamships that are so rapidly taking the place of sailing-vessels, assure to this country the immediate supply of its needs, whatever they may be. The cereal year just ending affords a well-marked instance of the small disturbance that may be created by a bad harvest in this country. At this time last year, notwithstanding that we had no hesitation in pronouncing the crop to be a very bad one, we ventured to prognosticate that the foreign supplies would be sufficient, not only to keep the prices of wheat from advancing, but to cause a decline. Those skilled in the statistics of the growth and consumption of the country assured us that no less a quantity than about 12½ millions of quarters of wheat would be required to make up what was deficient; and although that quantity is forty per cent. in advance of the average importations of the four preceding years, no difficulty has been experienced in obtaining it. Indeed our anticipations have been singularly borne out by the course of prices; for although, as it appears from the *Gazette* Corn Averages, the value of English wheat last week was almost identical with its value a year ago, yet meanwhile there has been a fall of about 5s. per quarter, the lowest prices having been reached in April. Throughout the year, however, there has been very little fluctuation in values. There has been enough at all times, but none too much, and the year closes with empty storehouses at our ports, and with farmers' granaries and rickyards cleared out and ready to receive the new crop. Moreover, the resources of the country have enabled us to pay for this larger quantity of food without money-market troubles, and the new cereal year begins with money as cheap as any one can desire it. The time has arrived for us to take a fresh survey, a new outlook, and endeavour to make a forecast based on the results of the harvest now being gathered in.

Not even the most sanguine could expect the harvest to be a good one, if the influence of the weather for good or evil is to be counted upon. From the autumn throughout the early winter it will be remembered that rain was not only continuous but copious; it fell, indeed, to so great an extent that farmers had no chance of preparing their land for wheat; and consequently large areas remained unsown, to be planted in the early months of this year, either with spring wheat, at all times a hazardous and rarely a prolific crop, or with barley or oats. The wheat that was planted, unless it was on land in very dry situ-

ations, or on land that had been drained in the best manner, had its roots damaged by the water under which they were submerged, and the result was a miserably unhealthy and thin "plant." Much of the land so sown was ploughed up in the spring to be re-sown, or devoted to another crop, while that which remained has produced a very poor produce. The unhealthy winter-sown and the undeveloped spring-sown wheat had to encounter a bitterly cold spring, and late frosts and an ungenial temperature up to the month of June; and none but the most superficial observer would believe it to be possible under such circumstances that anything like a good yield could be the result. Every gardener knows that it is vain to expect fruit in perfection and in abundance unless the plant or the tree be in the highest state of vigour, and that no weather, however propitious, in the later stages of development and ripening, can make up for starvation or rough treatment in the earlier periods of the formation of the flower or fruit. There was a week or two of warm summer weather under which the wheat-fields seemed to improve, and there were as usual wonderful stories of the prolific yields that the harvest would give. The harvest was expected to be late, yet we were told that those few days had so hastened maturation that after all it would be no later than usual. But the spell of fine weather passed away, dull days supervened, storms of rain have been sweeping across the country, and early in this week, the last week of August, it was only in the earliest districts that wheat had been placed safely in rick, while in the great Midland and Eastern counties districts it is scarcely too much to say that nearly the whole crop was still in the fields. A late crop is proverbially a bad one, and the crop of 1873 will certainly help to prove the truth of the proverb.

So much is still ungarnered, and therefore in jeopardy, that it is too soon to attempt to give a correct account of the quality and condition of the grain, and we must be content with an endeavour to estimate the quantity of it. The most important element of the calculation is the quantity of land that has been planted; and, apart from common observation, we have the authority of Mr. Thomas C. Scott and Mr. James Sanderson, who publish their opinions annually in the *Times*, for saying that the area planted is considerably less than the average. The former gentleman expects the deficit, as compared with last year, to be 500,000 acres, and the latter states that the "area sown in autumn was probably the least that has been sown in a century"; and, although extra quantities of light and other lands were sown in the spring, he yet estimates "the acreage under wheat at 20 per cent. under average," which amounts to a deficit of about 750,000 acres. Deducting this from the average acreage of wheat, we have about 3,100,000 acres, as Mr. Sanderson estimates, while Mr. Scott reckons on our having 3,300,000. Possibly the truth may be between the two. Never were the "Agricultural Statistics" of more importance than in this year; and if the Board of Trade could, by a concentration of energy, publish its summary, at any rate of the wheat acreage, before the usual time, at the end of September, it would render a most important service to farmers and merchants. Meanwhile let it be assumed that 3,200,000 acres are under wheat, although we believe that the deficit of acreage will turn out not to be quite so large. Next comes the question what quantity per acre has been grown. A much more favourable answer, by way of guess, could have been given two or three weeks ago than can be given now. The *Gardeners' Chronicle* published the opinions of its 200 correspondents on the 16th instant, and in summarizing them the Editor says:—"Last year's harvest was unquestionably a poor one. Our returns this year are even less promising than those which we received at this time in 1872." Last year 11 per cent. of the reports were "over average," this year only 4 per cent.; last year 37 per cent. reported the crop "under average," while this year 60 per cent. do so. Mr. Sanderson, relying on the result of yields ascertained by threshing, reckons the yield per acre to be 20 per cent. short of an average, or 5 per cent. more than last year, when his estimate was 25 per cent. under average. This is in apparent disagreement with the reports of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, but the discrepancy may probably be found in the fact that the correspondents of that journal estimate the crop on a combination of acreage and yield. Mr. Scott's estimate of a crop only 2 bushels per acre, or 7 per cent. under an average must be, we fear, looked on as fallacious, as he would probably now himself admit, for his letter is dated August 15th, and since then nearly all the reports that have appeared describe the great disappointment which has followed the experiment of threshing. If we adopt Mr. Sanderson's estimate of the yield—namely, 24 bushels per acre (or four-fifths of 30 bushels), and apply it to the acreage we have assumed (3,200,000 acres), we have 9,600,000 quarters as the aggregate of the crop. Calculating in the same way, the average acreage, or 3,800,000 acres, would give, with the average yield of 30 bushels per acre, 14,250,000 quarters; and thus we arrive, by comparing these two quantities, at 4,650,000, or say 4½ millions, as the deficiency to be made up by extra importations. Excluding last year, the average importation of four preceding years was, in round numbers, 9 millions of quarters, and we therefore shall want this year no less than 13½ millions of quarters of foreign wheat. This quantity is, without doubt, very large, and it is to be hoped that the acreage may not be so small as has been reckoned, for we fear that there can be no doubt as to the deficiency of the yield. Fine quality of the corn and heavy weight may to some extent alleviate the mischief of the short measure; but under the best circumstances there seems every reason to believe that an importation on a scale equally large with

that of last year is a positive necessity. We have no stock at home or abroad to fall back upon; we are living from hand to mouth, and we have nothing but the crop and the future importations to feed us until next harvest.

Now what are these importations likely to be? Last year we expressed every confidence in our needs being supplied, because ours was the only needy country. France, frequently an importing country, had enough of its own and to spare. Its surplus was, it is true, much over-estimated, and although its exports fell far short of what was expected, yet the harvest of 1873 found France with empty granaries, and considerable imports have been needed to feed the people until the new wheats become available. If this want were likely to be a temporary one, it would be a matter of indifference. Unfortunately, however, France discovered some weeks since that her harvest would be a bad one; and although, hoping against hope, the French corn-traders trusted that the deficiencies were confined to certain districts, it is now manifest that universally throughout the country the yield is bad, and not only bad, but very bad. Under these circumstances, and as France could afford only about a million quarters for export in the year now ending, even with an exceptionally good harvest, it is clear that nothing can be expected from that country in the coming season. But we fear that something more, and that something worse for England, is equally clear; for the statements of the best authorities published in the French agricultural journals leave no room for doubt that there is a very serious deficiency from an average crop. The only matter in doubt is how great the deficiency may prove to be. The lowest estimates put it at 15 per cent., while others, made on equally good authority, put it as high as 30 per cent.; and the later, and therefore more trustworthy, opinions incline to the latter figure rather than the former as being nearer the truth. The growth of wheat in France and the quantity consumed in the country cannot be accurately ascertained. An average crop is supposed to give from 30 to 35 millions of quarters, and with an average crop France can spare some quantity, but not much, to her neighbours. If there be a deficiency of 20 to 25 per cent., it amounts to 6 to 8 millions of quarters at least. Rye and barley are so largely consumed as human food that, with a good crop of these grains, the whole of this deficiency would not require to be made up by importation; but unfortunately this year the rye crop is also exceedingly bad, and we are forced to the conclusion, if the opinions of French authorities can be relied on, that France will need at least (and some will say it is a low estimate) the smaller quantity we have named. Both in years of surplus and in years of deficit French opinions have often proved to be exaggerated, either in a too favourable or too unfavourable direction, and it may possibly turn out that they are so in this year. We can but deal with the figures that are presented to us by those likely to be the best informed.

The situation appears to be as follows:—England's deficit is probably 12 millions and that of France 6, or together 18 millions. England, the only buyer in the past year, has imported from all other countries, France included, nearly 13 millions of quarters of wheat. The two countries now require that quantity and fully 5 millions more between them. The question is, can this quantity be obtained? It is too soon to give an accurate or a complete answer, but enough is known to enable us to say that, unless America has a crop enormously in excess of last year, the quantity cannot be obtained. America has a good crop—a better crop in the States on the side of the Atlantic than last year, though it is doubtful whether the States on the side of the Pacific have so much; it is too much, however, to expect America to more than double her exportation of last year. It is improbable, if not impossible, that she can do so. Either France or England must then go short. There will be active competition between the merchants of the two nations wherever wheat is to be had, and the result of the competition will be to raise prices. Bread must be dear; certainly dearer than in the past year, and perhaps very dear. There is only one encouraging feature in the prospect—namely, the probability that the potato crop will be the largest and soundest that has been gathered for many years. Nothing reduces the consumption of bread so much as a plentiful supply of this vegetable, and it is to be hoped that the promise that it will largely take the place of bread this year will be realized. Whoever goes short, this country will not starve; but we shall have to pay a high price for our loaf.

BUTTON-HOLING.

THERE are at present three recognized modes whereby young men of some merit but of small fortune may make a fair start in the world. The first is matrimony; the second is borrowing upon life insurance; and the third is button-holing. Of these three branches of the great art of getting on, button-holing is at once the most scientific and the most secure. Profitable matrimony is not, as times go, a bad transaction; but it is, mostly a delicate and risky operation, and few there be that can work it with facility. In matrimony, moreover, the *quid pro quo* is always serious. The young women of the finest fortunes do not always possess the finest tempers; and diamonds have now and days a tendency to associate themselves with the grosser forms of the Lancashire dialect. The course also of legislation is not likely during the next few years to be so favourable to a due control over his wife's fortune as the young climber on the ladder of life could wish. The six years with subversive

notions on the subject of woman's rights. The women may very likely be used before long, as the householder and lodger recently were, for the purpose of "fishing the Whigs"; and even if the Conservatives should discover a less objectionable mode of securing office than the extension of the franchise to women, there has been talk enough about it to turn the heads of half the heiresses in England. In fact, if a young Englishman is desirous of marrying an heiress, and feels that he has a gift that way, we should strongly recommend him to look out for the daughter of a German manufacturer. Any little defects in style or dialect will not be easily recognized in a forger; and for the present a German woman with money is likely to have less nonsense in her than an Englishwoman similarly blessed.

A very shy or very ugly young man, who does not feel that confidence in himself which is essential to a successful operation in the marriage market, may, if his health is good and he is not afraid of work, prefer the second of the two recognized modes of beginning life. To purchase an interest in a well-established mercantile house, or to buy a partnership in a firm of solicitors, are modes of starting in life which have for some years back been considered eminently promising and satisfactory; but they are modes which imply in the operator not only a certain reputation for ability, diligence, and integrity, but also the immediate possession of one or more thousands of ready money. The process, however, of procuring the use of such a sum of money is one which presents no serious difficulties to a healthy and energetic young man, particularly if he has had a public school or University career. He insures his life with some first-rate Life Society for about twice the amount of cash required to enable him to make his start, and after furnishing such guarantees as may be demanded for his continuance of payment of the annual premiums, he raises the cash amount required, at a moderate rate of interest, and on reasonable terms as to repayment of principal, by mortgaging his policy to the Society. Borrowing upon life insurance is in some respects the simplest and easiest of the processes whereby impecunious young men of merit gain a start over their fellows in the race of life; but it is a process of which the ease and simplicity are very soon exhausted, and which may at a later stage of an adventurer's career be found to produce inconveniences which will more than overbalance the advantage of the start.

The process of button-holing is free from all the risks and nuisances which accompany the other two processes. It may be a long process, but art is proverbially long. It may be a troublesome process, but what can poor young men of merit expect to obtain without taking trouble? And of course it may in any given case prove to be an unsuccessful process. But then what is certain except the rise of prices? It costs not a bit more preparation than that which is required for a matrimonial, commercial, or professional speculation. It involves the adventurer in no irritating or clogging connexions or liabilities. And its grand advantage is, that if the button-holer fails in any of his operations, he is not compromised; he is not hampered, weighted, or damaged; he must, however unsuccessful, have gained something from his last operation, and he is free to begin again with at least as good a chance as he had before. Button-holing, as the name implies, is the art of establishing special relations with influential persons, and it is an art which undoubtedly requires a considerable amount both of trouble and tact. There are men who fail in this art because they will not take trouble enough; and there are men who fail because they are hopelessly wanting in tact. On the other hand, with painstaking and discretion, particularly if these qualities are set off by a good personal appearance or a frank and conciliatory manner, there are no lengths of success to which the button-holer may not hope to go. There are those possessed of these qualities who can button-hole, not only men, but groups of men. Several boroughs possess a speaker or two who can button-hole a public meeting, and there is at least one statesman at the present time who can button-hole the House of Commons. But such success in button-holing as this is quite exceptional; and the term is therefore usually and properly restricted to signify the art of establishing special relations with a patron. In this sense button-holing is the modern and refined representative of the old and coarse art of toadyism. As a common trade or regularly professed mode of making a livelihood toadyism is gone out in this country, partly because there is not so much to be got by it as formerly, and partly because other and less nasty ways of rising in life have been discovered. The rich or noble fools who in the last century kept their toadies, much as two centuries earlier they would have kept their jesters, have lost much of their patronage and influence, and new channels have been opened out to the clever men who used to live upon them. The place that was once given by favour is now given by competitive examination; and the man who was formerly driven to become a parasite may now flourish as a Special Correspondent. For these and similar reasons, pure toadyism has ceased to be profitable, and is pretty nearly extinct as a trade. If indeed it lives at all, it lives only in its modern and much less objectionable representative, button-holing. There is this in common between the toady and the button-holer, that they both seek to profit by trading on the foibles of a patron. If patrons were indifferent to flattery there would be no place for the toady. If they could appreciate hidden merit, there would be little success to the button-holer. Both depend entirely upon the frailties of the powerful. But there the likeness ends. The button-holer is almost necessarily a superior creature to the toady. The weaknesses which nourish him are not special, gross, and palpable, such as the stupid selfishness or the

enervating vanity whereby the toady thrives, but are simply those which are common to all men, whether in or out of office—namely, that men do not see that which is far off so well as that which is near, nor that which rates so well as that which obtrudes itself. The toady may, the button-holer must, be a man of some merit. The toady can hardly help being servile; whereas the accomplished button-holer works with little, if any, loss of self-respect. Altogether, if it is fair to consider this toady as surviving in the button-holer, it is fair also to admit that he is a vastly reformed character.

Under exceptional circumstances, such as an Eastern despotism, or the sway of a Western Saviour of Society, the ability to button-hole may carry with it riches, pleasures, and gigantic power. And the power which is thus exercised indirectly by the judicious button-holer is even more enjoyable than that which is exercised directly by his patron. It may be questioned whether the power possessed by an able Vice-Emperor is not actually greater in quantity than that possessed by his master; but there can be no doubt that it is in quality more enjoyable. To the discreet man there are few things in this world more delicious than to pull hidden strings; and when the high-spirited and intelligent Radical expresses a preference for Cæsarism, it is always with the implied condition that he can button-hole Cæsar. And in the ordinary circumstances of English life it is the opportunity and ability to button-hole that gives to a young man entering a profession or the public service a prospect of a brilliant success. Diligence, tact, quickness, and accuracy, good temper, controlled enthusiasm, the power to do without sleep, and an imperturbable digestion, all these combined in one man, say a Civil Servant, will no doubt save him from being a failure in his career. But they will not secure him a brilliant or a rapid success. They, or some of them, are among the conditions of success; but they are not the sole or the essential conditions. It is well that he should be diligent; but it is better still that the great man should think he is so. He may strive much to be quick and exact in his work; but he should strive more to catch and keep his chief's eye. To happen to be always standing just where that eye happens to fall; to be ready with his "Here am I, send me," whenever the chief is considering whom he shall employ on a delicate business, and then, of course, to do the business satisfactorily; to be about his patron; to occur to him; to observe him; to oblige him; and so, as the last and triumphant achievement, to become the man of whom his patron thinks the best and the kindest in his particular department or profession, and whom therefore he means to send to the top of it—this is the cheapest, the safest, and the truest art of rising in life; and this is what is ordinarily meant by button-holing.

ICELAND POLITICS.

GEOGRAPHERS tell us that Iceland belongs rather to Greenland and North America than to our continent, and certainly no part of what we commonly reckon Europe can be named which has so little to do with the rest or is so little known by it. Even in the great days of the island—the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries—its population was too small to give it any influence on the course of affairs on the Continent, and ever since then it has drifted on unnoticed. After nearly four hundred years of independence, latterly as a rudely federal aristocratic republic, it accepted in 1262-64 the sovereignty of the Kings of Norway, followed Norway in the union of the latter kingdom with the Danish Crown in 1397, and, when Norway was severed from Denmark in 1815, remained attached to Denmark, though it ought, no doubt, to have been assigned to Norway. Its venerable Assembly, the Althing, was abolished in 1800; but in 1843 a new Chamber was created, to which the old name was given, and by means of which a certain measure of political life and agitation has been created. The great wave which passed over Europe in 1848 made itself felt even in this remote corner; a National Liberal party has sprung up, whose claims and projects are not without interest to other countries, and they are the more curious to us because they recall some of the questions which have arisen with English colonies.

The government of the island is at present practically vested in the Danish Ministry at Copenhagen, who are responsible to the Danish Diet for their general policy, but in no special way for Icelandic affairs. There is a Danish Governor of Iceland, who resides at Reykjavik; but his administrative power, though enlarged by recent changes, is still limited, all questions of consequence being referred to Denmark; and there is, as before said, an Icelandic Assembly, consisting of twenty-one elective members, and six nominated by the King; but it meets only once in two years, for a month at a time, and is merely consultative. Matters are brought before it on which it may express its opinion, but it has no positive authority, either administrative or legislative; the King may, if he chooses, issue a law or impose a tax in direct opposition to its votes. As legislation is very scanty, and as the few taxes levied are mostly, with the exception of the imposts on trade, in the nature of local rates expended for local purposes in the parish or county (Syssel), this weakness of the Chamber is less of a practical grievance than it might appear. It is, however, in theory indefensible; and Denmark, which has enjoyed a very free constitution for some time past, feels herself unable to resist the demands of the Icelanders for a system more conformable to modern ideas. A constitution was accordingly some time since drafted,

providing for the control of the Althing over the finances and for its initiative in legislation. This was submitted to the Chamber at three successive meetings, approved by them so far as it went, and rejected only because it did not also provide for an Icelandic Ministry responsible to the Althing. The National party insisted that without this provision the Althing could not make its control effective; the Danish Government, on the contrary, insisted on placing the affairs of the island in charge of one of the Danish Ministers of the King, replying to the remonstrances of the Icelanders that the power of impeaching a Minister was practically useless, and that to allow the Althing to expel a Minister from office by its vote would be to sever the administration of Iceland from that of Denmark, since it would be absurd to allow a Minister of Justice for the whole monarchy who retained the confidence of the Danish Riksdag to succumb to the Icelandic Althing. They offered, however, to allow the Althing to impeach an offending Minister before the High Court of Justice at Copenhagen, but this was not accepted, and the dispute remained unsettled. The real point at issue, as may be easily understood, is the desire of Iceland to have a separate local administration—to be, in fact, independent of the Danish Legislature, while owing allegiance to the Danish Crown.

Like most other political questions, this one has a sentimental as well as a practical side, and the former is perhaps the more serious. Ever since she acquired the island at the end of the fourteenth century, Denmark has used it very scurvily, doing little or nothing for its development, sometimes neglecting her engagement to send thither every year six vessels laden with the goods needed by the people, allowing no Icelandic to own a merchant ship, and for a long period maintaining a strict trade monopoly, under which the brisk traffic that was driven sometimes with England, sometimes with Hamburg and Bremen, dwindled and disappeared. Till far down in the present century Iceland was treated as nothing better than a preserve for Danish merchants; and both her literary awakening and her growing material prosperity have been the work of her own children, discouraged by the selfishness of a Government which showed here, on a small theatre, the same folly which proved so fatal to it in Schleswig and Holstein. Now, indeed, Denmark seems to have turned over a new leaf. The protective laws have been abolished, and an annual sum of about 6,000*l.* is taken from the Danish Exchequer to be spent in the island. But the jealousy and dislike of their foreign rulers which ripened during so many generations in the Icelandic people is not so easily got rid of. As the last six centuries have taught them to abhor government from without, so their stirring history and noble literature in the days of the old Republic (930-1262) have created a national spirit and a desire for national political life. On a smaller scale the literature of the Sagas, always known and cherished by the people, has now done for Iceland what its mediæval literature did for Italy, what its historical memories did for Germany, in the way of rekindling or feeding the passion for national union. There has thus sprung up within the last thirty years, chiefly (the Danes say entirely) through the exertions of the younger generation of literary men and priests educated at the Reykjavik Latin School and the University of Copenhagen, an agitation which cannot perhaps be called warm—for in Iceland nothing is warm except the Geysirs and volcanoes—but which is kept up with steady perseverance, and enlists the sympathy of the large majority of the people. It may seem hard to rouse an agitation or hold a party together in a country where there can be few public meetings because it is often a dozen miles or so from one house to another, where the two little sheets that serve as newspapers appear only once a fortnight, and the Chamber meets but once in two years. But the National party has for its leader a man whose eminent talents, dignified character, and consistent advocacy of the same line of policy have given him an extraordinary influence over his countrymen, Jón Sigurðsson; it has earned the gratitude of the people by forcing the Danes to abrogate the old oppressive trade laws; it embraces most of the clergy as well as of the farmers, and can always command a large majority in the Althing.

As this National party has been constantly in opposition, it has not till recently found it necessary to propound a positive programme, and there has been some difficulty in saying exactly what its wishes and schemes are. Hitherto the business of the party has been to complain, and the grievances complained of may by outsiders be thought more sentimental than practical. Personal liberty could hardly be more secure or more extensive than it now is in Iceland; there is probably no part of Europe where Government plays so small a part and so seldom crosses the path of the ordinary citizen by police interference. The taxation is very low, though it must be added that the taxpayers are very poor; justice is fairly administered; everybody is of the same creed. On the other hand, people declare that many things are neglected which the Government ought to undertake—the making of roads, for instance, the establishment of an inland postal service, the foundation of a school of agriculture, and the establishment of educational institutions for the teaching of practical sciences which are now totally neglected; and when the Danes ask how all this is to be done without taxing the island more heavily, they produce certain ancient claims which Iceland has upon Denmark, and allege that the 6,000*l.* a year now paid is but a small part of what she ought to pay annually till these are discharged. At the time of the Reformation the Danish kings seized the church lands, sold a great part of them very improvidently, and applied the money to their own purposes; they are also accused of having diverted sums con-

tributed throughout Europe for the relief of Iceland after the great eruption of the Skaptar Jökull in 1783; as well as of various misapplications in time past of Icelandic revenues. Smaller grounds of complaint need hardly be enumerated—that Danes are placed in office in Iceland, and jobs perpetrated for their relations; that the Crown lands are ill managed; that no proper museum is kept up, all the antiquities found being carried off to Copenhagen; and that there is no law school on the island, so that students are obliged to resort to the University of Copenhagen, where Danish, but not Icelandic, law is taught. As there are but two professional lawyers in Iceland—though these too happy farmers, not knowing their own good fortune, desire to have more—it seems no great hardship that the budding procurator who appears, like the alow blossom, but once in many years should get his mind enlarged by a visit to Denmark. But whatever these grievances may be worth, the real cause of the movement is the wish for a mode of government which shall recognize the national existence of Iceland, and be committed to Icelandic rather than to Danish hands. The Icelanders dislike the idea of being treated as a subject province, and having everything done for them, even supposing it to be done well; and they insist that it must be done ill so long as it is done at Copenhagen. There is, therefore, a general agreement in demanding some sort of local independence, but there have been various opinions as to the extent of the independence to be sought. What has been publicly claimed is the transference to Iceland of the Copenhagen bureau of Icelandic affairs (connected there with the Ministry of Justice), and the permanent residence in the island of the responsible Minister; or, which comes to the same thing, the committal of its administration to the resident Governor, who is now little more than an executive officer carrying out the instructions he receives from Copenhagen. To this proposal the Danes make two objections—first, that the King must have his adviser in Icelandic affairs at his elbow, else how is he to exercise his constitutional rights of sovereignty? secondly, that the Nationalist scheme would amount to a breaking up of the Danish monarchy, and the making Iceland an independent State. The Nationalists answer, that it would be easy to arrange the responsible Ministry in such a manner that one of the members of it should by turns be constantly with the King, as is the case with Norway, so long as Iceland does not refuse to pay the cost of the machinery. As respects their relation to Denmark, they maintain that their union with the Norwegian Crown originally was, and that their subsequent union with the Danish has always been, in point of law, a personal one, such as was the relation of Scotland and England before 1702, and as is the relation of Norway to Sweden now. Some patriots go further, and think that it would be well for Iceland to dissolve altogether her connexion with Denmark; they feel, however, that so poor and thinly peopled a country could not stand alone, and are in doubt where to bestow themselves. There has been some talk of uniting with Norway, towards which, as their original mother-country, the Icelanders have always cherished warm feelings; and the Norwegians have by various little civilities offered of late years endeavoured to draw the bonds of friendship closer. Norway is of course much nearer than Denmark, and is thought likely, now that her wealth is growing with her increasing trade, to be more liberal in money matters. Others among the National party have suggested that Iceland should offer herself to England, to which she was once on the point of being sold by one of the Danish Kings; in this way, they think, not only would self-government be secured to them, but the English capital which is so much needed for the development of the resources of the island would be more rapidly attracted to it. All this, however, is nothing more than the talk of irresponsible persons, and does not seem likely to have any immediate practical result; it is hardly more serious than the aspirations one hears in Shetland for a return to Denmark. The recognized leaders of the Icelandic Liberals profess loyalty to the Danish King, and content themselves with demanding a separate local administration for Iceland, the repayment of the sums which Denmark is alleged to owe, and the extension of the powers of the Althing. The more important of these demands have, it appears, recently found formal expression in a draft constitution which on the 28th of last July received the sanction of a Committee of the Althing, and which is to be submitted to the King by delegates deputed for the purpose. The chief provisions of this instrument are, we are told, that Iceland shall in future be connected with Denmark by a personal union only, and shall be governed by a Viceroy with three Ministers responsible to the Althing. In the meanwhile, pending the final settlement of the new constitution, the King's assent is to be asked to a provisional arrangement to the effect that the Althing be at once invested with full legislative powers, that a Budget be submitted for its approval once in every two years—no tax being levied in Iceland for defraying expenditure incurred by the Danish Government—and that a special Minister, responsible to the Althing, be appointed for Icelandic affairs.

It is probable that the Icelanders may succeed in obtaining some considerable extension of the powers of the Althing, but it remains to be seen whether Denmark will concede demands which in fact amount to the virtual independence of the island. Iceland, it may be added, has by no means the same advantages for self-government which are possessed by most of our colonies, to whose example an appeal is often made. Its small population (scarcely 70,000) is scattered over a wide area;

there are no roads or other means of communication; it would be difficult either to bring public opinion to bear on a powerful Governor, or to keep the Althing in session to watch him during a considerable part of the year. On the other hand, she is united to Denmark by far looser ties than those which connect Great Britain with the larger colonies. Denmark was not her mother-country; her language, her literature, her national manners and character, her historical associations, are all different. The concession of a measure of independence to the island would not weaken Denmark, which draws from it neither money nor men; and though it would not produce in Iceland itself all those good effects which the Nationalists have persuaded themselves to expect, it would at least dispose the people to rely more upon themselves, stimulate their national life in all its branches, and make them exert themselves more vigorously in the development of their material resources. That want of enterprise which so much strikes a stranger, and which contrasts so notably with the magnificent force and daring of their ancestors in the tenth and eleventh centuries, is due in great measure to the state of dependent helplessness in which Denmark has kept them. A people with so much intelligence and so many private virtues may well hope to have, under more favourable political conditions, no ignoble future in store for them.

ENGLAND IN HARVEST-TIME.

IT is hard to say how much longer we shall have harvests in England. It is true that cereals are less speculative crops than some others—than hops, for example; still it is yearly becoming more expensive work to produce them, while it may be hoped in the interest of consumers that prices will, on an average of years, tend downwards. Land and labour are alike going up in value with us, and it seems possible that they may go on rising in a way which few people are as yet prepared for. As for the land, the mania of exchanging the hazards of trade and the sweet simplicity of the three per cents. for a lordship of the soil and admission to the caste of the squirearchy is already luring our *nouveaux riches* into investments where the returns are relatively a bagatelle; while eligible building sites in the neighbourhood of our cities fetch prices that are fabulous. As for labour, there are friends of the agricultural classes who assure them of such excellent times in store that it will become positively out of the question for farmers to employ labourers at all. We are promised manhood suffrage in the counties, when the emancipated serfs are to become conscious of their political strength, and are to force their own terms on their masters by means of a constitutional *jacquerie*. They are encouraged to look forward to a utopia when a fair day's wage is to be given for a fair day's work, when the fair day's work will be fixed by statute at something like the half of its present length, and when a couple of holidays in the week will be reserved for recreation in the agricultural institute or the beer-shop, according to the tastes of the elector. As those days draw near, however, it is possible that the farming classes, succumbing under the weight of their growing burdens, may be forced reluctantly to go into liquidation. Or, if the liberty of choice be still left them, they may elect to turn their lands to more profitable purposes than grain-growing. For while we shall have been proceeding with our social reforms in England without regard to any but strictly local conditions, the processes of civilization and the means of communication will have been developing themselves in foreign parts. Grain will be grown in remote districts more cheaply and in greater quantities than hitherto, as the farmers of the steppes and the prairies are brought into more certain connexion with the markets of the great cities. At present, large masses of grain go to waste, from the simple impossibility of finding seasonable transport for them. Then railways will have gone on spreading themselves through those new corn-producing countries, and production will extend in a corresponding ratio as mechanical improvements are adopted. At this moment we may say that the agriculturists on the great prairies of the Mississippi basin have had their land for nothing; they don't want to make manure or buy guano; we may assume that their only outgoings are for machinery and wages, and these last are naturally high. But as machinery comes more and more into use, great economies will be effected in labour. So in that broad grain-growing belt of Southern Russia where the black soil stretches from the frontiers of the Polish provinces to the Ural Mountains and beyond them. There, too, the rent goes for little in estimating balances; there, too, the soil is of a fertility practically inexhaustible; and labour, although cheap enough, is often extraordinarily scarce. It is only comparatively recently that cultivation has been extending itself over these steppes of Europe, and population of course follows cultivation. What people want there is the machinery that shall supply the scarcity of labour, and that they are likely to have in future. Hitherto, and in America as there, the difficulty has not been so much the prime cost of machinery, nor yet the insufficient appreciation of its advantages; for Americans and Russians, as well as Hungarians and Wallachians, have long been alive to these. It is the expense of fuel, sometimes the absolute impossibility of obtaining it, that has delayed the more general introduction of steam. But an ingenious invention has just been patented which, if it answers the expectations of its projectors, may revolutionize all the conditions of farming in those timberless and coalless plains.

An English firm of implement-makers, Messrs. Ransomes & Co., have attempted to solve the fuel problem by arranging steam-bollers to be fed with straw, and in those parts straw is a positive drug and incumbrance. As it is not wanted for manure, it is piled in stacks and left to rot. If, then, greatly increased supplies are hereafter to be shot into our grain markets from the elevators at Chicago and elsewhere, prices must ultimately go down under the pressure, and our English farmers will be puzzled to hold their own, heavily weighted as they are. It is probable, however, that they will have no cause to despair, but will still be able to pay their way in spite of falling grain markets. Even if the retail dealer should lower the price of bread, and the penny roll should be selling for a halfpenny, they may hope to be saved by their beef and mutton. Cereals thrive better in warmer climates than with us, and are by no means liable to be damaged in the transport. But animals which have been parched on the drier herbage of Australia, Russia, or Buenos Ayres will never compete in "prime cuts" with beasts of the field from our Midland counties, to say nothing of Aberdeenshire and Angus. It needs comparatively few hands to look to the stock on a grazing farm, and we fear that English meat may be in the ascending scale for many a year to come. So it is possible that corn may give place to horn, to quote from a standing agricultural toast.

These are somewhat melancholy reflections, but they are suggested by the pleasant sights of the season. We see landscapes such as Jules Breton or the Linnells love to paint lying in the noon-day blaze or in the softer moonlight, and enlivened by picturesque groups busy among the shocks and the standing corn, or piling the sheaves on ponderous waggons dragged by their clumsy teams; and we sigh to think that the day perhaps may be not far distant when all that life and bright variety of colour will die down into the rank green monotony of sewage farms. Cattle are picturesque no doubt; there is something agreeably suggestive of lotus-eating and voluptuous indolence in a great herd of dreamy shorthorns ruminating under the cool shade in the rich herbage by the banks of some winding stream, as they wait on the will and pleasure of the butcher. Thoroughbred Alderneys are, to our mind, quite as ornamental as deer, and as for the spirited little black West Highlanders, they show in the wild glades of some woodland park to as much advantage as the historical herds of Chillingham and Chartley. But even the cattle dotted about scarcely serve to relieve the sameness of a landscape that is all laid down in green. As you are rapidly whirled through it, you have no time to dwell on picturesque varieties of breed, colour, and form. Except for the first fresh verdure deepening in intensity and then dying away in brown, the aspect is the same from early spring to the end of autumn, when the cattle disappear in their stalls for the winter. The artist may make studies of the trees in a green country, but, so far as "bits" of lively nature go, he is very soon at the end of his resources. One cattle piece is much like another, even when a Paul Potter paints it. Cattle going out, cattle coming home, cattle being milked at morning, noon, and night, with lights and effects changing accordingly—you see the very most that is to be made of the subject in that great French saloon at Vienna where Constant Troyon exhausts ingenuity in trying his best to be versatile. The land laid down in tillage at least presents you with pictures far more varied and more homelike, even in the very depth of the winter, when the soil is being broken for the spring sowing. But of course the beauty of the scenes and their homelike interest culminate in harvest-time. They are constantly changing, and each is more taking than the other, as you go north from the coasts of the Channel to the Highlands of Scotland. What can be more brilliant in its way, in the light and the colouring, than the great wains that are being loaded on the broad yellow expanse above the white cliffs of the seaboard? There is a blaze of scarlet poppies wherever they have not fallen under the reaping-machine, and the chalk is reflecting the hot glare of the sun till you can see the air dancing upon its glowing surface; here and there in the group of busy figures is a crimson hood or a girdle that comes in as warmly as the wearers must find them; and thus you have a picture of the harvest-field at noon, with the white sails on the blue sea in the background. You may choose a companion study "at sunset" from the Midland or Western counties, which will be as different as possible from the other. It is old-fashioned farming there, and likely to remain so, thanks to the capricious character of the ground. Small fields run up in the nooks and angles of tangled copes. Hedgerows that might have been trimmed last in the times of the Heptarchy straggle over half the parish. The sun comes slanting down through the topmost oak boughs on the golden nook where the waggon stands drawn up; and the trees have thrown their heavy shadows on everything else. The shocks are balanced on ground that slopes at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the leading horse of the team has been taken out, because otherwise the waggon could not have turned itself. The people who are harvesting are the people of the district: they are all familiar acquaintances, and are shouting and laughing in spirits made boisterous by the imminent prospect of a harvest home. It is surely as peaceful and happy a scene as you would wish to look upon, and one which you would be sorry to miss either in nature or upon canvas; and one might multiply scenes of the kind from the glenlets let loose in the South, away up to the very north of Scotland, where the keeper charges the shooting pony with the armful of half-ripened oats which he has managed to save from the grouse and the red deer.

We shall regret to lose such scenes should the time arrive when all our grain shall come to us from Chicago or Odessa, and yet we

must own in candour that they show better on canvas or at a distance. Our "Cornfield in the Isle of Thanet" has been reaped chiefly by Irish and other labourers resident in Whitechapel and Bethnal Green, who have come to the sea-side for the season, like their betters. They are by no means regarded as social acquisitions in the neighbourhood, and both their habits and their morals leave a good deal to be desired. It may not be their fault that they are forced to herd together as best they may in empty limekilns or anywhere else, quite irrespectively of age and sex. Still this style of living conduces to a freedom of manner and speech which makes them anything but eligible models for the parochial youth of either sex who work with them in the harvest-field. They delight in humour, but the humour is of the broadest; their language is impassioned and animated to a fault, although the horrible blasphemies which come in as the regular garnish rather detract from the effect than otherwise. Of course they drink whenever they get the chance; and, as their limekiln offers but few attractions, they pass away their leisure time in the public-house. The liquor of over-night keeps still fermenting in them in the warm sun; and when they get into an argument, it is a word and a blow with fist, shillelagh, or murderous reaping-hook. So that a Southern harvest scene, peaceful as it may seem, by no means gains in charm upon close inspection; and neither there nor in the midlands will you lose anything if you content yourself with your first and more distant impression. The Irish, to do them justice, if they are loose in their talk and ready with their blows, are, as a rule, tolerably moral in their lives; and if their talk is often free, at least it is always lively. Our English labourers, on the other hand, are apt to let the freedom of the harvest-field degenerate into license of action, although it may be difficult to tell which is the cause and which the effect. Yet, if they are not so often licentious in their speech, it is mainly because it is not their vice to be lively. That it is the capacity and not the will that is wanting is shown by the doggedness with which they will ride some gross joke to death by boisterous repetition. We fear it is the proudest achievement of Hodges aping Don Juan to raise a blush on the face of comparative innocence, while his own dull and expressionless features are flushed by his exertions and by the muddiest of beer. We should say that the very worst place in the world for that young village beauty who stands on the cover of the ballad set to music, with the coquettish sun-hat on her head and the sickle in her hand, is the harvest-field where our idyllic poets are so fond of representing her. If English corn-land should be turned to pasture, we question whether the cause of virtue would lose by the change, although artists and ballad-mongers might have reason to regret it.

THE MARRIAGE LAWS AND THEIR WORKING.

THE Report recently issued by the Registrar-General contained a somewhat trite remark to the effect that "the system of marriage by banns in populous places affords great facilities for clandestine and illegal marriages." Three months earlier in the year so very obvious a truism would have passed with as little notice as a statistical table of averages, but at the beginning of the recess the streams which supply the columns of the daily papers run low, and even the *Times* must take what it can get, and be thankful. The result has been a slightly acrimonious controversy between the representatives of ecclesiastical and of civil authority, a kind of outpost skirmish between the forces—to use an expression just now in vogue—of the Church and the world, in which clergymen and registrars have been fighting each for his own hand, instead of dealing with the real question at issue, and which the *Times* has wound up, *more suo*, with a leading article starting from no particular premises and arriving at no intelligible conclusion, but very moral and dogmatic nevertheless. Of course if the question of the English marriage laws is raised at all, it is not to be disposed of after this summary fashion. Apart from the "religious difficulty," and the antagonism of the parish church and the registrar's office, a large portion of the recent discussion has turned on the comparative value of "banns" and licences as safeguards against irregular marriages. A very homely proverb was formerly, and perhaps may still be, current in the midland counties, which reminded you that you "could not bolt a deer with a boiled carrot"; and a comparison of value in that regard with a "boiled parsnip" as a means of effectual domestic protection might not untidily represent the practical bearing of this "banns" v. licence dispute. "Caesar very like Pompey, Pompey very like Caesar"; the one is just as great a failure as the other, "especially licences," if you look at them from the point of view given by the Court of Chancery. The real danger arising from the solemnization of clandestine or illegal marriages may be greater or less, and may or may not call for legislative interference. "Quiesca non movere" may be a rule of prudence in the matter, or it may be the resource of laziness or incapacity; but every one who has given careful attention to the marriage question during the past twenty or thirty years—that is, since the introduction of railways and the immense increase of population in London and the great centres of English life—knows that the security against irregular marriages afforded by the old ecclesiastical safeguards is absolutely worthless. With the alternative security afforded by the registrar's certificate or licence we are now not concerned. We believe that the registrar's banns were formerly read out at the close of Board meetings of Guardians, and that they are now hung up somewhere in the Guardians' offices; and it may be that fathers of marriageable, but

scarcely manageable, daughters may be able to sleep in peace under the shadow of that security; in which case we have neither wish nor intention to disturb them.

It is tolerably certain that any assertion of the utter worthlessness, as a safeguard, of the publication of banns will be met with an earnest and almost angry denial from thousands of country parsonages. From more dignified positions, where the rector writes himself "Surrogate," a like response will meet any parallel statement as to licences. The answer proves nothing in either case. Where the conditions of society in a neighbourhood make a clandestine or irregular marriage impossible under any ordinary circumstances, it is not likely even that the attempt will be made; and it is undeniable therefore that the licence obtained through the rural Surrogate is a very pattern of correct episcopal greeting, and that the marriage by banns in a village which does not see half a dozen weddings in the year is as orderly and free of "impediment" as the parsonage croquet lawn. But there have been times, all the same, when the smooth current of village life has been disturbed, and the ladies of the hall and the rectory have even forgotten to cut open the last number of the *Queen*; when the miller's pretty daughter has disappeared, and the scapegrace attorney's clerk in the market town is said to be away for his holiday. A very anxious letter goes that night in the Surrogate's postbag to an old friend in London, begging him to make immediate inquiries, of which the result appears a few days later in the form of a marriage certificate, "by licence," or "after banns," as the case may be. It was commonly said some years ago that the London and North-Western Railway had left no further need for Greta Green, St. Pancras Church being much easier and cheaper of access; and within the last few years the names of certain other churches in London have become conspicuous for the excessive and disproportionate number of marriages solemnized in them. One gross and open case of the kind has been repeatedly brought under the notice of the bishop in whose diocese the church is situated; but bishops are unable to take any real action in the confessed and utter confusion which has surrounded the working of the marriage laws. The Registrar-General would do good service if in his next Report he would substitute for the expression of mere vague generalities a table showing the number of marriages solemnized in every church in London, together with the population belonging to each ecclesiastical district or parish. The publication of such a paper would speak for itself.

It may be well to state in a few words as possible the conditions under which marriage may be legally solemnized in any church. They are based of course on the parochial organization, and much of the confusion of their working is the result of the practical breakdown of the parochial system in London for all ecclesiastical purposes. The marriage must take place in the church of the parish in which one of the parties resides, residence being held as established by a very brief period of living or lodging within the parochial limits. Legal residence being thus to a certain extent a fiction, it is not to be wondered at if it has been treated as a fiction entirely, and if the mere hiring a lodging without living in it, or even using an address with or without payment and without the pretence of taking a lodging, has been supposed by persons intending to marry to be a sufficient compliance with the law. The practical working of this idea is somewhat startling at first sight to an inexperienced searcher in many London registers, when he finds the same residence given for both bride and bridegroom in first one, and then another, and another entry, page after page. The simple interpretation is that the place of residence is fictitious as regards one of the parties, and very often as regards both. If it is known that inquiries are likely to be made in the case of publication of banns, it is an easy matter to arrange for their being satisfactorily answered. There is among the London poor a very widely prevailing desire to keep the wedding arrangements quiet. Partly to avoid expence, and partly to escape the notice which finds expression in "chaff," many a couple of the working classes look out for a quiet church out of their own immediate neighbourhood. "Why, sir, we are known there," a tidy young fellow once said to an incumbent who declined to take the notice of banns, and explained in what church they must be asked, "and rather than be married there I'd sooner not be married at all." He had his sweetheart on his arm at the time; and to go to another church "where the minister was not so particular" was the easiest thing possible. For if "residence" is an ambiguous word, "parish" is one of hopeless and endless diversity of meaning. A prominent member of the Metropolitan Board of Works was once called on at a parish dinner, as churchwarden, to propose the health of the clergy, and in doing so he carefully distinguished between the "real old rectors" and the "district clergy, excellent men in their way, but a mere mushroom growth," who presumed to call their districts "parishes." This controversy is deeply rooted; and accordingly the mother church continually asserts her legal claim to marry from the whole "parish," while the districts retaliate and protect their interests by asserting their right to get fees from the same area, with the result that each of half-a-dozen churches professes to be responsible for the residence of persons taken from a population of fifty thousand or one hundred thousand. The law is really distinct enough, restricting each church to its own ecclesiastical district; but the plea that no one could ever understand the Church Building Acts is plausible, to say the least of it.

It is unpleasant to be obliged to point out the real source and secret of this muddle; but it is necessary to speak plainly, and to say that if the clergy would give up the prevalent and unseemly

struggle and scramble for marriage fees, a great deal of the existing mischief and confusion would be avoided. We believe that in most cases the actual addresses of the persons married are honestly entered in the registers; but it is notorious that instances have existed where the mere name of a vast parochial area is entered as the "residence," just as it might be in the case of a country village with a couple of hundred inhabitants. It is, however, idle to expect any great reform in the practice of churches while the grotesque tradition of Doctors' Commons (to use the old phrase) remains untouched, and while any one who chooses to declare a falsehood, or who is ignorant of the requirements of the law, can get any licence he may ask for. It has often been noticed—and that in a way not complimentary to the dignitaries whose "greetings" to "our well-beloved in Christ" are scattered broadcast over London—that while the poor parson may be terribly punished for an irregular marriage by him, the diocesan official, not to say the prelate, whose name appears on a licence for a clandestine and illegal union has been unaccountably, and of course unintentionally, left out from the penal enactments of the law. The clergyman to whom a licence has been presented is protected from any legal penalties if he solemnizes a marriage in accordance with it; but he is not the less morally bound to use his own judgment in acting upon it, and to refuse to solemnize the marriage if it appear to be either clandestine or illegal. There will be occasions on which, with all his watchfulness, he may be deceived, and may discover the deception when it is too late to remedy it; but even then something may be done to lessen the mischief of a clandestine marriage, and we have known an instance where a bridegroom was as much astonished and perplexed as the parents of the young lady, a minor, were relieved and enlightened, by the announcement of his marriage a few days subsequently in the usual column of the *Times*.

Instances of clandestine marriages by licence are naturally far less common than those of irregular ones. These last are constantly the result of ignorance, and of the natural supposition that a marriage may take place in the church which one or both of the parties ordinarily attend, which is perhaps not in more than half the cases arising in the suburbs of London the parish church of either of them. It is almost impossible for an ordinary household to know, in very many neighbourhoods, to what ecclesiastical district he belongs, although he may have very frequent and not very welcome reminders of the name of the civil parish to which he pays rates and dues. But, so long as he is bound to see that his daughters are married in a church prescribed by the law, he has a right to require from a legally constituted authority some definite information on the subject. If he thinks that he can obtain this information in the precincts of Doctors' Commons, he will be more fortunate than we can encourage him to expect. With reference to the question of residence and other matters connected with the civil right of persons to enter into a contract of matrimony, it is impossible that the parochial clergy of London or the great centres of population elsewhere can long continue to be regarded, or to regard themselves, as personally responsible. Publication of banns may be a venerable ecclesiastical custom, but it is not any real safeguard or protection to society. The question whether there is "any cause or just impediment why two persons may not be joined together in holy matrimony" is a question for the law to answer, and sooner or later its decision must be made to rest on the authority of the civil power. That decision made, the succeeding question as to the church or other place in which the marriage shall be solemnized may fairly be left, as one would think, to be settled according to the wishes of the persons chiefly interested, to the convenience of family arrangements, and to the guidance of common sense.

THE COMPETITION MANIA.

THE Commissioners under the Endowed Schools Act express a confidence in their own principles which unfortunately is felt by nobody outside their office. One of their body almost pathetically laments that the public will not read the Report of the Schools Inquiry Commission to which he was Secretary. If people would only read his blue-book, and become convinced of the necessity of being reformed by him! But people either will not or cannot understand. It would have been easy for the Endowed Schools Commissioners to have printed and circulated this wonderful Report of the Schools Inquiry Commission, which ought to have prepared the way before them. But they entered on an unprepared road, and very rough and toilsome they found it. They did indeed put forth a manifesto of their own which enunciated some large principles and "rather frightened trustees" of Grammar Schools. This "Paper F," as it is called, contained a statement that "the Commissioners would be wrong not to avow their intention of laying the greatest stress on the eventual prevalence of the maxim that there should be no gratuitous education except as the reward of merit." Ill-natured critics say that the authors of this paper have been infected with the prevailing mania for competitive examination. They have "the courage of their principles," and perhaps when they have seen more of the world and its crooked ways, they will learn that the less that is said the more is likely to be done. But they innocently assumed that everybody must have read the blue-book of their colleague, who, as a sort of modern St. John, had announced the approaching revelation of a new gospel. A voice was heard crying in the wilderness "Competition, universal competition!" But little children be brought to the Commissioner and he will examine them in Latin grammar. But

those who are weary of learning lessons come to him and he will give them more to do. The children of England, not having read this interesting blue-book, do not foresee the trouble which awaits them. Alas! regardless of their doom the little victims play. They know not that the fair-spoken gentleman is ready to set them a paper in arithmetic. Happily for the children, their parents have become "rather frightened" by Paper F. The Commissioners find themselves misunderstood and even ridiculed, and they must be content to await the "eventual prevalence" of their maxim at the millennium. But still they are confident in their principles. "If," says one of them, "the Endowed Schools Act is allowed to work, there will probably be a large rush of endowments for the benefit of the schools." It was pointed out to him that in one conspicuous instance the rush had been the other way, and endowment had been withheld from fear that the Endowed Schools Act might affect the application of it. This, he admits, is true; but then people have not had time to read his blue-book.

The Commissioners have admitted that the working of the Act greatly depended on the co-operation of trustees, yet no policy could be less likely to secure such co-operation than that which they adopted. They have thought it their duty to remodel the constitution of the governing bodies throughout the country "on general principles," without regard to the practical working of the actual form of government. Nothing in the Act compelled them to adopt a course to which much of the opposition and difficulty they have encountered may be attributed. The supposed necessity of carrying out certain principles which had been enunciated in the blue-book already mentioned has been their ruin. They might have considered that, after all, good materials for governing bodies are not so plentiful as to make the work of reconstruction easy. They have proposed to introduce representatives of ratepayers, and a head-master who appeared as witness before the Committee fairly said, that "if it was wanted to give higher education, we should rather object to the people who will not use that education electing the governing body." Another proposal is to introduce into the governing body a member elected by the masters of the school. This proposal might possibly find favour among schoolmasters, but we believe that, if you were to take the opinion of the House of Commons or any other assembly of average Englishmen, the great majority would condemn it. The only expression of opinion in the Committee was by Alderman Lawrence, and he condemned it. He presumed that giving power to the head and assistant masters to elect was virtually giving power to the head-master, and this he did not seem to approve. The Commissioner who was under examination assumed him that this was not necessarily so, for the assistant-masters might elect adversely to the head-master; and this Alderman Lawrence clearly disapproved. He asked whether such an election was likely to tend to the good feeling and harmony and discipline of the school. This question the Commissioner did not directly answer. Probably he is aware that the balance of opinion is against him. If you were to ask the first twelve men you meet at your club, nine of them would probably say that if the head-master elects the member, he would do no good, and that if the assistant-masters elect him, he would do harm. The old-fashioned idea of managing a grammar school was to put a good head-master into it, and let him alone. A witness before the Committee said he thought "that the goodness or badness of a school depends far more upon the master than upon the governing body." The old plan is recommended by experience, while the new plan is a mere emanation of the brain of the Commissioners. They sat down seriously to consider whether they should let well alone, or whether they should try to make it better. Older and wiser men would have determined without consideration to let well alone. If they had been under a necessity to build we should not look so closely to the quality of their materials. But they assumed that this idea of a master's member or representative among the governors was so valuable that they have pulled existing bodies of trustees to pieces in order to apply it. Common sense teaches that the responsibility of the head-master is one thing and the responsibility of the governors is another thing, and that to mix up two things which ought to be kept distinct is wrong. We say that the plan would be viewed by the great majority of business men as wrong; but even if we go no further than to say that it is not manifestly right, that would suffice to condemn the Commissioners for forcing it upon reluctant bodies of trustees.

The great principle of "no gratuitous education except as the reward of merit" has been applied by the Commissioners so as to produce universal aid, as we think, justifiable discontent. We know that there are learned men who desire to put every man, woman, and child in England through a competitive examination, but we venture to doubt whether the system is suitable for children. It was objected to the Commissioners that they made reward dependent on intellectual attainment, and left moral qualities out of consideration. They answered that well-conducted boys were generally successful in their studies, and this may be conceded to them. If, however, we pass from school to college, we shall find examples of what are called "fast men" who have done well in the honour lists. Many of us can call to mind the names of men who have been very properly refused fellow-ships at their colleges which they would have got under a strictly competitive examination. The system of competition is unsatisfactory at any age, and more so as the age of the competitors diminishes. In many cases, no doubt, that system has been adopted as a welcome relief from the trouble of exercising patronage, but these Commissioners thought it their duty to interfere with all the grammar schools of England, whether they were working well or ill, for the purpose of extirpating patronage

and introducing competitive examination. We believe that the Governors of Christ's Hospital are endeavouring to get its constitution settled without the intervention of the Commissioners. The Governors are probably rather disturbed at the "rush of endowments the other way," and desire that wealthy persons who may be disposed to give money to Christ's Hospital may be informed what is likely to be done with it. We all know what the old system was. A man paid a certain sum to become governor, and he thus obtained a nomination to the school. If he was member of Parliament for a borough, his constituents of the middle class who had large families gave him a good deal of trouble when the time of his nomination drew near. If a struggling tradesman with four or five sons got one of them into the school, it did him good and nobody else harm. The widow of a clergyman or officer with a large family got some friend to apply to a governor of Christ's Hospital and had a fair chance of success. Among several similar cases it might be difficult to select the most deserving, and a perplexed governor might be glad to settle a troublesome question by turning over the candidates to a learned person who would put them through a competitive examination. The old system of Christ's Hospital looked for merit or need in parents rather than in children, and it looked for that which might with certainty be found. We do not, of course, deny that the system, as worked, fell short of theoretical perfection, but the Commissioners would be obliged to make the same admission as to the system which they propose to substitute. The Schools Inquiry Commissioners whose blue-book has unfortunately remained unread were shocked to find that among a lot of boys then recently admitted to Christ's Hospital "hardly any had had a good preparatory education." If this were so, they might reasonably have recommended that some moderate amount of preparatory education should be required. But this would not satisfy their desire for organic change. They gratified their own love of symmetry by distributing all the schools of England into first, second, and third grade schools, and they proposed to make Christ's Hospital a school of the first grade, or of the first and second grades combined, "and to fill it with scholars selected by competitive examination from all public schools of the third grade in England and Wales." The Commissioners under the Act have told us that they attached great weight to the recommendations of the Schools Inquiry Commission, and probably in the application of competitive examination to Christ's Hospital they would have gone, if it had been possible, even further than these recommendations went. They say in Paper F that "there is no point connected with schools on which the testimony of experienced persons is more uniform or euphonic than the ill effect of gratuitous education independent of merit." Let us suppose the case of a lieutenant in the navy who, according to the old saying, was unconnected with the asses and the Dunderges, and who had a family, and had sailed, although a gallant and experienced officer, to obtain promotion. Will anybody presume to say that a presentation to Christ's Hospital would not be well bestowed on the son of such a man as that, even if the boy throughout his school time preferred play to work? Take again the case of a half-pay officer settling at a town where there is a free grammar school of reputation to which he intends to send his boys. The Commissioners would take away the rights of residents to free education, they would establish scholarships open to the whole of England, and they would then announce in a blue-book that they had perfected a great and necessary reform.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER-SONGS FROM TURKESTAN.

SOME years ago a tiny volume entitled *Soldier-Songs* issued from Mr. Herzen's "Free Russian Press in London." The utterances which it was supposed to render audible were those of a down-trodden race, exposed to all manner of hardships and sufferings, and compelled by brute force to do the bidding of a detested master. Being by no means destitute of vigour, and giving evidence here and there of genuine poetic feeling, they were not unworthy, from a literary point of view, of the poet to whom they were generally attributed, Mr. Ogaref. But they bore scarcely the faintest resemblance to the songs which Russian soldiers were really in the habit of singing, and must have greatly puzzled those untutored children of nature, if they ever reached their ears. The themes on which the Russian military minstrel really loves to dwell are of a very different nature from those which inspired the Communist songster. The latter poured forth his sorrow and indignation in wallings and threnodies; the former is generally chanting poems, in honour of his regiment or his commander, or telling his tale of hardships endured and obstacles overcome in the tone of a man to whom past sufferings recall memories which are not altogether painful.

A few specimens of the authentic utterances of the Russian troops in Turkestan may not be without interest to English readers, especially to those who have carefully followed the accounts of the expedition to Khiva, or at least have made some acquaintance with the manners and customs of Central Asia, through the medium of Mr. Vereshchagin's pictures at the Crystal Palace. They are taken from the third part of the valuable collection of papers relating to Central Asia entitled "Russian Turkestan," and published last year at St. Petersburg. Their editor, Mr. Ivanof, who took them down on the spot from the mouths of the soldiers who sang them, vouches for their authenticity, but remarks that in many cases they are adaptations of songs which have previously done service in the Caucasus. Thence they have

been transferred into Central Asia, the names of persons and places having been altered from time to time by the force of circumstances. From the point of view, therefore, of the physical geographer they are often unsatisfactory, the existing face of nature being repeatedly credited by them with features which do not belong to it. But the pictures which they present of the life of the Russian soldier in the far-off land which is so unlike his own fondly-remembered home may be confidently relied upon, as well in most of its details as for the general impression it conveys.

No. 16, for instance, contains a full description of what its refrain styles "Our manner of living in Turkestan." Everything there, it says, is different from what it is at home:—

The Turkestan soldier carries a bag instead of a knapsack. All through the summer he is clad in a gymnastic shirt. His trousers are exactly like the poppies of the Steppe, and he has a kepi stuck on the back of his head.

As to what we do—we're either on the march, or working at all sorts of things. On the march—if it is along the plain, mind you take water with you. But if it is among the mountains, then you will have work enough for your boots. By day the sun roasts you, by night the wind pierces you through.

When the Turkestanian goes on a march he must carry everything along with him. If he doesn't do so, he won't get anything from the Sarts, for that horse is always shifting about.

We carry bottles with us, sewed up in bags, and we are always ready with kishmish [a kind of grapes] and tea. No sooner have you come to a halting place than the tea is boiling all ready for you.

On warlike expeditions our brother [i.e. the soldier] is always setting out. During such movements we have lots of diversions. One engages with the enemy, and works away with the bayonet. Then there are people to shoot at and try one's gun upon.

Should you take a town from the enemy, then you build a fort there at once. Many such-like forts have we set up among the Steppes.

Clever builders that we are, we make ourselves dwellings of earth. Of fuel we have no lack, lighting our fires with whatever comes handy—with thorns or cane, or with dry refuse.

We've already made friends with the Sarts, and got accustomed to live with the Kirghese. When you go into one of their houses, they treat you with koumis [fermented mares' milk], and with kishmish and green tea. We have begun to teach each other, so as to be able to have a talk, and nowadays the peaceful Sart addresses you as his brother.

On festival days we can get a good feast, and drink vodka made from grapes; besides tasting cakes, which they bring piping hot.

If a soldier only knows his drill, he will never go to grief. Never go to grief, but lead a jolly life. This is what is like, you see, our manner of living in Turkestan.

The greater part of the songs are naturally about fighting, describing various skirmishes with the enemy, or boasting of the victories which were crowned by the capture of Tashkent and Samarcand. Here is one which describes how the Russian troops dealt with the Khan of Kokand:—

The Sir-Daryan lads [of the Russian army] go roaming about the Steppe, but the Kokand fools are leaving their forts.

Suddenly our heroic commander moved his troops along the Darya. Boldly with him went the whole Russian force, ready to be always under fire.

Our father is he and our commander, the protector of his soldiers. Not a care is there among them, only songs resound.

To the Djulek fortress did we come, to regale Kokand and its Khan. Bullets and balls did we bring. "What do you order us to begin with?"

Without waiting for their orders whistled the cannon-balls on the mound. There did a howling arise—"O!-bo-ye, Uruss, Shaitan!"

Our general is not joking with you. He is ready to regale you. He will not let you out of his sight, however much the bullets may threaten.

His word is our law. With him we go into battle as to a feast. With him will we go right through, having made a breach in the wall.

The Beg saw it was a bad business; he shouted out "Allah!" He gave up thinking about the Djulek Kurgan, handing over to us all his standards.

Better is it for you to forget about your Kurgan Djulek. Strong is our Russian breast, we will seize all Kokand.

The Kokand men will we thrash, to the glory of the White Tsar. Nicely will we frighten them, till the Khan cries out "I will give up Kokand!"

"In memory of the affair under Zarni-Bulak" (the taking of Ketto Kurgan), "on the 2nd of June, 1868," a military songster has composed a spirited piece of martial verse. "The Bokharians," he says, "looking, in their red jackets, just like poppies, occupied their stronghold, and looked down on us as we marched towards them with our steady face. There were twice as many of them as of us, but they had a bad time of it when we gave them a taste of our bayonets." Then he proceeds to describe the fight:—

Hark! their signal is sounding! on comes their infantry—from their guns the balls are flying—their riflemen open fire, and shower a regular hail of bullets upon us, while all around gallop their horsemen.

But the Russian guns also open fire, "treating the enemy to grape-shot," and then a rush is made at the fortress. "The red-jackets are unable to hold out," and take to flight. After them hasten the conquerors, and in a little time the plain is covered all over with "heaps of dead bodies, all in wide trousers and Bokharian head-dresses." After this "the Amir wouldn't fight any more, but concluded peace with us," perceiving that, "although he had raised plenty of troops, yet the Russians were altogether the strongest." The poet concludes by stating that soon after the fight took place "our General Kaufman rewarded with a cross all who had distinguished themselves in it."

The song of the 3rd Battalion is full of confident aspirations. "We will subject Bokhara to the Tsar's power," it cries. "The brave General Abramof will lead us into action. Many a time has he shown himself what a hero ought to be." He will lead the troops to Khiva, just as he and Cherniaief "beat the Kokandians in Chenkent, and overthrew the Amir on the Darya, and those that remained in Khodjent."

The capture of Samarcand forms the theme of several poems, one of which begins as follows:—

It is not the dust that is sweeping around the Steppe, blinding the wanderer's eyes. It is our forces on the move, preparing themselves for the

march. From Kaufman have orders come to get ready by daybreak; and by the dawn the expedition is already on its way. For Samarcand is the army bound.

"By night," continues the bard, "the expedition started from Gish-Kupryuk, and without a halt it marched more than thirty versts to the river Zaravshan." Under the midday sun it already stood beneath the heights on which the son of the Amir had drawn up his countless forces:—

As when crows at the approach of evening wing their way towards a high mound, till the mound is no longer to be seen, but only a black mass, such multitudes of them having flown together: so did the Bokharians then, like so many crows, take possession of the whole of the heights.

But the enemy were "in a pretty pickle," we are told, when the Russian troops attacked them; first the riflemen and the cavalry, and then the whole of the columns "moving on with Russian courage":—

Into the river Zaravshan, the swift river, with linked hands did we fling ourselves. All the lofty heights of Chupan-Ata breathed forth smoke and bellowed thunder. From the throats of thirty guns rattled down on us a hail of cannon-balls.

But the attackers rush on undaunted, carry the heights, capture the guns, and rain down missiles on their foes till the Bokharians take to flight, "leaving only the soles of their feet visible," while, "like the thunder of God, rises and rolls and reverberates the Russian hurra." That night the conquerors pass on the heights; but next morning they march upon Samarcand, and enter the city without firing a shot:—

Then did our grey-haired general congratulate us in that we had gained a splendid victory. And afterwards he said "Thank you" [*Spasibo*] to all the troops. That's how we managed matters on the first of May.

Another song on the same subject begins in a similar strain:—

It is not a mist that is rising from the Darya, it is not a heavy shower that is falling. It is our noble general who is getting ready to set out with his troops for Bokhara. With cross and with prayer does he set out to capture the city of Bokhara.

A third contains a passage which may be interesting to investigators of the origin of our "Hurra":—

When we drew near to the enemy they began shouting out, "Ur, Ur," and many of them with martial mien came leaping down from the heights towards the plain. But scarce had the "Ura" arisen—the terrible, Russian "Ura!"—when they all immediately took themselves off from the heights; the hill was swept perfectly clean.

All the songs but one are triumphal chants, voices of exultation over a vanquished foe. The solitary exception tells the tale of the losses inflicted in the year 1864 on a small Russian detachment in the neighbourhood of Ikan. But even in it there is heard no wailing note, and towards its close the minstrel's voice assumes a vaunting tone. It was in the beginning of December, says the bard, soon after a frost had commenced, that news was brought to the Russian camp of a countless army of Kokandians being on the move. Thereupon Sérof was sent out with one gun and a reconnoitring party of Cossacks. "It was then the evening hour. A dark night came on as the Cossacks flew along. Glimmered the fires of the enemy as they drew near to Ikan." They sent on a guide in advance. Presently he came galloping back, having met a party of Kokandians. Then the Russians began to retire, but they were soon surrounded by countless foes—

But who was at leisure to count them? The Cossacks turned themselves into infantry, and began to picket their horses in a circle [they themselves remaining within it, as is represented in one of Vervahchagin's pictures]. No timorous people are the Cossacks. They twirled their moustaches and were all right.

Meantime the enemy attacked them on all sides, bringing up three guns, and opening fire on them, howling and roaring the while. But "the sharp-witted sons of the Ural" constructed a kind of defence made of sacks filled with earth, and from behind it kept up a steady fire with their single gun, which they carried on their backs when the splintered wheels of its carriage would no longer turn round. At length, after a long defence, thirty-six of their number having fallen, and the majority of their horses having been destroyed, they spiked their single gun, and began a painful retreat, supporting their wounded comrades, and destroying the rifles of those who could no longer use them—

Thus for eight versts did the heroes retreat quietly from the conflict. But then—Lo, once more the foe!

At this point the connected narrative suddenly breaks off, the ballad ending as follows—

Great were the losses of our comrades, but by their deeds will their friends remember them.

Nor will the "Salmoyedi" forget what a victory over such gallants cost them.

Long did they struggle and hold out; and, although they got the worst of it, yet did the Tsar reward them.

REVIEWS.

MASSON'S LIFE OF MILTON.

IN reviewing one of Professor Masson's previous volumes we noticed some mannerisms of style, and especially apparent imitations, probably unconscious, of Mr. Carlyle, which do not

harmonize with an ordinarily plain diction, and which are want of Carlyle, and unpleasantly grotesque from their exceptional character. We regret to find that the Professor has not thrown off these faults of manner. He is fond of putting his statements into the form of imaginary conversations. For instance, instead of confining himself with the fact that Milton and his first wife fell out immediately after marriage, he puts supposed bedroom squabbles into an ecstatic, but very commonplace, dialogue. "One seems to hear the sound of differences, of conflicting opinions about this and that, of weeping girlish wilfulness opposed to steady and perhaps too austere prohibitions. 'Well, then, I will go back to my mother; I am sure I wish I had never—.' 'Go.' And so the parting may have come about." And then, after Milton's wife has left him, and he has published a treatise on Divorce, Mr. Masson imagines the street-talk of reverend Presbyterian gentlemen walking home together from the Assembly; and the style of the imaginary conversation is certainly not happy. "Only a month or two married; his wife gone home again; and now, instead of proper reticence about what can't be helped, all this hullabaloo of a new doctrine about divorce! Just like him!" The following is very unnecessary and ecstatic apostrophizing, in lieu of what should be a simple account of the Pansophiae Prodromus of Comenius:—

A Pansophia was wanted; nay, a Pansophia Christiana, or consolidation of all human knowledge into true central wisdom, one body of Real Truth. Oh, wisdom, wisdom! Oh, the knowledge of things in themselves, and in their universal harmony! What was the mere knowledge of words, or all the force of pedagogy and literature, in view of that?

In the following passage Mr. Masson slides into vulgarities:—

I should not wonder if Milton was one of those more favoured spirits whom Hartlibb wanted to enlist in the great scheme of a Pansophia University of London, to be organized by Comenius, and whom he tried to bring round Comenius personally during the stay of that theorist in London in 1641-2, when the experiment of some such University was really in contemplation by friends in Parliament, and Chelsea had been almost fixed on as the site. But if so, I rather guess, for reasons which will appear, that Milton gave the whole scheme the cold shoulder, and did not take to the good Comenius.

Again, unless tight, in the sense of serious or difficult, in which it seems to be used in the phrase "a tighter action against Milton" (p. 295) be a recognized Scotticism, in which case it may be pardoned to a Scotchman, we should say that it has an unhappy character of slang. Mr. Masson must take it as a compliment to the intrinsic value of his book that we dwell on these peculiarities and shortcomings of style. He is not an affected writer; his ordinary style is natural, clear, and intelligible; but his writing certainly needs a more careful revision than he has vouchsafed to it, in order to clear it of apparent attempts (not happy as such) at fine writing, and of undignified slipslop.

Mr. Masson's second volume related the sudden marriage of Milton with Mary Powell, the young daughter of a poor Oxfordshire squire and magistrate keeping up appearances beyond his means. She was little over seventeen when this marriage was hastily and, for us, and apparently for Milton's friends, mysteriously concocted. The marriage, quickly followed by the bride's return to her parents, is now really a great mystery, which Mr. Masson, not certainly from want of zeal or industry, has not successfully unravelled. Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, is our best authority for dates, but clearly a bad one; and he must have greatly misremembered when he wrote in his biography what as a boy, for he was at the time Milton's pupil and in his house, he must have known well. As to the time of the marriage, which he gives vaguely, he cannot be far wrong. Milton, he says, went into Oxfordshire on a visit, from which he returned to London a married man, "about Whitsuntide" 1643. Whitsunday was May 21. Milton is said by Phillips to have returned to his house in Aldersgate Street "in about a month's time." He would have been married then probably early in June. Some of his wife's relations accompanied the newly-married couple when they came to town. "The relations," says Phillips, "stayed about a week, during which time there was much feasting and merriment; for about a month after they were gone, the newly-married wife remained with my uncle." Then Phillips goes on to say that "late in July or early in August" 1643, the wife went to her parents, on a request from them, "to which my uncle consented, on the understanding that she was to come back about Michaelmas." It seems clear, from a discovery by Professor Masson, that Phillips must have got wrong in dates as to the wife's return to her parents, and have made serious mistakes about the alleged leave of absence till Michaelmas. Phillips proceeds:—

Michaelmas being come, and no news of his wife's return, he sent for her by letter, and, receiving no answer, sent several other letters, which were also unanswered, so that at last he despatched down a foot messenger with a letter desiring her return. But the messenger came back not only without an answer, at least a satisfactory one, but, to the best of my remembrance, reported that he was dismissed with some sort of contempt. . . . It so incensed our author that he thought it would be dishonourable ever to receive her again after such a repulse; so that he forthwith prepared to fortify himself with arguments for such a resolution, and accordingly wrote two treatises, by which he undertook to maintain that it was against reason, and the enjoinment of it not provable by Scripture, for any married couple disagreeable in humour and temper, or having an aversion to each other, to be forced to live yoked together all their days.

New Mr. Masson has discovered what appears to be indubitable proof that Milton's first Divorce treatise was published by the 1st of August. The proof is an entry of this date in the copy of the treatise which belonged to Thomason, the London bookseller

* *The Life of John Milton: Narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of His Time.* By David Masson, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. Vol. III. 1643-1649. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

and tract collector, whose wonderful collection of tracts is in the British Museum, known as the King's Collection. What becomes then of Phillips's story of Milton's waiting till Michaelmas and then proceeding to publish? Mr. Masson states the matter thus, and we trust his judgment and Thomason's date:—

The note was put there by, or by the direction of, the collector, Thomason, to indicate the day on which the copy came into his hands, and is to be relied on implicitly. The Tract, it will be observed, was anonymous; but the words "Written by J. Milton," penned on the title-page by the same hand that penned the date "Aug. 1st," show that the authorship was no secret from the all-seeing Thomason. In short, on evidence absolutely conclusive, Milton's first Divorce Tract was in print and on sale in London on the 1st of August, 1643, or two months before Phillips's fatal Michaelmas.

There is another necessary deduction from August 1 as the true date of publication. Milton's wife must have gone to her parents sooner than "late in July or early in August." Supposing the marriage to have been near the end of May or early in June, she would probably have gone home at latest early in July. This would give time for the publication of the first Divorce treatise on the 1st of August. The treatise told, without names, Milton's grievance and his determination to live no more with his wife, and to untie, if he could, the knot which had bound them together. The story of this early separation is a mystery. Milton's language, which necessarily applies to his own case, is of the very strongest description. In luxuriant riot of description he speaks of "a mute and spiritless mate," "a polluting sadness and perpetual distemper," "one that must be hated with a most operative hatred," "forsaken and yet continually dwelt with and accompanied," "a powerful reluctance and recoil of nature on either side, blasting all the content of their mutual society," "a violence to the reverend secret of nature," "bound fast to an uncomplying discord of nature, or, as it often happens, to an image of earth and phlegm," "two carcasses chained unnaturally together, or, as it may happen, a living soul bound to a dead corpse." These are a few of Milton's fulminations in his first Divorce treatise, published August 1, 1643, against his own matrimonial lot. He had then been married two months only. The case must apparently have been a dreadful one, considering that it is Milton, a wise and good man, who writes. Here is a connected extract from his first treatise:—

For all the wariness can be used, it may yet befall a discreet man to be mistaken in his choice, and we have plenty of examples. The soberest and best-governed men are least practised in these affairs; and who knows not that the bashful modestness of a virgin may oft-times hide all the unlikeness and natural sloth which is really unfit for conversation? Nor is there that freedom of access granted or presumed as may suffice to a perfect discerning till too late; and, where any indisposition is suspected, what more usual than the persuasion of friends that acquaintance, as it increases, will amend all? And, lastly, is it not strange though many who have spent their youth chastely are in some things not so quick-sighted while they haste too eagerly to light the nuptial torch: nor is it therefore that for a modest error a man should forfeit so great a happiness, and no charitable means to release him; since they who have lived most loosely, by reason of their bold accustomed, prove most successful in their matches, because their wild affections, unsetting at will, have been as so many divorces to teach them experience; whereas the sober man, honouring the appearance of modesty, and hoping well of every social virtue under that veil, may easily chance to meet, if not with a body impenetrable, often with a mind to all other due conversation inaccessible, and to all the more estimable and superior purposes of matrimony useless and almost lifeless.

This was the outpouring of Milton's first wrath. Seventeen months pass; he has published a second Divorce treatise, and in March 1645 he publishes his *Colasterion*, chastising opponents, and his *Tetrachordon*, explaining four passages of Scripture on marriage. In the *Tetrachordon* Milton's phraseology is as it was seventeen months before; "the mere carcass of a marriage," "the disaster of a no marriage," "heavenly with holli-h, fitness with unfitness," "all the ecclesiastical glue that liturgy or laymen can compound is not able to solder up two such incongruous natures into the one flesh of a true besecring marriage." In the *Colasterion* there is a passage in reply to Prynne, "What book hath he ever met with, as his complaint is, 'printed in the city,' maintaining, either in the title or in the whole pursuance, 'Divorce at Pleasure?'" 'Tis true that to divorce upon extreme necessity, when, through the perverseness or the apparent unaptness of either, the continuance can be to both no good at all, but an intolerable injury and temptation to the wronged and the defrauded, to divorce then, there is a book that writes it lawful." This sentence is Milton's argument—extreme necessity, perverseness or apparent unaptness of either, preventing all good to both, and making continual injury and temptation for one. What does all this mean, as applied to Milton's case? It would seem as if the lady refused to act as a wife. Many external circumstances show that the marriage was likely to be regarded by the lady's father as one of convenience. By an old lawyer arrangement of Milton's scrivener father in 1627, Mr. Powell was debtor to John Milton of 300*l*. There was no sign of payment; Mr. Powell's difficulties were great and increasing; John Milton wanted a wife; he had probably been smitten by Mary Powell; he might have looked to the debt for aid in his suit. Milton goes down to Oxfordshire, telling his errand to no one of his household, except probably his father, and he comes back married, not with his wife only, but, strangely enough, with several of her relatives. What did they come for but to smooth matters and persuade an unwilling bride? They leave her, and soon after she leaves her husband and goes home. Milton is furious, and pours out before the public his fury against the system by which he suffers. Her mother takes her part, and keeps her at home. But the Powell family make no reproach or charge against Milton. His Divorce

treatises would be known to all friends and acquaintances, and could only be read as impeachments of his wife. At last they hear that he is seriously intending to treat his marriage as null, and is endeavouring to persuade a respectable young lady, daughter of Dr. Davis, "a very handsome and witty gentleman" (says Phillips), to marry him. What happens then? The wife, unrequested, comes up to London without notice, throws herself in Milton's way, makes no reproach, and begs to be forgiven and taken back. Milton takes her back, and then, there having been no previous sign or expectation of issue, "the first fruit," says Phillips, "of her return to her husband was a brave girl, born within a year after." Not long after her return, the whole Powell family, in distress, come to London and live with Milton, and he treats them all kindly and generously. His father-in-law dies in his house, January 1647. He still owes Milton the 300*l*., and also owes him a promised dowry of 1,000*l*. to his daughter. This mysterious affair of Milton's early quarrel with his wife needs further investigation; no further materials, it is true, may be in existence; but we are sure that, if anything more can be done to elucidate the mystery, Mr. Masson is the man to do it. In the meantime has he anything beyond conjecture to bear out his suggestion that Milton behaved harshly? Was he likely to be harsh to a young bride, whom he must have chosen from love? He is described as the reverse of morose. Aubrey says "he was of a very cheerful humour." His daughter Deborah says he was delightful company, the life of conversation, unaffectedly cheerful and civil.

There is a difficulty in reviewing single volumes or successive instalments of a large work. The best that can be done is to pick topics in a desultory manner. About the time when Milton's wife returned to him, in the middle of 1645, he began to collect his poems for publication. The volume was published in 1645, according to the title-page, and the precise Thomason again gives us the exact date, January 2, which, according to the dating of those times, would be January 2, 1645, but we should now say 1646. The publisher was Humphrey Moseley, who had a year before published Waller's poems, and had lately acquired the copyright of Denham's, published in 1642. Mr. Masson gives a very interesting account of a revived taste for literature showing itself in 1644 or 1645, and of Humphrey Moseley's part in the revival:—

In 1645, however, and especially after Naschy, there are symptoms of a slightly revived leisure for other kinds of reading than were supplied by Journals, Sermons, Pamphlets, and books of Polemical Theology, and of a willingness among the London booksellers to cater for this leisure. . . . Almost always, in such cases, a social tendency is represented in the activity of some particular person. Nor is it otherwise here. So far as Poetry and so-called Light Literature are concerned, one has no difficulty in pointing to the particular London publisher who in 1645, and from that year onwards, stood out from all his fellows by his alertness in the trade. This was HUMPHREY MOSELEY, who had his shop at the sign of the Prince's Arms in St. Paul's Churchyard. Something in his personal tastes, I am inclined to think, must have determined him to the line of business which he selected; so marked is his avoidance of all dealings in sermons, ephemeral treatises on theology, and pamphlets either way on the present crisis, and his preference for poetry and books of general culture. . . . Moseley was only on the way to make all this reputation for himself, and indeed Waller's volume of Poems, published in Dec. 1644, was yet the principal advertisement of his shop, when he and Milton came together. Pleased with the success of the Waller, it appears, Moseley thought of a collection of Mr. Milton's Poems as a likely second experiment of the same kind, and applied to Milton for the copy. The application was not disagreeable to Milton; and, accordingly, some time after the middle of 1645, or just while he was preparing to remove from Aldersgate Street to Barbican, and there came upon him the great surprise of his wife's re-appearance, Moseley and he were busy in arrangements for the new volume. . . . The revival of the proof-sheets may have been begun in Aldersgate Street, but it must mainly, as I have said, have been among Milton's first employments at the new house in Barbican. Here, at all events, is Moseley's entry of the new volume in the Stationers' Registers: "Oct. 6 [1645], Mr. Moseley ent. for his copie, under the hand of Sir Nath. Brent and both the Wardens, a booke called Poems in English and Latyn by Mr. John Milton." Usually the entry of a book in the Stationers' Registers was about simultaneous with its publication. In this case, however, there was a delay of nearly three months between the registration and the actual appearance. The precise day of the publication of the new volume was Jan. 2, 1645-6. Either, therefore, Moseley had registered the volume before the printing had proceeded far, or after the sheets were printed there was some little cause of delay.

This is pleasant and honest writing. Mr. Masson is even too honest in his work—that is, he is unnecessarily communicative in revealing his processes. Instead of giving the result of his reading, which would have been in every way better, and asserting—with reference, if he liked, to his authority—that poetry and literature were prosperous in 1646, and that Moseley was chiefly instrumental in the upward movement, he gives us the confidences of his note-book, and writes in the body of his work about Moseley:—"More significant still is the fact that it was Moseley who was the publisher of Waller's poems in December 1644. After that date his tendency to trade-dealings in poetry and the like is so manifest in the Stationers' Records that I find appended to my MS. notes from these records, for the Loudon bibliography of the year 1646, this memorandum:—'Poetry and pure literature looking up again this year, and chiefly through the medium of Moseley's shop.'" As a matter of taste, we should prefer the result without the revelation of the process. *Arret celare artem*. But there is something pleasant in genuineness and honesty; and Mr. Masson is genuine and honest. With great labour and minuteness he relates not only Milton's life, but also the history of the period. In both respects he accumulated with great industry and conscientiousness what we can only view as materials for a future work. As yet

history, Mr. Masson's labours will be an invaluable foundation for some future historian of genius and brilliancy; while as regards Milton's biography, we hope that Mr. Masson designs, and that he will live to execute, a classical life of Milton, for which we can only consider his present volumes as a preparation, and which we feel that he is capable of doing well.

WELLS'S POLYNIA.*

CAPTAIN WELLS is an ardent advocate of the approach to the North Pole by way of Spitzbergen, in opposition to that by Vin's Bay and Smith's Sound which is generally favoured by English voyagers and geographers, by Captain Sherard Osborn in particular. As one who has himself made acquaintance with that route, and who feels himself fortified by experience in facing the risks and uncertainties of new advances in the same direction, he is entitled to an attentive hearing for the arguments he has to propound on its behalf. Apart from this immediate object, his narrative of recent Arctic adventure has in it much to interest and instruct the ordinary reader. Without pretending to the fullness of matter or the artistic finish which made Mr. Hayes's volume so attractive, Captain Wells's book is straightforward and clear in style, securing our confidence by its unaffected simplicity and sterling sense. It was no formal or scientifically equipped expedition on which he went forth in the summer of 1872. The invitation of a friend (Mr. Leigh Smith, we are left to surmise), whose fine schooner yacht, the *Samson*, lay fitted out at Hull for a cruise to the Arctic Sea, was too strong for scruples on the score of short notice or inadequate preparation, or even the risk of being beset for a winter among the Polar ice. The special interest just now rife concerning the geography of the circumpolar regions and the action or influence of the Gulf Stream in the higher latitudes furnished motive sufficient for a seaman blest with such an opportunity. Everything had been done for the strengthening and outfitting of the yacht by another Captain Wells, an old whaler who had in the previous year reached latitude $81^{\circ} 24'$, seeing open water and islands N.E. of Spitzbergen, but who was compelled with a heavy heart to turn back from the enterprise of the *Samson*. One main object of this voyage was to verify an observation of his that the water is of a comparatively high temperature at a depth of four hundred fathoms, showing a difference of nine degrees at that depth when compared with the temperature at the surface. Of this remarkable fact, which many scientific men had declared impossible, he seems to have abundantly satisfied himself in the course of the cruise. The superstitious fears of the Norwegian crew had the year before baffled the attempt to penetrate the supposed open sea. The *Samson*, it appears, was better manned. She had moreover her massive bows braced by stout iron bands firmly bolted to her stem, extending round the bluff of her bows to about twelve feet aft, to meet the shock of the ice. Much sound advice went with her from the old whaler—in particular as to stepping too hastily upon floating ice, he having by his single weight caused an enormous mass, finely balanced, to topple over with him into the sea. The manifold perils of the Polar deep naturally formed much of the talk on board from the outset of the voyage—"You remember them 'ere claps as was left in this here way, and was all froze to death?" Such was the fate of the boat's crew of the *Enterprise* left upon the ice, whom their comrades, one of them sailing with Captain Wells, in vain tried to reach through the gale thirty degrees below zero, tying the oars and masts together to form a raft. Disappearing in the fog, the whole party perished. Though running many a risk in pursuit of the whale, the walrus, the narwhal, or the seal, in scaling icy peaks or crossing glacier chasms, our author and the *Samson's* crew had, on the whole, a pleasant and profitable time of it. So absorbing was the chase on one occasion, an old bladder-nose seal, with his family of five crouched upon a hummock of ice, being the mark for a dozen eager sportsmen from the deck, that the steersman let the schooner strike the ice end on, the jibboom and headgear coming down by the run. Experience of the difficulties of Arctic waters forced on our author the conviction of the incomparably greater value of a steamer than of a sailing ship, full rigged as the steamer ought in all cases to be. Ordinary masses of ice offer no opposition to the whaler under steam, and beyond the shock to the system of the sailor who is not ready when the look-out man sings out "Hold fast!" there is rarely any injury done to the craft itself. Appended to Captain Wells's work is a section of the model steam-vessel calculated for Arctic service. The *Samson*, however, showed herself sufficiently deft and enduring in urging her stem through the fragments of floes and drifting bergs, only once giving alarming symptoms of a leak, which it was difficult to find and to plug, threatening for a while to compel an abrupt run back to safe soundings, if not an abandonment of the vessel herself. Having attained a latitude of $80^{\circ} 32'$ to the North of Spitzbergen the ship's head was turned South, sighting the Shetlands once more on the 21st of September. The spoils of the voyage, which we should scarcely have considered so prosperous a one as our author calls it, were 237 seals, 2 whales, 2 narwhal, 2 bears, and 33 reindeer, besides a large number of smaller game, birds, &c., and a collection of Arctic plants, of which a botanical notice by Professor Heer is appended.

In addition to many pleasant reminiscences of adventure,

Captain Wells brought home with him a number of considerations which to his mind establish conclusively the superiority of the Spitzbergen route over that by Smith Sound. They certainly deserve to be attentively estimated and weighed, fortified as they are by the authority of Professor Nordenskiöld, who, however, we since hear, has been foiled of his confident hope of being able ere this to announce the great problem of Arctic geography solved. The Professor, who left by our author at Spitzbergen, was confident of beginning his journey northwards from his winter quarters on the 1st of April last, and of planting his foot by the 1st of July on the very Pole of the earth. His party of twenty-three in all was most carefully equipped with every Arctic necessary or appliance that experience or forethought could suggest. Mistrusting the use of dogs, his reliance was on a pack of forty reindeer to drag the sledges, as well as, in emergency, to serve as food. The materials for three houses of wood, ready made, were taken with them, with three boats of the greatest lightness consistent with strength, holding provisions for three months, over 6,000 lbs. weight in all. Their plan was to sail along the western coast of Spitzbergen, and fight their way over the frozen sea to the Seven Islands, their winter quarters. Starting earlier than Parry, who found the ice already broken up and loose, drifting southwards under the influence of the currents and gales of wind faster than his dogs and men could push their way over the floating masses, they hoped to find the ice newly formed, or of consistency enough, and not too much roughness of surface, for their passage over it. Difficulties of course were to be apprehended. The reindeer, though usually easily managed by their Lapland keepers, may in gales of wind become untractable; the herd may be separated or drift away on the broken fields of ice—a loss scarcely to be endured. Already, Captain Wells heard, the deer were suffering, and two of their number had died. Peumican may be a substitute by way of food, but what will supply the place of traction? Reduced as the party must then be to one boat, the smallest, some sixteen feet only in length, to what discomfort must they be exposed? They had provided for them, it appears, a sleeping coverlet of dogskin, the warmest and lightest, it has been proved, of all materials. Professor Nordenskiöld, who had already pushed his way in this direction in company with Von Otter, expected to meet with land to the North, though holding to the theory of open water at the Pole itself. Should this be found, a gale off the land would, in the opinion of some of his party, be the cause of much trouble. Should water with broken ice be encountered, the want of steam power would be seriously felt. Had Parry enjoyed this advantage, his object might have been successfully attained. With a light boat laden to its full capacity the task will always be a perilous one. Koldewey, a practical authority, has spoken of the whole route by Spitzbergen or Nova Zembla as a wild undertaking. Weyprecht and Payer, however, having followed the Gulf Stream into the Polar basin, hold strongly to the belief in a warm and open sea extending to, or rather flowing from, the Pole. And the same view is strengthened, to our author's mind, by the immense masses of drift-wood brought to the northern shores of the island, the flocks of birds hovering over the horizon, the blue clouds, also seen by Parry, to the North, betokening open water, not to speak of Esquimaux reports of animals coming down from unknown regions to the South. A subsidiary argument is to be found in the comparative inexpensiveness of this route, the northern coast of Spitzbergen being easy and rapid of attainment, and its shores and bays offering any amount of refuge and refreshment, whether to whaling or exploring ships. It is for some occult reason, Captain Wells suggests, that the reports of the various journeys for the relief of Franklin have been kept back from the public, seeming as they do with the difficulties of the route by Smith Sound. Nor can it be pretended that more facts of a scientific kind are to be gleaned along the coast of Greenland, the northern shores of Spitzbergen having been declared of equal value by men of science either for purposes of collection or observation, or as a base for goodetic operations. It is by no means to public funds nor to Admiralty enterprise that Captain Wells would look for the prosecution of the great problem. More money is frittered away, in his opinion, in public enterprises of this kind, and anything but greater responsibility or efficiency on the part of officers is ensured, while nothing more startling or shames the inexperienced naval officer than the ease with which the harpooners deal with what to such a one would seem crushing difficulties. "Whalers of experience are able to live, and live comfortably, where the man-of-war's man would assuredly starve." There is something to surprise us in this testimony from an officer of the Royal Navy, opposed as it is to the opinion ordinarily current in the service; nor can we confess that we are converted by it to the extent of wishing the conduct of an enterprise dependent upon consummate discipline and the highest professional feeling to be entrusted to amateur or mercantile hands.

One of the most interesting facts recorded by Captain Wells is that of the cruise of a skipper, Nils Jonson of Tromsø, in his little yacht of thirty tons, during the summer of last year. Michael Land, eastward of Spitzbergen and south of Gillis Land, instead of forming three islands, as laid down by Altmann, was found by Jonson to form one island 240 miles long, piled with drift-wood and abounding with animals, the deer being the fattest he had ever seen. From a high mountain (latitude $79^{\circ} 8'$, longitude $30^{\circ} 15' E.$) the island was seen to be nearly bare of ice, showing one small glacier alone towards the South. The water to the South and East was free from ice, with a bright sky above. In this sea Captain Wells considers we have passed to the eastward of the

* *The Gateway to the Pole; a Voyage to Spitzbergen.* From the Journal of John C. Wells, R.N. With numerous illustrations. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

great iceberg system, since bergs would be found drifting from the eastward if they were generated anywhere in that direction. No ice-bound coasts are therefore to be encountered in this quarter, no floating barriers exist whose frozen walls offer no portal for the Polar explorer. The flat ice that is found floating upon these waters will surely yield a passage to the steam-ship, and open a way to the mythical Polynia. This name, by the way, which will not improbably puzzle our readers, we have heard explained on high authority at geographical meetings as denoting "spaces of open water in frozen oceans." We would gladly learn on what principles of etymology so much has been put into or got out of so curious a compound. Are we to take it as betokening vicinity to the Pole, or the number of open spaces nigh thereunto? In a word, is *πολύς* or *πόλος* the etymological radix? We wish we could share Captain Wells's confident expectation that the geographical problem is on the eve of solution, if not already solved, while we write. Anyhow, we thank him for the stimulus his work is likely to give towards Polar exploration, as well as for a lively and entertaining tale of adventure. The summary of Arctic enterprise prefixed to it traces in clear, though sketchy outlines, the exploits and the fate of the hardy men who have pushed forward the boundaries of knowledge towards the Pole, the names of British worthies—from Willoughby, Frobisher, and Davis downwards—being conspicuous among them. It will be an evil day when the British name shall be read no more in the annals of maritime adventure. A touch of nature indicating the tenderness which in general underlies or accompanies hardihood and bravery is seen in the episode of a solitary fly, the last of a few that went with the yacht, carefully watched and tended by the *Samsom's* crew. As its powers flagged, the insect was tenderly lifted to the topmost pane in the cabin window, to catch the warmest rays of the sun, and a becoming site was mournfully sought for its tiny dust. Of larger interest to the reader will be the tale of the last voyage and death of William Barczut, with that of the discovery by Dutch seamen of the wooden house in which his last winter was spent. The relics which had lain there undisturbed since the year 1597, now grouped together in the Royal Museum at the Hague, form one of the illustrations interspersed in Captain Wells's pages. Among them, besides a clock, were a curious but faultily designed metal disc by Plancius for astronomical purposes, books of the most recent date on China and India, as well as on nautical matters, rapiers, gunbarrels, and halberds, with the shoes of the little ship's boy who died in the winter. Sundry quaint vessels in earthenware and metal were also there, destined, it would seem, as gifts for Oriental potentates when the Orient was gained. To the dream of that early day has succeeded what we may hope to find a substantial gain in the extension of scientific truth.

THE MIDDLE-AGED LOVER.*

MR. PERCY FITZGERALD is a lively writer who understands very well the little artifices of his profession. He knows how to put together a story which shall be amusing reading for idle people, and which shall not offend against any of the ordinary canons of criticism. Moreover, there are some indications in his present story of talent of a rather superior order, and of genuine quickness in seizing and portraying character. The *Middle-Aged Lover* has the further merit of filling only two volumes of very moderate size; and though we cannot criticize it as though it belonged to a high order of literature, we can fairly say that it hits the not very exalted mark at which it is aimed. Novels of this unambitious variety must of necessity use some of those materials which have become the common property of all storytellers; and it is therefore without the smallest intention of casting any slur upon Mr. Fitzgerald's claims to originality if we say that he reminds us, in some respects, of one of Balzac's most familiar stories. The *Cousin Pons*, to which we refer, is not, in our opinion, one of its author's masterpieces. He has, as not unfrequently happens with him, degraded his hero in the attempt to render his situation pathetic, so much so that sympathy is occasionally swallowed up in contempt. The *Cousin Pons*, as our readers may remember, is the story of a poor relation who has been treated with the coolness appropriate to his position, until it is suddenly discovered that he is the possessor of a very valuable property. The various machinations to which his relations have recourse with the view of becoming his heirs subject him to annoyance, under which his health gives way; and the interest of the story consists in the description of his mental agonies, and of the desperate attempts which he makes to deceive the harpies who surround him in his last illness, with the inevitable result—inevitable that is, in a story of Balzac's—of the final triumph of unscrupulous selfishness, the death of the hero, and the ruin of the only friend who has been faithful to him. The resemblance of this story to Mr. Fitzgerald's is not, it may be said, very close. We do not, of course, speak of the difference of power between Mr. Fitzgerald and the man of genius who has so strange a fascination for many readers. But, in addition to this, the whole scenery and the surrounding characters are different. For Paris we must substitute an English manufacturing town; the hero is not a collector of curiosities, but a musical amateur; his wealth comes to him by an unexpected bequest, instead of being amassed in a life of un-

suspected toil; and his character is proud and independent, instead of being tainted, like that of poor Pons, by long habits of sycophancy. But, in spite of the differences, there are many points of resemblance in the surrounding circumstances as well as in the central situation to suggest that Balzac may possibly have given the primary hint which Mr. Fitzgerald has worked out entirely in his own style. Every novelist indeed must take hints from life or literature; and we could only wish that more of our writers would have recourse to the ingenious situations devised by their French rivals. It is, however, quite as likely as not that the coincidences we have noticed are altogether accidental, and we merely mention Balzac's story by way of briefly indicating the general nature of the situation in a *Middle-Aged Lover*.

Before the characters are placed in this situation, however, they have to be got there; and this process, which takes up more than half of the book, is not quite so well managed as the conclusion. The characters, indeed, are introduced with sufficient vivacity and are fairly grouped and contrasted. The central figure, who takes the place of the cousin Pons, is Mr. Doughty, one of those crusty bachelors, common in fiction and not perhaps very rare in real life, who beneath an exterior of rather cynical sourness hide warm affections and keen intellects. Mr. Doughty cares little for the circle of relations amongst whom he lives, and to whom he is generally known as "Old Doughty"; the epithet being prefixed, not by way of testifying affection, but as conveying the opinion that he is a premature mummy. In fact, he is not long past forty, and may therefore be supposed by people of a reasonable time of life to be still capable of feeling and exciting a tender passion. He speedily justifies this milder judgment by falling in love with the daughter of a wandering music-master, a young lady of splendid beauty, magnificent voice, and, in short, adapted in every way to be the commonplace heroine of a musical novel. Her father, however, is really well devised, and is by several degrees the best character in the book. In his circumstances he resembles the memorable Mr. Micawber, and shares that gentleman's taste for using the grandest language and the longest words attainable. The splendours of his manner, the fine, rollicking grandiloquence which renders his recollections of great musicians overpowering to his provincial audience, and his own firm belief in the intrinsic value of the various Brummagem wares which he tries to pass off for solid gold, are amusingly described, and he acts consistently to the last page. How such a daughter could have been the child of such a parent, or have developed so much true nobility of sentiment under such demoralizing conditions, are questions equally puzzling to the believers in hereditary influences or in the power of education. Luckily for them novelists are allowed to overlook such little difficulties, and to make the fairest roses blossom on the most disreputable weeds. Anyhow, Mr. Doughty is quite justified in falling in love with the superlative young beauty, whose taste in music is as unexceptionable as her powers of "execution" are astonishing. So long as Mr. Doughty is understood to be rich in nothing but his love of music, the father of his beloved looks upon him with suspicion, and snubs him the more decidedly because the lovely daughter has a second string to her bow in the shape of a handsome young officer, whose attentions have been of the most emphatic character. Arthur Pendennis was not more attentive to Miss Costigan than Arthur Duke to Miss Nagle, though the passion was in the first instance of a more serious character. Meanwhile the cousinhood looks on at the rivalry with amusement, but without any keen sense of personal interest in the result. Suddenly all is changed. A stranger leaves to Mr. Doughty a fortune of a quarter of a million; immediately his years diminish, his manners become distinguished, and the music-master's family become a set of base intriguers.

Unluckily, too, at this point the interest of the story begins to flag. Mr. Fitzgerald seems to have been seized with an unfortunate desire for mystifying his readers, and in consequence his story becomes for a time nearly unintelligible. Mr. Doughty and Miss Nagle are really in love with each other, and are really too high-minded to allow money to interfere with their affections. But unluckily it is necessary to the story that they should have a misunderstanding; and consequently they carry on a conversation in such long-winded sentences, and with so many indirect allusions, that they puzzle the reader as well as themselves. A good deal of that rather tiresome playing at cross purposes which always follows misunderstandings in novels goes on; and we confess that we were getting rather tired of the whole affair. A misunderstanding is generally a nuisance in fiction, because we see only too plainly the strings which have to be pulled to keep the puppets from falling into each other's arms; and when the misunderstanding is itself unintelligible, we very soon lose all interest in its solution. We were therefore heartily glad when Mr. Fitzgerald gave warning that we were about to "enter on a somewhat more stirring phase of this narrative." In fact, having wasted a good deal of time on these preliminaries, he suddenly wakes up, and becomes amusing enough. Poor Mr. Doughty is so much bothered by his misunderstandings and by his jealousy of the frivolous young officer that he falls into a nervous fever. This is the signal for the grand struggle round the sick man's bed. His relations at once awaken to the fact that a quarter of a million of money is going begging, and that it is only too probable that it will be left to the designing music-master's daughter. They instantly set to work with a spirit

* *The Middle-Aged Lover*. By Percy Fitzgerald. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Sons. 1873.

worthy of the stake, their anxiety being sharpened by the fact that two or three of them are very hard up for money. They take dark counsels with designing attorneys and hypocritical doctors; they show a strong desire to be by the bedside of their dying relation, and to prevent anybody else from disturbing his last moments; brothers who have been celebrated for their fraternal affection quarrel over the spoil; and distant cousins who have been at daggers drawn suddenly strike up close alliances. It is doubtless an old story, and in one form or another has been treated by dozens of novelists and dramatists before Mr. Fitzgerald and before Balzac. Far be it from us to go into the various ins and outs of the intrigues of which poor Mr. Doughty is the centre, which could only be explained by telling the story nearly at the same length as Mr. Fitzgerald has told it. All that we need say is that the comedy is played out with a good deal of spirit, that the relative positions of the various actors shift rapidly but are kept distinctly intelligible, and that, in short, we follow the rather complex oscillations of the contest with as much interest as we can habitually take in stories of the kind. Mr. Doughty is not so tragic a character as Pons, inasmuch as Mr. Fitzgerald is not so great a master of the horribly pathetic as Balzac; the wicked doctor and attorney and the selfish relations have not the diabolical malice and acuteness which are manifested by the corresponding characters in the French story; but it would be unfair to compare light comedy with domestic tragedy. For some moods of mind perhaps the light comedy is the most suitable. We do not desire to be every day meeting with friends in black hats and white neckcloths, nor to assist at the martyrdom of an innocent arrayed in the costume of the nineteenth century. The ladies and gentlemen who surround poor Mr. Doughty are, as Mr. Fitzgerald tells us, singularly changed; from respectable clergymen, lawyers, and others of the ordinary type, they become unscrupulous hungerers after gold, "ready to go any lengths in the ardour of their unholy greed." This is true; and yet they somehow remain rather commonplace people. They are in fact confined even in their wildest moments by the regard for decency characteristic of the middle-class Briton; and though an attempt is made to get a sane gentleman shut up in a madhouse, the designing people never attain the dignity of genuine criminality. Mr. Fitzgerald, in fact, remains to the end a lively describer of manners, not a dealer in what is called psychological analysis. He shrinks from really treating the stronger passions, even when touching on tragic situations. However, the story, though not showing any amazing power, is amusing, and ends ingeniously. We have probably said enough to indicate its character to the lovers of this kind of literature.

Before taking leave of Mr. Fitzgerald, we will venture the rather trifling suggestion that, if he professes an admiration for Tom Moore, he should take the trouble to quote him correctly. The first line of one of his songs is not "When through life once blessed we roam," but "When through life unblest we rove." Moore's songs are, to our taste, very poor stuff; but the language is generally intelligible, which is hardly the case with Mr. Fitzgerald's version.

THE COMPLAINT OF SCOTLAND.*

WE noticed the Early English Text Society's edition of Sir David Lindsay's poems some time back, and, as we were pining and sorrowing for the Preface, Appendix, Index, and other comforts and conveniences of life which the Society's editors are commonly liberal in supplying to their readers, we thought that we described at a distance a Preface which would do for the Lord Lyon as well for the book to which it more lawfully belongs. We have since had it whispered to us that Sir David's own natural Preface is still somewhat more than in *posse*, that, like John Gilpin's hat and wig, it is upon the road. But *de non existentibus et non apparentibus eadem est ratio*; we have not got the Preface to Sir David of the Mount, and we have got the Preface to the *Complaynt of Scotland*, which goes a long way towards illustrating the Lord Lyon's works, as well as those of the contemporary writer. The two throw much light upon one another. They were written about the same time, in the same general form of the same language, but with smaller dialectic differences which Mr. Murray's skill does not fail to find out. And they are written on the same general subject and with the same general object, but with the differences which could not fail to be found in two men who plainly differed widely in character and calling, and not less widely in religion and politics. Sir David Lindsay was a layman and a courtier; the author of the "Complaynt" there is every reason to believe, was a priest. Both were religious reformers, but reformers of quite different classes. The Lord Lyon had clearly parted himself altogether from the old Church. The author of the "Complaynt" was one of those faithful members whom a corrupt society hates more than it hates its open enemies. He abhors heresy and schism, though he protests against persecuting heretics and schismatics. They have been driven into error by the corruptions of the Church, and they may be won back again by its reform. He nowhere flinches from strongly denouncing ecclesiastical abuses; but he denounces them from within, and not from without, as one who wishes to get rid of abuses in order that the Church may stand

the firmer, not as one who makes the abuses a ground for pulling down the Church altogether. Both are patriotic Scotsmen, but the form which their patriotism takes is not always the same. Lindsay is a statesman, and he has no special bitterness towards England. The author of the "Complaynt" shows Scottish feeling in a fiercer and more popular form. A traditional and unreasoning hatred towards England in all times is the groundwork of his whole way of looking at things. Here again the religious difference comes in; to the author of the "Complaynt" England is not only the old enemy; it is also the land of heresy.

To the "Complaynt" itself Mr. Murray has added four contemporary tracts, dating from 1542 to 1548, which bear on the relations between England and Scotland under Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth. Two of these are strictly State Papers, the Declaration of Henry the Eighth in 1542, and the "Epistle Exhortatorie" addressed in 1538 by Protector Somerset to the people of Scotland. Of the other two, one is the Exhortation to the Scots, by James Harrison, a Scotsman in the English interest, dedicated to the Protector, and printed in London in 1547; the other is addressed to Edward the Sixth, by one Nicholas Bodrigan, otherwise Adams, who puts forth an epitome of the King's title to the sovereignty of Scotland, meaning by sovereignty the old supremacy of the one kingdom over the other. This is also asserted in King Henry's Declaration and in the Exhortation of Harrison, but it finds no place in the more statesmanlike "Epistle Exhortatorie" of the Protector.

Mr. Murray, the editor of the present volume, is already favourably known to our readers as the author of the book on the Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland which we reviewed a short time back. He shows here, as there, the same power of rising above local prejudice, and of grasping the plain truth as to both the political and the linguistic history of his country. He gives a full and clear picture of the state of things which followed the death of James the Fifth, and which drew forth both the "Complaynt" and several of the poems of the Lord Lyon. Many things had, during his reign, worked together to weaken the old feeling of dislike in the Scots towards England, and the religious reformers above all looked to their Southern neighbour as their natural ally. Things were plainly tending, just as they were after the death of Alexander the Third, towards a peaceful union of the two countries, which was hindered by the intrigues of Cardinal Beaton in Scotland and by the overbearing temper of Henry in England. Then came the invasions of Scotland in the later days of Henry and in the days of Edward, with that brutal havoc which most certainly finds no precedent in the reign of Edward the First. These invasions, while they again aroused Scottish feeling against England, brought about what was something like a practical annexation of part of Southern Scotland to England, and gained for England at least the formal adhesion of a large body of what were called "assured Scots." At the same time the progress of the Reformation in England and the persecution of the reformers in Scotland drew the reforming party in that country still more closely to the English side. This state of things comes out in its full force in the murder of Cardinal Beaton, in the holding of the castle of St. Andrew's in the English interest by his murderers, and its capture by a French force acting on behalf of the Queen Regent, if she is so to be called. All this, it will be remembered, comes between Somerset's invasion of Scotland and before Pinkie. Then came a series of appeals to the Scots from Somerset himself, and from English and Scottish writers in his interest, three of which Mr. Murray, as we have seen, gives us in his Appendix. It is at this point, and largely as in answer to these appeals, that the *Complaynt of Scotland* was put forth to rouse the old national spirit, and to stir up the old national hatred of England to the highest pitch.

Mr. Murray goes at some length into the question as to the authorship of the book, about which more than one theory has been put forward. It has been attributed to one or more persons of the name of Inglis, to Robert Wedderburn, Vicar of Dundee, and to Sir David Lindsay himself. This last view Mr. Murray distinctly casts aside; the "Complaynt" is the work of a churchman of the French party, writing with a bitter feeling against England, and writing moreover, not, like Lindsay, in the dialect of Fife, but in the dialect of the southern Scottish counties. It is not Lindsay; it is not Wedderburn of Dundee; who it is Mr. Murray does not take upon him at all positively to decide.

The "Complaynt" is written in prose, in such prose as was undoubtedly meant to be highly eloquent. It is a curious comment on the taste of a time which delighted in allegory so transparent as hardly to be allegory, and in anything that might pass for a display of learning, however misapplied. The mass of historical references, some accurate, some inaccurate, but in neither case having anything to do with the matter—the discussions of philosophical subjects, even the rather pretty description with which the book opens—would all be looked on in modern times as intolerably out of place in a book written with a grave practical purpose. As for his language, the writer amusingly professes to write in a very simple and plain style, and rebukes those who indulged in Latin and "long-tailed words":—

Now heir I exort al philosophours, historigraphours, & oratours of our scottis nation, to support & til excuse my barbar agrest terms: for I thocht it nocht necessari til heif fardit ande lardit this tractet vith exquise terms, quillikis ar nocht daly valt, bot rather I hef valt domestic scottis language, maist intelligibil for the vlgare pepil, thur hec bene diuise translatours ande compilaris in ald tymis, that tuk grite pleier to contrait ther vlgare language, mixend ther purposis vith oncouht exquise

* The *Complaynt of Scotland* with one Exhortation to the Three Estates to be vigilante in the Defence of their Publick cell. 1549. With an Appendix of Contemporary English Tracts. Edited by James A. H. Murray. London: Published for the English Text Society; Trübner & Co. 1872.

terms, drouyn, or rather to say *mair formally, reuyn, fra lating, ande sum of them take pleisair to gar ane vord of ther purpose to be ful of sillabie haif ane myle of lynth.*

Notwithstanding this, no writer was ever more full of utterly needless Latin and French words, of which Mr. Murray has made a long list, and some specimens of which may be seen in the above extract. This was the fashion of the time; the language of Scotland was just then overwhelmed with a crowd of strange words coming in straight from the French, to which it is owing that, while the natural Scottish dialects give us the most unmixt Teutonic form of English, the high polite Scottish tongue of the time of the Renaissance has a more Romance vocabulary than anything down to the penny-a-liner's jargon of our own time. This was united with various innovations in spelling, which, according to Mr. Murray, make the language of this particular time harder for a modern English or Scotchman to understand than the Scottish language of an earlier time.

After a good many introductory chapters, "ane Epistil to the Queenis Grace," a "Prolog to the Redar," "ane Monologue to the Actor," and so forth, we come to the essence of the piece, "The Author's Vision," in which he sees a lady and her three sons, whose mother begins to reproach them, and thus at the eighth chapter begins—"Quhen the affligit lady, Dame Scotia, reprocht hyr three Sonnys, callit the Thre Estaitis of Scotland." They are exhorted against their old enemies of England by a vast number of examples from all times and places, amongst which we are rather in the dark about "ane prince of athenes callit circius, quha hed secret intelligens vith xerxes kyng of perse, quhilk was occasioun that he seducit diuorse grit personagis to rebel contrar athenes." When Miltiades is made a Duke we must remember, as in the case of Duke Theodosius, that Dukes of Athens had been considerable princes about a century before; and when Leonidas is made King of "Lacedemonia," we must remember that *Arcadia* was the mediæval name of the city. But "circius" is beyond us, and Mr. Murray's Glossary, which explains many queer forms of proper names, here gives us no help. The writer not uncommonly forgets his vision and his allegory, and speaks in his own name, several chapters being put in their headings into the mouth of the actor, to the complete forgetfulness of Dame Scotia. In several chapters he answers the arguments put forward by the English and the Scottish supporters of England, the statement and the answer being for the most part of pretty much the same historical value. He reproaches the English with believing the vain prophecies of Merlin, and proves, not altogether unreasonably from their own point of view, that the English and their Kings have no just right and title even to their own country, much less to Scotland. This we may call a just punishment on English advocates who, whether in the reign of Edward the First or Edward the Sixth stopped to talk nonsense about Brutus, Locrine, Albanactus, and so forth. It is a most curious example of the way in which nations can utterly forget who they are. The English argument, as set forth in the pieces printed in the Appendix, assumes that the Southern English are Welshmen, and both the English and the Scottish argument assumes that the Northern English are Irishmen. The Scottish disputant throws in the teeth of the English that they are no Britons, but Saxons; but he quite forgets that he and his countrymen were Saxons just as much, and that the real Scots never left off calling them so. The fact that the two nations spoke one language was too plain to be kept out of sight, but he tells us:—

There is nocht tua nations vnder the firmament that ar mair contrar and different fra vithis nor is inglis men and scottis men, quhoubelt that thai be vithin ane ile, and nychtours, and of ane language.

It is instructive to see how a confused nomenclature, brought in through a series of accidents, had led two sets of people altogether to misconceive both their past history and their present interests. A part of England became politically connected with the real Scots and took their name. As towards the rest of England, the Scottish, English, so to speak, took up the feelings and position of Scots, while towards the real Scots they kept the feelings and position of Englishmen. The Englishman of Lothian, calling himself a Scot, came to look on England as "the old enemy," while he dealt with the true Scot in such a way as to make the true Scot the ally of England. There is no denying the fact that, in the days of Edward the First, the only people in the island who had a real right to the name of Scots, John of Lorn and his countrymen, faithfully carried out the terms of the Commendation to the earlier Edward. The Scots fought for their father and lord, the Basileus of Britain, against the English of Lothian and their Norman King. On the other hand, the Southern English equally forgot who they were; they identified themselves with the Britons whom their fathers had eaten up, and talked about Brutus when they should have talked about Edward and Athelstan. Mr. Murray has perhaps wisely cut short the epitome of Nicholas Bodrugan, alias Adams, but we wish he had kept the place where,

in vindicating the rights of the English kings, he ignores the fact that the English are not descendants of the ancient Britons, mentioning indeed Hengist and Horsa and the false Saxons' blood as invaders, against whom the English kings had to contend, while Alfred and Athelstan are lineal descendants of Arthur and the old British princes.

We are not sure that this alone would prove Nicholas to be a Welshman. We have known English folk who have rolled Arthur and Alfred into one.

SCHERFF'S INFANTRY TACTICS.*

IT was to be expected that the path which Boguslawski trod with so much success should soon be followed by others. And there is a special satisfaction in finding that a mind has been devoted to the same line of study among those trained under the care of Count Moltke himself. For here we feel sure that we shall meet no overstrained assertions of the infallibility of a new theory, nor, on the other hand, any attempt for mere effect's sake to show up the imperfections visible to critical eyes in recent victories; but rather a deliberate weighing of their whole value, and of the causes of the wonderful successes achieved. In a word, we look for serious lessons for the future rather than for route commentary on the past. The practical application of ascertained facts to present wants, and their development where possible into sound principles for future guidance, have ever been the characteristics of the modern school that rules the Prussian army. How far these may be due to the influence of one great mind will hardly be known so long as the Chief of the Imperial Staff lives; but we can hardly be far wrong in supposing that he who in 1865 was far-seeing enough to point out that future wars must witness an expansion of the company column system yet undreamed of, if the new arms were to have their due effect, has approved the attempt which Major Scherff is the first to make to carry the same process of tactical improvement to its utmost limits.

One of the few points on which we would take issue with the author is at his opening, where he turns aside to condemn, though gently, those "recent works, mostly of a controversial nature, written with more or less ability, but not always to the point, to discuss the changes in tactics apparently rendered necessary." For here he refers obviously, as in later passages more directly, to that remarkable essay which first cleared the ground that he treads so firmly. It was of the very nature of Captain May's task, when he wrote his *Tactical Retrospect*, to awaken sharp controversy; for he had to announce a more complete change in the order of battle than modern warfare had ever seen suddenly introduced, and to show—which he did with an incisive vigour that has rarely been surpassed—how that which to conventionally trained minds seemed mere confusion was but the direct product of certain new conditions in warfare which new arms were bringing in. Judged by the effect, no writer ever did his work more thoroughly; and, if his instrument appeared somewhat roughly handled, its quick strokes were but a fit reaction from the dulness of those "mere text-books" which Major Scherff mentions only to pass them by, that formed the staple of tactical literature before his day. May has gone down to an obscure grave, an unrewarded man. But the fact remains, that either his teachings in 1867 were but prophecies of what was to come in the great war in which he died, or—what is more generally believed—that they were so powerful in their effects as to determine the action of his countrymen in the very direction which he pointed out as leading to certain success. Indeed Boguslawski, writing in a calmer spirit, and with much wider experience, has but enlarged on the foundations which May laid in the theory of modern tactics. And now, when a new and more scientific writer than either follows in their steps, he finds an auditory thoroughly prepared to hear him, and trained already to receive as elementary truths those very doctrines which once excited indignation and revolted prejudices, but which the "works mostly of a controversial nature" of his predecessor, aided by the evidence of accomplished facts, have forced upon the world.

And here it is well to say a few words to those who, having lately read the widely circulated work of Boguslawski, may think that another writer on the same subject can have little fresh to offer. The task of Scherff is one which Boguslawski's treatise by no means interferes with. Unlike the latter author, Scherff has not striven to give a complete view of all the technical problems which the late war suggests. He professes to deal with but one single section of them; and if he is found devoting his volume to the study of infantry alone, it is both the natural consequence of his own personal training in that arm, and of an instinctive knowledge that in importance it stands by far the chief. Such must be the conclusion indeed of any tactical writer who sees the proportions of his subject as they really are. Late events have conclusively demolished the theory which for a short space after the Franco-Austrian and Crimean wars gained prominence, that artillery could ever become the principal arm. Infantry, therefore, takes a large share of Boguslawski's attention. But Scherff deliberately neglects the other arms altogether, in order to produce a thoroughly scientific study of the branch to whose working in modern war horse, guns, and engineers are all in truth but accessories.

Moreover, the whole current of thought in the two works which we are comparing is divergent. Boguslawski's is essentially retrospective. Even when theorizing, the author constantly has present to him the experiences of 1870, and is content, as it were, if he can utilize them to the full as a guide for what is to be done hereafter. Scherff takes altogether a more far-reaching view. Though the same facts, as noted by keen observation, form the basis of his theory, it is specially directed to exigencies such as the German army has not yet had to face. The future struggles which he contemplates and for which he would prepare his comrades have

* *Studien zur neuen Infanterie-Taktik.* Von W. von Scherff, Major im General-Staffe (*The New Tactics of Infantry*, by Major v. Scherff). Translated by Colonel Lumley Graham. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1872.

nothing in common with a collision with Danes, or with Austrians carrying inferior arms; nor with the dispersal of Mobiles on the open fields of the Beauce, where they never had a chance of success; nor with the thrusting back of demoralized troops on the works from which they made half-hearted sorties. His imagined foes are assumed to be as well armed as the Germans will be when the Manser is in their hands, as well drilled and as obedient as they, and as confident, if it be possible, in their leadership. Only in the actual tactics of the battle, as practised beforehand, does he see that it may be possible to establish a superiority such as the real art of war would at once bring out. And the object of his work is to give his countrymen the key to this, and to direct the vast military training which the Germans undergo into such channels as other armies less studious will not discover until the necessity has been forced upon them by the bloody proof of war. Fortunately it is hardly possible in these days for any expert to keep to his own nation a secret of a military nature that would ensure perfect success. Major Scherff's first and second volumes were probably studied over here almost as soon as at Berlin; and Colonel Lumsley Graham's spirited translation, which now lies before us beside the original, gives to every British officer an opportunity of studying for himself how the most accomplished minds among German military men are dealing with the great tactical problems which the breechloader has raised.

Instead of taking a cursory view of the different chapters in turn, we will choose a single part of one as an example of the freshness and power of thought with which our author treats his subject. We purposely select an elementary one—namely, Scherff's explanation of the well-known division of the attacking body of infantry into its three portions of skirmishers, supports, and reserve. Now it is usually taken for granted that there must not only be these divisions, but that the proper proportions should, as a rule, be one-half for the latter, which is the main body in fact of the whole front line, and one-fourth nearly for each of the others. Such is known to be the usual method of employing that company column formation which has become—despite the dreams of some too hasty critics that it had failed—more and more the acknowledged battle order of the German army, as the results of the war are studied and embodied in its drill. How then does Scherff treat this, which is usually assumed as a theory that is convenient to use, but that is still rather conventional than the result of science, practical or abstract? We shall keep to the original as much as possible; only, for the sake of space, we must contract our excerpt considerably. We shall find that it is no longer a mere matter of drill, but of moral and physical necessity, in these days, that the threefold partition should exist; whilst the examination of the matter by our author will show how his whole details for the attack are made to flow naturally from the principles as they are fixed.

And first, as to the primary division between the skirmishers, or actual firing line, and the reserve or main body. Why is this division necessary? Why any reserve at all in these days, when firing may be said to be the actual fighting power that is to push the enemy back? For these reasons, if we follow our author. It must be assumed, he declares, that the firing line is to be comparatively dense from the first—that is, from the first moment that it comes within effective individual range. The experience of the late war has proved unquestionably that the old rule of reinforcing skirmishers under fire by degrees is far more dangerous and costly than throwing them forward at once as close to each other as they can fire with effect. This being so, the next point to be grasped as an axiom is that the only way in which a firm defence can be shaken by the attacking line is to maintain the fire of the latter unbroken as well as heavy from the first moment that it becomes thoroughly effectual. To attack weakly at first, or to pause in the attack to await support, will be fatal to the moral power, which in these days of rapid firing is quite as telling as it ever was before. The first minor point therefore to be settled before coming to the greater problem is the distance of the front rank or skirmishers from one another. Single in depth they must be, or they could not otherwise all use their fire-arms effectively. Each must have a small space of free elbowroom for the same reason. And yet it is necessary, for reasons already given, to put as many men as possible into this firing line from the moment of its fairly coming into full action. It will probably be found that about a pace and a half of front per man will be the proper distance. Hence, if the proportion of skirmishers be—as is shown later—about one-fourth that of the battalion engaged, the length of the front which the latter can cover to attack with a fair chance of success becomes known at once.

With no less certainty can be fixed the proper distance in rear for the necessary reserve, supposing it to be assumed that there is to be one. For the experience of the late war has shown that the best troops cannot be expected to abide the test of close independent rapid firing at a line which returns it, for a greater space, than five minutes. To be of use therefore for the coming onset, to be up fairly in time to make it, the reserve must not be above five hundred paces from the firing line when the latter once gets into the first part of this critical portion of the attack. As to the absolute necessity of this reserve, "it lies in the nature of man"—to use Major Scherff's words. For an uninterrupted rapid fire at a range so close and effective as is supposed will not only affect the line by its losses, but will produce such an excitement of the nerves that a charge forward or a retreat becomes the only choice. "For the one case, as for the other, it is therefore necessary that

the main body destined to attack must be up with its preparatory skirmish-line" (which alone is not strong enough to make the charge—here comes the necessity stated briefly), "at, or better, shortly before, this moment of impulse." In his more detailed discussion of the attack at a later point, our author goes on to show why this main body must be equal to the whole front line in strength—that is, it must equal both the skirmishers and supports it has covered itself with.

But what of these supports, of which nothing has yet been said? Cannot this part of battle tactics at any rate be simplified? There are many who imagined, from a first hasty reading of May's essay, that the infantry battle would come to be a single dense line rushing on almost, so he himself phrased it, "like a horde of savages," each man, to use the expressive Americanism, "fighting on his own hook." If Major Scherff has correctly gathered up the results of the war of 1870, this is evidently but a dream. The firing line does not attack; it prepares for the attack. But what of the supports, which are not of the firing line itself as first set up, nor yet of the actual attackers of the final moment? Cannot they at least be dropped as a conventional relic of the past? Such is the question which Scherff plainly has it in his mind to answer when he goes on thus:—

We have supposed five minutes of steady hot firing to be the maximum time possible during which the reserve has to come up to the attack. We have also assumed that it is only by an unbroken continued fire—no gaps, no falling off anywhere—that the enemy can be so shaken that the first movement forward of this one real rush will send him back. But what of the previous time? There is a long space to be traversed before this actual halt to pour in a continuous fire occurs, in crossing which, on open ground particularly, the losses must needs be considerable. And that these losses may be instantly filled up, and so the preparatory line of fire not left weakened, there must be the necessary material close at hand. This material is the support or supports, which are as indispensable therefore to the completeness of the formation for attack as the skirmishers or the reserve. Only, if the preliminary advance take place over broken or covered ground, the first losses will be comparatively trifling, and the supports may in such case be proportionately weak. Theory has prescribed that they should vary from half the strength of the line they follow to an equal force with it; and practical trial has proved this to be true. We may add here to Scherff's reasoning the remark that, normal rules being made for open ground, the correctness of the barrack-square formula—"Supports equal to skirmishers; reserve equal to the two together"—stands proved by his demonstration, which we may close at this point.

We have purposely confined ourselves chiefly to one passage of this work, not as possessing exceptional value, but as being on a question already familiar to all military readers. And what our author has here done for this special subject, he has done with no less clearness for the attack, or rather assault, itself; for the third stage of the advance, when the position carried has to be kept whilst the assailants are under the dangerous influence of the reaction which inevitably follows the tremendous excitement of the charge; and also for such collateral discussions as that whether the command of troops should be extended in depth or in breadth, the formations for the various bodies already spoken of, and the handling and management of the second and third lines of battle—for all that has been hitherto said relates only to the first line. Nor are the later chapters on the Defensive-Offensive, and on the merely Demonstrative Action fought to secure time, in any way inferior to that on the purely Offensive, with which we have hitherto been concerned. Gems of practical wisdom, too, lie scattered amid the author's elaborate reasonings, inviting remarks for which we regret we have no space. Such are his dismissal of the old-world notion that any officer nowadays leading troops to the attack could possibly be mounted; and his remark that the times are gone by when reserves were to wait and receive the counter attack which is driving in on them the first line that has failed; for "this is in these days mere theory; the only support actually possible of such a repulsed line is that given from the flanks."

As we have praised this work so highly, we could wish to say something of the causes which direct so much scientific thought as it displays into this one study of tactics, and of the necessity laid on those who can master it to make full use of their powers. But this we must defer until we have noticed the second part of a book the importance of which is a striking sign of one of the most marked features of the age we live in—its development of warlike arts.

BOTTRELL'S TRADITIONS OF WEST CORNWALL.*

WITH a laudable desire to save from oblivion some of those local traditions which not only afford an insight into the manners, customs, and superstitions of the past, but also help to furnish material for deciding the question of a common origin of folk-lore, Mr. Bottrell of Penzance has put forth a second series of *Traditions and Hearth-side Stories of West Cornwall*, as attractive in their way as the first, of which we took favourable notice in these pages. It is no small gain when a patient antiquary is minded to undertake a task which to most persons would be tedious; and the air of unsophistication which pervades Mr.

* *Traditions and Hearth-side Stories of West Cornwall*. Second Series. By William Bottrell. Penzance: Printed for the Author by Beare & Son, 1873.

Bottrell's work attests the *bona fide* character of his record of oral traditions. Taking a somewhat circumscribed range, a half-isolated extremity of West Cornwall, as a quarter where old local legends and folk-tales would be likely to cling with the least interruption, he has gleaned the representative traditions yet within it, whether anent black witches or white, senseless giants or sharp-witted small folk, Buccas of various grades, devils and demons with divers powers of working mischief, as well as the "pellars" and "charms" which are the animated or inanimate antidotes of those powers. To relieve the impression of sameness, the interest of these stories is further varied by a tale of a haunted house, or a phantom ship, or an unfathomed cave in which "spriggans" and "knackers" may be heard plying their weird handicrafts; and the most unromantic of readers must perforce feel an interest in the discrimination of mermaids, or spirits of the deep, that entice the sailor to his doom, from the so-called "hoopers," or friendly spirits which, shrouded in fog, in hooting or hooping accents warn the fisherman of impending foul weather. Here and there, too, the book rises to a somewhat higher aim, as where, *à propos* of the "holed stones" and "long stones"—topics with which we had to deal in reviewing Mr. W. Borlase's *Nenia Cornubia*—it discusses the original purpose of these monuments, which is surmised to be to mark hallowed ground and the resting-places of saints near whom the living may choose that their own bones should be eventually laid. The Daunce-Meyn, near Boleit, "best known" (says Mr. Bottrell, treading, as he is aware, upon somewhat doubtful ground) "of all *Druidic* circles," is not suffered by him to remain, what the common folk esteem it, a corruption for "dancing maidens," but is traced through the Cornish name for stone (mean) to the ring of *sacred stones* (*Zans Meyn*), which still marks many a place of ancient council, priestly, political, or judicial, or perhaps all three in one. The so-called "crick stones," through which it was and still is the custom to pass rickety children, are, as Mr. Bottrell agrees with Professor Max Müller, of an astronomical purpose, meant for stone calendars,

to fix the time for the celebration of the autumnal equinox, by the stones being so placed that the sacred index of the seasons, on rising above the horizon, would be seen through the perforation, at a right angle to the face of the stone, the triangular head of the stone forming such an angle that when the sun was on the meridian, its altitude would denote the time, by its place in the heavens being in a line with the slope of the primitive time-piece, which would then cast no shadow on the ground at mid-day.

In truth, we get in this amusing volume much mostentations help towards the elucidation of West country relics and monuments, as well as clues to the origin of West country superstitions—such, for example, as the strange noises and witch dances in the Fugro, a cave south-west of Treve; the Giant's Holt at Bodinnar, and the "Vow" at Pendean (haunted on Christmas dawn by a female spirit in white robes with a red rose in her mouth, immemorially supposed to visit with disaster such as intruded upon her morning walk), which are referable to smugglers' stories, invented to scare away curious interlopers "with faint hearts, weak heads, and long tongues." To some such trading on supernatural terrors in order to check the curiosity which might interfere with a very natural and normal calling in old Cornwall—the smuggling business, which, by a pleasant euphemism, goes in this volume by the name of "fair trading"—we should refer the phenomenon in the ghostly tale of the "Smugglers of Penrose" (pp. 212–23), where at the dead of Twelfth Night the house and courtyards of Penrose are convulsed with sounds as of waves breaking and surging, and "in the wailing wind is heard a noise of oars rattling in their rowlocks, and then as of the casting of oars hastily into a boat." There is something highly poetical in the image, in the same story, of a boat manned with a ghostly crew emerging from out of the driving mist; and the strange fancy about "the hollow voices of the smugglers who had been drowned with the old Squire of Penrose, hailing their own names as drowned men's ghosts are said to do when they want the assistance of the living to procure them rest" (p. 218), seems to us unique, and in contravention of Virgil's words, "*nee jam exaudire vocatos*."

Obviously to a primitive and superstitious people like the Cornish folk, there was a ready, if fanciful, "because" to every "why." According to old tradition Parcurnow, which is now nothing but sand, was once the chief port of Cornwall, and was a cove into which the largest vessels afloat could ride with ease. It was choked or sanded up, says tradition, as the sport or punishment of the wicked spirit Tregeagle, once a rascally lawyer and Cornish Bluebeard, whose endless task it is to make a truss of sand, with ropes spun of the same, and to carry it to a rock above high-water mark. The task, it should be added, is endless, because it is a proviso that Tregeagle shall not use Velan-Dreath water or any other to moisten and bind his sand-ropes; though why, as Tregeagle appears to have been in life anything but a man of his word or his bond, and only after death bore true witness in despite of himself, any promise or stipulation stands in the way of his regaining his liberty, we do not exactly see. On the other hand, it is very easy to see why so constant a tradition of devils and witches has clung tenaciously to the faith of these dwellers in the far West. The nearness to the coast, the charm of a seafaring life, with the alternative resort to mining in the bowels of the earth (a weird calling in itself), and the scant knowledge of any book-learning, unless it were "The Story of Troy Town," "The Seven Wise Masters of Greece," "Gulpepper's Herbal," and "Moore's Almanack," combine to foster a leaning towards adventure, mystery, and romance, and to shape such drolls and stories as the wandering "Uncle Antony" or Ann' Jeuney had to tell, in supernatural fashion.

Hence it is that in such stories as that of the "Cardews and Nelly Wearne" (pp. 36–58) even the intelligent reader, and much more the imaginative tinner or miner, is left in doubt even to the last whether Captain Black, who danced at Buryan fair on a stormy night with handsome Nelly, and disappeared with her after she had sworn "she would have a reel that night, even if she danced with old Nick, and find a man to dance her down, or the devil might take her," was her old lover Billy Brea of Brea, or the devil himself in disguise. Although both are heard of again after their supernatural disappearance at the moment when, amidst a terrific thunderstorm, the church bells are set ringing to drive away evil spirits, still the captain's adventures and gallantries, his roving life, his blasphemies, and his tragic death by burning as he carouses with Carn his mate in Penberth Cove, are quite startling enough to get him the character of a devil or a demoniac; and while his better half Nelly is ashore, owing either to his desertion or unwilling absence, she finds no difficulty, under the tuition of her old friend Betty Trenoweth, in getting the credit of being a white witch, and by help of simples, scagmag, and sharp-wittedness, enacting the rôle of the wise woman of Buryan Town. Around this Betty Trenoweth there hangs an uglier reputation. She was a black witch, who played her neighbours such tricks that they had to resort, by way of a counter-spell, to skewering her effigy made in dough, whereby they caused her such bodily agony that, had they not destroyed the image, she would hardly have died with the spell unbroken and with her curse upon her torturers. The terrors of such a curse may be gathered from the curious sections (pp. 230, 231) about the cursing psalms and the legend of Sir Cloudesley Shovel. Of Betty Trenoweth no more need be said, except that, when she cast a covetous eye upon her cousin Tom Trenoweth's sow, there was no help for him but to let her have it at her own price. Going over the moor in the shape of a hare, and coaxing the sow into a culvert where it could neither turn nor go forth nor get back to its master, she gained her point at a cheap rate, and the price of the sow did Tom no good, "because every shilling of the devil's coin will go and take nine more with it." Whilst upon the topic of witch-hares, it is worth while noting how large a part they play in Cornish folk-lore. In the first story in this volume it was a witch in the disguise of a hare that led Squire Lovel such a dance amid withered oaks and haunted woods. In the legend of Pendersok it is the shape of a hare that the spirit of the murdered Saracen queen assumes, and generally this timid little quadruped has a part allotted to it strangely out of keeping with its normal harmlessness. Perhaps it is an illustration of the superiority of subtlety to strength, the inferior animal vanquishing the superior, as in the Vedic hymns the dog attacks the wild boar, and the calf defeats the bull, and as in *Æsop* the hare laughs at the eagle. With this view may be compared the chapter upon the hare in the second volume of De Gubernat's *Zoological Mythology*. Certain it is that in Cornish legends the battle is not always to the strong; in the legend of Castle Treen and its giants, "it wasn't much," we read, "that the giant had to teach the youngster" he stole from Maen. "Like all of great bulk, he had more strength than knowledge; for, as we say, the best goods are bound up in the smallest bundles." All the Cornish giants are represented as kind to youngsters, fond of quoits, and ninepins, though a little rough in their play, and invariably friendly to the common folk, albeit as invariably stupid, and burdened with more strength than sense.

It is somewhat otherwise with the fairy folk or small people. One Mr. Noy, led astray by pixies into the fairy colony on Selena Moor, finds there, in the guise of cook and nurse and servant of all work, his quondam sweetheart, Grace Hutchins, spirited away through eating a fairy plum. She tells him, on the sly, that her functions are baking, brewing, keeping house, and nursing changelings for the fairy folk, the last office being needful because the changed children miss the beet and malt liquor of more matter-of-fact communities. Grace appears to be only half transformed, for her love is constant, and she tells Mr. Noy that she can and does assume any bird shape to be near him. When in the fairy dwelling Mr. Noy gets jealous of one of the old "little men's" attentions, his kidnapped sweetheart says to him, "Oh! my dear Willy, don't be such a noddys as to be jealous, for he's no other than vapour, and what he is pleased to think love is no more substantial." There are one or two other good stories in this book, about the Small People's Cow, and the Fairy Master or Widower—who appears to have been a Bluebeard in so far as he points a lesson to feminine curiosity—but none that let us so far into the little people's secrets as the "Fairy Dwelling on Selena Moor." Of the stories which, though marvellous, do not partake of the supernatural, the best to our thinking is that of a Queen's visit to Barmahall, a legend not found in any county histories. The date is not given, nor can we guess whether her Majesty was British or foreign. Anyhow, when Dame Pendar, one of the proud Pendars, declined to go to Church Town with her son and his wife and the scabbie-an-gow (A.e. tag, rag, and bobtail) to see the Queen pass through it, but stayed at home and washed the fish by Barmahall Bridge, she was rewarded by the Queen coming out of her way to visit her, eating a fish dinner with her, and taking a good many drops of brandy to keep the fish "from flowing on her stomach." In the end the Queen proves Dame Pendar's proposition, that a "queen, for all her fine clothes, is much like another woman, especially when drunk," and "staying at home" proves a better mode of sightseeing than town-trotting.

Much more amusing matter might be culled from these traditions.

but we must be contented to recommend every visitor to the West to provide himself with a volume which will prove a most welcome companion to the local handbooks. He will find it full of anecdote and illustration, adage and fable. Tom of Ohyannor's "One and All" will remind him of the Horatii and the Curiatii as well as of the "Bundle of Sticks." "A Night's Ride to Scilly" will recall tales of Scandinavian folk-lore referable to the common visitation of night-mare; and such queer superstitions as that of dropping pins or pebbles into St. Madron's Well, by way of ascertaining the future of sweethearts, may be compared with the custom at St. Winifred's Well, Holywell, and other similar places. We can promise readers of all sorts pleasure and profit from this unpretending, but entertaining and instructive, volume.

THE FAYOUM.*

THE French travel so little, that what with us is a brimming and inexhaustible stream of light literature may be said with them to run dry at its source. In a nation of rare travellers books of travel must be rare also. The shelves of French libraries do not groan as ours do under the weight of the ever-accumulating volumes in which the blatant tourist records his experiences of a "Month with the Mormons" or a "Fortnight among the Fins." It is a pity that we cannot infuse a little of our own superfluous energy in the task of surveying mankind from China to Peru into our neighbours across the Channel. We may excel them in the spirit of adventure and power of endurance which make a man a good traveller; but, on the other hand, they far surpass us in the quickness of intelligence and literary instinct which make a man a good chronicler of his travels. One of the few books inspired by travel which have attained to the dignity of a classic was written by a Frenchwoman. The work in which Madame de Staël has recorded her impressions of Germany is a brilliant monument of genius in a field of literature into which it is to be regretted that so few of her countrymen follow her.

The volume before us commemorates the visit to Egypt and the Desert of a party of French artists, whose object in going there was "to look out for subjects for pictures and to paint them." Our author expressly disavows any historical or archaeological curiosity on the part of himself and his companions. "We set out," he says, "with a deliberate intention of ingratitude towards the Ptolemies, and we should have considered ourselves ill used if, in order to paint the Pyramids, we had been obliged to reckon their strata." Naturally what most riveted the eye of an artist was the exquisite colour of the landscape, the picturesqueness of the buildings, the variety and the novelty of the groups, costumes, and spectacles which enliven Oriental life at every turn. There is a lively description in this book of Cairo, with its bazaars bright with the embroideries of native manufacture, and its streets alive with the ceaseless tumult of trotting asses, swaying dromedaries, rumbling vehicles, and struggling foot-passengers. Our travellers were present at a religious ceremony which was a grotesque mixture of barbarism and magnificence. This was the departure of the carpet annually offered to the Prophet by the Viceroy for the Holy City of Mecca. The carpet is attended by a long train of pilgrims, rich and poor, who are escorted out of the gates with the utmost enthusiasm. A procession of Court carriages, preceded by detachments of soldiers, and magnificently adorned with feathers and gilding, formed a superb prelude to the real *cortège*, while the guns, fired at intervals, emphasized the official part of this strange ceremony. The carpet itself followed, borne on a white dromedary, under a canopy glittering with embroidery and precious stones. The soldiers could with difficulty restrain the crowd of fanatics who rushed forward to throw themselves under the feet of the sacred animal. Then came the musicians mounted on beautiful dromedaries, and executing some "truly deafening" music on cymbals and trumpets. Some of them were singularly and hideously deformed. The most revolting feature in the pageant is the presence of the frightful and naked *antons*, a caste of pilgrims who are held by the populace to be saints, who have embraced this career because no other is sufficiently holy for their taste. These ugly wretches execute the strangest gambols, swinging themselves about upon dromedaries adorned with brilliant trappings. The crowd, mad with enthusiasm, breaks the line of soldiers, and men, women, and children struggle together for room to kiss the feet, the hands, the knees of the filthy monster who sits on his golden saddle, covered with grease and dirt. The women are especially conspicuous in their efforts to reach him, and to bring their clothes, their jewels, and even their children in contact with his body. It appears that the most beneficent and wonderful properties attach to contact with this melting mass of grease. Those who are too weak or too short to reach the toes of the holy man content themselves with clinging frantically to his dromedary, and assuage their pious transports by kissing and handling him. There is great rivalry in luxury among the rich pilgrims. Some were hidden in cages of gold wire, covered by a tent richly decorated. Gorgeous stuffs, emblematic banners, and fluttering ends of gold and silver tissue figure among the commonest equipments. After the procession of the rich comes that of the poor pilgrims, who, trusting in the protection of the Prophet, venture to make the long and painful journey on foot. Some very old men figure in the ranks, who, they do not die on the road,

can hardly hope to return. Many of these unfortunates wear the green turban, which is the distinctive mark of all the faithful who have already made the pilgrimage to the Kaaba of the Prophet. "We came back," says our author, "literally bewildered by these strange sights, astonished by the splendour of the decorations, but profoundly saddened by the actors, who played their parts in this apotheosis of bearded folly only too well."

The most interesting part of this volume is that in which the visit of the travellers to Mount Sinai and its monastery is described. The configuration of the Sinaitic peninsula is very curious. It consists of a series of mountain chains running almost parallel one with another, and meeting in a kind of cluster at the extremity of the peninsula. Between each of these gigantic walls are the beds of the torrents which originate in the rains or the melting of the snow. Along these narrow valleys, which are just like corridors, and which are called by the Arabs *Wadis*, the ascent is made. The light in these gorges is dim, and the echoes are wonderfully distinct. The colouring of the mountains is extremely brilliant. Their sides look as if they had been painted in vermilion or yellow ochre. On their red flanks arabesque patterns are traced in various geological layers, white, blue, and violet in colour. Our author ascended one of the reddest mountains to see whether the colouring was real or the result of an optical delusion. He found it was all quite real, and that from the top to the bottom every stone of these sharp rocks glowed like burning coal. The convent of Mount Sinai, where the travellers were most hospitably entertained, has the aspect of a great fortress, quadrangular in form, and flanked with towers. These strong defences are needed to protect it from the attack of the Arab tribes who covet its treasures. Until lately the only means of ingress was through an aperture at the top of the wall, up to which the visitor was hoisted in a basket by means of a pulley. The modern mania for embellishment has reached even Sinai, and the monks have constructed a real door "in the newest and worst taste." Our travellers found the Superior a man with fine, strongly marked features and snow-white hair and beard. He wore a long black habit, and a mitre of black felt, with a long veil attached to it, to protect his neck and shoulders from the sun. The monks were mostly old men, and their faces wore an expression of "supreme gentleness." The chief curiosities of the convent are the library, the church, and the garden. The first is a treasure-house of choice manuscripts. In the second is a chapel, erected on the spot where God appeared to Moses in the burning bush. A bright light reflected in a plate of gold is the emblem of the sublime apparition; and it is with gestures of respect and awe that the monks withdraw the veil which hides the little flame from profane eyes. In another chapel are two silver coffins, encrusted with gold enamel and precious stones, presented by the Empress Catharine of Russia. The one contains the remains of the Saint whose name she bore; the other is full of the gifts and offerings of illustrious pilgrims. Outside the church are the ruins of a mosque which the Turkish authorities had insisted on building in the interior of the convent as a sign of Ottoman supremacy. The garden is incredibly fertile and luxuriant, its mould having been all brought from Egypt on camel-back. Some of the visitors ascended to the top of the mountain, which bristles with teeth ridges and crevasses due to the action of fire and to violent volcanic convulsions. The red colour of its granite from top to bottom gives it a terrible and imposing appearance. The summit forms a plateau from which a marvellous panorama is unfolded. On the right and left are the converging crests of the whole Sinaitic chain, and beyond the two arms of the Red Sea, and in the faint distance even their opposite shores. An immense slab of natural formation is pointed out as the place where the Tables of the Law were given. The features of the locality answer precisely to the Bible record.

From Sinai our artists' caravan made its way across the Peninsula to Abakah, situated at the top of the eastern horn of the Red Sea; the *raison d'être* of which is to serve as a "colossal buffet in the Desert" for the refreshment and re-victualing of the Mecca pilgrims. Here they fell in with a Sheikh, by whose tremendous appetite the resources of their ambulatory larder and cellar were sorely tried. English mustard was the delicacy he most affected; no sooner was one pot emptied than he eagerly asked for another, like a child coaxing for bonbons. It was necessary to propitiate the mustard-loving chief, whose influence over the neighbouring tribes was great. Under the guidance of his brother the travellers made their way across the Desert to Petra, the site of which is described as an "immense block of granite" entirely surrounded by ravines and precipices. Its houses, temples, and monuments are nothing but blocks of the rock cut into or divided from each other by man's handiwork. Their style recalls the fanciful architecture of the Decadence, in which the Greek style loses its natural simplicity and grandeur in a useless exuberance of tasteless decorations. The entrance to that "monolithic city" is through a gorge so narrow that the riders had to descend from their dromedaries to avoid breaking their heads against the overhanging rocks. The dim light, and the red colouring of the mountain sides, recalled to them Dante's hell rather than the grandeur of the Roman Empire. Of the character of the inhabitants of Petra our travellers had painful experience. The place is a den of thieves. To the gluttonous propensities of the fat Sheikh of Abakah the Sheikh of Petra and his Bedouins united a pertinacity in extortion all their own. Having exhausted the strangers' caissons, and even invaded their tents, they insisted on a gift of money as a condition of escorting them on their departure out of the town. The leader of the party

* *The Fayoum; or, Artists in Egypt.* By Paul Leconte. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

had to show the Sheikh an empty purse, in answer to his rapacious demand. Two of the band of robbers went on ahead and barred the way with their lances. A pistol was pointed at the dragoman, upon whose life the safety of the party, entirely ignorant of the way through these impracticable gorges and precipices, depended. It was not until three revolvers were turned upon the traitor that he withdrew his pistol and galloped away. From this point the travellers turned their faces in the direction of Syria, on the confines of which country this narrative leaves them, delighted to exchange the arid Desert for rich pastures, and Bedouin rascality for comparative honesty.

Englishmen are usually inclined to contemplate scenes famous in Bible story in a somewhat more earnest spirit than our artist authors. To such the tone of some passages in this book will appear rather commonplace and flippant. Allowance is to be made, however, for the writer's nationality. Probably no one but a Frenchman would mention Jerusalem and Bethlechem in the same breath with *Partant pour la Syrie*; just as to none but a party of French tourists would it occur to celebrate the ascent of Mount Sinai by quaffing liqueurs and singing choruses. The rearrangement of the "street nomenclature" of Petra on a new and Parisian plan, and the decoration of the street corners with "bold profiles" of the neighbouring Sheikhs, may appear to our author an innocent joke. Frivolities of this kind show that a form of vulgarity which is unfairly supposed to be typical of the Anglo-Saxon race exists with equal virulence in the most polished nations of Latin extraction.

TOM DELANY.*

MR. THYNNE, in *Tom Delany*, his second novel, keeps to those Irish characters with which he showed he was at home in his first work, *Ravenstale*. This time, however, he varies the scene by taking his Irish over the sea to Australia, and by introducing, instead of rebels, miners in the gold-diggings. The story is fairly interesting, and at times lively, though one of the characters is somewhat too mysterious to be very entertaining for long together, and though the conversations at times are spun out till they become a little dull. Tom Delany, who gives his name to the book, though he can no more lay claim to being the hero than two or three other characters, is an Irish gentleman of middle age, "who owned—nominally—half a county," which had to be sold off in the Incumbered Estates Court. It is somewhat hard to understand why he should be made the hero, for he never falls in love, as do at least four of the other male characters; nor does he get first disinherited by a passionate uncle, and then shot through the shoulder by a man in delirium tremens, as does the first of them; nor does he run away from sea and go to the diggings, as does the second; nor does he go to the diggings and marry a widow, as does the third; nor does he save a woman from a poisonous snake, and then ruin her, as does the fourth. He is a married man and the father of the heroines; like his forefathers he is of an easy-going, quiet temperament, and he is as unheroic as a man can well be. Nevertheless, as the story begins with his sad exile from his ancestral estates, and ends by his joyous return from Australia to his old mansion at Tubbermore, and as the other characters have such equally balanced claims each to give his name to the story, we do not know that Mr. Thynne has done ill in putting the name of this "elderly gentleman, short, stout, carelessly—almost shabbily—dressed" though he was, on his title-page. It was expected that the estates, when sold, "would scarcely pay the incumbrances thereon," but fortunately at the sale there was an "anonymous growl," which ran up the biddings to such a height that Tom Delany, after all the incumbrances were cleared away, had some money left, with which he, or at all events his sons, who were young men, could make a start in Australia. His eldest daughter Mary had been engaged to Henry Brabazon, the nephew and heir of Sir Hugh Brabazon, one of the old violent and hard-hearted baronets with whom we are all so familiar. We should be curious, by the way, to learn how it is that the race of baronets never seems to become better. Seeing how admirable for many years past have been their heirs whom they have at first disinherited, and then on their death-beds have forgiven, it is certainly strange that the race as a whole shows no signs of amendment. But such a question as this is too long for a passing notice, and might well be looked into by Mr. Darwin or Mr. Galton. The wicked baronet had written to Mary to tell her that on her decision to marry her nephew's fortune. If she did not give him up, he should never inherit, he threatened, a sixpence of his fortune. Mary resigned her lover and sailed with the rest of her family to Melbourne. Henry Brabazon, however, was a man of spirit and announced his determination to follow her to Australia. His uncle sent him £1 as a present, and made a fresh will in which he left him the same sum on his death. Meanwhile, on the voyage, Sophy, the second daughter, had fallen in love with Mr. Linton, the mysterious character, who appeared to be "a cold, reserved, correct, Englishman"; while Loo, the third daughter, a girl of fourteen, had formed a romantic attachment to Mr. Bayley, a midshipman who was a year or two older than herself. Mr. Bayley, as he is always called, is one of the best characters in the book, and the love-making between him and Loo is often amusing. But perhaps the most important member of the party that meets on the ship is one Captain Kinnegrad, "a middle-

aged gentleman of battered appearance." No one knew—in all probability he did not himself know—in what service exactly it was that he had gained his rank of captain. He had, however, nothing to live on, and had come to Australia to try if it was yet too late to make his fortune.

On landing at Melbourne Mr. Delany and his wife and daughters take a small house in the town, his sons go up the country, Mr. Linton gets an appointment, and soon is engaged to Sophy, while the Captain suddenly disappears. "There were," Mrs. Mary says in one of her letters, "even some rumours of 'young Bayley' intending to desert the ship when we arrived in port, and as he ate scarcely any dinner, and Loo none at all, it was whispered that they were saving up provisions for that purpose." The night the ship does start Mr. Bayley really deserts and makes for Tom Delany's house. We should mention by the by that every one calls Mr. Delany Tom—even his daughters, as, according to our author, would be usual enough in parts of Ireland. Close upon Mr. Bayley's heels comes one Doolan, a sergeant of police, who had in a telegram been directed by the captain of the ship to go to Tom's house and to arrest the runaway. Loo alone knows anything of him, but she does not of course speak. The sergeant catches sight of him, but he gets off and escapes to the diggings. There he falls in with Captain Kinnegrad, who together with a broken-down spendthrift, Lieutenant Spanker—a real lieutenant this—was earning a miserable living at mining. Spanker presently dies of dissipation and exposure, and Kinnegrad, who was a good fellow, taking poor Spanker's death as his text without in any way seeming to interfere with Bayley, yet leads him to see that he had done wrong in running away from his ship, and brings about his return in a penitent mood. Meanwhile they had formed the acquaintance of one Briggs, who kept a store, and at the same time sold spirits, without, however, having taken the trouble first to take out a licence. This gentleman was a ticket-of-leave man, and was an amiable enough character, except so far as he was generally suffering from delirium tremens. One stormy night he was oppressed with the fear that his store was going to be attacked by the natives, and he equipped himself accordingly:—

His appearance was ludicrous in the extreme. A large overcoat, reaching to his knees, was secured round the waist by a leathern belt. In this belt might be counted some half-dozen revolvers, a number of bowie knives, and a couple of "neddies"—a favourite weapon with escaped convicts and bush-rangers—all ranged completely round his person. In one hand he carried a rusty old musket, while the other bore a dark lantern. An umbrella was strapped across his back, and from each of the pockets of his overcoat protruded the neck of a brandy bottle. On the whole, Mr. Briggs had successfully combined the costume of an ancient watchman or "bobby" with that of Robin-on-Crusoe, throwing in a smack of John Gilpin.

Unhappily it so happened that this same night Henry Brabazon, who was making his way overland from Adelaide, where he had landed, to Melbourne, came near the store. Mr. Briggs, in his fright, at once shot him, and then ran off to tell the captain that he had killed a native. He is a little discomposed at finding that the Captain takes so serious a view of the matter, and that the man is not dead. At first he is for knocking him on the head with "a neddie," saying, "Them varmint has the lives of cats." Then, finding that his victim is no black, but a white man, he says, "You'll stand by me, Captin, if it's a mistake? Let's bury him, and say nothing about it." At last he begins to lament over the sad position he was in, and runs off into the woods pursued by the terrors of delirium tremens, and murmuring to himself that "it was hard on an old man as had made some property." We have no space to describe the violent end to which he soon comes. Meanwhile at Melbourne the dressmaker who was preparing Sophy's trousseau, on seeing Linton, claimed him as her husband. According to her account he had married her in France and had deserted her a short while before the story opens. The marriage is broken off, but in a few days Sophy and Linton disappear. They were tracked as far as some new diggings that had been opened in the Australian Alps. It was in winter that they fled, and on these high grounds the cold was so intense that Sophy died of the exposure. Linton is never heard of again. The story would have been a much better one, as well as one volume shorter, if the whole episode of Linton and Sophy had been kept out. We still have on our hands three sets of lovers to settle, for the Captain falls in love with Mr. Briggs's widow, who had always been far too good for her husband, while Henry Brabazon and Mr. Bayley have still a great deal of love-making to get through. News had reached the hard-hearted baronet in Ireland that his nephew had been killed in Australia. Full of remorse, and on his death-bed—for even baronets on their death-beds become remorseful—he makes another will, and leaves all his property to Mary Delany, including her father's old estate of Tubbermore, which had lately, by one of the curious coincidences of the story, come into his possession. Mary refuses to keep the property for herself, bequeathed as it had been to her under the mistaken belief of Henry Brabazon's death. In the end they marry, and Tom Delany returns once more to his old home, not to leave it again. Mr. Bayley goes back to his ship, and is forgiven by the captain and the owners. He rises in rank, and Loo grows older, and by the time the story ends it is quite clear that they will not have long to wait before they get married as well as the others. The Captain meanwhile had prevailed on Mrs. Briggs to change her name, and with great success they carried on the old store under the new name of "The Harp of Erin."

Mr. Thynne would write a good deal better if he were to moderate his taste for big words. He does not indeed offend in this respect nearly so much as many of our novelists; nevertheless he might,

* *Tom Delany. A Novel. By Robert Thynne, Author of "Ravenstale."* 3 vols. London: S. Tinsley. 1873.

with a little trouble, greatly improve his style. Why should he twice talk of the leaves of trees as "patulous"?—a word, by the way, singularly ill suited to the leaves of Australian trees, which are anything but patulous. We would suggest that he should, as a useful exercise, take such a passage as the following, and turn it into such English as could be understood by the common people:—

During these proceedings on the part of Mr. Spanker, the Captain had kept up a running commentary in the midst of his ablutions, intended entirely for himself, and, indeed, almost unintelligible to other ears, from the frequent interruptions, and half-formed words incident to the nature of his operations.

Sub jone is no doubt a mistake of the printer, but Mr. Thynne himself must be answerable for the statement that close to Melbourne there "broke the crashing of thunder as it only thunders in the tropics." The description of Australian society in most respects seems so life-like that we find it hard to believe that Mr. Thynne is writing of what he has never seen. And yet the patulous leaves and the tropical Melbourne make us suspect that, after all, Mr. Thynne has his knowledge only second-hand. Any one, too, who had been to the diggings would scarcely write of a single ship taking home "some tons of gold dust." We are sorry also to notice that there is at least one presentiment in the course of the story. Early in the first volume Sophy, when hearing some one talk of the chance of gold being found on the Snowy Mountains, where, later on, she is to lose her life, says she feels the conversation "freezing me, as if some one was passing over my grave." As a general rule, when early in a story we come across one of these presentiments, we, in our turn, have a presentiment that the story will prove to be of a very silly kind. We are glad to be able to acknowledge that in the present case our presentiment has, for once, remained unconfirmed.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MR. JONES'S work on the Antiquities of the Southern Indians* would be more interesting if it were more coherent and consistent in arrangement and statement, if some of the quotations were thrown into notes or appendices, and if the author presented a clearer and more complete view of his own conclusions; it would be more satisfactory if we felt able more completely to rely upon his judgment. It contains, however, a great deal of valuable and, to most English readers at any rate, novel information respecting a race rapidly perishing from the face of the earth, which had no doubt its history if we could but trace it, its place in ethnology if it were possible to fix it, and a knowledge of whose language, ideas, and customs is necessary to any thorough solution of the larger problems of anthropology. The tribes occupying the Northern part of the New World, from the frontiers of Mexico to the frozen regions, are clearly distinguishable from any of the Southern aborigines. The latter were capable of civilization, and even possessed a civilization of their own, as distinct from that of Oriental races on the one side as from that of Europe on the other. They were softer and weaker in character than the tribes to the north of the Rio Grande, but they were not destitute of military courage, and were capable of a much higher organization, civil as well as military, than the latter. They could form empires where the Red Indians, commonly so called, could at best only form loose confederacies; they built cities and temples where the latter could but set up wigwam villages; they had a refined mythology in the place of a simple creed overlaid with rude superstitions. Above all, they were patient of labour, and have therefore left vast monuments instead of a few scattered relics; and they endured slavery, so that they have survived conquest, and, mingling with their conquerors, form generally a considerable, in some cases a decidedly predominating, element in the present mixed population. The wild and high-spirited warriors and hunters who formerly roamed over the vast territory now included in the United States neither had any civilization of their own nor, save in a few exceptional cases, were capable of accepting the civilization imported from Europe. They would not work for the intruders, and therefore could not live and mingle with them; they would not work for themselves, and therefore were driven inland as the spread of settlement drove back the game on which they lived; and they perished, as savages always do, from the war, disease, and drink that civilization brought in its train. The Northern tribes are best known to us, but known only in their decaying state, through the romances of Cooper and the sketches of Oatlin. The tribes of the Southern States evidently belonged to the same race with the Mohawks and Mexicans of Cooper; but they seem to have been a little more intelligent and to have been organized in larger masses. Settlement, too, made slower progress in the South, and was longer in driving them completely from "the graves of their fathers," so that more is known of them in their original and unbroken condition. Their tribal organization seems to have resembled in many respects that of the Hottentots which has its antitypes in all primitive societies except those of the negro race. Save in Africa, the existence of despotic power implies a considerable degree of progress in social organization; the chief of a nation of warriors, whether Acheans, Africans, Gauls, or Cherokees, can rule only by the support, and therefore can act only with the consent, of his people. Thus great reverence seems to have been paid to the Mico

or prince of a Georgian tribe; but he could not determine any important question save in the assembly of the village and by the consent. The hunting-grounds were common to the whole tribe on confederacy, but each village had its own clearing, and each family a temporary right in the ground it cultivated. The existence of public stores, moreover, which supplied the forces of the tribe on the war path, and relieved its wants in time of famine, implies either public lands, or a rude sort of taxation, probably levied in the form of freewill offerings to the chief, really secured by the very effective compulsion of custom. The cultivation was of the rudest, chiefly done by the women, and applicable only to a virgin and exuberantly fertile soil. The instruments of the Indians were all of stone; for copper, though known to them, and so abundant in the district of Lake Superior that, if an object of commerce, it might have been procured in sufficient quantities, is too soft for practical use among a people unacquainted with tin. Greenstone, chert (in the absence of true flint), quartz, and obsidian were the principal materials of their rude axes, chisels, hoes, picks, adzes, and warlike implements. The heads of the axes and hoes, and the points of spears and arrows, seem generally to have been fixed in split handles of wood, and tightly bound to them, though numerous examples of pierced stones have been found. Mr. Jones, however, argues from the smallness of the holes, which would not admit a wooden handle of adequate strength, that several of these could only have been used for ceremonial purposes; as may have been the case with the few implements of copper, which rarely show signs of work. The principal use for which the tools were required was to hew down the trees, which, closely laid together and fixed in the ground, sloped upwards till they formed, in the centre of the cabin, a hole through which the smoke of the fire might escape; and to fashion the dug-out canoes, often of considerable size, which superseded with the Southern tribes the light, small birch-bark boats of the North. The products of the recent Stone Age of America closely resemble those of the Stone Age of Danish kitchen-middens and Swiss lake villages; and accurate descriptions by eye-witnesses of the manner in which spear-heads and arrow-points were actually made, within the memory of living men, probably apply as correctly to the workmanship of six or ten thousand years ago. This part of the book is especially valuable. Great interest also attaches to the relics of primitive poetry and weaving. The burial customs of the Indians must have been strikingly various—incineration, sepulture in every posture, stone tombs and bark coffins, tumuli of earth, shells, and stones all prevailing among the same race, unless Mr. Jones has confounded the tombs of Indians with those of the Mound-builders, as seems here and there possible.

The last-named author seems unable to make up his mind whether the mound-builders were or were not the ancestors of the tribes who succeeded them in their possession. The author of *Pre-historic Races** is in no such perplexity; nor do we think that any one who compares the two will long remain in uncertainty. The vast size of the mound works, their enormous number, and their elaborate formation imply conditions wholly unlike those described in the volume already noticed. They imply not a thin population of free hunters and warriors, obtaining a fairly comfortable but uncertain subsistence by the chase and fishing and a scanty agriculture, but a vast nation, well fed by the labour of a portion only of its available numbers, and therefore able to spend immense toil on such constructions; governed probably by powerful princes able to dispose of the exertions of their people at their pleasure; and, if Dr. Foster is right, an extensive empire under a single rule, able to rely on the frontier defences for the security of the interior. We have lately noticed other works on this subject, and it will therefore suffice to state in this place that Dr. Foster's book is one of the best and clearest accounts we have seen of those grand monuments of a forgotten race, and to note its peculiar merits. The most important of these is the distinct judgment expressed on the purpose of these works. They may be divided into three classes; the animal mounds, or imitations of animal forms in rude but gigantic earthworks, chiefly to be found in Wisconsin to which it is difficult to assign any object except one of religion or commemoration; those which, square or round in shape appear to have been intended as the foundations of temple-obscureatories for the worship of the heavenly bodies, or of dwellings (often crowded together in such numbers that we can hardly assign any but the latter purpose), and yet not entrenched; and those works which are distinctly entrenchments, often containing mounds of the second class. It is possible, we suppose, that the mounds of the second class may have been separately stockaded, and in that case they would have been easily defensible; but where several are found near together with no entrenchments connecting them, it is difficult to think that defence was their primary purpose. On the other hand, the earthworks which enclose great spaces of land generally appear by their form and location to have been fortifications; and Dr. Foster observes that they rarely appear in the centre of the region occupied by these monuments, but rather on its northern border, where the empire would be chiefly exposed to the incursions of warlike enemies. To the question what has become of the builders, the author replies by citing traditions of the early and more civilized possessors of Mexico, which indicate that the once occupied a much more northerly settlement, and were driven

* *Antiquities of the Southern Indians, particularly of the Cherokee Tribe.* By Charles C. Jones, Junr. New York: Appleton & Co. London: T. Fisher & Co. 1873.

* *Pre-historic Races of the United States of America.* By E. W. Foster, LL.D. Author of the "Physical Geography of the Mississippi Valley," &c. Chicago: Chicago & Co. London: T. Fisher & Co. 1872.

thence by conquering enemies. The absence of any relics of stone buildings on the mounds, compared with the grand stone ruins of Mexico, forms an obstacle to the identification of the earlier Mexicans with the mound-builders; but it is barely possible that a people who built entirely with wood in an alluvial country might learn to erect vast buildings of stone in one of a different character. And a long period may have elapsed between the ejection of the mound-builders and the Aztec conquest of Mexico—a period sufficient to account for great changes in the habits of the emigrant race. For we know at least that two successive forest growths have covered many of the mounds since they were abandoned, each of which must have occupied centuries, and may have occupied almost any length of time. The Indians appear to have had no tradition of the mound-builders, no story of their conquest, no legend even to account for the existence of the mounds. "Our fathers found them here when they came" is surely not the sole reminiscence of a great war and of the conquest of a civilized people and a fortified empire that would linger among the children of the conquerors. Such an answer seems to imply either the interposition of a second race and a second extermination, or an enormous lapse of time, sufficient to extinguish the very memory of such a history as always lingers longest in the minds of a warlike race—a history too of which the monuments were always under their eyes.

Dr. Hadley, Professor of Greek in Yale College, seems by the volume before us* to have been a deeper student and a more thorough inquirer than are the majority of those who rank as scholars and teachers of scholarship in America. Papers such as those on the Ionian Migration, Greek Rhythm and Metre, and Italians and Greeks (the last a severe criticism on a rash aspirant who had ventured to explain the connexion between Greek and Latin without the intervention of Sanskrit), show a fondness for his work and an earnestness of original research not too common among American scholars, and perhaps not likely to win for him very many readers among American students; while the latter-half of the volume sufficiently vindicates him from the suspicion of mere pedantry. The least valuable part of the collection, but not the least amusing, is the "Class Decisions" in which the author passed judgment on questions which had been debated, or on which essays had been read, by the students under his presidency, giving as they do a glimpse of American College customs, and of the processes by which American thought is formed upon topics of everyday conversation.

Orations on every occasion and on every subject are among the necessities of American life; and it is the practice of Americans on every opportunity to collect the largest number of the greatest available celebrities to "orate." Political magnates doubtless enjoy the first place in public favour, as being the best known; and next to them apparently come successful projectors like M. Lesseps or Mr. Cyrus Field, especially when their achievements are of a character to impress the popular imagination rather than to gratify the prosaic sentiment of shareholders. But any one whose name has figured in print may expect to be called upon if caught. James Fisk was not too suspicious, nor would a cardinal, if available, be too sacred, a character to be paraded at a prizegiving, a Fourth of July, or a centenary celebration. If any class of persons known to the public might claim to be exempted, we should suppose that claim would be accorded to poets. No one on this side of the water would dream of entrapping Mr. Tennyson into a public harangue; and of his brethren the few who are not reticent would hardly be invited—Mr. Tupper, perhaps, excepted. And, of all conceivable poets, Mr. Tennyson's predecessor in the Laureateship is the last with whom any one would dare to take such a liberty. Yet we find from the volume before us† that the so-called "American Wordsworth," on whose cold dignity and icy repose the Fable for Critics lays so much stress, has in his time been obliged to deliver no fewer than nineteen *Orations and Addresses*, and that he, or probably some one else, has thought it desirable to collect and reprint them. Not only on purely literary subjects or professional occasions, as when memorial honours were to be paid to Shakespeare, Scott, Cowper, or Washington Irving, but at a Kosuth Banquet, in front of a Morse statue, on an electric telegraph, or a mercantile library, have the services of one of the first and gravest of American poets been put in request by Buncombe; and the invitation of the sovereign power of America, like that of other sovereigns, is a command. All Americans have to learn to speak, as all Englishmen must learn to write, if they would figure creditably in the world in which their lot is cast; and Mr. Bryant, being an abler man than the majority, probably speaks better. But we cannot see that he speaks well enough to make his speeches worth preserving, and we are sure that this volume will add nothing to the reputation won in a widely different field.

We have before us several volumes of travel, all by ladies. "O. C. B." discourses of *France and Her People*‡ in a spirit happily rare among authors, if common enough among a certain class of travellers. She is a no less eager courtier, and a much more devout Imperialist, than the famous Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, and the greater part of her book is occupied with the glorification, not to say the canonization, of the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Imperial, not to mention their horses and cattle, their

houses, clothes, and servants. At every step she falls in with some old soldier who has received a long-denied pension from the personal bounty of the Emperor, or some old woman made happy for life by the judicious and discriminating charity of "our good Empress," or some nurse who can tell a touching story of the infantine virtues of the young heir to a great name and dubious fortunes. She was in France during the earlier scenes of the war, and witnessed in Paris the revolution of the 4th of September, when she was utterly astonished by the base ingratitude of the people to the Emperor who had just locked up one army in Metz and surrendered another at Sedan. Renegade Republicans always make the most abject of courtiers, and "O. C. B.'s" servile worship of the Imperial Court outdoes even the ordinary servility of the class of travellers to which she belongs, and among whom unhappily Englishmen as well as Americans are to be found.

Even more offensive than this extravagant admiration of a foreign despot is the rampant turbulence and ill-breeding of Miss Kate Field—a violent advocate of woman's rights, who vindicates the privileges of her sex by a volume of insults to English monarchy, and sneers at English loyalty, of which we hope and believe no American man of equal education and social standing would be guilty. Her one object of admiration in this country is Sir Charles Dilke, whose "manly courage" in publishing mischievous fictions which half an hour's inquiry would have enabled him to correct moves her to the warmest enthusiasm; and, next to the English of the better orders generally, she seems to despise and abhor the working-men who refused to listen to libels on their Sovereign, and silenced the libeller somewhat too roughly. It does not appear to occur to her that proposals to overthrow the existing order of society are not in any country, and least of all in America, decided by free discussion. Nor does she vouchsafe to tell us how an advocate of Monarchy would be received in the House of Representatives. There are passages in the book which we think must have escaped the attention of the English publisher.

Miss Greenwood's *New Life and New Lands*§ deals exclusively with the Western regions of her own country; and we have noticed too many narratives of the journey by the Pacific Railway through the alkali desert, Mormondom, and the Rocky Mountains, and too many descriptions of Californian society and scenery, to go over the ground again, or trouble our readers with life and lands which certainly would not be new to them.

Mrs. Beecher's *Motherly Talks with Young Housekeepers*¶ is a sensible, kindly, useful book, offering much wholesome advice to young wives of little experience in a country where servants are few, dear, bad, and ignorant, and where the mistress must be able to do everything herself, in order that she may show a succession of raw Irish helps how to do it. There are few traces either of Mrs. Stowe's doctrines or of Mr. Beecher's style in this simple and serviceable work; but a few unconscious hints, here and there, are of a rather unpleasant character. The especial caution given as to the means of distinguishing the lower end of the sheet from the upper, for example, suggests that it would have been well to give some hints as to personal cleanliness which might diminish the importance of the distinction. The whole work gives us an idea that American ladies, except the very wealthiest, have rather a hard time of it, and that the English housewife who has a decent maid-of-all-work has more real comfort and ease on 300*l.* a year than her Transatlantic sister with 5,000 dollars.

The journey "from Ocean to Ocean,"§ of which the story is so well told by the Rev. G. M. Grant, has a political as well as a geographical significance. The colony of British Columbia agreed to join the Dominion on the condition that within ten years an intercolonial railway should be completed from sea to sea; a condition essential to the reality of any union between the settlements on the Pacific coast and the Eastern provinces of the Dominion. The country was very little known; the maps of it which have figured as authentic in one atlas after another being derived chiefly from Indian sketches on birch-bark, and a great part never having been traversed by white men. The line from coast to coast had never been surveyed, even so far as to ascertain the possibility, or the proper direction, of a railway. But this much was generally known—that, in place of the vast deserts of the interior of the United States, there was a great uninhabited belt, North of the boundary, of extraordinary fertility, and capable of supporting millions of inhabitants; and that along a considerable part of the route lakes and rivers supplied a practicable water communication. Several isolated exploring parties had gone forth, returned, and reported on various portions of the route, before Mr. Sandford Fleming, chief engineer of the projected railway, determined to traverse the entire Continent with two companions, with a view of ascertaining roughly the practicability of the country, and combining the observations already made. Mr. Grant accom-

* *Hap-hazard*. By Kate Field. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Tribner & Co. 1873.

† *New Life and New Lands: Notes of Travel*. By Grace Greenwood. New York: Ford & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

‡ *Motherly Talks with Young Housekeepers*. Embracing Eighty-seven brief Articles on Topics of Home Interest, and about Five Hundred choice Receipts for Cooking, &c. By Mrs. H. W. Beecher. New York: Ford & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

§ *Ocean to Ocean: Sandford Fleming's Expedition through Canada in 1872; being a Diary kept during a Journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific. With the Expedition of the Engineer-in-Chief of the Canadian, Pacific, and Inter-Colonial Railways*. By the Rev. George M. Grant, of Halifax, N. S., Secretary to the Expedition. With 60 Illustrations. Toronto: Campbell & Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

* *Essays, Philological and Critical*. Selected from the Papers of James Hadley, LL.D., Professor of Greek in Yale College, &c. &c. New York: Holt & Williams. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

† *Orations and Addresses*. By William Cullen Bryant. New York: Putnam & Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

‡ *France and Her People*. By C. C. B. Philadelphia: Evans & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

panied him as secretary, and took copious notes of the incidents of the journey. These were "not intended for publication," yet the author could hardly doubt that the public would insist on seeing them, and at any rate has thrown them into a coherent and readable form. They are illustrated by a number of partial maps and sketches, and give a very lively idea of the character of the vast region traversed by the expedition, of its immense value, and its capacity of supporting a nation not less numerous or wealthy—and, perhaps, from the absence of the striking diversity of interests existing in the neighbouring Republic, more united—than its Southern rival. In short, if Great Britain can and will keep its territories out of the clutches of the United States, the Dominion may, in the course of the next century, become the second, if not the foremost, State in the New World, and rival some of the richest and largest empires of the Old.

Messrs. Osgood publish a copious and serviceable Handbook for New England,* reminding the public of the too commonly forgotten fact, that that comparatively tame and settled region, like some similarly situated parts of the mother-country, contains natural scenery as magnificent and as well worth visiting as any of the favourite resorts of tourists, sportsmen, and adventurers.

Mr. G. L. Vose† is the author of what seems to be a valuable Manual for Railroad Engineers. A notable feature in its arrangement is the separation from the text of the plans and diagrams, which, instead of being pasted into the volume, where they are difficult to consult and easily torn, are contained in a box made exactly to resemble the book itself, and bearing the appearance of a second volume.

Of the three works of fiction on our list this month, *Lore in the Nineteenth Century*‡ consists chiefly of a series of letters on literary, social, and general questions, supposed to pass between two lovers more polioptic than affectionate; *Against the World*§ is one of those ladies' novels in which American "tall-talk" and extravagance of language contrive to produce something more unlike real life than even their English congeners; and *Margaret*|| (not by the author of *Orley*) is a new edition of the work of which Mr. Lowell speaks in the lines:—

'Tis enough that I look
On the author of *Margaret*, the first Yankee book
With the soul of Down East in't, and things further East
As far as the threshold of Morning, and least.

* *New England: a Handbook for Travellers: a Guide to the Cities and Popular Resorts of New England, and to its Scenery and Historic Attractions; with the Western and Northern Borders from New York to Quebec.* With 6 Maps and 11 Plans. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trilmer & Co. 1873.

† *Manual for Railroad Engineers and Engineering Students; containing the Rules and Tables needed for the Location, Construction, and Equipment of Railroads, as built in the United States.* By George L. Vose, Professor of Civil Engineering in Bowdoin College. Illustrated with 165 Woodcuts and 37 large Plates. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡ *Lore in the Nineteenth Century.* A Fragment. By Harriet W. Preston, Author of "Aspenale." Boston: Robert Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

§ *Against the World.* By Jeanette R. Hademann, Author of "Forgiven at Last," "Dead Men's Shoes," &c. Boston: Shepard & Gill. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

|| *Margaret: a Tale of the Real and the Ideal: Blight and Bloom.* By Sylvester Judd. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newagent, on the day of publication.

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POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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CONTENTS OF No. 931, AUGUST 30, 1873:

Ministerial Changes.
The Duke and Duchess of Brunswick.
The Fusion, the Church, and the Government.
The Edinburgh Working Men's Meeting. French Generals and Republicans.
The Coal Question. The Bank Forgeries.
Accident upon Accident.

Sports and Studies. Archaeological Excursions.
Report of the Commission on Scientific Instruction. The Wheat Crop.
Baton-Holling. Iceland Politics. England in Harvest Time.
The Marriage Laws and their Working. The Competition Mania.
Russian Soldier-Bows from Turkestan.

Mason's Life of Milton. Wells's Poems.
The Middle-Aged Lover. The Campaign of Scotland.
Scherer's Infantry Tactics. Botanical Traditions of West Cornwall.
The Paycock. Tom Selwyn.
American Exhibitions.

CONTENTS OF No. 930, AUGUST 23, 1873:

Electioneering Prospects—The Canadian Scandal—The Changes of the Fusion—Spain and her Neighbours—Sir Samuel Baker's Expedition—General Duerst—The Army and its Difficulties—Death in the Milk Can.

Mr. Gladstone at Moli—Holiday Tragedies—Re-election of Ministers—Pleasures of an Autumn in Spain—Bishop Reinkens's Pastoral—Seigneur Ock on "Bottions"—Vestiges of Cæcilius—The Schumann Festival—Art at the Vienna Exhibition.

Tenfel's History of Roman Literature—Tristram's Land of Moab—A Simpleton—Life of Mohammed—Tulloch's Rational Theology in England—A Seaside Excursion in Ancient India—Chronicles of St. Albans—Strangers and Pilgrims.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the PRÆTORIUM," with "Night of the Crucifixion," "Christian Martyrs," "Francisco da Rimini," "Nemphylæ," "Andromeda," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 38 New Bond Street. Ten to Six—Admission, 1s.

ELIJAH WALTON.—EXHIBITION including "A Storm at Sea" and "Sand Storm in the Desert," and many new and important Drawings, Alpine, Eastern, NOW OPEN at Burlington Gallery, 191 Piccadilly. Ten to Six—Admission, with Catalogue, 1s.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE.
71 Albemarle Street, London, W.

The next ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held at BRADFORD, commencing on Wednesday, September 17.

President Designate—Professor A. W. WILLIAMSON, Ph.D., F.R.S., F.C.S., in the place of J. P. FOURNIER, D.D., F.R.S., who has resigned the Presidency in consequence of ill-health.

NOTICE to CONTRIBUTORS of MEMOIRS.—Authors are reminded that, under an arrangement dating from 1871, the acceptance of Memoirs, and the days on which they are to be read, are now, as far as possible, determined by Organizing Committees for the several Sections before the beginning of the Meeting. It has therefore become necessary, in order to give an opportunity to the Committees of doing justice to the several communications, that each Author should prepare an Abstract of his Memoir, of a length suitable for insertion in the published Transactions of the Association, and that he should send it together with the original Memoir, by book-post, on or before September 1, addressed thus:—General Secretaries, British Association, 71 Albemarle Street, London, W. For Section..... If it should be inconvenient to the Author that his Paper should be read on any particular day, he is requested to send information thereof to the Secretaries in a separate note.

G. GRIFFITH, M.A., Assistant General Secretary, Harrow.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL, Albert Embankment, Westminster Bridge, S.E.—The MEDICAL SESSION for 1873 and 1874 will COMMENCE on Wednesday, October 1, 1873, on which occasion an INAUGURAL ADDRESS will be delivered by Dr. J. HARLEY, at Two o'clock.
Gentlemen entering have the option of paying £40 for the First year, a similar sum for the Second, £20 for the Third, and £10 for each succeeding year; or, by paying £100 at once, as becoming Perpetual Students.

MEDICAL OFFICERS.

Honorary Consulting Physicians.—Dr. Barker and Dr. J. Risdon Bennett.
Honorary Consulting Surgeon.—Mr. Frederick Le Gros Clark.

Physicians.—Dr. Peacock, Dr. Bristowe, Dr. Clapton, Dr. Murchison.
Obstetric Physicians.—Dr. Barnes.
Surgeons.—Mr. Simon, Mr. Sydney Jones, Mr. Croft, Mr. MacCormac.
Ophthalmic Surgeon.—Mr. Schrevel.
Dental Surgeon.—Dr. Stone, Dr. Ord, Dr. J. Harley, Dr. Payne.
Assistant Obstetric Physician.—Dr. Gervin.
Assistant Surgeon.—Mr. F. Mason, Mr. Henry Annot, Mr. W. W. Wagstaffe.
Dental Surgeon.—Mr. J. W. Elliott.
Resident Assistant Physician.—Dr. Evans.
Resident Assistant Surgeon.—Mr. A. W. Jones.
Apothecary.—Mr. R. W. Jones.

Medicine.—Dr. Peacock and Dr. Murchison. Surgery.—Mr. Sydney Jones and Mr. MacCormac.
General Pathology.—Dr. Bristowe. Physiology and Practical Physiology.—Dr. Ord and Dr. John Harley. Descriptive Anatomy.—Mr. Francis Mason and Mr. W. W. Wagstaffe.
Anatomy in the Dissection Room.—Anatomical Lecturers, Mr. Halsey and Dr. R. W. Reid.
Practical and Manipulative Surgery.—Mr. Croft. Chemistry and Practical Chemistry.—Dr. A. J. Bennet.
Medicine.—Dr. Barnes. Physics and Natural Philosophy.—Dr. Stone. Materia Medica.—Dr. Clapton. Forensic Medicine and Hygiene.—Dr. Stone and Dr. Gervin. Comparative Anatomy.—Mr. G. Stewart. Ophthalmic Surgery.—Mr. Schrevel. Botany.—Mr. A. W. Jones.
Mental Diseases.—Dr. Wm. Rhye Williams.

T. B. PEACOCK, M.D., Dem.

R. G. WHITFIELD, Medical Secretary.

For Entrance or Prospectuses, and for information relating to Fees and all other matters, apply to Mr. WHITFIELD, Medical Secretary, St. Thomas's Hospital, S.E.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.

The WINTER SESSION will begin on Wednesday, October 1.
The Clinical practice of the Hospital comprises a service of 710 Beds, inclusive of 24 Beds for Convalescents at Highgate.
Students can reside within the Hospital walls, subject to the College regulations.
For all particulars concerning either the Hospital or College, application may be made, personally or by letter, to the REGISTRAR, at the entrance of the College.
A Handbook will be forwarded on application.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—The BRITISH MUSEUM will be CLOSED on the 1st and RE-OPENED on the 8th of September, 1873. No Visitor can be admitted from the 1st to the 7th of September inclusive.
British Museum, August 28, 1873. J. WINTER JONES, Principal Librarian.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY IN IRELAND.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, Galway.—The SESSION 1873-4 will commence on Tuesday, October 21, when the Supplemental, Scholarship, and other Examinations will be proceeded with, as laid down in the Prospectus.
The Examination for Matriculation in the several Faculties of Arts, Law and Medicine, and in the Department of Engineering, will be held on Friday, October 24.
Further information, and copies of the Prospectus, may be had on application to the REGISTRAR.

By Order of the President,

Queen's College, Galway,
August 21, 1873.

T. W. MOFFETT, LL.D., Registrar.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, 43 and 45 Harley Street, W.
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Rev. T. A. Cock, M.A. Rev. E. H. Plumptre, M.A.
Henry Craik, M.A. W. Cave Thomas.
Rev. Francis Gardin, M.A. G. Trench.
John Hullah. Henry Warren, J. F.
Alphonse Mariette. Gustaf Wehl, Ph.D.

The College will RE-OPEN for the Michaelmas Term on Monday, October 6.
Prospectuses may be had on application to Miss GROVE, at the College Office.
CLASSES in Greek and Conversation Classes in Modern Languages formed on the entry of six names. Individual instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music.
Boarders are received on the College premises.
The Assistant-Secretary will attend on and after September 27 to answer personal inquiries.
E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, 43 and 45 Harley Street, W.
For GIRLS between Five and Fourteen. The School will RE-OPEN for the Michaelmas Term on Monday, September 23. Prospectuses may be had on application to Miss GROVE, at the College Office. Boarders received on the College Premises.
E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

OWENS COLLEGE.—The NEXT SESSION commences on October 7. Prospectuses of the several departments of the Day Classes, Evening Classes, and Medical School, and of the Scholarships and Entrance Exhibitions tenable at the College, will be forwarded gratis on application.

The CALENDAR of the College, containing full details respecting the courses of Study, Entrance Exhibitions, Scholarships, and Examinations for Degrees in the University of London, &c. may be obtained from Mr. CONNOR, Pirbright, Bookseller to the College, or other Booksellers, and at the College. 2s. 6d.; by post, 3s. 10d.

J. G. GREENWOOD, Principal.
J. HOLME NICHOLSON, Registrar.

NOTICE.—ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES, Jermyn Street, London.—The TWENTY-THIRD SESSION will begin on Wednesday, October 1. Prospectuses may be had on application.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE, Spring Grove, near Isleworth.—The AUTUMN TERM COMMENCES on September 1.—Further information may be obtained by applying to Dr. LEONARD SCHMITZ, the Principal, at the College.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

President and Visitor.—The Lord Bishop of WORCESTER.

Head-Master.—The Rev. ARTHUR FAHER, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford.

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For further information, apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

The Next Term will begin on Friday, September 19.

TRINITY COLLEGE, GLENALMOND, Perth.

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The School will meet on Tuesday, September 3.

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Principal.—The Rev. J. KEMPTHORNE, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Second and Mathematical Master.

The Rev. R. J. FRANK, M.A., Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

Assistant Master.—Mr. T. BARNES, M.A., late Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford; Mr. ALFRED TUCKER, B.A., Magdalen College, Cambridge; Mr. E. E. SUTROS, B.A., Trinity College, Dublin; Mr. W. R. BURGESS, B.A., Queen's College, Oxford.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

Head Master.—The Rev. J. MORGAN, LL.D., Trinity College, Dublin.

Assistant Master.—Mr. M. SHAYLOCK, B.A., Pembroke College, Cambridge.

Instructor in Physical Science, Chemistry, &c.—Mr. H. WOLFFRAM.

English and Writing Master.—Mr. H. FARLAND.

French Master.—Mr. R. GERRIE; Mr. T. ORLANDER, B.D.

German Master.—Mr. F. OSFANDER, B.D.

Drawing Master.—Mr. L. J. STEELE; Mr. JOHN AULD, Jun.

Geometrical Drawing Master.—Mr. H. WOLFFRAM.

Exhibitions of £50 each, tenable for three years, are awarded every year to pupils proceeding to the Universities.

Classical and Mathematical Scholarships of £100 are also awarded every year.

The NEXT TERM commences Thursday, September 11.

Particulars as to the various Terms, Boarding Houses, &c., may be obtained on application to the PRINCIPAL, or by letter to the Secretary, T. A. BUCKLE, Esq., Proprietary School, Blackheath, London, S.E.

N.B. Parties desiring the admission of Pupils are requested (if possible) to send in their applications to the SECRETARY on or before September 3.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL for BOYS, Saugeen, Bournemouth.

A First-Class PREPARATORY SCHOOL for BOYS will be opened on September 25 next, by the Rev. E. B. BRACKENBURY, of Exeter College, Oxford (late Minor Canon of Bristol Cathedral), who has been engaged for several years past in Tuition, and has undertaken the charge of the School, carried on to the present time by E. J. SANDERS, Esq., The Cedars, Bournemouth.

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There are Three Vacations in the year, viz.: five weeks at Christmas, three at Easter, and seven at Midsummer.

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For references to Parents of former Pupils, and for further particulars, apply till September 5 to the Rev. E. B. BRACKENBURY, 2 Cambridge Park, Redlands, Bristol; and after that date, Saugeen, Bournemouth.

GARRICK CHAMBERS.—The next Term will commence on September 17. The Honour List for the years 1869-1873 contains the Names of 127 SUCCESSFUL PUPILS, appointed to the following Departments:

67 to the Civil Service of India.

12 to the Diplomatic Service.

12 to the Foreign Office.

31 to other Superior Offices of the Home Civil Service.

11 to the Civil Service of India and to Chinese Interpretships.

3 to the India Engineering College.

Of this number 33 gained the First place in their respective Competitions.

The List may be had on application, by letter, to the LITERARIUS, Garrick Chambers, Garrick Street, London.

OXFORD DIOCESAN SCHOOL, Cowley, near Oxford.

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COOPER'S HILL COLLEGE.—The following are the Names of some of the SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS at the recent Examination for admission to the Indian Civil Engineering College:

Names.	Marks.	Names.	Marks.
Simeon, Lionel Barrington	1868	Stewart, Robert	1864
Oldie, Henry James	1869	Holmes, Charles Henry	1869
Reynold, George Edward	1861	White, John Claude	1868
Quide, Montgomery	1872	Johns, Edward Henry	1863

Pupils of Mr. J. ASHTON, 41 King Henry's Road, N. Hammersmith, who receives RESIDENT and NON-RESIDENT CANDIDATES. N.B.—Ten were sent up, Eight passed.

KENSINGTON. Six Resident and a few Non-Resident PUPILS are received at 28 Addison Gardens South, by Mr. FREDERIC NASH, formerly Head-Master of the Kensington Collegiate School. Terms on application.

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VACATION POLITICS.

THE postponement of Cabinet changes and Ministerial announcements for the supposed convenience of Mr. BRIGHT has given the Birmingham League an excuse for suspending the hostile operations which have been equally injurious to the assailants and to the regular Liberal party. It was perhaps in the hope of facilitating a desirable armistice that some zealous member of a Yorkshire deputation imagined and published a surprising speech which purported to have been delivered by Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH. The Private Secretary of the PRIME MINISTER, immediately after his promotion to a higher and equally confidential post, was reported to have retracted by authority Mr. GLADSTONE's powerful speech on Mr. MIALLE's motion, and to have assured the partisans of the League that he himself, and by implication his chief, was nearer to them in opinion than they had believed. As might have been expected, Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH has lost no time in disavowing a statement which would have been indiscreet on his own part and dishonourable to Mr. GLADSTONE. It seems that the new Lord of the Treasury neither had nor professed to have any authority to express the opinions of the PRIME MINISTER, and that his own declarations had been grossly misrepresented. The newly-elected member may be excused for the courteous assumption that the errors in the report were unintentional. It was at least opportune for the purposes of the League to be able to quote a recantation of Mr. GLADSTONE's forcible and decided language. Their leaders have now announced their intention of supporting the Ministerial candidate at any election which may occur before the publication of Mr. BRIGHT's expected address to his constituents. Up to the present time their efforts have only resulted in a considerable increase of the numbers of the Conservative party in the House of Commons. In some places they have started candidates for the express purpose of dividing the Liberal forces; and elsewhere they have by a threat of opposition extorted from the nominee of the party an adhesion to their doctrines. Captain HAYTER at Bath, and Mr. DANDY SEYMOUR at Shaftesbury, thought it prudent to pledge themselves to the sectarian formula; but they might as well have thrown upon the Nonconformist agitators the undivided responsibility of defeat. It had probably not occurred to the League that their opponents also may entertain conscientious convictions. A vote earned by a pledge in favour of secular education is no gain to a candidate who by his denunciation of the 25th Clause of the Education Act assumes a moderate supporter. The League has committed the error of shooting its only arrow too soon. A threat of secession is formidable to a Minister; but when a mutinous faction has done its worst, he has no longer the same motive for conciliation.

The Conservative victory at Shaftesbury would have been one of a monotonous series but for the curious illustration which the contest afforded of the influence which still belongs to rank and property. The borough of Shaftesbury has for many years returned a Liberal member who shared the opinions of the principal proprietor in the neighbourhood. Since the last election the estates have devolved on two ladies of the family who have adopted Conservative doctrines. Although by constitutional custom a peer is prevented from interfering directly in elections, no similar restriction is imposed on ladies of rank. The Marchioness of Waterbury, in a published letter rebuked Mr. SEYMOUR for his political position that she had taken no part in the contest. On the contrary, it appeared that her sense of duty to the country and to the Queen impelled

her strenuously to support the Conservative cause; and she even hinted that the Controller of the Household had violated one of the precepts of the Decalogue by voting in favour of the party with which he is officially connected. It is perhaps not wonderful that Mr. DISRAELI should advocate the rights of women when he profits so conspicuously by the amiable logic and divinity of the sex. It seems certain that the zealous support of the owners of Motcombe had much effect in securing the return of the Conservative candidate. Since the establishment of the system of secret voting, it is useless to protest against a pressure which can only consist in persuasion. If the householders of Shaftesbury, or of any other borough, wish to gratify a wealthy and popular neighbour, they have a legal right to vote as they please. The cheers with which the patronesses of the Conservative cause were greeted whenever they appeared in public would have proved, independently of the ballot-box, that the preference for their principles, or for themselves, was perfectly sincere. The daily organ of the Conservative party absurdly described Mr. BENNET-STANFORD as "the poor man's candidate." A poor man's candidate is in general but a questionable personage; and in this instance it would have been more accurate, and not less complimentary, to reverse the phrase by anticipating the triumph of "the rich woman's candidate." It is impossible to accept the ultra-Liberal explanation of the recent elections. Brewers and distillers and dowager peeresses could not have given the victory to the Conservative party if Liberalism of the Birmingham type had found favour with the constituencies. If some defections may be attributed to the alleged lukewarmness of the Government, a far more general and more significant reaction is caused by a suspicion that the Ministers may encourage some new attack on existing institutions.

If it were worth while to advise election managers on their own special business, a doubt might be intimated whether the Conservative agents are prudent in their present display of restless activity. The local conditions of success are not everywhere as favourable as in a borough where a gentleman of mature age breaks the Fifth Commandment if he votes against the wishes of his mother. Nottingham is a larger and more heretical place than Shaftesbury, and it may be unsafe to rely on an invocation of the memory of Sir ROBERT CLIFTON, whom the Conservatives revere as the tutelary genius or patron saint of the borough. Two or three years ago a candidate who boasted that he had been the confidential friend of the departed worthy was defeated by an enthusiastic Republican; and although Mr. AUBERON HERBERT is about to transfer his energies to another sphere of action, it will not be difficult to select another candidate of the same opinions. Unfortunately the Conservatives have borrowed from their adversaries the practice and title of demonstrations or exhibitions of the numerical strength of a faction. At a late meeting there seems to have been as characteristic an absence of reasoning as if the assemblage had consisted of Trade Unionists instead of devotees of the Constitution. One of the Conservative candidates is described in familiar phrase as a local employer of labour. The name of Mr. DENISON of Uxington, nephew and heir of the late *White Speaker*, may suggest some anxious thoughts to politicians who are neither worshippers of the late Sir ROBERT CLIFTON nor enthusiastic partisans of Mr. DISRAELI. As there is no commandment which prescribes the duties of nephews, to uncles, a deviation from the traditional politics of a family can scarcely be considered reprehensible; yet it is a cause for grave regret that for some years past all the aristocratic conversions have tended in the same

direction. It is intelligible that the owners of property should regard with distaste a party which nominally includes the disciples of Mr. MILL, and even the followers of Mr. BRADLAUGH; but nothing could be more disastrous than a horizontal stratification of parties, according to rank and position, in place of the ancient divisions of feeling and opinion. It was by directing progress, and not by indiscriminate resistance, that the predecessors of the present owners of property averted anarchy and revolution.

The rumour of Ministerial changes has lately become fainter, though it may perhaps be revived when Mr. BRIGHT's mysterious silence is broken. Probable reports are always to be distrusted, because external evidence of fitness or expediency sufficiently explains their origin. Paradoxes which occur constantly in real life become incredible when they are not verified by experience. From the proposition that Mr. AYRTON is misplaced in a sinecure post, and Mr. MONSELL in an office of important business, careless reasoners easily pass to the inference that the Postmaster-Generalship is about to be vacated, and to be filled by the present Judge-Advocate. Mr. LOWE is extremely likely to give offence to various persons as Home Secretary; but it by no means follows that he is about to be transferred to the India Office. The Government would gain by the transformation of Mr. BOUVIER from a troublesome critic into a useful colleague; and, sooner or later, Mr. HARBOUR's not dissimilar claims will be recognized by an offer of place; but there is no reason to believe that Mr. GLADSTONE meditates for the moment any considerable changes. According to a recent rumour, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was about to be raised to the Bench and to a peerage, and the Law Offices were to be occupied by Mr. HENRY JAMES and Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS. It happens that there is at present no judicial vacancy; and, although one of the Barons of the Exchequer is likely to retire, Sir JOHN COLERIDGE could scarcely accept a puisne judgeship; nor would the peerage be, according to precedent, a suitable appendage to such an appointment. It would be far more convenient, in anticipation of the changes to be effected under the Judicature Bill, to place an Equity lawyer on the Common Law Bench; and the LORD CHANCELLOR would probably make the appointment without reference to political considerations. The most important and most interesting of public rumours consists in the negative statement that the dissolution of Parliament will be postponed until next year. The Government has no motive, in the present temper of the constituencies, for trying a leap in the dark. Although no sagacity can forecast the result of a general election, it is nearly certain that the Liberal majority will be largely diminished, and especially that the new Irish members will be unmanageable. It is possible that some of the Ministers themselves might lose their seats, nor would such arrangements as that by which Mr. BRUCE was returned for Renfrewshire be at present practicable. The postponement of an appeal to the constituencies is a definite, though temporary, advantage to all parties.

FOREIGN POLICY OF THE FUSION.

THE Republican party in France have discovered a new reason why the nation should reject HENRY V. His accession to the throne, they say, would mean a war with Italy and Germany, a new indemnity, and the loss of Nice and Savoy. This gloomy picture is only a logical deduction from the premisses supplied by the clerical party throughout Europe. Everywhere the Ultramontanes are ardent Legitimists, and as they are ardent in no cause which is not directly or indirectly that of the POPE, it is safe to assume that they expect a restoration in France to be followed by a restoration at Rome. The language used by the Count of CHAMBORD on various occasions since 1848 goes far to justify the expectations founded on it. In HENRY V. the Church would, to all appearance, have a more dutiful eldest son than in any of the Kings to whom that title has by courtesy been given. He has learned to identify piety and loyalty, the reverence due to the Vicar of CHRIS with the reverence due to the LORD'S Anointed, in a way that must rejoice the POPE's heart. He is perhaps the only man in Europe in whom the two beliefs are honestly united. There are many Legitimists who think the Ultramontanes useful allies, and many Ultramontanes who hope to find the Legitimists useful tools; but the Count of CHAMBORD genuinely believes that the two ideas are indissolubly interwoven. If the POPE were

a younger man, he would probably admit, at all events to himself, that under some conceivable contingencies the Church might become democratic. But the Count of CHAMBORD would not allow that the throne could ever rest with safety on any arm but that of the Church. The revolution which made him a Pretender instead of a King was the same movement, he would say, as that which converted PIUS IX. into something little better than a spiritual prince; and before its progress can be entirely stayed, even in France, the POPE must again become an Italian Sovereign. It is only reasonable, therefore, that the clerical party should be besieging Heaven with prayers for the triumph of the Fusion. It is the best card they have had in their hand for many rounds, and they are naturally eager for an opportunity to play it.

Whether it will make much difference to the game if it is played is another question. The Ultramontanes probably argue that in Continental countries monarchs have still very considerable influence in politics, and most of all in foreign politics. Consequently to have a King on the throne of France whose main desire is to give the POPE his lost provinces, will be to have a most influential friend in the Ministerial Councils. It is possible that for some time to come he may not have the power to do much for the cause; but as his throne becomes firmer, his power will increase, and meanwhile France, under the guidance of the Church, will be learning to identify vengeance on Italy with vengeance upon Germany, and to see in a war that shall snatch the Romagna from Piedmont only another aspect of the war that shall snatch Alsace and Lorraine from Germany. It is possible that if the quarrel with Italy were one that could be taken up whenever the French Government liked, some part of those anticipations might prove true. But in all probability it will be a quarrel which the new King of France must decide either to take up or to leave alone immediately upon his accession. The Italian Government will have at once to determine on what terms they are to stand towards the restored Monarchy, and in considering this point, they will naturally inquire on what terms the restored Monarchy proposes to stand towards Italy. Thereupon, the King of France will have to answer either that the King of ITALY is his very good friend and brother, with whom he wishes to maintain a cordial friendship and alliance, or that he feels it his duty to point out to him how grievously he has erred in taking possession of the POPE's dominions. The mere statement of the alternative seems to us enough to discredit it. The most despotic Sovereign cannot altogether disregard the advice of his Ministers or the wishes of his subjects. He cannot make war in defiance of both. NAPOLEON III. went as far in this direction as it was possible to go, but then he had a technical provocation, and his people had been trained to regard a war with Germany as inevitable. In the case supposed HENRY V. would have no provocation to allege. Italy would have done nothing new, nothing which former French Governments had not condoned, nothing which threatened even remotely any genuine French interest. Frenchmen have no desire to fight the Italians; nay, they know that they could not fight them without imperilling their chance of being able within any reasonable time to fight the Germans. Whatever other illusions the war may have left to the French nation, they seem to have none at all as to their military position. They are resolutely bent upon regaining their strength, and upon using it when regained in reconquering their lost territory. But they are under no mistakes as to the greatness of the task that lies before them. They know how long it will take to raise and discipline an army equal to their needs; and even if there were no question of Germany siding with Italy, they would have no wish to waste in premature and purposeless hostilities the strength which prudence bids them husband with the utmost care. There can be no doubt, however, that Germany would not sit still while France was measuring herself against Italy. There is a strong party among German politicians who think that France was let off too easily, and who regret that the punishment inflicted was not heavy enough to crush her altogether. If France were now to go to war in a cause in which Germany has a collateral interest—and since the adoption of her present policy towards the Roman Church Germany is collaterally interested in everything that concerns the POPE—this party would be greatly strengthened. They would be able to point to the quarrel with Italy in proof that the

French character had undergone no change, and that the peace of Europe demanded that her new teeth should be drawn by the same hands that had extracted the old ones. Even the Count of CHAMBORD, unless he believes that a miracle is to be worked in his favour, would not rush upon such certain destruction as would be involved in an unprovoked war with Germany; and as neither his Ministers nor his subjects would share that belief, supposing him to entertain it, he would have some difficulty in declaring war, and more in carrying it on. A restoration would entail many evils upon France, but we do not believe that the adoption of an absolutely suicidal policy would be one of them. The sympathy of HENRY V. with the POPE might be expressed by an autograph letter, but the burden of its contents would probably be that the powers of evil were too strong to be openly attacked. It is pleasant of course to hear your enemies called names, but when that excitement had passed away, the POPE would find that the powers of evil meant no more than the old logic of facts.

Although, however, the fears expressed by the Republican party would probably turn out to be greatly exaggerated, it is quite possible that the apprehension of difficulties in foreign policy may have some share in the coolness which seems to be growing up between the Duke of BROGLIE and the Fusionists. The Duke must be perfectly aware that for the Conservative party to waste its strength in effecting a restoration, and then to be obliged to withdraw from the councils of the Sovereign rather than identify itself with his reactionary extravagance, would be a highly unsatisfactory ending to the coalition which it took so much labour to get afloat. The chances may be unfavourable to such a catastrophe, but the Count of CHAMBORD is chiefly known for his persistence in ideas which he has once expressed, and he is very much in the hands of a party which would willingly let France perish if the sacrifice could do any service to the temporal power of the POPE. It would not be surprising, therefore, if the Duke of BROGLIE liked the Fusion less the longer he looked at it; and in that case it would be an obvious stroke of policy to anticipate any proposal of the Monarchists by bringing in a Bill to continue Marshal MACMAHON's powers for a definite time. This would in effect be a prolongation of the present provisional state of things, and as such would naturally carry with it a corresponding prolongation of the life of the present Assembly. In one of those aspects it would formerly have been displeasing to the Monarchical party, in the other to the Republican. But it is by no means clear that under present circumstances the moderate sections of both parties might not agree in supporting it. A Provisional Government with Marshal MACMAHON at its head conveys a great sense of security to Monarchists who regard a King chiefly in the light of a policeman. The Conservatism of the present Cabinet they will admit to be beyond impeachment, and where the essentials of good government are secured, it may be the safer plan not to strive after formal perfection. On the other hand, the prolongation of Marshal MACMAHON's powers would be in form the continuance of the Republic, and in so far as it was so, it would be a tribute to the Republican tendencies of the nation. The prospects of the Republican party are not so brilliant that it can afford to despise even this moderate degree of recognition. It is better to have the present Assembly, with the Provisional Government secured for a certain number of years, with the chance of the composition of the Chamber steadily becoming more Republican under the influence of partial elections, than to have the present Assembly with the Monarchy set up again, and the whole influence of the Government and of the Conservative party in the country employed to strengthen the restored throne. A party which can bring forward such practical reasons as this may fairly be acquitted of inconsistency in adapting its policy to the changed conditions of the country since the fall of M. THIESS and the reconciliation of the two branches of the House of BOURBON.

MR. LOWE AT SHEFFIELD

THE praises of Mr. Gladstone's Government have been sung so often that it would be some ingenuity to say anything new upon the subject. In his speech at the Outcry, however, Mr. Lowe succeeded in giving real freshness to the measure which the Government have carried through Parliament. In 1869 we passed the Irish

Church Bill, in 1870 the Irish Land Bill, and so on. Mr. Lowe is more alive to the advantages of judicious grouping. He produces a novel effect by representing the Cabinet taking counsel five years ago how they should make their tenure of office memorable in the history of England. In the execution of so great a design system is everything, and before putting their hands to the plough the Cabinet surveyed the field and determined the line the farmers should take. "They came," says Mr. Lowe, "to resolutions the most extravagant that any set of middle-aged and elderly gentlemen ever arrived at." These resolutions involved nothing less than the solution of "all the leading difficulties then seen in the political horizon." They looked at Ireland, and they resolved, by giving her the strictest and fullest justice, to take away from her all grounds of complaint. They looked at the new voters, and they resolved that the ignorant among them should be educated, and that those who were poor should have the protection of the Ballot. They said that in future there should be no panics, and, with that view, they determined so to modify the structure of the army as to weld regular and auxiliary forces into one compact mass for the purpose of resisting invasion. They made up their minds to put an end to the waste of power in the judicial body arising from antiquated rules and unnecessary subdivisions, to make the Civil Service a reward for poor and deserving students, and to take vigorous and searching economy as the rule of their financial administration.

It is a programme of which the Ministry may well be proud, and Mr. Lowe has a right to say that, with the single exception of the higher education of Ireland, it has been more or less realized. Indeed, in a sense it may be said to have been realized even upon this point, for the Government were willing to take away all ground of complaint, and, as the division on the second reading showed, it was only the shortsightedness of the Irish members that prevented them from carrying out their purpose. How then is it, asks Mr. Lowe, that though the Ministry have done all that they proposed to do, they have not had their labours adequately acknowledged? The HOME SECRETARY does not treat the part of his subject with the same breadth and fulness that he bestowed upon the other part. What his answer comes to is, that some people are fatigued by rapidity—that after so much progress they wish for an interval in which to "take breath before they are whirled on to further exigencies." This is clearly an inadequate explanation of the present unpopularity of the Government. Mere fatigue would not lead Liberal constituencies to send Conservatives to Parliament. They would rather content themselves with sending extremely moderate Liberals. Just now, too, a section of its supporters are finding fault with the Government for being a slow coach, for seeing no more exigencies to be met, no more horizons to be cleared of difficulties. Why, on Mr. Lowe's hypothesis, do not the tired-out Liberals join in helping the Government to resist these over-active adherents? Again, the great rush of Ministerial activity was naturally shewn in the early part of the programme. We do not know that anybody's breath has been taken away by the rate of progress of the Purchase Bill or the Judicature Bill. When the history of the fall of the first GLADSTONE Administration comes to be written, Mr. Lowe's hypothesis will hardly be thought to account for the facts.

Perhaps the very completeness with which the programme has been carried out is to some persons a reason for dismissing the Ministers to whom its execution is due. When a Government takes office with the object of getting rid of the leading difficulties which beset the path of politicians, a notion is apt to get abroad that they are men called in to do a special task, and that when the task is finished, it is as well that their engagement should come to an end with it. It is not so much that the country wants to see its affairs administered by new men as that it wants a little time to consider whether the men who have got through this special and exceptional work are necessarily the best men to be employed in ordinary work. On the one side there is a section of Liberals insisting that since the Government took office a new set of clouds have gathered on the horizon, and that if Ministers are to remain in power, they must again go into council, and come out with a programme as extensive as that with which they started in 1868. On the other side there are the Conservatives saying in effect, You cannot always be displacing Churches, turning tenants into landlords, remodelling the army, or constructing new Courts of Appeal. Granting that all these measures were just and

necessary, a nation has something else to do than to pull its house about its ears. It has to live in the house after it has been altered, and we can show you what very inefficient servants the Ministry have shown themselves for quiet times. You had much better give us a turn. We shall not dream of undoing anything that has been done. You will keep all that the Liberal Government has given you, and you will get what the Liberal Government has shown itself unable to give you—sound, steady, working common sense. We do not promise you sensational legislation, but we do promise you that all the little affairs that have been neglected while nothing was thought of but “the programme” shall all be looked to and put in order. Between these two rival voices constitutions are a little puzzled. They do not quite like the notion of another programme; at least they want a little time to think about it. And they are not quite sure whether, if the Government remains in power, it may not be tempted to take the bread out of the mouth of the extreme Liberals and send its telescope round the horizon once more. Accordingly they comfort themselves with the reflection that, as Mr. Lowe himself declares, the Cabinet have done all that they set themselves to do, so that nothing will be lost by sending them about their business. And if on experiment it turns out that the Conservatives cannot administer, or if a new crop of difficulties should unexpectedly disclose themselves, why no great harm will have been done. The Liberal Ministers will be no further off than the other side of the House of Commons, and nothing will be easier than to call them back to their old places.

Mr. Lowe says nothing about the difficulties in which he found himself before he left the Exchequer. Probably when he came to think them over, he felt that even after dinner the Zanzibar Contract and Mr. SCUDAMORE'S expenditure were best left alone. But he does enter into a detailed and, in some respects, successful vindication of his general administration. When he succeeded to office, it seems, he took stock of himself, and came to the conclusion that, though he had no special genius for finance, he knew the value of economy, and that, if he could not lessen the burdens of the nation by brilliant experiments in taxation, he could do something in the same direction by seeing that none of the revenue was spent in extravagance. Before Mr. Lowe's time the Chancellor of the Exchequer did not concern himself with the question of expenditure. If the head of a department wanted leave to lay out more money, he went to the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Lowe began his career by issuing an order that no new expenditure should be allowed without his opinion being first taken upon it. No doubt this rule worked beneficially as regards economy. Mr. Lowe's enumeration of the taxes he has been able to take off, and of the sums he has been able to pay towards the reduction of the National Debt, is sufficient evidence on this point. But it may not have worked equally well as regards administration. In private life there is such a process as “greasing the wheels,” and it is usually found that, if no money is spent in this way, things more important than economy are apt to suffer. In public life there is probably fully as much need for this kind of outlay. The head of a department may not always be the best judge of the amount that ought to be spent on it, but he may often see that a little more liberality would make his staff contented instead of discontented, and would secure that zeal and activity the absence of which is sometimes the real cause of an administrative breakdown. No general rule can be laid down in matters of this kind. All that the Treasury can do is to go into each question on its merits, and do its best to come to a fair decision. But while it would be most mischievous for the Treasury to get the reputation of always yielding to requests of this kind, there is some danger in its getting the reputation of always resisting them. When this is the case, heads of departments become unwilling to expose themselves to implied rebuke, and refrain from suggesting additional expenditure even when it would bring in large interest in the shape of increased efficiency. Yet perhaps that increased efficiency might have saved the Government from one of those small losses of administrative reputation which in the aggregate do it as much harm as great legislative failures. When a Chancellor of the Exchequer takes office with the resolution to go into every question for himself, the mere announcement is enough to frighten a Minister who wishes to suggest that his department would be better worked if it could lay hold on a little more money. No one likes to be swept clean by a new broom, and a

Chancellor of the Exchequer who supersedes the Secretary of the Treasury because he is not strong enough to resist Ministerial pressure, is a very new broom indeed. Mr. Lowe's share in the Liberal programme goes some way to explain why the programme as a whole has been received with so little gratitude.

SPAIN.

THE rebellion of Carthagena creates an important diversion in favour of the Carlists; nor is it certain that the insurgents will be defeated in the conflict which they have provoked. The possession by a local body of insurgents of supremacy at sea is an entirely novel incident in civil warfare. The unfortunate Admiral who serves the central Government is constantly compelled to retreat to Gibraltar after harmless menaces against the rebel forts and shipping. The English naval commander still retains possession of the two ironclad ships which were so hastily seized by Commodore WERNER, and has carried them off for safety to Gibraltar, where they are to remain until it has been determined what shall be done with them. At one moment it appeared not improbable that the English squadron would find itself engaged in actual hostilities with the insurgents, who threatened to open fire on it if any attempt was made to remove the captured vessels. The squadron cleared for action, but happily the menace of the rebels was not fulfilled, and the bombardment of Carthagena was thus avoided. It has been the plain duty of Admiral YELVERTON to discharge the functions of an impartial stakeholder as long as he receives no definite instructions; but if the struggle lasts, the English Government will be compelled to form some positive or negative decision. The most judicious course would probably be to wait, like the citizens of Angers in the play of *King John*, until the victory of one of the combatants establishes his title to the disputed property. The restoration of the ships to insurgents whose treason may perhaps soon be demonstrated by defeat would give reasonable offence to the Government of Madrid. On the other hand, it is not the business of an English naval force to recapture for the central authorities armaments which they had not the power or the foresight to secure. It may even be doubted whether Admiral Lobo is really anxious to strengthen his squadron by a reinforcement which would make a sea fight unavoidable without rendering victory certain. In the meantime the insurgent vessels cruise with impunity along the coast, in the hope either of extorting contributions from maritime towns, or of compelling the little army of the besiegers to divide its force. Some of those odd enthusiasts who contrive on all occasions to work themselves into a state of virtuous or patriotic excitement express a wish that, by an attack on Lisbon, the *Numancia* would give the English ship *Devastation* an opportunity of proving her superior efficiency. Nothing can be more improbable than that the insurgent Government of Carthagena should wantonly provide its enemies with the benefit of an irresistible alliance. The cruise of the *Numancia* may perhaps have been principally designed to prove that in their own neighbourhood the insurgents have the command of the sea. At present it would seem that they are able at their pleasure to threaten and insult every port in Spain.

It would be an unmixed misfortune for England to be dragged into a confused and unprofitable quarrel; and it is even undesirable to express publicly any preference of one party to another. Whether Carlists, Central Republicans, theoretical or practical Federalists prevail, the principles of the dominant party would deserve little sympathy, although the fact of success must be necessarily recognized. It is too often forgotten that the wealth, the intelligence, and the respectability of the nation remain perfectly aloof from the miserable Republic and its subdivisions. At present there is no reason to believe that the Carlist Pretender will be accepted by the population, although the follies and misfortunes of his actual opponents have rendered his prospects less unfavourable than in the days of constitutional monarchy. Every statesman who has before the last few months at any time held power in Spain is in retirement or exile; and General PAVIA is the only military chief of reputation who serves the Republican Government. SERRANO, OLIVERA, SAGASTA, and ZORRILLA may perhaps be as strongly opposed to CASTELLAR and to SALMERON as to CONTRERAS and ROQUE BARCIA. It is at least certain that they owe nothing to the moderation or the

regard for law of the former Republican Opposition. Only two or three years ago the chiefs of the Republican faction had not avowed their intention of splitting up Spain into a cluster of petty provinces; yet CASTELAR is by profession a Federalist, though he now delivers fine phrases about the necessity of founding the Federal Republic on a constitution rather than a pact. Any intervention of a foreign State in favour of Madrid against Carthage would probably irritate and disappoint the next Government which may succeed to power. The Carlists themselves, if they should unexpectedly establish their system on the ruins of the Republic, would have just ground of complaint against any Power which might have delayed their success. Among all the jarring factions the Republicans who now nominally exercise power are perhaps the least likely to emerge from the revolution as the dominant party. It must be admitted to their credit that the Ministers are on the point of proroguing the Cortes, in the conviction that an Assembly elected by a Republican constituency will offer fatal impediments to the overthrow of the insurgents.

The reported understanding between the Carlists and Socialists in the North of Spain may be considered, if it has really been established, nearly the most paradoxical event in a strange series of surprising anomalies. Common enmities are undoubtedly motives of union; but it might have been thought that reciprocal antagonism of traditions, of opinions, and of objects would prevent an unnatural coalition even among Spanish rebels. The Socialists propose to abolish religion and property; and they have taken arms against the Government of Madrid only because it still represents the shattered remnant of political and social order. The cause of the Carlists, on the other hand, since their success has raised them above the rank of freebooters and adventurers, contains some respectable elements. They risk their lives for the sake of a King who inspires by his title, if not by his personal qualities, an old-fashioned loyalty; and they are attached to a Church which inculcates, in addition to more doubtful doctrines, the general principles of religion and morality. It may be assumed that the co-operation of the two factions is founded entirely on military expediency. The Carlists are releasing Socialist prisoners from their places of confinement in the same spirit in which the Dutch have sometimes defended their country by opening the dykes to admit the waters of the sea. An inundation is not in itself an advantage, but in some circumstances it may be preferred to an invasion. It is nevertheless strange that the priest-ridden partisans of the absolute King should persuade themselves to tolerate outrageous heresies. They constantly denounce the Republic, not without pretext, as a godless system of anarchy, and yet they enrol in their own bands insurgents who regard the Madrid Ministry and Cortes as champions of obsolete Conservatism. Whatever may be the explanation of the story, Don CARLOS has, like his French prototype and kinsman, the merit of consistent adherence to the theories which he has always professed. When his throne is established no elected Assembly is to share in the government, nor is any form of dissent from the established religion to be openly tolerated. It is perhaps not surprising that the rapid degeneracy of Spain since the fall of ISABELLA should incline hasty reasoners to condemn the whole system of constitutional government; yet if the followers of Don CARLOS were acquainted with history, they would know that legitimate monarchy had at the close of the last century reduced a loyal and orthodox nation to utter decrepitude.

The wavering attitude of the ultra-Republicans in Barcelona may probably be explained by their anxiety to retain a protective tariff for their manufactures. The International Society, which exercises much local influence, was primarily established for the purpose of maintaining a high rate of wages, and ultimately of transferring the profits of industry from capitalists to workmen. The division of Spain into little independent States would not tend to secure the monopoly of native manufacturers in any part of the Peninsula. Barcelona can scarcely expect to have a voice in the establishment of a Customs tariff for Carthage or Cadiz, unless all Spanish production and consumption is under the control of a common Government. The Andalusians are likely to demand cheap foreign fabrics in exchange for their wines, instead of paying a tribute to the workmen of Catalonia, whom they perhaps equally regard as aliens. It is surprising that the Government of Madrid should be able to provide itself even with a scanty

revenue. The insurgents are restrained by no scruples as to the rights of property, and during the siege of Carthage they may be willing to submit to hardship and deprivation. Their provisions are collected by requisition, and they are largely supplied with materials of war which were purchased at the national expense. Their enemies have a larger territory and a show of legal right; but they have to depend on the collection of taxes, or on loans raised after their credit has long been exhausted; and they are compelled to provide for the necessities of the Carlist struggle as well as for the siege of Carthage. If either party can find a capable commander, military skill and energy will probably decide the contest. It would seem that CONTRERAS is an empty pretender, and rather a demagogue than a general; and General PAVIA, who will probably assume the command of the besieging force, has at least the merit of doing his utmost to enforce military discipline. The Ministers and orators at Madrid are beginning to learn that capital punishment is the only remedy for mutiny; and the present Cabinet has not repeated the declaration of one of the preceding Ministers, that force ought not to be used against Republicans, even if they chanced to be rebels. Nevertheless the Cortes still tolerate the presence of insurgent leaders in their midst, on the absurd pretext that members of the Assembly are inviolable, although they may have been guilty of open treason. Perhaps anarchy must proceed still further before it reaches its inevitable termination in a military dictatorship or despotism exercised by some vigorous leader.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

WHATEVER may have been the causes of the Ashantee war, the Government has adopted the most judicious course in preparing for a vigorous prosecution of the contest. It is certain that the invaders will listen to no argument but force, and the details of the process of conviction can only be settled on the spot by competent military judgment. The appointment of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has caused general satisfaction, and it may be assumed that no expense will be spared in providing him with the materials of success. The English expedition to Magdala and the Russian conquest of Khiva furnish recent precedents of the most effective mode of conducting operations against barbarous enemies in dangerous climates. If the troops are efficiently protected against hardship and disease, their great superiority in discipline and in armament ought on all occasions to ensure victory in the field. The Ashantees indeed are more warlike and more formidable than the forces either of Abyssinia or of Khiva; but, notwithstanding their undoubted courage, their army has been easily defeated by a handful of marines. Their subsequent persistence shows that they misunderstand the resources and the determination of the enemy whom they have provoked. Although they have not ventured to attack Cape Coast Castle, they occupy the neighbouring country, with the apparent purpose of settling permanently on the coast. The protected Fantee tribes, although their name indicates their family relation to the invaders, seem for the present to be incapable of offering resistance. It will be the business of the officer who has been appointed under the title of Commissioner to arm and organize, if possible, a native force which may relieve the regular troops from the duties which would be most likely to endanger their health. There is no quarter of the world in which the faculty of Englishmen for leading inferior races in war has not already been tested. The Mussulman tribe of the Houssas has already supplied a valuable contingent; and there is probably no peculiarity in the character of the Fantees which should prevent them from acquiring, under proper guidance, the confidence in themselves which may enable them to face their hereditary enemies. The imitative tendency of African races has received a burlesque illustration in the silly mockery of a constitution which was lately devised by a few half-educated natives. In the order of political education, military obedience to superiors precedes representative and federal systems. The Fantees must be taught to defend themselves before they learn the more complicated lessons of civilization; and they must at the same time be taught that the protecting Power is not their ally, but their legitimate sovereign. The expulsion of the invaders will form an ample equivalent for the surrender of any nominal independence which may have been hitherto claimed by the native chiefs; and it is impossible to allow

them to exercise a discretion which may perhaps occasion future wars. It is too late to inquire whether the commerce of the Western Coast of Africa is sufficiently valuable to compensate for the burden of providing for the government and defence of a considerable territory. Many years ago the Government had resolved to abandon the settlements, when the English merchants, irritated on a small scale the enterprise of the East India Company, offered to undertake the expense and risk of administration. The Colonial Office, which has since resumed the duty of governing the English possessions, could not without disgrace withdraw from the conflict with the native invaders. The treaty by which the Dutch settlements were recently transferred supplies another reason for maintaining English sovereignty against the Ashantees. The arrangement would perhaps not have been made if the contracting parties had anticipated that both of them would, in two distant regions, be consequently involved in vexatious and costly hostilities. The Dutch probably desire a war in Atcheen as little as the English wish to expend men and money on the Gold Coast; but in both cases the rightful supremacy of Europeans will be asserted.

It is said that the cause of the war is the non-payment of an annuity or allowance which had been received by the King of ASHANTEE from the Dutch authorities at Elmina; but it is hardly worth while to investigate the mysteries of African diplomacy. The grievance of the Ashantees is in substance that their territories are inland, and that they require access to the coast which is occupied by the Fantes and controlled by the foreign authorities in the settlements. The result of the war will perhaps be to provide facilities for commercial intercourse which might render warlike incursions superfluous. Mr. DISRAELI some time ago, in his oracular fashion, announced that the secular ambition of Russia was caused and justified by a natural desire of finding an outlet to the Mediterranean. The Ashantees, if they were represented by an equally ingenious advocate, might explain the manifest destiny which leads them towards the Atlantic. As far as their objects are economical and pacific, it is highly desirable to encourage their aspirations. Although they have the defects of cruelty, superstition, and other attributes of uncivilized nations, their warlike energy implies the possession of many respectable qualities. When they have learned to recognize the superiority of European arms, they may perhaps be disposed to submit in other respects to some of the influences of civilization. It will probably be impossible at the close of the war to leave them in possession of absolute independence. Experience has shown that, although it is troublesome to manage the affairs of turbulent neighbours, it is nevertheless better to govern barbarians for their own good than to fight them periodically. An English protectorate over the accessible regions of Western Africa would arise as naturally, and therefore as legitimately, as the Russian dominion in Central Asia. Although it is no longer thought expedient to conquer distant markets, commercial relations sometimes involve a liability to enforce the observance of peace.

The plan of the campaign will not be prematurely disclosed even when it has been definitively formed. The general in command is probably fully aware of the danger and uncertainty of a campaign in the wooded country which has been occupied by the invaders. The scheme of an advance on the Ashantee capital, which would take the enemy on the flank and the rear, seems to civilians practical and plausible; but the most indispensable duty of the military authorities will be to provide against the dangers of the climate. The chief medical officer is distinguished for ability and energy; and the nature of the precautions which are required is well understood. Even in tropical climates it is found possible to preserve the health of troops by adequate sanitary arrangements, and the employment of native auxiliaries will in some degree obviate the necessity of dangerous exposure. It must be admitted that petty colonial wars are not to be regarded with complacency; but the enterprise which has founded English settlements in all quarters of the globe involves a liability to frequent risk and expense. The recent resolution of the House of Commons in favour of arbitration as the alternative of war is scarcely applicable to the quarrel with the King of ASHANTEE. Even if a reference could be arranged, and an umpire provided, an award could only be rendered valid by force. Mr. CORBET himself would find it difficult to prove that, in the present instance, the English Government has been actuated either by a childish desire of glory or by a wanton appetite for conquest. The war is undertaken for defensive pur-

poses, although it may not improbably result in annexation. It is unfortunately impossible that any conquest which may be effected should pay its own expense. The King of ASHANTEE has probably no hoards of treasure which can be reached; nor would it be easy to secure the payment of any tribute which might be imposed. The traders of the coast will be the immediate gainers; and the English taxpayer must be content to bear the cost of belonging to a great and complex Empire.

It would be cheaper and more convenient to cultivate intercourse only with those communities which are willing to trade freely with strangers; and if the question were open, the practice of founding trading settlements which afterwards expand into colonies would not now be deliberately commenced; but when adventurous traders have found it expedient to establish factories, and to enter into relations with native chiefs, it is difficult to reject their claim for protection and assistance. The flourishing colony of New Zealand was founded within the memory of the present generation against the wish and the avowed opinion of nearly all the responsible politicians who took an interest in the subject. It is certainly not a cause for regret that the islands were appropriated before the French had time to establish a title to the territory. As the settlers became more numerous they were necessarily involved in quarrels with the natives, and for several years considerable forces were employed by the mother-country in the wars which resulted from the occupation of native lands. The colony has now become strong enough to protect itself, and there is reason to fear that the indigenous population will gradually disappear. No similar change of circumstances will relieve the Imperial Government from the burden of protecting the trading settlements on the West Coast of Africa. The climate renders it impossible that the European inhabitants should increase largely in numbers, and the swarms of barbarians in the interior are probably inexhaustible. It will consequently be found necessary to establish a local sovereignty on the Indian model, and to govern or control the adjacent tribes in great measure by native agency. The advantages to the dominant Power may be doubtful, but the benefit to the country itself of a regular dominion would be incalculable. As long as the slave trade existed, European traders were the worst enemies of Africa. The kidnapped captives indeed might, if they could have foreseen the future, have been consoled by the prospect of leaving descendants who would be American citizens; but the trade disorganized and demoralized a large part of the interior of the continent. All commercial intercourse and all political or military interference is now likely to be beneficial. If the Ashantees or any other African tribes are left to themselves, there is no reason to expect that their condition will be in any way improved during the lapse of years. From foreigners they may probably receive some elements of civilization, and negroes have no tendency to die out like Maoris or North American Indians because they come in contact with a superior race. In the contest which must be the first step in the reclamation of the Ashantees, it is prudent to be prepared for possible miscarriage or disaster; but, sooner or later, the weaker party will necessarily give way. Although the war might perhaps not have occurred if the Dutch treaty had never been concluded, it will be now easier to deal with friendly or hostile natives in the absence of any civilized rival. The Ashantees would have been acute enough to take advantage of any occasion for promoting jealousies between the English and Dutch authorities. They will now be made to understand the necessity of submitting to the only paramount Power with which they can establish relations.

DISSENT AND SOCIALISM.

IT is a necessary inconvenience attendant upon a reconstruction of the Ministry directly after Parliament has been prorogued that for some weeks every one is left free to form his own conclusions as to what the changes really mean. The Education League have chosen to regard Mr. BRIGHT'S return to the Cabinet as significant of an abandonment of the educational policy hitherto supported by the Government. This is the burden of their resolution suspending overt hostilities until they have obtained some authoritative declaration of Ministerial intentions. "It is impossible to believe," says Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in his article "The Liberal Party and its Leaders," in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, "that the statesman who only a few weeks ago declared the Education Act of 1870 to be the 'worst Bill passed by a Liberal Government since 1832' has now consented to condone legislation which he has so

"emphatically condemned; and it may be assumed that the great Tribune of the people would not have given his support to the Ministry unless he had previously assured himself of their renewed attachment to Liberal principles, and of their determination to apply them." On the other hand, Mr. GLADSTONE goes down to Hawarden as soon as Parliament has risen, and makes a speech which certainly reads, even after all possible weight has been given to his disclaimer of any intention that it should be so taken, like a plea for keeping the Education Act as it is. It seemed at first as though there was more comfort to be extracted from Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH. But any hopes based on the report of his interview with the Yorkshire branch of the Liberation Society have been overthrown by his own very different version of what he said. The public equally with the League are left, therefore, to form their own conjectures of what the Government is likely to do in the matter of education. We have already given our reasons for regarding Mr. BRIGHT's appointment as having in this particular respect very little significance. He took office in the first instance because he was entirely at one with Mr. GLADSTONE as to the policy to be pursued towards Ireland. He was obliged to resign office on account of ill-health, and it entirely agrees with his character that, as soon as his health allowed, he should return to share the ill-fortunes of the Government as he had previously shared its triumphs. No doubt if the Education Act had been a measure which in its present form was intolerable to him, he would have been obliged to stipulate for a change in it as a condition of re-entering the Cabinet. But the very speech on which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN founds his reasoning seems to us to point the other way. It is true he began by declaring the Education Act to be the worst measure passed by a Liberal Government since 1832; but this was only the prelude to an admonition that, bad as it was, it ought still to be tolerated rather than that the Liberal party should be broken up. What a private person may do rather than secede from the Liberal party, a Cabinet Minister may do rather than secede from a Liberal Government. In either capacity Mr. BRIGHT will no doubt do what he can to modify the Education Act; but there was nothing in his speech to imply that he would make success in this direction a condition of taking or keeping office.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's article is valuable as showing what kind of concessions the Government will have to make if the Education League and its allies are to be conciliated. It may be inferred from it that the leading members of the League are becoming conscious that the 25th Clause of the Education Act is rather a small question when compared with the structure that has been built up on it. They, like the Government they are attacking, are in want of a cry. They are going to withdraw their support from the Government unless it does something to remove the causes of their discontent, and it seems at the last moment to have occurred to them that their discontent must be rather a one-horse affair if it can be appeased by a re-arrangement of the existing mode of paying the school fees of indigent children. Accordingly Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is put up to declare that "it is a mistake to suppose that the revolt of the Irreconcilables will be confined to agitation against the 25th Clause of the Education Act, or even against the whole educational policy of the Government." In other words, it is a mistake to suppose that the leaders of the Education League meant what they said when they first began to hint at a quarrel with the Liberal Government. "Mr. FORSTER's persistent determination to sectarianize education may be the first cause of active opposition"—thus much is conceded in order that the programme of the Irreconcilables may retain something of which Dissenters can take hold—"but when disorganization has once set in, the various elements of dissatisfaction will have full play, and the party will not again be reunited till a programme has been elaborated which shall satisfy the just expectations of the representatives of labour, as well as conciliate the Nonconformists who have been driven into rebellion." A singular retribution seems to be reserved for the Dissenting opponents of the Government. They have already been made a tool of by the Secularists, and they are now to render a similar service to the "representatives of labour." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN does not pretend that the working classes care for the theological side either of the Education or of the Church question. But though they may take little interest in the issue "so long as it is presented as a question of sectarian supremacy," they will "speedily recognize the importance of its political

aspects." In the sense which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN attaches to the political aspects of disestablishment, it is quite possible that the working class may be induced to make the controversy their own. They will be eager enough to claim for the nation as a whole the control and management of the vast funds which have been monopolized and misappropriated by an ecclesiastical organization." This is the agitation which is to "supersede and include all the minor subjects, such as the 25th Clause, the burials question, and the abolition of clerical fellowships." To what uses the nation will put the property thus regained from the Church is only darkly hinted by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, but by combining his scattered suggestions it is possible to make a pretty confident guess at their drift. "Education," he says, "is demanded as much in the interest of the nation as of the children, and will bring more direct advantage to the community than to the parents themselves. It is just, therefore, that its cost should be a national concern and should be divided equally among the contributors to the national income." This reasoning may easily be extended to matters which come home to poor men a good deal more than education. The maintenance of children concerns the interest of the nation. Hunger and nakedness are as much the parents of crime as ignorance can be, and nothing would bring more direct advantage to the community than a law which ensured that every boy should be properly fed and clothed as well as properly taught. It will be equally just, therefore, that the cost of this maintenance should be "divided equally among the contributors to the national income." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's expression of contempt for the "fashionable political economy" which "buttons up the breeches pocket" against the demand for free schools will be quite as applicable to the fashionable economy which buttons up the breeches pocket against the demand for free dinners and free outfits. It is significant that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN should claim the candidature of Mr. JENKINS at Dundee as one of the evidences of the League's influence. We know pretty well the kind of philanthropy which inspires this gushing statesman. Its leading principle is that the State should do as much as possible for working-men, and if anybody ventures to ask whether the natural result of this policy will not be to make working-men do as little as possible for themselves, he is set down as a preacher of the "gospel of selfishness." It is not wonderful that working-men should listen complacently to this sermon. They have not the education which would enable them to see the abyss of pauperism into which it must lead the nation that puts it in practice. But that Dissenters, whose gospel hitherto has been of the very opposite sort, who have been the typical representatives of the middle class—the class of active, self-reliant, self-providing men of business—should now find themselves committed to the programme of *Gin's Baby*, is a startling instance of the lengths to which politicians may be led when they put the gratification of sectarian pique before the welfare of the community at large.

One admission, however, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may fairly claim. He has justified the position of the party which he has christened the Irreconcilables. As there can be no real union in France between the Communist and the Conservative Republican, so there can be no real union in England between Liberals who take for their "new departure" the cry of Free Church, Free Land, Free Schools, and Free Labour, and the party which has hitherto supported Mr. GLADSTONE. There may be a sense in which each of these watchwords is defensible, but in the alliterative combination in which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN uses them, they either mean Socialism or nothing. That the Dissenters may gain a momentary strength by buying the alliance of the working class at the vendors' own price is possible. They have the advantage of a ready-made Parliamentary organization to offer in exchange, and to secure this for the accomplishment of their own objects, the working class would perhaps be ready to forego an interest in the withdrawal of aid from voluntary schools, and the repeal of the 25th Clause, which they are very far from feeling. But the Dissenters, if they are prepared to effect this combination, may as well effect it without further delay. The mere fact that they are prepared to do so makes a gulf between them and the Liberal party, as the term has till now been understood in England, which time can do nothing to bridge over. If they think that by delaying their secession they can carry the Government with them, it is only an indication that they do not really take in the meaning of their own threats.

PARTIES IN AMERICA.

THE two political parties in the United States are for the present chiefly occupied in the endeavour to discourage rival organizations. Both Republicans and Democrats denounce ambitious attempts to form new combinations; nor is there any reason to suppose that a change in the name or in the avowed doctrines of either party would be for the public benefit. Both English and American experience have repeatedly illustrated the difficulty of creating a third party, or of exercising independent influence after a political secession. The Peclites have long since been absorbed into the Liberal party; and only a year ago the Liberal Republicans were utterly defeated in the Presidential election. The farmers of Illinois and of one or two other Western States will probably return to the next Congress members who will be instructed to concentrate all their efforts on the reduction of railway charges; but it is impossible to elevate local dishonesty and selfishness into principles of political action. The majority or minority will purchase the support of the Farmers' Union by promises of aid which it will not be thought necessary to keep. Many of the doctrines of either party have been incorporated into the recognized creed in pursuance of similar bargains. There is no apparent connexion between the principles of the Republican party and the system of protective duties; but the Republican Convention of Pennsylvania has lately once more pledged the party to the exclusion or discouragement of foreign imports. The Democrats, on the other hand, for the most part profess sound commercial doctrines, because before the war their strength lay in the agricultural constituencies of the South. Although it is right and natural that the Western farmers should be opposed to protective tariffs which are directly hostile to their interests, their own demands are precisely analogous to the pretensions of the manufacturing monopolists in New England and Pennsylvania. In both cases the common object is to profit at the expense of others. The ironmasters and cotton-spinners of the Atlantic States plunder consumers throughout the Union; as the Illinois farmers seek to appropriate to themselves the income of the Railway Companies. If it is true that the Companies have by bribery and corruption obtained undue privileges from the State Legislature, it would be desirable to counteract their intrigues rather than to imitate, and so partially to justify, corrupt practices. It is possible that the railway rates may interfere with the prosperity of the export trade in corn, but the amounts which are levied must have been legally authorized, and there is no presumptive proof that they are even excessive. Capitalists would not have constructed railways through thinly peopled districts, except in the hope of a profit far exceeding the ordinary rate of interest on money; and a retrospective limit imposed on their charges for the benefit of customers who happen to control the elections to the Legislature is an act of fraudulent violence. The first operation of the Farmers' League conclusively proved their consciousness of their own injustice. A Judge was elected for the express purpose of deciding suits against the Railway Companies, not because he was equally capable with his competitors, but on the ground that he could be trusted to be partial. The Protectionists of the Eastern States are not incapable of providing in the same manner for the protection of their own interest; but their objects are effected by the aid of ill-informed or dishonest legislative bodies, and not by the agency of one-sided judges. It is mainly in consequence of the wide prevalence of political dishonesty that the candidature of General BUTLER for the office of Governor of Massachusetts excites a certain amount of interest. No other politician so fully represents all the worst elements of American society and political life. Coarse, unscrupulous, and corrupt, Mr. BUTLER is nevertheless the most prominent representative of the dominant party; and he has repeatedly been returned to Congress for one of the districts of the State by large majorities. In a former Congress he was, after Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, the most active and successful advocate of repudiation; and the dislike which is felt and expressed for his character by all the more respectable politicians constitutes a title to popular confidence. The critics and the eulogists of American institutions may respectively find plausible arguments for blame and praise in the career of General BUTLER. That such a person should be a probable Governor of Massachusetts, and a possible President of the United States, would seem to be a proof of the fallibility of universal suffrage and social equality; but a country which contrives to prosper under

the BUTLERS, the COLFAXES, the MURPHYS, and the TWEEDS must possess inherent stability and soundness.

A far more important matter in another part of the Union causes both interest and anxiety. The negroes of the Middle States are moving southward in large numbers, while a counter-stream of emigration of the white inhabitants to the North is said to have commenced. That the negroes should prefer the regions which are best suited to their constitution and tastes is perhaps not surprising; but it is scarcely probable that the white population should have already found the condition of their native States definitively intolerable. Labourers and squatters will easily find homes for themselves in the rich plains of the South; but landowners and traders will submit to much inconvenience and oppression before they abandon their property and change their habits of life. Combinations of Northern adventurers with ignorant masses of negro voters have, in some of the Southern States, excluded the genuine citizens from all share in the administration of their own affairs; and even when the Republicans have, as in Louisiana, failed to obtain a majority, their usurpation of power is defended by all the resources of the Federal Government. It was perhaps almost inevitable that one of the two races should be treated with injustice. The former slave-owners would probably have abused political power; and, as an alternative, they are compelled to submit to the domination of an inferior race. The effects of the secession have not been in the smallest degree effaced, nor has the process of reconciliation between North and South hitherto even commenced. The existing inversion of social and political order can scarcely be permanent, and if the influence of the Federal Government were no longer exercised in favour of the coloured race, no preponderance of numbers would counterbalance the natural superiority of their former masters. The possible establishment of one or more black communities as States belonging to the Union is a contingency which cannot be regarded with satisfaction; nor indeed is it probable that the American people would allow national elections and political issues to be decided by the votes of negro electors or their representatives. It is not impossible that at some future time the Constitution of the United States may be so far modified as to include contrivances for the government of dependencies. If San Domingo and Cuba are annexed, it will be necessary to treat them as colonies and not as co-equal States; and Florida or Louisiana, if they were exclusively inhabited by negroes, would have little claim to a political preference over other communities of the same origin. The civilization and political activity of the American negroes will long be purely imitative.

The Democrats of Virginia, who have in their own State retained the control of political affairs, not unfairly contrast the success of a "white man's Government" with the corruption and incapacity which prevail in neighbouring States under the management of the coloured constituencies and their nominees. In North Carolina also the dominant race is recovering its power; but the local Democratic leaders are bent rather on expressing their indignation against their recent oppressors than on displaying their own superiority in honesty and wisdom. A Convention has determined on abrogating a part of the existing Constitution which declares the public debt to be inviolable, and also another section which imposes on the Legislature the duty of providing by due taxation for the payment of the interest and principal. The passionate and thoughtless decision of the Convention furnishes a new and unnecessary proof of the familiar proposition that wrong tends to propagate wrong in an interminable series. A few years ago the Republican Government of North Carolina committed frauds in relation to the public debt which equalled in magnitude and audacity the typical operations of TWEED and his allies in the city of New York. The taxpayers of the State were impudently plundered for the purpose of enriching HOLDEN, the Republican Governor, and his accomplices; and the notoriety of their dishonest practices probably produced the subsequent reaction. The proper remedy would have been the prosecution and punishment of the delinquents, and not the repudiation of contracts made with creditors who are probably innocent of complicity with the culprits. It is unfortunate that proposals to repudiate debt should in America provide so ready a mode of attaining popularity. Six or seven years ago an overwhelming majority in the Lower House of Congress passed resolutions in favour of defrauding the national creditor, and at that time both the

Democratic and the Republican leaders openly advocated payment of the debt in a debased currency. The President of the day, in a desperate attempt to recover popularity, even recommended that the debt should be confiscated, by the simple process of reckoning the payments of interest as instalments of the principal sum. The Democrats of North Carolina have a more plausible excuse for refusing to acknowledge obligations which were fraudulently contracted on the part of their Government; but a State is responsible for the proceedings of those whom it allows, however unworthily, to represent it; and, if regard for public honour is not a sufficient motive for the discharge of an obvious duty, angry politicians ought to recollect that, in disavowing the acts of their predecessors, they are inflicting a disability on themselves. No capitalist will, in North Carolina or elsewhere, lend money to a Democratic Government which may in its turn be displaced, when a previous loan has been repudiated because the money was advanced to the Republicans. The superior race is, in the Southern States especially, bound to furnish an example and a contrast to the ignorant negroes and their dishonest leaders. The counties of North Carolina in which the coloured vote preponderates are unanimously opposed to the scandal which is contemplated by the majority. It is a grave mistake to force a discredited adversary into a position where he will find himself involuntarily and unexpectedly in the right. If the natural rulers of the South are to resume and retain their due supremacy, they ought to be more scrupulous and more prudent than the multitude which they seek to supersede and to govern.

A MONTH'S RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

WE have got into September now, and it is possible that in the course of another week or two the briskness of railway slaughter may be somewhat mitigated. As it is, accidents continue to be of almost daily occurrence, and if they are not invariably attended with fatal consequences on a large scale, it can hardly be said that this is the fault of the Companies. They do all they can, but there are accidents in favour of the public which are apparently beyond their control. In the collision on the Metropolitan District Railway there was considerable novelty, and we should have said ingenuity, if the idea had not been so exquisitely simple when once it is thought of. Between Victoria Station and Sloane Square the axle-rod of an engine broke; the driver removed the broken rod, and resumed his journey. The train went very slowly; at Sloane Square, South Kensington, and Gloucester Road stations it was seen to be in difficulties; but still the driver persisted in going on, apparently with the approval of the officials at each station. Just before reaching High Street, Kensington, the engine broke down finally in a tunnel, where it was run into a few minutes afterwards by another train from the south. A great many people were hurt, but fortunately no one was killed. To appreciate the beauty of this accident—for it is impossible not to consider it from an æsthetic point of view—it must be borne in mind that the line is worked strictly on the block system, and that, at this part of it at least, there is no complication of points, the trains simply following each other in the same direction, with a brief interval between. Here, if anywhere, it might be thought, a collision would be practically impossible. Yet this is how one happened. Immediately after the disabled train left Gloucester Road the succeeding train arrived, and waited for the signal to go on. As this did not come, the signalman at the High Street station was telegraphed to in order to let him know that a train was ready to come on. There was then no train actually in his station; so he replied that it was free, the other train was sent on, and the accident occurred. Nobody took the least thought of the broken-down train in the tunnel. It would appear, therefore, that the "block system" on the Metropolitan District Railway takes no note of the tunnels which compose the greater part of the line. *De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio.* A train which has dived out of sight into a tunnel, and has not come to light again, is assumed to have dissolved into thin air. It might be thought that on such a line some means would be provided for ascertaining that tunnels as well as stations are free before trains are sent on. But perhaps this is only what Sir E. WATKIN would call a "fad." As it is, the block system merely ensures that a train which cannot get through a tunnel will be cannoned on in a minute or two by the succeeding train.

The breaking of an axle-rod is not an unheard of occurrence, and an axle-rod is just as likely to break in a tunnel as anywhere else. In this case, it is true, the engine was known to be disabled before it passed out of sight; but that only makes it the more extraordinary that it should never have occurred to any one to inquire whether it had succeeded in reaching the next station. This is another striking instance of the way in which railway officials are content, not with safety, but with the mere chances of safety. There was a chance that the engine would pull through, and there was a chance that it would break down, and the one was set off against the other. It is clear that on a properly conducted railway a disabled engine should not be allowed to proceed on its journey on a bare chance of not coming to a standstill in a tunnel, where the driver would have no means of communicating his plight to the station at either end, and where he could do nothing but wait—with his passengers—to be run into.

Anybody who wishes to understand how English railways are managed, and the sort of care which is taken of the lives of travellers, cannot do better than go back over the accidents of the last month. The season began on the 1st, when there was a collision on the North-Eastern near North Shields, by which several carriages were broken and a number of passengers injured. Early next morning came the terrible Wigan accident—fifteen killed and many maimed and wounded; and on the afternoon of the same day a couple of trains ran into each other at Redhill, on the South-Eastern. There were collisions on the 4th and 6th on the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and on the 5th on the Great Western—two killed. On the 7th a goods train near Yarmouth was broken up by an axle giving way, and next day a similar accident occurred on the Somerset and Dorset Railway. On the 9th part of a train was thrown off the rails at Miles Platting by defective points. On the 12th an engine on the North-Eastern was in a similar way turned into a siding, while the carriages kept to the main line. The buffers of the carriages were twisted, the chains bent, the ballast ploughed up, sleepers torn from their places, carriage windows and sides smashed, but, "strange to say, nobody was injured." This was probably because the train was going at only some twelve miles an hour. The points were on the old balance-weight principle. On the 15th the points at Wigan again played false, and an engine and three carriages of a train were turned into a siding, while the rest kept to the main line; but the train was only just starting, and not more than one carriage went off the metals. On the 18th an express ran into a train of empty carriages on the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and shivered several of the empties into "small fragments," which would no doubt have been the fate of the passengers, had there been any. The express escaped with slight injury. On the 22nd two trains, both late, ran full tilt at each other at Eastbourne; several persons hurt and one killed. Next day there was the dreadful collision at Retford, between a fish train and an excursion train, three killed and thirty injured. On the 25th an excursion train in a fog was run into by a goods train on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, a great many persons being hurt. On the same day a train on the North-Eastern cut in pieces a flock of sheep which had found the line open to them; and three valuable racehorses and a jockey were badly hurt by a train on the South-Western having been turned into a siding by defective points. Last Saturday there was the Gloucester Road accident. On Tuesday the engine of a train from Sunderland to Hartlepool left the rails, dragging four carriages after it, and knocking away the buttress of a wooden bridge over the line. The bridge fell on a carriage and buried the inmates. Two boys who were on the bridge were injured, and one of the passengers killed. It is suggested that if the accident had happened at the dinner-hour, when this bridge was usually crowded, the loss of life would have been appalling. On Thursday a goods train on the Great Western ran into a herd of cattle, and afterwards came into collision with another goods train.

We do not know that there is any particular use in writing about these railway accidents which are constantly happening, unless it be to prevent the public from sinking into helpless and apathetic resignation on the subject. This is a frame of mind which would suit the railways very well, and officials of all kinds would seem to be doing their best just at present to encourage it. There must be accidents on railways, and people must just make up their minds to take the chance of them as a matter of course—this is the only answer to be got from directors, traffic-managers,

engineers, station-masters, and all the rest of them. Accidents, we are told, will and must happen, and it is no use trying to prevent them. Even if they were prevented in one way, they would be sure to happen in some other way. After everything has been done, a great deal must, in the nature of things, be left to engine-drivers and signalmen and persons of that kind, and it is impossible to guarantee that they shall never be wanting in discretion or steadiness. Strict rules may be drawn up, but at a critical moment they may be disobeyed. All sorts of ingenious mechanical precautions against accidents may be adopted, but when they are most wanted the men whose duty it is to work them may get drunk. A very little thing is enough to cause an accident, and the conditions of railway travelling are such that, if anything does go wrong, the results are apt to be extremely serious. Taken altogether, therefore, railway travelling is, and must be, very dangerous, and the perils to which passengers are exposed must be accepted as an inseparable element of the advantages they enjoy. They are the price of quick travelling. This is really, without any exaggeration, the argument which is pressed upon us by railway officials in reply to all complaints and remonstrances, and there is perhaps just enough plausibility about it to make it dangerous. It is quite true that there are no means of making railway travelling absolutely safe. All the precautions in the world will not ensure that an axle will never break, or that a signalman or driver will never neglect his duty. In this respect railways stand on precisely the same footing as other modes of locomotion. There is always a chance of accident when one goes out for a walk or for a ride in a carriage or on horseback. All that is asked of the Railway Companies is that they should do what they can to reduce the chances of disaster on their lines, and not make the fatalistic principle the foundation of their policy.

The accusation against the Companies—and they must not be allowed to evade it—is that they systematically work their lines in such a way as to multiply the dangers of travelling. To the end of time station-masters, engine-drivers, and signalmen will retain human imperfections, but it is possible to make arrangements by which the effects of a failure of duty on their part may be rendered comparatively harmless, and by which also they may be so surrounded by checks and precautions that a failure of duty will not be very likely to occur. We do not find that the Companies make or attempt to make any arrangements of this kind. On the contrary, we find that they deliberately and uniformly conduct their business in such a manner as to increase the liability to error on the part of their working officials, as well as the chances that, if any error is committed, it will lead to a grave disaster. Just consider, for example, the account given the other day of Wigan Junction—a narrow, inconvenient station, overwhelmed with all kinds of regular and irregular traffic from four or five different lines, passenger trains dashing through at full speed, fitful excursion trains, and goods trains—those chartered libertines of the railway world—dodging in and out, and shunting perpetually going on. The whole place is a confused maze of “points,” and drivers look back with relief when they see that the whole of their trains are actually behind them. We are not now discussing the recent Wigan accident. We are simply pointing to a state of things which has almost the appearance of having been purposely arranged with a view to the multiplication of what are called accidents, and which must from time to time produce them. Again, take the evidence of the station-master at Wilton, which we quoted last week, and in which he pleaded that he had to be at work from six in the morning to half-past nine o'clock at night, and sometimes later, with only a single porter to help him; and that he had, in addition to the proper duties of station-master, to act as accountant, booking-clerk, and ticket-collector, and to attend to the telegraph. If a man in such a position made a mistake, it would be only what we should expect; the wonder would be if he did not. The Retford accident points in just the same direction. Nothing could be better devised for the production of accidents than the level crossing at which the recent collision occurred. There were signals to warn off trains, and there was also a rule that trains should stop at Retford; but it is known that signals and rules are not always obeyed with much strictness. The diary of the signalman at the crossing showed that the line here was frequently “fouled,” and that trains were delayed. The principal causes of recent accidents may thus be summed up:—Defective points,

broken axles, imperfect telegraphic communication, disregard of signals, unpunctuality, and level crossings; and most of these are capable of being dealt with. With larger stations (which would render fewer points necessary), continuous brakes, greater punctuality, and a careful system of telegraphing trains, accidents would be greatly reduced both in number and gravity. It is absurd, however, to suppose that a couple of lines of rail will for ever suffice for rapidly growing traffic, and the Companies would certainly do well to consider whether it would not pay them better to dispense with excursion trains, and offer greater facilities to regular third-class passengers. The question remains how the Companies, if they will not do it voluntarily, can be compelled to pay more attention to the safety of travellers, without escaping from the responsibility which now rests upon them.

WATER AND DUST.

WE called attention some weeks since to the description given of the water supply in a large number of towns and villages by the Inspectors of the Local Government Board. Throughout their reports one characteristic presented itself with sickening regularity. In almost every case the drinking water was polluted by sewage. It came either from a stream into which sewage was poured, or from wells into which sewage percolated. Members of the Legislature may perhaps be roused to an unusual display of sanitary zeal by the reflection that they can never be sure that they and their families will not pay the penalty of this diffused impurity. In their country homes they may take care that the well which supplies the great house is unaffected by the evils which may at any moment make the wells that supply the village outside the park gates as deadly as though they had been poisoned. But when they come to London they will probably have to drink milk brought from country dairies, and the experience of the last few weeks has taught us how easily this milk may become the vehicle of unsuspected dangers. The account of the dairy farm from which the milk of the Dairy Reform Company was in part drawn would probably be equally true of hundreds or thousands of others. If even the washing of a milk-can with water containing the germs of typhoid poison may render the milk a channel of infection to all who drink it, there can be no security for the purity of “country” milk except the purity of the water supply in the district from which it is sent. Yet upon “country” milk London largely depends, and is likely to depend still more. As the population becomes larger, it grows less and less convenient for a London dairyman to keep his own cows; while at the same time the extension of railways makes it more and more easy to buy his milk from farmers living at a distance. The conditions under which cows must live in large cities can hardly be favourable to animal health, but in the case of milk supplied from a country farm there is the greater, or at all events the more immediate, danger of the milk being charged with the specific infection of known human diseases. A man may drink sewage with apparent impunity so long as it does not contain the discharges of typhoid or cholera patients. But a single case of either of these diseases is enough to make any water into which the sewage penetrates, or any milk to which any of this water has been added, highly infectious. There is no need that this addition should be made intentionally. The few drops left at the bottom of the can after it is washed will answer the purpose. No other polluting cause seems to have been present in the Marylebone epidemic, and there is no reason to doubt that the agent which was so efficacious in this case will be equally so in every similar case. The dangers apprehended from sewage farms may deserve careful investigation; but, even if the general wholesomeness of milk can be shown to be thus affected, its contamination by typhoid poison must be accounted for in some other way. What that way is our knowledge of the action of this and similar poisons on water is sufficient to tell us.

The lesson of the Marylebone epidemic is to be sought therefore further back than the milk supply. It is important that every care should be taken to keep this pure; but no care will achieve this which does not go beyond the dairy. If an adequate supply of pure water were provided for the whole population, we should have closed up one of the two main channels through which infection is conveyed. We

have seen that wherever the Local Government Board has had occasion to examine the water supply, it has been shown to be directly exposed to sewage pollution, and the causes which have produced this are so universal that it is impossible not to suspect that the pollution is equally universal. The drainage of the rural districts is provided for, where it is provided for at all, by a system of cesspools. From one cause or another this almost everywhere implies that the water is more or less impure. If the cesspool and the well are far enough off from one another, or if the cesspool is lined with some non-porous material, there need, of course, be no danger. But where there is very little space, as happens with most cottages, or where, to save trouble or expense, the well and the cesspool have both been placed as near as possible to the house and to each other, as happens with many houses of somewhat more pretension, and where the cesspool is merely a hole dug in the earth or lined at most with a few loose bricks, there is nothing to prevent the overflow from finding its way by degrees into the well whence all the water used in the household is drawn. Wherever the attention of the Local Government Board has been called to any special outbreak of disease, this is the state of things which it almost always finds existing in the neighbourhood; and we repeat that where a discovery of this sort is made with such extraordinary regularity, it is unfortunately but too safe to conclude that it will repeat itself in the great majority of cases throughout the country. Still an inference of this kind is hardly a sufficient foundation for legislation, and it is improbable that the means of putting the necessary pressure on the local sanitary authorities can be attained without legislation. What is wanted is an array of facts which the most obstinate sceptic cannot resist, or at all events cannot disprove, and the existing sanitary machinery is amply sufficient to provide this. In every district there is now an authority charged with the care of the public health, and bound to appoint a Medical Officer of Health. If the Local Government Board were to require from each local authority a full and carefully prepared report on the water supply of the district subject to them, it would obtain what it asked from a great many; and wherever the report was insufficient or presumably inaccurate, as in many cases it would be, the Local Government Board might supplement it by a report from one of its own officers. By this means Parliament would be put in possession of full and exact data as to the nature of the water supply throughout the kingdom; and, careless as Parliament too often is where the public health is concerned, it is difficult to believe that its indifference would survive the revelation.

There are other sources of disease besides bad water, and one of these enjoyed for a short time a rival popularity as the supposed source of the typhoid fever in Marylebone. Until the evidence against the milk became too conclusive to be resisted, complaints used to appear every day of the state of the dust-bins in various parts of London. The philosophy of this unpleasant feature of a London household lies in a very small compass. A dust-bin need not be offensive, but it very often is; and it can only be prevented from becoming so in one of three ways. One is to put no vegetable or animal matter into it, in which case it will contain nothing that can decay. All matters of either kind should be thrown on the kitchen fire and burnt. The objection to this plan is that hardly any servant will take the trouble to carry it out without constant supervision, the handiness of the dust-bin constituting an almost irresistible temptation to making it the recipient of all the cabbage-stalks and potato-parings of the household. The second plan is to cover each addition of vegetable or animal matter with some disinfectant in order to arrest decomposition. If this is done regularly, and the dust-bin emptied at not too long intervals, no great harm can come of it. The objection to this plan is that it involves some expense, and consequently is not likely to be adopted by the poor. The third plan is to supersede the dust-bin by a dust-box, which can be placed in the street and emptied into the dust-cart every morning before the world is stirring. This, we believe, is the system in use in Edinburgh, and it is the only one which has any real value as a preventive of all accumulation of noxious matters. No time is allowed for decay, and consequently no care need be taken either to keep vegetable refuse out of the dust-box or to disinfect it when there. But before this system can be introduced into London there must be a radical change in the ideas of the Vestries.

At present the theory is that the removal of dust is a favour accorded to the inhabitants. If they like to keep their dust-bins full, they are free to do so; the duty of the Vestry is performed when they have been given the opportunity, at rare and uncertain intervals, of getting them emptied. Where dust-boxes have taken the place of dust-bins, the theory is that it is the duty of the inhabitants to place them each morning where their contents can be removed, and any householder who omits to do this becomes liable to a penalty. By this means one source at least of disease is got out of the way, and the annoyance which the dust-cart so often causes to the noses of the passers-by is reduced to a minimum. At present the carts go about all day long, and their contents are largely made up of vegetables in every stage of putrefaction. Under the proposed system the work is done by noon, and the contents of the carts are, in comparison with what they are now, clean and harmless. The adoption of this plan is the only means by which the dust-bin nuisance can be really abated, and as such we recommend it to the consideration of the London Vestries.

THE ENGLISH PILGRIMS.

IF the main object of the English pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial was, as one of the early converts expressed it, "to inflict on an unbelieving age a sense of the supernatural," the pilgrims could hardly have selected a better time than the present for delivering what the synodical letter of the "Archbishops and Bishops of England" calls their "resplendent testimony against the unbelief and wickedness of the world." In the depths of the silly season even the *Times* is more than willing to be exuberant on so promising a subject, while the ordinary raptures of the *Telegraph*, *et id genus omne*, are sure to be redoubled. The pious expedition, alike in its gay and its graver aspects, has, in fact, become the leading topic of the week; and if a yearning for posthumous reputation was among the human weaknesses of the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, it has never perhaps since her death been so abundantly gratified. Not only have the Roman Catholic Archbishop and the premier Duke of England contrived to attract to her shrine a concourse which is variously estimated at from five hundred to a thousand votaries, but they have succeeded in concentrating for the moment on her alleged revelations the curiosity or the contempt of the whole newspaper-reading public of the country. The record of functions, benedictions, trains resonant with sacred chants, and steamboats with the Papal flag and banner of the Sacred Heart streaming from their mainmasts, has overflowed the columns of the daily papers, till articles, telegrams, and Correspondents are as full of the pilgrims and their doings as they were two months ago of the Shah. Where the sacred travellers last breakfasted, dined, prayed, or slept, has been chronicled with all the circumstantial minuteness of a royal progress. On the philosophy of pilgrimages in general, and the history of this particular form of pious peregrination, we spoke the other day; nor is there anything in the solemn rebukes which have since been administered to profane critics by episcopal and archiepiscopal lips to affect the force of our remarks. We can easily believe that an imposing and picturesque effect was produced by the brilliant initiatory ceremony performed at the pro-Cathedral at Kensington on Monday last before the chosen deputations from England, Scotland, and Ireland started on their journey. And nobody who knows anything of Dr. Manning will be surprised to hear that he was quite equal to the occasion. No Roman Catholic ecclesiastic has succeeded in attaining so influential a position in England since the Reformation; he knows that what he has to say will be listened to with respect, while those who are least able to trust his judgment will not refuse to credit him with sincerity. It was accordingly to the Protestant public rather than to the devout crowd assembled in the pro-Cathedral, with the red cross and heart on a white ground emblazoned on their breasts, that the Archbishop's discourse was in reality addressed. And his eloquent appeal displays at once the strength and the weakness of the cause for which he was pleading; its strength, so far as it is a genuine appeal to the Christian conscience of his audience; its weakness, so far as it professes to be an apology for the pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial.

After referring to the solemn benediction of the Provincial Council at Ware, and the "greater benediction" in the shape of a plenary indulgence, received direct from the Holy Father, the Archbishop reminded his hearers that their pious expedition had been scoffed at as a paltry nineteenth-century imitation of the tedious and penitential pilgrimages of former days, and he begged them to be not only patient, but thankful, if they should have any hardships to endure. And it may readily be allowed that two days' continuous travelling for over twelve hours at a stretch is a severe tax on the endurance of ladies, though no more than they are ready every year cheerfully to undergo when health or recreation is the only object of the journey. But the monotony of the journey must be somewhat broken, without the fatigue being increased, by the use of the devotions prescribed to be recited in common on the way. The country to be traversed is not a particularly interesting one, but the pilgrims need hardly be prevented from seeing whatever there is to see by the recitation of occasional prayers which cannot, at the outside, employ above

one hour out of the twelve or fourteen occupied each day on the road. They seem, indeed, to have felt quite at liberty to supplement the appointed manual with a full allowance of morning papers and cigars. Still less is it true, as the *Times* assumes, that they will have to return "in life bondage to the laws of the paganant." On the contrary, the paganant was to conclude with a solemn *Te Deum* on Thursday evening at Paray, and the travellers are free to return when and as they like, their tickets being available up to the 16th instant. Some, we dare say, will avail themselves of the proffered opportunity of reconciling the Church and the world by appending a fortnight in Paris to the pious observances at Paray. It must be remembered, too, that if nearly one-half of the pilgrims are women, nearly half the men are priests, and comparatively few of the lay itinerants belong to the upper classes, who have for the most part preferred to "share in the graces of this national act of homage" by proxy, subscribing for pilgrims who are too poor to pay for themselves, and who are probably not at all averse to discharge a vicarious office which in their case at least combines pleasure and piety, and does not cost them anything. We are further informed by a spectator of the departing band at Victoria Station that "the general hubbub was traversed by a rich vein of brogue," and migratory habits are natural to the denizens of the Emerald Isle. On the whole, it may be presumed that the sufferings of the devout tourists will not have been very severe, although their method of pilgrimage is not quite so easy, while it is more entertaining, than that indulgently provided by His Holiness for the faithful of Italy, who can now visit the Holy Land and all the principal sanctuaries of Europe, by the aid of a sort of spiritual *Stay-at-Home Traveller*, without leaving their own doors. Our English pilgrims will at least be able to boast of having crossed the Channel, and passed through a good part of France in the flesh as well as in the spirit. And if they find, as the Archbishop bids them, any solace for the privations, or the absence of privations, they endure, in the censure and ridicule of an unbelieving world, we should be sorry to deprive them of the consolation.

But is a smile or a shrug at the supernatural sanctity of Paray-le-Monial a necessary sign of unbelief? Dr. Manning seems to say that it is, but his argument strikes us as an odd one. There have been from the first, we are told, pilgrimages to the Holy Land, and why not as well make a pilgrimage to Paray? Moreover the devotion to the Sacred Heart is spread throughout the universal Church, and no Christian can with consistency deny the interpretation of this patent fact supplied by the miraculous revelations of Margaret Alacoque. Nay more, to deny the miraculous origin of this world-wide fact is, the Archbishop observes, to make a demand on his credulity which goes beyond the bounds of his faith. Yet he proceeds at once himself to suggest what will appear to most of his readers, if not of his hearers, a far more reasonable interpretation of the fact. Devotion to the Sacred Heart may of course be explained in different ways, but obviously in one sense—and it is precisely that on which Dr. Manning descants most eloquently—it is, to use his own words, "as old as the Gospel, and is what Jesus taught in Jerusalem." Its prevalence in the Church does not depend therefore on the visions of an obscure nun in the sixteenth century, and probably nine-tenths of those who most devoutly practise it never heard her name before the last few weeks. And even if devotion to Margaret Alacoque was—as surely it is not—as common among Roman Catholics as devotion to the sacred objects which are now associated with her name, Dr. Manning forgets that the active propagandism of by far the most energetic and influential religious order in the Church, carried on unflinchingly through two centuries, would supply an explanation to the full as plausible as his own. Naturally enough he is anxious to deny or disguise the political aspect of the pilgrimage, and represents it as mainly a public demonstration of faith in the power of prayer. That does not, however, prevent his making a pretty significant allusion to Germany and Switzerland, "nations persecuting the bishops and pastors of Christ," and "that Empire drunk with success, blinded with unbelief, which is venturing to lay hands on the successors of the Apostles." What he does seem to forget is that faith in the power of prayer could be demonstrated as well in London or Paris as at Paray. His suffragan, Bishop Vaughan, is more outspoken when he tells us that "there can be no doubt Almighty God is pleased to hear prayer in one place more favourably than in another," and that this is the true rationale of the pilgrimage. Yet even he is careful to insist that "the Church has set no seal on these visions and revelations of Margaret Mary," though he infers from her Beatification that the historical facts have been tested by the ordeal of the severest criticism. Considering that "the historical facts" about St. John of Nepomuk passed a still severer ordeal, as he is not only beatified but canonized, our readers may be tempted to doubt the conclusiveness of the test.

We have said that the pilgrims are exhorted by Dr. Manning to pray for the conversion of the persecuting Governments of Germany and Switzerland. They are also to pray for England, for Scotland, for the heathen, for the Church in East and West, above all, for the Pope, and for every one and everything else, with one notable exception—"the Church in Ireland, faithful, firm, inflexible, invincible, does not need your prayers." We trust the gentlemen with the rich vein of brogue were gratified by this touching assertion of the absolute perfection of their national Church. The Emperor Sigismund claimed to be *super grammaticum*; henceforth the Irish Church, which has recently vindicated its superiority to the proffered boon of education, will enjoy the unique distinction

of being *super intercessionem*. The more laudable is the zeal of the Irish contingent, who need no intercession, in resorting to Paray to intercede for their less fortunate neighbours.

It is perhaps a little disheartening to find that, just as this "resplendent" crusade of prayer is being organized against "the kingdoms and nations which, with an obstinate audacity, have refused to serve God and His Christ," as the synodical letter from Ware expresses it, the first signs of submission to Imperial audacity are reported from Germany, where Archbishop Ledochowski has at length agreed to conform his seminaries to the requirements of the law. But then there is no saying what the restoration of legitimate monarchy in France might not do towards humbling that "Empire drunk with success" which Archbishop Manning has commended to the especial attention of the pilgrims. And when we keep in mind Bishop Vaughan's assurance that God is undoubtedly pleased to hear prayers in one place more favourably than in another, it is impossible to say what may not be effected for the restoration of Henry V. by the pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial. To be sure, Dr. Manning is very indignant with the blind world for imputing political motives to the pilgrims. But then he makes a special reserve in favour of "the politics of the kingdom of God." That is a very elastic term. And the synodical epistle expressly directs the pilgrims to intercede for those faithful bishops and priests "who in Germany and Switzerland are gloriously striving against the tyranny of unbelievers and the wickedness of destroyers," which is another way of praying that the unbelievers and destroyers may be suppressed. However, we will not speculate further on the nature or possible results of the pilgrims' prayers. We sincerely hope they will all reach home again safe in life and limb—which at this season of daily railway smashes is a blessing not lightly to be esteemed—and with no worse penance than is involved in the fatigue of a three days' journey. It would be unkind to wish them to return sadder, and it would be too sanguine, we fear, to expect them to return wiser, men.

MAN AND HIS NAMES.

IN Mr. Gladstone's *Homeric Studies* there is a dissertation on the important part played in Homer's story by the enclitic *τις*, and on the fact that that active but shadowy personage is purely Achaian and nowhere makes his appearance on the Trojan side. The *τις* of the Achaian army represents a busy and often plain-spoken public opinion, and the inference seems to be that in Ilios public opinion had not reached an equal stage of growth. *Τις* is in short the ordinary man, in no way distinguished from his fellow-men of his own time and place, having so little characteristic about him that he is not, even dramatically, provided with a name. Give him a name, be it ever so colourless, such a name as Caius or Titius, John Doe or Richard Roe, and you at once distinguish him, you give him a personality distinct from that of other human beings, and an active imagination may begin to clothe him with attributes of his own such as every Caius and Titius among us must of necessity have. *Τις* is man in the abstract—that is, the abstract, if there be any, of that particular time and place—and he utters the thoughts which are supposed to come into the head, not of this or that man wiser or more foolish than those about him, but of the average man as we find him in the society with which we are for the time concerned.

The *τις* in its Homeric use is very emphatic and very useful, and the formula is one which is hardly made the most of in later Greek. Still the Greek *τις* is not equal in vigour and clearness to the analogous Teutonic idiom, one which still flourishes in High-Dutch, and the dropping of which out of our own tongue is one of the sad losses which our ancient speech has suffered. Instead of *τις* we have *man* himself, not this or that man, not a multitude of men, but man nameless, impersonal, abstract—thinking, speaking, acting, purely as man, uninfluenced by the personal peculiarities of any particular member of the species. "Man sajt"; the phrase is one of the most perfect to be found in the range of human speech, and at first sight it seems unaccountable that any tongue which, like our own, once had it could ever have let it go. The truth is that we have not so much lost it as exchanged it for a formula in another tongue which historically translates it, though no one, in using it, remembers that the two have anything to do with one another. We will not pronounce dogmatically as to the exact relation between the English *one*, when it is used instead of *man* in such a phrase as "one says," and the French *on*. It is one of those cases in which a word has two origins. Professor Max Müller says that a word can no more have two roots than a child can have two mothers. As a matter of philological science, this is an undoubted truth. No word can have two roots. But some particular form or use of a word may owe its origin to the combination of two influences in such equal degrees that we must practically assign it to the two conjointly, and not to either by itself. When for "man says" we say "one says," *one* is either the French *on*, that is *homo*, transplanted bodily, with a mere accidental likeness to the English numeral *one*, or else it is simply the English numeral *one*, employed in a special use, which may perhaps have been influenced by the use of a French phrase of nearly the same sound. Philologically it must be one or the other; the word cannot have two roots; it must be either Latin *homo*, perhaps influenced in its use by English *on*, or else it must be English *on*, perhaps influenced in its use by Latin

homo. It can have only one mother, though its habits, and even its look, may have been greatly influenced by its nurse. Mr. Earle says that it is a peculiar use of the numeral, influenced by the French idiom. But when Bishop Godwin so often wrote "saith on," he may have been quite innocent of any theory about *on* and *homo*, but he must have meant to use a word which was quite distinct from the numeral. Historically the two sources have run together. No one could ever have used the numeral *one* for *man*, except with the French *on* sounding in his ears. On the other hand, if *one* for *man* really is the French *on*, its use has been constantly affected by the existence of the numeral *one* side by side of it. Philologically it is a most important difference, historically it is much the same thing, whether French *on* itself displaced *man* or stirred up English *one* to displace it.

On the evils of this displacement Mr. Earle has been eloquent, and not without reason. No other word can make up for the indefinite *man*. We use *one*, but we do not use it exactly like *man* or *on*; the notion of the numeral hangs about it, and it gets stronger as the connexion—of whatever kind—with *on* has gradually been forgotten. Then we use *you*, *they*, every kind of awkward shift; and we use *one* as what Mr. Earle happily calls "a veiled Ego," in a way in which we could hardly use *on* or *man*. Anybody who is used to *man* either in modern German or in Old-English grievously feels how much we have lost in clearness and often in strength of expression. But for our purpose we must take *one* as the substitute—however imperfect—of *man*, and as withal, if not the child, at least the client, of *on*. Now did the people who made the change, do ordinary speakers or learners of French then or now, know what the change really was? We suspect that it is only real scholars, or those whose French studies have been simplified by the help of M. Brachet, who take in the fact that the French idiom is simply a translation of the German, that *on* is *homo*, and that "on dit," "homo dicit," merely translates "man sagt." Now this must surely be one of the cases of direct Teutonic influence in French. As in several other phrases, the German idiom was translated. A Frank trying to talk Latin must have said "homo dicit," almost like the probably mythical Englishman who talked about "jamais esprit." The phrase became French; as its origin was forgotten, *homo* and *on*, substantive *homo* and indefinite *homo*, parted company, while the distinction between *Mann* and *man* never became so wide that there could be the least doubt as to their being the same. But meanwhile the idiom which from German had become French came over to England in the mouths of her French-speaking conquerors, and there, as we have said, either itself displaced *man* or taught *one* to displace it. Thus the original Teutonic phrase has been turned out by a dog-Latin translation of itself, which first became good French, and then at least helped to produce a piece of somewhat awkward English.

The process is not unlike that by which several good Teutonic names have come in among us under a French guise—the word *guise* by the way is itself an example of the process. But it is also part of the queer history of the word *man* and the words which answer to it. The indefinite *man*, the indefinite *homo*, is an instructive relic of the times when *man* and *homo* had nothing to do with sex. Every one who writes English must sometimes feel how much we lose from not being able to make the distinction which can be so clearly made in Greek and in Latin between *άνθρωπος* and *homo*, the common name of the species, and *άνηρ* and *vir*, the special name of the adult male. The strange thing is that most languages seem to have originally drawn this distinction, and to have taken a perverted pleasure in wiping it out. We know perfectly well that *άνθρωπος* and *homo* mean the species in general without respect to sex or age; we are used to *άνθρωποι* and *homines* in the plural to express human beings in general; but when we get into the singular, the application of *άνθρωπος* or *homo* to an individual male person is common enough, while its application to an individual woman is rare, and always strikes the reader as odd. When Phyc, in the guise of Athens, brings back Peisistratos we read that the people *παύσαντες την γυναικα ελθαι ανηρα την θεον, προεβουον τε την ανθρωπον*. But he would hardly have spoken of a woman as *η ανθρωπος* without some such special reason. The feminine use of the word in fact is one of those usages which come often enough to assure us that they are quite correct, but which never become quite familiar. We may say the same of the Latin *homo*; but here the case is stronger; not only has French usage got rid of *vir* and made *homo* take its place, but when Plautus talks of "mi homo et mea mulier," we can see that this usage, like so many other Romance usages, comes from the vulgar Latin of an earlier time. Still there is a slight shade of distinction. Nothing is more common in all languages than for the names which express the two sexes to get the special meaning of the relation of the sexes in marriage. Thus we speak of "man and wife," and not only that, but we forget that *wife* of itself simply means *woman*, without reference to marriage. So we have in Greek *άνηρ* and *γυνή*, and so in Latin *vir*, though neither *femina* nor *mulier* is ever used so distinctly and habitually to mean *wife* as *γυνή* is in Greek. In French, on the other hand, *femina*, and in Italian *mulier*, have become the regular words for wife. The French husband calls his wife *ma femme*, but *vir* has died out of the language, and *homo* has not so thoroughly taken its place as to be used in this special sense; so she has to fall back on the more formal description of *maritus*. The German wife on the other hand can say *mein Mann*, but in English we never use *man* in this sense, save in the single phrase of "man and wife." Then, while *wife* has come exclusively to express marriage, the male conjur has come to be called by a name which has nothing specially to do with marriage

at all. The husband is of course the husband of his wife, but simply because she is one of the members of his house, one of those who are under his *mund* or *poteas*.

All these cases are among the oddest caprices of language. In none of them is there any difficulty in following the idea of each change; the difficulty is to see why what happened in one language should not have happened in another. Why should *femina*, for instance, have become so prominent in French and be so behindhand in Italian? Why should *mulier*, *moultin*, have so utterly died out in French? Why should the actual usage of the English *wife* and the High-Dutch *weib* be so different? We know of course that accidents will happen even in the best regulated languages; but there seems to be a special crop of them everywhere among words of this particular class. In our own tongue we have thankfully cast away as perfect a set of distinctions as any tongue could wish for. What could be better than *mann* as the species, with the sexes distinguished as *carlmann* and *wifmann*? Yet here again there is a difference. The *carlmann* is distinguished, like the *carl-catt*—a *tom-catt* there could hardly be in our Teutonic island till the appearance of Thomas of Bayeux in 1070—or as the cock is the *carl-fugel*. But the hen is no *wif-fugel*, though Lucian calls mares *τας τών ιππων γυναικας*, and though there is a *carl-fugel*, as there still is a *queen-bee*. To be sure, we once had *vir* in the form of *wer*; but then its cognates went off to mean *homines* in general, for Cantwarabyrig was not dwelled in by *carlmen* only. And to go back to Latin, what meaning did mediæval writers attach to the word *virago*? We understand the name as applied to heroines and female rulers like Æthelfleda and Adela of Blois, "laudata potentius virago"; but why was Bertrada—Fulk and Philip's Bertrada—"tenera adhuc virago," when she had as yet done neither good nor evil? And, to make matters harder still, we get faint glimpses of *vara*, feminine of *vir*.

Then there comes another use of the word *man* and of some of its cognates, to express inferiority of some kind. Thus we have *man*, *homo*, opposed to *hlaford*, *dominus*, we will not say to express *vassal*, as here at least *man* is the older name. In the second volume of Domesday mention is made of a man who had "duas suas mulieres." We know a copy in which a former owner has thought good to denounce the bigness in the margin; but we suspect that nothing more is meant than two female vassals, nothing more than when we read elsewhere of "Eddeva puella, homo Stigandi archiepiscopi." From this sense of *homo*, going somewhat lower, we get "Mr. So-and-So's man." So we hear of "officers and men," and more oddly, in one passage of Livy and one of Cæsar, of *homines* in the sense of foot-soldiers, as opposed to the more dignified horsemen. Then at Oxford the population of the University and city is or was—we speak with the reservation needful in speaking of all Oxford matters—divided into "Dons, men, and cads." How far *homo* in the mediæval sense comes in, how far "Don" answers to the *dominus* of which it is at least an indirect contraction, might be a knotty point. But here at least poor humanity is comforted by having something below itself. If the "man" has the "Don" above him, he at least has the "cad" below him. The *homo* of Domesday also had several classes below him, but they are not brought out in so marked an antithesis. The most exact parallel is the passage in Aristotle where *άνθρωπος* is distinguished from *θεός* on one hand and from *θηρ* on the other.

TOURISTS.

TOURISTS may be divided into two main classes—the social and the misanthropic. The Englishman is, generally speaking, flying from large cities, and is anxious to enjoy a few weeks of quiet repose unbelieved by his fellow-countrymen. In many foreign countries, on the other hand, the temporary stay at a bathing-place is regarded as a special opportunity for the enjoyment of society. The crowd which has for its pretext the desire of imbibing some spring of offensive taste and smell has for its real motive the desire of spending a few weeks in indolent gossiping and lounging, with perhaps some superadded excitement in the shape of gambling. Each of these modes of enjoyment is perfectly legitimate. Nobody can complain if a Londoner prefers a mountain solitude to Pall Mall during six weeks of the year; and, on the other hand, one can sympathize with the dull old country gentlemen who used to visit "the Bath" by way of rubbing off some of their domestic rust, or with the countless throngs at modern watering-places which seem to be impelled by an analogous motive. The people who, having bored each other for ten months at Paris or New York, rush to Baden or Saratoga in order to continue the process for the remainder of the year, act upon less obviously rational principles. However, they have their reward. They know what they want, and they get it, and let us hope that they can look back upon their holidays with a satisfied conscience. A cross division might again be made into the tourists who have some further object and those who merely desire a period of relaxation. Few people are able to do nothing as resolutely and systematically as could be desired; and, as a general rule, some desire for sport and adventure or antiquarian research has to be added to the simple desire for a holiday. And here, too, we have no desire to point out that one object is intrinsically superior to another. Let people take their holidays alone or in company; let them risk their necks on mountains, or investigate the working of political institutions, or examine mediæval remains, or simply lie on their backs and watch the advances and retreat of the tide. Which of these courses is the wisest must depend upon the cir-

circumstances of each individual, and a tolerant observer will be disposed to allow that there is room in this world for many different varieties of the tourist species. The more the habit of travelling spreads, the more desirable it is that there should be an ample choice of different modes of amusement to gratify different tastes.

No long, then, as a tourist has some distinct end in view, and so long as that end is not distinctly immoral, we shall be little disposed to quarrel with him. It is as well that most people should put their holidays to serious use, and collect the materials for blue-books in their leisure hours; only let them not look down with too much scorn upon their humbler brethren who are seeking for pure amusement, and are content to recruit their energies by a wise passivity. But there is one, and unfortunately it is a very large, if not the largest, class of tourists to whom we cannot quite extend the same amount of approval. We refer to the countless multitudes who travel for the sake of travelling, or, to speak more accurately, without any distinct aim beyond that of imitating their neighbours. They have not distinctly made up their minds whether they want solitude or society, and they hit upon a most unfortunate compromise by travelling in crowds, and yet travelling unsocially. They throng the ordinary centres of amusement and stare at each other, day after day, in gloomy silence. They tread on each other's toes, but never speak, and each unit of the mass regards every other unit as a sportsman looks upon a rival on his own hunting-ground. They see the established sights, but they never take sufficient interest in them to understand their real charms. They pass a fortnight in the Alps, and do not even learn the difference between a glacier and a snow-field; they look into half a dozen churches on their way home, and do not discover in what respects the Madeleine differs from Notre Dame; and they cross Europe without knowing whether they are in a Republic, an Empire, or a good old-fashioned Monarchy. It is only too easy to ridicule these unfortunates, and it is a good deal harder than one could wish not to lose one's temper with them. They are undoubtedly very disagreeable companions in many ways. They raise prices, they fill steamboats, and they are always getting upon more refined sensibilities by the misplaced and unintelligent enthusiasm which is more vexatious than honest indifference. Still we would rather, if possible, find out in what respects they deserve commendation; and it may be frankly admitted that at any rate they increase the facilities of travel. It has not hitherto been our fortune, and we cannot honestly say that we much desire that it may happen to us in future, to travel in one of the caravans conducted by Mr. Cook in person. But it would be unjust to a man of practical genius not to admit that he has done something towards organizing the means of locomotion, and making easier the merely mechanical part of a traveller's arrangements. And, again, we may admit that the domestic tourist is frequently an amiable and, for a time, an amusing companion. The American, for example, of common life, who does Europe in three weeks, has faults which have been sufficiently indicated by innumerable satirists, some of them of home growth. But with all his weaknesses, there is a certain *marc* about him which is not unattractive. The absolute simplicity with which he confesses to a depth of ignorance which an equally ignorant Englishman would endeavour to varnish over with guide-book phrases or to hide by a sulkily silence, the imperturbable calmness with which he ignores foreign regulations, and sometimes forces his way where more sensitive persons would be rebuffed—these are qualities, not, it may be, deserving of unqualified admiration, but still indicative of the national energy and shrewdness, and therefore not to be too quickly despised. For our own ordinary fellow-countryman, who follows the tourist track with sheeplike docility, and renders his indiscriminate homage to the noblest beauties of art or the most wrecked gimcracks with the same vacant stare, we feel an emotion rather of pity than of dislike. We would, if possible, avoid his society, but we would endeavour to meet him with kindness, and, if possible, to lead him into a better path. The causes of the recent development of tourism of this dismal variety are sufficiently obvious to need no investigation. We merely desire to point out to him some of the mischiefs which he occasions, and to suggest a simple rule or two for his better guidance.

To say to such a tourist that he is offensive to his fellow-travellers would probably make very little impression upon him. He would simply be insulted, and reply that his fellow-travellers were offensive to him. To declare that he had not really enjoyed himself, that he had been bewildered rather than amused, and had turned what ought to be a period of recreation into a period of fussy fatigue, might be true, but would hardly be convincing. We carry our self-esteem into our pleasures; and most men would more easily be persuaded that they had discharged their serious duties ineffectually than that they had not enjoyed themselves to the uttermost. We may, however, briefly remark upon the mischief which such persons do to the country in which they come. The tourist of this kind is the natural prey of the persons amongst whom he travels, or, in other words, he stimulates their tendencies to avarice and deceit. The effect upon any district which becomes thoroughly tourist-ridden is melancholy to those who remember it in better days. An Alpine valley, for example, used to be inhabited by a thrifty and industrious race of fairly intelligent peasants. When the first travellers began to penetrate its fastnesses, they produced what was in many respects a useful stimulus. The guides learnt to climb, and not only learnt to climb, but frequently to take an intelligent interest in the natural history of their district. Many of the older generations of Chamouni guides, for example, were men of remark-

able education for their class, and knew something of the flora and of the geology of their mountains. Roads were made and money came in, and the people profited by some of the advantages of civilization. But the influence of the race of galloping tourists has been almost exclusively deleterious. They required no particular intelligence or skill in their guides, for any man who could walk an hour or two up-hill could show them all they wished to learn. Consequently, the old race of guide is rapidly being supplanted by a set of idle loafers whose only qualification is impertinence. Being able to pick up enough from a few customers to support themselves during the summer, they spend their time in lounging about inns and drinking-places. Drunkenness increases rapidly, and begging naturally follows. The tourist is glad to buy off anybody who bothers him sufficiently, and the most indiscriminate form of charity is naturally practised by strangers who go through a district at the gallop. On entering a village you give a few sous to a screaming orphan; half-way through you bestow a few more on the orphan's widowed mother; and on leaving it you contribute to the wants of the sorrowing widower whose wife and child have just loved an aid from you. All manner of ingenious devices are used for extracting funds from the thoughtless and hasty traveller. His guide takes him to an inn, and the inn shows its gratitude by allowing the guide a gratuitous dinner, the stranger's bill of course being proportionally increased; and it is a fact that not long ago at a well-known town the proprietors of some rival diligences were forced to pay nearly half the ostensible fares to the guides who brought them their prey. In short, the tourist season is the harvest-time during which the natives levy blackmail upon their guests by a thousand ingenious devices, and manage frequently to lay up enough spoil to support them during the remainder of the year. It is not surprising, though it is a melancholy fact, that there are villages which a generation back were inhabited by a really fine population, which are now in great part a mere nest of tourists' parasites, living partly on downright cheating and extortion, partly on more or less disguised begging, and spending a large part of their ill-gotten gains in drink. Such evils are merely a natural result of the current of ignorant and thoughtless people which flows through a district without staying long enough to realize the effect of their conduct, and who are entirely dependent on the services of guides, hotel keepers, carriers, and a whole race of miscellaneous hangers-on. By such means a district may be thoroughly demoralized, and may be led to give up honest means of making a livelihood for the chances of a speculative trade upon the credulity of tourists.

Perhaps the evil may in time bring about a remedy, and the trade of supplying the wants of tourists may become a recognized pursuit, with a code of morality of its own. Meanwhile nobody who has observed the process in any given place can doubt the reality and extent of the evil. We must be content at present to draw a moral for tourists, who are generally quite ignorant of the mischief they inflict. It is simply that travelling should impose a certain responsibility on the traveller. To dash through a country throwing away money right and left in utter ignorance of the people is really to commit an offence against well-understood principles of political economy. Every tourist ought to have a hobby; any pursuit which fixes him to a particular line of activity forces him gradually to make some real acquaintance with the people amongst whom it takes him. He gets to understand something of their ways of life, to distinguish between the knaves and the honest men, and to be capable of guarding himself against mere imposition. It matters little whether his object be directly to study politics or trade, to advance science, or simply to amuse himself with some genuine sport. He is forced, even in the last case, to make himself really acquainted with the good and bad qualities of the people amongst whom he is placed; for the greatest pleasures, even of a sport, are those incidental pleasures which result from a close familiarity with scenery and with the inhabitants of the district. Mountain-climbing is a trivial pursuit enough; but it brings with it a knowledge of the guides, frequently indeed a foolish admiration of particular heroes, and not unfrequently, it is to be feared, a tendency to spoil them. But at any rate it becomes a matter of real importance to encourage the daring, the skilful, and the honest, and not to give away money thoughtlessly to the first wordy impostor who catches you at the inn-door. And therefore the tourist who fixes himself to the pursuit of a hobby is, as a general rule, not merely a happier man, but is in much less danger of demoralizing the various persons who contribute to his enjoyment. To select your hobby wisely is indeed one of the great problems of life; and happy are those who can choose a good wearing animal of sound constitution, and not likely to inflict mischief upon any one either by direct or collateral results.

THE BRITISH ALFIUS.

ENGLISHMEN, as Lord Derby has been telling us, are by habit, tradition, and temperament an outdoor people, and their dreams of happiness turn naturally towards the country. "Beatus ille qui procul negotiis"—"Blessed is the man who has retired from business." The condition antecedent to the Horatian beatitude is much the same in the case of our modern Alfius of the London or Liverpool Exchange. He has not the slightest sympathy with the doctrine of "virtus parvo bene," and although "he has much delight" if on his "tabula spoons are bright which his father left him," by reason of the antiquity of

their Hall-mark, he means to exhibit a much more imposing array of plate on his sideboard, and he translates "*mensa tennis*" by "*dining à la russe*." Accordingly, his reading of the "*solutus omni fenoze*," if he has been lucky enough to light on Mr. Baring's attractive little volume, goes somewhat beyond the literal and primary sense of having "never a bill to face," and includes a pleasant sum in six figures protected by safe investments, with the last half-year's dividends in hand at his bankers. Private fortunes in our time advance, like national revenue, "in bounds," receding perhaps not unfrequently in the same fashion; and a lucky saucy may in half-a-dozen years bring Alfius face to face with the realization of his dreams by roads more respectable than those trodden by his predecessor, frequented now by Sir Mulberry Hawk and his pigeons, and paved with sixty per cent. The "paternal acres" most likely have no existence in his case, according to the strict acceptance of the phrase; but somewhere or other within the four seas there are "acres" which may with pardonable latitude be so described, and which chance to be in the market. Most City men, as well as other Londoners who do not aspire to that title, manage to consider themselves as belonging to some "county." The name which blazes in gilt letters on an Oxford Street shop-front, and stares you in the face from every boarding and in every second-class carriage, is sure to be found crumbling into illegibility on some grey stone in a country churchyard; and if Alfius himself was not born in those parts, he remembers having seen them when he was sent down on a visit to his grandmother after the measles. He has a habit of looking down the inside pages of the *Times* Supplement in a dreamy, purposeless sort of way, and at length his fate meets him there. "The Grange" is to be sold in the next parish down in his country; a very desirable residence, as the auctioneer avers, and as he entirely believes; for did not the apricots of old look tempting in their golden glow on the fruit-garden wall, and was not the surreptitious perch which he looked without a rod "in the lower pool" a very prize for a fisherman? And this delicious and envied possession is to be had almost for the asking; for the money is all ready, and really there is no trouble in the matter, not even so much as the packing of a carpet-bag and a couple of nights in a country inn. He has just to drop casually in at the auction rooms up a quiet yard behind the Bank, and the thing is done in half an hour. He will of course do nothing in a hurry, and so he provides himself some days beforehand with the auctioneer's catalogue and particulars of sale. That "description of lots" finishes him. He expected to get a shabby little bundle of stitched pages which he could stuff into a side pocket; he receives instead a gorgeous folio in an embossed cover, containing an engraving worthy of the Art Union as a frontispiece, and a sort of county history which indirectly shows it to be a forgone conclusion that the Lord of the Manor of Westdown must be High Sheriff in about four or five years, and may carry his division of the county, if he chooses, in a couple of Parliaments or so. There is, indeed, at the close of the volume a sort of appendix divided into lots containing many fields with queer names and of varying acreage; but these are details of which the auctioneer takes no heed, nor does he, and he comes home one evening to dinner a little behind time, and mentions to his wife, as he uncovers a basket of special fruit from Garcia's, that he "has bought the Westdown property down at home, you know, in Leamshire, for almost no price at all." He is, in fact, rather pleased with his luck, for he was prepared to go a couple of thousands higher if it had been wanted; and a pleasant *à-la-tête* evening passes away over the fruit in planning for the cows and the poultry in the market town, and how he means to exhibit at the flower-show in the market town, and grow his own melons and cucumbers. It is scarcely necessary to say that Alfius has no daughters. By this proposition it is not meant that he is not blessed with children who possess "*propria femineum referentia nomina sexum*"; on the contrary, much of the domestic felicitations will have turned on the thought that "the country will be so jolly" or "so sweet" "for the little girls;" but that these have not arrived at the age which entitles a man to talk of "my daughters," and which brings all his proceedings to the test of what "the girls"—not "my little girls" any larger—may be pleased to say or think about them. "My little girls" are unfledged divinities who have not as yet grown the wings which "my daughters" will spread over papa to protect him from a difficulty, or will spread perhaps on their own account, with slightly differing consequences.

We will ask our readers to assume the furniture vans, of which they certainly know the artistic representation, and possibly the less glowing reality, and to consider Alfius as fairly "in the country." There are two ways of being in the country—the one, when you can get out of it again; the other, when you cannot. The former of these conditions is always that which is assumed by the City man in his visions of a country life. The actual circumstances in which he lives underlie his waking dreams. The ideal country is not disconnected from railways, shops, telegrams, and second editions, as in actual experience it may be found; and when Alfius has dissolved his partnership or sold his business, and generally got clear of the office or the counting-house, and has fairly turned over a new page of his life, he will probably find much unexpected matter there written for his perusal.

Westdown is certainly a charming place, with the finest scenery in the kingdom—when you get there. Half the watersheds in England can be seen from the terrace, and if you want to include all the horizon in one map you must paper the hall with Ordnance Sheets. As an accident of this "commanding position," it proves to be fifteen miles from anywhere, and the local market town is

shown in Bardsley's map as central to an area of virgin white traversed by a dotted line, representing a railway "in progress"—since about 1845. There are excellent turnpike roads, amply supplied with turnpikes, upon which, when Alfius was a boy, opposition fast coaches ran; but the coaches were taken off when the railway was projected, and the public conveyances now consist of a carrier who goes to the county town once a week sometimes, but who has had luck with his horses. The residents in the neighbourhood vie with each other in friendliness and hospitality to the new comer; but as the surface of the country bears a general resemblance to the picture of the comparative height of mountains on a National School map, it is not so easy to get about, and the series of gates, which obviate the necessity of hedges on the cross roads, are trying as you drive home from a dinner party on a dark night. But the nights are not dark in the summer, and even a good heavy clay makes a decent road enough if there has been no rain for a week. The great national institution of croquet, therefore, flourishes around Westdown with unusual vitality, and there is nothing like croquet for becoming easily acquainted with one's neighbours. The game offers such endless scope for casual conversation, which you are never bored by being obliged to keep up for many minutes consecutively; and a croquet party about Westdown has a peculiar charm for Alfius, because half the girls are daughters or cousins of old family acquaintances, and as he knows something about everybody there, he can pick up and piece together all sorts of threads of delightful old associations. He had better try. His inexperience will indeed be provisionally pardoned; but feminine intuition will secure him some excellent advice from his wife in the drive home. For croquet has three stages, and the Westdown country has long passed the first of them, though happily it has not arrived at the third. In this last a croquet "match" is an "event" to be chronicled in the sporting papers with the freest criticisms on a young lady's "form," after the fashion in which the points of a horse are canvassed. In its earliest stage, now a thing of history, except in the first efforts of the nursery, croquet was merely an amusement. Westdown croquet is in the intermediate stage, and is a scientific solemnity. A game of croquet is thus a function to be observed with due ritual, and by no means to be interrupted by secular and discordant strains; and the members of a croquet party are each and all

Doctus et Placidi chorus et Digne
Decore ludens.

You must talk, accordingly, nothing but the proper talk about "taking two off" and the like; which may be rather difficult in your probable ignorance of the terminology of the science, and in the degree of proficiency in the art which is represented by your sticking permanently at the third hoop, after getting through the first by a fluke, and being charitably driven by your partner through the second.

But if the City man finds himself in something like the position of a fish out of water outside the limits of his newly acquired domain, he is at any rate lord and ruler within them, and will find there the fruition of his desired dignity and repose. The "ancient mansion," with its "gardens" and its "luxuriant shrubberies," the "park with its stately timber" and its "romantic chain of lakes abounding in fish and waterfowl," will be all that his fancy painted them, and will compensate for what he must allow to be the comparative seclusion of his residence. But the chain of lakes turns out to be rather a delusion. This "striking natural feature in the landscape" has resulted from the process of damming up a small watercourse at irregular intervals, and after a few years of picturesque neglect the tail and sides of every pool in the series have become a forest of bulrushes and reeds, and its head a tangle of waterlilies and pondweed. There are plenty of waterfowl, but they are never in sight; the fish lie peaceably out of reach among the stems of the water-plants, and there is not a square yard of water into which a line can be cast, or of bank clear enough to cast it from. The "luxuriant shrubberies" are in much the same plight, and the cool air of their secluded walks suggests alternately the idea of a tunnel and that of a coffin; the ivied gables are the chosen abode of countless bats and earwigs, and the "calm decay" of everything around acts as anything but a "lulling spell" upon the soul of the proprietor. And then, the drains; but no need to speak of them—of course the drains are out of order. It was never so in the good old times. Or was it that people were less particular in those days? Anyhow, no gentleman when "England was merry England" was ever known to be troubled with his drains. Not a single reference to this modern affliction is to be met with in any of the authorities, from Chaucer and Shakespeare downwards. Cloacina is a patient goddess, but apt to be revengeful if her ancient cultus is disturbed; and she has been very vindictive of late years. The passion for reform has left nothing untouched or uninspected, and the consequences are what we see.

But domestic life in the country must retain, at any rate, its old primitive simplicity. All ranks and orders of men are represented in the village community, and all meet on neighbourly and familiar terms, every one falling into his proper place. The saddler does not boast of his little box at Hendon; the grocer does not drive his pair of horses at Norwood, nor the butcher give champagne breakfasts in Pipping Forest. Everybody touches his hat to everybody else with a respectful, or a condescending, grace. This is very nice, and so different from what Alfius has been told by his wife, and has found from the newspapers, to be the fashion of London tradesmen. He means to dispense his patronage in the

way of custom liberally among such deserving neighbours. This goes on pleasantly enough for a couple of months or so, till one morning a butcher's boy brings a note from his master to the effect that "Mr. Brisket has been informed that Alfus purchases a portion of his meat at Olaybourne, and he must decline in future to supply the house at all unless he has the whole of the custom." The City man begins to think after two or three similar experiences that human nature is pretty much the same everywhere; and a faint suspicion dawns and gradually grows upon him that perhaps he would have done more wisely to remain in the position to which he had become accustomed, and among the people to whom he was known. He discovers that twenty or thirty years of any kind of life wear a tolerably deep groove, out of which it is not easy to get, and that he does not readily fit himself into another groove which he has not himself worn. It is the old story of his Horatian prototype over again, in a new dress:

Omnem redogit Idibus pecuniam,
Quærit Calendis ponere;

only with rather a longer interval. But the end comes in time. "My little girls" have grown into "my daughters," and they have pronounced "this sort of thing awfully slow, you know." Mamma has been gently throwing out hints from time to time, first about "masters for the girls," and then about "prospects"; seaside visits have been extended, the last year or two, to a disproportionate length, and a very proportionate expense; till at last the decision is made; Westdown Grange and its park are heard of in Tokenhouse Yard again, and its late proprietor, "futura rusticus" and Sheriff-designate no more, is off with his belongings to South Kensington.

COOLIES IN THE WEST INDIES.

A SUBJECT of permanent interest gains fresh statistical illustration from the last Report of the Emigration Commissioners. It is the system by which a swarm of Asiatic labourers is yearly transferred from the populous countries of India and China to the sugar-growing estates of British proprietors in the West Indies. After the descriptions of coolie life in Trinidad and Demerara furnished by such popular writers as Canon Kingsley and the author of *Ginx's Baby*, this dose of dry official statement is a help to digestion. Mr. Jenkins indeed, though sent to British Guiana by the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Societies, performed his task of reporting not unfairly. The author of *At Last*, for his part, having enjoyed his Christmas holiday in the tropical paradise of a romantic naturalist, was in a very good humour with his hosts in Trinidad. He was glad to believe and declare, on the whole, that the coolies were very happy in being protected by wise and benevolent laws, enforced with serene impartiality against possible ill-usage on the part of the planters. If ever they were hardly treated, it was by swindling usurers of their own nation, who would follow them all the way from Calcutta or Canton to cheat them out of their wages. The general conclusion, too, of Mr. Jenkins, from his personal observations, added to the evidence got by the Royal Commission of Inquiry three years ago, was decidedly in favour of coolie immigration; but he found serious fault with the colonial laws and magistracy as failing to protect those poor people. It deserves remark that in the course of last year measures have been adopted both in British Guiana and in Trinidad to improve the condition of labourers sent from the East Indies, and this has been done at the request of the Indian Government. At the same time, while the British authorities in Asia join hands with those of our possessions in the American Archipelago in a strenuous effort to perfect this system for the common benefit of their respective subjects, the Chinese Empire has lately refused to contribute labourers for our West Indies. The entire operation is therefore now assuming more completely and exclusively the character of a grand imperial transaction conducted by this kingdom and its dependencies in the East and West. If the splendid dream of a Federal Empire, with a legislative assembly of delegates from all its colonies or provinces, could ever be realized, this business would devolve upon such a Congress and its executive power. The resources and opportunities of the whole Empire, including all that belongs to India, as well as Australasia, South Africa, and the British dominions in America and the neighbouring islands, would probably suffice for the adjustment of useful labour to every field. But the Chinese industrial element is worth having where it can be obtained; our West Indies would be glad to get some more of it, and so would Queensland, if not also, as we suspect, the Northern provinces of New Zealand. It prefers to flow without artificial contrivance in the direction of California across the Pacific Ocean, so that our sugar planters in the isles and on the shores of the Atlantic must at present look to India for the hands they need to supplement those of the African race.

This remark seems to open a wide view of political and moral consequences in the remote future, but we are not here called upon to utter a prophecy. Confining our notice to the facts mentioned by the Emigration Commissioners, it is agreeable to be told that they have found the relations between employers and labourers not unsatisfactory. Complaints of ill-treatment were fewer last year than before, and the rate of mortality among Indians passing their first or second year in the Western world shows a better chance of healthy life for them when once they get over the voyage. But the proportion of deaths on the voyage has been greater than usual, which is ascribed partly to the effect of a season of dearth in India, causing the shipment of half-starved and emaciated wretches, partly to the

delay of sailing-vessels by adverse winds in the Bay of Bengal, so that they meet cold weather at the Cape. One ship is mentioned as having occupied 163 days in her crawl from Calcutta to Jamaica. To provide against this difficulty, the experiment has now been tried of using steamers, both to fetch the coolies from India and to carry them back at the end of their service. It proved quite successful in the trip of the *Enmore* from British Guiana to Calcutta with 661 returning Hindoos, and her homeward voyage to George Town with 562 Bengal emigrants, between September and the end of the year. The distance was traversed in fifty-six days going one way, and fifty days the other, with the loss of but one life, overlooking a case of suicide and the accidental death of a baby. The Commissioners think much of the advantages to be gained by employing steamers, which are well worth the increased expense. The passengers enjoy better health, not merely because they are kept a shorter time on board, but also from the constant speed of the ship promoting ventilation. They are spared the mental depression naturally occasioned by a slow and uncertain voyage, with forebodings of hopeless banishment. To compensate for an additional cost of freight, the human cargo by steamer is landed in prime condition, fit to be at once assigned to the planters' estates, instead of being sent into the hospital. The saving of coolies' food on board ship is another advantage of lessening the time occupied in their conveyance.

The population statistics of British Guiana and Trinidad more especially present to view a large admixture of the Asiatic races. At the beginning of last year there were in the first-named colony 42,763 Indians and 5,847 Chinese, while in Trinidad there were 27,425 Indians, of whom 4,545 were born in the colony. In Jamaica, at the end of last year, there were nearly 11,000. The colonial Governments wish to keep these people as settlers after the expiration of their term under the indentures. Trinidad and Jamaica offer them ten acres of land or a bounty of 12*l.* to stay in the island. This offer is accepted by the majority of those entitled to a free passage home when they have lived there ten years, serving five years under their bond, and working the next five years in freedom. British Guiana would invite the continued residence of acclimatized foreigners there by an offer of the same kind. But its whole territory is little else than a mudbank intersected by the tidal water-courses at the outlets of three neighbouring rivers; the fertile soil is reclaimed by a set of embankments and canal sluices at an enormous cost, and there is really no dry land to bestow on peasant freeholders. The coolies who return to India or China have usually contrived to save a moderate sum of money, averaging about 40*l.* in Guiana and 63*l.* in Trinidad, besides the silver anklets, gold rings, and other jewelry worn by Hindoo women. It is significant of their rage for saving that the deaths among them in Trinidad were much more frequent when they were allowed to buy their own food than since the employer has had to provide daily rations with a deduction of sixpence a day from their wages. Indentured labourers cannot, of course, be indulged with liberty to starve themselves, and to lose what natural strength they may bring to their contract service. Even at his best, and when properly fed, the average Indian coolie is quite unable to work as the more robust negro might do if he were not so lazy. This difference of bodily powers between the several races of labourers has led to mischievous deceptions practised on the industrial recruits in India with regard to the wages they may expect to earn. Some very gross instances of such practices which incurred the censure of the Royal Commissioners were related by Mr. Jenkins in his book, *The Coolie; his Rights and Wrongs*. Recruiting agents or touters in India for emigration to the West Indies used to give their dupes a certificate of their engagement, on which was printed a marginal statement of the highest rate of wages that the ablest class of men could possibly obtain in Demerara. This document was commonly mistaken by the poor Hindoo for an official contract to pay him at the same rate. But the authorities of British Guiana, and their constituents the planters, had no intention to promise him anything more than what his labour might happen to be worth; and they would make no contract with him until his arrival in the colony. They do not seem to have been cognizant of the unwarrantable acts of some of their agents in India, and it is to be hoped that the business will henceforth be more honestly conducted there. Indeed, an ordinance of the colonial Legislature has already been passed for authorizing their Calcutta representative to make specific contracts with the Indian emigrants before their departure from home; and they have also fixed a minimum rate of wages. These provisions will be incorporated in a general Act now under discussion in the Court of Policy, by which the whole system in and for British Guiana will be amended. Some minor improvements, besides the prescription of a minimum of wages, are found needful even in Trinidad, where Canon Kingsley saw much to be praised. In Jamaica, under the beneficent rule of a Governor whose previous acquaintance with India had eminently qualified him to dispose of this subject, the laws for the engagement and treatment of Indian immigrants are fairly administered, giving satisfaction, we are told, both to the employer and to the employed.

Altogether, this Report, as we have observed, gives a favourable account of the system in the West Indies, notwithstanding the untoward incident of a coolie riot last October on a Demerara estate, where the police had to fire on the rioters and to kill five of them. Such things will happen now and then in the best regulated communities, though ever to be greatly deplored. In the case referred to by the Emigration Commissioners, it is said to

have been proved by an official inquiry that the coolies, who had gone out on strike as if they had been free labourers, and who threatened to kill the manager and overseers, and attacked the police when the ringleaders were arrested, had no actual grievances to resent. It would appear from a return sent by the Governor of British Guiana, if its figures may be taken as fairly representing the wages paid to coolies as well as to negroes working on estates, that the pay for heavier kinds of labour may range from 1s. 4d. to 3s. 10d. a day, and for the lighter tasks, such as women could do, from 1s. to 2s. 8d. But we do not understand that the coolies, while bound to service in the first five years of their life in the colony, are ever paid at the highest of these rates. The minimum fixed by a recent ordinance is 1s. 0½d., without distinction of sex, or difference for the sort of work to be done. In Trinidad, as we learn from a more precise report, the coolie not under indenture, but freely working for hire, gets 30 cents or 35 cents for a field task of five or six hours, while the coolie under indenture works an hour longer for 25 cents. The negro can do the same work in four or five hours, and may earn his 40 cents a day—in our money 1s. 8d.—by working eight or nine hours. This is not bad pay for common field-labourers in a country where sixpence a day will buy sufficient wholesome and nourishing food. Why the rate of wages in the neighbouring colony of Guiana should range from 1s. 4d. to 3s. 10d. is not explained by the Commissioners; but we may suppose that the 3s. 10d. is for some kind of skilled labour, which has nothing to do with coolie service in general. Taking, however, the lowest estimate of his remuneration, and bearing in mind that the coolie is provided with a cottage, or with a dwelling at least in barracks, that he is never cast out of employment, and that the planter maintains a private hospital to cure any who fall ill, we can but wish that the agricultural labourers of Great Britain were as well off. The truth seems to be that many of the emigrants, both from India and China, have been improperly selected, and were unfit for ordinary field labour in any country. This was more absurdly remarkable in some of those who came from China, amongst whom were townsmen professing a variety of trades, "priests and schoolmasters, and scribes, weavers, shoemakers, and beggars," as the Commissioners of Inquiry found in 1870, when they examined a fresh lot of these hopefuls just put ashore in Demerara. It was impossible to protect such misdirected people against the severe disappointment and the real hardship of their lot in the colony; and since the methods of obtaining a Chinese supply of labour were beyond the control of British authorities, it is just as well that the Chinese supply has been stopped.

The Indian supply, on the contrary, being under the immediate regulation of those entrusted with the welfare of Her Majesty's Asiatic subjects, ought to be made available for all British colonies in tropical regions which demand such industrial assistance, and which can afford to pay for it. This is an imperial question of importance far transcending the prospects of sugar cultivation in Demerara and the islands. There are other British territories, of greater extent and perhaps endowed with yet greater resources, mineral as well as agricultural, which are likely to require as many toiling hands as can be spared from Hindostan. In Mauritius, which is comparatively near, the Indian part of the population is 214,000, of whom 60,000 were born in that island of Indian parents. Ceylon also takes a share of this element of prosperity from the neighbouring mainland. Natal puts in its claim; and we expect that North Australia and Queensland will soon be heard of, as bidding for the same commodity of human instruments to develop their natural wealth. There is no apparent limit to the extension of this process, under a judicious and well-administered system of voluntary transportation. A Secretary of State for India and a Minister for the Colonies might lay their heads together, and find it a great opportunity for the best statesmanship. The excellent results in Jamaica of Sir J. P. Grant's rule there, since the removal of Mr. Eyre, afford a good omen of what might be done by more frequently bringing the trained official wisdom of British India to deal with the motley populations, aboriginal and imported, of many countries under British rule.

AMONG THE PARTRIDGES.

WHATEVER may become of the Game-laws, it will take a great deal of shooting to extirpate the partridges, and the very mildest law of trespass would preserve a good many of them, even were all England parcelled out into allotment patches. So long as our great proprietors add field to field and farm to farm, and so long as it pays us to grow our cereals instead of importing them, it is pretty certain that we shall have excellent partridge-shooting. While capital is being expended in reclaiming wastes, the partridges increase with cultivation everywhere. They manage to pick up a tolerable living even on the edges of barren moorland, between the heather and the coarse swamp grass, where the barley harvest comes off in the following spring and oats are reared as a delicate exotic; and if the "hill partridges" run small, the coveys are large and the birds are hardy. Indeed partridges seem to have tougher constitutions than the grouse, although they are bred in a milder climate, and amid much more effeminate surroundings. They are thinned by no such terrible epidemic as that which clears wide stretches of moorland in unlucky seasons like the present. About the worst that they can suffer from is a severe winter and a rainy spring, and it is true that these are sometimes

hard upon them. They are driven from the fields to take refuge in the stackyards, where they sit cowering under the stacks, so many ragged balls of ruffled feathers, and easy victims to the net or the gun. In the spring their eggs may be addled by incessant damp, or the little ones may come to an untimely end before they have well cleared the shells they are chipping. Or they may tumble into crevasses in the chalk country, and perish of slow starvation in their miserable prisons. But disasters of this kind are very partial after all, and, if one estate suffers severely, the next which is more sheltered may escape almost entirely. It is seldom even in England that it rains without intermission through all the spring months; and if the first sitting of eggs has come to grief, the persevering parents set to work at once upon a second. Then, although there are ostrich-like partridges who will drop their eggs close to any footpath in the open hayfields where any passer-by may stumble upon them, yet most of the birds are of more intelligent instincts and contrive to conceal their nests so as to defy any ordinary bird's-nester. If the shepherds choose to hunt the hills for them, they may find upon a grouse moor almost every one of the eggs that have escaped the sharper eyes of the blooded crows; and the rooks bereave many a maternal pheasant that haunts the covers commanded by the rookery. But nothing but a weasel or a hedgehog can come at a partridge-nest that is hidden away in the rank grasses among the tangled roots of a prickly-thorn hedge. Above all, partridges fill up a country as fast as you thin it down, and colonize outlying territories when their native breeding-grounds get overcrowded. Year after year you may bring every feather to bag on your own little bit of unprotected land; year after year the superfluous birds of your preserving neighbours will come over and people it for you again. Partridges are by no means shy beyond a certain point of prudent self-preservation; and though they will not exactly venture into the squares of a city like sparrows, yet so long as there is a patch of grain or a field of cabbages, they will not hesitate to settle in the suburbs. So, partridges being more or less plentiful everywhere, partridge-shooting will always be the sport of the middle-class sportsman, and where one heart is throbbing on the 11th of August, fifty will be in a flutter on the eve of the 1st of September.

This year there must have been much anxiety on the night before the 1st, and a good deal of disappointment on the long looked-for morning. Generally speaking there may have been no lack of birds, but then the weather left very much to desire. It is one thing turning out cheerfully after breakfast if you are old and experienced enough to have curbed up your enthusiasm for a ten o'clock start—turning out when the sun is shining brightly upon everything, and there is breeze enough to temper the warmth and assure you a fair scent. It is quite another matter to take your chance of fierce driving showers, and to face a wind that is blowing like half a hurricane. It is not only or chiefly that everything on the earth or in the air looks and feels inexplicably damp and dismal; that you must either be eternally slipping yourself and your gun in and out of your waterproof coverings, or else must shoot in a coat that clings in wet folds to your arms, and in knickerbockers that have changed to dripping waterskins; that each time you struggle through a hedge a douche of water drenches you inside the collar, and you go labouring over the heavy soil with some pounds of clay dragging on each of your shooting-boots. But your game is literally not worth the candle; the stronger birds are as wild as hawks, and even those that are weak on the wing are up and well under weigh while as yet you are a good couple of gunshots off. While still at the back of the hedge in the next enclosure you hear the whirr of the parent birds above the pattering of the rain on the turnip leaves; by the time you have cleared the hedge and ditch, the brood of cheepers has fluttered up in their turn, and you see them go streaming out of the opposite corner like crippled wild geese. Even if you have the luck to mark them down, still the chances are that you have seen the last of them. It is a backward year for the harvest; there are strips of corn left standing everywhere, and your intelligent friends find safe sanctuary in the very thick of one of the roughest of these. There is nothing for it but to take leave of them in the meantime, and to look forward to renewing acquaintance with them on the stubbles later in the evening, when the weather may have cleared, and their minds may have calmed down. Long before it is lunching time, and whether you are hungry or not, you are thinking of the contents of the baskets, and still more of the flasks or the beer jar. But how cheerless that meal is when you are seated upon damp straw under the dripping thatch of some outlying barn, looking ruefully on the almost empty game-bags and panniers. The very pointers have a hangdog look, as if they felt themselves guilty of the blank fields and were to be punished for your indifferent amusement. Matters may mend should the weather hold up in the afternoon, and you may cheer up a little in the watery sunshine that is gilding the shocks and throwing a ruddy light upon the stubbles. But it has been a very poor day at the best, and you feel sadly that you have missed a year. Succeeding weeks may have bright promise, or even brilliant performance, in store for you; but there is only one "first" in the season, and shooting afterwards you lose the charms of association and the brightest pleasures of early memories.

We suppose that old fires of September can never possibly have been half so delightful as they seem to us now, looking back at them over a waste of years. We do not imagine that the English climate can have materially deteriorated in a couple of decades, and we know that the weather was as fine then as now, and

keepers in most places not nearly so plentiful. Yet certainly the general impression of our earlier days is of clear skies and cool breezes, coveys in abundance and great sport among them. Whatever the sum total of the slaughter, assuredly we worked hard for the bag. Youth and healthy weariness would not be denied the night before, and though we might have sought our pillow hot with excitement, still, after some hours of the soundest sleep, we were up and refreshed with the earliest daylight. Having swallowed something that might pass for breakfast, we had unbarred the outer door for ourselves, while the maids were still in the arms of Morpheus, and had been received in the courtyard below by the keepers, who had already thrown gravel at our window to awaken us. There was a grey vapour reeking up everywhere from the damp turf, giving glorious promise of a splendid day. There were sprays of dew drops on every twig and tree, and clouds of cobwebs floating in the air or lying in silvery gauze upon grass and stubbles. Even the oldest and steadiest of the pointers, who had been slipped the first, went dashing madly down the sides of the hedge-rows, springing the first of the coveys in their unusual excitement. We have a vague impression that we had great shooting, there can be no doubt that it was very enjoyable, and yet, on analysing any particular morning's sport, we are driven to suspect we did nothing very extraordinary. For it is an odd thing that when you once order your memory back to duty upon the old familiar ground, it will often retrieve for you the minute incidents of any given day. You remember quite well how you missed your first right and left at the covey that Sancho flushed in the corner of the field opposite the kennel, where your companion, much to your disgust, "wiped your eye;" and, when you made a long shot with your second barrel, how the birds broke into that patch of gorse, and which of them you "tailored," and which you killed, and so on. But the very early mornings were seldom very deadly; and every one knows that towards the heat of the noon the birds always vanish mysteriously, and have the best of the game of hide and seek. You see the feathers and the fish-tailed earth where they have been braking and scraping on the stony banks, but as for the coveys that scraped an hour before, they are become as scarce as swallows in December. With all your juvenile enthusiasm, and considering that you made but a light breakfast in the small hours, you are ready enough for an early luncheon; a heavy lunch after steady exercise is apt to draw on a siesta, and after the short slumber in the warm shade, when to steady shooting for an hour or two. The sloop, the meal, and the premature start used to tell upon us, we feel convinced, though we did not care to own to it. It is a fact that in the early afternoon, when the scent was lying, and the birds had begun to appear again, our shooting rather went off than came on, and we seldom did ourselves anything like justice until the coveys were out on the field towards evening, when we were apt to "brown" them as they rose in little clouds, and sometimes did fatal execution. But all that is the mere prose of analytical detail, and it scarcely dims the halo of romance cast round those early shooting days which one enjoyed so keenly in the morning of life. Now we detest early hours, and should be afraid of rheumatism and colics in the head were we to turn out among the cobwebs of a morning. As for the buoyancy of spirits nowadays, that is more likely to come after luncheon than at 5 A.M., and we should never think of risking "forty winks" upon cool turf which must certainly be damp. Indeed, if our merits have met with their deserts, the odds are that an offhand day with pointers or setters and an old-fashioned keeper is altogether beneath us. We let the best of September go by, and we turn out at walking parties later in the season with the distinguished circle which our honourable friend is entertaining, as chronicled at length in the county paper. We walk his trumps in line, after all his stubble and meadows have been swept by flying horsemen. We have each our loader at our heels, and are armed with at least a couple of central fires. In place of dogs to set and back, we have retrievers to look to the dead and wounded. We shoot jealously under the eyes of a formidable gallery. We spend a fortune in cartridges and in subsidizing our host's head-keeper: and the game we massacre is carted to the nearest railway station to be consigned forthwith to London dealers. If slaughter is sport, there can be no question that we kill much more than we used to do. Yet the advance in line, with the carefully drilled rank and file, with leaders giving a word of command which you are expected to obey with military precision, smacks disagreeably of drill and the parade-ground. It reminds you at every step that you have sacrificed the freedom of movement and the right of private judgment that used to be the great pleasure of a day in the field. The retrievers running the winged birds by the nose are poor substitutes for high-bred pointers and setters hunting to the wave of your hand, drawing, standing, and backing like so many "pictures." We kill more than we used to do, and yet we sometimes sigh for the old September—for Don or Sancho and the old keeper, and all the antiquated paraphernalia of shot-belt, powder-flask, and loading-rod.

PROPAGANDISM AND SCHOOLS IN ITALY.

WE have already commented on the mingled impropriety and absurdity of the propagandism which perverts the cause of education into a means of offence, at once cowardly and vulgar, against the person and authority of the Pope. Other instances, less vulgar and offensive, but not less amusing or less appropriate, have been supplied by recent experience. The removal of

all prohibitions against the dissemination of the Holy Scriptures in Italy has multiplied the army of volunteer colporteurs whose one object in life seems to be to throw Bibles broadcast into Roman Catholic countries. Stories are told without number of tracts and Testaments pressed by the lavish hands of retired generals, admirals, and commissariat officers on hotel-keepers, hotel-waiters, and the casual travellers by steamboat and railway. We have little doubt that many of the reports which excite the enthusiasm of periodical gatherings in Exeter Hall owe the amplitude of their figures and the applause of their audience to the energetic importunity with which these Protestant light troops ply their unresisting victims. Probably the persons who congratulate themselves on the wide diffusion of the Bible in idolatrous countries do not often take the trouble to inquire what are the fruits of their liberal expenditure. They generally take for granted that every one who has a Bible or a tract thrust upon him immediately begins to study it with a resolution to learn the virtues and embrace the forms of Anglican Protestantism. It is a pity that people who subscribe for the purposes of conversion do not take some trouble to learn how far their well-meaning and zealous efforts succeed.

The Italians are in the main, and on all occasions of social intercourse, a courteous and polite people. They have, indeed, some habits and customs which are consistent neither with politeness nor with decency. But we are bound to say that whenever they recognize the intention of a stranger to confer a benefit upon them, they reciprocate the wish by a pleasant and polite acceptance of the kindness. At the same time they have a keen sense of any indelicate occurrence, and a dramatic mode of mutuating it. English sojourners in Italy will therefore have often heard from Italian lips vivid descriptions of the solemn gravity with which English zealots have opened their bags in a railway carriage and given to every Italian fellow-passenger a tract or a Testament; and of the equally grave politeness with which the gift has been received. But it is not the fortune of all Englishmen to hear the comments made upon a proceeding which even good intentions cannot divest of its impertinence; and we suspect that fewer still ever learn the purposes to which the donations are ultimately consigned. There is a recent story that an Italian officer, *a propos* of a conversation on cigarettes, suddenly startled an English bystander by the following anecdote:—"We were in garrison," he said, "and had exhausted all our stock of paper to make cigarettes with. One day a very dignified and courteous stranger—an Englishman—appeared, bearing a letter to the commandant, who introduced him to the officers. Before going away, he very civilly presented all of us with Bibles. These came most seasonably; for we have made cigarettes with them ever since."

That the result of these spontaneous efforts at conversion may often be ludicrous, and that its motive is inherently impertinent, may at some future day dawn upon the supporters of Protestant missions in Italy. That these missions must in the majority of cases be egregious failures is a certainty fully recognized by Englishmen who have mixed much with Italians. For, whatever may be the dissatisfaction of Italians with the government of the Romish Church, however marked their indifference to its dogmas, however profound or general their dislike of the priests, they have very little sympathy either with the forms or the dogmas of Anglican Churchmen or Anglican Dissenters. As to the ceremonies of either Church, they infinitely prefer those of their own. As to the doctrines, the majority of Italian men would pronounce those of one church as absurd as those of the other. And as to sitting down to study the points of difference between the two religions, how would such a devotion of time and labour comport with the claims of the theatre, the opera, the *caffè*, and the studio, to say nothing of Parliament, the Bourse, and the railway directorates? We would therefore warn those persons who may be zealous for the propagation of Protestantism in Italy against countenancing any system for the general conversion of adults. They may gather a rich harvest of converts of a certain kind; men who think they are good Protestants because they have long hated the Pope and the priests, or needy men who find that, whatever rewards Protestantism may give them in the world which is to come, it is not barren of recompense in that which now is. But we suspect that these are not precisely the converts whom English Protestantism is very anxious to embrace in its fold, and of others Italy is not likely to supply any appreciable number.

But although adult conversion is extremely improbable among Italian men, and wholly impossible among Italian women, it does not follow that Englishmen may not spend their money or their time bountifully and beneficially upon Italians, if they are so minded. The old restrictions upon keeping schools are removed. No precedent conditions are required but such as ordinary policy requires and ordinary good sense willingly assents to. The establishment of schools in and about Rome would be a really benevolent and useful undertaking. It would at once co-operate and compete with the State system. We do not of course recommend the creation of schools for the purpose of proselytism. Such schools would be equally mischievous and short-lived. There is sufficient priestly influence still in force to shut up schools that are aggressively and ostentatiously Protestant. And the peculiar kind of Protestantism which English propagandists would teach would certainly revolt the ordinary class of charitable Christians. But it does not follow that all religious teaching should be excluded from such institutions. That which the children have already learned might be enlarged and expanded in a spirit of Christian liberality and toleration. They might be taught

that Protestants and Jews are not (as they have hitherto been told) identical; that Protestants do worship the Saviour and do hold the Apostles' Creed—points on which the Romish priesthood has deliberately misled its pupils. Having set the minds of the pupils and the parents at rest on such questions, the schools might insist on a form of practical instruction which is now much needed. As far as they can be judged by their fruits, the ordinary public schools of Italy seem to inculcate few of the moralities of daily life. Truth, honesty, cleanliness, and industry may perhaps be inculcated in formal lessons, but assuredly they are not enforced by any strict and effective discipline. At any rate this is the opinion of Germans, English, and Americans who have resided for any length of time in the great cities of Italy. These strangers admit readily enough the kindly good-nature, the winning and sympathetic manner of the Italians, their pleasant salutation and their intelligent remarks. But they complain that in their intercourse with innkeepers, shopkeepers, and servants, the effect of the amiability and intelligence is almost always marred by some obtrusive incident of dirt, slovenliness, petty mendacity, or petty dishonesty. The man you deal with adds a few *lire* to your bill, or charges you more than he promised to charge; or the tradesman or the lodging-house-keeper whom you visit in order to settle some contract receives you in a state of squalid semi-nudity, a dirty coat or dirty gown thrown hastily over foul linen, unwashed hands clutched at unbrushed trousers, and unwashed feet protruding from grimy slippers, upon a floor oozing with a mixture of street dirt and saliva. Then, as to external decency, were ever such indecent caricatures of it seen as in the streets of Rome and Florence? Both these cities are infinitely cleaner and more decent than they were twenty years ago; so that their former condition may be imperfectly imagined by the present generation. Again, take the lowest class and the lower *bourgeoisie* of any city of Southern Italy, and we defy any European country (except of course Spain) to produce anything like the dirt and indecency seen in the land from which dawned the earliest light of modern civilization. And if the cities are bad, some parts of the country are worse. Nothing—not even the condition of the most neglected districts described by the Commissioners who have reported on the agricultural poor of England—can be worse than the condition of the poor peasants who vegetate in the Roman Campagna. Within a radius of ten miles from the Eternal City, the metropolis of the Roman Catholic Church, the spiritual capital of one hundred and fifty millions of European Christians, there is to be seen as much misery, squalor, dirt, ignorance, and poverty as is to be found in any of the least civilized parts of Europe. We think that this fact constitutes a terrible charge against the Romish priesthood. These men have for centuries enjoyed great wealth and almost absolute power; they have received large revenues and exercised boundless influence; they have had practically the education of the people in their own hands. And what are the fruits of this power and wealth? Such as we have described. We may indeed be reminded that the circumstances of the Campagna are exceptional, that the pestilential quality of its summers prevents the residence of the landed proprietors on their estates, and that necessarily the peasantry must huddle together by themselves in dreary hamlets or mope in solitary hovels. But the absence of the proprietor and the want of his supervision are evils not confined to the Campagna. They are common to a large portion of the Emilia. They are common in Calabria and Sicily. And this want only makes the action of the priest more necessary and more legitimate. How has the priest dealt with these poor savages, in whose minds neither the smoky vapour of their hovels, nor the desolation of their villages, nor the sharp grip of poverty, has wholly crushed all gentleness of feeling and all brightness of intellect? How has he fed these involuntary sheep of his flock? What has he done for them? Nothing, absolutely nothing. He has not taught them to read, for fear they might read heretical books. He has not taught them to write, for fear their daughters might write love-letters. He has not taught them honesty, so that, if they have the chance, they will cheat or rob. He has not taught them humanity; he has only told them that the horse, the ox, and the ass "*non sono Cristiani*"; therefore the Roman, like the Neapolitan peasant, shocks all foreigners by a ferocious cruelty towards dumb animals, quite out of keeping with his general character. In a word, the priest has left the mind of the peasant as he found it—a blank. But has he not taught him religion? He has taught just so much of religion that the peasant crosses himself on passing a crucifix, kisses the toe of his patron Saint, and bows to the image of the Virgin. But, if you ask him about a God, or immortality, or religious and moral duty, his answers will show a condition of sheer heathenish ignorance, or worse.

In such a state of things, which, we must add, cannot be generally predicated of Tuscany or Piedmont, it is obvious that missionary zeal and benevolence may find plenty of work for itself in the establishment and endowment of schools. They would not only teach the rudiments of reading and writing to those who are wholly ignorant, but they would discipline the savage and humanize the half-brutal. They would in a measure, though not adequately, compensate for the absence of that cultivated and leisured class which in England has exercised so wholesome an influence over the manners and feelings of our rustics. They would, if well managed, counteract by a beneficial discipline that loose shambling *laissez-aller* into which Young Italy is rapidly falling. They would make untruthfulness to be counted shameful, and dishonesty a sin. And they would raise to

the height of the Northern standard the despised and neglected virtue of cleanliness. Great indeed would be the reward of efforts so wise and benevolent, carried to a successful end. Italy is now awakening from the torpor of centuries. She is taking her proper place among independent nations. Her sons are competing with all Europe in the arts of self-government, of commercial enterprise, and of national development. They are distinguished by rare quickness of apprehension, by a rapid capacity of inspiring sympathy, and by excellence in certain special vocations. Is it not worth while to contribute towards institutions which may ultimately efface the accidental blemishes of the Italian character, and give to it a symmetrical grace and moral harmony? At all events we are sure that this is better worth while than to scatter about Bibles and tracts at random.

ELEPHANTS.

THE popular English notion of elephants is ordinarily derived from the Courts and camps of the East. They are rightly enough believed to play a prominent part in reviews, Durbars, and other solemn pageants in which Oriental magnificence is seen side by side with British symmetry and order. Most Englishmen are aware that a considerable number of the tigers annually slain in our Indian dependency are shot by sportsmen severely seated in howdahs on the backs of elephants; but these useful beasts are employed for many domestic purposes, and are often maintained all over India by native gentlemen who never faced a tiger or handled a gun in all their lives. Under the Mogul Emperors the "*Fil-Khanah*," or "*Mansion of Elephants*," was a regular department of the State; and the officer in charge of it had a rank and significance analogous to that of the Master of the Backhounds with us. The Great Akbar used to beat the jungles with a line of elephants extending for a quarter of a mile. Some native princes have derived a vile pleasure from witnessing a duel between two of these well-matched antagonists; and their services have been often called into requisition to put ignoble criminals to a barbarous death. Scott, whose knowledge of India, derived from members of the civil and military services, was invariably correct and striking, has introduced an elephant to contribute to the *dénouement* of one of his least read novels. In the *finale* of the *Surgeon's Daughter*, the apostate Richard Middleton, who has just received what was his due from the bounty of Tippee, is told to accept the fruit of the justice of Hyder, and is crushed, in open Durbars, under the foot of a well-trained elephant. "The cry which the victim uttered," we are told, "was mimicked by the roar of the monster, and the sound, like an hysterical laugh, mingling with a scream, which rung from under the veil of the Begum." No amount of Indian experience, we may observe, could have enabled any writer to describe better types of the age and time than have been given by the great novelist in the desperate adventurer Middleton, Hartley the Doctor, Tom Hillary the crimp, the Amazonian Mrs. Montreville, and, we may even say, Tippee and Hyder, who have the same sort of resemblance to the real rulers of Mysore that the Greeks and Romans of Shakespeare have to their originals. It is not very long since that the indignation of the Government of India was expressed to the ruler of Baroda, who had fastened an unlucky offender to the feet of an elephant, and had had him pounded to death in this fashion through the main streets of the city. Bernier's entertaining travels contain sundry notices of elephants as forming a part of the royal establishment. The Emperor every year went away from "*Agra* or "*Lahor* of great Mogul" to escape the hot season in the cool and picturesque valleys of Cashmere. In fact, he did what the present race of English Viceroy is every now and then attacked for doing; he sought a climate where life could be enjoyed, instead of being merely endured, in the hot winds and rainy season. On one of these expeditions some elephants of the King's household took fright in a mountain pass, and fell over a precipice some hundreds of feet in sheer depth. Bernier, who came up in the *cortège* three days afterwards, saw the unfortunate beasts still alive at the bottom of the pass, moving their trunks and dying by inches. It is creditable to this writer's accuracy of description that a few years ago an English officer, travelling by the same route, believed himself, on reasonable grounds, to have ascertained exactly the very spot where the accident took place. Had Livy, instead of muddling up two different accounts of Hannibal's passage of the Alps, applied himself to a critical and local examination of his original authorities, we might have been spared all those distressing doubts as to the exact position of the "*White Rock*," and have perhaps even been enabled to fix the place where the solid mountains were or were not melted down with vinegar.

The possession of an elephant or two is, as we have intimated, by no means confined to royal or princely families. Landholders and English gentlemen engaged in commercial or agricultural pursuits in the interior of the country find such an animal to be well worth his keep in many ways. It brings in the collections of rent from an out-station to headquarters. It takes important letters or supplies right across country. It will carry half-a-dozen servants, with bed, baggage, and cooking apparatus, to any place where these adjuncts or necessities cannot be relied on. It enables the native agents of a factory to travel about with security against accidents or robbery. Where roads have not been constructed, or are impassable for vehicles during the rainy season, the elephant is equal to any emergency. To swim rivers,

to skirt or wade through swamps, to step cleverly over fences, to fray a path through reeds, to break down forest trees firmly connected by long trailing creepers, is a comparatively easy task to this sagacious, powerful, and obedient servant. It is true that three or four miles an hour is the average rate of progress, and that it is hardly fair to exact of an animal more than fifteen or twenty miles of march in the day. It must be admitted, too, that practice is necessary to accustom the traveller to the motion, and that the paces of all elephants are not the same. Some are so smooth as almost to invite slumber; on others the unlucky occupant of the cushion rolls about as at sea, and arrives at his journey's end with sore pains in all his joints. But the docility of the beast and the security of this mode of conveyance are, where rapidity of communication is not essential, of the very greatest convenience to residents in the plains. The owner of an elephant has besides a far greater guarantee for respectability than the owner of a gig. It is not to be imagined, however, that elephants cost nothing, or can prosper without care and attendance. A prudent person will guard his elephant from the deluge of a tropical rain, and to this end a high-roofed barn must be constructed with open sides large enough to admit something of the size of an ordinary haystack. Then the bath is as indispensable to the elephant as it was to an old Roman, or a good breakfast to the jurymen of Dickens; and after a daily plunge and a swim, during which nothing is seen of the animal but the tip of his trunk, it lies down on its side at a signal from the driver, and submits to be oiled, cleaned, and brushed, while thorns or foreign substances are extracted from the toes. When these operations are concluded, a chain is fastened round one hind leg, and made secure to a post or tree, and the remainder of the day is passed by the elephant in obliterating the traces of the bath by showers of dust, or in driving away the flies with a leafy branch. The food generally consists of several pounds of coarse rice, the stem of a plantain tree, and a whole cartload of tender branches recently cut. To procure this latter supply is the daily duty of one of the attendants, who in Indian phraseology is termed "a mate," the title of *Mahout* being reserved for the head keeper. Not every kind of leaf is palatable, and whole tracts of country covered with forest trees are absolutely useless for the feeding of elephants. When on a march, or in the jungles, elephants will endeavour to feed all day, and will snatch at anything edible. Those who are now groaning over the price of coal will hardly be consoled by the knowledge that the price of an elephant's keep has almost doubled in the last quarter of a century. Formerly in the Gangetic Delta an elephant, with its two attendants, cost little more than 2*l.* a month. The amount is now fully double, and in other and drier parts of India, where forage is scarce, it reaches the high figure of 6*l.* or 7*l.* Elephants are also very liable to be disabled by sore feet or to get out of condition. Thorns, stumps, and stones cause laceration and lameness; sores and ulcers arise from neglect or carelessness in fitting on the howdah; and internal disorders are betrayed by the animal itself, which literally consumes lumps of earth to show that it needs a purgative. Then an elephant may, under bad management, become as fertile a source of quarrel as rabbits or hares. Some have a vicious habit of getting rid of their fastenings, and making nightly expeditions into fields of rice or sugar-cane. A Mahout, with the recklessness or nonchalance of Asiatic menials, will take his elephant right through a field of rice, wheat, or pulse to save a circuit of a few hundred yards, or he will permit it to pluck the finest fruits of the orchard, or, as he passes through a village, will slyly connive at a push or a shove that annihilates a line of storehouses, or huts made of wattles, mud, and thatch. Incensed landowners, defrauded of their rents or defied by their tenants, have often been known quietly to send a posse of servants on an elephant into the garden or field of their adversary, and to trust to subsequent chicanery and corruption to meet and counteract the tale of a plundered homestead and a ravaged crop.

About a quarter of a century ago elephants played, or were made to play, a very active part in boundary disputes, or contests for new tracts of alluvial formation, with which the Executive was then wholly incompetent to cope. Districts were at that time of enormous extent. The laws against what are termed agrarian outrages were palpably lax, the police was wholly officered by natives, and encroachments were either attempted or resisted, on the part of the proprietors, by the aid of organized bands of strong-limbed and well-paid club-men. A desultory engagement ensued, in which, so the police report stated, a couple of men were transixed with spears and died on the spot, and three or four more were wounded; and then the fight was fought over again in the criminal and civil courts. In a long and acrimonious litigation it was minutely described how the aggressor had sent one servant on a lay pony, a second on a white ditto, and a third on the elephant; how, at a given signal from the howdah, the ripe corn had been fired or the well had been choked; how this tenant had been speared with a javelin because he would not give up the inheritance of his fathers, and that he had been riddled with buckshot because he had refused to swear to a lie; and, finally, how the huge bulk of the earth-shaking beast had been employed to finish the work of the club-men, and to pound hearth and homestead into a chaotic mass. Unluckily, in these statements, graphically detailed and sworn to in essential particulars by a score of respectable witnesses, there was a substratum of truth and a vast superstructure of falsehood. Two men had possibly been killed, but they belonged to the oppo-

site party, or they were not dead at all, but had been conveniently kept out of sight to give colour to the story; no four-footed animals had appeared on or near the battle-field; the servants whose dignity and position required ponies or elephants for locomotion had in reality kept quietly out of sight in some friendly or neighbouring village, and had allowed the rough work of violence to proceed through the agency of subordinates, who had been instructed as to what was required of them in the interests of their master by a few words as significant as the old Latin formula to the Consuls—*ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat*.

These tales are happily almost obsolete, and the iniquities, real or imputed, of the elephant are now more often confined to the abstraction of two or three sticks of sugar-cane, or to the treading under of some perches of a newly-planted crop. But occasionally damage to property and life is done by a tame elephant which gets loose in the rutting season, and is transformed from a drudge as serviceable as the "lubber fiend" into a demon of inventive malice and deliberate revenge. An elephant has been known, when in this state, to take up a commanding position on a high road and near a village, and to deal death and destruction round him for a week together. Old women and children caught and pounded to a jelly; corpses whirled round in mockery by the trunk of the infuriated animal; several houses unroofed or thrown down; portly native gentlemen flying out of their palanquins; communication stopped, and the whole neighbourhood in a panic—this has not unfrequently been the tenor of the police reports for days, until a spherical bullet from the practised hand of a sporting magistrate or indigo-planter gives the destroyer his quietus. Sportsmen accustomed to the jungles well know that there are only two or three places where a shot is effective. Either the charge of the animal must be awaited, and the aim must be taken at the hollow just above the trunk, or, if the sportsman has not coolness enough for this venture, a side shot through the eye will do equally well. More than forty years ago the elephant that went mad on Exeter Change exhausted something like a barrowful of bullets before he could be destroyed, the assailants being either ignorant of the vital part, or being unable to catch the animal in the necessary position. It is well known that the late Major Rogers had killed some twelve hundred wild elephants in the jungles of Ceylon, and rarely failed in despatching his victim at one shot. But then he had thoroughly studied the habits of the animal, whether single or in herds, was a first-rate shot, and had the assistance of a native so cool and daring as to be able to walk up to a herd and pull the tail of an unsuspecting beast, which, in consequence, looked round and presented a favourable shot to the experienced sportsman.

Elephants live, it is generally believed, to the age of a hundred or a hundred and twenty years, and average six to seven feet in height. A very few years since one died at Benares which was believed by local tradition to have carried Warren Hastings. At seventy years old the animal is quite in its prime, and will perform long marches, beat the jungles for a whole day, and receive unmoved the charge of the solitary buffalo, a greater test of staunchness and confidence than the rush and roar of a tiger. The price of a docile elephant, free from disease or vice, and with many seasons of usefulness before it, varies from 60*l.* or 70*l.* to 120*l.* Much higher sums are constantly given for those which have a reputation in the sporting world, or which are conspicuous for their height or symmetry, or are peculiarly fitted to play a part in festivals or social pageantry. An elephant of nine, ten, or eleven feet is rare, but is magnificent to behold. Each animal has its name. The female is "the Pearl," the "beloved" one, or the "golden mouth." Recent history or ancient tradition is called on to supply appellations for the males, which range from the familiar sounds of Hyder Ali and Tippee on the one hand, up to the mythic heroes of the Indian epics on the other; Bhima, who wielded a mace like Athelstan the Unready, and Arjuna, who, like Ulysses, distanced all competitors in the use of the bow. Herds of these animals in a wild state are still to be found in Central and Southern India, in the jungles of Assam, and also in the forests which skirt all the Eastern frontier of the Indian peninsula. It is scarcely necessary to add that elephants cannot be used for practical purposes except in hot climates. But there are few sights more in harmony with an Eastern landscape than a line of some fifteen or twenty elephants waiting, by the side of some well-known cover, for the signal to commence operations, or than the solitary animal which may be seen towards evening in the months of January or February, slowly wending its way over an enormous plain to a cluster of white tents in which a couple of English officials are recording the results of a survey of the country, or have been dealing out useful advice and summary justice to a whole village population.

ART AT THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

IV.

WE have never known an International Exhibition so pleasantly peopled with statues as the present one. The Vienna galleries may be said to be inhabited not only by great historic characters, but by creations of the imagination, personalities long familiar in the world of literature and art. We are here in the presence of Virgil and Agrippina, of Francis I., Molière, and Mirabeau, of Beethoven and Rossini, of Hegar, Iphigene, Judith, and St. Agatha, not to mention Venus, Cupid, Psyche, and a host besides, such as nymphs at a fountain

and girls reading on a chair or working at a spinning-wheel. The total amounts to more than nine hundred statues, whereof Italy contributes 215, France 196, united Germany 183, Austria 159, Russia 44, and England 29. We are sorry to add that the collection is not distinguished by novelty or merit; many of the works have for the last ten or twelve years been in almost incessant transit from exhibition to exhibition; for example, Signor Magni's "Reading Girl" is, to our knowledge, now on public view for the fifth time. Indeed this overrated figure has, we imagine, been so often multiplied, that it might easily appear in two or more places at once. On the whole, it must be admitted that the collection has fallen rather flat on the public mind, not so much because the average merit is lower than might have been anticipated, but rather from the want of some few master works which might stand out prominently as signs of genius or as pledges of progress. In short, sculpture throughout Europe has for many years ceased to be one of the progressive arts; movement, in fact, has been mostly in wrong directions.

Italian sculpture is once again distinguished by refinement and debility, by a generalization of form which has long failed to be in close and vital contact with nature. And yet these frailties are akin to beauty. Many of the works here displayed, though hackneyed in idea and emaculate in modelling, may be received as the last surviving traditions of an ideal style which has descended almost in unbroken succession from ancient Greece and Rome. In these galleries, decorated with pretty pleasing figures, the marble soft as wax and white as unsummed snow, we almost imagine ourselves in those Roman studios, or rather shops, wherein popular figures, manufactured wholesale, are placed in tempting groups before English and American travellers. In Vienna the prices are printed in the Catalogue, the primary motive being business. The prevalent style, we need scarcely say, continues to be that of Canova, a style which in the hands of Tenerani—ever to be remembered, if only by the "Swooning Psycho"—was instinct with the sense of beauty. And still a peculiar fascination pertains to the plastic arts of Italy. As we walk along these galleries we are scarcely in the presence of cold, inanimate stone; the marble breathes and moves, sentiment plays on the features, the nerves and muscles pulsate with sensibility. And yet sometimes we might almost fancy ourselves in the midst of Madame Tussaud's waxwork, where half-veiled figures are seen heaving under contrivances which simulate the breath and movement of life. Even thus far is the sculpture of modern Italy removed from the sternness and the immobility of the antique. The present collection has not been saved from mediocrity and servility by any group comparable to Signor Fedi's famous composition, "The Rape of Polyxena." Still for careful compilation, romantic prettiness, and softness in chiselling, we may admire "Saffo" and "Giustizia" by Professor Magni of Milan; "Nydia," the blind girl in the *Last Days of Pompeii*, by Signor Gianotti; "Modesty," by Signor Bottinelli; and a veiled figure of "Flora," by Signor Ansighione, all severally of Rome. How incapable are artists thus trained in a school of effeminacy of rising to the dignity and power demanded by monumental art may be judged from the colossal statue of "History" modelled by Cavaliere Tandardini for the monument to Cavour in Milan. The figure of "Victory" by Cavaliere Consani of Florence is also one of those commonplace creations which are easily multiplied by tens and by hundreds whenever wanted. Napoleon III., modelled at Chislehurst by Conte Aldofredi—a statue which stands as the solitary representative in this world-wide Exhibition of a personage but recently all but omnipresent in European art—has the merit of being a portrait true to the life; the bearing is meditative, even melancholy. It may be worthy of observation that, whereas in previous International Exhibitions Napoleon III. was only to be seen in marble, he is now reduced to common plaster, and in place of a purple canopy his uncovered head is here exposed to the inclement elements. The work is not by a Frenchman, but by some Italian who chanced, it may be supposed, to find himself at Chislehurst. In fact, Italian sculptors have become something like Italian organ-grinders, itinerant and ubiquitous, and what they do in marble is analogous to the tunes of Rossini, Bellini, and Verdi, which, applauded in the Italian opera, are next ground out in the public streets. It remains, however, for us to admit that of late years the Canova decadence which proved the curse of Italian sculpture receives some slight revival in two directions. First, in Milan appear figures decorated with flowers and decked in draperies which flutter in the breeze and glitter in the sun. The style does not pass triviality, and successive International Exhibitions prove that a manner which first had its attractions in the end a snare and a corruption. But then concurrently, as if to prove that Italian genius can never wholly die out, compositions issue from the South of Italy of a dash and devilry which point not to decadence, but to revival. In the midst of an art which would seem to prognosticate an ignominious end, appear unexpectedly in Naples and Palermo figures such as "The Mendicant," by Signor Raffaello Belliazzi, "South Sea Islanders," by Signor Civillotti, and "Prometheus," by Signor Ximenes—works which prove that genius is not extinct, and that access to nature is not cut off. In Naples the arts have been accustomed to burn and to blaze as with volcanic fires. The spirit of Masaniello and the lawlessness of Salvatore Rosa even now burst out afresh among the people.

France, which takes in sculpture as in painting the first position among European nations, adopts styles in direct opposition to the schools prevalent in Italy. She has no leaning towards romance, no liking for trivial graces; she cares not for a beauty disunited

from physical and intellectual forces; she seeks not to adorn a drawing-room, but to ennoble a Senate-house; she is seldom decorative; she is stern and severe, and rises to a style immobile and monumental. One of the noblest works we know is "The Statue of Virgil," from the court of the Louvre, by M. Jules Thomas, "Prix de Rome" in 1848, and a first-class medalist in 1867. The French have a way peculiarly their own of making an historic character stand at a remote distance from present times; their figures are thrown, as it were, into chronological perspective. The manner is strictly independent; sometimes it approaches the classic, yet without suspicion of servility, and sometimes it touches the mediæval, yet without taint of superstition. The execution disdains the vague generalization, the soulless mechanism, the smooth surface polish, which are the bane of English, Italian, and German styles alike; the modelling is sharp and firm; it knows how to be sketchy and yet complete. A Frenchman ventures to leave off at the point where weak artists begin to spoil; he is proud to throw aside canvas or marble while yet it retains the signs of grand and suggestive negligence. Thus the reader will understand that Parisian sculpture has freed itself from the falseness and affectation of Pradier, who translated Canova into what was most meretricious in the French manner; and we are glad also to observe that the still more obnoxious style of M. Clésinger obtains less following than might have been feared. Yet "Danseuse aux Castagnettes," by this voluptuous sculptor, is vulgar in the extreme. This repugnant figure obtains all the more importance by being in bronze, and here we may remark on the unapproachable merit of the French bronzes universally. Paris has long had the advantage over Munich and Rome in the sharpness, detail, and truth of bronze-casting and workmanship. As samples of the thorough training France is still able to show, we mention the following well-accredited figures:—"Un Nécophte" (style classic), by M. Cavalier, Member of the Institut; "Enfance de Bacchus," by M. Perraud—a figure well known, capitally modelled, style French classic; "Narcisse," by M. Dubois—a work removed from the classic and the Italian, inasmuch as the subject has been approached through a grand French naturalism; also "Agrippina," by M. Maillet. Here the face is veiled and the figure densely draped; dignity and command remove the work from the pretentious of Italian veiled faces by Monti and others. "David," by M. Mercié, is masterly, individual, strong, and, like other great French works, without taint of conventionality. We must also mention Louis d'Orléans, an equestrian statue in bronze, by M. Frémiet, as approaching to the best Italian cinquecento, and comparable to the trenchant equestrian statue of Colleoni in Venice. Only France can produce figures of the exceptional character of those just quoted. We have naturally enumerated some of the best works in the French department; presumptuous products by mere novices, also feeble wanderings by men honoured in their dotage, we pass by. The indiscretions of youth and the infirmities of age present pretty much the same aspects in all times and in all countries.

The Germans, for reasons not very apparent, are less illustrious in sculpture than in painting. One cause for present deficiencies may be the absence of chief men, such as Schwanthaler and Rauch, to whom the embellishment of Munich and Berlin were greatly due. Another cause lies in the fact that the revivals which have given life and progress to the art of painting stopped short of sculpture. The spiritual and mediæval school of Overbeck, the classic and eclectic style of Director Kaulbach, and the realistic yet academic manner of Professor Piloty, have scarcely been reflected in sculpture. In the present Exhibition the best works are "Hagar and Ishmael," by Professor Wittig, of Düsseldorf; a statue of "Rauch," by Professor Drake, of Berlin; a portrait-bust of Professor "Schnorr," of Carlsfeld," by Herr Donndorf, of Dresden; also four portraits and several sketches fertile in fancy, by Herr Wagnmüller, of Munich. The Germans feel a laudable pride in placing their great men on public view, but of the many statues which adorn their chief cities, Rauch's Albert Dürer, in Nuremberg, is almost the only work which does justice to a master intellect or a noble life. Nothing can be more irredeemably wooden and stolid than the various effigies set up in Frankfurt, Mayence, Worms, and other cities to Göthe, Schiller, Gutenberg, Luther, and sundry men of the Reformation. The solemnity which a German assumes when he approaches marble is truly appalling; in Vienna we found but two faces that were permitted to relax into a smile. And just as the heads are ponderous and senseless, so are the draperies learned and lifeless. In like manner the execution is heavy and mechanical, smooth without delicacy, and hard without sharpness. To a German are denied that sense of beauty which seldom leaves an Italian without a charm, and that daring conception which usually saves a Frenchman from inanity.

Some nations, such as Norway, Sweden, and Holland, are found to be barren of sculpture, and even Belgium, in the absence of her best men, appears but indigent. On the other hand, Denmark, as usual since the days of Thorwaldsen, is stronger in sculpture than in painting; "The Panther Hunter," by Professor Jerichau, when exhibited in our Royal Academy, placed all surrounding works at a disadvantage. Switzerland takes the world by surprise; among forty works which she produces the bronze bust of Bianca Capello stands conspicuous by its nobility. The artist favourably known in the London Academy, owes much to her residence beyond the Swiss frontier. This lady not unnaturally attracts some attention; we therefore transcribe the entry in the Catalogue which indicates her antecedents:—"Marcello, Fürstin de Cas-

tiglione Colonna, geboren Gräfin d'Affry von Freiburg, in Paris." Russia, as travellers to the North well know, created for herself a school of sculpture which in its ambition was akin to her stilted school of painting. On the present occasion she shows little that is new; the small, sharply articulated bronzes by Baron Peter Clodt, and the grandly conceived figure, also in bronze, of "John the Terrible," we noticed a year ago when exhibited at Kensington. In conclusion, we may point to a marble group of "Cupid and Psyche," inasmuch as the sculptor, M. Runeberg, is a Fin; the northernmost territory yet penetrated by painting and sculpture is Finland, and yet unfortunately the style is here that of Canova; so true is it that in the art of sculpture originality and distinctive nationality are now denied to modern Europe. The survey of the Vienna Exhibition proves that, of all arts, that of sculpture is most servile. The nine hundred works here brought together are, with comparatively few exceptions, not creations, but compilations.

REVIEWS.

PICOT'S HISTORY OF THE STATES-GENERAL.*

(Second Notice.)

WE left the States-General at the time when they had come under the benumbing influence of "the spirit of abdication." They were nevertheless a popular institution which the rival parties of the reign of Louis XI. strove to turn to their own account. At one time the moderate princes called for them in order to embarrass the King; at another, the King, turning the tables upon his adversaries, convoked the States in the hope of obtaining a manifestation of public feeling in his own favour, and of escaping under cover of their authorization from the treaty by which he had bound himself to yield Normandy to his brother. The event proved his sagacity. Between a set of factious and traitorous princes on the one side and the royal authority, which meant national unity, order, and the lowering of the nobles, on the other, the Estates were not likely to hesitate as to their choice, and they gave Louis all their support:—"Louis XI était jeune; on disait sa volonté inébranlable; il n'aimait pas les nobles; c'était le roi qui devait réver le tiers état." But the tiers lived to love Louis as little as did any other class, and to hail his death as a deliverance. The *cahiers de doléances* of the States-General which, on the accession of his son, met at Tours, reveal the miseries of the country:—

Et pour toucher à telles charges que nous pouvons appeller non pas seulement charges importables, mais charges mortelles et pestifères, qui eust jamais pensé ne ymaginer veoir ainsi traicter ce povre peuple, Jedis nommé François? Maintenant le pouvons appeller peuple de pire condition que le serf; car ung serf est nourri, et ce peuple a esté assommé des charges importables, tant gaiges, gabelles, impositions, et tailles excessives.

In many parishes the *taille*, which under Charles VII. had been forty or sixty livres a year, had subsequently risen to a thousand livres. Foreign invasion could hardly have reduced Normandy to a worse state than that to which it had been brought by the burdens which its King laid upon it. Many of the inhabitants had emigrated to Brittany, and even to England; some, driven to despair, had slain their wives and children and themselves; numbers had died of hunger; the survivors, men, women, or children, might be seen, for lack of cattle, harnessed to ploughs, and the greater part of the land lay waste. The conduct of the troops is again the subject of complaints:—

Il fault que le povre laboureur paye et souldeye ceux qui le batent, qui le deslogent de sa maison, qui le font coucher à terre, qui lui ostent sa substance; et les gaiges sont bailliez aux gens d'armes pour les preserver et deffendre et garder leurs biens.

Yet, bad as the government was, the nation was still loyal. On the meeting of the States of Tours, the Chancellor, De Rochefort, in his opening speech, insisted on the fidelity of the French people to its King, as the most striking trait of the national character; and, by way of contrast, pointed to the neighbouring country of England as changing its reigning families, disinheritting its rightful heirs, and marking each accession by a new revolution. M. Picot remarks that the speech would be equally true nowadays if only the names were transposed. It may be noted as an instance of rashly setting down as a national characteristic that which is only the result of special circumstances. Perhaps revolutions, like hot and cold seasons, run in cycles, and the time may come when an orderly and stable France shall look on with complacent pity while we are given up to the young Republicans who so condescendingly assure us that it is not their intention to overthrow the constitution of their country just yet. Another reflection is suggested. After all, to this battle-ground of rival dynasties and factions described by the Chancellor, oppressed Normans had fled from the despotism of Louis XI.; a fresh proof of what we know from other sources—the vastly superior condition of the common people of England to that of the common people of France. English kings and princes might be disinherited, English nobles driven by fortune of war to exile and beggary; but, on the other hand, English peasants were not

drawing ploughs like oxen, or killing themselves to avoid dying of starvation. The French Revolution of 1789 has tended to dry up those ancient springs of English patriotism and self-confidence which arose in great measure from a sense of contrast. An English peasant and a French peasant are now much on a level, if indeed the advantage be not on the side of the foreigner; in the fifteenth century the former was a freeman, while his neighbour across the Channel was treated like a beast of burthen. The insular pride and the insular contempt of foreigners had then solid facts to justify them.

A remarkable feature of this assembly was that in most of the towns the three orders chose their deputies in common, so that the clerks, nobles, and burghers who met at Tours did not exclusively represent their respective Estates. This may to a great extent account for the absence of that class rivalry which came out so strongly in some of the States-General of later times. Another characteristic was the unwonted oratorical power displayed. It was then that Philip Pot, Seigneur de la Roche, for his eloquence called the "bouche de Cicéron," made, in opposition to the theory that during the youth of the King the government devolved of right upon the princes of the blood, that celebrated speech which so boldly asserts the sovereignty of the people—that is, of the nation, for the speaker was careful to explain that he gave the word no narrower meaning. History tells us, says the Burgundian orator, that in the beginning the sovereign people elected its kings, choosing out men who surpassed others in virtue and ability. How do vile flatterers attribute the sovereignty to the prince, who himself only exists by the people? The people has a double claim to direct its own affairs, because it is the master, and because it must always suffer by misgovernment. This is decided language in the mouth of a *gentilhomme* of the fifteenth century, godson and favourite of Duke Philip the Good, Seneschal and at the time of his death governor of his native land of Burgundy. It would appear that he carried out his liberal principles in his government, for M. Picot tells us that "sa douceur et ses talents l'avaient fait adorer de la province." The States employed to small purpose the powers which the Burgundian orator attributed to them. Timid, hesitating, influenced, especially the Parisian deputies, by local ambition and jealousy, they lost the opportunity afforded them of electing part of the royal council, and of thus obtaining control of the government—a want of vigour which excites M. Picot's indignation:—"C'était une conjoncture unique dans l'histoire, et la postérité ne doit pas pardonner aux hommes qui l'ont laissée échapper." They endeavoured, however, to make themselves a power by reasserting their right of voting the taxes, and by demanding biennial convocations of their body. A formal promise was given by the council that they should be called together within two years' time; how it was kept may easily be supposed. After a year had passed the Duke of Orleans—he who became Louis XII.—represented to the Parliament at Paris that the grants made at Tours were being exceeded, and, supported by the Count de Dunois, he insisted upon the necessity of the States being convoked. As no one gave him credit for any but private motives, the only result of this attempt was to frighten those who might otherwise have raised their voices to demand the promised assembly. Louis himself evidently considered the States-General to be among those affairs of the Duke of Orleans which it did not befit the King of France to remember, for he let seven years of his reign pass before he issued any summons. He took, indeed, the best way of preventing any outcry by proving himself a King after the nation's own heart, and carrying into effect the reforms called for at Tours. When he did assemble the deputies, the orator of the States, instead of setting forth their grievances, had the unwonted task of expressing the national gratitude. "Pour ces causes," added the speaker, after recapitulating all the improvements which were owing to the King, "et autres qui seroient trop longues à réciter, il devoit être appelé le roy Louis douzième, père du peuple"; and general acclamations showed that the title then given was no piece of court flattery, but the utterance of genuine feeling. The scene is touching; but yet the reign of this admirable prince serves to show the weakness of the States-General. They never made themselves permanently necessary; it never was impressed upon an enlightened ruler that his first duty was to co-operate with them. Consequently, instead of gaining strength under a good King, they lost it, and when the time came to grapple with a bad one, they had no store of political experience to guide them.

We have dwelt so long upon the earlier States-General that we have small space left for those later assemblies which occupy the greater part of M. Picot's work—the States of Orleans in 1560, in which Michael de l'Hospital pronounced the opening speech; the States of Blois in 1576, where the lay orders so stubbornly refused the subsidies asked for by Henry III.; their successor in 1588, whose deliberations were so rudely startled by the *coup d'état* which deprived the League of its great chief, and placed the leading deputies in the power of the King; or the States of the League, convoked by Mayenne to choose a King for France; or the Assembly of 1614, the last of the ancient States-General. Glancing back over the account of the Orleans assembly, which met just after the death of Francis II., by whom it had been convoked, we may note how well the art of managing elections was understood. The royal edict summoning the States gave the bailiffs plain intimations that they were expected to exert themselves to prevent the return of opponents of the Guises:—

Vous ne sauldrés [says the King] de tenir l'œil ouvert et donner

* *Histoire des États-Généraux considérés au point de vue de leur influence sur le gouvernement de la France de 1355 à 1614.* Par Georges Picot, Juge au Tribunal de la Seine. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie des sciences morales et politiques (premier prix du concours d'histoire). Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1872.

ordre que les esprits malins qui pourroient entre composer des reliques de la rebellion et tumulte d'Amboise, ou d'autres gens studieux de nouveleté et d'alteration d'estat, soient tellement descouverts, et selon la seureté de nos edicts retenus, que par leurs machinations, sous quelques prétextes qui les couvrent, ils ne puissent corrompre ceux qui les peuvent écouter.

Even with such precautions the Cardinal de Tournon reproached the Guises for having convoked the States at such a moment. He himself, he said, and the Constable de Montmorency, had, under King Francis I., done their best to destroy the remembrance of such assemblies, which, as he shrewdly remarked, "avoient toujours en cette coustume à toutes mutations de roy de trouver fort mauvaises les choses passées, en sorte que ceux qui avoient gouverné et manié les affaires avoient beaucoup à souffrir." In a political point of view M. Picot ranks this assembly of 1560 far below that of Tours; but he gives it high praise for its vigorous spirit of reform, and for the bold and practical propositions contained in its *cahiers*. Amongst its characteristics is a zeal for education which might gladden the heart of a School Board. From some of the nobility came a demand for the compulsory education of the poor; while the Third Estate was further anxious that the advantages of learning should be extended to the higher classes. The reasons it gave were not altogether flattering:—"Est à croire que les impressions et torts qu'endurent les gens du tiers état de la noblesse, procèdent spécialement d'ignorance." For which cause His Majesty was supplicated to see that the nobles were trained to arms and instructed in letters, that they might know their duty towards God, the King, and his people, "en quoi ils se trouveront plus capables à faire service audit seigneur et son royaume, plus traitables et raisonnables envers leurs sujets." In short, the *tiers état*, like ourselves nowadays, saw the necessity of educating its masters. We would not insult the British working-man by comparing him with a French aristocrat, but we may be permitted to hope that the Education Act may in the future render him "plus traitable et raisonnable."

At the close of the work M. Picot examines the causes of the failure of the States-General, and apportioning to the King and the three orders their respective shares of blame. The political conduct of the nobles, on whom a large part of the responsibility falls, he contrasts, much to their disadvantage, with that of the nobles of England, omitting however to notice the main point of difference—that the English nobility was not, like the French, a caste. A narrow class spirit could hardly fail to develop itself in an aristocracy constituted as was that of France. In the States of 1614, which were characterized by the marked antagonism among the orders, this spirit came out in full strength. Savaron, one of the most eloquent members of the Third Estate, ventured to intimate that too heavy burdens, joined to the tyranny of the great, might produce revolt. This forecast of the Revolution was resented by the nobles; and another speaker, De Mesmes, whom the *tiers* had sent to carry its complaints, not its excuses, to the nobility, added fuel to flame by comparing the Three Estates to three brothers, of whom the clergy was the eldest, the nobles the second, and the *tiers* the youngest; further observing that sometimes it came to pass that families ruined by the eldest were restored by the cadets. Absurd as it may seem, this assertion of brotherhood was felt as an insult of which the patricians thought it necessary to complain to the King. Their spokesman, De Senecey, asked with pathetic indignation how they could have fallen so low that the vulgar claimed fraternity with them. Enraged aristocrats were heard exclaiming, as they left the audience, that they would not have the children of shoemakers and cobblers call them brethren—there was as much difference between them and the *tiers* as between master and valet. No wonder that, when the youngest brother whose claim to kindred was thus scornfully rejected had at last become lord over his elders, he proved no merciful conqueror.

We cannot undertake here to follow M. Picot throughout the interesting examination both of what the States-General did and of what they failed to do with which he concludes his task. It is to be feared, however, that the result of his labours may be to confirm English readers in the general belief that Frenchmen, with all their noble qualities, have been smitten by the fates with an incapacity for self-government—a view which the learned author deprecates, even while confessing to the ill success of the States-General:—

Il faut laisser également de côté les apologistes enthousiastes des États qui, voyant dans le passé le modèle exact de nos institutions parlementaires, veulent y retrouver jusqu'aux formes des gouvernements modernes, et les détracteurs également passionnés qui prétendent tirer des querelles du passé la preuve de l'impuissance de notre race. Loin de nous ces deux excès: oui, il est incontestable que les États-Généraux n'ont jamais été une institution régulière, dont le rôle dans la monarchie ait été ni fixe ni déterminé. Mais, si ces assemblées ont traversé notre histoire comme de brillants météores, elles ont laissé des traces lumineuses, elles ont donné des impulsions fécondes; ainsi que ces étoiles qui ont guidé dans la nuit les pasteurs de la Judée, elles ont été pendant trois siècles la consolation des faibles et l'espérance des opprimés.

LATIN HYMNOLOGY.*

THE accumulated wealth of English hymnology owes its strength and solidity, if not its very origin, to appropriations from the Latin. Whatever in the former is compact in

* *The Latin Year: a Collection of Hymns for the Seasons of the Church, selected from Medieval and Modern Authors.* Part I.—Lent and Easter. Part II.—Ascension and Whitsunda. London: B. M. Pickering. 1873.

Hymnologia Christiana Latina: a Century of Poems and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, translated into Latin Verse. By the Rev. Richard Bingham, M.A. Oxon. London: Baillière, Tindall, & Cox. 1871.

form, forcible and telling in expression, and calculated to cling to the memory, will mostly be found traceable, directly or indirectly, to the early or mediæval Latin hymnists. Although, till the appearance of Archbishop Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry* in 1849, the mass of even our English clergy were but half alive to the existence of this debt, it is by this time recognized and acknowledged; and not only so, but the debt has been considerably increased by the borrowings of Dr. Neale, and of the compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, both in their original issue and in the now popular Appendix. Moreover, the attention thus called to Latin hymnology has borne fruit, amongst other results, in leading scholars to go themselves to the originals as preserved in the pages of Daniel and Mone, and in encouraging some of them to amuse their leisure with the converse process of reducing the most popular of our English hymns to old Latin shapes and forms. A sample of each fruit is before us in the *Latin Year*, two instalments of which have lately been issued from the classic press of Mr. Basil M. Pickering; and in the *Hymnologia* of Mr. Richard Bingham, a descendant of the author of the *Antiquities of the Christian Church*. The first is a handy and exquisitely got up selection of appropriate Latin hymns, or translations of English hymns into Latin, for the private use of those who find "in the long-neglected sweetness of the rhyming Latin, as in strains of solemn music, a direct source of religious feeling." The second is a wider and less definite attempt to render into Latin metres, classical, early Christian, and mediæval, quantitative, accentuated, and rhyming—in short, Ovidian, Horatian, Prudentian, Buchananian, and monkish—the verses of Doddridge, Watts, Wesley, Hoher, Keld, Montgomery, and a host of other writers of sacred songs. Both volumes have a good aim, and deserve sympathy and interest; but we are mistaken if scholars and Churchmen will not be much more drawn to the former than to the latter, inasmuch as it appeals to them by its simplicity and neatness, and—saving in a number of sore misprints—by the taste and good judgment shown in its editing. Mr. Bingham's work partakes of a subjectiveness which is evidently his ideal in hymnology, but which is distinctly alien from the spirit of the Latin hymns; and this tends to make him select examples of this character for translation, and fall into great diffuseness in converting English into Latin. We doubt whether his versions will, even to scholars, put in an abiding claim to be read in competition with the originals, or indeed whether the good of them will not have been confined for the most part to the pleasant solace and pastime which they have afforded to himself. At the same time it would be unfair to deny that they prove him to be a man of cultivation and taste, with a good store of past research and scholarship to draw upon; though it seems to us that he puts himself in a false position at the outset, when in his introduction he hopes that "young boys or girls" (for it seems he sings "*virginibus puerisque*") may in his versions "have some of the Horatian versification without Horace, and learn much of the Ovidian muse while strangers to Ovid." In the first place, we do not see the reason for such a hope; in the second, we think that the very fact that he confessedly has had to engraft and inlay words, thoughts, and phrases of Christian poets into these substitutes for Ovid and Horace might have suggested a misgiving of the hopefulness of such a task; in the third place, we contend that the rhythms of Prudentius, which Mr. Bingham holds cheap beside the Augustan poets, and even more the rhymes of the patristic and mediæval hymnists, are better adapted to inspire and cherish religious feeling, and to convey the spirit of sacred song. We shall pass first in review some features of the *Latin Year* (confining our notice at present to Part I.), in connexion with its selections from mediæval sources; and then glance at the two Latin reproductions which the editors borrow from modern translators, and which constitute a point of contact with Mr. Bingham's work.

Beginning with Ash Wednesday, the editors offer us a choice between a hymn of somewhat later age, beginning "*Jesu quadrage-narie*," and the famous "*Dies Ire*," commonly attributed to Thomas of Celano, of which the vivid trochaic dimeters have, in the originals and in translations, attained so wonderful a popularity. It is in speaking of this hymn that Daniel, in his *Thesaurus*, mentions the conversion of a King of Bulgaria by the mere sight of a picture of Christ judging the quick and dead, and asks what wonder "*quod noster hymnus cum extremi judicii imaginem tam vere depingat, ut tuis tibi oculis intueri videaris, otiam nunc homines Christianos totus ad se rapiat, et in summam excitet admirationem?*" The same compiler cites the use of this hymn to arouse the conscience and stir up compunction by Goethe in *Faust* and in Kerner's poem of the "*Mad Brothers*." We may perhaps be allowed to regret that, immediately before the last two verses of the hymn, a memorable stanza has been omitted in this version:—

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

For the First Sunday in Lent we have the rhyming hymn attributed diversely to St. Bernard of Clairvaux, Jacobus de Benedictus, and Walter Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford, but shown by Daniel to be certainly not the work of the first-named:—

Car mundus militat sub vanâ gloria? &c., &c.

In Daniel's copy two stanzas follow the second of those which appear in the text before us, enhancing the "*contemptus mundi*," which is the burden of this hymn, by the inquiry what the characteristic attributes of the representative men of ancient sacred, and profane history have profited them in death? These,

though graphic enough, are perhaps judiciously left out in a volume intended for the closet and for devotion. The burden of them is something like this:—

Say where is the wisest of kings and of men?
Or Samson, whose prowess no age saw again?
Where Absalom's fair face, so rich in its charms,
Or Jonathan's sweetness? Death each one disarms.
Why look we for Caesar with glory erect?
Or Dives, the glutton, in fine robes bedecked?
The sweet voice of Tully, which ruled men of yore?
The master of Reason, why leads he no more?

For the Third Sunday in Lent is given a very remarkable Latin hymn in rhyming eights and sevens, beginning "Iluc ad jugum Calvario." It attracted the critical eye of Dr. Neale, and so has been made available for English readers by his translating hand (see *Mediæv. Hymns*, pp. 220-2, Neale). We should like to quote from both Latin and English, but must give a preference to a hymn of the same character and date, the first for Holy Week in this collection, which begins "Exite filiæ Syon," pp. 22-4. This, too, has been translated by Dr. Neale, and two stanzas of it are noteworthy, the one for the mediæval conceit that underlies it, the other for an example of how readers may be perplexed by careless printing. Let us first cite stanza 3, with Neale's English:—

Ejus corona splendet,
Sed est contexta rubo,
Et gemmæ, quot intermicant,
Nascuntur mari rubro.
Scintillant sicut facule,
Nam sunt cruoris macule.

It glitters fair, his diadem,
But thorns are there entwining:
And from the Red Sea comes each gem
That in its wreath is shining.
Their radiance glows like stars at night:
With precious blood-drops are they bright.

NEALE, *Med. H.* p. 218.

And now for the fifth stanza, which shall be given as it stands in p. 73 of the *Latin Year*:—

Festiva regis purpura
Quam radis manus finxit,
Calonis est lanercula:
Non cocti vermis tinxit:
Qui dixit Ego vermissum
Cruore tinxit coctinum.

By the light of language it is easy to see this is not all right; but by such light alone it would be guesswork to propose emendations. Fortunately Daniel's text gives us for *lanercula* the diminutive "*lacernula*," and for *vermissum* "*vermis sum*," an allusion to a well-known psalm. Dr. Neale's version affirms the corrected text:—

The festive purple of the Lord
Is here no garment stately;
A vest by very slaves abhorred,
The worm hath tinged it lately.
"I am a worm," of old said He!
And what its toils have tinged ye see!

For another day in Holy Week we have that noble hymn of St. Thomas Aquinas beginning "Pange, lingua, gloriosi corporis mysterium," which is adequately represented in English by the Compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* (No. 203), and by Dr. Neale, *M. H.* 178-80. For the Fourth Sunday in Lent we have the hymn "Jerusalem Luminosa," akin in tone to the famous "Urbs beata Hierusalem" of the seventh and eighth centuries, with which we are all more familiar. For Good Friday there is a choice between "Patria sapientia," a devotional office for the different hours of the Crucifixion, of the date of the twelfth century; "Salve mundi salutare" (36-9), a part of which is to be found in St. Bernard's "Oratio Rhythmica"; and another touching hymn, preserved by Mone, which commences "Plange Syon filia." Easter Day has its appropriate choice in the octosyllabic couplets beginning "Surrexit Christus hodie," rendered by Neale (p. 166), and a fourteenth-century hymn of French origin, beginning "Cedant just signa luctu." Nothing could be better than both; but it is a pity that in the second verse of the fifth strophe of the former—

Album videntes angelum
Annunciant gaudium. Allelula—

there is a gross misprint. On referring to Daniel we find that one reading, and that of most copies, is *annunciant gaudium*, for which in his fourth volume he suggests reading *annunciantem*. The editors of the *Latin Year* have printed an impossible compromise between one and the other. Neale translates rightly

An angel clad in white appears
To bring glad tidings to their ears.

To show how much depends on accurate printing, we may point to the last line but one of the hymn "Cedant just signa luctu" which follows the last mentioned. Here the mere division of a compound word into the preposition and noun of which it is made up creates utter nonsense, as will be seen when we say that the singers of the hymn, instead of invoking the Saints, "Nobis adjumentum esto," are made to bid them "nobis ad jumentum esto," which must surely mean that they should convert themselves into horses or asses (see p. 50). We have reserved for mention till this point the hymns for the Fifth Sunday in Lent and for Easter Eve, because the first is a modern version of Dr. Watts's "When I survey the Wondrous Cross," and the other Mr. Gladstone's rendering of Toplady's "Rock of Ages." In the case of both we can compare two alternative versions. From the first we select a

verse (No. 3) of quite Latin compactness, so to speak; and one which seems to invite the same excellence in translation:—

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

For this we may choose between the rhyming eight syllables of the *Latin Year*, the Asclepiadean and Glyconic metre (used in the Sixth Ode of Horace, Book 1, and in some cases by Prudentius), which has been applied to this hymn by the Rev. C. B. Pearson, author of a scholarly volume of hymn translations in 1862, and lastly Mr. Bingham's version, we should rather term it paraphrase, in rhyming eights and sevens. The race is between the first and second, as will be agreed by those who read the competitors in order:—

En de manu, pede, fronta,
Amor dolor manant fronte.
O amoris dolor finis!
O corona pulchra spinis!—L.Y.

Sacras ecce manus, et caput, et pedes,
Aspergunt Domini vulnera sanguine;
Nunquam tot miseras novit amor vices,
Tot spinas diademata.—P.

En ut de sacris manibus
De capite, de pedibus
Mæror et amor exeunt!
Quando fuit talis mæror,
Atque una tantus amor
Quæ Crucifixio deluunt?

Tibi nam corona qualis
E spinis fit? ut nulla talis
Argentea vel aurea!
Nulla hominum corona,
Nullæ gemmæ, regis dona,
Ut tua, Christe, laurea.—B. p. 172.

While the first of these realizes the mediæval rhyme and manner to a nicety, the second goes back a stage or two towards the classical ideal, whereas the third is overwrought to prolixity, which we are constrained to say is the fault of many of Mr. Bingham's versions. It pervades his version of the Old Christmas Hymn "When shepherds watched, &c.," the first verse of which is spun out into nine lines of rhyming Latin, though among the necessary importations into the translation there is one which must be noticed on its own account. We need not quote the English stanza, but will our readers consider particularly the italicized words in the Latin which follows?—

Oves dum custodientes
Omnes humi consistentes
Pastores noctu vigilant,
Dei angelus in celo
Apparet, absente velo,
Et flammæ lucis emicant.

Will some one help us to the meaning of "absente velo," which is clearly superfluous? Did the angel come down "without sails," a negative way of expressing "remigio alarum" "on oary pinions"; or does it mean that he was "undraped"? We are not responsible for the grotesque ideas which such freaks of translation provoke.

Both Mr. Bingham and the Rev. C. Ingham Black contest with Mr. Gladstone the palm of a successful rendering of "Rock of Ages" into Latin. But here, too, a comparison of the different renderings of four lines of the first stanza will establish the Premier's victory over the worthy rival whose version we owe to Mr. L. Coutier Bigg's *Annotated Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, as well as over the discursive translator who spins them out into six diffuse elegiacs:—

Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side that flowed
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath and make me pure!

Tu per lympham profluentem,
Tu per sanguinem tepentem,
In peccata mi redunda,
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.—G.

Lympham, sanguinem sacratum
Fudit Latus perforatum.
Huc dent binas medicinas,
Cor eluant, frangant minas.—B.

The short third syllable in the last line offends the ear, although we know that quantity is here a secondary matter. But let us see Mr. Bingham's elegiacs, and give him the benefit of the variant last line, "Cleanse me from its guilt and power":—

Da veniam, laterisque Tui qui vulnere flassi
Sanguis abundavit, lymphæque pura simul,
Et sonti et misero duplici medicamine prosit,
Peccati percant culpaque visque mei
Te purgante meum cor crimine, dulcis Iesu,
Te parente mihi, Te renovante tuum.

Here in fact we have what, in his preface—contrasting unfavourably the patristic and mediæval hymns with the unction and spiritual joy of our Evangelical poetry since the Reformation—Mr. Bingham would call "the freer atmosphere of the subjective system," in its natural fruits—to wit, a surplussage of words, which in sacred song or prayers is better avoided. There is far too much of it here, and the charm which invests sacred Latin song in its best models is frittered away in vain repetitions. Were it possible to go more into detail, we could show that Mr. Bingham's Latin expressions in classical translations are not infrequently such as neither Horace, nor Ovid, nor Prudentius, would have used, and we can scarcely acquit him of presumption in turning "Jerusalem the

Golden" into hexameters and penthemimers, so as to provoke comparison with St. Bernard of Morlaix, from whom it is translated in the first instance. One has heard of the Welsh parson who turned Tillotson's Sermons into Welsh for his Welsh congregation, and back into English for his English hearers, with such disguising in the process that the latter never guessed the piracy. The best part of Mr. Bingham's book is his preface on metres. For the rest it will perhaps have achieved its best end in affording him a pleasant mental recreation. The *Latin Year* is a book of far more interest and usefulness, and may be expected to find a place in the library of every lover of Latin hymnology.

META HOLDENIS.*

M. VICTOR CHERBULIEZ is one of the ablest of recent French novelists. His stories, indeed, are of varying degrees of merit, and it must be admitted that they have one fault not common amongst his countrymen. They hardly show that singular felicity of construction in which most Frenchmen so hopelessly distance their clumsy English competitors. M. Cherbuliez does not always tell his stories well; the action is frequently slow, and he is apt to describe his characters from the outside instead of making them living and moving realities, capable of explaining themselves. Moreover he frequently has recourse to rather awkward devices in order to bring his personages into the desired situation. For example, we could cite from nearly all his novels instances of the clumsy expedient by which one of the actors is placed in a closet or behind a door and overhears an important conversation. On the stage this old-fashioned device may be pardonable, owing to the necessary limitations of dramatic composition. But in a novel, with its unlimited freedom of arrangement, we expect the author to be capable of betraying the intentions of one performer to another without forcing them into a situation which occurs so rarely in real life. These faults may probably be explained by saying that M. Cherbuliez is rather a novelist of malice prepense than a novelist by nature. He has made up his mind, and doubtless for sufficient reasons, to use this form of art; he has not adopted it from the spontaneous impulse of the genuine storyteller. His contributions to other forms of literature show sufficiently that he is a man of widely cultivated mind, as well as of great powers of thought and language. When, therefore, he writes as a novelist we are always more or less sensible of the effort of a writer who has adopted a channel of utterance not quite the most natural to himself. But, in compensation, we are also sensible of the rare pleasure of listening to a man who is not a mere novelist, but a reasoning and reflecting animal. Some of his novels, though spiced by horrors rather too strong to be agreeable, are very striking performances. The *Aventure de Ladislav Bolaki*, for example, is a vigorous portrait of an impetuous Polish patriot, who is almost as impulsive and as feeble of will as Rousseau himself, and who falls a victim to the fascinations of a Russian charmer. The catastrophe verges upon the melodramatic; but the force with which the situation is worked out is very remarkable. In the *Revanche de Joseph Noirel* again, another tragedy, perhaps too painful for art and apparently founded upon real life, is contrasted by a singularly vigorous description of the trivialities of middle-class life in Geneva and a striking portrait of the genuine working-man with his cleverness, his conceit, his impulsive generosity, and his underlying selfishness.

Meta Holdenis, the author's most recent production, is free from the darker shades of these stories, which, we confess, are to our taste, rather too dark. It is not less conspicuous for satirical power; and the story—though here, too, we have the inevitable closet scene—is ingeniously devised and told with abundant spirit. It is, in fact, to our mind the most genuine novel which M. Cherbuliez has yet produced; and the reason is probably that it is written under the impulse of strong feeling. No moral, indeed, is explicitly drawn; but the general design is transparent, and probably contributes, as well as the intrinsic merit of the book, to the success which it has gained in France. M. Cherbuliez is one of the few writers in French (he is by birth a Genevese) who really know something of Germany; as he showed in the remarkable study of German politics which startled France just before the war, and in two excellent essays upon Lessing and Strauss as representatives of different phases of German thought. His knowledge, however, has not been productive of love. M. Cherbuliez evidently shares the patriotic sentiment of the country whose language he writes; and French patriotism just now implies a view of the German character which Englishmen are less likely to share than to understand. Now *Meta Holdenis*, the heroine of the present volume, is a typical German, as Germans appear at this time in France. M. Cherbuliez's portrait has evidently been executed with thorough enjoyment. That it is a fair portrait of actual German tendencies we do not of course undertake to say; indeed it is our private opinion that it would be a gross libel upon the German people to make any such statement; but luckily that question is perfectly irrelevant to the merits of the novel. Nor does M. Cherbuliez say explicitly—though we venture to suppose that his readers will add for themselves—that such ladies as *Meta Holdenis* are at all common amongst the Germans. In one sense, indeed, they are uncommon everywhere; for *Miss Holdenis* is what the police reports describe as a young lady of

unusual personal attractions. She has the power of exercising a strange fascination upon every one with whom she comes into contact; and, if not regularly beautiful at first sight, she makes up for any defects by intellectual endowments of a very high order. As an adventuress in the position of a governess, *Meta Holdenis* reminds us in some respects of *Becky Sharpe*; but to improve the parallel we must imagine *Miss Sharpe* to have been brought up at the feet, not of a disreputable old Bohemian, but of a kind of commercial *Pecksniff*. She has learnt to talk a sanctimonious dialect instead of indulging in *Becky's* scornful frankness; and, had she been placed in the appropriate position of life, could have written proclamations avowing her thankfulness to Providence whilst calmly appropriating her neighbour's provinces. *Tony Flamerin*, the imaginary author of the book, first makes her acquaintance at her father's house, where, like *Charlotte* in the *Sorrows of Werther*, she is cutting up bread and butter for her little brothers and sisters. "You keep nothing for yourself!" says her father with unctuous affection; and to her adorable reply he answers emphatically, "Allesliebst!" This excellent father afterwards reads prayers from a folio Bible, and improvises a sermon from a text in the Apocalypse. *Tony Flamerin* is greatly impressed by this patriarchal simplicity, and is seized with a passion for the young lady. The father presently borrows from him, purely for his own good, a sum of ten thousand francs, which happens to be his whole available capital. As the venerable person becomes a bankrupt a day or two afterwards, paying the smallest of dividends to his creditors, *Flamerin's* eyes are pretty decidedly opened to his character; and, another incident happening to unveil *Miss Holdenis's* true designs, he very judiciously beats a hasty retreat.

This little history is merely a prelude to the more important theme. *Meta* is next revealed to us as governess in a family with which her old friend *Flamerin* is intimate. Her position is slightly awkward for so straitlaced a person. *M. de Mauserre*, the gentleman in whose house she is staying, is a retired diplomatist of distinction. He is still in the prime of life, and capable, as he thinks, of taking part with credit in the great game of politics. Unluckily, the lady with whom he lives, and to whose daughter *Meta* is governess, is not his wife, and the scandal given by this connexion is the reason for his retirement from public life. He has indeed, we are told, every excuse which such conduct can admit. The husband of his mistress is a brute who has given every possible cause of complaint to his wife, and who refuses to agree to a divorce simply out of spite. *Meta*, who has come into the family without knowing its history, consents to remain because, as she says, she has become so profoundly attached to her youthful charge. Gradually, however, symptoms appear which cause great anxiety to the little circle of friends. *Meta*, who has begun by charming everybody, gradually begins to exercise a special fascination over *M. de Mauserre*. She always professes the most admirable religious principles; and it appears to lookers-on that she is about to adopt on the highest possible grounds a line of conduct which has more obvious recommendations to the worldly. Suppose, in fact, that *Meta* were to marry *M. de Mauserre*, she would be breaking off an unhallowed connexion, and restoring a man of eminent ability to his due position in the world. At the same time, of course, she would be making an excellent match; and naturally *M. de Mauserre's* relations do not admire this attempt to reconcile the worship of God and Mammon. People will often take widely different views of the same transaction, and it is possible to convert the story of *Meta* and *M. de Mauserre* into an allegory representative of a game played out on a larger scale. In fact, she may stand for the King of Prussia before the war, desiring from the most purely patriotic motives to induce the provinces now annexed to the Empire to desert their unhallowed connexion with France. Whether the analogy was present to the mind of *M. Cherbuliez* is more than we can say; but *Meta* certainly represents the ambition covered by a veil of hypocrisy which is sometimes held to be characteristic of the national politics. The satire may be animated by this antipathy, but the novel is not perverted by any allegorical design. *M. Cherbuliez* throws himself into the situation, and works out the character and the designs of *Meta Holdenis* with admirable spirit. The quiet young German, in spite of her home education, is quite shrewd enough to make a fool of the worldly-wise diplomat. It is not the first time in history that an experienced man of the world has been effectually hoodwinked by a beautiful and designing young woman, and *M. Flamerin* would have ample materials for the book which he proposes to write *De la bêtise des hommes d'esprit*. The description of a designing young woman is by no means an easy task; and many writers of no mean skill have fallen into the error of charging their colours too highly. *M. Cherbuliez*, therefore, deserves great credit for the skill with which he represents *Meta*, as not only deceiving herself into a belief in her own virtues, but as exercising a considerable fascination even upon those who have seen through her artifices. We sympathize with *Tony Flamerin*, who cannot help being a little in love with her at the very time when he is trying to counterwork her plots; and we have a kind of suspicion that, if the fates had been kinder, she might have made a very excellent heroine after all, or, at least, have never been found out by herself or others. If *Becky Sharpe* had married a man with brains, we have sometimes reflected, she might have really led an honourable and distinguished life; and if *Meta* had consented to take the distinguished painter, *M. Tony Flamerin*, instead of being tempted by the wealth and position of *M. de Mauserre*, she might, for anything we see to the contrary, have been a model wife. However, that

* *Meta Holdenis*. Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris: Hachette & Co. 1873.

could not be in the interests of the novel, and accordingly a different catastrophe is reached, the nature of which we need not reveal. If our readers like to study a very excellent specimen of the modern French novel, they will find it out for themselves. Meanwhile we shall be content to say that, putting aside the national reflection, *Mata Hoddense* is a story of great intrinsic merit; and, if M. Ochorulicz has not succeeded in adding an entirely new variety to the great family of Pecksniffs and Tartuffes, he has certainly described his heroine with so much vivacity as to make her stand out in our memory far above the ordinary run of stock characters in fictitious literature.

SCHERFF'S PEACE TRAINING OF ARMIES.*

THE second part of Major Scherff's work, which appeared in Colonel Graham's English version almost as soon as in the German, presents, as our heading shows, a far wider subject than the first which we recently reviewed. Here again, indeed, the author applies himself almost wholly to the improvement of the one arm which gives the title to his book. But it is hardly possible to treat of the peace training of infantry without indirectly raising questions which concern the other branches of the service. And, without attempting to deal with these either dogmatically or with any completeness, Major Scherff contrives to let his opinions be known tolerably plainly. On cavalry at any rate he expresses, though gently, his deliberate view that the desire which has recently arisen among German officers of that arm for gathering and practising great masses of horse together—a desire which has evidently led to the exercises of two complete divisions just about to meet under Prince Frederick Charles in the Duchy of Anhalt—though a natural reaction from the marked tendency of the war, after the first few actions, to scatter them into mere fractions, is founded on no sound military principle. Cavalry is digging its own grave, he says, in hoping to recover that influence in battle of which the rapidity and accuracy of the breech-loader has robbed it, by taking advantage of the new looseness of formation; for the notion that it can ever again be able to break into the enemy's infantry, however apparently scattered, with the sweeping effect of days gone by, is but a dream. We agree most fully with the author in this, and have purposely gone out of our way to put his opinion on this point before our readers, because plain speaking on this head is at least as much needed with us as in Germany, since in England, as well as there, the arm which is favoured of the aristocracy is apt to be allowed its own way more than is wise. But we must pass now to the main subject of the work.

Those who imagine—and we fancy that a majority of readers are on that side—that the tactical performances of the German infantry in the war left so little to be desired that further improvement can but be the dream of a military enthusiast, should read carefully, as a sort of preface to that which follows, what is said by this trained and practical eyewitness of the result of insufficient peace practice as displayed in the first actions of the late war. We follow nearly Colonel Graham's version:—

We saw our infantry often rushing headlong to the charge without giving our artillery sufficient time or opportunity to prepare the way. Great bodies of troops trickled away into action before completing their march into line of battle. Detachments standing or fighting side by side made their attacks independently of one another, instead of in combination. Comparatively weak bodies—advanced guards, for instance—assumed an extension of front far more than commensurate with their strength. Separate battalions, companies, even at last subdivisions, breaking away here and there from their parent stem and seeking each its own way, doubled in, attacked, made turning movements, pursued "each on its own hook," until utterly breathless, and with all their ammunition expended, they found themselves at opposite sides of the battle-field.

The very fact, Major Scherff adds, that faults of this sort were less frequent as the war went on, and as the infantry acquired on the battle-field the methodized manner of action in which it was at first deficient, is the strongest reason for insisting that such improvement should not be left to be made in war. Nor will the experience gained in the late struggle suffice, in his view, to keep the army fully up to the mark of supreme excellence. Personal experiences are (here he instances rather sharply a loose passage of the *Tactical Retrospect*, often criticized before) but an unsafe guide for good general training and the avoiding of erroneous doctrine. The only way to be sure in such a matter is to have for your peace practice precepts founded on the wants of war. *Battle, as it is now*, should be the chief object of the training of troops in time of peace.

This discussion brings our author naturally to the reform which he proposes. And this concerns no minor points of organization or drill. It can hardly be said to be even technical. It rests for its support mainly on the proper conditions of that which the writer has treated so elaborately in his first part—the handling of troops under actual fire in the determined attack or defence which forms the crisis of a decisive action. To prepare infantry for this tremendous effort, to train them so that the whole exertions of each individual shall be used to the proper end, and that consequently the combined power of the mass shall be employed to the greatest possible advantage—this is no trifling task to be thrown incidentally into the midst of other labours. It must be worked out individually, in the company and in the battalion; it must be

practised on varied ground and under different circumstances; and every man must be brought up to a certain standard of excellence, if it is intended that no chance of success should be thrown away when the real tug of war comes.

Now, to do this thoroughly, Major Scherff goes on to argue, is quite as much as can be expected to be done with an average recruit in the time allowed—that is, of course, within the short term of service originally adopted in Prussia, but which is becoming the rule all over the Continent. For, in order to prepare your fighting machine properly, he proceeds to point out, the very least requisites are that the individual soldier must gain three advantages. He must be brought into perfect discipline, not forgetting that gymnastic training which is to give him full command of his own limbs. He must be thoroughly familiar with the use of his weapon, including that of the bayonet, which, for its moral effect at least, continues to be very formidable. And he must know how to take advantage of the ground on which he is placed; not indeed by that sort of taking cover which was taught to the skirmisher, strictly so called, of the past generation, but that proper for the "extended order" of masses of men who use the ground without ever allowing its formation to interfere with the object in view. In not recognizing this difference, he it observed, lay the one great error which led to the ill-directed tactics before described. But the three qualities thus enumerated are in their nature essentially those of the individual. They by no means complete the education of the soldier, who is after all but a part of a machine, mobile and loosely put together though that machine may have become in the process of change which the art of war has lately witnessed. As such part, the soldier must give his aid in the perfection of the machine itself in its essentials, and these essentials again may be summed up as three. Bodies of soldiers must have the power of moving in good order, of readily exchanging one order for another, and of preserving "fire-discipline," or disciplined conduct under fire. That instinctive discipline for which the old Prussian army was famed is here spoken of as the last condition—a discipline which, dating from the days of Frederick, has insisted on the essentials of order being preserved even when the excitement of combat tends to take off the mechanical pressure of command. As the author formulates this demand:—

The one and only actual method of fighting, with all its requirements, many of which are still so new or at least unfamiliar to us, even those of a purely formal character, as different movements and modes of firing (when closing to the attack), must be made a second nature. Who [he adds] will fail to comprehend that here is the field in which we can and must spend a great part of the time which may be spared from other work?

If to this training he added a general acquaintance with ordinary outpost duty of the most simple character, infantry will be produced equal to every call which may be made on them in the course of the greater operations of war. Everything beyond, however desirable, is not strictly necessary, and hence it should not be looked on as such for the great mass of the men of the Line. A class of picked men only, selected from each year's contingent at the close of the year's training and after their first set of autumn manoeuvres, for quickness, intelligence, and zeal in their professional duties, should be trained in every company to the higher and special duties of field service, as patrols, and other parts of what are known as "the minor operations of war," as leaders of other skirmishers, and as ready assistants to the engineer when his services are called into action. The details necessary for these objects Major Scherff declares to be beyond the scope of his work. What he desires to do, as his translator expresses it, is "to knock on the head the idealistic principle of universal perfection," and especially to substitute for the elaborate *Felddienübung*, or Field Service Practice, to which attention had been so constantly directed before the war, a thorough training in the actual exigencies of the "decisive action," as distinguished from the less important and comparatively rare minor affairs which he calls in his first part the "temporizing" or "demonstrative" combat. It has been the effect of past training, given almost wholly to the latter, to confound the idea of battle with that of the field exercise magnified; whereas the new extended order in which bodies of troops enter into decisive action is really, he pointedly declares, a totally different thing from the use of skirmishers extended widely after the old fashion for merely demonstrative purposes. The confusion between the two led to the mistakes before complained of, and "at the decisive moment the really needful was wanting, in spite of individual perfection."

Now we are far from saying that, supposing Major Scherff to be right, and the present training of the German army to be as much in need of reform as he considers it, therefore the same remarks would apply absolutely to our own. Unhappily the comparison can hardly be made at all with fairness; for our present system of recruiting, which consists in buying at an inadequate price the very lowest class of unskilled labour in its raw youth, and attempting to retain it under the pressure of a Mutiny Act, and to lick it into shape by stringent discipline, can give us but very little of that stratum of superior intelligence which is found largely in the German army, in the sons of the lower middle classes and well-to-do peasantry, who cannot afford the genteel service of the *Einjähriger*, and so are compelled to do the regular term of three years' duty in the ranks. But this is all the stronger reason why we should avoid the error against which Major Scherff is warning his countrymen, of attempting too much with the ordinary recruit. The fancies of War Office soldiers who never leave their desks and know nothing of the human material they legislate for, and, still

* *Studien zur neuen Infanterie-Taktik*. II^{ter} Theil. (Studies in the New Tactics of Infantry, by Major von Scherff, of the Prussian General Staff. Translated by Colonel L. Graham. London: Henry S. King & Co.)

more, of those members of Parliament who dabble in military matters for want of some other speciality, have of late had a pernicious influence among ourselves in this direction. We teach our young soldiers their drill, as is of course necessary. We send them to school to pick up "the three Rs"; and few will dispute the propriety of this recent addition to their military education. But when, in addition to this, and to an individual training with their weapon in a course of musketry which is nowhere surpassed, we superadd attempts to make of each man an artisan, a field engineer, and, as some would have him, a gunner; when we organize in each of our small battalions a corps of baggage-drivers, of shoemakers, tailors, farriers, telegraphers, and signallers, we are running with the best possible intentions into a double error, fatal to the efficiency of the mass. Some of the teaching that is given will certainly fall utterly wide of its purpose; and, what is more serious, the real training of the bulk of the men as good infantry soldiers is sure to suffer. We are attempting, in fact, to go much further than the Germans with a less pliable material, and the result will only be that the military Jack-of-all-trades, which the poor recruit is to become, if War Office Circulars as to his supposed qualifications are strictly carried out, will inevitably fail to be master of that single craft on his dexterity in which the nation is to rely when her need for soldiers comes. It seems hard, no doubt, to say this in the face of efforts which are really well meant; but every thoughtful soldier among us who has practical knowledge of what is being attempted in this direction is aware that, as Major Scherff's own words put it, the quantity of matter taught to the average soldier is of less importance to his country than its thoroughly good quality, and that we have been forgetting the latter in striving to increase the former.

We could have wished to devote a little space to those chapters on the higher training of officers, and on the extended use and proper form of peace manoeuvres, with which the work closes. They are hardly less striking than that part of the book which we have now noticed, and they have a special interest for us just now, when the questions treated of are coming up among ourselves. Even those who may not agree with the gallant author elsewhere will admit that in his closing chapter on those autumn exercises which we are busily imitating there is not a word thrown away. Even on so commonplace a point as that of the march past his remarks are a model of good sense and sound reasoning, and are so *à propos* just now that we must quote them as a most fitting conclusion. However few working days the manoeuvres allow, he says:—

One should be set apart for the parade of the whole force. Such military displays on a large scale impart, both to the corps and the individual, to a greater extent than is generally supposed, the feeling of holding together, the consciousness of strength, the certainty expressed in the words "there are a great lot of us." They also tell well on the great public, which rarely but on such occasions has an opportunity of raising its spirits by the visible spectacle of the national power. And it is often only by means of these parades that the different arms make each other's acquaintance outwardly, and come to know of one another what is the size of a cavalry regiment, an infantry battalion, and so on; for the private rarely sees these bodies together except on such occasions.

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF THE LAKE COUNTRY.*

IT is rather difficult to speak justly of a book which has failed in its primary, but succeeded in its secondary, intention; which gives, for instance, a dull theme but a lively exegesis; where the original matter is worthless and the extracted matter of value. It is not to be condemned, but neither can it be praised. It is something like the feat of that nursery hero who "shot at a pigeon and killed a crow"; or the winning of a game through a lucky fluke not in the calculations. The good which was aimed at is missed, and that which is hit was not aimed at. *Lays and Legends of the English Lake Country* is this kind of book. The lays which form the ostensible substance and purpose of the work are as poor as anything we have ever read of the nature of rhyme; but the notes giving in prose the stories and legends on which these starveling poems are founded are, as the title-page says, "copious." To be sure they are all well known, and no new light is thrown on doubtful passages; but there is something in the life of a popular legend which bears a great deal of transmission, and no one who loves the old tales at all tires of reading them afresh.

But we must add that Mr. White has taken extraordinary liberties with some of his "roots"; and has produced poetic fruits of an unwarrantable kind. Witness "The Raven on Kernal Crag," where he has transformed a pretty little bit of natural history into the description of a raven not so weird as Poe's, and just as improbable. Because a pair of ravens annually built their nest on Kernal Crag (Conistoun Old Man), and, though their young were frequently destroyed by the shepherds, always returned to the same spot; because, when one of the parent birds was killed in the brooding season, the survivor got a new mate without loss of time; and because once, when both parent birds were killed, leaving a nestful of unfledged young, a couple of strange ravens came out of the sky, and attended to the nestlings till they could forage for themselves, Mr. White has imagined a raven of the prehistoric and volcanic times, who witnesses the worship of Bel and the arrival of the Romans, hears the hammer of Thor and "sees King Dunnal's hosts" go up the hill, watches the knights and

ladies of chivalry, and is now still sitting on Kernal Rock "counting the lambs in a mountain flock." He seems to be a feathered and stationary brother of the Wandering Jew, if we are to believe his biographer:—

That Raven will sit upon Kernal Rock
Till the mountains red in the world's last shock.
Till the new things come to end like old,
He will roll his eye, and his wings unfold,
And settle again; and his solemn brow
Draw close to his shoulders, and muse as now.

In his notes to "The Luck of Edenhall" Mr. White gives a word on the great centenarian question. In speaking of the old oak on Wragmire Moss, known as "the last tree of Ingleswood Forest," which fell in 1823 of sheer old age—as it was said to be between seven hundred and eight hundred years old, the cause of its fall was not to be wondered at—he says:

On the same day on which this tree fell, Mr. Robert Bowman, who was born at Ilkington, in 1705, died at Irthington, at the extraordinary age of 117 years and 8 months, retaining his faculties till about three months before his death. He lived very abstemiously, was never intoxicated but once in his life, and at the age of 111 used occasionally to assist his family at their harvest work. The last forty years of his life were spent at Irthington, and in his 109th year he walked to and from Carlisle, being 14 miles in one day.

Then he goes on to give the story of a local Old Parr, which we confess we receive with the customary grain; we should prefer a rigid investigation of registers, and a considerable allowance made for possible errors, to an acceptance pure and simple of this marvel of longevity:—

The most remarkable instance of longevity in a native of Cumberland is that of John Taylor, born at Garragill in the parish of Aldston moor. He went underground to work in the lead mines at eleven years of age. He was fourteen or fifteen at the time of the great solar eclipse, called in the North *nick Monday*, which happened 29th of March 1652. From that time till 1752, except for two years, during which he was employed in the mint at Edinburgh, he wrought in the mines at Aldston, at Blackhall in the Bishoprick of Durham, and in various parts of Scotland. His death happened some time in the year 1772, in the neighbourhood of Moffat, near the Leadhills mines, in which he had been employed several years. He worked in the mines till he was about 115. At the time of his decease he must have been 135 years of age.

"The Rev. George Braithwaite, who died curate of St. Mary's, Carlisle, in 1753, at the age of 110," is quite a juvenile by the side of these venerable Methuselahs; but we doubt whether Mr. Thom would accept even the Rev. George with as much complacent faith as Mr. White has shown; and whether he would not rather prove that mistake, vanity, and falsehood, all three united, had something to do with the figures, and that the curate of St. Mary's, Carlisle, was not so very far in advance of his fellow-men when the core of fact was reached, divested of its envelope of tradition. The people of the North countries are notoriously long-lived—those at least who are not touched by consumption, scrofula, and rheumatism, which are the deadly scourges of the dales. Given clean blood, and we get remarkable strength of frame and length of days; but we question the list in Lyson's *Magna Britannia*, which gives "144 individuals ranging from 100 to 113 years of age," within a period of 150 years, even though it does give the "date, name, parish, and age of each individual." Those who know how country parish registers were kept in olden times would not pin much faith to even a written record. The clergy of these remote places were men in nowise superior to the peasants they taught, and from whom they sprang. All the Northern men were educated up to a certain point, and not many beyond that certain, or uncertain, point. Grammar schools abound; and up to quite late years the local gentry used to send their sons to these schools, where also the dalesmen and the cotters sent theirs. If, however, the result on the one side was an innkeeper like John Curison of the Plough Inn, Ulpha, who would make out his bill in ~~English~~ Greek, and Latin, on the other it was a race of clergy who thought and drank and swore and raked with the best of them, if it happened that their inclinations led that way; and who, even when of a more respectable private life, were not famed for accuracy in their duties, their "Hoot, mon, niver fash theeself for sic muck" being a ready answer to all remonstrances or inquiry. The notes on "The Church among the Mountains" give several curious examples of the conditions, salaries, and lives of the clergy of the smaller cures. And from material facts we may reasonably infer intellectual ones. Where the life was so rough, there would not be much respect for things in general. Old parish registers mouse-gnawed and moth-eaten, blotted and mildewed, here a leaf torn out and there a date forgotten, are among our own early recollections; and what was to be found in an important parish is even more surely true of the smaller districts.

There is another human marvel reported in the notes to "Gunilda," "a lady of the Lucy family," at Egremont, who was devoured by a wolf. This is the description of the skeleton of a giant which was found at St. Bees, in 1601; but Mr. White does not say where the bones are now, nor can our own local knowledge supply the deficiency. We should like, however, Professor Owen to have a turn at them before we labelled them "correct" according to the inventory:—

"A true report of Hugh Hodson, of Thorneway, in Cumberland, to Sir Rob. Cewell (q.v. Sewell) of a giant found at St. Bees, in Cumberland, 1601, before X^{mas}.

"The said Giant was buried 4 yards deep in the ground, and is now a corn field.

"He was 4 yards and an half long, and was in complete armour: his sword and battle-axe lying by him.

"His sword was two spans broad and more than a yards long.

* *Lays and Legends of the English Lake Country*. With copious Notes By John Pagen White, F.R.C.S. London: J. E. Smith. Carlisle: G. & T. Coward. 1873.

"The head of his battle axe a yard long, and the shaft of it all of iron, as thick as a man's thigh, and more than 2 yards long.

"His teeth were 6 inches long, and 2 inches broad; his forehead was more than 2 spans and a half broad.

"His chine bone could contain 3 pecks of oatmeal.

"His armour, sword, and battle-axe, are at Mr. Sand's of Redington, (Rottington) and at Mr. Wyber's at St. Neos."—Machel MSS. Vol. vi.

Many of the natural curiosities of the Lake country are mentioned in this book, such as the Helm-wind on Cross Fell, and the tremendous inundation in the Vale of St. John's, near Keswick, which happened in the August of 1749, and of which the traces are still to be seen, when a waterspout burst among the mountains, and the mountain ghylls, notably Catchertz Ghyll, swelled and overflowed with such violence that "many houses were filled with sand to the first story, many more driven down, and among the rest Lagberthwaite mill, of which not one stone was left upon another," even the heavy millstones being washed away. Mr. White speaks, too, of the Druidical circle near Keswick; the various strangely fashioned rocks to be found on the mountain sides, such as the Lion and the Lamb, or the Astrologer, or Old Woman, as you see it on Helia Crag (Grasmere), the Apostle's Crag under Barf (Thornthwaite, on Bassenthwaite), one of the most beautiful and least known of these pictured rocks; the likeness of George III. made by the crowning knobs of Causey Pike; the Castle rocks (Lyulph's Tower) of St. John's, known to all readers of the *Bridal of Triermian*; the shepherd dog to be seen on Kirkstoun Pass, coming up from Brother's Water; and others. But none of these are equal in artistic accuracy to the odd Queen Elizabeth's rock at Bedruthan Steps in Cornwall, which at a certain distance looks for all the world like her kingly Majesty as we know her—small head, high nose, big ruff, and bigger farthingale, with the regal crown at the top of all. Among the legends we have the inevitable story of the Borrowdale "gowk," or cuckoo—a story shared by the honest humbling-fools with the wise men of Gotham. We have also the "horned horse," as they are said to have called the straying red deer which got to the top of their fells, probably from the herd on Kidsty Pike and High Street; the peacock, by which name they designated the first mule that ever they saw; the devil in the sack of quicklime, which the terrified bearer threw into the river by Grange when it began to smoke on his shoulders under the shower; and the patient bewilderment of the first man who rode in stirrups, how he sat there by his house-door on his horse, his feet fixed by enchantment till his family came home. Then one among them, a clever lad who had learnt schooling at St. Peter, advised his father to draw his feet out of his boots, and leave the coverings in the vice till such time as they could be removed. For ghost stories we have the legend of the Crier of Ulfe, on Windermere; Hob Thross, the "body a' ower rough," who was fed with milk, and did good work as his payment, and whom another writer on popular legends makes out to have been a skin-clad Druid hiding from his religious pursuers; the haunted house at Arncliffe, and the two witnessing skulls at Old Calgarth; but we hear nothing of the Arncliffe Bogle. The Luck of Edenhall and the less known Luck of Burrell Green, belonging to a yeoman (statesman?) in Great Salkeld, are of course spoken of; as also is the Luck of Muncaster. But if Mr. White wished to give old family traditions, he might have found more than we have in these *Lays and Legends*. Did Caldbeck lie out of his range? It is scarcely a lake-country village, situated as it is on the outside of Skiddaw, to the north, and close to the wide moor; but there are good materials there in the Fairy Howk and the Fairy Lane; while field and farm about have—or used to have—many old and strange histories attached to them. Time, however, wipes these old-world traditions away, and modern time has an especial faculty for destroying them. Unless, then, they are preserved while they are still alive and fresh in the minds of the older-fashioned peasantry, they will be lost altogether. And we know that there are rich mines as yet unworked to be found in the wilder and more desolate moorland districts, like the outlying hamlets between Caldbeck and Carlisle, and in the lone places between Hesketh-new-market and Paurith. It would be a good work to gather them up and add them to another edition of these *Lays and Legends*.

WORK.*

MISS ALCOTT has achieved a task of no little difficulty in writing a book with a purpose so skilfully and delicately that the presence of the purpose is never obtrusive or offensive; while at the same time those who take the trouble to read *Work*, which will repay them well for their exertion, cannot fail to be struck by its meaning, which is peculiarly applicable to the present state of things in England no less than in America. We do not wish to convey the impression that this is a novel with a sermon neatly wrapped up and disguised in its pages; on the contrary, although it expresses the result of serious thought and deep conviction on a question which has been much, we might say too much, agitated of late, it is singularly free from any tendency to sermonize—is indeed neither more nor less than its second title announces it to be, "A Story of Experience." The heroine of this experience is Christie Devon, an orphan girl, whom we find tired of the commonplace life she leads in the New England farmhouse of her uncle and aunt, where she is

surrounded by bluff young farmers and buxom girls whose one ambition is to "get married," and where she can find no sphere for the employment of the better talents which she possesses. Consequently she is on the point of leaving this home, and trying to get on and be of some use in the world by herself. She is the daughter of a poor gentleman of good descent, whom her mother, a New England girl, married after she, like Christie, had found the dull level of farmhouse life intolerable and gone out alone to seek for better things. We should be curious to know if the author designed this parentage to account for and fit the character she had previously conceived, or whether the character grew, as no doubt in the hands of a good artist it would, from the circumstances given. In any case the arrangement is a felicitous one; for while Christie inherits from her father a refinement of taste and perception which makes her at all times and in all situations a gentlewoman, from her mother she possesses an energy and promptitude which carry her through her own difficulties, and also those inborn instincts of sympathy with the masses which enable her to understand and alleviate the trials which attack the people of humbler descent than herself with whom she is thrown. This energy comes out strong on her entrance upon her adventurous career, when, after several vain efforts to obtain a situation as a governess, she resolves to "put her pride in her pocket and work her way up" by going out to service. This juncture reminds us of a novel of English life published a year or two ago by Mr. Aidé, *In that State of Life*, which had for its theme the unusual event of a girl born and bred in good society in this country going out as a sort of superior maid to an old lady. But with the mere coincidence of fact the likeness ceases; for in Mr. Aidé's book the whole interest is concentrated upon what in Miss Alcott's is merely an episode; and while the heroine of the former is very unlucky in the high-life-below-stairs which she has to encounter, while she finds an ardent admirer in the region of the drawing-room, Christie Devon discovers in Hepsy, the black cook and the sole companion of her labours, a woman with whose sorrows she can sympathize, and whose affection is a consolation and a relief from the pretentious vulgarity of Mrs. Stuart, the lady of the house. There is a good deal of quiet humour in the description of the amusement which Christie makes for herself in watching the peculiarities of her mistress and the visitors whom she attracts to her house, and one remark made by the author in her account of Christie's experience as a handmaiden specially deserves attention:—

If masters and mistresses knew how skilfully they are studied, criticized, and imitated by their servants, they would take more heed to their ways and set better examples perhaps. Mrs. Stuart never dreamed that her quiet, respectful Jane kept a sharp eye on all her movements, smiled covertly at her affectations, envied her accomplishments, and practised certain little elegancies that struck her fancy.

Christie's kindness to old Hepsy too, and the black woman's mingled gratitude and surprise at it, have something very touching in them.

This "experience" of Christie's is brought to an abrupt close by her setting the room on fire by reading in bed and forgetting to put out her candle—a catastrophe which leads to her dismissal, not so much on account of her offence as because her mistress, having given way to her feelings of rage and fright in the stress of the moment, feels that she has hopelessly compromised her dignity in the eyes of her servant. Thus this enterprising young woman is thrown once more upon her own resources, and by the friendly offices of another girl, with whom she had made friends at a boarding-house, lights upon the stage of a respectable theatre in the character of Queen of the Amazons in a grand spectacle. Her career on the stage is, if not brilliant, at least successful, and it affords occasion for the writer to show with how much freshness and force she can treat the well-worn subject of stage jealousy and intrigue, of which there is enough in this one portion of her heroine's life to form the nucleus of an ordinary three-volume novel. There is indeed a grand lavishness about the manner in which Miss Alcott uses her materials. Almost every period of Christie's various adventures contains a germ of plot which might easily be spread over the length of a whole book; yet there is no suggestion of piecing together in the result obtained, no such effect as that produced by individual pictures affixed without artistic instinct to a screen; the work is broad and harmonious. From the kitchen to the stage is perhaps a longer leap than from the stage to the bosom of an upper-class family in the capacity of governess, which is the next situation filled by the much-enduring Christie. Mrs. Saltonstall, her new employer, is a fashionable lady devoted to dress and to little else, who is of small importance in the book; but from Mr. Philip Fletcher, her brother, comes the first offer of marriage which Christie thinks it well to weigh in her mind, the first temptation to give up for the sake of rest, luxury, and the chance of employing the world's goods for the benefit of the world's inhabitants, the more exalted and apparently less practical idea of struggling through danger and defeat to earn for herself by her own exertions a place and an influence among her fellow-beings. This Philip Fletcher's character is drawn with considerable ability and truth; we see in him a man of good impulses suppressed rather than checked by the habits of bad health and an easy attainment of his wishes, who by long indulgence has learnt to make the killing of time his great object, but in whom there is still such a spark of a fine nature remaining as is finally fanned to a flame by the influence of the woman whom he looks upon, first as a new object in the landscape of his daily life, then as an interest, finally as a desirable wife. The growth of his feel-

* *Work: a Story of Experience.* By Louisa M. Alcott, Author of "Little Women," &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 2 vols. 1873.

ing, and its reflex action upon its object, are depicted with a fine perception of character; witness this passage, which describes his state of mind shortly before he makes his offer :—

Something about this girl seemed to appeal to the old self, so long neglected that he thought it dead. He could not analyse the feeling, but was conscious of a desire to seem better than he was as he looked into those honest eyes; to talk well, that he might bring that frank smile to the lips that grew either sad or scornful when he tried worldly gossip or bitter satire; and to prove himself a man under all the elegance and polish of the gentleman.

He was discovering then, what Christie learned when her turn came, that fine natures seldom failed to draw out the finer traits of those who approach them, as the little witch-hazel wand, even in the hand of a child, detects and points to hidden springs in unsuspected spots. Women often possess this gift, and, when used worthily, find it as powerful as beauty; for, if less alluring, it is more lasting and more helpful, since it appeals, not to the senses, but to the souls of men.

But when it comes to the actual proposal Miss Alcott makes a great mistake. It is, we conceive, very hard for a woman to represent in writing a man who has been more or less spoiled all his life, and accustomed to succeed in making women like him, and yet to keep him a gentleman all the time; since even George Eliot has, to our thinking, failed in this way both with Stephen Guest in the *Mill on the Floss* and with Lydgate in her latest novel. But, however this may be, certain it is that Mr. Fletcher, in offering his hand to Christie Devon, shows himself such an arrogant and insufferable snob that he more than justifies the indignant scorn of the refusal for which she herself is almost as unprepared as he is. It takes all the novelist's skill to reinstate him in his position as a gentleman when he reappears long after this event, which naturally closes another chapter in Christie's life.

Her next venture launches her, as companion to an invalid girl, into the midst of a family named Carrol, over whom hangs a strange mystery, which in the end turns out to be hereditary insanity. And here we cannot but think that Miss Alcott has overtaken her powers. It can never be good art to deal in a novel, not otherwise than invigorating, and on the whole cheerful in tone, with so terrible a theme as this, any more than it would be to mix scraps from the gloomiest pages of Greek tragedy into a modern drama; the only thing that could excuse a writer for doing so would be the possession of some such wild and spasmodic genius as that of Edgar Poe, and it is assuredly not in his line that the author of the book now before us excels. Thus the only feelings excited in us by this part of the story are distaste and disappointment while we read, and relief when we have read. After the horrible climax which breaks up her relations with this family, Christie falls into illness and want, owing mainly to her refusal to cast off a woman with whom she has insisted on forming a friendship while they are fellow-workers at a large millinery establishment, upon the discovery that she has formerly been the reverse of respectable. This incident, and all its surroundings, are handled with a firmness and a sense of right which the author of *The New Magdalen* would have done well to study before he put his play on the boards. It is this girl who finally rescues Christie from suicide when she is utterly broken down by hard usage and destitution, and finds her a temporary refuge in the house of a laundress, by name Mrs. Wilkins, a character in whom, as elsewhere in the book, we recognize the influence of Dickens. Mrs. Wilkins is a woman who has been through many troubles, and from them acquired a large power of sympathy; she has thought for herself, and settled on a philosophy which we will let her explain in her own words, aptly illustrated from her profession :—

"'Pears to me," said Mrs. Wilkins, ironing rapidly as she spoke, "that folks is very like clothes, and a sight has to be done to keep 'em clean and whole. All on us has to lend a hand in this dreadful mixed-up wash, and each do our part, same as you and me is now. There's scrubbin' and bilin', wrauchin' and bluein', dryin' and foldin', ironin' and polishin', before any of us is fit for wear a Sunday mornin'."

From the care of this good Mrs. Wilkins, and chiefly by her means, Christie is transferred, as a sort of companion and house-keeper rolled into one, to the house of Mrs. Sterling, an old Quaker lady, which turns out to be her last haven of refuge. For here in the person of David, the only son of the kindly widow, she finds after many variations on the old chords of friendship, and doubt, and jealousy, the man who can hold her heart with his strong sweet nature. This is one of the best parts of the book; the character of David, who is so different from the melancholy romantic hero the girl has been prepared to see, is a fine conception, and is well sustained. Her woman's curiosity to know the hidden trouble of his life, and the dramatic scene in which she discovers what that trouble is, leading up to his declaration of love for her, are described well and with unflagging interest; indeed the dialogue between them when their engagement is arranged is as pretty and unwearisome a love scene as we have ever read in a novel. With this happy event we could for our own satisfaction wish the book to conclude; but, as its somewhat stern title might lead us to expect, there is no such peaceful bliss as we should in that case infer in store for these young people. The Civil War, which has done duty as the crisis of so many novels, appears here as a sort of *Demi ex machina*, and they go off, David as a soldier, his wife as a nurse, while Mrs. Wilkins at the same time, fired by patriotism, succeeds in getting her Lisha away to the war by the employment of a somewhat humorous device. When this has happened, who can be ignorant of what is coming? Of course the former dandy Fletcher turns up with only one arm left in the thick of the fighting, and finds his reward in the firm gentle nursing of Christie,

and, still more of course, David is struck down by a shot through the lungs, and Christie arrives just in time to see him well through his deathbed scene. We confess to feeling a little angry with Miss Alcott both for employing so well-worn an artifice to get rid of David, and for getting rid of him at all. For her treatment of this scene, however, she deserves all praise; not so much for what she has said as for what she has with a rare wisdom and good taste left unsaid.

After the time of mourning for her husband's death is over, Christie devotes herself to helping on the freed people—a good work in which she is assisted by a legacy of all his money from her old uncle, who, having retired ever since the first chapter, reappears just in time to do this and die, thus making the third death in the book. One of the last occasions on which we see the widowed Christie is at a meeting of working-women, the sketch of which is extremely well drawn. Many ladies, of course, are there, rich in theory, poor in practical method of relief; one talks over the heads of her audience, telling them of Hypatia and Aspasia, giving history to those who ask for bread; another cheerfully reads the statistics of suicide and starvation among shopwomen; presently rises Christie, and by the magnetism of her sympathy and her actual experience of what those whom she addresses suffer, her words go straight to their hearts, and they depart not unsatisfied. Shortly after this Bella Carrol turns up again, and comes to Christie for advice as to how she shall best employ her time and opportunities for the good of her sisters, and from what Christie says to her the reader will see something of the conclusion to which all her experience has brought her :—

I want you to make Harry's home as beautiful and attractive as you can; to keep all the elegance and refinement of former times, and to add to it a new charm by setting the fashion of common sense I'm "strong-minded," a radical and a reformer. I've done all sorts of dreadful things to get my living, and I have neither youth, beauty, talent, nor position to back me up; so I should only be politely ignored if I tried the experiment myself. I don't want you to break out and announce your purpose with a flourish, or try to reform society at large, but I do want you to devote yourself and your advantages to quietly insinuating a better state of things into one little circle. The very fact of your own want, your own weariness, proves how much such a reform is needed.

Let us to this excellent piece of advice subjoin the last paragraph of the book, and we will say good-by to Christie Devon and her experience. She is standing surrounded by her friends and her child, expressing her resolve to devote her whole life to the work she has taken up. She has stretched her hands out with an impulsive gesture, and they have been promptly seized by those standing round her :—

"Me too," cried little Ruth, and spread her chubby hand above the rest: a hopeful omen, seeming to promise that the coming generation of women will not only receive but deserve their liberty, by learning that the greatest of God's gifts to us is the privilege of sharing His great work.

Miss Alcott has faults in her writing; a tendency to ramble, a habit of imitating not only the spirit, but the mere verbal tricks of Dickens, whose works she has evidently studied; an occasional disregard of the arrangement of her words, and an inclination to run too much to climax. We hope to meet her again with these and other faults corrected, and with the same merit that we have found in *Work*. Meanwhile we recommend this as an excellent book to all young women who are discontented with their present lives, who feel that they have no sphere for the exercise of their virtues, who have vague longings for an ideal existence which they cannot formulate, and who may be in danger of quitting their inherited place in society to seek some new form of faith or some novel plan of life.

CHELSEA HOSPITAL.*

THE last home but one of many of the warriors who have illustrated the history of this country cannot fail to be an object of interest to thoughtful Englishmen. The very mention of a Chelsea Pensioner suggests memories of hard-fought struggles for British supremacy in India, Flanders, Egypt, and the Peninsula, not to speak of dying echoes of the achievements of Wolfe, Ligonier, and Marlborough. Every stone in the building is replete with glorious associations; every page of its records is an interesting addition to British military history. Major-General Hutt, the present secretary to the Commissioners, has therefore done well to publish *Papers illustrative of the Origin and Early History of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea*, and the Government has done no less well in sanctioning the publication of the book at the public expense. Before examining the result, we must mention that General Hutt has not aspired to write a complete history of the Hospital, but only to construct an authentic framework which may be useful to more ambitious writers, and to re-erect and authenticate certain landmarks which were in danger of disappearing from view. The work before us must, therefore, be considered as *mémoires pour servir*; but so judiciously have the materials been selected and arranged that the dryness which is a general characteristic of works of this sort is altogether absent.

Canon Kingsley has asserted that history is singularly devoid of truth. He might well have cited the prevalent ideas about Chelsea Hospital as establishing the correctness of his aphorism. It is a popular and fondly hugged tradition that our

* *Papers illustrative of the Origin and Early History of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea*. Compiled in the Secretary's office at that Institution. London: Printed by George E. Eyre & William Spottiswoode, Printers to the Queen, for Her Majesty's Stationary Office.

national refuge for worn-out soldiers owed its origin to the beneficent influence exercised over Charles II. by the charming, loose-livered, but kind-hearted Nell Gwynn, who of all Royal mistresses has ever been the favourite of the British nation. General Hutt, however, disposes summarily of the tradition in the following words:—"Though the story has been often repeated, the most careful research into the records of the period fails in any way to authenticate its truth." The real credit of having procured the foundation of Chelsea Hospital is due to Sir Stephen Fox, the first Paymaster-General of the Forces. Before his time the relief accorded to maimed and worn-out soldiers had been but poor and uncertain, though not for want of numerous statutes on the subject. In the Session of Parliament which began on the 19th of November, 1592, and ended on the 10th of April, 1593, the claims of sick, maimed, or worn-out soldiers to support at the expense of the State was first recognized, an Act being passed which cast on parishes and counties the task of providing for such. Considering the value of money in those days, the limits of the pensions to be paid cannot be deemed to have been too closely drawn. These limits were for a private soldier, 10*s*. for those of higher rank than a private, but inferior to lieutenants, 15*s*.; for lieutenants, 20*s*. per annum. Soldiers were on landing from abroad to be relieved by the counties through which they passed on their way to their place of settlement. The Act was, however, only to exist till the end of the next Session. As it was feared that some time would elapse before it could come into full operation, and the necessities of the soldiers daily arriving from France were urgent, the House of Lords adopted the remarkable course of raising sums from members of their own body, barons paying 20*s*., bishops 30*s*., and other peers 40*s*. It would appear that a similar subscription had been made by the Commons. The new Act failed to answer the expectations of its framers, each county or city endeavouring on various pretexts to pass on the men who claimed relief. Much distress and many complaints arising in consequence, the Council often took the initiative, and issued commendatory warrants on behalf of applicants. The disabled veterans were also provided for in other ways, some being admitted into the almshouses of cathedral cities, and others receiving assignments on the revenues of confiscated Church property. In the Parliamentary Session of 1597-8 three statutes were made concerning soldiers. One of these raised the minimum of the rates for their relief from 1*d*. to 2*d*. in the pound, and the maximum from 6*d*. to 8*d*. in the pound, increased four years later to 10*d*. The subject continued to attract attention; but little change was made in the system of providing for disabled soldiers until the Civil War, when "we find the first instance of pensions to soldiers defrayed from what may be termed national funds, instead of from the local taxation in counties." The source of this provision was the sequestration money, portions of which were repeatedly charged for "the relief of such maimed soldiers (scouts?), intelligences, and other emergencies." In 1651, for the first time, a national hospital for maimed and worn-out soldiers seems to have been thought of; for the House of Commons instructed the Council to "consider of a healthful place" for their residence; but no steps were taken in the matter. We find, however, that during the Civil Wars maimed and disabled soldiers were sent to the Savoy and Ely House, which had been converted into hospitals, and maintained in these buildings till disbandment, when they were sent to their respective parishes.

At the Restoration, a regular army, disguised under the title of "guards and garrisons," being kept up, and soldiers being for the first time permanently enlisted, it became absolutely necessary to provide for such as might become disabled or worn-out in the service. Not, however, till Charles II. had been twenty years on the throne could he spare time from his debaucheries to provide an asylum for the old age of those on whose loyalty the stability of his power so much depended. Sir Stephen Fox, as we have above mentioned, was the instigator of the good work, and on the 22nd of December, 1681, letters-patent under the Great Seal announced the King's intention "to erect an hospital for the relief of such land soldiers as were or might be sick or infirm in the service of the Crown, and endow it with a suitable revenue." The King gave 6,787*l*. 4*s*. 2*d*., an unapplied balance of Secret Service Money; Sir Stephen Fox and Tobias Rustat, an ex-page of the backstairs, contributed 1,300*l*. and 1,000*l*. respectively, and it was anticipated that the public would also subscribe liberally. But a poor response was made to the appeal, and, notwithstanding the lying statements about the liberality of the nation published in the *Gazette*, only 2,734*l*. was subscribed. In this strait an appeal was made to the clergy, the archbishops being desired to issue circulars to the bishops calling on them to try to induce such of their clergymen as might be well off to contribute liberally to so charitable a purpose. This device, however, signally failed; and money was raised from the troops themselves in the following manner. The army, in accordance with the vicious practice of those days, until Sir Stephen Fox became Paymaster-General in 1661, never received their pay till long after it became due. To remedy this hardship, Sir Stephen made a private arrangement by which he undertook to issue subsistence money weekly, the balance being paid after the next muster. To enable him to carry out this arrangement, he raised money on his own credit, and in return for this accommodation he received from the army a shilling in the pound. When, owing to the difficulties of the revenue, Sir Stephen, at the end

of eighteen years, put an end to the bargain, the King issued a Royal Warrant ordering that the troops should be paid regularly, and that, in return, the poundage or deduction of one shilling in the pound should be continued. In 1683 Charles directed that one-third, subsequently two-thirds, and finally the whole of the poundage should be applied to the erection of Chelsea Hospital. In 1684 it was ordered that, on the sale of commissions, both buyer and seller should pay a shilling in the pound to Chelsea Hospital. From the detailed statement of the amount thus obtained we gather that an ensign's commission was worth in those days from 200*l*. to 310*l*., a lieutenant's about 400*l*., and a captain's from 800*l*. to 3,000*l*. Only on one other occasion—namely, in 1713—was a similar percentage levied on the sale and purchase of commissions. A few months after the first-mentioned order it was directed that each officer and man should contribute one day's pay to Chelsea Hospital. In 1692 it was ordered that deductions to the amount of sixpence in the pound should be made from the salaries of half-pay officers, and in 1715 one shilling in the pound was withheld from the retired full pay of officers for the same purpose. This deduction ceased to be made after 1783. Another source of revenue was the value of 100 chaldrons of coal annually from the corporation of Newcastle-on-Tyne, as rent for the castle and castle fields leased by the Government. From time to time a few legacies were received by the Hospital. The out-pensioners were also, from 1754 till 1842, mulcted of certain sums under the head of poundage, and a large amount of unclaimed prize-money has from time to time been transferred to the credit of the Commissioners.

The total sum paid by the army itself amounted to about eight millions and three-quarters, and at first sight it would seem as if the country had generously made up the balance; but on closer examination we find that the cost of the Hospital itself has been, in round numbers, only 4,700,000*l*. It will be seen, therefore, that the army paid nearly twice as much as was required for the maintenance of an institution the benefits of which it is fondly believed to owe to the generosity of the country. In the Estimates for the coming military year a sum of 29,731*l*. is set down as the amount which Parliament is asked to vote for the maintenance of Chelsea Hospital; but, in giving this sum, the country will only be repaying what in former years was scandalously diverted from its proper destination. For instance, no less than 51,254*l*. had been paid to out-pensioners up to 1846-47. Now the out-pensioners may be considered as part of the remuneration in consideration of which a soldier engaged to serve the Crown. There are other items which are equally inadmissible; such as the total of 2,132,466*l*. 12*s*. 3*d*., entered under the head of Pay Office, War Office, Exchequer fees, and other army purposes, poundage transferred to Irish Treasury, as well as that returned to the troops in lieu of increase of pay and transfers to Exchequer. With regard to the first, the chief item is for the expenses of the Pay Office, which up to 1784 were regularly defrayed out of the funds of Chelsea Hospital. The War Office was also maintained from the same source from 1715 up to 1783. It is worthy of note that the cost of the War Office was in 1717, and every succeeding year up to 1783, only 2,455*l*. In the Estimates for 1873-74 it is set down as 148,672*l*. Among other sums irregularly applied we may include 556*l*. 1*s*. 8*d*. for New Year's gifts at the Treasury and Exchequer. But besides what may be termed authorised embezzlements, there were also unauthorised irregularities. It appears from a Report drawn up in 1713 by the then Paymaster-General, that the butcher to the Hospital had been "obliged to deliver to the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor great quantity of provisions, for w^{ch} he was not to be otherwise paid." In the same Report another abuse is disclosed—namely, in "the management of the cooks who dress and supply meat to many of y^e inhabitants in the neighbourhood of y^e college from the kitchen of y^e hospital as out of a public tavern, which is certainly a scandalous practice, and must be in a great measure, if not totally at y^e publick expense, w^{ch} may very well justify my proposal to your Lord^{sh} for retrenching one of the Ma^{rs} Cooks." The management of the affairs of the Hospital appears indeed to have been at that time as loose as possible, frauds on the Commissioners being systematically practised on a very large scale in the matter of out-pensioners. A Report of a Committee of the Privy Council, submitted in 1714, contains the following remarkable passage on this head:—

There are recruiting officers that bear up for and levy invalids to claim the pension; there are officers that prepare the certificates of the men's qualifications. Furlows signed by the Governor are always ready for them, immediately upon their admission, and there are persons ready to take upon them the trouble of receiving their pension by letter of attorney, and to advance to them as the stock rises or falls in or about Chelsea. And another advantage these persons seem to have, a man is no sooner admitted an invalid but he becomes immortal, there not having one man died out of 9,109 from the time of their first admission.

But if the Government had reason to complain of the pensioners, the pensioners had till 1754 no less reason to complain of the Government. In 1703 the Commissioners state that the out-pensioners "have not been cleared since the 1st of July, 1696, only have had some small sums paid in to their quarters and other creditors upon account, and there was due to them over and above those payments to the 24th December last year near five thousand pounds or thereabouts—most of which, if not all, is owing to the inhabitants of Westminster and Chelsea, who have supported them ever since the year 1696, in expectation of the said pensions, and are great sufferers, and some of them entirely impoverished

thereby." There was probably greater regularity afterwards; still we find that till the year 1754 the out-pensioners suffered much hardship from their pensions being constantly in arrear, so that they were, to use the language of an Act passed for their relief, "necessitated to take up money for present subsistence on credit of persons called money-lenders, on terms many times oppressive and usurious."

Having now reviewed the chief money transactions in connexion with Chelsea Hospital, we may say a few words about the building itself. All the lands about Chelsea and Battersea were originally Church lands, belonging to the Abbot of Westminster, and were sequestered at the Reformation. When James I. ascended the throne all these lands had, with the exception of some twenty-eight acres at Chelsea and a part called Blacklands, passed into the hands of private owners. On the twenty-eight acres above mentioned James determined to build a college for the study of divinity, and in 1610 he issued letters of incorporation. The idea of the King seems to have been very imperfectly carried out, and in 1647 the College, which had fallen into decay, reverted to the Crown. Soon afterwards it was converted into a prison for officers and men captured in war, and in 1664 we find Dutch prisoners, and in 1669 French prisoners, confined there. The College was then handed over to the Royal Society; but the latter found their property of little value, and on January 11, 1682, sold it to the Crown for 1,300*l.*, and thought that they had made an excellent bargain. On the 17th of February Charles II. laid the first stone of the new edifice, and ten years later the building, though unfinished, was sufficiently advanced to admit of occupation. The main building was finally completed in 1694, but considerable additions in the shape of detached houses have from time to time been made. As a curious instance of how names stick to places long after they have ceased to be appropriate, we may mention that to this day Chelsea Hospital is spoken of by the neighbours almost invariably as "the College."

In conclusion, we may state that in 1872 the number of out-pensioners was 66,281, and of in-pensioners 540. The former will gradually be greatly reduced; but as to the latter, they have as yet escaped the destroying touch of army reorganization, and we sincerely trust that Chelsea Hospital, meeting with better fortune than the sister establishment at Greenwich, may long continue to afford that comfortable and honourable asylum to old soldiers which the army has itself paid for, and which could not be devoted to other purposes without a palpable breach of faith. However, who can tell?—rien n'est sacré pour un saxon; and reforming Ministers of War are not much overburdened with reverence.

MINOR POETS.*

A FEW of the Sonnets, Lyrics, and Translations by the Rev. Charles Turner, as we are told in a note, "appeared lately in magazines. Some of the latter are republications, with more or less alteration, from a volume printed in 1830. The remainder are quite new." The volume referred to was, we believe, the joint production of Mr. Turner and of his brother, the present Poet-Laureate. While the one brother since that time has poured forth poem after poem, and book after book, the other has to show, it would seem, for all this length of years but this one slight volume of just a hundred pages. It may be thought perhaps by some that the one would have consulted his reputation better by publishing less and the other by publishing more. Mr. Turner succeeds much better with the Sonnet, difficult measure though it is, than with either his Lyrics or his Translations. It may be, however, that he has been more fortunate in the subjects he has chosen for his Sonnets than in those he chose for his Lyrics. It is not surprising that a man should fail in putting forth his poetry, however much he may have succeeded in putting forth his loyalty, who writes a lyric "For the Maddingly School, on the arrival of the Prince of Wales at the Manor House, in 1861." No doubt the following verse, when sung by a host of school children in their Sunday clothes, and bright with their freshly washed faces and the prospects of unlimited plum-cake, may have sounded well enough. It was, however, scarcely worth printing, unless perchance in the Poet's Corner of some county newspaper:—

Heaven, through all jeopardy,
Over the misty sea,
Watch'd thy return!
Welcome home, welcome here!
Now more than ever dear,
Britain's true Prince and heir,
Come to sojourn.

Very different from such poetry as this, loyal though it is, are some of Mr. Turner's Sonnets. We find it somewhat difficult to select one for quotation where there are so many that please us. Perhaps the following, entitled "On finding a small fly crushed

in a book," may be taken as a fair sample of the poet's style and power:—

Some hand, that never meant to do thee hurt,
Has crush'd thee here between these pages' part;
But thou hast left thine own fair monument,
Thy wings gleam out and tell me what thou wert.
Oh! that the memories, which survive us here,
Were half as lovely as these wings of thine!
Pure relics of a blameless life, that shine
Now thou art gone! Our doom is ever near:
The peril is beside us day by day;
The book will close upon us, it may be,
Just as we lift ourselves to soar away
Upon the summer-air. But, unlike thee,
The closing book may stop our vital breath,
Yet leave no lustre on our page of death.

It is strange, by the way, that a Lincolnshire man—one who had been brought up where *Northern Farmers* abound—should so much as dream of making *warm* rhyme with *calm*. In the same poem in which Mr. Turner perpetrates this horror he makes *Abergele* rhyme with *feel*; but in this case he guards himself by adding in a note "English pronunciation." Would it not have been just as well if he had added in another note to his rhyme of *warm* and *calm* "cockney pronunciation"?

Since the days of "the most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby," we doubt if a tragedy has been produced which in point of humour can compare with the *King's Stratagem*. It is not often that out of our minor poets we get much amusement, but we can assure our anonymous dramatist that rarely even in the most tearful moments of our modern sentimental tragedians have we seen anything so exquisitely ludicrous as his five-act tragedy. Mr. Willis's character of Oliver Cromwell had its humour, especially when personified by the actor who is so great in Sam Weller, but even it falls far short of what we have here. How admirable is the concluding line of the list of the *Dramatis Personæ*—Noblemen—Bishops—People—Guards—Servants—Vassals, and Ghosts! We have for some years, on the stages of our largest theatres, had two clowns in the pantomime. Till the *King's Stratagem* was written no one, we believe, had shown an equal liberality in ghosts. The scene opens on the bank of the Vistula. Christine, the heroine, enters followed by Alisa her nurse "in the attire of a cavalier." Christine informs her nurse,

I think thee horrible in pantaloons,
And would prefer a natural gentleman.

Alisa replies:—

Girls in their teens think not of gentlemen;
(Aside.) Oh! this is frightful!

To divert her thoughts she requests Christine to repeat her translation of the Battle of the Gods from Homer. Unhappily there was a young Lord Milo who was too much for Homer. Alisa in alarm informs Christine's guardian, Bishop Stanislas. Scene iii. opens in "an Oak-Parlour, Stanislas walks to and fro. He stops and clasps his brow with his right hand as if to fix his thoughts." After a long speech

[He dashes a tear from his cheek, and strides forward into the arms of MILO as he enters from an avenue, followed closely by SOBOUSKI, the King's dog, muffled in a dark mantle. He passes behind a tree. The two noblemen seat themselves on a garden bench beneath the same. ALISA appears at one angle of the lower, cove-dropping, and WALDIMER at another, each ignorant of the other's presence or of the presence of SOBOUSKI.]

Sobouski overhears the Bishop's proposal to Milo for his instant marriage with Christine. He informs King Boleslas of it, who determines to murder Milo and to carry off the bride. On the evening of the marriage-day, at a grand dance that is given, the King suddenly appears. "The music stops, the dancers pause with signs of discontent. Alisa exclaims from behind her mask, 'Upon some evil is he bound. I will keep nigh with dagger ready.'" The King dances with Christine, who soon runs from him and "falls swooning into Milo's arms. Alisa rushes at the King with a drawn dagger. The guards seize her. Tableau." In Scene v. voices are heard within crying, "Murder! oh, murder! murder! murder! thief!" and "three royal favourites masked," who have entered "right of centre" and murdered Milo, rush out bearing Christine, a second time swooning. Act ii. opens in the King's palace, where in a dimly-lighted room Christine is discovered. Boleslas enters by a secret door and attempts to embrace her. But happily "Milo's ghost glides between them and backs Boleslas out." The ghost then, "returning to the sofa," tells Christine to write to Count Waldimir for help. Waldimir having received her letter hurries off to Stanislas, who receives the narrative in a way to make even Mr. Irving jealous:—

[During this narration STANISLAS holds WALDIMER'S arm with a death-clasp, draws himself up halfway between a horizontal and a perpendicular, and gazes into the speaker's face with the stare of a maniac.]

No wonder that Waldimir, rubbing his arm, exclaims:—

Thy clasp, my lord, is too emphatical—
Resume thy pillow—Jean, sit down behind him.

The Count and the Bishop determine to appeal to the Primate of Poland, who, beyond saying "Ah! ah! 'tis very sad! 'tis very sad!" and "wiping a timid tear," shows himself little moved. Waldimir then rises to yet higher eloquence:—

[During this appeal, STANISLAS slides from his seat and croups on his knees towards the speaker, who is on his knees before the Primate: at the end, weeping, they rush into each other's arms, and remain thus during the Primate's speech.]

In the next scene the King relieves himself by a game at chess, but "the Ghost stands behind the King, misplacing the pieces."

* *Sonnets, Lyrics, and Translations.* By the Rev. Charles Turner, Vicar of Grashy, Lincolnshire. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

The King's Stratagem; or, the Pearl of Poland. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By the Author of "Records of the Heart," "Child of the Sea," "Myths of the Minstrels," &c. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

Searching the Net. A Book of Verses. By John Leicester Warren, Author of "Philoctetes." London: Strahan & Co. 1873.

The Tournament, and other Poems. By "Chrl." London: Dickinson & Higham. 1873.

Nothing much comes of this, except that the King is checkmated, till at length Stanislas comes in. The King, "concealing his head in his mantle," cries

Guards, seize the Pontiff! Seize the Ghost! Away
With them—away!

The Ghost wisely vanishes, while "the guards drag Stanislas out, crying 'Woe to Rokolias!'" Presently "re-enters the Ghost by a secret door, followed by Christine, who is crazy." Christine stabs the spy Sobouski. The King orders her to be arrested, but he "espies the Ghost, which hovers near her, and staggers backward aghast. The curtain falls on tableau, to low solemn music."

In Act iii. "the King rises and looks round on the vast assembly with a pleasing smile," and then accuses the Bishop of Milo's murder; but "blood spots appear on the hands of two of the murderers as they lift them to hide their faces." The curtain falls on tableau to slow music. In the next scene Waldimir rescues Christine from the King's palace "while shrieking women in dishabille rush out by the different portals." A second vast assembly is held, and the Ghost comes and swears on the Bible. "The King partially swoons." Waldimir enters bearing Christine in his arms, and places her hand in the Ghost's, though he has to uphold her. Before long the King recovers enough to stab Stanislas to the heart, "who falls into the arms of Waldimir, who has confided the swooning girl to his valet." Thereupon Alisa, "dashing through the terrified crowd, pale and dishevelled, seizes the King's arms," and cries out,

Fiend! Triple murderer! Infanticide!

"He starts from his stupor and stabs her." She dies exclaiming,

'Tis done at last! My blood is on thy soul!
Thou'st killed the long-lost Princess Guika—Oh!

The Ghost "points its pale fingers at the King as it vanishes amid a halo of mist." The King (running to and fro) exclaims:—

'Tis so! A torch is burning in my brain!
Devils pursuing me with clanking chains—
Oh! keep them off! Oh! keep them off! Save me, friends!

[His favourites succeed in restraining him. The curtain falls on tableau, to low solemn music.]

In Act v. Christine is discovered "reclining on a couch. Nurse seated near the foot of couch, snoring." Christine slips off, and throws herself into the Vistula. Waldimir, "Doctor, and vassals run in *en dishabille*." The shrieking women of Act iv., by the way, were in "dishabille." Waldimir exclaims:—

Fly! search the manor-seat, the park, the Vistula!

The family woodcutter saves Christine, but only for a time, for she makes her way to the cemetery,

Singing "I'm going home" in such a voice,
It made me cry just like a boy that's whipped.

Then he sees the ghosts of the King's three victims bearing her up to Heaven. Waldimir will not believe she is dead, but, addressing the Doctor, says:—

O man of art! remove these springs of life!
Motion this beautiful machinery!

The wicked King meanwhile has rushed in, "believing his body to be entwined by a serpent, whose coil he is trying to break." He thus laments:—

Aback! ye howling demons! Basilisk, off!
Unclasp your fiery folds! Unclasp my heart!
Or I will break thy damnd coil. Oh! oh!
There, now! I've got my heel upon thy head!
Die! die! ha! ha! I've vanquished thee! ha! ha!

"The curtain falls on tableau to solemn music."

We have more than once already had the pleasure of bringing before our readers' notice the poems of Mr. J. Leicester Warren. Unlike so many of our modern poets, he has evidently made a study of poetry before he set up for poet, and he has made his study among those ancient models which, by their severity, tend to restrain the young writer from falling into the extravagances that are now so fashionable. If at times some of his poems—the "Cardinal's Lament," for instance—seem to bear an echo of Mr. Browning, at all events the echo is of Mr. Browning where he is even and strong, not where he is extravagant and weak. The following lines from the poem entitled the "Defeat of Glory" will show Mr. Warren's power in passages where he may fairly claim to be no man's follower. He is describing the death-bed of a great king:—

Thine ears retain no murmur from the street;
To thee dim rain is one with earnest noon;
Thy dull brain cannot catch the perfume sweet,
When the field deepens into perfect June.

The record of thy days becomes a blot;
The yearling infant calls its sister's name.
O princely phantom, with thy fame forgot,
Move, if thou canst, thy lips and do the same.

Thy white hands only tremble on the sheet,
Tho' thy Prætorian legions watch around,
And under echoing archways in the heat
The feet of many sentinels resound.

All night the melancholy bugle calls,
All hours goes on the guardian soldier's pace.
Arms clash at dawn within the warrior halls,
And drums in thunder wake the market-place.

Mr. Warren, by the way, is guilty of the same kind of rhyme as Mr. Turner, for he makes rhyme *arm* with *calm*. It is idle, we

fear, to lift up our voice against such utterance as this. Fashionable society and the Minor Poets together are too powerful for us. All the stronger sounds are one by one dropping out of our English tongue, and we shall soon talk a language as soft and as weak as is our modern sentimentality. The next thing will be for the learned Society that is so strong in phonetics to correct the spelling, and so to write *arm* and *warm* that, not only to the ear, but also to the eye, they shall rhyme with *calm*. Mr. Turner and Mr. Warren are not, we dare say, as yet prepared to go quite the lengths of Mr. Digby, another of our Minor Poets, the author of *Last Year's Leaves*. He makes *trust* rhyme with *first*, as indeed it commonly does within the sound of Bow Bells. But they should know that they are separated from Mr. Digby and from Mrs. Camp only by degree, and, knowing this, they should pause in their downward course.

The object of the authoress of the *Tournament and other Poems* is most laudable and altogether worthy of the Sydenham Young Men's Christian Association, to which, "with very kind Christian regards and earnest desire for prosperity," she dedicates her "little volume." She would, she tells us,

So renovate man's mind that ne'er withstood
Should be the grand sublime, the gloriously good.

The Crystal Palace that now stands at Sydenham was to have done all this in 1851, but where Cole C.B. has come short, she and the Sydenham Young Men's Christian Association will step in and fill up what is wanting. There would seem to be something either in the air of Sydenham, or in the contents of its Palace, that is conducive to what our poetess calls "the gush, and rush, or gentler flow of song." It is not long ago that we had the pleasure of noticing the work of a writer whose boast it was that he was not only a poet, but also one of the firework makers for the Crystal Palace. Our present poetess describes herself as

This lady, loving, pitying all mankind,
Admiring virtues—to defects not blind.

There would seem to be one defect—that, namely, of all rhyme and reason—in her own writings, to which most unfortunately she is blind. Such a rhyme as *Pro Forma* and *warmer* would doubtless pass muster in any Sydenham Association, whether young or old, Christian or heathen. But we cannot believe that the youngest and the most Christian of associations would be so blinded by their piety as to consider this "little volume" of more than two hundred full pages as anything but nonsense. The best use the Sydenham Young Men's Christian Association could make of the volume would be to use it as a kind of penance. Any erring brother who might have been tempted so far from virtue's path as to go to a dance, or who at some Foresters' festival had played at *Aïss in the Ring*, might be made to learn as many lines by heart as the dances or kisses he had committed. And yet the sternest moralist would feel some degree of pity as he heard the penitent youth couining such lines as the following:—

Such beautiful summer e'en, that sprays instir
Seemed soft harmonious sostenuto whir
Of angels' wings,—air odorons fanned above,—
Their breathings to inspire with holiness and love.

The authoress does not always keep at such heights as this, but frequently comes down more nearly to the level of the young Christian of Sydenham. The following verse, if perplexing in its construction and apparently innocent of grammar, clearly contains some simple morality:—

Forget not what boys sow they reap.
Sow not, ill weeds abounding
Oft sluggard's garden smothered keep,
Malaria its surrounding.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. GUSTAVE DESNOIRESTERRES * is approaching to the end of his amusing gossiping work on Voltaire; it was in 1755 that the arch-philosopher took up his residence at Les Délices, in the canton of Geneva, and the present volume leads us from that date to the year 1760, when the comedy entitled *L'Ecosserie* created such scandal by its vehement and unjustifiable attacks on the poor journalist Fréron. This part of the work contains some piquant details on the discussions which Voltaire carried on with the *magnifique conseil* of the Genevese Republic, and on the heinous offence which he gave by persisting in profaning the head-quarters of Calvinist Protestantism with dramatic performances. It is true that free-thinking notions had already made sad havoc even at Geneva, but the old Puritanical traditions were still dear to the majority, and the *magnifique conseil* fulminated edicts against playwrights and playgoers with the same spirit which during the previous century inspired in England the author of the *Histromastix*. Lefranc de Pompignan, Trublet, and Palissot occupy an important place in this volume, and M. Desnoiresterres himself is obliged to acknowledge that Voltaire had a singular idea of the duties and rights of a critic. If he thought himself offended, he never scrupled to denounce his adversaries as gallows-birds, and to endeavour to show that virtue was grievously insulted in his person. The author of *Didon* was no doubt extremely conceited, but his estimate of the Ferney patriarch is perfectly true, and in the case of the editor of *L'Année littéraire* we cannot think it a very dignified act on the part of Voltaire to drag him before the public under the transparent pseudonym of *Fréron*.

* Voltaire aux Délices. Par Gustave Desnoiresterres. Paris: D'Ala.

What is the task which a writer undertakes who aims at giving a complete and accurate view of Pythagoras and his philosophy? M. Nourissou has defined it so well that we cannot do better than quote him. There is, in the first place, a legend two thousand years old containing a small modicum of historic truth; that element of truth must be sifted and presented to the reader free from all alloy. We have besides a few, a very few texts, scattered here and there, mutilated, interpolated, and often contested by the best critics; and it is on this narrow and insecure basis that the writer has to build. Such difficulties are enough to discourage the most plodding and enthusiastic *savant*; and therefore we cannot feel surprised that when the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques proposed the subject in question to the candidates for one of its prizes, only one person responded to the appeal and took up the challenge. M. Chaignet's work*, however, is so complete and able that it fully deserves the reward it obtained. He has divided his essay into four parts. Discussing first the indirect sources from which the elements of the life of Pythagoras can be gathered, he narrates that life, and describes the history of the Italic school, as it is sometimes called. The second part is occupied by an examination of the direct sources which may enable us to form some acquaintance with the Pythagorean doctrines. It was hardly sufficient to determine from a general point of view the authenticity of the fragments consulted. M. Chaignet justly thought that a minute investigation was necessary; and therefore he translated into French the entire fragments of Philolaus and Archytas, accompanying his version by a brief commentary. An interesting and detailed account of the system of Pythagoras forms the third part—the longest and most important—of the work; and, finally, comes a statement of the influence which that system has had over subsequent schools of thought, concluding with a critical estimate of its merits. We observe with satisfaction that M. Chaignet has been very liberal in giving quotations from the sources to which he refers. The reader is thus enabled to weigh the value of his statements, and to judge for himself.

Works on German literature are plentiful just now, and two among them especially deserve to be noticed here. M. Alfred Mézières† publishes the second and concluding volume of his lectures on Goethe, taking up the poet's life at the time when he became acquainted with Schiller. It may be asserted, as a general principle, that the study of a great author's writings is the best comment on his biography, and such is particularly the case with Goethe. *Hermann und Dorothea*, *Faust*, *Torquato Tasso*—to name only these three compositions—are pages from his life, and we all know that Fräulein von Klettenberg stood as the type of Gretchen at a time when, like the hero of his great poem, he dabbled in alchemy. M. Mézières brings this point prominently forward, and dilates upon it most successfully; he has also given an interesting sketch of Madame de Staël's visit to Weimar, and has devoted an entire chapter to the relations which took place between Goethe and Napoleon.

M. Bossert's volume‡ covers nearly the same ground as the one we have just noticed, with the exception that Schiller occupies in it an equal space with the author of *Werther*, and that the whole literary society of Weimar passes before our eyes in a brilliant and well-drawn panorama. M. Bossert lectures on German literature at the Sorbonne, and the present octavo is the third of a series the first two instalments of which we noticed some time ago; it is introduced by an inaugural address on the union of the literary and the theological element in German thought. M. Bossert remarks that during the seventeenth century, whilst England was throwing its political constitution into shape, whilst France was cultivating the amenities of social life, and moulding itself according to the most brilliant Court in Europe, Germany, absorbed by theological questions, seemed to think that there was nothing else worth studying. The result, he adds, has proved that this bent of the national mind was far from unfavourable to subsequent literary progress, and we see likewise the reason why the seventeenth century was a blank in German literature. Theology came first; Bodmer, Breitinger, and the leaders of the Zurich school took as their starting-point the study of the Bible; Klopstock looked upon himself as a religious reformer, and it was with Goethe that the new literary movement began.

The reputation of Gavarni§ will not gain much by the biography which MM. de Goncourt have written of him. He was a man of considerable talent, but unfortunately his pencil was always employed upon scenes which represented the worst side of French society. He has sometimes been compared to Hogarth; but the *Mariage à la Mode* and the *Rake's Progress* convey a moral with them; whereas Gavarni's lithographs, unmistakably clever though they are, tell nothing but tales of vice and folly. The artist's life, from MM. de Goncourt's own showing, was an exact counterpart of his talent, and the narrative of it is extremely painful, because it introduces us to a "Bohemian" who remained hopelessly such to the very end.

In our last monthly summary we said a few words of M. Viollet-Leduc's excellent work on architecture. The second volume, which

we have now to notice*, begins with the thirteenth *embellissement*, and takes us away from the historical to the practical part of the subject. The author discusses successively the method which architects ought to follow, the means at their disposal, the application of statuary to the embellishment of modern constructions, the teaching of architecture, and the present state of that branch of the Fine Arts in Europe. He ends by giving students a number of judicious hints on the financial difficulties connected with their profession, their relations with builders, and the competitions which they must undergo if they wish to obtain any notice from Government; and he is thus led to remark on the pretensions of the State to interfere with questions of which it is absolutely ignorant. This petty meddling, M. Viollet-Leduc says, has had the natural result of encouraging mediocrity, and of bringing about the decay of architecture.

M. Jules Claretie's little volume on Molière† is a panegyric written in a tone of exaggeration which is sometimes ridiculous, and it contains nothing new either in the way of biographical detail or of critical appreciation. According to M. Claretie, who quotes Camille Desmoulins, the author of *Le misanthrope* was a *républicain de la ville*, and it is owing to Molière, Rabelais, Montaigne, Voltaire, and La Fontaine that France may be regarded as "the soldier of the human race." We need not add that, in speaking of *Tartuffe*, our panegyrist does not lose the opportunity of declaiming against Jesuitism, casuistry, and hypocrisy. The only part of his book which deserves to be read is the appendix, in which are various interesting historical documents, and amongst others some short biographical notices of the actors and actresses belonging to Molière's troupe.

The arrest and murder of the Duke d'Enghien‡ have suggested to M. Gourdon de Genouillac an interesting volume, though it is written too much in the style of a novel. It was surely unnecessary to throw into a sensational form a narrative which was already sufficiently dramatic. The tragedy performed at Vincennes by the direction of the First Consul was only the last scene of the famous conspiracy which George Cadoudal and his accomplices had imprudently organized against a ruler whose police, always on the alert, would have set at defiance even more cautious adversaries. M. de Genouillac relates all the circumstances of the plot, gives numerous despatches sent by the principal agents of Bonaparte's Government, describes the questioning and cross-questioning which the unfortunate victim had to undergo, and shows what the attitude was both of Napoleon himself and of foreign Courts when the deed had been perpetrated.

M. Jay's book§ is not a narrative of skirmishes and battles like those which have already appeared so abundantly in connexion with the war of 1870-71; it is the simple and unpretending statement of the efforts made by a few men, under the direction of Count de Kératry, to organize and arm the mobilized troops of the five departments of ancient Brittany. The author speaks of what he has seen with the earnestness of an impartial, though not a disinterested, witness. The book consists of nine chapters, with an appendix of documents most interesting in their variety. It is really curious to see with what rapidity the Bretons were transformed into soldiers, and how readily men snatched from the plough or the counting-house adapted themselves to all the hardships of military life. If we may believe M. Jay, this transformation was incomplete, and he gives us the reason why. The persons at the head of the Republican Government did all they could, almost from the very beginning, to place obstacles in the way of Count Kératry—red-tapeism and political prejudices having taken possession of M. Gambetta's mind; instead of encouraging and helping the organization of the mobilized Breton troops, he did, we are told, his very best to hinder it.

The subject of M. de Laveleye's new book|| is one which deserves more judicious and dispassionate treatment than it usually receives at the hands of the advocates of what are called "peace principles." The author is not one of those who imagine that the age of warfare has passed, and that the days have come when the famous prophecy of Isaiah is about to be realized. The events of the last three years are enough to rebuke the delusions of Utopians, and it does not require much sagacity to see that Europe at the present time is threatened by wars of a more terrible nature than any which it has hitherto witnessed. "Let us not," says M. de Laveleye, "allow ourselves to be lulled to sleep by the few intervals of repose we are now enjoying. Everything leads us to believe that towards the end of this century Europe will be transformed into a kind of hell. The settlement of social questions arrays class against class, whilst the question of nationalities pits race against race." M. de Laveleye discusses these topics in the first two divisions of his volume, reserving the third and concluding part for an exposition of the principle of arbitration which he wishes to see introduced. He believes that the causes of war can be even now considerably diminished; and he has persuaded himself that, if private feuds are impossible because there are laws which determine individual rights, in like manner there ought to be, and will be at some future period, an international court created for the pur-

* *Pythagore et la philosophie Pythagoricienne*. Par A. Ed. Chaignet. Paris: Didier.

† *W. Goethe; ses œuvres expliquées par sa vie. Dernières années*. Par A. Mézières. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Goethe et Schiller*. Par A. Bossert. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *Gavarni, l'homme et l'œuvre*. Par MM. Edmond et Jules de Goncourt. Paris: Plon.

* *Entretiens sur l'architecture*. Par M. Viollet-Leduc. Vol. 2. Paris: Morel.

† *Molière, sa vie et ses œuvres*. Par Jules Claretie. Paris: Lemerre.

‡ *Le crime de 1804*. Par H. Gourdon de Genouillac. Paris: Dentu.

§ *L'armée de Bretagne*. Par Aimé Jay. Paris: Plon.

|| *Des causes actuelles de guerre en Europe, et de l'arbitrage*. Par E. de Laveleye. Bruxelles: Muquaiat.

pose of settling the differences arising between political communities. The three preliminary points to be determined are, he considers, the following:—1. To appoint a conference of delegates named by the various countries (lawyers and diplomatists) in order to lay down the principles of international law at present contested. 2. To decide that, in case of a disagreement about the application of these principles, the contending parties will bind themselves to accept the verdict of a supreme court consisting of jurists representing the contracting nations. 3. To renew the twenty-third protocol of the Treaty of Paris by stipulating that, in case of disagreement, before making a final appeal to arms, the disputants shall submit their respective cases to the decision of the contracting States; and in all future treaties a clause to that effect shall be inserted. We have great respect for M. de Laveleye, and the intention of his book is excellent; but we do not see any sign that he so much as understands where the real difficulties of his subject lie. We certainly cannot congratulate him on having solved them.

Baron de Wogan* is an indefatigable traveller and an agreeable writer, as a previous volume of his had already shown. The present book, containing the sequel of his journey, covers a tolerably large tract of country, for it takes us from California to Mexico. The first chapter is one of the most interesting in the volume, describing as it does the settlement of Captain Sutter in the gold regions, and the commencement of the diggings. After having served in the Swiss Guards of Charles X., Sutter left France at the Revolution of 1830, and, gathering around him a handful of adventurers prepared for every emergency, he established a colony on the left bank of the Sacramento, and by dint of pluck and cleverness managed to secure the respect and friendship of the neighbouring Indian tribes. Popularity, however, is sometimes dangerous, and Sutter had already excited the jealousy of the Mexican Government when the accidental discovery of gold which he made on his territory completely ruined him. An invasion took place, and the unfortunate Swiss captain was compelled to give way before the ever-increasing tide of immigrants whom the *aurea sacra fames* attracted from all quarters of the globe. Baron de Wogan's description of American civilization is very entertaining. His narrative terminates with a chapter from the history of his early life, in the course of which we learn that he is a lineal descendant of the Captain Wogan immortalized in *Waverley*.

The contrast between the Sahara and Lapland† is striking enough, so far as landscape and climate are concerned, but both regions are occupied by nomadic tribes whose habits are pretty much the same. Count Goblet d'Alviella explored the Sahara in company with the French troops employed to crush the last Algerian insurrection; he had therefore good opportunities for observing both the country and the natives, and he has jotted down a few noteworthy remarks both on the ethnography of Africa and on the probable destinies of the French settlement in the north of that continent. His journey to Lapland was performed in 1868; he started from Stockholm, reached the Frozen Ocean, and came back along the shores of Norway. The obstacles of every kind which he met with did not prevent him from doing full justice to the stern beauty of the country through which he wandered, and he was fortunate enough to meet with a companion, Baron de Borchman, whose sketches illustrate very faithfully some curious details of scenery and costume. The drawings which render the same service to the African part of the volume are by a French artist, Captain Lièvre.

The excellent volume composed by M. and Madame Delon under the title *Exercices et traductions pour les enfants*‡ is an application of the methods of Pestalozzi and Froebel, and is intended to teach by a series of progressive lessons all the elementary facts connected with form and colouring. The authors' preface, extending over forty pages, is a programme of primary education founded on the important axiom that, as all reforms should begin at the beginning, so, where education is concerned, improvements ought to be started almost in the nursery. The work is copiously illustrated with diagrams.

M. Hippéau continues his researches on the state of education in the principal nations of the civilized world, and he now discusses upon Germany.§ The preface contains a striking parallel between the United States and Germany from the educational point of view, and its object is to prove that, however admirable may be the provisions made by the latter country for public instruction, yet the results obtained in America are greater still. M. Hippéau dwells at some length upon the struggle which he conceives to be now going on in Germany between the general civilization sprung from Greek and Roman antiquity and that special form of intellectual culture which corresponds to the national instincts of the Teutonic race.

We have another contribution to the history of the Reign of Terror. The Abbé Dumesnil|| was one of the very few non-jurists who dared to remain at their post during the worst period of the revolutionary struggle. In the year 1801 he wrote a short account of the scenes he had witnessed and the persecutions which

he had encountered, and it is the second edition of these *Souvenirs* which Barthelemy Ernest now publishes, accompanying them with historical and biographical notes.

The thesis which M. Jean Chassériau undertakes to establish* is the favourite one of MM. Vuit, De Pressensac, Scherer, and others—namely, the separation of Church and State. He begins with remarking that France offers a phenomenon which has never been matched in the history of mankind—that of a nation in all the fulness of its intellectual and political life suddenly upsetting the basis upon which it had stood for centuries, and endeavouring to organize itself anew under totally different conditions. It is not to be wondered at that a community thus torn asunder should have lost even the idea of moral unity, and that its history ever since should be nothing but a narrative of endless and unprofitable revolutions. In order to direct his country into a better course, M. Chassériau reads to it a lesson from the annals of the past, and gives a brief sketch of the struggle carried on between the principle of authority which subordinates everything to religion and the principle of rationalism which absolutely banishes religion from the sphere of politics. Pointing to the example set by England, he regrets that France did not adopt Protestantism three hundred years ago. Protestantism which is a compromise between Catholicism and Free-thought, just as constitutional government is a compromise between absolute Monarchy and a Republic.

The title which M. Alphonse Esquiros has selected for his book† shows sufficiently on what delicate ground he is treading. He discusses with becoming gravity a topic which is rightly deemed one of the weightiest problems of civilization, and we cannot understand why certain journalists belonging to the Catholic party looked upon the work as encouraging vice; much less do we see what reasons the Government of Louis Philippe had to prosecute and imprison M. Esquiros for what is essentially a moral work, whilst at the same time Eugène Sue's *Mystères de Paris* and Balzac's *Corsaire Venge* were tolerated and advertised in all the French newspapers.

M. Paul Stapfer's second article on Beaumarchais is undoubtedly one of the best papers in the *Bibliothèque universelle* for August.‡ It treats chiefly of the celebrated writer's journey to England for the purpose of destroying a scurrilous pamphlet published against the French Government and chiefly against Queen Marie Antoinette; it then follows him into Germany, describes his tragic adventure in the forest of Neustadt, and his interview with the Empress Maria Theresa. In preparing this part of his sketch M. Stapfer has availed himself not only of M. de Loménie's work, but also of M. d'Arnet's *Beaumarchais und Sonnenfels*, a pamphlet which has lately been condensed into French and illustrated with comments by M. Paul Huot.

* *Du principe autoritaire et du principe rationnel.* Par Jean Chassériau. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *Les vierges folles.* Par Alphonse Esquiros. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *La Bibliothèque universelle et Revue suisse.* Août 1873. Lausanne: Bridel.

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* *Du far West à Bornien.* Par le baron de Wogan. Paris: Didier.

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§ *L'instruction publique en Allemagne.* Par C. Hippéau. Paris: Didier.

|| *Souvenirs de la Terreur; mémoires inédits de l'abbé Dumesnil.* Publiés par M. le baron Ernest. Paris: Didier.

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SEÑOR CASTELAR'S MINISTRY.

SEÑOR CASTELAR has at last assumed the conduct of an enterprise for which he was primarily responsible. To maintain the name and form of a Republic without destroying society as it existed under the Monarchy, has been the ambition of his life. If he can now accomplish the task, he will, at the cost of enormous temporary calamities, have at the most left his country as well off as he found it. During the conflicts and amidst the disappointments of the last few months, CASTELAR has probably learned some of the most indispensable lessons of politics and government. The Republican party, of which he was by character and ability the legitimate leader, professed, with his sanction, to assert a divine right of supremacy, apart from expediency and independent of the will of the majority of the nation. To the institutions which had been established or recognized by the constituent Cortes, as to the authority of previous Governments, the Republicans and their eloquent chief only submitted under protest and compulsion. They announced at all times that they would take the first opportunity of realizing their sacred creed in practice, and, when the plots of various factions against King AMADO had created a vacancy in the supreme power, CASTELAR was one of the first to proclaim the long-expected Republic. The Ministry in which he held a considerable place effected in the first instance to derive its mandate from the Cortes, and CASTELAR himself would probably have been glad to maintain the compromise by which all Liberal parties took a share in the Government. Soon afterwards, at the dictation of a street mob, the Republicans expelled their Radical colleagues from office, and at a later period they superseded the Assembly, and assumed a provisional Dictatorship to last till the convocation of a new Cortes. The next change was the flight of FIGUERAS, the retirement of CASTELAR, and the accession of PI Y MARGALL to power. Anarchy was now at its height, as upstart Governments in various parts of Spain began to practise the Federalism about which CASTELAR and his associates had merely talked. The Cortes were powerless, the Ministers were convicted of incapacity and suspected of treason; and after one of their number had proclaimed the doctrine that rebels of his own political persuasion were entitled to perpetual immunity from the legal penalties of rebellion, Señor SALMERON exercised the powers of government with, for the first time since the proclamation of the Republic, a certain display of honesty and vigour. Although the Ministers were unable seriously to check the progress of the Carlists in the North, they succeeded in repressing insurrections in Seville, in Valencia, and in other towns. Their forces have hitherto been insufficient for an attack on Carthage, and the rebel Government enjoys the singular advantage of superiority at sea.

Señor SALMERON, despairing probably of re-establishing civil and military order, has resigned on the strange pretext of an insuperable objection to the infliction of capital punishment. Assassins and assassins seem to form the only class which in Spain is entitled to immunity from violent death. Throughout the South of Europe objections to capital punishment sensibly indicate a sentimental ferocity which is only checked by the compensation of severity with judicial regularity and balance. By making way for CASTELAR, who is less conspicuous in his regard for criminal life, SALMERON seems to have admitted that the punishment which he derives from inflicting is nevertheless both just and necessary. If the Carlists and the Madrid rebels are to be suppressed, an army must be

formed and rendered efficient by discipline; and unless mutineers are summarily shot, it is idle to hope for obedience or for victory. The majority of the Cortes which elected CASTELAR numbered two to one; but it is unnecessary to learn that more than sixty members voted for PI Y MARGALL, in spite of his unconscious or voluntary complicity with the insurgents. In his speech after his acceptance of office the Minister dwelt on the criminal violence of the demagogues, and on the necessity of restoring discipline even by means of capital punishment. He has determined to call out the Reserves to the number of 150,000 men, and to arm in addition 500,000 Militiamen; and if his efforts prove successful, he ought to be able to terminate both the Carlist war and the Southern rebellion in the course of the present year. For Republics as for Monarchies irresistible force is the first condition of government. If the various armed bands which disturb the tranquillity of Spain can be dispersed or destroyed, it may perhaps be possible to begin civil government from the beginning. The Republicans in Opposition succeeded in demoralizing the army, and it is right that they should experience the difficulty of undoing their own mischievous work. For the present the levies which are to end the war exist only on paper or in the speeches of the Minister. Half a million of Militiamen will probably be bent on massacring one another; but it is possible that the materials of a regular army may still be discovered.

The most encouraging occurrence for the country, if not for the Republic, is the return to public life of some important political oxen. Since the overthrow of the Monarchy, Spain has been exclusively ruled by a fraction of a party which itself formed a minority of the nation. The Ministers and generals who had previously conducted civil and military affairs have been compelled, either to seek refuge abroad or to conceal themselves from observation. It is now announced that Marshal SERRANO has arrived at Madrid to accept a high military command; that General CÓNCHA is to undertake the reduction of Carthage, and that SAGASTA is expected to return to the capital. It is the plain duty of all responsible Spaniards to aid any honest Government in the repression of anarchy and in the conduct of the war against the Carlists; but the genuine Republicans can scarcely fail to perceive that their supremacy is compromised by the acceptance of the services of the former partisans of Monarchy. It may be assumed that SERRANO will render loyal service to any Government from which he accepts a commission; but if he succeeds in putting down the Carlist insurrection, he and those who share his opinions will have an undoubted right to a voice in the determination of the future form of government. The claims of the Republic were comparatively plausible before the experiment had been tried. It will now be reduced to throw itself on the protection of military chiefs who will owe it only provisional and temporary obedience. It is impossible to deny that the establishment of the Federal Republic was the immediate cause of the partial dissolution of the army, and of the secession of entire provinces from the State. Within the last week the Socialists of a district near Madrid have divided among themselves the lands of the village, after imprisoning the municipal authorities; and a successful insurrection has taken place at a town in Galicia. No scruple ought to prevent a general in command of a victorious army from taking measures to terminate chronic and sporadic rebellion. One probable result of the existing confusion may be the restoration of the dynasty of ISABELLA in the person of her son. The title of Don CASTELAR may perhaps be equally good; but absolute monarchy and clerical supremacy would be unworkable

even to a population which has groaned under the impotence of the Federal Republic.

It is not yet known whether the English Government will restore to the Madrid authorities the vessels which were hastily seized in the neighbourhood of Carthagena. It would be impossible to comply with the original demand of the Republican Government that the *Vittoria* and *Almansa* should be treated as pirates. The capture of the ships, if it is followed by a transfer into the possession of the central authorities, will have been a distinct act of interference in civil war. On the other hand, the present Government of Carthagena has no recognized existence; and a foreign Power may treat its public property according to its discretion. The best course would be to retain for the present ships which ought never to have been captured. It may at least be hoped that no favour will be conferred on the Republican Government until it has made reparation for the illegal seizure of the *Deerhound*. It is intolerable that an English ship should be captured on the high seas by a foreign cruiser in time of peace. The Republican Government would probably have objected to a concession by England of belligerent rights to the Carlists; and no other measure could give the Republic a right to capture contraband at sea. As far as the crew is concerned, the case is ruled by the precedent of the *Uglieri*, and the claim for redress is certainly not weakened by the fact that in the present instance the vessel also was English. The monstrous pretension to deal with the master and crew as pirates is utterly inadmissible. No Spanish Court or prosecutor would pretend to believe that the *Deerhound* was engaged in the plunder of peaceable vessels. The operation of carrying warlike supplies to the Carlists would have justified seizure and condemnation in Spanish waters; but the trade in arms beyond Spanish jurisdiction is lawful, nor can it involve any forfeiture of the right of English interests and English property to protection. It was to prevent complications of this kind that the QUEEN'S Proclamation of Neutrality was issued at the beginning of the American Civil War. The scandalous and arrogant injustice of the remonstrances which followed require no comment beyond the history of the *Deerhound*. In this case the English Government will scarcely consent to another Geneva Arbitration.

FRANCE.

IT is hard to say whether the Count of PARIS was well advised in going to Frohsdorf when he did, or would have been better advised if he had put off his visit till October. Coming at the beginning of the vacation, the interview between the two Princes had the effect, no doubt, of giving the Royalists of both sections a definite object to work for during the autumn. For the leaders on both sides it would have been enough to be informed in confidence that the reconciliation was determined on, and would be publicly proclaimed at the most convenient moment. But this fact could not have been communicated to the rank and file, and without this knowledge Orleanists and Legitimists would alike have spent the recess in aimless speculations as to the real intentions of their respective chiefs. On the other hand, too long an interval between the declaration of war and the first battle is often a misfortune for the attacking party. It gives them time to ponder over the difficulties that lie before them, and to find out how ill prepared they are to meet them. Discoveries of this kind may be valuable to the general, but to the common soldier they are simply discouraging. He can make no use of the knowledge when he has obtained it; he can only feel his hopes of success growing fainter every day, until in the end perhaps he is defeated mainly by his own faintheartedness. There are some signs that this process is going on among the partisans of the Frœn. At first they were confident and excited. The initial obstacle to a restoration had been triumphantly got over, and there was nothing before them but a course of uninterrupted success. The Count of PARIS had thrown himself at the feet of HENRY V., and in return HENRY V. had called him by the sacred name of Dauphin. After such amenities as these what more could there be to do? A formal resolution of the Assembly would declare France a legitimate and hereditary Monarchy; while another scarcely less formal would embody in a charter or constitution the gracious intentions of the Count of CHAMBORD—intentions which, by a happy coincidence, would cover the machine ground won by the Revolution of 1810. The

absence of the Assembly from Versailles made it impossible to take these simple but effective measures as soon as they were conceived. Day after day has, therefore, to be spent in inaction, and it is not surprising that, with nothing else to think about, the Fusionists begin to doubt whether, after all, everything will go quite so smoothly as they have hitherto hoped. The Count of CHAMBORD is a difficulty; the Orleanists are a difficulty; the Pope is a difficulty; Marshal MACMURON is a difficulty; the Ministry is a difficulty; the Assembly is a difficulty; the country is a difficulty. Some of them may turn out to be merely imaginary difficulties, but some at all events are likely to prove real.

Perhaps the worst difficulty of all is the Pope. The French nation is not greatly moved about PIES IX. or his self-imposed confinement in the Vatican, but there is too much reason to believe that the Count of CHAMBORD does not share its indifference. Unluckily there is no subject on which he has been so communicative. For five-and-twenty years he has been writing and talking about it, and everything that he has said and written has now been searched for and republished. It is not easy for a Most Christian King to be openly worse than his word, and, as the moderate partisans of the Fusion too well know, he has those about him who will not allow any retreat from the position he has hitherto maintained to pass unnoticed. We do not envy the feelings of the followers of the Count of PARIS on reading the last Pastoral of the Archbishop of PARIS. They have no objection to the Church so long as she concerns herself about the things of another world. But the Archbishop of PARIS is not at all inclined to limit himself in this way. Except that certain theological phrases and sentiments are scattered about in it, his Pastoral might be mistaken for a furious political manifesto. It is a declaration of unceasing war on the part of the Church against Italy. There are some acts of unjust violence, says the Archbishop, which are condoned by lapse of time. But for the outrages which the Italian Government has inflicted on the common father of Christendom no such condonation is possible. Time does but make the evil consequences of them more apparent, and the duty of repairing these disasters by removing their cause is continually becoming more imperative upon all Christian men. The Church can never cease in her efforts to restore Rome to the Pope and the Pope to Rome until the great end is accomplished. The Archbishop does not say how it is to come to pass; he only invites faithful Catholics to be instant in prayer for the Pope. But those among the Fusionists who have no wish to see Italy driven into the arms of Germany, and France embarked once more in a hopeless struggle against modern ideas, may well be uneasy at the Archbishop's exhortations to devotion. If the Count of CHAMBORD becomes King, it is among men of the Archbishop's way of thinking, only even more violent in their manner of expressing their thoughts, that he will choose his most trusted counsellors. Even if it be granted that his lay advisers will be of a more prudent temper, who is to say how much weight an Ultramontane sovereign, attributing his restoration to the answered prayers of pious Catholics, will attach to the counsel of his Ministers, and how much to the admonitions of his director? And even if the impossibility of moving to any good purpose should keep him quiet as regards Italian affairs, what kind of home policy is to be expected from men animated by the ideas which appear in the Archbishop's Pastoral? On the principle "*Nallum tempus occurrat ecclesie*" what French institution is safe? The same sort of reasoning which argues that Italy has met with nothing but disasters since she quarrelled with the Pope may prove that France has been equally unfortunate since the Revolution deprived the Church of her lands and made her a mere pensioner of the State. A reactionary Government may find it as hard to stop in its headlong retreat as a revolutionary Government in its headlong advance. These are not cheerful reflections for an Orleanist shopkeeper, and he has still another two months in which to indulge them.

With affairs in this position, it is well that the PRINCE IMPERIAL is not yet old enough to have shown any character of his own. At present an Imperialist restoration means a Regency; and though the Empress might be more amenable to her Ministers than the Count of CHAMBORD, her devotion to the Pope is hardly less conspicuous. Indeed the Pope, by all accounts, is by no means certain whether it would suit his views best to see France a Kingdom or an Empire. If he congratulated the Count of

CHAMBORD upon the visit of his cousin, he sent a special blessing to the PRINCE IMPERIAL, and he is not known to have expressed any displeasure at the political use which the Imperial chaplain made of it. Had it been otherwise, it is far from impossible that the moderate Royalists might have turned to the Empire as a less dangerous form of Monarchy than the legitimate and hereditary kingship represented by the Count of CHAMBORD. NAPOLEON III. was a sufficiently pious sovereign, and throughout his reign he was, outwardly at least, on good terms with the Church. But he showed, when occasion demanded it, that whenever the interests of France pointed one way and the interests of the Pope another, the Pope had to content himself with civil speeches, while France got the solid pudding. This is precisely the amount of religion which the Orleanist party like to see introduced into politics. They have no love for Italy and they are probably more than willing that the Pope should regain his dominions, provided that it be done at somebody else's cost. But they wish the Church to be kept in her place, and to be made to understand that when political questions of real importance are under discussion she must not expect to be thought of until France has done the best she can for herself. NAPOLEON III. knew how to do this, and if the successor to his pretensions had given signs of inheriting his capacity, he might have profited by the uncertainty which rests upon the Count of CHAMBORD's intention in matters ecclesiastical.

Meanwhile the solid benefit which M. THIERS has conferred upon France is on the eve of being gathered in. The Germans are evacuating, or are on the point of evacuating, Verdun, and by the end of next week French territory will once more be occupied only by French troops. How sincerely grateful the Monarchical party are to the statesman by whose reputation and labours this result has mainly been brought about may be judged from a singular correspondence which has just passed between M. JULES FERRY and one M. HUIN, who is the President of an Agricultural Society at St. Dié, in the Department of the Vosges. At the annual dinner of this Society M. FERRY was asked to propose a toast, and in accordance, it seems, with custom, the President wrote to inquire whose health he meant to drink. M. FERRY replied that he intended to give the health of M. THIERS, but not to introduce any politics into his speech. M. HUIN immediately wrote to say that, as M. THIERS's name has unfortunately been made a pretext for agitation, and is even shouted by the very Communists who burnt his house, the toast must not be drunk. This is the true Royalist notion of a Conservative policy. He that is not with the Monarchists must be set down, not merely as against them, but as against law, order, property, family, and all the rest of it. They have modelled their politics on their religion, and can admit no middle term between accepting everything and rejecting everything. It is this temper that has already subjected France to so many revolutions; and if the Royalists are strong enough to achieve their object, it will probably be the cause of as many more.

THE OLD ERA AND THE NEW.

THE result of the Renfrewshire election shows that the tide of popular opinion is still running strongly against the Ministry, and it is the more significant because in Scotland the tendency has hitherto been supposed to be decidedly the other way. Renfrewshire is not a close county governed by the dictation of powerful proprietors. It derives a considerable tinge of Radicalism from Glasgow, the inhabitants are thriving and independent, and in any case the Ballot has enabled them to give effect to their opinions with perfect freedom. The seat was lately occupied not only by a Liberal, but by an important member of the Government; and it is now held by a Conservative. It would appear that at least two of Mr. GLADSTONE's colleagues failed to command the confidence of their constituents, for the late Home Secretary and the Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury have both been succeeded by opponents of the Ministry. The rival candidates in Renfrewshire are both Colonels, and their political opinions are almost identical. Except by looking at the name at the head of the page, it was scarcely possible to distinguish an address by Colonel MURK from an address by Colonel CAMPBELL. The only difference between the two gentlemen was that Colonel MURK was a supporter of Mr. Gladstone and Colonel CAMPBELL was not, and that was

enough to settle the question between them. The election proves that in Scotland as in England people are getting very sick of the present Cabinet, and distrust and dislike it; but it would be hazardous to say that it is, in any substantial sense, an indication of a Conservative reaction. It may be doubted whether there is really in Scotland anything like Conservatism as it is preached by Conservative orators and journalists in the South. Most Scotchmen are, by instinct and education, Liberals; and their hereditary common sense, which restrains them from Radical excesses, discovers only matter for contempt and ridicule in the childish mock heroics androdomontade of the followers of Mr. DISRAELI. Even in its most highly coloured form Scotch Conservatism is but a mild affair, and scarcely goes beyond moderate Whiggery. The return of Colonel CAMPBELL is an unequivocal proof of the general unpopularity of the Government; but there is no reason to suppose that it is a sign of a reaction from Liberal opinions.

At such a moment the question whether Mr. GLADSTONE himself retains the confidence of his constituents is naturally a tempting subject of speculation. An apparently semi-official announcement in the *Daily Telegraph* shifts the grounds upon which it is held to be unnecessary for the PREMIER to vacate his seat. It was at first contended that, as Mr. GLADSTONE was not to receive any salary as Chancellor of the Exchequer, that office was not, as far as he was concerned, an office of profit under the Crown. Since then it has been discovered that in 1834 Sir ROBERT PEEL, in accordance with the report of a Committee of the House of Commons which sat three years earlier, drew his whole salary as First Lord of the Treasury and half the salary of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, together 7,500l.; and it is stated that Mr. GLADSTONE has resolved to follow this precedent. It is obvious that the Chancellorship thus becomes an office of profit, since it yields 2,500l. a year, and the original argument against the necessity of a new election falls to the ground. It has now, therefore, been found necessary to explain that "the sole reason why the PREMIER has not vacated his seat is that his acceptance of two offices instead of one is manifestly one of the cases contemplated by the spirit, at least, if not the letter, of the amended Act passed a few years ago." It will be remembered that in the case of the COLLIER and Ewelme scandals the letter of the law furnished a pretext for evading its spirit; but now, as the letter does not happen to suit, the spirit is preferred. Delicacy of conscience is sometimes shown less in discharging obligations than in contriving the means of avoiding the sacrifices which they involve. The defeat of the Head of the Government might be an awkward incident; but there is a more serious awkwardness in the spectacle of a Government exhausting its subtlety in slippery interpretations of the law, adapted to the personal exigencies of the hour. The simple and natural course in a doubtful case would be to obey the law as it stands, until there is an opportunity of amending it.

It will be interesting to observe what effect these successive and undeviating defeats will have upon the policy of the Ministry. Mr. LOWE at the Cutlers' Feast confined himself to a glorification of the past, and Mr. BRIDGES is not to speak until next month. In the interval the utterances of even Mr. W. H. GLADSTONE may perhaps deserve attention. It is an amusing illustration of the general unpleasantness of politics—particularly Government politics—just now, that the Liberals of Whitby were rather afraid that anything young Mr. GLADSTONE could say would be apt to drive away summer visitors and injure the jet trade, the purchase of that dismal article apparently demanding a cheerful mind; and he had therefore to promise, before he was allowed to speak, that he would say as little as possible. Accordingly he alluded particularly to the jet trade, the "visiting season, the herring fishery, and the iron ship-building trade," and as little particularly as possible to everything else. In spite of himself, however, he stumbled into some curious and significant disclosures. Mr. LOWE in his speech at Sheffield went on the assumption that he had been transferred from the Exchequer to the Home Office in consequence of having triumphantly exhausted the possibilities of usefulness in the former department. There were no more worlds to conquer on that side of the street, and so he went over the way. It must have occurred to everybody that it was an odd mistake to remove so successful an administrator from an office in which he had so greatly distinguished himself; but the son of the PREMIER, who it must be presumed, knows something

of his father's mind, gives a very different version of the transaction. There had been, he said, "certain irregularities and inconsistencies in certain departments"—in other words, a mess at the Treasury—"and it was in order to reinforce and make them perfect, as far as possible, that various changes in the *personnel* of the Government had been made." Now that his father had taken upon himself the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and Mr. BRIGHT was coming back, and Mr. Lowe had been put into a hole at the Home Office, "the timbers of the ship"—an allusion intended probably to conciliate the shipbuilding trade—"were sounder, and its seams well caulked." It would appear, therefore, that Mr. Lowe's destiny, in the opinion of his colleagues, has sunk into being useful only for caulking purposes. He stops a hole to keep the wind away. On other subjects Mr. W. H. GLADSTONE, in deference to the feelings of bathers and the interests of the jet trade, touched as lightly as he could. He referred vaguely to the education question, but "at the present moment he was not prepared to state what were the precise views and intentions of the Government in this matter." All he could say was, that "he was convinced that the utmost would be done to secure justice to all." He added that, as to the disestablishment of the Church of England, his father felt that this was a question for the new era, while he was the leader of the old era, which was quickly drawing to a close. An ecclesiastical revolution is, it seems, to be the next great question, but Mr. GLADSTONE modestly suggests, not that there is anything to be said on behalf of the Church, but that its destruction should be left to another leader. It would appear that the PREMIER, in confidential intercourse with his family, if not with his colleagues, is still harping on the old note of morbid unrest and perpetual change. He singles out the quarry, although he professes to be too old and stiff to join in the chase. It is just possible that, if the sport were once started, the weary huntsman might find his energies restored.

It is impossible to look back over Mr. GLADSTONE's strange political career without remarking that in his time he has managed to use up a good many old eras, and to adapt himself with singular elasticity of sentiment and conviction to a good many new ones. It was observed not long ago by a very philosophical Radical that, though Mr. GLADSTONE was generally to be found lagging behind his party, and indeed went over most of the ground with his head turned the other way, he always managed to get pulled up to them at a critical moment. During Lord PALMERSTON's Ministry, and while Lord RUSSELL still stood between him and the leadership of the Liberal party, Mr. GLADSTONE was apparently under the impression that the Irish Church question, the Irish Land question, and the Ballot belonged to a future era with which he had nothing to do. Yet very soon afterwards he felt no insuperable difficulty in precipitating the advent of an era in which he had an opportunity of playing a prominent part. His opinions suddenly crystallized with a rapidity which must have been exceedingly convenient for the party exigencies of the moment. The first influence of the defeats which the Government has lately sustained would seem to have been to produce a disposition towards quiet and inaction, but it is not improbable that, as they continue, they may have an opposite effect. It is evident that the classes who desire quiet distrust the intention or capacity of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues to secure it; and if the latter find that it is hopeless to obtain acceptance on those terms, they may be tempted to try another tack. It has been announced by what is called a Press Association that Mr. GLADSTONE is in the autumn to visit Ireland, and to proclaim an amnesty to the Fenian prisoners. The statement, as far as we are aware, has not been contradicted; but it is of course incredible. That Mr. GLADSTONE, with characteristic restlessness and meddlesomeness, may undertake an oratorical expedition to Ireland is not impossible; but that, after his repeated declarations in regard to the Fenian prisoners, and his unanswerable vindication of the justice of their punishment, he should now turn round and pronounce an amnesty, is a thing which cannot be believed until it has actually happened. The announcement, however, though erroneous in fact, may not be without some significance, especially when taken in conjunction with Mr. W. H. GLADSTONE's prediction of a new era of volcanic politics, in which the explosion of the Church is to be a prominent feature. It will not perhaps be very surprising if an attempt is made to launch the country upon another course

of sensational legislation and heroic topsy-turviness. There is, however, some security for a breathing space of rest in the fact that the Government has pretty well exhausted the subjects which it found ready to its hand, and that new questions must have time to ripen and develop. Perhaps the most mischievous of the fallacies with which Mr. Lowe built up his singular apologia was the assumption that great national changes can be effected offhand by merely passing Acts of Parliament. An Act of Parliament is really only an egg which has to be hatched; and what is now wanted is not a cackling but a sitting hen.

ITALY, AUSTRIA, AND GERMANY.

AMONG many Royal visits of recent times none has been more judicious or more appropriate than the impending visits of the King of ITALY to the Imperial Courts of Vienna and Berlin. For many years resentment, ambition, and patriotism combined to make VICTOR EMMANUEL the enemy of Austria. He ascended the throne with the determination to avenge Novara and the slight which had been offered by the victor to his father. A few years later he was enabled by the aid of a powerful ally to annex Lombardy and the adjacent Duchies; and the later acquisition of Naples was an additional menace to the Power which retained its dominion over the only Italian provinces which were not included in the new kingdom. By an extraordinary stroke of fortune, it suited the purpose of Prussia to complete the work which had been commenced by France; and it was perhaps well that neither the interests nor the national pride of Austria were seriously affected by the final loss of Venice and the rest of her Italian territory. The Quadrilateral had been defended in 1866 rather as a point of honour than for reasons of policy; and the compulsory evacuation was preceded by successful battles both by land and by sea. With the consolidation of the Italian Kingdom and the retirement of Austria from the Peninsula all cause for hostility between the neighbouring Powers proved to be at an end; and the ancient connexion by blood and alliance naturally resumed its influence. During the long struggle for independence the Italian Government had become irreconcilably embroiled with the See of Rome, which had formerly relied on Austrian power for the maintenance of its temporal dominion. If no other change had taken place, the Government of Vienna might have thought it necessary to adopt the policy which is now urged on the French Assembly by a large section of the majority. A claim to the Protectorate of the Church might have been more troublesome to the Italian Government than the vicinity of a formidable and alien Power on the coast of the Adriatic; but happily the course of events, precipitated by the rashness of the Pope, had detached Austria as well as Italy from his cause. The Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH sacrificed his personal inclinations and the policy of his youth to the interests of his Empire; and soon after the loss of Venetia a Protestant Prime Minister undertook the direction of Austrian affairs. While France, and even Spain, has repeatedly interfered on behalf of the temporal power, Austria has tacitly acquiesced in the Italian occupation of Rome. The Exhibition furnishes a suitable excuse for a visit of the King of ITALY to Vienna, and the consequent interchange of courtesies will symbolize and ratify the re-establishment of friendly relations. Between 1820 and 1848 a whole literature of invective and lamentation expressed the repugnance of the cultivated class of Italians to the presence of the Teutonic foreigner on their soil. The greatest Italian writer of the time reproached the "conscience-stricken sallow Savoyard" with his attendance in the train of the Emperor FERDINAND at Milan. No patriot, however sensitive, will disapprove of the presence of the son of CHARLES ALBERT at Vienna.

The King is supposed to have felt some hesitation in accepting the invitation to proceed to Berlin. It is not to be supposed that mere dislike to a prolongation of courtly ceremonies could interfere with the performance of political duty. With the personal tastes of a sportsman, VICTOR EMMANUEL is one of the most serious, as he has been one of the most successful, of politicians. His rough simplicity of demeanour never interfered with his ability to profit by the statesmanlike astuteness of CAVOUR, or by the convenient tamerity of GARIBOLDI. The sacrifice of a week or fortnight of amusement would be a trifling consideration for the establishment of a cordial understanding with Germany.

It may perhaps have been with a proper regard to the susceptibilities of France that the KING postponed his acceptance of the invitation to Berlin, that he might seem to yield to the prudent urgency of his Ministers. It is well known that the Imperial Government has little reason for personal gratitude to the KING. Although Prussia had contributed to his aggrandizement almost as largely as France, and notwithstanding the identity of the interests of both countries in opposing Papal claims, VICTOR EMMANUEL proposed to his Ministers in 1870 to send a contingent to join the French army. It will probably be always uncertain whether the KING's impolitic proposal was made in earnest. It was perhaps against his own will that he took the opportunity of the overthrow of the French Empire to occupy Rome, and afterwards to transfer the seat of government to the ancient capital; but the piancy which waives a simple, and at the same time secures a material advantage, generally admits of a double interpretation. It is certain that the predominance of Germany in Europe affords the best security against an ecclesiastical reaction in Italy. The vigorous resistance of the German CHANCELLOR to the extravagant pretensions of the Papacy diverts attention from the offences of the POPE's "Subalpine" enemy. All but the most excited Catholics know that the supposed imprisonment of the POPE by the King of ITALY is a metaphorical fiction; while the laws which have been passed by the German Parliament in restriction of the rights claimed by the priesthood are enforced with uncompromising rigour. RICASOLI's experiment of "a free Church in a free State" has been tried in Italy with perfect good faith, but also without success. The German Government asserts the freedom and the supremacy of the State, without regard to any pretension of the Church to independence. The Italian Catholics are by tradition and education more hostile to the Papacy than their co-religionists in Germany, but their Government is less powerful and less resolute than the heretical rulers of the Empire. It is for the interest of Italy that French pilgrims should distribute their prayers and imprecations between the schismatical tyrants of Berlin and the apostate usurpers who violate the sanctity of Rome. Although the Italians would gladly remain neutral in any future Continental war, the force of circumstances may not improbably drive them into a German alliance. The clerical party in France openly avows the policy of replacing the POPE in the possession of his former dominions; and although M. THIERS repudiated all intention of interference with Italy, his authority may be quoted for the doctrine that it is the duty and interest of France to defend the temporal independence of the Holy See. If the legitimate Monarchy of the BOURBONS were re-established, the party which would then be dominant must, in consistency with its professions, make some effort to revive the French protectorate in Rome; nor is it certain that, if the BONAPARTES once more ascended the throne, they also might not be tempted to gratify the national vanity by continuing the Italian policy of NAPOLEON III. An unequal struggle would be most effectually averted by a defensive alliance between Italy and Germany. No French Minister who deserved the name of a statesman would attempt the restoration of the POPE, at the risk of renewing and exceeding the calamities of the last German war.

When Continental sovereigns in the present day meet for purposes of pleasure and business, they probably remember that they have all a common interest which may well outweigh national jealousies and grounds of conflict. In all parts of Europe revolution and anarchy are awaiting the opportunity which they have found in Spain. Two great States are at the present moment subject to Republican Governments, and socialistic democracy is active and vigilant in Germany, in Austria, and in Italy, and, under other forms, in Russia. While ecclesiastical aggression is but a transitory inconvenience, revolution is a permanent danger. The King of ITALY, and even the German EMPEROR, may laugh at the fulminations of the POPE; but the establishment of Republics in other parts of Europe is not more impossible than it might have seemed a few years ago in France and Spain. It is not desirable that existing Governments should concert with one another measures of coercion, but they may find in the menaces of a common enemy reasons for avoiding quarrels among themselves. The chief Royal personages of the present day cannot be charged with indolence or personal insignificance. Neither the King of ITALY nor the German EMPEROR can be considered to possess either military or political genius of the highest order; but both have commanded armies in the field, one with credit

and one with glory; both have known how to avail themselves of the services of consummate statesmen, and both have contributed largely to the creation of the powerful monarchies over which they respectively preside. The Emperor WILLIAM and King VICTOR EMMANUEL possess in common the attribute of manliness, as well as the ordinary gift of personal bravery. Historians, while they justly assign the chief merit of creating Italy and Germany to CAVOUR and BISMARCK, will not fail to record the loyal devotion of the reigning Sovereigns to the national cause in both countries. If the King of ITALY finds little pleasure in the magnificent hospitalities of Berlin and Potsdam, he can scarcely fail to take a warm professional interest in the first army in Europe. The reviews with which Royal guests are entertained at Continental Courts will not be merely ornamental pageants in the eyes of VICTOR EMMANUEL. It may be hoped that he will not be disturbed by envy of the magnitude of Austrian and German armaments, or tempted into a costly and impracticable rivalry.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING ON IRELAND.

IT is natural that Archbishop MANNING should look with exultation on the religious condition of Ireland. It is the one country in Europe in which the Roman Catholic Church is really flourishing. The Archbishop is too shrewd a politician to place much trust in the present reaction in France, and in Germany, Italy, and Spain he sees even less ground for hope. In his letter to the Roman Catholic Primate of Ireland he declares that the Monarchies "have sold themselves, and are morally gone"; and certainly the nations seem ready to follow the example of the Monarchies. It is not in Archbishop MANNING'S line to draw conclusions which would not be approved at Rome, but in his own mind he has perhaps already recognized the lesson which this contrast forcibly suggests. Ireland is the one Catholic country in which for three hundred years the State has not been Catholic; consequently it is the one Catholic country in which the Church has not been tempted to ally herself inextricably to the Monarchy. If she had held as loosely by the Monarchy in France as she has in Ireland, she would not have shared its fate at the Revolution, and the ideas of 1789 might not have been so largely coloured by irreligion. Under the Orleansist Monarchy the Church was not in favour at Court, and the result of this short interval of moral independence was seen in the revived popularity of the clergy about 1848. But the alliance of the Empire had charms which she could not resist, and hatred to every religious institution has again become the recognized badge of advanced Republicans. Ultramontanism and Republicanism have this in common, that they rarely look beyond the moment. The Empire offered immediate advantages to the clergy, and to secure them they consented to stand or fall with its fortunes. The Church is hostile to Republicanism as a matter of fact, and Republicans rarely stop to consider whether her hostility is accidental or inevitable. Archbishop MANNING can have no good word to throw to the Revolution, because Pius IX. has raised the temporal power of the Pope almost to a level with his spiritual power; and so long as this position is adhered to, there can be no truce between the Church and the democratic spirit. But the example of Ireland must, we should think, suggest to him that even in Italy the Church might have chosen a more excellent way, and be reaping the benefits of it at this moment.

The Archbishop next considers what are the dangers to which Catholicism in Ireland is principally exposed. He does not much fear direct anti-Catholic legislation. The example of Germany may inflame that "handful of boisterous and blustering doctrinaires who are trying to turn men away from doing what is just towards Ireland by grandiloquent phrases about the Imperial race and the Imperial policy;" but the work of subjecting Ireland to the religious ideas of England will prove, he thinks, too tough for them. We have little doubt that in this respect Dr. MANNING is right. A policy of persecution cannot be effectively persevered in when those who preach it have first to persuade people that it is not the thing it looks. There was no such squeamishness in the days of the Tudors. Then men of all parties persecuted freely, and would have thought themselves greatly to blame if they had not persecuted. Now, even in Germany, it is thought needful to find an excuse for every harsh measure which is adopted

towards the Church. The Government is acting in pure self-defence; it has no hostility to the Roman Catholic religion or the Roman Catholic clergy; it only asks to be allowed to live at peace with them; it is bound to make the Empire safe against its foes, and its religious legislation is directed solely to this object. These are the pleas put forward in defence of acts which three centuries back would not have been thought to need excuse; and if even in Germany, where men are not much accustomed to criticize the acts of their rulers, it is necessary to concede thus much to public feeling, how much more necessary would it be in England, where the whole tradition of the dominant party is opposed to this kind of legislation. Persecution which has to be glossed over and apologized for stands but a poor chance of being carried on with any vigour or consistency. If there is any cause to feel alarmed for the prospects of Irish Catholicism, it lies, Dr. MANNING thinks, in the possibility of education being secularized. Those who desire to rid the world of religion "know perfectly well that the school is more fatal to their policy than the Church." As regards elementary education, Archbishop MANNING makes one very curious remark:—"We in England," he says, "were upon the brink of being terrified by agitation and juggled by Leagues into some compromise. . . . The danger is, I hope, past, because the momentary scare is over, and the weakness of the agitation is found out." It seems from this there was a time when the English Roman Catholic authorities were not altogether unwilling to come to terms with the Secularists. Probably they were more afraid of unsectarian education than of secular education, and were willing to give up their control of purely secular instruction in order to be rid of the Bible without note or comment. Now they see that the unsectarian party has no real hold on the country, and that the battle will lie between Denominationalism and Secularism. Upon the issue thus stated they have come to the same conclusion as the Anglican clergy, and, as it seems to us, with even less reason. The number of Roman Catholic children in Protestant schools must be very considerable; and it would surely have been wiser if the Roman Catholic clergy had supported a system under which they would have had free access to every elementary school in which Roman Catholic children were being educated, instead of clinging to a system under which, though some Roman Catholic children are educated under Roman Catholic management, others necessarily learn to regard religion as something altogether separate from their school-life. We have before now said much the same thing as regards the Anglican clergy, and, in so far as Secularism fairly carried out would set free a great part of the funds which now go to maintain secular teaching, the argument is equally applicable to both. But the position of the Roman Catholic Church in England differs from that of the Anglican Church in two important respects. It is a poor Church, and it is a Church whose adherents are widely scattered. It is no wonder that Roman Catholics should be in favour of voluntary schools in Liverpool, where there are Irish children enough to fill as many Catholic schools as the priests can find the money to build. But there are many places where a Roman Catholic school is an impossibility, because there are no more Roman Catholic children than would make up a single class. Education must be found for these children in some school or other. Under the present system they go either to a School Board school or to a Church of England school, and the priest has no opportunity of getting at them except in their own homes. Under a secular system he would have certain hours in the week allotted to him, during which he would have the use of the school building for the purpose of giving religious instruction. This is the danger which Dr. MANNING thankfully declares is now past.

As regards Ireland the danger dreaded by the Archbishop lies in the higher education. Popular education he considers safe, "not through any favour of Legislature, but through the fidelity and industry of the Catholic Church and its people." But before the higher education can be at once adequate and Catholic, England and Scotland must cease to legislate for Ireland according to English and Scotch interests and prejudices. In other words, Dr. MANNING is prepared to make common cause with the Irish bishops, and to declare that no solution of the Irish University question will be satisfactory which does not charter and endow a Catholic University. When Mr.

GLADSTONE'S Irish University Bill was first introduced, the Archbishop admits that he thought well of it. As soon, however, as he knew that the Irish bishops had rejected Mr. GLADSTONE'S proposals, he saw that his first impression had been mistaken. "Such mixed and godless schemes of University education have become inevitable in England by reason of our endless religious contentions. England has lost its religious unity, and is paying the grievous penalty." Ireland has not forfeited its religious unity, consequently Parliament is bound to legislate for Ireland according to the ideas and conscience of the Irish people. It is a little surprising to have Ireland held up to us as an example of religious unity; but even if we accept the assertion, it cannot be said entirely to close the controversy. Ireland is an integral part of the United Kingdom, and however much liberal and enlightened politicians may desire to legislate in accordance with Irish ideas and consciences, they have to bear in mind that such legislation is impossible unless some deference is paid to the ideas and conscience of the other parts of the Empire. Dr. MANNING sets up a claim which to many persons will seem hardly distinguishable from Home Rule. He does not propose, indeed, that there shall be three separate Parliaments for England, Scotland, and Ireland, but he insists that, as regards the internal affairs of each kingdom, the Imperial Parliament shall allow its legislation to be absolutely dictated by the representatives of that kingdom. That very great deference should be paid to their wishes most reasonable Liberals will admit; and we may remind Dr. MANNING that the defeated University Bill was a very different measure from what it would have been if it had been framed to carry out the views of the majority of Englishmen and Scotchmen. But when Ireland asks that, instead of a compromise in which Irish ideas shall be deferred to so far as is possible without setting English and Scotch ideas at defiance, there shall be a total surrender of English and Scotch ideas, she pushes the live-and-let-live principle to the point of extravagance. In order to strengthen his plea, Dr. MANNING assumes far too confidently that Irish ideas and wishes are altogether at one upon the subject of the higher education. "Even the Protestants and the Presbyterians of Ireland," he says, "demand that education shall be religious and Christian." Dr. MANNING'S reading of Irish Protestant opinion during the discussion of the University Bill is evidently quite opposed to ours. We should have said that the Protestants and Presbyterians of Ireland demand before all things that education, so far as the cost of it comes out of their pockets, shall not be Catholic. It is only so far as is consistent with this indispensable condition that they wish to see it religious and Christian.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS AT GENEVA.

IT is natural and right that the English newspapers which report the proceedings of the revolutionary Congresses at Geneva should more or less sympathize with the objects of the promoters, and feel or affect belief in their professions. Hostile witnesses would be reasonably regarded with suspicion and dislike, even if they were allowed to attend the meetings of these bodies. The cosmopolitan impartiality which allows journals of habitually Conservative character to fill their columns without protest with schemes for the subversion of society is happily both common and on the whole laudable. It is not desirable that the supporters of established institutions should, like some of their opponents, be one-sided fanatics. Unluckily the International Church is already split up into sects which detest one another with the utmost fervour; and reporters who hold any form of the Communist faith are bound to denounce in strong language the heresy of dissidents and schismatics. Mr. BARRY, who acted as Correspondent for the *Standard* at the International Congress of 1872, contrasts, in a preface to a republication of his reports, his enlightened Conservative employers with "the Liberal Press, the servile flunkies of the *base bourgeoisie*." Himself a devoted adherent of Mr. KARL MARX, Mr. BARRY would regard as excommunicated reprobates the managers of the present Congress; but to the less scrutinizing vision of a "*base bourgeoisie*" Bakouninists and Marxists are as indistinguishable as Burgher and Anti-Burgher Presbyterians have long appeared to Laodicean English observers. The Congress which met on the 1st of September represents a Federal organization, and repudiates the authority.

of the General Council. The Centralists are holding a Congress of their own; but perhaps the proceedings of both assemblies may not be reported with equal fulness.

At present the Geneva agitators are in no sense formidable; but it is always worth while to understand opinions and passions which may possibly become popular and dangerous. When mobs of higher social rank meet from time to time to proclaim their devotion to the Syllabus or to the Beatified MARY ALACOQUE, their extravagances interest only ill-informed alarmists, or perhaps a few curious students of the morbid pathology of human nature. Civilization has nothing to fear from Ultramontanist exaggerations; but the doctrine that all power and property ought to be transferred to the class which lives by manual labour, inasmuch as it flatters the appetites and the vanity of a numerical majority, may possibly at some time be propagated by the aid of physical force. The only point on which the Geneva Congress seems to be either unanimous or harmonious is in its enthusiastic approval of the revolt of the Uncompromising faction against the Republican Government of Spain. The Internationalists avow themselves the authors of the rebellion, and their members applaud the heroism of the garrison of Carthage. According to the statement of the Spanish delegates, the associated workmen felt no interest in the subversion of the Monarchy or in the accession to power of political Republicans. They found that they were themselves still compelled to live on their wages, and that they were expected to render obedience to the law. They consequently took advantage of civil commotions to assert their own claim to supremacy, and their associates would consistently adopt the same course if their respective countries were reduced to the condition of Spain. The contingency seems at present remote; but the doctrines of social revolution have made progress both in impunity of utterance and in their temporary embodiment in practice. The Commune of Paris, the unsuccessful rebellion of Alcoy, Malaga, Valencia, and Seville, and the defence of Carthage give the International Society an advantage in controversy analogous to the benefit which insurgents derive from a recognition of their existence as belligerents. The Congress of Geneva will probably agree with the Congress of the Hague in the proposition that the great object of the working classes ought to be the acquisition of political power; but the minuteness of sectarian jealousy is curiously illustrated by the hostility of the assembled Communists to the followers of GARIBALDI and MAZZINI. The Garibaldians are, according to the orators of the Congress, good for nothing but fighting, and as patriots they are not in sympathy with international propaganda. MAZZINI, who was in his lifetime denounced by GARIBALDI, has left to his disciples abundant warnings against the selfish and lawless doctrines of the Paris Commune and the Basle and Geneva demagogues. It would seem that among many nowfangled projects of turning the world upside down, no two are compatible with one another or capable of mutual toleration.

As Ecclesiastical Councils have generally concerned themselves rather with discipline and with declarations of doctrine than with the conversion of the outside world, International Congresses appear to be almost exclusively occupied with questions which are oddly described as legal. The validity of the credentials of delegates, the regular or irregular constitution of sections, and other internal details are discussed with an interest which seems to strangers disproportionate to their importance. The chief results of the Congress at the Hague were the excommunication of BAKOUNINE and his supporters, the transfer of the head-quarters of the Association from London to New York, and the increase of the powers of the General Council. All these measures were intended to increase the influence of MARX, who has found in BAKOUNINE a formidable rival, while among the numerous agitators of all nations assembled in London he is exposed to inconvenient opposition. GUILLAUME, a principal member of the Bakounist sect, although he was last year formally expelled from the International Society, reappears as one of the principal leaders of the Federalist faction at Geneva. The majority of the speakers complained of the usurpation of the General Council, not only on special grounds, but because authority of any kind was inconsistent with the principles of universal emancipation. As one of the orators forcibly observed, anarchy in all things was indispensable.

There is a pleasing consistency in the systematic re-

jection of voluntary obedience by professed advocates of social and political rebellion; but, unless all experience is at fault, conspiracies require, like other forms of combined activity, discipline and submission to recognized leaders. It is highly probable that the real movers of the agitation against the General Council only wish to substitute their own influence for that which MARX exercises through his little parliament at New York. The succession or flux of demagogues seems to be unaccountably rapid; and many of the original managers of the Association have become traitors in the estimation of their former followers. It is satisfactory to find that the English contingent becomes smaller and less powerful as the proceedings of the Association become more confused and chaotic. The discussions have on former occasions been held in the languages of the various speakers, with interpretations for the benefit of the rest. No other method of conducting business was consistent with the principles of an International Society; but there can be no doubt that the arrangement was in the highest degree dilatory and inconvenient. At the Hague the English delegates complained that some of the French and German speeches were not translated; and when the President explained that irrelevant declamation was better untranslated, the plainspoken Englishman replied that what was not worth translating was not worth saying. At the Federalist Congress in Geneva the discussion proceeded in French, and no better proof can be given of the decay of Internationalist doctrines in England. France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland are regions better adapted than England to the propagation of promiscuous hostility to things in general.

The English founders of the Association had a definite and intelligible object, though they would probably have regarded with complacency social and political revolution. The leaders of the Trade Unions had begun to apprehend the tendency of a systematic increase of wages and rise of prices to discourage industry and trade; and although they were wholly untroubled by regard to the interest of the great community of consumers, they appreciated the risk of competition with themselves on the part of foreign producers. An international Trade Union might, it was thought, ensure the success of strikes by ultimately reducing all the capitalists of the world into common dependence on their workmen. When the supremacy of manual labour was once established, it would be time enough to apply the same machinery to the acquisition of exclusive political power, and to the transfer of property from the actual holders to the present receivers of wages. In a former generation the national vanity of Englishmen gratified itself by remarking that the worst of English princes had become the best of German sovereigns. A similar satisfaction may be derived from the proof that English Socialists and agitators understand their business better than the moonstruck adventurers with whom they sometimes ally themselves on the Continent. The ultimate abolition of wages may perhaps offer a seductive prospect, but an English Trade Union thinks it better in the meantime to screw up wages to the highest attainable point. America presents to the Internationalists a still more uncongenial soil than England. Some of the sections have in that free country devoted themselves to the assertion of the rights of women, to free love, and to other irrelevant or collateral doctrines; and an American delegate, whose credentials were rejected at the Hague, represented a section which favoured the election of the woman WOODHULL to the Presidency of the United States. As one of the speakers at the Hague acutely remarked, the native Americans belong essentially to the middle class, commonly known as "the base bourgeoisie." Instead of glorifying labour, they hand over hard work to the Irish, the negroes, or the Chinese, while they devote their own energies to easier and more profitable employments. There is not the smallest hope of persuading the Americans either to work by preference with their own hands or to abdicate the exercise of political power. The English working classes are numerous, powerful, and determined, but they are for the present chiefly bent on attaining economical results.

THE RAILWAY POINT OF VIEW.

THE railways are still killing people as fast as they can, and every week adds to the hecatomb of victims. The inquest on the Wigan accident has resulted in a verdict of accidental death, and a protest on the part of

the jury against the high rate of speed at which trains pass through the Wigan station. The precise origin of the accident is left in doubt, but the jury concurred with Captain TYLER in exonerating the pointsman. The meaning of the verdict would seem to be that the accident would either not have occurred, or would at least have been less disastrous, if the train had gone through Wigan station at a moderate pace. The tone of the evidence which was given by the officials of the London and North-Western Railway at this inquiry is hardly calculated to remove the apprehensions of travellers who may think of using this line. We are indebted to Mr. FINDLAY, the Assistant-Manager, for a very succinct and emphatic statement of what he calls "the railway point of view." Mr. FINDLAY is of opinion that the instruction to drivers to observe "great caution" in going through junctions does not imply any reduction of speed; that it is perfectly safe to go through Wigan Junction, which has been described as a shunting-yard, at a rate of fifty miles an hour; and that no improvement at all is wanted at Wigan. "I say this," he added, "speaking from a railway point of view"; and we know, or ought to know now, by melancholy experience, what that point of view is. In order to appreciate the spirit of this evidence, it is necessary to bear in mind the circumstances of the accident. There was, as the Coroner put it, a train "dangerously long," heavily laden, and running over dangerous ground "at a fast rate." Yet the Assistant-Manager of the London and North-Western Railway maintains that there was no reason why a driver should slacken speed in going over this ground, and states that "even after this Wigan accident the Company has not thought it necessary to make any reduction in speed or any alteration in the arrangements on the permanent way." On this point there is an apparent contradiction between the evidence of the Assistant-Manager and that of Mr. CAWKWELL, the Managing Director, who said that the Company had, since the accident, especially warned drivers to be cautious in passing through Wigan. Mr. FINDLAY, however, has explained that this really means nothing more than that drivers are to keep a look-out for signals, which, we should hope, they are bound to do, not only at Wigan, but at all stations. "Great caution," it seems, has nothing to do with speed; so that a cautious driver, dashing along over dangerous ground at fifty miles an hour, would only have the personal satisfaction, if he detected anything wrong, of knowing an instant or two before his unfortunate passengers that the train was going to inevitable smash. A train moving at that pace would of course be quite beyond immediate control. It would appear that railway managers have adopted the tenets of the Peculiar People, and do not feel at liberty to resort to merely human precautions in order to prevent passengers from being killed. Mr. FINDLAY admits that the great amount of shunting at Wigan must affect the permanent way. He admits that the incessant traffic demands greater precautions than usual, that the wear and tear is severe, and that it is "a self-evident fact" that danger increases with the rate of speed. Yet after these admissions, and after the evidence which has been given as to the state of this station, he does not hesitate to assert that the accident "does not point to a single thing which has not been done on the part of the Company which could give additional safety to passengers." It is obvious that the enlargement of a station which is admitted to be too small for the traffic, the reduction of speed over notoriously dangerous ground, and the keeping of the points and permanent way in careful repair, would have given additional safety to passengers.

The circumstances of the Wigan and other recent accidents illustrate clearly enough the "railway point of view." It is assumed that the working of Wigan Junction is quite safe because serious accidents are not constantly occurring there. It is known, however, that other accidents besides this very bad one have occurred at Wigan—indeed a second train went off the rails at the very same points within an hour or so of the disaster of the 2nd of August: and if people have not been killed on each of these occasions, that is really only an accident, in the true sense of the word. Within the last four weeks there have been five or six accidents on different lines, all of the same kind as the Wigan one—that is, the parting of a train at points. On Thursday an accident of this kind occurred on the London and North-Western at Walford. Nobody was killed, for the train was not going very fast. If it had been running at fifty miles an hour, which Mr. FINDLAY thinks is com-

patible with "great caution," there would probably have been another terrible accident. In the case of the Retford accident a verdict of manslaughter has been returned against the engine-driver; but here again we have a striking example of the recklessness which pervades the railway point of view. A level crossing is always fertile of accidents, and it is calculated that at Retford 933 trains run through the station every week, involving not less than 466 risks of collision to be averted by signals. And how are the signals set? When the crossing is not clear, the station signal is simply put at caution, while the distance signal intimates all right—at least this was so before the recent collision. In point of fact, all that the Companies aim at is not safety, but merely the chance of safety. We are assured that the London and North-Western is conducted "regardless of cost," but in reality almost all the accidents which occur are due to the desire to keep down expenses as well as to avoid trouble. Main lines are turned into goods-yards, simply because the Companies will not enlarge their stations and lay down additional lines of rail as traffic increases.

It appears that the observations which Board of Trade Inspectors and public writers feel bound to make on the accidents which are constantly occurring are not received with gratitude by railway managers. It is certainly sad work having to repeat week by week the same miserable story of disaster and destruction, and for our own part we should be glad to be relieved from it. We can only reply, however, as a French writer replied to the proposal to abolish capital punishment for murder, "Que messieurs les assassins commencent." It will be time enough to leave off protesting against the homicidal management of railways when the daily slaughter ceases. For the present it is so far from ceasing that it has not even slackened. Railway accidents are as unfailing as births, deaths, and marriages. "Another dreadful railway accident" is a standing heading in the newspapers, and reappears with shocking regularity. Last week we reckoned up the catastrophes of the previous month. In August there were three or four a week; in September there is one at least a day. On Saturday a carriage took fire on the Glasgow and Helensburgh Railway; before the train could be stopped, the passengers had to scramble out of the windows to escape being roasted, and several of them were badly hurt. On Sunday there was a momentary lull, but on Monday the work of destruction was briskly renewed. At Tanworth, the Rugby express swooped down unexpectedly on the people who were crossing from one line to another, killing a girl. "Hopes," we are told, "are entertained that this accident will induce the Railway Company to erect a foot-bridge for passengers"; but Mr. FINDLAY will no doubt be ready to prove at Tanworth, as at Wigan, that there is not a single thing which has not been done by his Company to give additional safety to passengers, and that the arrangements are simply perfect. On Tuesday three people were killed and a number injured on the South-Western, near Guildford, by a bullock getting on the line and upsetting a train. It appears that either the gate by which the bullock entered was open, or it was so low that the animal could jump over it. Bullocks are not great jumpers, and a fence that a bullock can jump is obviously inadequate. There has been a similar accident on the Somerset and Dorset Railway, but without fatal results. On Tuesday again two centre carriages of a long train jumped off the metals at Cannon Street, and, breaking away from their couplings, fell over on their sides. Happily it was a train of "empties." On Wednesday there were two more accidents, one of them, as usual, on the London and North-Western. At Walford part of a train went on one line and part on another; but fortunately the pace was moderate, and this time nobody was killed. If the driver had been going at the "great caution" speed of fifty miles an hour the result would of course have been very different. On the Great Northern an express came into collision with a train of "empties" at Wakefield; but, by luck, without fatal consequences. On Thursday there was a collision on the Great Eastern. It is important to observe that accidents are mainly due to a steady repetition of the same causes. During the last few weeks there has been a succession of accidents from facing-points, erratic goods trains and trains of "empties," and cattle on the line. In a majority of cases also the disaster might either have been prevented or its results mitigated if there had been adequate brake-power.

There is no reason to expect that any amount of re-

monstrance with the Companies will have the slightest effect in inducing them to take more care of travellers. They have apparently settled down to the fatalistic conviction that railways are possible only on condition that so many lives shall be sacrificed every year as they used to be to the dragons of old, and that the public must make up its mind to accept this condition. There is only one way of touching the Companies, and that must be left to the juries who will have to deal with the claims for damages. There has just been a long and exhaustive inquiry into the Wigan accident, but a series of costly and troublesome suits will probably have to be undertaken by the sufferers in order to recover compensation. The Railway Companies are armed with all sorts of summary penalties against passengers, and it is only fair that passengers should have similar facilities for prosecuting their claims against the Companies. There is no other method of checking the criminal recklessness and perversity of railway managers. In a less patient and orderly society, one or two of them would perhaps be lynched.

THE WORK OF EDUCATION.

IT is satisfactory to know that the efforts of the Education League to check the progress of education are only in part successful. They avail to confine the attention of Parliament and the newspapers to the question what schools children shall attend; but they have not diverted the time and thoughts of the Education Department from the less exciting, but more important, considerations how children are to be got to attend any school, and what they are to learn when they are there. As usual there is much interesting matter bearing on these points in the Reports of the Inspectors which appear in the annual blue-book. Upon the question how children are to be brought to school these Reports show a remarkable agreement of opinion. All or nearly all the Inspectors concur in saying that, without compulsion of some kind, attendance at school will never become either universal or regular. The children who do not go to school at all, the children who begin to go too late, the children who are taken away too soon, the children who rarely attend for three consecutive days, form in the aggregate a very large part of the population between the years which the Education Act has prescribed as the limits of school age, and not one of these classes can be effectively reached without compulsion. It is sometimes objected that compulsion must at the best be an imperfect agent, and that the true way of getting children to school is to bring their parents to see the value of education. But the value of education can only be judged by results, and without compulsion these results cannot be exhibited on an adequate scale. Popular education, as one of the Inspectors very truly says, "has not had a fair chance with the mass of scholars. No teacher or system in the world could produce any satisfactory effect upon a pupil who came to school at ten or eleven, with his mind blank, and left at thirteen." Yet this is one frequent form of irregular attendance. And even if children come early to school and stay late, much of the advantage may be lost by their frequent absence. "Eight or nine months of good teaching work," says an Inspector, "is often entirely neutralized by two or three months wantonly spent almost in infancy over field-work; or, which is worse and more common, field dawdling."

As might have been expected, there is some difference of opinion among the Inspectors as to whether compulsion should be direct or indirect, and, if direct, by whom it should be exercised. Mr. BOWSTEAD remarks that if every family were industrious and every child brought up to earn its livelihood by honest labour, indirect compulsion might be sufficient. But what, he asks, would indirect compulsion do for that immense number of children in large towns who have no settled occupation, and who, if left without education, are destined to be vagabonds? On the other hand, Mr. KENNEY is so impressed with the difficulties attendant upon direct compulsion, especially as applied to parents of the vagrant, or at all events migratory, class, that he inclines to believe that the most effectual plan for securing a certain amount of education for every child is to make the proved possession of that amount an indispensable condition of every kind of employment. The true way of reconciling these two views may perhaps be to

give effect to them both. In a great number of cases it is probable that compulsion will be found most effective when it is brought to bear on the parent through the employer. But Parliament cannot consistently make the employer do a parent's duty and at the same time allow the parent to neglect his own duty. It is perfectly fair to say to the employer, Every man is bound by law to give his child a certain minimum of education, and you must not, by offering the child wages before he has received this minimum, tempt the parent to forego his duty. Explained in this way, indirect compulsion is entirely reasonable. But if a man is not bound by law to give his child a certain minimum of education, why should the employer be need to make him do, not his duty, but what the law would like to make his duty if it had the courage? At present, it seems, indirect compulsion is in many cases little better than a farce, owing to the want of any proper method of determining a child's age. The Factory Inspector is told that the child is old enough to work full time, but though he may strongly suspect that the statement is false, he has seldom the means of proving it to be so. As the birth of every child is registered, all that is needed to correct this evil is to make a copy of the registrar's certificate the only legal evidence of a child's age. Another evil arises directly out of the half-time system. Parents often argue that, as their children must go to school from eight to eleven as half-timers, it is not worth while sending them earlier. This might be prevented by requiring, as a condition of a child's being employed as a half-timer, a schoolmaster's certificate that he had passed in a prescribed standard. The most careless parent would then be anxious to send his child to school early, because he would know that he could not draw any wages on his account until a certain degree of proficiency had been attained. Further than this, to be really effective, indirect compulsion must be made much more searching than it now is. The life of indirect compulsion is vigilant inspection. So long as they can do it without fear of detection, there will be parents who will send their children to work and employers who will give them work. The only means of checking this is to order the Inspectors to pay unexpected visits to every factory, shop, or field within their district, and to constitute them public prosecutors in every case where the employer is unable to produce an authentic copy of the registrar's certificate of the age of any child whom the Inspector suspects to be too young to be away from school. If it is objected that this would require a very large staff of Inspectors, and would consequently be a very costly process, the answer is that compulsory education, whatever form it takes, must in its early stages be a costly process. The employment of very young children is a most short-sighted economy, but it is an economy for the time being, and it cannot be put an end to without a considerable increase of expence for the time being.

Under the Act of 1870 no School Board need enforce attendance at school unless it wishes to do so, and a Board which does wish to do so is a very proper machine for the purpose. But it is very doubtful whether, when compulsion becomes universal instead of permissive, School Boards will be the right authorities to carry it out. Mr. KENNEY, who has been employed as Inspector of Returns in Gloucestershire, makes some pertinent observations on this head. In agricultural districts, he says, "the desire for exercising compulsion is, as a rule, confined to three persons—the squire, the clergyman, and the schoolmaster. . . . If the other members of each small community were canvassed, they would at once vote against compulsion." In a parish of this type it is quite possible that all the members of the School Board might be obstructives, and a compulsory law worked by men whose interests and prejudices were alike opposed to it would run great risk of becoming a dead letter. If the Board had merely to manage the school, it is probable that the farmers would stay away and leave those really interested in education to do the work; but when one chief function of a School Board would be to remove from farm labour the children who are now extensively employed in it, it is more likely that the farmers would attend for the express purpose of making compulsion as ineffective as possible. The action of the Education League again has made it more difficult than it once would have been to set up School Boards all over the country. Mr. DIXON has so persistently mixed them up with the repeal of the 25th Clause and the suppression of voluntary schools, that many of the clergy who would formerly have been inclined to welcome

them as auxiliaries would now look upon them as rivals. What is wanted is an authority which will enforce attendance at some efficient school, and nothing more. A School Board, even if it were not open to the objection mentioned above, would usually wish to do more. In one of the Reports a case is mentioned in which an active and useful member of a School Board has resigned because the Board has built no schools of its own. To be content with filling other peoples' schools implies an amount of self-denial which is not often found in combination with zeal. Therefore, if compulsion is to become universal, it will be expedient, if not necessary, to devise some new agency for applying it. Probably to do this would not be beyond the capacity of the Education Department; indeed we should not be surprised if some scheme of the kind were even now hidden away in one of Mr. FORSTER'S pigeon-holes.

The testimony of almost all the Inspectors goes to show that, in spite of the Revised Code, intelligent reading is still a rare accomplishment in elementary schools. How important an accomplishment it is needs no argument to show. It is hardly too much to say that if a child leaves school thoroughly able to read, and understand what he reads, he has realized nine-tenths of the total benefits which school life has to give him. The bad reading so generally complained of by the Inspectors is in part due to inefficient teaching. Children learn to read off the words of their lesson with tolerable accuracy, but they are often allowed to do this in an unintelligent monotone which it is impossible to listen to without feeling that the child's mind does not go along with his voice, and that for any pleasure or profit he is deriving from the exercise he might as well be reading a foreign language. The teachers too often regard the reading lessons simply as vehicles of so many hard words, and if the child is able to pronounce these, the school standard is satisfied. Nothing more can be required for a pass at the Inspector's examination, "and the great stimulus of teaching, the money payment, is therefore absent." Really good reading cannot be attained without a clear understanding of what is being read. If, therefore, good reading—reading, that is, in which the meaning of the whole passage, as well as of the individual words, is conveyed to the listener—were required of every child presented in the higher standards, the teacher would be forced to pay more attention to this part of his work. Another cause of bad reading is want of interest in the lesson books. If reading is to be anything more than a mechanical process, the lesson must be calculated to exercise the reader's mind as well as his voice; and for this purpose it is necessary that the books should be amusing in themselves, and should be changed with some degree of frequency. Judiciously treated, what are now known as extra subjects might be made the means of encouraging reading. Or the more exciting chapters of a good story-book, prefaced by a little explanation and linked together by an abridged narrative, might be even more useful. Little will be effected, however, in this direction until the Education Department has a greater control than it now possesses over the books used in elementary schools. There may be objections to a series of authorised lesson-books, but the department ought certainly to have the power of excluding books which are obviously inadequate to the requirements of a good school, and of insisting that books of a certain order of merit shall always be included in the school list.

REVELLING IN HORRORS.

THE *Daily Telegraph* is a paper to which, as we need hardly say, we owe an almost boundless debt of gratitude for the many admirable gems of literature which it scatters with so profuse a hand. A little book has been lately published called *Wit and Wisdom of George Eliot*, containing a collection of the more brilliant sayings dispersed throughout the pages of our great novelist. Whether it is quite fair to treat a living author in this way is perhaps a rather doubtful question. The "beauties" extracted from any great literary artist are cruelly injured by being deprived of their setting. The objection, however, would not apply in the case of a newspaper, where the matrix in which the precious stones are imbedded is necessarily of a temporary character, and when it is consequently to be feared that the valuable fragments are too often left to decay along with the masses of rubbish—of course we only use the word comparatively—in which they are found. A work called the "*Wit and Wisdom of the Daily Telegraph*" might undoubtedly make an admirable compilation. Few remarkable events fail to serve as the pretext for some judi-

cious moral being appended to them in the pages of our contemporary. Here, for example, is an incidental remark, applied, it is true, only to a particular case, but obviously susceptible of being raised into a general principle. The *Telegraph* had been giving with the utmost accuracy an account of the pleasing discovery of various fragments of a human body in different parts of the Thames. When it had got some way into the narrative, it apparently reflected that some of its readers might doubt whether there was sufficient cause for calling attention to such facts by means of a leading article. Any such feeble protests are therefore summarily refuted in the following words:—"These details are all inoffensively sickening; but, in view of the devilish wickedness which has been perpetrated, it would be an act of unjustifiable squeamishness to hush up one circumstance of horror." Having thus relieved its conscience, the *Telegraph* proceeds conscientiously to set before us all the other "circumstances of horror" which may possibly turn the stomach of its readers. There are readers who enjoy that process; the circumstances of horror will afford an appetizing meal for thousands of persons of robust appetite who are as superior to "unjustifiable squeamishness" as the *Daily Telegraph* itself; they will revel in all the "ineffably sickening details" with a delight the less unequivocal because they have it on such high authority that they are somehow or other discharging a duty to society. For our own part, we have about as sufficient relics of the old man to be unwilling to pry into these extremely nasty facts, and we shall dismiss the subject from further consideration with the simple expression of a hope that the person who has committed the crime may be brought to justice, and that his trial and punishment may be got through as quickly and quietly as possible.

Meanwhile, however, we feel it a duty to meditate a little upon the great moral truth which is shadowed forth in the words we have quoted. The *Telegraph* throws off these axioms in so careless and offhand a fashion that perhaps it is scarcely conscious of the full bearing of its own remarks. The facts are unimpeachable; it is an act of devilish wickedness to cut up a woman and throw her into the Thames; though we venture to think that the wickedness consists rather in the preliminary murder than in the subsequent mutilations. However, the ineffably sickening details seem to prove that the murderer belonged to the more brutal type of a brutal class; and we infer from the *Telegraph's* comment that, when a murder has been committed, of which the attendant circumstances are of a kind at which the gorge rises, it would be unjustifiably squeamish to hide a single detail. Of course this remark involves an obvious truism. The details of any crime, sickening or not, must of necessity be published sufficiently to further the ends of justice. The facts should be known widely enough to give every chance of catching the criminal. Nobody will dispute this doctrine, and, unluckily or otherwise, there is no doubt that it will be acted upon. To-morrow morning the placards of every Sunday newspaper will give warning to their readers that a dish of unusually racy flavour has been served up for consumption; and many thousands of people throughout the country will be studying the ineffably sickening details as a pleasant occupation for the day of rest. Long before that time, all the police and everybody who has missed a relation (the number of such persons seems to be considerable), and everybody who loves excitement and is tired of the Tichborne case, will know all the details by heart. So far as justice can be helped by profuse advertising, the thing is done as well as electricity and the printing-machine can do it; and it would be an insult to the penetration of the *Telegraph* to suppose that this single purpose of publicity was all that was in its mind when it uttered the aphorism we are considering. The doctrine is plainly that a crime of unusually sickening character ought to be carefully studied by as many persons as possible. It would be unjustifiable squeamishness to refuse the services of the largest circulation in the world in spreading a knowledge of the most disgusting details to every household in the land. There is, we should imagine, some limitation to this sweeping principle; for there are crimes, equally disgusting if not equally atrocious, upon which it is not considered so desirable to confer this excessive publicity. But hideous murders, it appears, afford a healthy sustenance to the general thirst for knowledge. The *Telegraph* reminds us of the celebrated heroes Greenacre and Good, who thirty or forty years ago afforded a precedent for the present performance; their murders, indeed, were so much in the same style that De Quincey would probably have founded upon the resemblance a distinct charge of plagiarism. That the works of art of such great men should be held up for general admiration, instead of being allowed to perish in the night of oblivion which has hid so many performers of a time anterior to the daily press, is undoubtedly a plausible theorem. And yet we must venture to subject it to a little criticism, pointing out rather the limitations by which it must be bound than its entire fallacy.

That human beings, as at present constituted, and as they are likely to be constituted for some time to come, will take an interest in horrible murders from the point of view which De Quincey has made his own, is an undeniable fact; and we may even admit that such a tendency is not altogether so bad a thing as some purists would perhaps maintain. Philosophers have frequently remarked upon the inconsistency which leads us to take more interest in trifles at our own doors than in tremendous catastrophes at a greater distance. Is it not, such reasoners may

ask, a degrading fact in human nature that ninety-nine men out of a hundred should be far more interested in the details of some crime committed within the metropolitan district than in the convulsions which are upheaving a whole nation a few hours distant by railway? The great mass of Englishmen will be far more curious as to the details of the last murder than as to the progress of that dark tragedy which is being acted before our eyes in Spain; though to the philosopher one is an insignificant trifle, the other a matter in which all lovers of their race should be vitally interested. Upon which it may be observed that, in the first place, it is highly desirable that people should be most deeply interested in what passes at their own doors. As in perspective a cottage close at hand is greater than a distant mountain, so the death of a neighbour looms much larger than the death of millions in China or of thousands in a European war. That the emotion should be stronger is not only natural but desirable; because we can produce a much greater influence in one case than the other. The crisis in Spain may be intrinsically of more importance than the murder in London; but then most of us cannot affect the result of the Spanish war one way or the other, whereas we can produce a certain influence upon English crime and police. But, looking at the matter without reference to ulterior results, and simply as an artistic question, there is still something to be said for the popular interest in murders. Such crimes are generally commonplace as well as hideous enough; but every now and then they have a certain dramatic element in which it would be mere affectation to repudiate all interest. The history of a murder is sometimes a vivid embodiment of human passion and suffering which may affect us as much as a tragedy on the stage. The philosopher may occasionally profess to care only for general results and not for particular illustrations; but, as a matter of fact, people of ordinary imaginative power will be justifiably interested in any event which strikingly illustrates even the bad side of human nature. And therefore, if we would be strictly just, we must admit that there is an element of justifiable sentiment even in the anxiety with which the lower order of readers study the horrors of police reports. That there is in it a great deal which is demoralizing and disgusting is undeniable, as we shall immediately remark; but to say that the vulgar ought to take absolutely no interest in the tragedies of real life is to say that they ought to be one degree more stupid than they actually are.

Where, then, are we to draw the line? Admitting that the columns which a newspaper devotes to shocking murders do not pander exclusively to a barbarizing taste, how can we say where the legitimate interest ends and the illegitimate begins? Much the same question is often asked about novels. What is mere sensationalism, and what is a legitimate element of tragedy? If I, says the novelist, may not deal with bigamy or murder, how do you defend Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, or Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*, or Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*? The general answer is that a great artist deals with strong situations in order that he may give a worthy delineation of powerful passions, and produce a result ennobling on the whole, though particular details may be horrible. He uses the horrible incidentally; whilst you make it the staple of your work. He deals in death and suffering to give a fitting occasion for the expression of his deepest thoughts and loftiest visions; you use them in order to dispense yourself from the necessity of thinking or imagining at all. A great artist may paint martyrdoms and crucifixions for the sake of the elevating emotions which can be stimulated by such scenes; a bad artist paints them to have an excuse for sickening representations of blood and torture. The same distinction is applicable to the case of real crimes. A benevolent and intelligent observer may be interested in the display of human character, even when its manifestations are of a horrible kind. But there is unluckily a much more common tendency to take a morbid delight in sickening details, simply because they are sickening. Psychologists may inquire, if they please, how it comes to pass that objects which turn a healthy stomach are absolutely delightful to a depraved imagination. Whatever the explanation, the fact is undoubted. There is a hideous condition of the human mind in which it takes a kind of sensual pleasure in images of simple horror and cruelty. There are sights and stories which give a kind of shock to a sensitive mind from which it can only recover by slow degrees, but which become actually agreeable in certain conditions of disease. That this should be so is a saddening fact; but nobody can doubt its reality who has observed the way in which a kind of voluptuous cruelty becomes a permanent taste in some brutal natures. That any one who helps to stimulate such emotions is really poisoning the minds of those whose tastes he excites needs no demonstration. Whether an account of a particular murder is or is not liable to this condemnation is of course a question of fact. The story may, in some cases, be told in a harmless fashion, so as to excite rather a becoming sympathy for suffering than a delight in what ought to be repulsive. The most obvious test for discriminating the two cases is given by deciding whether sickening details are brought forward into unnecessary prominence, or given only so far as is absolutely necessary to make the story intelligible. We may ask, for example, whether the recent horror is described so as to pollute the imagination by encouraging readers to gloat over the condition in which different bits of a body turn up at different places, or so as simply to give sufficient indications of the nature of the crime. We shall not endeavour to apply that test to any particular crime; but we merely suggest to the *Telegraph* that, whilst it is applying a sound

principle, announced perhaps in rather too unqualified terms, it should be cautious not to transgress by accident a rule to which we have no doubt it would give its hearty assent.

EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH occupies a peculiar position among the cities of the United Kingdom. It has no obvious trade, no manufactures, no active commercial life of any kind, and yet it is clearly a growing and flourishing city. A visitor can hardly fail to be struck by the contrast between this apparent absence of anything like business and the signs of general prosperity. Coming from the rush of London or Manchester or Glasgow, the leisureliness of Edinburgh falls upon one at first almost with a shock. The whole place seems steeped in an atmosphere of dozy quiet. Nobody is in a hurry; there is no bustle of traffic. On the open space in front of the Register Office there is at any hour of the day a crowd of men gazing vacantly, with their hands in their pockets. On Saturday afternoons or holidays all the open spaces are similarly filled. The men do not seem to have anything to say to each other; they merely look about blankly, and keep their hands in their pockets. Nowhere is the dignity of labour sustained with less expenditure of physical effort. Even the forenoon in Edinburgh has something of afternoon sleepiness about it. The people who are out walking or driving look as if they were out merely for a constitutional, and as if it did not much matter which way they went. Anybody who suffers from the irritations of a busy town could hardly do better than go to Edinburgh, and be soothed by its elegant repose. It would appear that there is never anything going on there so important that it cannot be broken off for an afternoon at golf or a few days' shooting or fishing. Yet the city evidently thrives on this lazy life. Away from the filth and squalor of the High Street and the closes of the Canongate, which are still disgraceful enough, though not quite so bad as they used to be, you see everywhere signs of ease, comfort, and modest luxury. If there is no palatial West-End, no imposing aristocratic quarter, there is undoubtedly a high standard of middle-class comfort. There is no better test of the ordinary conditions of domestic existence than the style of the houses in which people live, and in Edinburgh people are probably better housed in proportion to their incomes than in almost any other town in the country. This is not because rents are low, for, on the whole, they are higher than in London; but because importance is attached to having a good house, and people are willing to pay for it. In point of fact, very few middle-class people in Edinburgh pay rent; the rule is to own the houses they live in. It will readily be understood that this is an important element in domestic comfort and dignity. A man naturally takes more pride in a house that belongs to him than in one where he is only a temporary lodger, and he is more disposed to improve and beautify it. Old Edinburgh struggled hard to avoid the necessity of descending from the craggy ridge that runs from the Castle to Holyrood, and houses rose in height—there being no margin for breadth—till they threatened to topple over. At last the town spread on either side, and particularly to the north, fronting the Firth of Forth. The present generation would seem, however, to be less hardy than its predecessor; for, shunning exposure to the east wind, it is seeking shelter in the west and south; and the extension of Edinburgh is now chiefly towards Corstorphine and the Pentlands. The new town which in the last few years has sprung up in the south is particularly characteristic of the liberal conditions of middle-class life. It is composed of handsome villas, some in Italian, but most in the Scotch baronial style, standing in their own grounds and embowered in foliage. The rooms are large and lofty, and there are few gardens without a lawn for bowls or croquet. It must not be supposed that these are establishments with any aspirations to social grandeur or kept up by wealthy people. They are all distinctly middle-class households, accustomed to a simple, unostentatious, and, in the true sense of the word, essentially homely, life, and thinking more of comfort than display.

Edinburgh is of course still nominally the capital of Scotland, but during the last half-century it has been gradually abandoning the pretensions of a capital. The memories of the Scottish Court are buried in damp and mouldy Holyrood, and the Scottish aristocracy have long ago abandoned their houses in Edinburgh. In the beginning of the century Edinburgh had still many of the qualities of a capital. It was the seat of government, the central meeting-place of important families from all parts of the country, and the head-quarters of intellectual activity and eminence. Boswell asked Johnson how it was that Scotch lords and lairds all knew each other so well, though their estates were often far distant; and Johnson at once replied that it was because they were in the habit of seeing each other every year in Edinburgh. But nowadays Edinburgh has lost altogether its character as a capital. Scotland is governed from Whitehall, and only parish business is transacted in Edinburgh. The great families have their houses in London, and simply pass a night or two in an hotel in Edinburgh on their way to the moors; and as regards intellectual distinction, almost the last blaze of the expiring flame was seen in the men who were associated with the early days of the *Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood*. Edinburgh still maintains its reputation as a medical school; but the University, as one

of its ablest Professors has complained, has degenerated into a mechanical teaching machine. From letters both the City and the University are now to a great extent divorced, and the same may be said of the Bar. One by one, with the exception of *Blackwood*, which creditably maintains its literary reputation, the publications which are associated with Edinburgh have either expired or have been removed to London; and advocates have long since deserted the muses and are content to emulate writers and solicitors in their jog-trot devotion to petty technical practice. Scottish art has taken flight southwards. An artist has no sooner made his mark on the walls of the Edinburgh Exhibition than he looks out for a studio at Kensington or St. John's Wood. With its courtly and intellectual glories the social splendour of the Scottish capital has also fled. It is still in its way one of the most agreeable and genial of cities, but society, as it was understood in the days of Jeffrey and Cockburn, has altogether vanished. Lord Murray was the last to preserve even a flavour of its traditions. There is no house left to which men of distinction in various careers would naturally be attracted, even if its doors were open to receive them.

In short, Edinburgh has been gradually sinking from a first to a second-rate city. The magnetic force of London has been too strong for it; but it cannot be said that its material interests have suffered by the change. In proportion as it has ceased to be distinguished it has become prosperous. The two things, indeed, have had a close connexion. Towards the end of the last century there was still a sharp demarcation between England and Scotland, though it was already beginning to be smoothed away; and all that made up the vigour, activity, and keenness of Scottish character was to be found in a concentrated form in what was the genuine capital of the country. It was the lake that gathered all the streams, and there was practically no outlet beyond. The character of the people had then a strongly marked individuality. The language also had a national stamp. Rich, racy, broad Scotch was spoken by all classes; and society was not afraid to adhere to manners and traditions of its own. But within such narrow limits there was not much scope for material advancement. Edinburgh was a poor capital, and life had perforce to be simple and inexpensive. In 1763 a coach went once a month to London, spending a fortnight on the way. Twenty years later there were fifteen stage-coaches on the road, and the journey was then accomplished in three or four days. Edinburgh is now only an eight hours' journey from London; and it is the development of means of communication between the two countries which has robbed the former city of its distinction. The old dam, as it were, has been removed, and there is open way beyond for native capacity and ambition. But, on the other hand, this outlet has also been an inlet. Edinburgh has become a convenient centre for families who have no strong ties elsewhere, and who wish to live in an agreeable and picturesque city, away from the smoke and bustle of trade, within easy reach of the sea-side and the country, and in the midst of cultivated and not too expensive society. Scotchmen who have been making their fortunes in all parts of the world flock back by instinct to Edinburgh. Their own native places are probably too small and narrow for continued residence; and nobody would go near Glasgow except for the sake of making money. There is always a large settlement of retired Anglo-Indians in Edinburgh; and there is also a considerable English colony attracted by the schools and the University, and the economical advantages of the place. Altogether the population consists in a much larger degree than that of any other town in the kingdom of persons of independent means and no occupation. And this is really the reason why Edinburgh is at once so leisurely and so thriving.

It is the peculiarity of Edinburgh that, in losing its imperial position, its aristocratic and intellectual superiority, it has maintained throughout its population an unusually high level of culture and refinement. There is probably a larger body of well-educated, well-to-do, cultivated people there than anywhere else. It is, in fact, essentially a middle-class city; but it is *bourgeois* in a respectable sense. There is a breadth, and freedom, and dignified comfort about the average life of the inhabitants which, in conjunction with professional influences, imparts a high tone to the society. It is the middle classes who supply the place of an aristocracy; the standard of wealth is moderate, and there is less of that miserable and demoralizing rivalry in ostentation and expenditure which is to be found in London and the larger English towns. Professional incomes in Edinburgh are comparatively small. A successful doctor or advocate thinks himself very well off with a couple of thousand a year, and five thousand is an exceptional stroke of fortune to which only a very few can hope to attain. The professors are also limited to a modest competence. The shopkeepers still call themselves merchants, in the French fashion, but there are no merchant princes. All this helps to keep down the scale of expenditure. Rental is rather dearer than in London, and the general cost of food and other necessities is at least as high—that is, taking each item separately. The economy consists in the plainer style of life. A man with two or three thousand a year who would be an utter nobody in London, over-shadowed by great names and vast fortunes, is able to cut a good figure in Edinburgh, without committing any extravagance. The city is not very large, and people walk more than they drive; when they drive, they can

do so in cheap and excellent cabs which are as good as broughams. Dinner parties and other social gatherings are more frequent, but less showy and costly than in London. One of the reasons why houses are better is that people spend the greater part of their lives in their own or neighbours' homes, and society is really homely. Respectable persons seldom go to the theatre, and, except an occasional lecture or concert, there are no other public amusements. Consequently people are obliged to depend on their own resources for relaxation and entertainment. There are private bowling- greens to which the men resort as much for gossip as exercise, while the women have croquet and tea-parties. Hospitality is abundant, but on a simple and unpretending scale; visits are paid without formality, and parties are often improvised. There are a great many idle people in the city; the yoke of professional and commercial pursuits sits lightly on the rest; and there is plenty of leisure both for sport and intellectual studies. Any one who has lived in a little German capital will understand the sort of life which is here passed on a larger scale. Taken altogether, we should say that Edinburgh comes pretty near to fulfilling Bentham's principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number. It presents at least a very high order of middle-class society.

The inhabitants of Edinburgh are probably most of them Scotch by birth, but they are by no means conspicuously Scotch in manners, speech, or other external characteristics. Glasgow is much more intensely national, and, we may add, parochial. It is from the Western city that the protests against the use of Englishman for Great Britain, and against other insults to the thistle have usually proceeded. In this respect Edinburgh has vindicated its imperial character by its greater breadth of view. It is cosmopolitan in its interests and sympathies. The local newspapers, for example, will be found to be full of general news sent down from London. They contain comparatively little about Scotland, and scarcely anything about Edinburgh, though, to be sure, it is not perhaps very often that anything happens there. Although Edinburgh is still nominally the capital of Scotland, it has lost its distinctive nationality, as well as its old-fashioned local character, and may almost be numbered among English cities. Nothing gives individuality to a place so much as a common commercial interest. It is wonderful how people hang together when they all depend on iron or cotton, or some other staple industry. But Edinburgh is destitute of interests of this kind. It has no great works in which all classes are concerned; and in fact it is not engaged in collective work or action of any kind. The only bond between the inhabitants is that they happen to live in the same town, and are anxious to lead a quiet and comfortable life; and this is probably the cause of its political weakness. The direction of local affairs has fallen into the hands of vulgar agitators. The gilded lamp-post at the baillie's door is shunned, rather than coveted, by all who value their self-respect; and the Provostship has lately more than once gone a-begging. Macaulay, we fear, would have little pride in the political condition of the city he once represented. On the whole, it would perhaps not be unfair to describe Edinburgh as the paradise of humdrum ease and intelligent gentility.

SCHOOLBOYS' POCKET-MONEY.

THE early days of the Recess present the weary Education question to the mind of the average middle-class and middle-aged householder in a very distinct form. During the Session he has been more or less interested in the problem of the education of other people's children, and has maintained either the superiority of voluntary effort, or the principle of an education which shall be rate-supported, compulsory, and free. He has grumbled about the pressure of rates more for the sake of grumbling than from any personal consciousness of this pressure, unless he chance to be a landowner, a country rector, or a professional man in an inland town which has just resolved upon a system of drainage and water supply. But with the Recess comes a view of the educational difficulty which gives him something worth grumbling about. He has to face the practical question of providing for the education of his own children. They have all come home for the holidays; and after a few days of grace charitably allowed for the enjoyment of the family reunion, they are followed home by the school bills. No resource is to be looked for here either in denominational energies or in public rates; and the supporters alike of the Birmingham League and of the National Society find themselves bound to an educational system which is socially "compulsory" certainly, but very far from "free." Nor is there much consolation to be derived from the vague hope that "things may take a turn." The tendency of the day is to increase expenditure everywhere; and in the rivalry between one wealthy class with a position to make and another with a position to keep up, it is scarcely to be wondered at if prices in the educational market, as in the markets for more tangible commodities, show signs of a steady rise. And the summer school bills bring with them a burden peculiarly their own. At Christmas bills of all sorts are in season, like coal fires. The back is prepared for the load, and as few men have cared to calculate the amount of their domestic liabilities, an extra fifty or hundred pounds is all in the day's work. At Easter there is nothing particular to spend, and the school bills are possibly lightened by a tradition of the old times of "half-years," which postpones the bill for the spring term, to fall with heavier

weight in August, when Midsummer payments have exhausted the domestic exchequer, and there is the seaside or the Continent to provide for, which means inexorable ready money and no "tick." The screw is turned so severely at these times that it is no wonder if the victim cries out, or if he vents his indignation on the first thing or person which occurs to him in connexion with the terminal account, and is somewhat savage about the claim for "subscriptions." He pays the bill; and when the holidays are ended, and November has brought the football season well in, he will boil over with righteous wrath because a School Twenty "cap" has not been conferred on his boy, who "was worth half-a-dozen of the fellow that has got it instead."

As the holidays draw towards their close, a minor, and yet in its way a serious, difficulty presents itself for solution. Over and above the school bills and travelling expenses the educational estimates must include a certain percentage in the shape of pocket-money, and the fitting amount of this tax has recently come to the front as matter of common interest. The Head-Master of Haileybury, Mr. Bradby, issued in the course of last term a circular addressed to the parents of the boys, in which he gave his own opinion in the straightforward and sensible way which marks everything that he says or writes; and this circular has become in a measure public through the criticism of some of our contemporaries. His view, translated into the vernacular, appears to be that "it does fellows no good to bring so much tin with them; it mostly goes in grub, and fellows have an awful lot too much grub already sent them in hampers from home." The hamper question is beyond the limits of the present article; but Mr. Bradby's suggestion about pocket-money comes to much the same thing as the old Homeric maxim, very happily quoted some years ago by a writer in *Punch*:—

Οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίᾳ· τίς κοίρανός ἐστιν;

He too recommends the "one sovereign" as more desirable than "the many," but not taking note of fractions, he would admit a liberal margin up to some thirty shillings. If it were possible to lay down a strict rule on this subject, and to find means of enforcing it, a real and pinching hardship might be removed from the present experience of many schoolboys, and might be put out of the account in the calculations of parents with narrow means. It is confessedly a trying thing for a boy to bring, and to be known to bring, much less money in his purse than other boys in his house or form. It may subject him to an ordeal of chaff, which is hard to bear; or of compassion, which is harder. His father probably, therefore, strikes a balance between his own judgment and the public opinion of the boys; unless he is weak enough to sacrifice his own judgment altogether. After all, however, the hardship of measuring a scantily supplied purse against many full ones is only postponed in the boy's experience of life, and not taken out of it. He will have to face the contrast at college, in the services, in commercial life, or in any possible position of the future; and if the public school be, as Canning and his contemporaries described it, a microcosm, it is just as well that some of the roughnesses of the greater world should be allowed in the training of the smaller. That it is an unquestionably bad thing to allow a lad a large command of money no one would deny, except here and there a weak or vulgar parent of the type described by Miss Edgeworth in her "Eton Montem"—"And this I will say, that my boy, he spends more money, and has more to spend, than my Lord John, though my Lord John is the son of a Marchioness." Of course a higher culture ought long ago to have led to the extinction of this parental type; and that it can survive in the Eton of the present day is a position which we should hesitate much to assert, though possibly still more to deny. But it is doubtful whether a hard and fast line would be desirable, even were it possible to draw one. Although the parental allowance might be a constant quantity, the financial balance would be liable to perpetual variation by means of "tips"; and no possible law could reduce to any uniform operation the number, the liberality, or the accessibility of grandfathers and godmothers, of uncles and old family friends. Some approximate equality might indeed be reached if the boys of the same school were mainly supplied by families in the same position, or with the same fortune. This experiment has, we believe, been tried; and we have some impression that Haileybury itself is a case in point, in which the public school system was intended to be placed within the reach of parents to whom Eton, Harrow, and Rugby were not accessible because of the cost. But, unless our information is incorrect, we doubt whether the experiment has worked as was proposed. It is said that many parents of larger fortune and higher social position have availed themselves of the lower terms offered by such schools as we describe, and that the result has been a mixture of classes in the new schools similar to that which prevails in the old ones; a result which we hold to be an absolute benefit, both to the schools themselves and to all the boys in them. A school exclusively consisting, say, of the sons of clergymen, or of solicitors, or of Civil Servants, might do very useful work, but would be distinctly wanting in the microcosmic character which makes a good public school so excellent a training ground for the work of life. Against one form of weakness and shabbiness combined, however, a word of caution may be allowable. At several of the newer schools the cost of education is lessened in some cases by a system of nominations. Where these have been almost importunately begged for by parents on the ground of the narrowness of their resources,

there is a certain want of integrity in the weakness which indulges a boy with excessive allowances of pocket-money in order that he may have the same opportunities of spending as his richer schoolfellows. It will often be found, if any one will take the trouble to make the experiment, that a condition of public opinion which has been taken for granted in a school does not really exist. About twenty-five years ago a few of the bolder spirits among Oxford undergraduates ventured to break through the traditions of wine-party desserts supplied by the confectioners, and bought their fruit and bisuits at "Coopers" for about one-fourth of the traditional cost. They nerved themselves to face the censure of "the college," but "the college" simply followed them nearly to a man. It chanced not long since that a man of this "college," finding that his son was provided with a first-class ticket in coming home from a preparatory school of great repute, where such tickets were supposed to be *de rigueur*, suggested in the proper quarter that he was himself in the habit of travelling second. The choice was at once given in the school, and a first-class ticket became speedily the exception to the rule. Just so in matters which must exclusively be left to the boys. If the parents of one or two influential lads, high in their houses and the school, and known also at the wicket and in the "scrummage," will persuade them to make it understood that excessive "grub" is something babyish, and that it is only cake who will chaff a fellow who has not much tin, the same sort of result is tolerably sure to follow. There are some matters in which the head boy of a house ought not to be left to his own resources, but should be overruled by strict authority exercised by the head-master. Within certain bounds, for instance, the week's "allowances" may fairly be stopped for the credit of a house; as for an athletic or other prize. But if the "sporting interest" takes it into its head to represent that a Derby lottery is a case for compulsory stoppage of the allowances, and is strong enough to carry the schoolboy majority with it, the masters are bound to interfere, and to insist that an interest in the fortunes of Doncaster or Gang Forward shall be left to each boy's individual choice.

For the information of such of our readers as may not be familiar with the details of schoolboy finance, we may state that pocket-money, like the "omnia Gallia" of Cæsar, "dividitur in tres partes." There is the weekly allowance, advanced by the school and charged in the bill, which may be put at a shilling a week, and is sometimes sixpence. This is chargeable with school fines, and is available for house or other "stoppages." Next come the "subscriptions" by which the games are maintained, and as to which the rule of "no compulsion, only you must," very properly holds good. The amount of these is fixed in some cases by the school authority, when they are of moderate amount, and in others by a mysterious power known as "Big-side," which is understood to be a constitutional government of some kind, but with a tendency to an extravagantly high scale of taxation. Last comes the pocket-money proper, the spending of which is at each boy's discretion, tempered by rules relating to bounds and to prohibited articles such as alcoholic liquids and vegetable matter made up in the form of cigars. Unless a boy has any special taste or pursuit, it may be taken for granted that the whole, or nearly the whole, of this disposable balance will be spent in "grub." But it would not be fair to assume that this general term means simply "toffy," "tom-trot," "bull's-eyes," and such other unwholesome luxuries as found favour with junior Etonians in Mr. Coningsby's time. We believe that, apart from the higher aesthetics of strawberry ice and thin biscuits where and when such things are attainable, what is known as "grub" is to a large extent only the raw material on which the cooking instinct of the average schoolboy is exercised. Mr. Bradby remarks, no doubt very truly, that plenty of good and wholesome food is provided for all the Haileybury boys. This is exactly the state of things under which, by way of varying the monotony, the boys are likely to provide themselves with food which may not be unwholesome, but which is certainly, on all gastronomic principles, bad. Bread, potatoes, eggs, butter, sugar, and all manner of common and wholesome articles of food are elsewhere—and very possibly at Haileybury also—purchased for the purpose of being converted into various unheard of compounds, to be boiled or fried over the gas in inkstands or biscuit-tins, if the orthodox fire and saucepan happens to be previously engaged. We have heard of a hideous combination of sloes and brown sugar, the thought of which sets any ordinary tooth on edge, as constituting one of the luxuries of the school October term. This sounds of course all very absurd and childish, but the boys do in this queer way pick up a good many ideas of rough cookery which will stand them in good stead when they come to after-experience of life across the seas, where many of them must go in time in the search after a livelihood. Mr. Bradby has done good service to his boys in his plain warnings to their parents against foolish and weak indulgence; and all parents may do well to take the advice, and apply it as they are sending their boys back to school. If a man knows that his sons must make their own way in the world, he ought honestly to tell them so, and put them in the way of preparing for it. The boys who now fill the forms of our public schools are not "little ones" who "knuckle down at law" as in Cowper's days, or who bowl hoops as in Gray's time at Eton. These are to be found in the preparatory schools which are the existing substitutes for the "lower forms" of other days, but in which, as we need scarcely add, the marbles and the hoops of the last century are alike unknown. The public schoolboy has "come to age"; the microcosm in which he lives is, as a rule,

wisely and strongly governed; but if his father has not the courage or the good sense to show him how to bear his part in the little world, he will fail grievously of its advantages as a place of training for the great one.

VICHY.

WHATEVER gleams of Imperial sunshine may have brightened the most frequented of French hot-springs, Vichy is in the natural order of things a true "città dolente," where victims of gout, dyspepsia, and kindred diseases make ineffectual efforts to be cheerful. The Casino is as smart, the band as indefatigable, as those of its German rivals; yet the entertainments provided miss fire more palpably at Vichy than elsewhere. It is so much the better for weary souls who have borne the yoke of incessant and clamorous amusement, even if ill-health has not brought them there. There is to them a novel interest in observing the unfamiliar aspects of human life when the social glaze is taken off it, and when the layman is admitted to some of those secrets which physicians keep so well. When the high pressure of "the common round, the daily task" is abated, we see something of what is underneath the grin and giggle which is assumed for even the most family gathering in the family country house. The natural man is not altogether repulsive in his weakness. He reveals traits of the old-fashioned individuality which existed before omniscience and omnipresence had demoralized us. There is still a sufficiently lively dance of death, and its satire may be studied with advantage, while its exposure of pretences is quite an agreeable antidote to the narcotics of civilization.

At Vichy, where specimens of mankind from either hemisphere congregate, internationalism has no existence. Indigestion checks the enthusiasm of humanity. Sufferers from enlarged liver care little for the coming race, and all possible evolutions of society leave the votary of the Source des Célestins apathetic. Besides the facilities offered for unusually accurate study of its visitors, Vichy also gives the travelling Englishman a chance of appreciating the frankness and originality of French provincials. The country merchant shepherding his valiant helmsman, their daughter with conventional face, the middle-class cotteries joined in the bonds of similar ailments, are studies not to be found elsewhere by strangers. As the groups established round the Kiosk to hear their favourite opera airs and vases gesticulate, perorate, make feeble and fitful love, or patiently endure the monkey tricks of their spoiled children, we cannot but recall Molière's comedy of life. He described the same people with but little anachronism, for there is a deep-seated conservatism of manner and habit among the French which has somehow withstood the Code and the sophisms of '89.

Of twenty-five thousand yearly visitors to Vichy only about three thousand are foreigners. Discontented tradesmen complain of bad seasons since the eclipse of the Bonapartes. They also hint that this year the devotional pilgrimages have hindered the worship of Health. The spare enthusiasm of believing souls was claimed elsewhere, and the pious care of the body no longer took precedence of other religious observances. At all times it would appear that the ritual, the priests, and the shrines of the great goddess Digestion lose importance during national calamities; but with returning prosperity Vichy must always thrive, as its past history declares. Without inquiring what use Vercingetorix and the Arverni made of their property in its springs, we know that the Romans appreciated them. Gouty grandees from Lugdunum sought relief at the station of Aquæ Calidæ, and waning beauty was supposed to be restored by their virtue. Five types of Venus Anadyomene have been found in excavating the Roman ruins. Restored youth and remoulded form are seldom achieved by the modern drinkers, who at no stage of their treatment suggest grace or beauty. Venus is the last person that the observer is likely to meet by the sources of the Grande Grille or the Célestins. Our complicated modern life seems more and more to interfere with ideal perfection of form, and to require all the inventions of medical science for its well-being as fast as they are found; for the civilized Dives, if not fuller of sores than the mediæval Lazarus, is more impatient of them. From the fourth century, when the Roman baths were abandoned, to the sixteenth, people did without Vichy water and its salts. Even when, in the twelfth century, the position of the place gave it some importance, its bicarbonate of soda was only appreciated by the neighbouring cattle, who flocked inconveniently to the springs. Some ruined walls and a tower still exist of a castle attributed to the third Duke of Bourbon, who made much of his châtellenie of Vichy "because of the pureness of its air." On the frontier of Auvergne and the Bourbonnais, and commanding for some distance the passage of the Allier river, tolls were levied then which presently attracted the greed of the kings of France. The civil war of the Bien Public was terminated at Ousset, a town hard by, and Charles VII. took the opportunity of its resistance to leave a garrison at Vichy. The place has an interesting story, whether sharing in the eleventh century the fortunes of the Sires de Bourbon Archaubault, or the greater splendour of the ducal race founded by Robert de Clermont, a son of St. Louis, and terminating with the Constable who died at the gate of Rome. Yet in the ebb and flow of its prosperity during the Fraguerie, the Bien Public, and the Huguenot wars, the medical value of the hot springs was neglected. What use was made of them was by the Célestine fathers, who had a well-

endowed house at Vichy, and doubtless had preserved some Roman traditions of gout and dyspepsia.

With peace and Henry IV. the science of life revived. Readers of Montaigne thought the welfare of the body as important as that of the soul. The cattle were shut out from their favourite spring by a *grande grille*, which gives its name now to those waters dear to sufferers from liver disease. A little house was built for strangers, with accommodation for two bathers, and called the Maison du Roi, while a knot of lodgings supplied footpans, glassos, and lesser aids to hydropathy. The Capuchins established themselves near the Grande Grille, and they and the Célestins were hospitable. In the middle of the seventeenth century medical fashion set towards Vichy in a current which has been more or less constant ever since. La Bruyère tells us how Madame de Montespan went to Bourbon to be cured of vapours, but the true chronicler of life at "the waters" in 1676 is Madame de Sévigné. Our readers can find in her letters a great deal about the company and life at Vichy which still holds true. Fewer *bourrées* are danced in these days, and the labourers are hardly such perfect *bergers de l'Astrée*. There is more railway flotsam, but the talk remains probably much the same, and is racy of the waters and their effects. The number of glasses swallowed is not so startling as in the days of the *Malade imaginaire*, but in the main there is singularly little difference between 1676 and 1873. The country traders who come to Vichy from all parts of France have more visible originality than our gorgeous middle class; and to a rank below them the local costumes give a dignity of their own which with us is lost in the vulgarity of flimsy finery. Vichy has been loaded with improvements by each Paris dynasty, but the tenacious good sense of the country folk, Auvergnat in their traditions, is satisfactory in its hold of old customs. It is but necessary to pass from the wide straight boulevards to the old quarter of the Château Franc, or to stroll a mile into the country, to perceive that enough of the old ways remains to reprove the style, beloved by speculators, of the Second Empire. Mesdames Adelaide and Victoria of France began the modern Vichy by enclosing in the existing gallery four of the chief springs. By an edict dated from a Russian village, Napoleon ordered the park to be laid out, while the Duchess of Angoulême did not disdain to conclude his work. No power short of a Company could, however, have made Vichy what it is. The Company farms the springs, provides a casino, and all that goes with a casino—plays, balls, newspapers, concerts, and whatever the modern man desires, short of roulette and trente-et-quarante. Its various workshops are open to the public. Nothing can be prettier than the steam works; and after seeing the preparation of the sweetstuffs containing Vichy salts, the visitor is irresistibly disposed to consume henceforth his daily dozen of medicated lozenges. Let us hope that the world's digestion is benefiting by the two million and a half quarts of Vichy waters yearly bottled and sent to the four quarters of the globe. The creative power of Companies, backed by an inviolable Emperor, is great, we trust that no new form of disease will appear as a consequence of the large consumption of Grande Grille salts. In twenty years the visitors to Vichy have quadrupled, and the consumption of its exported waters has multiplied sixfold.

Fairly good plays, and an almost perpetual flow of music, are the chief aids in promoting the "joye fort nécessaire pour faire profiter les remèdes," according to the *Mercurie galant* of May 1678. It is doubtful whether Offenbach's breakdowns and lively waltzes at eight o'clock in the morning are calculated to cheer dyspeptic wretches. Their lugubrious faces as they defile before the Grande Grille do not express satisfaction as the distant tum-tumming bids them be merry. To the weary and heavy-laden bound for the Célestins, ornamental fountains and plaster statuary appear superfluous joys. Yet who knows but that some believer in progress may be comforted by the scarlet geraniums bedded out with true "international" taste, the oleanders in green boxes, the booths, and the continual gurgle of the orchestra? Let us live and let live, if we can, at Vichy, where the effort is not always easy. Seventy-one hotels and uncounted lodging-houses supply the necessities, if not the luxuries, of life. The hours at all of them are regulated to suit the bathers. Seventy-one bells announce a breakfast of five courses at ten o'clock, and much the same meal is repeated at half-past five. The Allier and its many tributaries supply piles of gudgeon, which, fried in the same way, are not very inferior to overgrown whitebait. The waters give appetite, and it is curious to see how much the sorriest invalids eat, though the régime of abstinence between the meals has much to do with their hunger. When once it is appeased, the storm of talk that breaks along the *table-d'hôte* is more polyglot than at first seems likely from the uniformity of dress. The Mediterranean sends a melody; Algeria being of course represented, though the officers and soldiers sent home officially for cure are for the most part accommodated in the special military hospital, where there are quarters for nearly two hundred men of all ranks who require Vichy treatment. In the civil hospital 236 invalids are taken in on the certificate of their local authorities. There is abundant water for all comers. About three thousand baths daily are available, and from the Grande Grille source alone over twelve thousand gallons in twenty-four hours burst up at a temperature of 106° Fahr. Before it the frequently returning drinkers pass in strings, sometimes numbering thirty thousand in the day, so that at the favourite hours the four women who ladle out the water cannot fill the graduated glasses fast enough. Of the procession there are few who do not look really ill, for the diseases treated, whether at the Célestins or at the Grande Grille, mark their victims very plainly. The misery

of people's faces tells its tale of woes below the ribs. And in themselves the waters are depressing, even when most curative, and often fatally treacherous when ignorantly used.

Of course there are sporadic attempts at fine dress among ladies who are only in attendance on their suffering lords and not particularly ill themselves, but the moist atmosphere sadly damps their efforts at whitening the sepulchre which cannot be effectually screened from lookers-on. No sculptor in search of models would go to Vichy. On festival days, however, good-looking and healthy peasants mingle with the visitors. The Auvergnat caps and bonnets contrast with Parisian headgear in the long alleys of the park, while under them are comely faces curiously observing the bedizened invalids. It is pleasant to leave the sick folk of the new town, and get out into the wooded and fertile country whence the peasants come. Within a mile of the Imperial boulevards old France still exists. Large farms, if dirty and untidy, bear witness to wealth by their extensive stoadings. Well-fed dun cattle do most of the work. The sheep are not unsightly, and the soil seems equal to most crops, from hemp and beet to vines on the gravelly hills. Abundant poultry and pigs, frequent orchards, and fully-cropped gardens attest the custom which secures to the labourers and their families employment on the same farms for generations. The child who herds the geese, and the ancient dame who twirls her distaff while she looks after the *pot au feu*—each contribute to the general store of wealth small gains which are lost in more "advanced" systems. Probably few of the English visitors try to understand the value of usages which help the French peasants to withstand the destructive forces of the Code. The unkempt foregrounds shock our taste, even though they are backed by the broad lines of clear-cut horizon to the North, and by the volcanic peaks of the Puy de Dôme to the South. A D'Aubigné or a Corot would find satisfaction in the green greys of the well-watered fields where the English eye might desire more "colour." The British tourist must have tidiness, and neither the castellated manor of the lord nor the disorderly hamlet of the peasants is likely to satisfy his taste. Yet, as there are few facilities for inordinate reading at Vichy, no opiates of the understanding in the way of good lending-libraries, very questionable company in the Casino, and a great deal too much music, the visitor to Vichy may utilize the exercise recommended by his physician in gaining some true idea of the landed interests in his neighbourhood. He might in future weigh more justly the claims of parties and the mischief done by agitators who falsely claim to speak in the name of the "people." An improved political instinct might be gained during his month of baths, not less than an improved digestion equal to the trials of an English winter, with its mince-pies and leading articles.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH'S HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

MANY, many years ago we remember that a political opponent of Sir Robert Peel, speaking of one of those changes of policy with which he surprised both his friends and his enemies, called it the fifth, sixth, or seventh—we cannot be particular as to the numeral—"avatar of Buddha-Peel." We are too dull to see much likeness between Buddha and Peel, beyond the fact that each has had a following called after his name; and certainly the sect of the Peelites has not been so lasting, nor has it spread itself over so large a portion of the earth's surface, as the sect of the Buddhists. But when the process of metempsychosis is fairly set to work, the question "Who's who?" becomes one which it does not at all do to answer lightly. Pythagoras, so the more moderate legend went, had once been the Euphorbos of the Iliad; but, according to some of his admirers, he had been several things of a much more unlikely kind, a fish and a bramble-bush being among them, if we rightly remember. The vivacity of the fish which thus came to light again in the shape of the Samian philosopher might make us think that he was some kin to the "fish unable to drown" who once appeared in the proof-sheet of a writer whose manuscript contained the words "fashionable bedroom." But in those distant regions inhabited by fish, brambles, legendary—perhaps solar—heroes, and gods of Eastern mythologies a good deal may be safely ventured. It is more dangerous walking among the recorded worthies of European history of any date. The great houses of Rome were at no time to be lightly huddled; even misapplied reverence sometimes brought down summary vengeance; the ivory staff of Marcus Papirius came down heavily on the head of the Gaul who stroked his beard as that of a God. The Cornelian clan, in its many branches, turned out not a few men with whom one would be decidedly shy of taking liberties. We do not at all know how the Cossi, the Lentuli, the Scipiones, and the Sullæ might relish having men of our own times so closely identified with them as to make it almost seem that the later personage is an avatar of the earlier. At all events, if such speculations are to be indulged in, it would be well to hit upon ancient and modern personages between whom there is some kind of likeness in character or actions. By help of a little stretch of imagination we could conceive the elder Cato, the renowned Censor, appearing again in the person of Mr. Ayrton, or even in that of Mr. Lowe. To be sure between Cato and Mr. Lowe there is one marked point of difference. Cato, much as he hated the Greeks, was so convinced of the advantages of Greek learning that he set to work to master the language in his old age. Mr. Lowe has so fully made up his mind the other way, that he seems sorry that he learned Greek in his youth. Still, the universal biter, the *wastastyræ*, is not with-

out points of likeness to either of his suggested modern antitypes; and both Cato and Mr. Lowe have been made the subject of epigrams in divers tongues—from the earlier one of which we have just borrowed an epithet—describing beforehand what was to happen to their subjects in the other world. If Mr. Lowe then should wish to be identified with any Roman worthy, or to ask for adoption into any Roman family, we should suggest the *Gens Porcia*—the gens of him whom Persephone declined to receive into Hades—as the one in which he would find himself most at home. Porcius of Tusculum too was after all a plebeian, and to trifle with his name and ancestry might be a less matter than to lay hands on the doubtless Trojan blood of the Corneli. And, setting superstitious reverence of this kind aside, we are wholly at a loss to see any point of likeness between the new Home Secretary and Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus. But the *Daily Telegraph* thinks otherwise. If we may venture to face the young lions, we should say that the likeness between the two worthies had been purchased at the cost of a little tampering with the recorded actions of both. Mr. Lowe's successes have at all events not been military. We know that he sometimes indulges in a romantic vein, as when he seeks to describe the studies, or to fix the date of the foundation, of the University or the College which he so deeply regrets ever having belonged to. But Mr. Lowe himself would hardly, even at a dinner of enthusiastic civil engineers or of patriotic Millenarians, have ventured to see a parallel between himself and "the great commander who had crushed the power of Rome's enemies and given security and prosperity to the city." To say nothing of the widely-different fields in which the achievements of Scipio and those of Mr. Lowe have been wrought, the parallel can only be made good by altogether turning about the state of political parties with which Scipio and Mr. Lowe have had to deal. Mr. Lowe is a member of a Liberal Government; he has to defend himself and his colleagues against Conservative accusations. Scipio, on the other hand, was a high aristocrat who had charges brought against him by the Tribunes of the Comitia. In most hands this would be felt to be no small difficulty in making out a parallel between two men in such opposite positions. But Jupiter junior has clearly inherited the power by which the elder potentate could bestow what form he pleased either on himself or on any other person, divine or human. A knot that cannot be untied must be cut. If the facts do not fit in with the rhetoric, so much the worse for the facts. Therefore, while in the older form of the story Scipio is attacked by Tribunes set on by Cato, in the version of the *Daily Telegraph* he is attacked by "the bitter Roman Tories who hated Scipio's reputation more than they loved their country."

Perhaps, however, to attend to distinctions of this kind is after all mere pedantry. Tribunes and Tories have at least as much in common as Macedon and Monmouth; each name beyond all doubt begins with a T. In either case, in the words of a poet quoted by Lord Macaulay,

Noble Publius worried was with rogues.

If then it is desired to look learned and to point a period, it is perhaps hard to expect the rhetorician to trouble himself as to the exact nature of the rogues or the exact colour of their political opinions. And again there is something to be said on the ground of *ἀντιστοιχία* or tit for tat. How many bitter Roman Tories have been taken for Liberals; how many fierce aristocrats have been turned about into zealots for democratic rights. How often has either Brutus—of course we do not count the founder of Totnes—been taken for a French Jacobin. And did not a body of grave American patriots pledged to the doctrine that all men are born free and equal found, first a society and then a city, called after that Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus who, if he ever existed at all, must have been as bitter a Tory, or oligarch, or whatever we please to call him, as can be easily lighted on in a day's search among the records of any age? When so much of this kind of thing has been abroad in the world, it is only fair now and then to turn the tables, and, as the aristocrats have been so often painted as demagogues, for once in a way to paint the demagogues as aristocrats. Let then the rogues who worried noble Publius be, for the sake of argument, allowed to be bitter Tories, as well as the rogues who have worried that later worthy whom the *Daily Telegraph*, if it had been in a tender instead of a learned mood, might have spoken of as noble Robert. But we must think that the *Telegraph* is hard upon the later of its two heroes. If we still have the true Cornelian line among us, if noble Robert is in truth only an avatar of noble Publius, it is clear that in some intermediate transformation he must have greatly improved some parts of his character. If Mr. Lowe would not be likely to rival Scipio on another Zama, he has certainly not, in his present form, done anything like those particular deeds by which Scipio drew on himself the wrath of his enemies, Tory or other. "In simpler fashion," we are told, "and on a less prominent scene, Mr. Lowe has just renewed the example of the conqueror of Carthage." We are happy for Mr. Lowe's sake to say that he has done nothing of the kind. "It was," the *Telegraph* says, "intellect justifying itself by history which was heard at Sheffield." It was hardly intellect in any form which was seen, heard, and felt at Rome. On the whole, if we had to compare Scipio at this particular stage of his life with anybody within the last few years, it would not be to Mr. Lowe that we should liken him, but to certain of the Fonians. "The bitter Tories," according to the *Telegraph*, "accused Scipio of all sorts of petty offences and misdemeanours." It goes on to tell us how "he made his appearance before the Assembly, but to the surprise and

disgrace of his calumniators, instead of an apology the illustrious citizen pronounced a clear and complacent vindication of his services." We suppose then that, in the political morality of the *Daily Telegraph*, it is rather a fine thing for a man who is regularly accused before a legal tribunal, instead of pleading any way or another, to tell the Court how great his services have been in past times. Our stern forefathers would have sent such a one to the *peine forte et dure*; the milder law of Rome allowed any accused person to escape judgment by going into exile at any moment before his formal condemnation. Surely if (*quod absit*) Mr. Lowe should ever be put on his trial for any charge—let us, in the case of such a defendant, conceive the archaic process revived which was famous in the days of Strafford and Warren Hastings—would the *Daily Telegraph* approve, if all the notice that Mr. Lowe took of the charge was to tell his judges, in a clear and complacent fashion, that he had opposed Parliamentary reform and tried to lay a tax on lucifer-matches? To be sure Scipio had somewhat greater exploits than these to hold forth about, but the principle is the same—the principle that a man's former services may be pleaded in answer to a legal and definite charge brought against him. No charge has been brought against Mr. Lowe; he has not been arraigned before any court; and the *Daily Telegraph* seems to feel this in a kind of lazy way when it speaks of Mr. Lowe acting on a less prominent scene than Scipio. Altogether the likeness between the two scenes of action, between a trial before the highest legal court and a speech made at a Outlets' dinner, strikes us as coming as near to the nature of unlikeness as any likeness can do.

But after all what had Scipio done? He had been guilty of a succession of lawless acts. His brother Lucius had been called upon to bring forward the accounts of the campaign in Asia, in which Publius was concerned as well as himself. The story is told with a good deal of difference of detail; but there seems to be no doubt that, when the accounts were brought forth, some say by himself, some say by his brother, Publius tore the writings in pieces in sight of the people. When his brother was sent to prison, Publius further by force and arms rescued him from the custody of the legal officer. When put on his own trial, the only answer he made was, that it was the anniversary of his victory over Hannibal. All this, it would seem, is looked on by the *Daily Telegraph* as an instance of intellect vindicating itself by history. We should have thought that it was rather an appeal to club-law, more in the style, as we have already hinted, of Clerkenwell Fenians than of any member of any English Government for a long time back. Surely a wrong is done to Mr. Lowe in this matter. No one has ever charged him with being other than a decent and law-abiding citizen in his own person; the bitterest Tory or Tribune has not suspected him of tearing up the public accounts, still less of assaulting constables in the discharge of their duty. Yet these are the great feats of intellect of which, according to the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Lowe has renewed the example. Altogether it is the old story of saving me from my friends. It is not in the character of bitter Tories hating his reputation, but in that of impartial lookers-on wishing to do justice to every man, that we protest against Mr. Lowe being looked on as an avatar of Publius Cornelius Scipio.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE resignation of Señor Salmeron on the question of capital punishment ought to gain him immortal honour from the Friends of Humanity all the world over. Nothing could be more gratifying than this self-sacrificing assertion of their sentimental principles by so prominent a politician, unless, indeed, he had succeeded in asserting them successfully. But it would seem that even in the Radical Cortes of Spain, as in the Assemblies of Italy and France, there is a majority that objects to proclaiming an amnesty in advance for all the murderers in a country where murders are of everyday occurrence. Indeed legislators who have not regularly graduated in the sentimental school which turns out theorists like Señor Salmeron may be excused if they find it difficult to follow him in his fine-drawn distinctions. He has been sufficiently thoroughgoing in his administration of the Government, considering his antecedents and his earlier political connexions. Many of the more enthusiastically practical Federalists, who went a little further than the theories which he was in the habit of promulgating, have been shot down in battles or bombardments by troops acting under his authority. As Chief of the State he approved those praiseworthy military executions following on drum-head courts-martial by which General Pavia restored order in the army which Salmeron would at one time have had disbanded. Yet he shrinks from taking the life of the most infamous criminal who has been deliberately judged and calmly condemned by the ordinary civil tribunals. It is curious that the Legislatures and the courts of justice should be extraordinarily tender of life in the countries where the people hold it in the lightest estimation. The same morbid feeling paralyses the administration of justice in all those Southern countries where blood is hot and deeds of violence are frequent. In Italy, as in Spain, it is the rarest thing in the world to see a murderer pay the penalty of his crime on the scaffold. Perhaps it is not altogether unnatural that the authorities should feel a certain sympathy for the man of a temperament excitable like their own who has been hurried into dealing a fatal blow, when they know that he delivered it in the passion and on the provocation of the moment. It is conceivable that they should even make excuses for the injured relative who has malignantly

followed out a long-planned vendetta; because, although the vendetta flourishes as a specially Corsican institution, it is more or less a time-honoured custom in all the Southern provinces of the mainland. It is less intelligible that statesmen in their sober senses should extend the same consideration to the brigand who has habitually added bloodshed to robbery. Yet the brigands, when they escape the volleys of rough-and-ready bersaglieri whose blood has been warmed by a hot chase in the mountains, may confidently congratulate themselves on being spared to return to their profession and resume their profitable course of crime. They are arraigned at the bar in due course, and trembling witnesses are dragged up to testify against them. They may have been notoriously guilty of scores of aggravated homicides, as in the case of the infamous Manzù, who was unlucky enough to be shot in a scuffle the other day in the neighbourhood of Salerno; and many of these homicides may be conclusively established against them. The jury may be constrained for very shame to pronounce a verdict of guilty, and the judge may pass the sentence of death with timorous mien and faltering accents. But then the sentence is wanting in the very essential point of a date fixed for its execution; and if the convict is not reprieved, he is generally forgotten. In any case, he is consigned indefinitely to a prison where the walls are weak, the window-bars rusty, and the gaoler venal or sympathetic. One way or another, the result is that appearances at the guillotine have always been rare events in Southern Italy, while murders are so common that they scarcely excite a sensation. Things are not quite so bad in France, partly perhaps for the reason that in France murderers would be rash to reckon upon almost absolute immunity. The French prisons are secure enough, and convicts sent to the galleys or the foreign penal settlements know that they have to serve out the long periods of their sentences, which generally are made sufficiently disagreeable to them. Moreover retributive justice not unfrequently embodies itself in the pestilential climate of Cayenne or Lambessa, and the death penalty is exacted indirectly, although blood does not flow on the scaffold. But if the murderer happens not to die a natural death, it is not the fault of his countrymen who serve on juries. The popular verdict of "guilty with extenuating circumstances" has long ago passed into a proverb and a byword. It does not mean that there is much excuse to be made for the man who has chopped his mother into little bits on a domestic difference as to the consumption of cognac; or that the temptation justified the deed in the case of that other poor fellow who has disposed of a whole family for the sake of the trifling sum to be found in the portemonnaie of the *père de famille*. It simply means that juries object as a matter of sentiment to inflicting the last punishment authorized by their penal code; they would rather that the culprit were spared than that they should have to hold themselves in any degree responsible for his blood.

This misplaced leniency may possibly be less injurious with our neighbours than it would be with us. Assassination in Southern countries is so often a sheer matter of impulse that there seems scarcely time for a calculation of consequences. Still, there is elsewhere, the old maxim holds good, that desperate diseases demand sharp remedies. Until the other day it was considered almost hopeless to attempt the suppression of Italian brigandage. It was said to be inherent in the very nature of the people. Now, however, it appears to be in a fair way to be put down, thanks to the thoroughgoing proceedings of General Pallavicini. It was argued that the brigands must always coerce the peasants and the shepherds among whom they lived into giving them aid and warning. The certainty of being shot on the spot for refusing must needs prevail over the more remote risk of being shot by the troops for consenting. It seemed hard on helpless peasants to reduce them on a sudden to a dilemma so dangerous. However, there was no help for it; it was declared that those who gave food or information to brigands should be treated precisely like the brigands themselves. The peasants were left to arrange matters as they might; and the result is that the worst districts of Calabria have now become comparatively safe. So, we fancy, it would prove were some similar course pursued towards the national weakness of always having recourse to deadly weapons. Were the penalty of death rigorously enforced even when the culprit could plead passion or provocation, we suspect it would have an immediate effect on the statistics of crime, and would prove the truest kindness to the people in the long run. No doubt there would be a good deal of grumbling at first over the examples made of ardent and sensitive natures, contrary to all precedent. But the more excitement these examples created the deeper would be the impression they would make. Brawlers would learn to drink and quarrel under the abiding sense of a new danger; and the cooler spectators of a dispute who saw whither excitement was hurrying the principals would more often be induced to interpose in time. Besides, if the law really set itself in earnest to the task of suppressing homicide, it might enforce some useful precautionary legislation in the interest of the dangerous classes themselves. When brawls are of daily occurrence, and murders are perpetrated with comparative impunity, it would be idle as well as unjust to order peaceable people to leave their weapons at home. Should the law interfere seriously for the protection of life, no measure would more recommend itself to common sense than one which made it penal to carry offensive weapons.

The English as a nation are particularly unlikely to have any excessive sympathy with the squeamishness of the late Premier of Spain. Indeed the tendencies of our legislation used to be quite the other way, and until quite recent times the spirit of our

criminal jurisprudence sinned rather on the side of severity. In Spain and Italy, when by chance a capital sentence is to be executed, the criminal meets his end with a coolness which almost amounts to heroism. It is the judge, the officials, and the onlookers whose sensibilities are excited over the tragical dénouement. In England, on the contrary, it was the authorities, from the very highest down to the hangman, who showed themselves cool and impassive while whole batches of offenders were dismissed from the dock to their cells and submitted to the final sentence of the law. *Autos-da-fé* have not been in fashion with us for some hundreds of years; they were always an exotic institution, and our people never took very kindly to them. But long after *autos-da-fé* had gone out of date even in the chosen land of the Church and the Inquisition, the law continued to provide the English public with an abundance of popular entertainment to the full as exciting. We have grown more sensitive and scrupulous than our fathers; and as cities are drained and sanitary boards are multiplied we set greater store by human life. We ventilate our prisons and provide their inmates with a diet which is almost luxurious, although we have to maintain our prisoners longer in consequence; and now we confine the unfortunates convicted of petty thefts, instead of hanging them out of the way and having done with it. We should shudder at the idea of some dozen of human beings, men, women, and mere children, listening in the condemned cells of Newgate for the tolling of St. Sepulchre's bell. We should think it altogether beyond the limits of good taste were the members of the very fastest set in good society to make up a little supper party at the "Magpie and Stump," that they might be ready to enjoy the spectacle of the morning. We confess that, on the whole, we see matter for congratulation in our altered tone, as well as in that still more recent change which did away with executions in public. As spectacles they were neither edifying nor attractive, and for one bystander who accepted them as a warning, there were undoubtedly twenty who were much the worse for the sight. From the prisoner's point of view they were more objectionable still. We advocate death as the fitting penalty of deliberate murder, but we protest against its being preceded by torture. We may take human life as a public necessity, but we have no right to disturb the last moments of the unhappy sufferer more than need be. And while there were hardened criminals who felt a miserable pride and pleasure in that last appearance before the scum and drags of the city, those of more impressionable or less vitiated natures must have dreaded facing the mob below the gibbet even more than the shameful death that awaited them. In changing the closing scene to the seclusion of the prison, we obeyed the dictates at once of humanity and decency. We have gradually been leaning to the side of mercy, and in his punishment as in his trial we incline more and more to give the culprit the benefit of any doubt. We only hope that we shall not end by adopting the silly humanitarian theories for which Señor Sahueron has sacrificed himself, although we cannot feel unqualified confidence that England may not, in the hands of certain Ministers whom we can imagine, move even faster than Spain. Yet these private executions still leave something to be desired, and there are certain improvements in the arrangements which we should like to see adopted. Such scenes as that which was witnessed last week at Kirkdale can only strengthen the hands of the sentimentalists who would abolish death punishment altogether. There is no need to dwell on revolting details which have probably come under the notice of every reader. Suffice it to say that, when the bolts were drawn, the rope broke with the weight of the unfortunate man. He never lost consciousness. When the bitterness of death should have been past with him, he had to take his seat under the gibbet and go through the mockery of listening to the ministrations of the chaplain, while the prison authorities were making fresh arrangements to despatch him. We do not know with whom the responsibility rests, but we are sure some one should be held responsible for so cruel a catastrophe. It is not the first accident of the kind that has happened recently, and a very few more of such cases would make capital punishment all but impossible.

THE THAMES AT RICHMOND.

DURING the last fortnight the *Times* has published a number of letters upon the condition of the Thames at Richmond; and while the discussion has proceeded the change of summer to autumn, and heavy and continued rain, have probably mitigated for the time the evil which occasioned the correspondence. This evil is, however, certain to reappear in full force unless a remedy be applied; and, indeed, the necessity of a remedy is admitted, and the only question that remains is as to the form which it ought to take. The Richmond Vestry have printed as a pamphlet the correspondence between themselves and the Conservators of the Thames, and they appear to expect by this means to obtain the support of public opinion in urging a particular plan on the Conservators. But the question between the engineers of the Conservators and the engineer of the Vestry must be settled in case of need, not by newspaper discussion, but by reference to some other engineers competent to decide between opposing views. The Conservators have consulted Sir John Coode, C.E., and Captain Calver, R.N., who recommended that the navigation between Teddington Lock and Kew Railway Bridge should be improved by dredging. The Vestry of Richmond have obtained from Mr. Abernethy, C.E., a report which, as they say, "proves conclu-

sively" that the erection of a lock and weir at Richmond is not only the most feasible, but the most desirable, plan for improving the navigation above that town." But if the arguments adduced by Mr. Abernethy are not in themselves sufficient, we shall scarcely accept them on the authority of the Richmond Vestry. It is at least doubtful whether the proposed lock and weir might not seriously affect the navigation below Richmond, whereas the plan of dredging can certainly do no harm; and at worst a considerable sum of money might be expended on this plan without adequate result.

The inhabitants of Richmond and Twickenham presented to the Conservators a Memorial dated June 3, 1871, of which an abstract appears in the pamphlet now before us. It is really a pity that a mere abstract should be given of a composition which must be at once scientific and pictorial. It urges that a lock and weir would not only remove existing evils, "but would impart even greater beauty and attractiveness to the refreshing appearance which the river formerly possessed." The unsightly river mud in the well-known and much frequented districts of Richmond and Twickenham would disappear after the construction of the proposed works, the river would disclose beautiful banks, and its reaches would become charming and effective, "totally unsurpassed in beauty in any other locality." The style of the late lamented George Robins, however admirable in itself, is perhaps not the most suitable for conducting the discussion of what is after all an engineer's question. The Conservators, in answer to this Memorial, state some of the objections which they entertain, and which they regard as insuperable, "to the proposal to erect a weir at Brentford which shall altogether exclude the tidal water." This water, of which the quantity is very large, exercises at present a most beneficial effect on the river below by the scour which it produces. Analogous cases are not wanting to justify the apprehension of the Conservators that a most serious silting up of the river would ensue, and it is the duty of the Conservators to prevent any work which may interfere with the navigation below bridge or may affect the commercial interests of the Port of London. "To cut off the enormous volume of tidal water which flows up between Brentford and Teddington, a distance of five miles, would in the opinion of the Conservators be productive of serious injury to the trade of London." This is the substance of the objection which the Conservators entertain to the proposed lock and weir. They have been advised by experienced engineers that it is a well-founded objection, and even if the engineer of the Richmond Vestry can produce a forcible answer to it, the only effect must be to show that further investigation is desirable. The memorialists reply to the Conservators that they did not propose a weir which should altogether exclude the tidal water, and they regret that the answer of the Board to their Memorial should have been founded on an erroneous conception of its meaning. This correspondence took place in 1871, and we may assume that the engineers recently consulted by the Conservators considered the expediency of a weir in any form. The Report of Sir John Coode and Captain Calver is not before us, and the remarks of Mr. Abernethy, dated the 24th of July last, upon that Report merely show that he adheres to his former opinion, while they would probably maintain their own. The engineer of the Richmond Vestry makes the important admission that the engineers of the Conservators have, "under existing circumstances," some reason to complain of the discharge of sewage from the town of Richmond and its neighbourhood, and the public may perhaps think that the local nuisance should be remedied before complaint should be made of that which is general. It is strange to find the inhabitants of Richmond discouraging eloquently on the beauty of the Thames and at the same time converting it into a common sewer. Mr. Abernethy admits that by dredging the depth of water may be increased at least temporarily above Richmond Bridge, but he demands for his clients a depth of clean water. He may be answered, at least for the present, in the proverb that the kettle should not call the crock "smut."

If the Richmond Vestry desire that the question which they agitate should be fully understood, they will endeavour to procure the publication of the Report of Sir John Coode and Captain Calver, to which they will be at liberty to append any comments which their own engineer may desire to offer. We observe that Mr. Abernethy quotes from page 22 of this Report, so that it must contain a tolerably complete examination of the question, and it is mere groping in the dark to attempt discussion without having this Report before us. An engineer writing lately in the *Times* goes over some of the ground which has probably been traversed by the authors of the Report. He points out that the tide at Richmond now ebbs much lower than it did in former years, and the change is due to the removal of Old London, Blackfriars, and Westminster Bridges, and the substitution of modern structures with ample water way, combined with extensive dredging operations. Old London Bridge, as is well known, acted as a partial weir; the spring tide rose six inches higher on the lower than on the upper side of it, and there was a fall of from three to five feet of water at the ebb, which necessitated the critical operation called "shooting" the bridge. By the removal of these obstructions the tide now flows higher by six inches above bridge than it did in former years, and it ebbs about four feet lower, adding, says the engineer, about twenty-five per cent. to the tidal volume of water passing up and down twice a day, and producing a rapid lowering of the bed of the river, and greater exposure of the foreshore mudbanks. The same engineer expresses the opinion that the tide cannot be kept back or affected by the recently constructed

Embankment, and that the tide probably makes a higher mark between Blackfriars and Chelsea than it did prior to the construction of the Embankment. This opinion appears to agree with that of the advisers of the Conservators, who are quoted by Mr. Abernethy as saying that the Embankment "has little effect upon the tidal propagation in the Upper Thames." In answer to the complaint of the Richmond Vestry that water is abstracted by the Water Companies above Teddington Lock, this engineer says that this volume of water can bear no comparison with the additional quantity of tidal water, "the great natural conservative agent," admitted upwards since the removal of Old London Bridge. The Richmond Vestry would doubtless answer that it is a question not only of quantity but of quality, and that the clear water which used to come down to them is abstracted, while dirty water is sent up to them instead of it. At present Richmond is itself in default. The treatment of its sewage is, as its representative confesses, an "unanswered difficulty," and the Vestry is "most anxiously and earnestly at work" to discover a proper solution of this difficulty. The deliberations of the Vestry are likely to be quickened by the compulsory clauses of an Act of Parliament which requires that all towns in the Thames Valley should divert their sewage from the river. They must solve the "unanswered difficulty," and when they have solved it, they may reasonably complain of the fouling of the tidal stream by the sewage outfalls at Barking and Erith. This fouling appears to be admitted by the advisers of the Conservators, who say, in a passage quoted by Mr. Abernethy, that the waters of the Thames are "heavily charged with material in the summer season;" and experience shows that wherever waters so charged are brought to a state of comparative quiet (as they would be in the upper portion of a tidal river), "they quickly deposit the matter they hold in suspension," or, in other words, they leave "a slight coating of mud" upon the towing-path when the tide ebbs. All visitors to Kew and Richmond will agree in wishing that the Thames, once called "silver," could be prevented from depositing black and offensive slime along its banks, and they will think sewage, whether native or imported, an equally hideous feature in an otherwise lovely landscape. Yet we cannot but admire the cool audacity of the Chairman of the Lock Committee of the Richmond Vestry, who "gently puts by" the question of the local nuisance, and concerns himself only with "the speedy attainment of an adequate supply of pure water," which he and his fellow-townsmen are ready to defile. One is almost comforted to read, on the day on which this letter was published, an announcement of the appearance of the signs of early winter at the English lakes. Tourists who have been recalled from their holidays, whether in these islands or the Continent, are able to console themselves with the reflection that they have not left much good weather behind them. Only three weeks ago a party of Englishmen at Trêves were heard expressing their indignation because the Moselle had ceased to be capable of floating a steamer, and the managers of the Luxemburg Railway had not advertised this deficiency at their stations. There is doubtless water in the Moselle now, but perhaps there are not many tourists who desire to embark upon it. The "burning question" of the Thames at Richmond has been temporarily quenched; and perhaps the Chairman of the Lock Committee may now have leisure to reflect that the deliberate judgment of experienced engineers is not likely to be shaken by the pamphlet which he has circulated. The public will desire that the question should be thoroughly discussed. At present only one side has been heard—namely, the Vestry; and we do not think that they make out a strong case. At any rate it will be time enough to build the proposed lock and weir after dredging has been proved to be an ineffectual remedy.

POST AND DILIGENCE IN SWITZERLAND.

IT is difficult to praise too highly either the character of the Swiss people or the arrangements which they make for the accommodation of travellers in their country. They do well almost everything that they undertake, although they require a wonderful time to do it. But, as everybody who travels at all goes to Switzerland, it may be worth while to consider whether it be not possible to induce the authorities to make some further concessions to the habits and prejudices of Englishmen. There is, as every traveller knows, a standing grievance in the post-office. Complaints are perpetually made, but hitherto without redress. A case which occurred lately may be taken as the type of many others, and it will serve to show that the Swiss, although painstaking and generally accurate, commit errors in simple matters which in England would be impossible.

An Englishman arrived at Lucerne about 7 P.M., and went immediately to the post-office, handed in his card, and asked for letters. He was told that there were none for him. He then went to an hotel and engaged a room, and returned to the post-office to inquire for a bag which he had sent ten days before from Thun. By inadvertence he applied at the window of the post-office which is appropriated for letters, handed in the same card, and asked for a bag from Thun. The officer, not hearing or not understanding what was said, took the card, and began searching the heap of letters which he had searched before. Almost instantly he remarked, "I have had this card before"; and the Englishman, apologizing for the mistake, took the card to the opposite window and applied for his bag. The officer at that window looked into a pigeon-hole, found a ticket or memorandum of the name, produced the

bag, asked for the key, tried it by unlocking and locking the bag, took the signature of the owner to a receipt in a book, received the sum charged for carriage, and delivered out the bag. One cannot speak too highly of the convenience which this system affords to travellers. You start for a week's excursion, which you might prolong for a month if you pleased, and at the end of it there is your luggage waiting for you at the place to which you sent it. But this same Englishman, having spent the morning in Lucerne lounging and watching the weather, and planning a fresh excursion, went in the afternoon to the post-office, handed in the same card as before, and received two letters which had been lying there, as the postmarks showed, for several days. The letters showed that his presence in England was necessary, and if he had got the letters when he applied for them he might have been already on the way. The carelessness displayed on one side of this post-office is the more remarkable because of the method and caution adopted on the other. It would be idle to complain to the local authority of what he would regard as an inevitable accident. He would remark that, if you did not get your letter yesterday, you got it to-day; and if you complained of having been detained at Lucerne, he would answer that Lucerne is a very nice place, and contains several objects interesting to strangers. Until one gets used to these occurrences they appear inexplicable and astounding. You see a man of fifty years of age or more, bald, grey-bearded, sober, and respectable. He has probably been the father of a family and performing official and social duties for thirty years. Yet in the discharge of his daily duty he commits an oversight which would be hardly excusable in a child. The Swiss post-offices are open many hours, and it may be suggested that the officers are fatigued by long attendance. But, if so, it would be easy to provide additional clerks during the tourist season. It would appear reasonable to charge a small fee for every letter delivered out at the poste restante, and in a large town to appoint a clerk to attend specially to this business. This clerk should be a woman, as this is a sort of work that women usually do better than men. It is of course very convenient to get a letter from England for three-pence, but few Englishmen would object to pay even sixpence to be sure of getting it. We are told that English writing of English names is perplexing to foreigners; but surely it might be possible for clerks specially appointed to acquire sufficient skill to enable them to read that which is plainly written. People who do not write plainly have only themselves to blame, and it may be worth while to adopt for Continental use a moderately large envelope, because the small letters are in greatest danger of being overlooked. The excuse for non-delivery of a letter "that it was only a little one" may sound absurd in England, but it would probably be thought sufficient by a Swiss postmaster. At a large office the letters awaiting application are arranged alphabetically in pigeon-holes, and perhaps two of these holes may be appropriated to a single letter of the alphabet. It seems ridiculous to suppose that a clerk could search one of these two holes and omit to search the other; and yet there is little doubt that such omissions do occur. These mistakes cannot fairly be attributed to haste, because the clerk is master of the position, and may keep you waiting as long as he pleases while he searches.

Generally if you give a Swiss time enough to do a thing he will do it, and do it well. The diligence creeps at the rate of three miles an hour up a pass, but it gets safely to the top at last. The road by which that ascent is made represents the accumulated result of centuries of toil; and certainly the great roads of Switzerland as they now exist are notable examples of patience, industry, and skill. The carriage road over the Furca has been completed within a few years, primarily for military purposes, and to the great convenience of tourists. The carriage road from Andermatt to Lucerne, down the valley of the Reuss, is an older and even finer work of the same kind. One or two of the old bridges, practicable only for horses, are still standing beside the broad and solid structures which have superseded them, and these old bridges probably represent the condition of this road when the Russians and French fought for the possession of it. One cannot but admire the art with which this new road is made to turn to and from the Rhone glacier in winding upward to the Furca. It may recall the winding of the Thames below London, of which Dryden says:—

He often turns as of his mistress proud,
With longing eyes to see her face again.

But when we have turned finally from the glacier and reached the actual Furca, why, it may be asked, should the diligence spend twenty minutes in that cold and dreary spot? Even in Switzerland horses can be changed in ten minutes, and in England the same thing could be done in a minute and a half. The coachman changes with the horses, and as there was a halt of three-quarters of an hour at the Rhone glacier, the conductor can hardly need refreshment at this next stage. There is nobody to get up and nobody to get down. The station or inn, if it be an inn, may perhaps have a fascinating interior, but it looks particularly uninviting from without. It is plain that the longer the delay the worse will be the weather. Four horses have already been put to in such fashion as to leave place for another. Can it be that we are waiting for the fifth horse? This appears to be the truth, for presently the fifth horse walks up by himself and is put to. In England it would be thought strange that a coach and four horses should be kept waiting for a fifth horse. But this diligence only goes to Andermatt, and as it gets there about seven o'clock, and nobody does anything after arriving except eat, drink, smoke, and

sleep, a quarter of an hour cannot matter either way. It is, at any rate, a triumph to have dragged two or three of the biggest boxes of lady tourists over the Furca, and to have swung them safely round all the curves of the descent. If Englishmen had the management of the Swiss diligences, they would make them go about twice as fast, and would have some awful accidents every season.

Travelling by diligence in Switzerland is likely to continue on some roads for many years, and it may serve to convey some idea of what travelling by mail-coach used to be in England, remembering however that the English were much more rapid and energetic in their movements than the Swiss. The railway which now ascends the Rhone Valley as far as Sierre will be continued before long to Brieg and the Simplon, and then perhaps the question will arise whether a branch railway shall be made to Zermatt. At present the first half of the road from Vierge or Visp to Zermatt is a horse road only, and the second or further half is a carriage road. It can hardly be supposed that this imperfect arrangement will long continue, but if a carriage road is to be made over the first half, it would cost not much more to make a railway for the same distance. It has been said in England that lighter rails and slighter and cheaper work of every kind should be adopted in introducing railways into poor agricultural districts, and the same may be applicable to Switzerland. Such a railway might perhaps pay if worked for four months of the year to Zermatt, and for the other eight months it might cease working. Of course it would destroy the place, according to the ideas of those who knew and liked it as it used to be. It would become another Interlachen, and that is a strong expression. As places become equally accessible they all assimilate in character, and are all pervaded by Cook's excursionists. Having got the railway as far as Zermatt, the next thing will be to carry it to the Riffel, or even further, on the principle which has been applied at the Rigi, and some future Mr. Cook will personally conduct tourists up the Matterhorn. Already a Scotchman is said to have gone up Mont Blanc with no other company than a walking-stick, and nearly all the principal ascents have been made by women. Every ascent makes the way easier for those that follow, and besides, the establishment of hotels at high altitudes has supplied bases of operation which did not previously exist. We may perhaps over-estimate the progress of an inevitable operation, but as surely as a glacier descends into a valley so will the Yankee and the cockney ascend to all the mountains.

It may be asked, not without anxiety and regret, what will become of the Swiss people during this process of Anglicizing and Americanizing Switzerland? The rising generation are in great danger of being corrupted into touts and boggars, and in the districts most permeated by visitors the habit of roadside mendicancy in youth is likely to destroy all independence and strength of character in men. "*Hæc sunt nomina eorum qui, no sacramenti fidem fallerent, fortissime pugnant, ceciderunt.*" Where are the descendants of the people which furnished the Swiss Guards of the King of France? We are sure they must have other descendants than those dirty little boys who hold out their hands for halfpence by the roadside. Whatever may be said of the trade of a mercenary soldier, it was at least more respectable than begging. The Swiss Government should exert itself to suppress this discreditable nuisance, and if it could teach the post-office to do all its work as accurately as it does great part of it, the English tourist would have nothing to complain of except that he is liable to meet another English tourist at every turn of a mountain road. The town of Lucerne as well as other towns in Switzerland would, we think, be improved by the establishment of a few breweries and swimming-baths, after the laudable custom of South Germany. The true idea of beer appears to fade as the German frontier is left behind, and although there are lakes and rivers everywhere, it is almost impossible to find a convenient bathing-place. Some of us English carry with us tubs from home. It is a pity that we cannot also take with us our own post-office.

THE ST. LEGER.

THE breakdown of Gang Forward, on the very eve of his Doncaster engagement, just when he had completed a most satisfactory preparation, and had inspired his friends with the utmost confidence, is the crowning disaster of a stable long notorious for its ill-luck in great races, and of a sportsman so staunch that no disappointments can abate his zeal. It was the more unfortunate because the St. Leger field had already dwindled down to small proportions, and further every one was anxious to see another contest between Gang Forward and Kaiser, who have already run three such desperately close races this year. We need hardly remind our readers that Gang Forward beat Kaiser by a head for the Two Thousand Guinea, that Kaiser beat Gang Forward by a head for the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and that the pair ran a dead heat for second place in the Derby, Doncaster defeating them by a length and a half. Both horses having on all occasions displayed undoubted gameness and resolution, it would have been impossible for any handicapper to separate them; and probably, had they both come to the post last Wednesday, we should have witnessed another head and head finish between them. The theory that the Derby running was false, and that the dead-heaters for second place would be able to turn the tables on the Derby winner at Doncaster, was, as events have

turned out, entirely fallacious. As a general rule, the Derby running is subsequently confirmed to the letter, though every now and then there may be an exceptional case to the contrary. Pretender's Derby victory, for instance, was a palpable accident, the wonder being that, under all the circumstances, Pero Gomez got as near him at the finish as he did. It was a certainty that when they next met the result would be different; and at Doncaster Pero Gomez beat Pretender easily enough. A good deal was made out of Bolard beating Doncaster just as far at Paris in the Grand Prix as at Newmarket in the Two Thousand, and of both Kaiser and Gang Forward having beaten Bolard in the latter race; but, as we maintained at the time, what a horse does forty-eight hours after having been tossed about the Chunnel is no criterion of his real merits. Granted that Doncaster ran a stone worse horse at Paris than at Epsom, the journey was quite sufficient to account for it. At any rate, the Derby running was much the more trustworthy of the two to follow; and last Wednesday's race has proved so much. But even supposing, for argument's sake, that Doncaster ran at Epsom somewhat above his true form, what was there to be said against Marie Stuart? It was openly admitted that she was considerably superior to Doncaster; *a fortiori*, therefore, she was superior to Kaiser and Gang Forward. Exception was taken to the style in which she won her engagement last month at York; but just as much exception might have been taken to the style in which Kaiser beat Chivalrous at the same meeting. The critics also were not specially pleased with her in the early part of this week; yet once again last September sustained its character as the mare's month. Marie Stuart has followed in the footsteps of her illustrious predecessors Achievement, Formosa, and Hannah, and the Epsom running has been most strikingly confirmed.

The Leger at one time acquired rather a reputation for surprises, and that an outsider should be one of the first three was looked on quite as a matter of course. The ingenuity of backers was devoted to a search after that particular outsider which should either split two of the favourites or struggle home into the third place; and not unfrequently they were rewarded for their trouble. But this year not only was it vain to look for the winner beyond the first three in the Derby and the winner of the Oaks, but also the most careful scrutiny failed to discover anything else possessing a chance of running into a place. From the very first, Gang Forward, Kaiser, Doncaster, and Marie Stuart—and those four alone—have been supported for the Leger; and the almost unprecedented circumstance of the four favourites for a great race supplying the first, second, and third in it, was predicted as an absolute certainty. There was, indeed, for a week or two a little talk of a horse called Mendip, and if the prayers of the bookmakers could have improved his form about four stone, he might have been returned the winner of the Leger; but York came, Mendip made his appearance in public, and forthwith the bubble burst. Such is the paucity of good three-year-olds this year, that it was doubtful how many owners might think it worth their while to oppose the formidable four; and had not the sudden collapse of Gang Forward brought back to people's minds the extraordinary chances of racing, the field of eight which ultimately faced the starter might have been still further reduced. Three out of the eight, Doncaster, Marie Stuart, and Merry Sunshine, were the property of Mr. Merry; and Kaiser, Chandos, Andred, Negro, and Mestizo—who ran third on Tuesday in the Great Yorkshire Handicap—made up the number. A ninth competitor, Miss Buckland, was in the paddock, but as the three favourites were sound and well, and showed no signs of breaking down, she did not have the trouble of going to the post. Chandos, Andred, and Negro, we need hardly say, were started on the off chance; for unless Marie Stuart and Doncaster had tripped up Kaiser and tumbled over him, there could have been no hope of any one of them attracting the judge's notice. The three favourites were of course the only horses scrutinized in the paddock with any attention; and it was generally admitted that three better trained horses had seldom been brought out for a great race. Kaiser was as compact and muscular as ever, and Doncaster had evidently had a careful preparation, and looked a much improved horse since the Derby. Marie Stuart was, perhaps, the least liked of the three; but she too was perfectly trained. Mr. Merry made no declaration, and, it was understood, supported the horse and the mare separately; but Marie Stuart was ridden by his first jockey in his first colours, and that would popularly be regarded as a hint which was considered by the stable the better of the two. With so small a field the starter had of course no difficulty, and the only one of the eight who lost a little ground at the beginning was Merry Sunshine, whose mission was to force the pace for his stable companions. Hopper, however, speedily got him to the front, and he did his work satisfactorily enough for the first mile, Doncaster, Marie Stuart, and Kaiser following throughout in close company with each other. His mission being accomplished, Merry Sunshine dropped back, and the three favourites came round the bend into the straight together, Kaiser being in the centre, Marie Stuart next the rails, and Doncaster on Kaiser's right. We may add that even at this point there was nothing else in the race, and it was an absolute certainty that to those three would be left the first three places. At the commencement of the enclosure Kaiser was in difficulties, and Doncaster and Marie Stuart raced away from him, and fought out by themselves one of the finest finishes ever seen. No winning declaration having been made, each jockey tried his hardest to win, and both T. Osborne and F. Webb rode admirably. It was as nearly as possible a dead heat between the pair, but the judge's verdict was in favour of Marie Stuart by a

short head. Three lengths off, Kaiser was third, and the remainder were scattered a long way. Had a winning declaration been made, it would have been perfectly legitimate not to persevere with one stable companion against another; but the regret one could not help feeling at the sight of these two gallant horses wasting their powers in racing each other down was mitigated by the satisfaction of witnessing one of the finest finishes that ever took place on the famous Town Moor of Doncaster. The result was in strict accordance with the Derby running—making allowance, of course, for the fact that at Epsom Doncaster was not fit, and that since then he has made the improvement that was anticipated. When not nearly prepared he beat Kaiser by a length and a half; now, when thoroughly wound up, he beats him by double that distance. Similarly, in June, Mario Stuart could give Doncaster 7 lbs.; in September he can give her 5 lbs. and run her to a head. This is about the real state of the case:—Doncaster has improved 12 lbs. since Epsom, and Kaiser and Marie Stuart are about the same now as they were then. Marie Stuart would have won the Derby, had she been engaged in it, by a length and a half from Doncaster, assuming they would both have been ridden out; and this week she beats Kaiser just as far as she would have beaten him then. It is, of course, not to be supposed for a moment that Gang Forward's presence would have made any difference in the result of last Wednesday's race. He has shown himself much too honest and true a horse to admit of any mistake being made in estimating his form. Where Kaiser has finished he has always finished; and where Kaiser finished in the Leger, Gang Forward would have finished also. Two desperate struggles would have gone on at the same moment—one for the first, one for the third place; and, as it was almost a dead-heat for the one, so it would have been almost a dead-heat for the other. But more than that Gang Forward could not have done. Thus, after a long and honourable connexion with the Turf, one of the best of British sportsmen quits it in a blaze of triumph, the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger having fallen to him in a single year. Not that the yellow jacket and black cap are immediately to disappear from the race-course; for we understand that Mr. Merry intends to run the horses he has in training through their engagements before finally retiring, and rumour credits him with the possession of some two-year-olds worthy of his colours. But it is said that he does not purpose to breed any more racing stock; and we can only regret that there seems no likelihood of any men of his stamp coming forward to supply his place. We wish it were otherwise; for the Turf is not in a very flourishing condition, high prices for blood stock notwithstanding.

We must not omit to mention that since Goodwood one of the finest horsemen of the day has passed away, a victim, like many another jockey, to the exigencies of his profession. T. French was quite in the first class as a rider. No jockey of the present day equalled him in the grace and ease of his seat on horseback; and he possessed a cool head, good judgment, and excellent hands. He was a capital judge of pace, and in the power and resolution of his finishes he approached more nearly to Fordham than any of his professional brethren. He was also a humane rider, and never punished his horses with unnecessary severity. He carried off many of the highest prizes of the Turf, the Derby in two consecutive years falling to his share with Kingcraft and Favonius. His character was unimpeachable, and his services will be greatly missed by his numerous employers.

REVIEWS.

SARA COLERIDGE.*

SARA COLERIDGE, the subject of the Memoir and writer of the letters contained in these two delightful volumes, was daughter of the poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and wife of her cousin Henry Nelson Coleridge, a barrister and accomplished scholar and author of merit, whose literary achievements and fame were stunted by weak health and an early death. Sara Coleridge—what associations hover round this name! Her mother was Sara:—

My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined
Thus on mine arm, most soothing, sweet it is
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown
With white-flowered jessamine and the broad-leaved myrtle—
Meet emblems they of innocence and love!

Such is the beginning of a beautiful poem addressed by the poet to his wife, soon after their marriage, nearly eighty years ago, in 1795, in a little cottage at Clevedon, near Bristol, rent five pounds a year, in which the bridal pair were housed, waiting on the future, and living meanwhile on the scanty profits of literary work provided by the kind-hearted bookseller Cottle. Coleridge and Southey married two sisters, "milliners of Bath," as Lord Byron had the brutality to write. These milliners were admirable women and noble wives. Another sister married about the same time Lovell, a devoted friend of Coleridge and Southey, whose father was a wealthy Birmingham manufacturer, and who, superior in worldly means, eagerly joined with his two friends, whose only wealth was their wits, in the grand scheme of a model colony, Pantisocracy, on the banks of the Susquehanna. Wives were necessary articles in this scheme of emigration to America. Another friend,

Burnet, equally bent on Pantisocracy, proposed to a fourth sister, who, as Sara Coleridge the niece tells us in her fragment of autobiography, proudly refused him, "seeing that he only wanted a wife in a hurry, not her individually of the world." It is refreshing to read Sara Coleridge's account, in the little autobiography which she began not very long before her death, of two maiden aunts, milliners, one of them Martha, who had refused Burnet:—

Talking of struggles and trials of life, my mother's two unmarried sisters were maintaining themselves at this time by their own labours. Aunt Martha, the elder, a plain, but lively, pleasing woman, about five feet high, or little more, was earning her bread as a dressmaker. Aunt Eliza, a year or twenty months younger, about the same height, or but a barleycorn above it, was thought pretty in youth, from her innocent blue eyes, ingenuous florid countenance, fine light-brown hair, and easy light motions. She was not nearly so handsome in face, however, as my mother and Aunt Lovell, and had not my Aunt Southey's fine figure and quietly commanding air. Yet, on the whole, she was very feminine, pleasing, and attractive. Both sisters sang, but had never learned music artistically.

Such were my Aunts Martha and Elizabeth Frierer in youth; but they had sterling qualities, which gave their characters a high respectability. Without talent, except of an ordinary kind, without powerful connexions, by life-long perseverance, fortitude, and determination, by prudence, patience, and punctuality, they not only maintained themselves, but, with a little aid from kind friends, whom their merits won, they laid by a comfortable competency for their old age. They asked few favours, accepted few obligations, and were most scrupulous in returning such as they did accept, as soon as possible. They united caution and discretion with perfect honesty and truth, strict frugality and self-control, with the disposition to be kind and charitable, and even liberal, as soon as ever it was in their power. . . . Upon the whole, they were admirable women.

Seven years pass after marriage, and Coleridge and his wife are settled at Keswick, in the same house with Southey and his wife; and at Greta Hall, Keswick, Sara, the heroine of this charming book, was born December 22, 1802. She had two elder brothers—Harley, the eldest, and Derwent, the present Rector of Ilanwell; a third, Berkeley, died in infancy. Her father wrote a description of her in 1803:—"My meek little Sara is a remarkably interesting baby, with the finest possible skin, and large blue eyes; and she smiles as if she were basking in a sunshine, as mild as moonlight, of her own quiet happiness." She was a weak and delicate child, and at nine years of age was frightened out of her wits when left alone in bed and in the dark; brooding over ghastly pictures which had come across her in books; and, "last and worst, came my Uncle Southey's ballad horrors—above all, the 'Old Woman of Berkeley.'" Here we have a touching notice of her father's tenderness:—

My Uncle Southey laughed heartily at my agonies. I mean at the cause. He did not enter into the agonies. Even mama scolded me for creeping out of bed after an hour's torture, and stealing down to her in the parlour, saying I could bear the loneliness and the night-fears no longer. But my father understood the case better. He insisted that a lighted candle should be left in my room, in the interval between my retiring to bed and mama's joining me. From that time forth my sufferings ceased. I believe they would have destroyed my health had they continued.

But in after life she remembered Southey with no feelings but those of gratitude, affection, and respect. The daughter who edits these volumes writes pleasantly and wisely on the influence of the great minds, Southey's, Wordsworth's, Coleridge's, under which Sara Coleridge's intellect grew and ripened:—

Of all the personal influences which had to do with the formation of my mother's mind and character in early life, by far the most important were those exercised by the two eminent men with whom she was so intimately connected by ties of kindred or affection, her uncle Southey, and her father's friend Mr. Wordsworth. In attempting to estimate the value of these various impressions, and trace them to their respective source, I am but repeating her own remark when I say, that in matters of the intellect and imagination, she owed most to Mr. Wordsworth. In his noble poetry she took an ever-increasing delight, and his impressive discourse, often listened to on summer rambles over the mountains, or in the winter parlours of Greta Hall and Rydal Mount, served to guide her taste, and cultivate her understanding. But in matters of the heart and conscience, for right views of duty and practical lessons of industry, truthfulness and benevolence, she was "more, and more importantly, indebted to the daily life and example of her admirable Uncle Southey;" whom she long afterwards emphatically declared to have been "upon the whole, the best man she had ever known."

There is a third province of human nature besides those of the intellect and the moral sense—that of the spiritual, where the pure spirit of Sara Coleridge breathed freely, as in an "ampler ether, a diviner air." In these serene and lofty regions she wandered hand in hand with her father, whose guidance she willingly followed, with a just confidence in his superior wisdom, yet with no blind or indiscriminating submission. He, like herself, was but a traveller through the heavenly country, whose marvels they explored together; and the sun of Reason was above them both to light them on their way.

In youth she was a retired and severe student. She read the best Latin and Greek classics in the ancient languages, having acquired them, says the daughter, mainly by her own efforts; and in the same way she also learned French, Italian, German, and Spanish, and made herself well acquainted with natural history in all its branches, especially botany and zoology. Before she was twenty she worked out by herself a translation of a Latin book of an Austrian missionary in South America, Dobrizhoffer's "Account of the Abipones, an Equestrian People of Paraguay." Her translation filled three octavo volumes; she got 125*s.* for it. The work was undertaken by her to assist a brother in his college expenses, and it is pleasant to add that the assistance was in the end not needed; the brother obtained the money by his own exertions, and Sara was able to invest the produce of her pious labours on her own account. Dobrizhoffer done, she was next year engaged on another translation from the French of the sixteenth century, "Memoirs of the Chevalier Bayard"; and it was about this time that she was seen by the author of *Philip Van Artevelde*,

* *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge*. Edited by her Daughter. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

who went to visit his friend Southey, in whose house Sara Coleridge was staying. Sir Henry Taylor has written an interesting letter to Sara Coleridge's daughter Edith, who edits these volumes. The fair skin, the large eyes, and the quiet gentleness which her father commemorated in babyhood remained at twenty-one, and are thus portrayed by one whose poetry and prose—see the chapter in the *Statesman* concerning the amusements of a statesman—attest his appreciation of woman's beauty:—

I have always been glad that I did see her in her girlhood, because I then saw her beauty untouched by time, and it was a beauty which could rest in one's memory for life, and which is now distinctly before me as I write. The features were perfectly shaped, and almost minutely delicate, and the complexion delicate also, but not wanting in colour, and the general effect was that of gentleness, indeed I may say of composure, even to stillness. Her eyes were large, and they had the sort of serene lustre which I remember in her father's.

The large serene eyes are well rendered in the two engravings which adorn these beautifully got-up volumes, one from a miniature of early life, and the other from a portrait by Samuel Laurence in her widowhood. The large eyes and fine complexion and gentle manner again appear in the well-known poem "The Triad," in which Wordsworth described her, when she was twenty-six, with her two friends from childhood, his own daughter Dora, and Sara's cousin Edith Southey:—

Come with each anxious hope subdued
By woman's gentle fortitude,
Each grief, through meekness, settling into rest.
—Or I would hail thee when some high-wrought page
Of a closed volume lingering in thy hand
Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful stand
Among the glories of a happier age.
Her brow hath opened on me—see it there,
Brightening the umbrage of her hair;
So gleams the crescent moon, that loves
To be described through shady groves.
Tenderest bloom is on her cheek;
Wish not for a richer streak;
Nor dread the depth of meditative eye.

The "anxious hope subdued by fortitude," the "grief through meekness settling into rest," are references to an engagement which had now subsisted for six years, and which was to be crowned in the next by a happy marriage. She had first met her cousin Henry Nelson Coleridge, in 1822, at Highgate, in the house of Mr. Gillman, where her father was domiciliated. The dreadful habit of opium-eating, contracted through illness and severe pain, had completely overmastered the poet, and he at last found wholesome and friendly refuge in the care and under the roof of Mr. Gillman, an excellent surgeon and a wise and benevolent man. He had been living there since April 1816, and continued to live there till his death. Sara was married September 3, 1829.

Sara Coleridge's correspondence in this work begins in 1833. Her father died July 25, 1834. The Gillman household was inconceivable; the servants wept for the kind, considerate old man. The accounts of his exceeding amiability carry us back to the early days in which Wordsworth described him in his "Stanzas written in my Pocket-Copy of Thomson's Ode of Indolence." Sara Coleridge thus describes her husband's feeling towards her father:—

My dear Henry was deeply sensible of his good as well as his great qualities; it was not for his genius only that he revered him, and it has been one of many blessings attendant on my marriage that by it we were both drawn into closer communion with that gifted spirit than could otherwise have been the case.

For Sara and her husband lived in London, and Coleridge at Highgate in isolation from his family. In the very beginning of 1843 Sara Coleridge lost her husband. There were two children; three, two of them twins, had died in infancy. Sara had been indefatigable in training her children, and was equal to teaching Latin and Greek to her son. She nobly resigned herself to her great loss. Here is a characteristic letter written to Mr. Justice Coleridge, her husband's brother, when death was inevitable and imminent:—

January 1847.—I now feel quite happy, or, at least, satisfied. Could I arrest his progress to a better sphere of existence by prayer, I would not utter it. When I once know that it is God's will, I can feel that it is right, even if there were no such definite assurances of rest and felicity beyond this world. I cannot be too thankful to God, so far as my own best interests are concerned, that He is thus removing from earth to heaven my greatest treasure, while I have strength and probably time to benefit by the measure, and learn to look habitually above; which now will not be the spirit against the flesh, but both pulling one way, for the heart will follow the treasure. Thus graciously does the Blessed Jesus condescend to our infirmities, by earthly things leading us to heavenly ones.

In September 1845 her mother, who, old and infirm, was living with her, died suddenly while she was absent on a short visit. The successive deaths of those dear to her figure largely in this correspondence; each is the subject of touching letters; and, forced to select, we prefer quoting from these, as they present her character in a most lovable aspect, and each of those she mourned is a character of public interest in the Coleridge group. She now writes about her mother's death to Mr. Justice Coleridge:—

I feel more than ever the longing to go and join them that are gone—but for my children. But the greatest tie to earth is gone from me, for even the children could do better without me than she could have done.

I always looked forward to nursing her through a long last illness. I know not how it was, I could never help looking forward to it with a sort of satisfaction. I day-dreamed about it—according to the usual way of my mind—and cut it out in fancy all in my own way. She was to waste away gradually, without much suffering, and to become more and more

placid in spirit, and filled with the anticipation of heavenly things. I thought, too, that this would help to prepare me for my change. Now I seem as if a long cherished prospect had been snatched away from me. I thank God I was not thus suddenly separated from Henry.

In January 1849 her eldest brother, Hartley, died. His dying bedside was attended by Wordsworth, soon himself to die in very old age. Sara Coleridge wrote at this time to a lady friend:—

It soothes me to think of all the love and sorrow of the Wordsworths, and that by their wish—it would have been his too—his remains are laid as near as possible to the spot where they are to lie, in the south-east corner of Grassmoor churchyard, near the river, amid the cluster of graves which belong to the Wordsworths,—dear bright-minded, warm-hearted Dora, who never spoke of him but with praise and affection,—and others of the family still earlier removed. But oh! how little did I think that I was never to see him more!

Yet fifteen months more, and in April 1850 Wordsworth, the friend of Sara from infancy, the dear instructor of her youth, died, at the age of eighty. His death was quiet and painless. Sara Coleridge writes:—

Thank God, that our dear and honoured friend was spared severe suffering! For days I have been haunted and depressed with the fear that he had to go through a stage of protracted anguish. He could afford the torpor of the dying bed. His work was done, and gloriously done, before, and will survive, I think, as long as those hills amid which he lived and thought, at least, if this continues to be a land of cultivated intellects, of poets and students of poetry.

Sara Coleridge's own time of leaving the world came, after an illness of a year and a half, on May 3, 1852. She had lived nine years of widowhood, and the education of her children had been her principal employment. There are few mothers equal to teaching a boy *Cæsar* and *Virgil*; but the woman is a very rare phenomenon who can read *Homer* and *Aristophanes* with a son preparing for Oxford honours. Much of her widowed time had been spent in editing her father's works; in this she had aided her husband while he lived, and on his death the whole work devolved on her. Her essay on *Rationalism* appended to the last edition of the *Aids to Reflection*, and her abundant notes and dissertations on the *Biographia Literaria*, attest her qualifications for the task. We should say indeed of her edition of the *Biographia Literaria* that it would have been better both for the father's fascinating book and for the daughter-editor if she could have confined notes to simple facts and trivial ordinary explanations, and woven her own brilliant thoughts and varied learning into a separate, continuous, systematic treatise, which might have appeared, in equal dignity of type, as part of one composite work. Such a result might yet possibly be achieved by the pious labour of her clever daughter. The book at present, studded and overcharged with long small type notes in brackets and appendices, is an uncomfortable one, and Sara Coleridge has done injustice to herself.

We are compelled to leave these volumes with a feeling that space does not permit us to give an adequate idea of all the various interest of Sara Coleridge's correspondence. We could have wished to give specimens of her very just, subtle, and concise criticisms on authors of every sort and time—poets, novelists, historians, and philosophers. We refer specially for samples of acute criticism in few words to passing remarks on Dr. Chalmers, Walter Savage Landor, and Sir Arthur Helps. She worships Milton, the man as well as the poet, and is unusually appreciative of Dryden. She has made an important contribution to a subject already very rich, Wordsworth criticism. Sara Coleridge, as she is revealed, or rather reveals herself, in the correspondence, makes a brilliant addition to a brilliant family reputation.

AMOS'S ENGLISH CONSTITUTION AND GOVERNMENT.*

PROFESSOR AMOS tells us in his Introduction that the writing of the present book "extended over a considerable period of time, and from day to day, as each part of it was composed, that part was submitted to the Commissioners of an illustrious Foreign Government, for whose use alone the work was undertaken." What Foreign Government is referred to is, we dare say, no secret among the initiated; for our own part we cannot so much as guess. But we can quite understand the effect which has been wrought on Mr. Amos's book by its owing its origin to such a cause. In a Primer of the English Constitution and Government written under ordinary circumstances we should have looked for two things, both of which are largely wanting in the book before us. We should have looked for a fuller account of the historical origin of our institutions, and we should have looked for a clearer distinction between those points in our Constitution and Government, as practically understood, which rest on the enactments of the written law, and those no less important points which are simply matters of conventional understanding. Mr. Amos gives us hardly anything on the first head, and very little on the second. No doubt the illustrious Foreign Government was, not unnaturally, careless on both heads. Its Commissioners doubtless wanted to know the actual working of the English Constitution at the present time, rather than the process by which it came into being, or the often subtle distinctions between its strictly legal and its conventional features. The difficulties which Mr. Amos felt in this matter are set forth in his own preface:—

One great difficulty experienced by the writer arose out of the historical character of most of the institutions of the English Government. Not to deal in any measure with this historical character must be to leave large

* A Primer of the English Constitution and Government. By Sheldon Amos, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

masses of the subject wholly unintelligible. To dwell unduly on the historical aspects even of any portion of the subject would distract the attention from the main purpose in view, and, in fact, deluge the mind with what, in the present case, could only be irrelevant matter. Thus a constant exercise of discretion was needed as to when to admit, and when to exclude, references to historical antecedents.

Another difficulty of the same kind as the former one turned on the question as to what were the actual institutions which ought to be presented to the attention of a Foreign Government as characteristically English at the present day. Certainly institutions on the verge of becoming obsolete ought not to be presented. Nor, on the other hand, ought wholly new and scarcely tried institutions to be so presented. It rested with the writer in every case to use his own discretion, and only to represent those institutions as permanent and eminently characteristic which he himself believed to be so.

Through this last distinction Mr. Amos says that he has been in many cases compelled to take a side, and, in describing recent measures, to point out the arguments for or against them. Of this no reasonable person can complain, even when Mr. Amos does take a side. But in many cases he judicially sets before us the arguments on two sides, or on more than two sides, without committing himself to any of them. Thus, while speaking of the House of Lords, he draws out at length the current objections that are made to its constitution, and the remedies which are suggested. But he does not commit himself to any of them, unless, as he uses two formulas, "It is felt," and "It is felt by some," we are to understand that the things which are "felt" express his own feelings, while those which are "felt by some" express the feelings of others. If so, Mr. Amos decidedly commits himself to the necessity of having an "other House" of some kind, but he does not commit himself either to the present constitution or to any scheme for improving it. Mr. Amos's account of all things relating to the central Government is clear and accurate enough. From our own point of view, we hardly like to see the existing state of things described, either with so little notice of its historical origin, or with so little of comparison with the institutions, past and present, of other countries. But of these two chasms the Commissioners of the illustrious Foreign Government could most likely fill up the second for themselves, while they most likely did not care about having the first filled up at all. And anyhow it is much better to give an accurate view of things as they are, and to leave their origin untouched, than to put forth such astounding speculations about past times as Blackstone wrote and Serjeant Stephen did not always cut out. It was better to be simply told that the succession to the Crown is regulated by an Act of Parliament passed in 1700 than to flounder about like Blackstone in attempts to show that, because the Crown is hereditary now, therefore it must have been hereditary always. It is a great thing to be right as far as you go, and Mr. Amos commonly takes care to be that. Yet even he cannot help telling us that "the Sovereign is said to be the 'head of the National Church.'" We suppose it is hopeless to try to get this notion out of the head of any lawyer; still it is wearying to have to repeat for the thousandth time that the title which was borne by Henry and Edward was laid down by Mary, and not taken up again by Elizabeth. And the description which Mr. Amos gives between commas, as if it were a formal title, makes the thing queerer still; for though two Sovereigns were called "Supreme Head of the Church of England," no one was ever called "Head of the National Church."

An example of Mr. Amos's doctrine "that wholly new and scarcely tried institutions ought not to be presented to the attention of a Foreign Government as characteristically English at the present day" comes out when he has to describe the manner of Parliamentary elections. The old mode of open voting is very properly described as fully as the new mode of voting by Ballot. The Foreign Government can thus learn exactly what the change is. Indeed Mr. Amos's account almost reads as if the description of open voting had been written while it was still law, and as if the description of the Ballot had been added afterwards. And Mr. Amos brings out what many people never could be made to understand—namely, that the show of hands was a real election, and that the poll was simply an appeal from the show of hands, or rather, in strictness, from the Returning Officer's decision as to the show of hands. Hardly anybody seemed to take in the fact that, if the party defeated on the show of hands did not demand a poll, the election by the show of hands was perfectly good. On the other hand, Mr. Amos seems hardly to see his way through the popular confusion about a man having two votes—that is to say, his being able to vote for two or more candidates; and in p. 14 he says:—

The method adopted in those exceptional constituencies, in each of which three or four Members have to be elected, is to allow each elector to vote for all the candidates but one. In this way, if any one candidate have a fair number of supporters who vote for him and for no one else, even though they do not compose a majority of the voters, he is pretty sure to be elected.

What is evidently meant is, not that each elector can vote for all the candidates but one, but that he can vote for a number of candidates less by one than the number of members to be elected.

Now and then Mr. Amos seems to indulge in a mild vein of sarcasm, as when he says that "there is no rule against long speeches, but if a member is over-long or tedious, the House sometimes interrupts him by making a great noise." And again, after describing the right of petition, Mr. Amos says, "Sometimes petitions have many thousands of names attached, and they are said to have a certain influence on the House."

In the part which relates to local government, or at least to the local administration of justice, Mr. Amos seems to have taken

less pains than in the part which relates to the general government of the country. It is hardly accurate to say that Justices of the Peace "must be chosen from residents in the county holding land worth at least a hundred a year." Nor are all Justices quite so hardly worked as they would be if, as Mr. Amos twice tells us, Petty Sessions were "held in each town or even large village in the county about once a week." Nor is it true to say, with regard to cases tried at Petty Sessions, "Even in these cases the prisoner can generally, if he prefers it, have his trial take place at Quarter Sessions instead of at Petty Sessions." This only applies to those cases, a small minority of those which come before Petty Sessions, which come under the Criminal Justice Act, and in these it is worth noticing that the prisoner almost always prefers the more summary method of trial. The Grand Jury is spoken of twice. In the first case it is said to be formed of "persons living in the county, and not very poor." In the next page we read:—

Grand Jurymen must be freeholders—that is, having an estate in land for life at least—resident in the county. They are usually taken from among the Justices of the Peace. It has already been seen that their function is to determine at Quarter Sessions or at Assizes whether a trial of a prisoner shall take place or not.

A reader might from this be led to suppose that a Grand Jury at Quarter Sessions usually consists of Justices of the Peace, which of course is impossible where the Justices themselves form the Court. So directly after we read "Special Jurymen are persons described as 'esquires,' 'bankers,' or 'merchants,'" without any mention of the new class which has been added to those three. Once or twice also we are told that one of the duties of Petty Sessions is "granting licences to shoot certain birds"—a duty which we had always thought was laid on quite another class of functionaries. Nor again do we in the least understand the following description:—

The County Constabulary in each County or Parliamentary Division of a County consist of—

A Chief Constable, (appointed by the Justices in Quarter Sessions); or two Chief Constables, if the County has been so divided as to send Members of Parliament for each Division.

What has the Chief Constable to do with the Parliamentary divisions of the county? Perhaps Mr. Amos is thinking of counties like Yorkshire and Sussex, which are divided for magisterial as well as for Parliamentary purposes.

In quite another department we are surprised to see the Admiralty and Ecclesiastical Courts put under the head of *Common Law*. Have both "corpora juris" so utterly vanished from among us? On the other hand, we hear in another place, still more oddly, of "Civil Law proceedings in the Court of Queen's Bench, and in other Courts" which we had always looked on as purely insular.

Mr. Amos has some remarks on what he calls "an increasing tendency in England at the present day, at the bidding of medical or other scientific specialists, to commit practically irresponsible functions to the police." His remarks on this head are strongly put, and are worthy of attention. We do not understand what Mr. Amos means by a sentence in his last page but one:—

Most of the buildings, that is, the churches and cathedrals, used for public worship are, in some sense, the property of the nation, and are only used by the ministers of the Church appointed from time to time as trustees for the nation.

All the appointments to Bishoprics, Archbishops, and Deaneries (that is, the presidency of bodies of ministers attached to a cathedral church, and called "Chapters,") are in the gift of the Crown, and a large number of appointments to minor positions, or "livings," are also in the gift of the Crown.

In what sense are churches the property of the nation? In what sense are those, whether clergy or congregations, who have a freehold right in them trustees for the nation? We should certainly not have expected Mr. Amos to fall into the vulgar notion that, because the tenure of Church property, like the tenure of anything else, can be altered by Act of Parliament, therefore Church property or ecclesiastical buildings are "the property of the nation" in some unexplained sense in which other freeholds are not.

JERNINGHAM ON GREECE AND THE PORTE.*

BEING appointed to fill the minor diplomatic post vacated by one of the victims of the unhappy affair at Deliss, Mr. Hubert Jerningham has filled a very agreeable volume with the tale of his excursions from time to time during the last three years among scenes of classic or Oriental interest. He has brought to his task the resources of a good classical education, a considerable amount of historical and general reading, and ready powers of observation. His style, though none the better for an intermixture of slang, which seems not so much natural to him as affected in deference to what may be presumed to be a fashionable taste, is lively, clear, and picturesque. Going over ground by this time thoroughly trodden and familiar to educated readers, he had of course no great material for novel or original remarks, or for discoveries of striking moment in nature or art. The best he could do was to put on record the impressions of a mind decidedly above the average in the face of scenes visited for the first time, illustrating and vivifying them by such touches of literary skill and taste as his stores of reading brought to his command upon the spot. The lightness of heart which youth, health, and buoyant spirits cannot fail to

* To and from Constantinople. By Hubert E. H. Jerningham. With Illustrations. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1873.

engender in the presence of natural beauty and unusual aspects of life is becomingly tempered by the mood of thought which suggests memories of the past, and finds food for serious reflection in the contrast between things old and new. A vein of sober and improving thought thus runs through the lightest portions of the narrative, and awakens in the reader an interest in the future career of one whose official life has begun so well. The well-being of our diplomatic services must in no slight degree depend upon our having a succession of young men not merely trained to routine, but gifted with original powers of observation and thought; and though what was known as the high school of politics may be a thing of the past, it will be well for our foreign relations if we can point to a reserve of young members of the service who are as ready to observe and think and write upon foreign themes as the author of the volume before us, who is already favourably known by his *Life in a French Chateau*, and his translation of Baron Hübnér's *Sirtus V.*

Mr. Jerningham's Homeric recollections made the approach to Greek waters and shores a succession of bright and suggestive visions, and his geographical studies are called up to give names and associations to each island, rock, and headland. Is this the isle of Calypso (*Καλυψό*), the centre of the sea (*ὁμαλὸς θαλάσσης*) as Delphi was of the earth? He inclines with D'Anville to the belief that Iano is no other than the Homeric Ogygia, rather than Pantellaria or Malta; seeing rightly no great objection in the fact of Ulysses taking twenty-one days to get thence to Corfu, whither steam conveyed our travelling party in not much above half that number of hours. "A darned spot," an unclassical American on board pronounced the rock, "only fit for sharpening a slate-pencil." Reaching the green isle of the old sea-loving Phœnicians, no gentle Nausicaa, his favourite character in history or romance, met our traveller with her charms and winning ways, but only the inevitable commissionaire with his obsequious service to the "Signor Segretario," an appellation which was as yet pleasing from its novelty. Poetical taste led him to look for the river whither Ulysses was directed by Ino (*καλλινοπέδον*), and for the site of old Corcyra, while etymological instincts busied him with the problem, What does Corcyra come from? He seems indeed rather confused here. Schliemann, he says, derives it "from *κορυφή*, the Byzantine form of *Κίρκη*, as it is styled on old coins, referring to the two double-coned hills on which the modern fortress is built." Of course what Schliemann meant was that the modern name Corfu was thence taken. Delighted as the Greeks appear at being in possession of the Ionian Islands, our author questions whether the islanders do not regret their English masters. The trade of the place has declined, while the strength of their so-called key to the Adriatic is such that one Krupp or good-sized Armstrong gun would capture the place in a few hours. Running over in his mind the many masters the island has had during the 2,500 years of its history—having belonged since mythic times to the Corinthians, the Macedonians, the Romans, the Byzantine Greeks, the Normans of the Crusades, the Venetians, the Turks, the French, the English, and the modern Hellenes—he finds in these diversities of rule, not only the cause of a hybrid jargon or a mongrel population, but the source of a bullying roughness or a cunning which is allied to fear, as well as of the ignorance which must naturally result from the impossibility of forming a dialect of their own. There is in this observation, we cannot doubt, the key to much that baffles ordinary explanation in the character of the modern Hellenic people. Passing Ithaca by night, our author could but sigh over the lost opportunity of treading the soil, barren as it now is, once hallowed by the steps of the wandering hero and his patiently loving mate. The day dawning over Navarino brought up political musings of a more recent kind upon the "untoward" action which made those waters famous in our time. Classic memories were again stirred as the steamer crept slowly under Sunium's lofty steep, and mixed with anathemes of Byron as the traveller in view of Salamis stepped on shore at the Piræus. Sadly were these dreams dispelled when a so-called son of Athens tapped him familiarly on the back, to say that facing him was the tomb of Themistocles. To a request for his card, "I am Miltiades," was the reply, with a savage grin, "at your service." "Miltiades a laquis de place!" "I know them all; those poor gentlemen of Marathon." The memory of that unhappy event still weighs upon the public feeling of Athens, and imparts an air of gloom and dulness to the life of the place. Instead of the free and joyous going to and fro of reckless sight-seers, no one can now consider himself in safety who ventures a mile out of Athens by himself. Indeed so timid did Mr. Jerningham find everybody, that a walk up Lycabettus, a hill which is much a part of Athens as the Acropolis itself, was considered to be a rash and an unwise act. The road from Athens to the Piræus was guarded by a mounted patrol day and night. Phalerum had to be given up as a bathing-place, it having been reported to the police that bathers had been watched, and that daily riders to the place had been marked. Athens was in fact, to all intents and purposes, a besieged city, and the only consolation to a classical student was found in the happy thought that he felt as the Athenians did when the Spartans first invaded Attica.

To remain there, however, cooped up with no brighter outlook than this was more than human patience could stand. A trip to the Morea, where the roads were reported to be more secure, was accordingly planned. At the request of Her Majesty's Minister, orders were telegraphed to Nauplia to furnish an escort for a party of three, and no pains were spared to secure their safety during the first trip undertaken in Greece by foreigners since the Marathon catastrophe. Our author is careful to show that

he and his friends were well aware how little sympathy they could expect from their countrymen at home had they, by want of proper precautionary measures, got themselves and the Greek Government into new difficulties. With minds at ease they started for the Piræus one Sunday night in September, embarking on board the *Ὁμόνοια* (*Concord*), amongst a crowd of passengers with varied dresses and a decided prevalence of handsome faces, which seemed to frown upon the strangers as if they were responsible for the gross indignity of insisting that two English lawyers should be present at the Deliasi inquiry. Skirting the picturesque monastery of Calavria, overlooked by the temple of Neptune, where Demosthenes died by his own hands, and the glorious island of Hydra—which carried the mind on from olden to modern times, calling up the patriotic names of Condurliotti, Miaoulis, Tombazi, and Boudouri, and over against which is the village of Kastri (the ancient Hermione, it is thought) one of the mouths of hell, by which Persephone was forcibly carried off thither—the party was welcomed by the Nomarch of Nauplia. Of this place the chief attraction is the strong fortress of Palamede, built by the Venetians upon a site where a classic mind could not but picture Palamede, son of Nauplius, discovering the pretended madness of Ulysses. Our author, it must be said, is even exceptionally qualified for the enjoyment of the romance which centres in spots like these, displaying as he does an apparently implicit belief in the mythological lore which lingers about classic sites, albeit his state of belief belongs to what may be called the pre-scientific period. Although he quotes Smith's Dictionaries, and gives intimations here and there of having tasted the stronger meat of Professor Max Müller and Mr. Cox, he would seem to have been reared more probably upon the milk of Lempière. He thinks nothing of mixing up topographical and historical details of the day with the jealousy of Juno at the flirtations of Jupiter with the fair ones of Argos. It is simple matter of fact with him that Tyrins and Mycenæ were built, the one by Præstus in 1400 B.C., and the other by Perseus a generation later. Yet he has obviously read up a good deal both of modern and earlier history, and has prepared himself with much reading of Pausanias and Strabo, of Colonel Leake and Mr. Finlay, for appreciating and setting forth the points of interest along his route. His trip to Mount Athos, and his description of the many monasteries which crown the hills, or nestle among the defiles, if wanting in the bibliographical learning and scholarly finish of Ourzon, are marked by much point and power of observation. Though feeling somewhat tongue-tied upon questions of current politics, he lays his finger upon the sore spot which threatens the independence and vitality alike of the ecclesiastical and the political action of Greece. We trust it is not likely to compromise the old *Agoumenos* (as our author writes the name), who, with defective notions of things English, showed himself remarkably up in topics of the day, that he desecrated freely to the English attached upon the irrepressible encroachments of Russia, adding that, in his mind, the movement was, historically speaking, very natural. In the same way that nations rise on the ruins of others, so, he said, communities that die are replaced by others. The same reflection was enforced by a conversation with a sagacious old monk at Iveron, who had been a doctor and had seen the world. Stereotyped or petrified forms, decayed morals, intrusion of the Slave element, and the alienation of their lands to Russia, are eating out the heart of the monastic system, and, what is worse, of Church and State throughout the land. In Walpole's eyes these establishments, degraded and out of date as they were, were of value as keeping up the language of Greece, and checking the defection of Christians to Mahometanism. But now a much more dangerous enemy has appeared than ever the Turk was to the Greek, and these institutions are made a lever for inclining the edifice of Greek liberty in a more perilous direction:—

Russia, under the cloak of a common religion, has overrun the old Chalcidica with its monks and its riches, has bought up the lands which an impoverished treasury could no longer maintain, and advised in countries, not under her rule, the confiscation of ecclesiastical property belonging to those of whose support she wished to be assured by their being reduced to poverty.

It is not speaking that which had better be kept back, to give utterance to the only words a traveller can hear from the present monks of Greek origin on Mount Athos.

There is but one cry, one bitter moan, one powerless protest:—

"We are little by little drifting into the power of the rich man. He coaxes and he feeds our wants; but we are caught in his web, and our doom is sealed."

"His monasteries are rich, while ours are poor. His lands increase at our expense; and we feel as if we had pawned to him whatever remains to us, while he knows well that we can never redeem it."

In his remarks upon the contrasts of character between Greeks, Turks, Levantines, and Armenians, partly suggested by his experiences at Stamboul, Galata, Nicomedia, and Nicæa, partly inspired by the witty sallies of M. About, Mr. Jerningham shows much general insight, if not displaying overmuch predilection for any one race over the other. It is to the mixture of so many races, as he implies, that the depression and degradation of the whole is due. Sad to say, it is the Christian element which has lowered the old Osmanli pride in truthfulness and honour, while the sensual and indolent temper of the Turk has given the Frank a preference for easy-going and fraudulent practices over honest and persistent toil. Of the Greeks "outside Greece" our author cannot speak too highly, but these are, as he observes, Greeks no more. The Greek at home is essentially idle, frivolous, ignorant, and vain. All aim at being Ministers of State, and not one will condescend to be apprentice in a workshop.

The great godsend is a change of Ministry, when good things are freely scattered around. No wonder that brigandage is thought the best profession after all, whenever, by the overthrow of their leader, all are thrown upon their wits for a new appointment. Something of the old ancestral kleptarian survives no doubt in the Greek temperament, while the weakness or the corruption of official classes at large serves to take off much from the comparative odium or oppressiveness of the brigand régime. It was not without reason that the Demarch of Argos, a man of intelligence and probity, remarked that the people feared and hated the brigands much less than they did the soldiery. Our author's hopes for the country, for which and for its people he cherishes a genuine love, rest upon the wholesome influence of young Greeks educated abroad, combined with sound measures of internal reform. First among these wants is that which all travellers have recognized, the construction of good roads. By these means alone can the evil of brigandage be effectually checked and finally extirpated. Not only has a wholesome sense of this reality come to dawn upon the more intelligent Greeks, but a feeling of the eye of the world being upon them has been another good result of the catastrophe, to which we further owe Mr. Jerningham's mission and his entertaining book.

CAIRNES'S POLITICAL ESSAYS.*

PROFESSOR CAIRNES has followed up the publication of his essays on Political Economy by publishing a similar collection of Political Essays. We recently expressed our high admiration of the former volume; and the present one is no less remarkable for the qualities of clear statement, sound logic, and candid treatment of opponents which were conspicuous in its predecessor. Although some of the subjects treated by Professor Cairnes have lost their immediate interest, owing to political changes which have taken place since their appearance, none of them, with one exception, can be regarded as altogether obsolete. One, and by no means the least able, of the present articles is a lecture upon the American Revolution, in which Professor Cairnes maintains the doctrine that slavery was the only cause of the Civil War, and that the extension or limitation of slavery was the only point at issue between North and South. The abolition of slavery has removed this question from the sphere of politics to that of history; though, of course, many topics more or less directly connected with it are likely enough to come again before the world. Of Professor Cairnes's treatment of the subject we need only say that it is what might be expected from the author of the remarkable essay on the Slave Power. That book was the most powerful defence of the doctrine of the Republican party which appeared in England during the war; and this essay is little more than a corollary from the propositions laid down in the larger treatise. Another topic treated by Professor Cairnes has also for the moment ceased to excite any eager discussion; but of this it is pretty certain that we are at some time or other destined to hear more. Professor Cairnes discusses the policy of maintaining our Colonial Empire; and he states his argument with equal force and clearness. As in the American discussion, he appears as an ally of Mr. Goldwin Smith, of whose letters on the Empire he speaks in terms of unusually warm admiration. It would be curious to compare the two writers from a purely literary point of view. Each of them adopts pretty much the same line of argument, and each of them has the merit of making his meaning perfectly unmistakable. But where Mr. Goldwin Smith dazzles us by his brilliant epigrams, his keen strokes of satire, and his eloquent enunciation of moral principle, Professor Cairnes avoids all epigrammatic forms of speech; he is never personal, and he seldom enlivens his logical statements by anything like an appeal to sentiment. Which is the better writer is a question which must be answered by inquiring what is the audience to be affected. If Professor Cairnes would hardly make such an impression as a writer of leading articles, his style would perhaps be better adapted to influence the opinion of an impartial court (if such a thing existed) of international arbitrators. In fact, he is eminently a judicial writer; by which, of course, we do not mean to say that his judgments are always correct, but that they are founded on a careful examination of the evidence before him, and are obviously the result of much painstaking reflection. He reminds us, indeed, more than any other living writer of Mr. Mill, as Mr. Mill appeared in his treatises on Logic and on Political Economy. Those books, as we need hardly say, owed a great deal of their influence to the singularly passionless air which pervaded them. Readers who formed their opinion of Mr. Mill exclusively from his writings imagined him to be elevated far above the sphere of popular passion, and were quite astonished when the sensitive and emotional side of his character revealed itself in his later assaults upon the established order of things. We do not know how far Professor Cairnes sympathized with the political sentiments which gave a colour to the last years of Mr. Mill's activity; but this book would be compatible with the opinion that he stands towards Mr. Mill in something of the relation in which Mr. Mill stood to Comte. He accompanies Mr. Mill the logician and the economist; but he does not explicitly avow sympathy with Mr. Mill as the abolisher of sex and the subverter of landed property. Perhaps, indeed, Professor Cairnes would go along with

his leader even in those more extreme theories, and says nothing about them merely because they do not here come in his way. We only mean to imply that the general quality, so to speak, of this writing resembles rather the *Principles of Political Economy* than the *Subjection of Women*. Such writing, calm, impartial, and carefully reasoned, is of no small value at the present day; and we only wish that we could see more of it in the writings both of Radicals and their opponents.

It has indeed one defect, which is common to the master and the disciple. Professor Cairnes's Essays, as an opponent would be apt to think, are too conclusive. They somehow have too strong a resemblance to a mathematical demonstration. Everything works out so smoothly, and the inference is deduced so rigorously from the premises, that he appears to have not only the best of the argument, but the whole of the argument. His opponents are not merely confuted, but it is proved that they never ought to have opposed him at all. There is, in fact, something about his writings which reminds us of that dogmatism of men of science which can on occasion stand a very close comparison with ecclesiastical dogmatism. It is not that Professor Cairnes shows the slightest want of courtesy towards his opponents, or meets them with assertion instead of argument. It is simply that his own views are so neatly rounded off and so excellently supported by evidence at the weak points that we feel that it is almost a condescension in him to argue at all. The persons whom he dares to confute are like schoolboys seriously defending their own blunders against the authority of their master. The master explains to them the source of their error most kindly and clearly; but it is obvious that they scarcely deserve to be reasoned with at all. Now we by no means say that this appearance of logical infallibility is in all cases fallacious. On the contrary, we could point out cases in this book in which Professor Cairnes has, as we believe, not merely the appearance, but the reality, of a conclusive victory. He is a thoroughly clear-headed man, and when he deals with matters (and there are a great many such matters) on which he is fully competent to form an exhaustive opinion, he puts his case in such a way as to be pretty nearly invulnerable. Nobody could confute an economical fallacy, for example, more conclusively. He could point out the weak points in the chain of reasoning and sever it at a single blow with perfect decision. But in some other cases the reader who has been thoroughly confuted is apt to have a feeling that somehow or other the case cannot be so clear as Professor Cairnes has put it. The mere fact that there are reasoning human beings who take the opposite side of the question seems to prove that it cannot be conclusively summed up in so distinct a manner. When one man is absolutely certain that a coin is made of gold, and another equally clear that it is made of copper, there must be some sort of reason for each view of the question. The copper, if it be copper, must be very highly burnished, or the gold, if it be gold, very dirty. Professor Cairnes seems generally to prove, not only that the coin is gold or copper, as the case may be, but that nobody could possibly have mistaken it for anything else. A logician, when he is exposing an error, ought to remember that, for practical purposes at least, his work is only half done when he has shown the nature of the error; he ought also to show how it came to impose upon the world; for the mere fact that it was believed is, in itself, a phenomenon which requires explanation. Thus, for example, to take the question of the Colonial Empire, Professor Cairnes proves the inutilty and emptiness of a home government of the colonies so conclusively from his own point of view that we begin to wonder how anybody can ever wish to maintain such a palpable sham. Now, assuming him to be right in all his statements—an assumption made, of course, purely for the purpose of argument—we begin to feel a certain astonishment at the vitality of the sentiment which he assails. If colonial loyalty and British love of empire are so hopelessly absurd as he has made them out to be, how is it that reasoning men are so much attached to the delusion? Can it possibly be that so hollow a phantom exercises so powerful an influence? We do not say that this is of itself a conclusive objection to Professor Cairnes's argument; nor do we even say that he could not give a perfectly satisfactory answer. We only remark that he has not troubled himself to explain his antagonists' sentiments, and that consequently his antagonists will be apt to think that he has somehow or other omitted an essential element of the question. There is in fact a very common kind of fallacy in political reasoning, which consists in tacitly ignoring a whole series of arguments which belong, so to speak, to a totally different sphere from that in which the controversialist is moving. It may be that the policy of a certain measure is conclusively established from the point of view of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, but that the reasons which would rightly weigh with him are not equally valid with the Secretary for Foreign Affairs; or, again, that whilst you absolutely convince the statist, you would not have so great an influence with a poet. And even in political affairs the imagination requires to be consulted as much as the arithmetical faculty. It must, indeed, be added that, however this may be, the value of the reasoning is by no means destroyed. We express no opinion here as to the merits of Professor Cairnes's theories about our Colonial Empire, considered as an exhaustive statement of the question; but undoubtedly the reasons which he gives are solid reasons, so far as they go, and the statesman who should neglect to give them their due weight, because he chooses to appeal to sentiment of a different order, would be totally inexcusable. All that we mean to urge is that, in many cases, after the tribunal in which Professor Cairnes is so able an advocate has pronounced its decision,

* *Political Essays*. By J. E. Cairnes. London: Macmillan & Co 1873.

the case must admit of an appeal to another, and in most cases to a higher, tribunal.

One argument which Professor Cairnes puts with great force, though it may also be adduced as illustrating our previous remarks, discusses the proper constitution of a national army. Professor Cairnes is, as we have sufficiently shown, a thoroughbred Radical. He accepts for the most part the orthodox doctrines of his school, and would apparently bid farewell to our colonies to-morrow morning with the most perfect complacency. But he is not the less convinced that we ought to have an army capable of rendering the mere thought of an invasion absolutely chimerical, and consequently—for it is a necessary consequence—of acting vigorously on occasion beyond our shores. He attacks the weak parts of our present system, and though his leading doctrines have been more or less embodied in the recent measures of army reform, there is no doubt much in them which still requires attention. But Professor Cairnes is desirous of a more radical change than any which has been yet effected, or which in all probability can be effected for some time to come. He argues with his usual clearness that the Prussian, French, and English systems are in a kind of geometrical progression, so that the faults which distinguish the French from the German distinguish the English from the French, only in an exaggerated degree. The Prussian system, however, is in some respects rather an awkward precedent for an English Radical; not only because anything coming from the country of Bismarck has a slightly suspicious flavour to a believer in popular government, but because the "militarizing" tendencies of the Prussian system may be considered as decidedly discouraging to a lover of peace and industrial progress. Professor Cairnes, therefore, looks further, and finds in Switzerland—the model democracy of Europe—a system which, on his own showing, reconciles the demands of self-defence and of self-government. Indeed, as he admits in a note, his enthusiasm carried him a little too far, and led him to exaggerate the probable efficiency of a system which has not yet undergone the rough test of actual warfare. Here, too, whilst refraining from expressing any opinion as to the merits of the argument generally, we may say that the advocate of a system of universal service in the army may find his case admirably stated by Professor Cairnes. The further question as to the influence of such a system upon the national character is dismissed rather summarily. Professor Cairnes, indeed, notices the obvious arguments which may be alleged on his side. He points out that in the existing state of Europe we must have a sufficiently strong army, whether it is a good or a bad thing in itself to have such an army; he says that the Swiss plan is the only plan practicable; and he adds some reasons for thinking that in a constitutional country the industrial will be too strong for the military tendencies, and that, as the system is better adapted for defence than attack (a doctrine to which the history of the last war gives a rather equivocal confirmation), the danger of encouraging military tendencies is not so great as might be thought. We feel, however, that in this more general question, which certainly does not admit of so decisive an answer, Professor Cairnes is scarcely so much at home as in pointing out the economical advantages of the system which he advocates, and the nature of the organization which would be required. But whatever shortcomings may exist, or may be supposed to exist, in his reasonings, we cannot but feel that, as far as they go, they are excellently put and fully deserve an attentive consideration.

A considerable part of the book is taken up by discussions on the social condition of Ireland, and on the questions connected with the Irish University system. On these topics Professor Cairnes has the advantage of intimate personal knowledge, and probably this, although we have not space to examine it, will be found to be the most permanently valuable part of his book. On the whole, we have great pleasure in recommending it as a singularly able series of discussions, and well deserving the notice of those who oppose, as well as of those who uphold, the views of which he is so excellent an advocate. A collection of essays published at different times during ten or eleven years, and bearing upon many different topics, necessarily gives an imperfect view of the author's opinions, and to this cause are doubtless owing some of the defects, or rather the shortcomings, which we have noticed; but we may at any rate safely say that none of Mr. Mill's many disciples is a worthier representative of the best qualities of their master than Professor Cairnes.

I GO A-FISHING.*

BOOKS on fishing are almost always liked, even by readers who care little for the "gentle art" in itself. One reason for this, we suppose, is that an earnest fisherman makes himself thoroughly familiar with every remote nook and recess of the beautiful landscapes through which his pursuit leads him; so that, if he be a man of taste and feeling, what Wordsworth calls "the witchery of the soft blue sky" and other kindred influences become a part of his own nature. Hence his descriptions of scenery have a freshness about them, drawn as it were from the early dawn and the opening spring-time, that comes home to all classes of men. In this respect Mr. Prime does not fall behind those older writers to whom we have been referring; nay, indeed, if we have a fault to

find with him, it is that he outstrikes them in trampling seven-leagued boots, suitable no doubt to America, that country of sonorous eloquence and enormous rivers, but a little over-loud and over-big for our reticent British temper and fordable trout streams. The book, though it pleases us, would have pleased us still better if it had contained fewer grandiose emotions and more fish. At the same time Mr. Prime, we dare say, knows pretty well, both as a fisherman and an author, what he is about. He catches American trout with the scarlet ibis, his favourite and successful fly, in places where an English angler would keep uselessly thrashing the water with grey drake and turkey's wing; so let us hope, by analogy, that his *purpurei pennis* may ensnare a crowd of American readers, though we Englishmen are not particularly taken by them. As far as we are concerned, the very first chapter of all, "How Peter Went a-Fishing," is a superfluity and a nuisance. Passages of this description abound:—

Perhaps the full moon was rising over the desolate hills of the Gadarene, marking the silver pathway of the Lord across the Holy Sea; the stars that had glorified His birth in the Bethlehem cavern, that had shone on the garden agony, and on the garden tomb, were shining perhaps on the hillside that had been sanctified by His footsteps. The young daughter of Jairus looked from her casement in Capernaum on the silver lake, and remembered the solemn grandeur of that brow which now they told her had been torn with thorns.

This sort of thing only irritates without impressing us. Again, further on, the following rhapsody about the misbehaviour of the day is not to our taste:—

They [the mountain tops] were joyous then, for day came pure and white and stainless; they are sombre and gloomy and profoundly sad in the evening when they see day going down in the West, her face red with passion or flushed with wine. For, oh! man, never went day to rest unstained, never was morning born so pure, that she retained herself in purity till the setting of the sun. Never yet came daughter of the East, with chariot wheels of silver, a fair and noble maiden worth love, and winning love, that she did not go away in clouds with tenn garments or in blushing shame.

The writing of this kind of stuff is "as easy as lying," and at best only fills up space which had much better have been reserved for the trout, if trout there be, or other fishes in the Sea of Tiberias. We should like to hear a great deal more of that Lake of Genesareth, and Mr. Prime's apparent determination to tell us nothing is somewhat provoking. He has, it seems, fished in many countries—in Syria, in Scotland, in Bavaria, in South America—besides his native waters; but he never will leave the *Salmo fontinalis*, or North American brook trout, for a moment. In Sir Humphry Davy's *Salmonia*, the first chapter exhausts the subject of river trout; the second explains to us all about sea trout and salmon; in the third he devotes himself to grayling; in the fourth we are introduced to the *Salmo hucho* of the Bavarian lakes, and we are taught everything about these different fishes that a short treatise can teach. But Mr. Prime, whether he is at the Kookeries (chapter ii.), or on the St. Regis waters (chapters vii. and viii.), or travelling along the Connecticut streams, &c. (chapters ix. and x.), or elsewhere, confines himself wholly to the *Salmo fontinalis*, so that even that beautiful creature becomes in the end not a little wearisome and monotonous. We should have been glad to hear something of the American Lake trout; how far they agree with, and how far they differ from, the *Salmo fario* of the Lago di Garda, or whether they approach more nearly to the *Salmo ferax* of Loch Awe and Loch Shin. Again, as we have said above, any fishing adventure on the Sea of Tiberias would have been full of interest to all men, whether anglers or not; but we are told this, and this only, that Mr. Prime did, to use his own words, wet a line there. The 153 great fishes under which the net brake may have been large lake trout, or huge carp, or heavy pike. Mr. Prime leaves us uninstructed. About salmon-fishing in America, about the black bass, about the *Coregonus albus* or white fish, he is equally uncommunicative. Two-fifths of his book are appropriated to the American brook trout, and we do not greatly grudge them this; but the other three-fifths might surely, from a fishing point of view, have been better occupied. They are full to overflowing of noble enthusiasm and yearning aspirations, but, to use a metaphor drawn from Mr. Prime's own art, it would have been all the better if some of those had been thrown back again into the waters whence they came. The third chapter, for instance, abandoning trout altogether, is called "Iskander Effendi," and contains a sensational story. An American Jew finds at Jerusalem a mysterious brother, of whose existence he had never known; this brother has somehow or other become a Jew, and is also married to the New York young lady whom our Jew friend has adored in silence from boyhood. We hardly know whether the complications that ensue are represented as having really happened or not. The story is told well enough, and, as a true story, may not be more absurd than certain other romances angrily believed in from time to time by many respectable men; but it has nothing to do with the subject of the book, and appears to us out of place. If, on the other hand, it is a tale of Mr. Prime's own invention, the improbabilities are much too glaring to make it successful as a work of art.

All that part of the book, however, which relates to Mr. Prime's fishing expeditions is very pleasant reading, increasing our regret that he does not give us more of them. The *Salmo fontinalis*, a most captivating fish, which Mr. Buckland is endeavouring to introduce into England, is found everywhere, and everywhere is dwelt upon with zealous affection. This *Salmo fontinalis* appears to be a fish of about the same size as our common trout—certainly, at least as known to Mr. Prime, not larger. At this we are somewhat sur-

* *I Go a-Fishing.* By W. C. Prime. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

prised. The Susquehanna, the Potomac, and countless American rivers of the second rank must be so much broader and deeper, not to mention also being much nearer a state of nature, than the Thames, the Severn, or any other of our British trout streams, that we should have expected them to contain very heavy fish. And yet the heaviest trout recorded by Mr. Prime hardly equals a first-class Thames trout in weight, and does not approach a monster exhibited at Driffield in Yorkshire, for which 17 lbs. were claimed. How these American salmonidæ differ specifically from our common river trout we do not know, and should have been glad to learn. But Mr. Prime does not touch upon the subject. He contrives, however, to make us sympathize with the spotted object of his affections, and when he gives his Pegasus a pull instead of spurring him, and when he recklessly over hedge and ditch, he is often very happy in his descriptions of natural scenery. We extract his account of a night spent by the side of an American lake. Our readers may like to compare it with Tom Brown's well-known vigil, in the hopes of catching a poacher on the banks of his Berkshire rivulet:—

So I went up to the head of the lake, where a brook comes in, over a white gravel bed, pure and clear and cold, and lying down on the beach in the soft sunshine, dreamed away the day; the night came on us with clouds, and the sounds of wind in the higher forests on the mountain sides. We made the camp fire broad and high. Vast pine and birch logs, ten feet long and two feet thick, which with great labour Hiram had cut and rolled together, blazed high on the edge of the forest, and poured a rich light upon the lake. Far out on the water I could see, now and then, the dip and lift of a lily-pad, gleaming like a ruby. The Baron had been out sketching, but had come in at dusk, hung his sketches here and there upon the trees, and as we both had good appetites, we dined sumptuously. Then we talked by the camp-fire for a time, and then he threw himself down on the Balsam boughs, under the bark shelter, and slept in peace.

Both Sir Humphry Davy and Mr. Prime grapple with the question of cruelty as connected with sporting. They do not manage—perhaps it is impossible to manage—this matter with perfect success. Both of them waste time in defending positions that are never attacked nor even menaced. Sir Humphry says, "We are not Pythagoreans or Brahmins," and so on. Mr. Prime continues this obvious line of argument, and urges, in addition, that he would be justified in sacrificing the life of a favourite horse if a higher duty called upon him to do so. No doubt, but upon such points the question never arises. What their antagonist may say is this:—"I like mutton as well as any one, and know that sheep must be killed; but then I let them be killed as a matter of business, and never think of taking a morning's pleasuring as an amateur butcher." Mr. Prime's argument from the possible sacrifice of his horse does not apply, unless he considers himself justified in feeling delight when he digs the spurs in, and gloats over every pulsation of the exhausted animal's heart as it thumps against his ribs. Sir Humphry, indeed, rather shirks the direct argument, and shelters himself behind eminent practitioners of his art—notably, Wordsworth, and some lovely maiden, the cynosure of Mayfair, who was a zealous and efficient angleress. Here the case of this charming Lady Clementina Twoshoes, though crushing as an *argumentum ad hominem* (*Britannicum*), is a little too vague for general use; whilst, as for Wordsworth, great man as he was, we cannot trust implicitly to his guidance through the labyrinth of minor morals; if we do, we may find ourselves on a hill-side stealing woodcocks some dark night. *Vide* Prelude, Book I:—

Sometimes it befell,
In these night-wanderings, that a strong desire
O'powered my better reason, and the bird
That was the captive of another's toil
Became my prey.

We know now, of course, that this thievish impulse was, with other half-divine impulses, gradually building up his mighty mind to its appointed height; but still, if meaner men undertook to educate themselves in that particular way, it would hardly, as the phrase goes, tend to edification. Wordsworth moreover is not consistent with himself on this point. If "Hartleap Well" has any ethical meaning at all, it is meant to discourage field sports; and even the Lord of Rydal himself, fond as he was of reciting his own verses, would hardly have ventured to quote the last stanza of that poem whilst he was gaffing a salmon:—

One lesson, shepherd, let us both divide,
Taught both by what she [nature] shows and what conceals,
Never to blend our pleasure and our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

We must confess that the question is an awkward one to face. We may perhaps, however, say that, as it signifies little to creatures lawfully killed how they die, it is not unfair to balance the good effects of sporting against those which are less good, and decide for or against it accordingly. Now effeminate vanity like Nero's, selfish personal cowardice such as Robespierre's, are the passions that generate cruelty in its basest and most unrelenting form. Against these vile passions, a masculine life nourished upon robust interests, such as war and the chase, is one of the best antidotes known to us. Patience under disappointment, uncomplaining endurance of hardships, self-control, command of temper, resource in difficulties, and other valuable qualities of a like kind are gradually formed by the help of such a life; and, what is more to the purpose, those who follow these adventurous and enterprising pursuits are often the gentlest and tenderest of men. We do not say that these considerations are what Shelley somewhere calls "refutation-tight"; they will not be so accepted, we know, by thoroughgoing humanitarians, such as a certain distinguished historian and philologist, who cannot bear that any living creature

should be put to pain, except indeed an inaccurate Dean or so, and others with him who, hardy rebels against the truth, "greatly daring dine" under the shadow of a mediæval tradition without any root to it. But to such partisans we do not address ourselves, and our view may perhaps suffice for the ordinary conscience of an ordinary Christian and eater of beef, especially if he happens to be fond of fishing.

We have spoken our opinion freely about the exaggerated emphasis of Mr. Prime's style and sentiments. Nevertheless we shall be glad to meet with him again.

GOUDSMIT'S ROMAN LAW.*

THE production in an English form of a Continental treatise on Roman law, written in a technical language for the most part unfamiliar to the English lawyer, and accompanied with hardly any explanation or addition on the part of the translator, shows an expectation which we hope may be well founded, but which in a commercial point of view at least seems daring, of the interest likely to be taken in the subject by English readers. It is true that the importance of Roman law as an instrument of legal education is much more definitely recognized now than it was formerly; perhaps we may safely say it is generally admitted that an educated English lawyer ought to have some knowledge of its leading outlines. It does not follow, however, that the form in which it is presented to Continental students will be also the most convenient for English students, who approach it from a different point of view and for different purposes. Let us consider shortly what those purposes are. At present there exists no such thing as a tolerably good general introduction to the laws of England. We have abundance of sufficiently good books, and some few exceedingly good books, on special departments of the law; but in the way of institutional treatises we still have nothing better than the various editions of Blackstone, which either are content to follow the almost ludicrously wrong arrangement of the original, or patch it up by very imperfect improvements. In the most esteemed of these editions we find the notions of ownership and contract so hopelessly entangled that no place is found for the law of contracts except by dragging them in as a mode "in which that important kind of chattel called a *chose in action* is created"; and we have to look for Lunacy partly under the Royal Prerogative and partly under Public Social Economy; and while this is so, it is obvious that we are still far enough from anything calculated to assist a beginner to any clear or systematic notions. And for the present there seems to be no better way for a student to acquire such notions than the roundabout one of going to another system—namely, the Roman—in which the leading principles are accessible in a definite and compendious form, fixing those principles in the mind, and then bringing the light thus gained to bear on the richer but less ordered treasures of the English books. The main object therefore is not so much to know how far the law as it stood in Justinian's days has survived as the modern common law of the Continent of Europe, nor to be familiar with the classification and terminology of modern Continental writers, as to grasp the main points of the Roman law which are most useful to illustrate the English law by comparison or contrast. And this, we think, is best attained if we begin as near the beginning as possible, with Gaius; of course not wholly unassisted, for Gaius "without note or comment" would scarcely be edifying even to a scholar sufficiently versed in the Latin of general literature. But there is competent guidance to be had in German, and, since the appearance of Mr. Poste's Commentary, also in English. Justinian's Institutes should be taken as near as may be concurrently with Gaius, to whom however we give the first place. The historical elements in the development of Roman law clearly brought out by him, but dropped out or slurred over in the later Institutes, frequently present the most striking and instructive analogies to an Englishman.

The treatises generically known as Pandects, of which the present book is a specimen, have also considerable interest for us, but of a somewhat different kind. We are less struck with the substance than with the method; we cannot help marking that the body of substantive law they deal with is both parallel to and different from our own in many important ways; but that which chiefly fixes our attention is a scheme of treatment and procedure quite unlike anything we have met with in our own legal education. The classification of civil law in its main branches of Ownership, Personal Duties (Obligations), Family Relations, and Succession, which is generally recognized by Continental writers, is not wholly without recognition, though for the most part of a partial and confused kind, in England. But the previous treatment in a General Part, as it is called, of the work, of such principles as are in great measure presupposed by or common to all the special departments of law, has never even been attempted, so far as we know, by any of our text-writers. Certainly the English law student has practically to go without any such introduction. He is plunged at once into special details, whether he begins with reading books or working in chambers; and he must rely on the light of nature and the gradual piecing out of his knowledge to teach him sooner or later which of the

* *The Pandects: a Treatise upon the Roman Law and upon its Connection with Modern Legislation.* By J. E. Goudmit, LL.D., Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Leyden. Translated from the Dutch by R. De Tracy Gould, M.A., Counsellor at-Law. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

rules he becomes acquainted with extend beyond the special subject in which they first occur. He may ultimately reduce his knowledge to some kind of order if he chooses to go somewhat out of his obvious way, and take some trouble for the purpose; otherwise it may remain a chaos, and he may never even discover that it is a chaos. Perhaps this is one reason why it is so rare to find any elementary legal notion tolerably well defined in our text-books. As to the remedy, we are not much disposed to look for it in the construction of any system of abstract jurisprudence. Practically all the materials we have for a scientific view of law are either Roman or English; and it appears to us that any one who professes in England to lay down universal principles of law will really expound principles which are Roman, or English, or both, and that he will only weaken his exposition by disguising their individual character from his readers and himself.

Until our own law is presented to learners in a more systematic form—a result which there is no doubt that we can accomplish if we once determine that it is worth while to substitute scientific method for rule of thumb—foreign books such as this of Professor Goudamiit may serve as a very useful corrective. Some warning should be given, however, in introducing such a work to the English public, that it is not suited for beginners. It does not formally pre-suppose any acquaintance with Roman law; but it is not, in fact, meant to be taken as the first part of the course in its own country. The manner of treatment is too condensed and technical for a reader who has not had some little preparation; and the technical vocabulary is just so different from our own that on the one hand it presents some of the difficulty of a strange tongue, and on the other hand care has to be taken to avoid confusion. Subject to these cautions, an Englishman will find in this treatise a satisfactory introduction to the Continental method of legal exposition; though we can hardly concur in the translator's sanguine opinion that it is calculated to interest general readers as well as students of law. As to the individual merits of Professor Goudamiit's *Pandects*, it would be impossible to give any sufficient account of them in this place. Indeed, they must depend in great measure on an exactness in details which cannot be rightly tested except by the continued trial of actually working with the book. However, as far as we can judge without having applied this test, the author has handled his subject with care and accuracy. The text is clear, and the notes show that the authorities have been searched, compared, and weighed. In particular Savigny's great work is constantly referred to with the respect due to it, though the writer exercises an independent judgment, not unfrequently expressing a different opinion on points of detail, and sometimes even on historical questions of the kind in which Savigny is pre-eminent.

We need hardly observe that such English readers as are scholars of Bentham and Austin will not be satisfied with this more than with any other Continental book of jurisprudence. As Sir II. Maine remarks in his *Village Communities*, Bentham's analysis is still very little recognized out of England. In Bentham's view (much insisted upon and developed since by Austin), command is the essence of law, and the uniformity of conduct intended to be its consequence is but an incident. Here, on the contrary, we find uniformity put forward as the main element; uniformity of action resulting from universal (or rather collective) conviction, which conviction finds one mode of expression, but not necessarily the only mode, in the commands issued by the supreme authority of the State. Accordingly customary law is recognized as having an independent force of its own, and no resort is had to Bentham's fiction of quasi-command; for such it certainly is, notwithstanding Bentham's abhorrence of fictions in general. On this point, too, it is curious to note an opposition to the Benthamite way of regarding law and legal history; Professor Goudamiit speaks with decided approval of the free use of fictions in English law, and wishes they could "move a little more in the region of legal fictions" in Holland.

The translator's part of the work has been done, as appears by an extract of a letter from the author, so as to deserve his warm commendation; but we think that hardly enough has been done to meet the difficulties of English readers. Probably the translator, having familiarized himself with the technical vocabulary, did not see that it might require some explanation for others. Thus we find the phrase "relations of Right" obviously standing for the Dutch equivalent of *Rechtsverhältnissen*; to any one not acquainted with the use of the term *Rechtsverhältnissen*, which has no parallel in the language of English law, this would convey no adequate meaning. Either such terms should be explained by a foot-note when they first occur, or, still better, conventional English equivalents should be assigned once for all to represent the foreign words of art, the specialized senses in which the English words are used being carefully defined at the outset in a sort of interpretation clause. And something more might easily have been done in the way of calling attention to parallels and contrasts in English law. Several years ago one of the present leaders of the Equity Bar published a translation of Thibaut's *Pandektenrecht*, a book similar in character to this, accompanied by a valuable series of notes on the corresponding principles of our own jurisprudence. In the present instance the translator has only thrown in some very meagre notes almost at random. For instance, he gives some remarks on marital authority, legitimacy, and inheritance; but when, in a neighbouring page, Professor Goudamiit mentions among "examples of complex relationships," as a Dutch professor well enough may, the case of A. marrying B. and afterwards her sister C., the translator does not think it needful to call attention to

the fact that this particular source of complex relationships is not recognized by the law of England. Again, the translator appears to be an American by his designation on the title-page and by the internal evidence of his notes; but he has given no explanation of an apparently loose expression of the original in a passage where it is said vaguely that a rule of law exists "in the United States," making persons liable as subscribers to a newspaper though they have never ordered it, if the publisher sends it to them and they receive it without protest for a certain time. It is curious that an American editor should leave this unnoticed. It may be common knowledge to him, but English readers would like to know more of this new variety of implied contract; when it was established, and in which of the States. It strikes us as being neither good sense nor good law; however, it appears from an advertisement at the head of an American newspaper which happens to be before us, that such is the law at Boston and Chicago at all events.

Finally, we must observe that the promise of the title-page as to the "connexion with modern legislation" of the Roman law is but very moderately fulfilled. There are indeed plenty of references to the French and Dutch, and many to the Austrian and Prussian Codes. But the discussion of modern Continental law is kept in a quite subordinate position, and there is nowhere any continuous historical treatment of the matter.

HEMANS'S MEDIEVAL CHRISTIANITY.*

THERE is one difference between the present volume and the preceding one for which Mr. Hemans's readers have much reason to be thankful. It is printed in England, and therefore naturally on decent paper, and with comparative freedom from errata. We say comparative freedom, for such spellings as "chace" for chase, and "absolution" for absolutism, to say nothing of barbarisms like "contendants" and "votation," still betray a lamentable negligence either in the printing or the correction of the press. Nor can we say that in point of style and arrangement there is the improvement that might have been looked for. Mr. Hemans does indeed, for the first time, vouchsafe to give us a table of contents, but it consists of the barest catalogue of the titles of each chapter, such as "The Fourteenth Century, 1350 to 1400;" and the inconvenience of the omission is not relieved by any running titles beyond that of the volume at the head of each page. The narrative is, however, somewhat less disjointed and jerky, from the fact of the author having confined himself here to a shorter period (1350–1500), and having described it more fully, and, for the most part, in chronological order, following the reigns of the successive Popes. Another defect which we took occasion to notice in the earlier portion of his work is only very partially remedied. We mean the neglect or reluctance to profess any opinion on disputed historical questions. Thus, for instance, the name of the Waldensian sect is said to be derived "by some writers from Peter Waldo, by others from *valle* or *Vaudois*." We are told of Urban II.—the last Pope who had not been previously a Cardinal—that "one chronicler of the time denounces him as a cruel, scandalous, and very bad man," and certainly Mr. Hemans has himself told us enough to prove abundantly the charge of cruelty; "but," he proceeds, "the Florentine historian Ammirato undertakes to justify him on the ground of manifest necessity for severe measures amidst the then embarrassing circumstances of the pontificate." And there he leaves the matter. Are we meant to suppose that the imprisonment and systematic torturing of several of the Cardinals for crimes of which they appear to have been innocent, ending with their being privately strangled or drowned by the Pope's order, was "a manifest necessity?" or that the facts which have just been detailed, without any hint of uncertainty, are perhaps incorrectly reported? Again, we have three different lists given of the numbers of prelates and other ecclesiastics present at the Council of Pisa, without any attempt to discriminate their respective claims to accuracy. We presume, by the by, that in enumerating the members of the Council of Constance, "1,134 abbots" is a misprint for 134, which was the real number. It is fair, however, to say that on some controverted points Mr. Hemans does pronounce a verdict, as on the much vexed question of the character of John XXIII. We believe he is quite right in following the opinion maintained by the learned Hefele in the last volume of his *Concilien Geschichte*, that the more serious charges against the unfortunate pontiff cannot be proved; and though he may have been "the very personification of worldliness," there is no reason to suppose he was much better or much worse, but only much abler, than the general average of dignified Churchmen of his day. The author has also rightly, but perhaps unconsciously, followed Hefele on the question of the safe-conduct of John Hus, as well as in the spelling of his name, and has wrongly followed him in the assertion, for which he gives no authority, that the famous decree of the Fourth Session of Constance on the superiority of Councils to Popes was not included in the Bull of Martin V., sanctioning all the "conciliar" acts of the Synod. This mistake is the more puzzling as he afterwards mentions that the doctrine was admitted and acted upon at Basle, where also the decree of Constance was expressly confirmed, and its confirmation ratified by Eugenius IV. On the whole the author's account of the Council of Constance, which, being held out of Italy, does not properly fall within the limits of his work, is clear and accurate. It is odd

* *History of Medieval Christianity and Sacred Art in Italy (1350–1500)*. By C. J. Hemans. Vol. II. Williams & Norgate.

to find him gravely retelling the exploded legend of the martyrdom of St. John Nepomuck, without apparently a doubt of its truth.

To general readers the earlier chapters of the volume, which include the second half of the Avignon period and the episode of Rienzi—or, as Mr. Hemans, for some unexplained reason, always calls him, Rienzo—will probably be the most interesting, though his record of the career of the great Tribune is too brief and sketchy to be satisfactory. Most of the Popes of that period were at least outwardly respectable in their personal conduct; but both Urban VI. and Boniface IX. were unblushing nepotists; and there is a characteristic anecdote preserved of the deathbed of the latter, who, when asked how he felt, replied, "I should be quite well if I had money." A contemporary chronicler tells us that among the bishops appointed by him, always for a money payment, were *scurre, histriones aut discoli*, of the most scandalous antecedents. Nor were the fourteenth-century Popes more scrupulous about usurping patronage which did not belong to them than about selling it when it came into their hands. Clement VI. in 1341 quietly transferred to himself by a bull the right of appointing to the see of Florence, which had been up to that time the immemorial privilege of the chapter. To turn to a different subject, Mr. Hemans gives a curious description of the pilgrimage of the "White Penitents" at the end of the century, which almost reminds us of the first fervour of the Crusading movement, when crowds of men, women, and even children, straggled across the length and breadth of Europe, too many of them only to perish miserably on the road:—

The sense of sin and misery, compunction for the first and pity for the second of those universal ills, may be said to have predominated throughout the middle ages. It was not till comparatively modern times that the dignity and self-responsibility of man began to possess his thoughts. In the last year of this century the feeling of profound sorrow for sin found vent in a movement which aroused the attention of the Christian world, and extended over almost the whole of Western Europe. The "White Penitents" commenced their doleful pilgrimage from land to land, from city to city, joined by multitudes of both sexes and all classes, clad in long white habits with hoods covering the face so as to leave the eyes only visible; the women distinguished by a red cross; all, as they advanced, reciting or singing orisons and hymns—the *Stabat Mater*, the *Miserere* psalm, &c. According to some writers, this movement originated in Ireland; thence passed, to England; thence through France, crossing Alps and Apennines, and spreading with mournful enthusiasm over Northern and Central Italy. At Genoa 5,000 arrived in such guise, and were led by the aged Archbishop, himself on horseback, to visit churches, cemeteries, shrines, during nine days. From Lucca 3,000 set out, notwithstanding the veto of the magistrates, for Pistoja, where they were joined by 4,000 more, and thence passed on through Prato to Florence. There the devout multitude swelled to 40,000; and as many as 20,000 were led, in one long-drawn procession, by the Bishop of Fiesole to visit the holy places. At Parma the pilgrims on foot were followed by forty cars, containing the infirm and feeble, women and children. From thence 7,000 set out, preceded by pious confraternities with their standards and led by the Bishop of that diocese. At Venice the authorities refused to admit them; but at Ferrara the Marquis d'Este treated them with honour. Whatever the fanaticism of this "revival," it is certain that the fruits of good works, aims to the poor, reconciliation of enemies, restitution of what had been unlawfully taken, were abundantly borne by it.

The Mysteries and Miracle Plays, already popular in the twelfth century, were now beginning gradually to merge into dramatic and epic poetry, and the *Quadriregio* of the Dominican Frezzi, who died in 1416, passed through six editions between 1481 and 1511. Considering its date, it is remarkable that we find unbaptized infants and virtuous Pagans enjoying "an immortality of negative happiness" in the Elysian Fields and Limbus, which are, however, regarded as part of the infernal regions. Boccaccio's famous story of the converted Jew at Rome who concluded that Christianity must be true because the Court of Rome and the Cardinals had been unable to destroy it affords a striking illustration of the prevalent estimate of the Curia; while the reverse of the picture is exhibited in the strange austerities and still stranger influence of St. Catherine of Siena and St. Bridget, who denounced the vices of Popes and Cardinals in language which Luther could hardly exceed, but were canonized instead of being excommunicated.

Mr. Hemans's pages abundantly illustrate the deteriorating effect of absolute and irresponsible power on the character of the Popes, so often remarked upon, and of which Marcellus II. is recorded to have expressed his fear in his own case, though he died too soon after his election for such fears to be realized. Urban II., whose cruelty and nepotism have already been referred to—he actually screened from punishment one of his nephews, whom he had already made a duke, who carried off a nun from her convent and violated her—was before his election a man of modest, austere, and studious life. The antecedents of Martin V., who to the last studiously evaded his engagement to carry out the reforms of the Council of Constance, which had elected him on that condition, were "not only respectable, but admirable." The previous life of Eugenius IV. had been saintly, but throughout his pontificate his great aim was to advance his own prerogative and the interests of the Roman Curia. "Had he made a better use of his talents," says the Benedictine author of the *Art de vérifier les Dates*, "he might have restored to the Church part at least of her pristine splendour." The Cardinal presiding at the Council of Basle observed, in reference to these growing encroachments of the Papacy, "What are Bishops now but a set of shadows? What is left them but a pastoral staff and a mitre? Can they be called shepherds, without sheep, and unable to do anything for those under them?" The words sound almost like a prophecy of the Vatican Council. By the way Mr. Hemans

commits the unpardonable blunder of quoting the famous definition of the Roman Primacy in the Florentine decree of union, without the qualifying clause about the authority of Councils, on which its whole sense depends. Eugenius died exclaiming "O Gabriel, how much better had it been for thy soul's salvation to have been neither Pope nor Cardinal, but to have died a simple monk!" Not less significant is the complaint of his excellent successor Nicholas V., by far the grandest figure among the Popes of that century, the founder of the Vatican Library, and the energetic patron of the best learning of the day, both sacred and profane, who reclaimed for the Papacy its intellectual primacy in Europe, and with a noble liberality laboured to the utmost to save the Christian East from the irruption of Mahometanism. The news of the fall of Constantinople shortened his own days. But, little as he had to reproach himself with, he bitterly complained to the two Carthusian monks whom he kept constantly about his person "that there was no man on earth more unhappy than the Sovereign of the Church," to whom none that crossed his threshold ever dared to utter the plain unvarnished truth; and he added with tears "that he would gladly renounce the pontificate." The accomplished and outspoken Æneas Silvius retracted as Pius II. all he had formerly maintained about the superiority of Councils to Popes. Whether he also explicitly retracted his earlier dictum that "there was great reason formerly to forbid the marriage of the clergy, but there is now still greater reason to permit it," does not appear. His personal character was irreproachable, which may be said, on the whole, of his immediate successor Paul II., but certainly not of the Popes who followed him to the end of the century. Sixtus IV. set the example of creating new offices for the express purpose of selling them, besides making those venal which had not been sold before. His reign did much to dispel the last illusions of childlike veneration for the Papacy, as may be inferred from the words of a contemporary Latin poem on the Calumnies of the Times:—

Venilia nobis
Templa, sacerdotes, altaria, templa, coronas,
Ignes, tura, preces, celum est venale Deusque.

Innocent VIII., who succeeded him, gave fêtes at the Vatican at which a son and daughter of his own took a prominent part, and publicly celebrated the weddings of his own children. The infamous Alexander VI., whose election to the Papacy was notoriously simoniacal, went still further when he expressly named his daughter, the fair Lucrezia, as his vicar; during his absence from Rome she presided and gave audience in the Papal apartments, with a Cardinal as her subordinate seated at her side.

Mr. Hemans has only partially completed his record of Sacred Art in Italy during the fifteenth century, to which he proposes to devote a supplementary volume. In architecture the later half of the fourteenth century was the period of the commencement of the magnificent Duomo of Milan and Certosa of Pavia, both founded—perhaps as an act of penance for his horrible cruelties—by Gian Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, but the Certosa was not finished till a century later. No fewer than fifty-two architects were employed on the Duomo. The Cathedral of Florence was completed in 1364. Several other Italian cathedrals, as those of Prato, Como, Fermo, and Orvieto, were built or rebuilt during the same period. In painting it was the era of Bellini, Sandro Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, Pietro Vanucci, Filippino Lippi, Perugino, and Fra Angelico, not to mention other well known, if less memorable, names. The chapters on the artistic monuments belonging to this period in Rome and the principal Italian cities are arranged too much like a guide-book to be exactly attractive reading, but will be found most serviceable by those who are visiting the places. Mr. Hemans has devoted many years to studying Italian art on the spot, and he brings to bear on his detailed descriptions the results as well of a minute knowledge as of a refined and cultivated taste.

BIRCH'S ANCIENT POTTERY.

WE heartily congratulate Dr. Birch on the appearance of this sumptuous new edition, so profusely illustrated, of his *History of Ancient Pottery*. The book in its original form, published sixteen years ago, was already a monument of learning and industry. This revised edition seems to leave very little indeed to be desired. It is an exhaustive treatment of the whole subject, and future inquirers can scarcely make any additions to the stock of knowledge here accumulated. In natural science there will always be much to learn and much to be discovered, which may probably modify, if not contradict, existing theories. In some branches of archaeology, and notably in the history of the ceramic art, it is otherwise. Dr. Birch enlarges on this in his sensible preface to this new edition. He claims credit for bringing before his readers the whole field of possible inquiry as to ancient pottery. He reminds us that the bringing to light of any number of fresh examples by new excavations is not likely to add much, if anything, to our existing knowledge. For the classes and divisions of the ceramic wares of antiquity have long been finally determined. There are only certain criteria by which the age of any specimen can be estimated—the fabric, the character of contemporary art, the language used in any inscriptions, and the science of palæography in deciphering such inscriptions. It is in

* *History of Ancient Pottery; Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Etruscan, and Roman.* By Samuel Birch, LL.D., F.S.A., &c. New and Revised Edition, with Coloured Plates and Woodcuts. London: Murray. 1873.

the last of these that modern archaeological research has won the greatest successes. Not much remains to be done even by an improved philology in respect of the inscribed pottery of ancient Greece and Rome. But Dr. Birch looks hopefully to possible new discoveries in the archaeology of Central Asia and of "civilized Africa." So far as concerns the potter's art in the primitive and prehistoric races of man, during ages in which the art of writing did not exist, and in which there seems to be no possible link of connexion between the rude arts practised and the languages spoken by the men who used them, nothing more is to be looked for. "Here," says Dr. Birch, "the question of the relative date of the pottery can only be solved by the conditions under which it is found, and the remains with which it is associated." This, of course, is true. It is with a pardonable pride in his subject that our author claims for the potter's art so great and universal an importance that a knowledge of it becomes essential for any adequate understanding of the mythology, history, and arts of all the families of mankind.

The work before us divides the whole subject of ancient pottery into five parts. The first treats of Egyptian and Oriental ceramic products; and then Greek, Etruscan, and Roman fictile art follow in order; the final section dealing with Celtic, Teutonic, and Scandinavian pottery collectively. With the advantage of innumerable illustrations Dr. Birch's pages are made as interesting as they are instructive. Without drawings, indeed, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to convey adequate notions of the forms and details of the articles described. But in these pages an appeal is made to the eye as well as to the mind. Take, for instance, the most interesting reproduction of the picture of Egyptian brick-making which is found in the tomb of Rekmara, an officer of the court of Thothmes III., of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty, about 1400 B.C. Here are seen Asiatic captives, under the superintendence of taskmasters armed with sticks, labouring to mix with hoes the clay or mud to a proper consistency, while some bring water from a tank, and others carry the kneaded clay to those whose duty it is to stamp it with a mould into bricks of the required shape, which are then laid out to be dried in the sun. These were, of course, unbaked bricks. A great step was made in advance when it was discovered, whether accidentally or otherwise, that the clay might be made by baking practically indestructible. And then the addition of vitreous glazing or enamelling, and the invention of the "potter's wheel," brought the art to a much higher level. A picture is given from the paintings of a tomb at Beni-Hassan, in which all these processes are most carefully represented. Dr. Birch remarks certain specific differences from the Egyptian pottery in that of Assyria and Babylonia. The latter is finer in its paste, brighter in its colour, and thinner in mass than the former. Of ancient Phœnician pottery very little indeed is known. Is it not probable that further researches may throw light on this particular branch of the subject? We do not observe that Dr. Birch makes any reference in this section to any results obtained by the Palestine Exploration Expedition. He reminds us that a guild of potters existed at Jerusalem, and that one of the gates of the Holy City was named after them. He imagines that the Jews, among whom he considers that the state of art was very low, obtained the greater part of their earthenware from Egypt. What pottery is usually found in Palestine is of the red Roman, or so-called Samian, ware, of a comparatively late period. We approach an infinitely more interesting branch of the subject, in an artistic point of view, when we leave the pottery of the Asiatic nations, and come to examine that of the ancient Greeks.

We rather wonder that Dr. Birch, in describing the terra cotta of the Greeks, has not drawn attention to the neglect among ourselves in modern times of so valuable a material. Happily the use of terra cotta in architecture is becoming more common, but no one seems to have thought as yet of employing it for ionic busts. Remembering the admirable portraiture which the Italians of the sixteenth century produced in coloured terra cotta, we most heartily wish that our own sculptors would sometimes adopt the material in place of the conventional white marble. Such portraits would be infinitely cheaper and a great deal more life-like. We could promise, we think, a very remunerative sale to any enterprising artist who would produce in coloured terra cotta at a low price really good bust-portraits of the famous men of the day. Dr. Birch assures us that the Greeks often used this material for the statues of the gods which stood in the temples, as well as for multiplied copies of them on a reduced scale (perhaps for private use), and also for votive images; and he figures a head of Pallas Athena, surmounted by a winged Nike, which was found at Calvi, and which seems to be of a very high order of art. The character of the face indeed much resembles that of the majestic bronze head from the Castellani Collection which has been lately acquired for the British Museum. We may observe that many of the treasures from the National Collection are engraved in this volume; such as the graceful coloured statuette of Aphrodite from Calas. The fact that coloured terra cotta was so much used by the Greeks in these ways is not to be forgotten in balancing the arguments pro and con in the much-disputed question of applying polychromatic decoration to sculptured marble. Some of our readers perhaps may have forgotten that the cooper's trade is much later than the potter's, and that the Greeks kept their wine in great earthenware *pitheoi* instead of hooped wooden casks. These are gigantic vessels, large enough to hold a man easily. And the tub of Diogenes was in reality such a *pitheos*. He is represented in many works of ancient art as stretching his body out of one of these vessels in his famous interview with Alexander. A lamp so

ornamented is figured in the present volume. Of all the specimens of Greek ceramic art, the painted vases are the most beautiful and the most interesting. Dr. Birch treats this branch of his subject with special fulness. Among other things, speaking with the authority of an expert in the art, he describes the tests whereby, in these days of skilful forgery and imitation, a genuine ancient vase may be distinguished from a counterfeit. There have been organized industries for the production of fictitious vases, such as those of Pietro Fondi at Oorfu and Venice, and of the Vassal family in Venice. Dr. Birch adds Wedgwood to the number of such fraudulent imitators. But surely Wedgwood did not wish to deceive his customers into the notion that they were buying real antiques. The processes of the manufacture of these Greek vases are carefully described; and a coloured illustration, taken from a kylix found at Vulci, and now in the Munich Museum, pictures the industrial labours of a Samian pottery, Homer himself being represented as forming one of the group. When one remembers the hideous chimneys of the countless furnaces of the Staffordshire Potteries, it is interesting to see, in this picture, the chimney of the ancient furnace finished off at the top with a wreathed head of Pan. After describing the processes of the art, Dr. Birch proceeds to give an account of the successive styles of vase-painting, distinguished chiefly by the colours of the figures. Thus the brown figures are earlier than the maroon. Then come black figures in two divisions, followed by a fashion of black figures on a cream-coloured ground. Then come red figures, subdivided into a strong, a fine, and a florid style. Vases in polychrome betoken the decadence of the art. The question of the classification of the subjects painted on the Greek vases is still more complicated and difficult. We quote a passage which well states the conditions of the problem:—

No portion of the history of the fictile art is more difficult to arrange than that of the subjects which the painters selected for the decoration of vases. They embrace a great part of ancient mythology, though not, perhaps, that portion which is most familiar to the classical student. Many subjects were taken from sources which had become obsolete in the flourishing period of Greek literature, or from myths and poems which, though inferior to the great works of antiquity in intellectual style and vigour, yet offered to the painter incidents for his pencil. There must be sought for in the scattered fragments of Greek literature preserved in the scholiasts, in the writers on mythology, in works of an encyclopedical kind, or, finally, in the compilations of the later Byzantine school. The attention paid of late to collect, sort, and criticize these remains has much diminished the labour of the interpretation of art, the most difficult branch of archaeology. It is, however, only since the discovery of a considerable number of inscribed vases that these investigations have attained any approach to accuracy; for the labours of the early European writers on the subject are hypothetical and unsound, except in the interpretation of the most obvious subjects. Up to the present hour, indeed, the identification not only of particular figures, but even of considerable compositions, remains hypothetical. In cases in which we are guided by names, personages the least expected appear in prominent positions; and compositions often represent myths of which not even the outlines have reached the present day. Modern explanations are based upon a few great traditional schools of art, and take no account of the universal diffusion of the fine arts throughout Greece and her colonies, and of the dislike which the Greeks had of those exact copies which mechanism has introduced into modern art. It was from this feeling that the same idea was never treated in the same manner in all its details, and a varied richness, like that of nature itself, was spread over and adorned a very limited choice of subjects.

After reviewing the various hypotheses of Passeri, Italinski, and others, and quoting Millington's sevenfold classification, Dr. Birch proceeds to give a *précis* of the subject, following, as he tells us, the order adopted by Müller and Gerhard. Thus he describes scenes from the *Patroklos*, the *Argonautica*, the *Gigantomachia*, the *Theoid*, the *Heraclid*, the *Katmeid*, &c. It is of course impossible to follow him in detail through these learned and ingenious discussions. The inquiry opens a comprehensive view of the whole cycle of Greek imaginative literature. We would next call special attention to the ability of the seventh chapter, in which the inscribed vases are considered. The several alphabets employed, the dialectic varieties of language, and the phrases and speeches more commonly used are all elaborately explained. It is curious to compare one class of these epigraphs, such as OINANOE KALE, "Oinante is fair," with the parallel conceit, such as STULLA BELLA, of the Italian majolica of the Renaissance. A subsequent chapter chronicles the names and works of a host of potters, who had the wit to inscribe their designs, and so have come down to posterity. Finally, our author distinguishes with marvellous accuracy the various kinds of Greek vases that were in use, and enumerates the several potteries of which the existence is now known. What has to be said of Etruscan pottery is contained in one brief chapter: Roman pottery is treated, as it deserves, at greater length, and on the same general principles as the pottery of Greece. First, that is, we have an account of the manufacture, especially in its more useful forms. And then the ornamental vases are described in order. The work concludes with an interesting section on the ceramic art of Northern Europe. Specimens of British or Anglo-Saxon pottery are continually being exhumed; and the lucky finders may be referred to Dr. Birch's volume for all the information which they can want respecting them. The usefulness of this very complete manual of Ancient Pottery is enhanced by most minute and copious appendices, in the compilation of which the author was assisted by his son, Mr. W. de G. Birch, also, like his father, an officer of the British Museum. These embrace a list of the known inscriptions on Roman tiles and on Roman lamps, amphoræ, and mortaria. There are also lists of the names of Roman potters of the Samian or red ware. And an abundant verbal index (in which we regret to say we have detected some inaccuracies) makes the whole work easily available for the use of the student or collector. If there be room for any adverse criticism on this

volume, it will be found in the want of a more lucid arrangement of the matter. The fault arises in a great measure, no doubt, from the fact that the present edition has not been entirely recast. As a consequence of this, there is not unfrequently a certain amount of repetition.

THE SQUIRE'S GRANDSON.*

MR. ST. JOHN CORBET would have done better to have embodied the plot of *The Squire's Grandson* in a comedy rather than a three-volume novel. It is essentially a situation to be acted, not a story to be told. For, though told smartly and with abundance of good temper and animal spirits, the interest is lost by a method of presentation entirely out of keeping with the subject. A stage father and a stage son mixed up in stage incidents of various kinds do not make a novel pleasant reading, how laughable soever they may be on the boards. In a novel we look for life-likeness as well as subtle delicacy of character-painting, and for incidents which are possible in the daily life of the class written of; but the strength of a comedy lies in its leading situations, and the broader the humour, the more ridiculous the characters, and the more strained the incidents, the greater is the amusement of the audience, and the more completely is the author held to have succeeded.

The character of Sir Raymond Luttrell, the squire who gives part of the title to the book, is simply the caricature of a farce. Not the most outrageous impersonation of tyrannical absurdity ever dressed in a bob-wig and George III. waistcoat is less true as the picture of an English gentleman than is this mighty son of Anak, who has "muscle on the brain," and judges men and women, especially women, by their thighs and sinews, what they weigh, or rather "how much they draw," the height to which they have grown, the thickness of their legs, the goodness of their digestion, and the amount of physical fatigue they can undergo. He is a strong man himself, and he "lives in Bigness." "A lover of the Enormous," worshipping thighs and sinews, and admiring muscle and bone, he is also a man of "severe plainness of speech," seeing strength "in language emphatically neat, because unwatered with effeminate gaudiness and colouring." Part of his manliness of language consists in certain odd expressions, such as "flog me if I don't" do such and such a thing; "may I be forgiven if I" do such and such a thing; "damme" on very small provocation; with a prodigal use of donkeys, fools, and other terms of abuse, when any one differs with him on any matter whatsoever. His biographer, nevertheless, is anxious to assure us that strong language is not necessarily bad language; and that if Sir Raymond was "hardly qualified to edit the works of the Pure Literature Society, he was equally unfitted to shine in the company of drunken bachelors." "As for his literary powers, they stopped short at the composition of ungrammatical letters," in which he was certainly beyond the great mass of mankind. We will give Mr. St. John Corbet's description of this old impossibility, being the smartest thing in the book:—

Immense man he was, as Frank had said, yet by no means a lumbering, elephantine, cumbersome man. He stood over six feet in height, and was the most perfectly proportioned giant you could see anywhere. His broad, imposing back, his fine, outstanding chest, his sinewy arms and legs—all were to a hair's breadth exactly the size they ought to be. Everything about him was the perfection of symmetry, and the very best of its kind. Add to this that the old gentleman had a strikingly handsome face, sharp expressive eyes, and a countenance which, despite a slight suspicion of sternness, betokened infinite good humour and joviality. His head was by no means bald, but he kept his white hair short, and so gave himself a smart military appearance. Sir Raymond was not a man you would like to offend; though apparently the incarnation of British hospitality and good cheer, there was a Quarter Sessions look about his eyes, and you could see that he was just the chairman to give a couple of poschers a wholesome and satisfying sentence. Yet he was a person whom you could not fail to love, one whom you would trust as a friend through storm and heat, one whom you would dine with in winter had you to travel all the way on a snow-plough.

Of course, he wore a spotted neckerchief, gaiters too, and very uncomfortable, lazy collars; and, of course, the being he hated, loathed, and despised ten thousand times more than the Evil One, was a rich snob.

Frank was indeed fond and proud of him. He used almost to think that Her Majesty's Government ought in one way or other to make his father an affair of the nation, and to see that he did not die out. He felt that the old gentleman was as much a part of the nation's history as Stonehenge or Hadrian's Wall, and if he had had his own way, he would have had him photographed, graphotyped, talbotyped, and produced, for public benefit, by the Woodbury and every known process under the sun.

The determination of this muscular old squire is that his son and heir Frank shall marry bone, and so rescue the race which, by its too long devotion to blood, is now, in this generation, giving signs of dwindling into light weights and etherialities. For Frank is only five foot nine, and Ralph, the younger boy at school, gains prizes instead of growing inches. At first his designs take the direction of a certain Miss Kitty Tillett, the daughter of a farmer at the Grange; a lady in her way, seeing that her mother was the daughter of a clergyman, and that she is a good well-bred girl on her own account. But her claims to Sir Raymond's admiration are purely physical. "I believe, Dick," he says to his godson, Richard Heriot, a younger son of Anak, and of precisely the same height as himself, "that you, Kitty Tillett, and I, could pump as much water as the donkey-engine in five minutes. My word, Kitty's arms are strong ones. I got the saucy lass to let me feel

them this morning, and flog me if they weren't magnificent arms—royal limbs. I should have kissed her, I believe, if I hadn't been lord of the manor and your godfather." A little further on his commendation takes another turn:—"What a woman she would be for a man to have on his arm! why she might face old Nick himself and not turn a hair." And, still continuing the conversation, after contemptuously putting aside one lady because she has "got no wind and blows like a grampus," and another because "her legs are like a couple of pencils," he mentions Kitty's legs with a kind of religious veneration, and propounds football as the touchstone of a woman's worthiness. There is another girl, not in the picture, whom also he affects as the fitting wife for Frank, because he once saw her playing football; but when Miss Diana Heriot comes into view, she distances all competitors, and the Squire goes down before her—"England in petticoats," as he calls her, with an excess of admiration that might tell on the stage, but that seems more silly than amusing in a book. He meets her and a certain Miss Lily Gaythrope, who figures for half the first volume as Miss Unknown, at Lady Orchester's "hay." Miss Gaythrope has the misfortune to be a light weight, with a tendency to headaches, and of no special physical ability. But Frank has fallen in love with her, and she with him, on short notice; and the contrast between her and the young lady who has legs and thighs and sinews is not favourable to the progress of the love affair. To be sure Miss Lily is brave in more senses than one. She puts herself into a boat on the little lake in the park, and allows Frank, to whom she has just been introduced, to coach her in the art of rowing; learning her lesson so well that, after a very few instructions she, according to Mr. St. John Corbet's manner of narration, "stuck to the work manfully, pulled well within herself, wasted no 'boof' by wriggling all over the boat, and gradually settled down into something like time." She managed, however, to catch two crabs, and to upset the boat; when she would have been drowned but for Frank's diving after her, "oaring his arm" and bringing her safe to land. Meanwhile old Sir Raymond comes to the "hay"; sees Diana; mutters "eleven stone if she's an ounce"—"five feet six or seven if she's an inch." "Damme, I never saw such a neck and shoulders in my life. Walks on a pair of substantials, I'll be bound, and rides like a jockey. May she be forgiven if I fall down and worship her." Miss Heriot, therefore, is to be Mrs. Frank Luttrell, and he will give the young couple the Grange and three thousand a year.

But though the young lady is pretty, unaffected, amiable, and by no means clumsy, with all her inches and flesh, Frank's heart has gone once and for all to Lily, and he will not take Miss Heriot even to keep peace with his father, and make him happy in his last days. It is not only for the mere fact of the wife that the squire is so intent on his son's marrying bone. He is thinking of his grandchildren. He wants big grandchildren, bony grandchildren, boys and girls of thighs and sinews like himself or his godson Richard Heriot. "It is to my grandchildren I look for perfection," he says to Miss Heriot in their first conversation; "if I don't have a grandson like your cousin Richard, I shall go crazy." To such a man as this pretty Lily Gaythrope is only an example of "nature's how-not-to-do-it"; and he is furious when, on an introduction to "Miss Finnikin Doll," she shows her cards too plainly, and tells him of her ducking in the lake, with his son Frank as her deliverer.

Perhaps the oddest part of the book is the transparent way in which Lily both endeavours on her own account, and is instructed by Frank, how best to please Sir Raymond, and how most surely to avoid displeasing him. Few sons of an affectionate and respectful kind would show up the weaknesses and follies of a father on a first introduction, even to a charming young lady; and few young ladies would confess even to themselves that they had any special need to learn how to please the father of a young man just known. There ought to have been a much longer acquaintance between the two to have made this part of the book pleasant or possible. As it is, it is neither. It is of an essentially stage-like hurry and precipitancy which might go well on the boards, but which goes very far from well in a novel.

Of course Sir Raymond is a martyr to the gout; and of course during his attacks bears himself with a mixture of heroism and bearishness that seems to be the author's idea of how "a grand old lion bound hand and foot with intolerable pain" would naturally behave. He insults his medical man; calls his son names; abuses his wife's brother who is "serious," and who has just given Frank a volume of prayers written by himself. But as it is part of Sir Raymond's creed "to believe all men of his own age to be donkeys, knaves, or lunatics," this is no novelty to his son, who by this time must have been pretty well seasoned to the opprobrious epithets which came to him for his own share, and were flung so liberally on others. The speech which the grand old lion makes to Frank about his uncle is too characteristic to be omitted:—

"Your uncle is, without exception, the biggest old donkey I ever met, and in matters of religion the most confounded humbug that walks the earth. When he heard I had proposed to his sister, flog me if he didn't write me a letter three miles long about the responsibility the step would involve, the necessity for considering what I was about, and the devil knows what else besides. I was going out shooting the day I got it, and damme, I used it for wads, and shot away my lord's good advice at the rabbits!"

The difficulty of the position, however, remains the same, though Frank's coming cheers his father and makes the gout more tolerable. "England in petticoats" on the one side, and Miss Finnikin Doll on the other, with a young man's perverse love and an old man's unconquerable will—it seems a problem difficult of solution, a nut very hard to crack. It is so hard that Frank and

* *The Squire's Grandson: a Tale of a Strong Man's Weakness.* By Robert St. John Corbet, Author of "The Canon's Daughters," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1873.

his beloved are forced to have recourse to a subterfuge. They marry secretly, with the full consent of Sir Edward and Lady Gaythrop, the father and mother of Lily; to which of itself we should object as simply impossible in the society in which these people are said to live. The chiefs of departments do not indulge young men in secret marriages with their daughters, on the chance of a big bouncing baby, all bone, which shall satisfy the requirements of Hercules and objecting fathers-in-law. However, Sir Edward is "reasonable," and suffers his daughter to marry Frank unknown to his family and the world, and to live in a wood near Massmere, Sir Raymond's place, like an enchanted maiden, or rather like a mother who has no marriage to conceal. Here she gives birth to a huge boy baby, who looks six weeks old when he is only two, and three months when he is only one. The baby is artfully shown to the Squire, and the Squire immediately venerates the baby as "good twenty-two carat English muscle, unalloyed with a grain of gristle." When he learns whose it is, he threatens to be unmanageable again, but after calling Frank and Lily a few hard names, such as "cheats and liars," he relents, and the curtain rings down on a speech which, delivered behind the footlights, would be applauded to the echo by both gods and groundlings. But what becomes of Miss Periot? Kitty Tillett finds a Life-Guardsman, but "England in petticoats" is thrust aside in the most unceremonious manner; which is hard, seeing the account made of her in the first volume.

On the whole, *The Squire's Grandson* is clever but slight, amusing but ridiculous, good-tempered but more than trenching on coarseness, and utterly devoid of art from end to end. Mr. St. John Corbet can do better than this, but to do better he must take more pains and give more thought to his work. This kind of scampering work is never good, from whose hand soever it comes.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.

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Señor Castelar's Ministry.
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Italy, Austria, and Germany. Archbishop Manning on Ireland.
The International Congress at Geneva. The Railway Point of View.
The Work of Education.

Revolving in Horrors.
Edinburgh. Schoolboys' Pocket-Money.
Vichy. The Daily Telegraph's Historical Parallel.
Capital Punishment at Home and Abroad. The Thames at Richmond.
Post and Diligence in Switzerland.
The St. Leger.

Sara Coleridge.
Amos's English Constitution and Government.
Jerningham on Greece and the Porte. Cairnes's Political Essays.
I Go a-Fishing. Goudsmit's Roman Law.
Hemans's Medieval Christianity. Birch's Ancient Pottery.
The Squire's Grandson.

CONTENTS OF No. 932, SEPTEMBER 6, 1873:

Vacation Politics—Foreign Policy of the Fumion—Mr. Lowe at Sheffield—Spain—The Ashantee War—Dissent and Socialism—Parties in America—A Month's Railway Accidents—Water and Dust.
The English Pilgrims—Man and his Names—Tourists—The British Alps—Coolidge in the West Indies—Among the Partridges—Propagandism and Schools in Italy—Elephants—Art at the Vienna Exhibition.
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London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FIFTH NATIONAL CAT SHOW
Opens on Saturday next, September 22nd and 23rd. This Collection will comprise all the known varieties of the Domestic Cat, and examples of the several Wild Species. It has been found possible on this occasion to increase the number of Classes in the Schedule, which will give this exhibition an exceptional interest.
Admission, Saturday, 1s. 6d.; other days, 1s.; or by Guinea Season Tickets.

DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the PRÆTORIUM," with "Right of the Graduation," "Christ's Marriage," "Famous de Rimini," "Sophie," "Andromeda," &c., at the **DORÉ GALLERY**, 25, New Bond Street. Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.

ELIJAH WALTON.—EXHIBITION, including "A Storm at Sea" and "Sand Storm in the Desert," and many new and important Drawings. Alpine and Eastern, NOW OPEN at Burlington Gallery, 101 Piccadilly. Ten to Six.—Admission, with Catalogue, 1s.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—The BRITISH MUSEUM is OPEN to the Public from Ten o'Clock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and from Twelve o'Clock on Saturdays. On application to the PRINCIPAL LIBRARIAN, special facilities are afforded for the study of specified branches of the Collections on Tuesdays and Thursdays; the number of not more than fifty in number for the Lower Galleries, and thirty for the Upper Galleries.
J. WINTER JONES, Principal Librarian.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.
The WINTER SESSION will begin on Wednesday, October 1.
The Clinical practice of the Hospital comprises a service of 710 Beds, inclusive of 34 Beds for Convalescents at Highgate.
Students can reside within the Hospital walls, subject to the College regulations.
For all particulars concerning either the Hospital or College, application may be made, personally or by letter, to the RESIDENT WARDEN of the College.
A Handbook will be forwarded on application.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, Galway.—FACULTY of MEDICINE.
SESSION 1873-4.

The FIRST MATRICULATION EXAMINATION for the Session 1873-4 will be held on Friday, October 21.
The EXAMINATIONS for SCHOLARSHIPS and EXHIBITIONS will commence on Thursday, October 23.

By a recent regulation of the Council, all Scholarships and Exhibitions of the Second, Third, and Fourth Years may now be competed for by Students who have obtained the requisite standing in any Medical School recognized by the Senate of the Queen's University, and have passed the Matriculation Examination in the College.

At the ensuing Examination Eight Scholarships, of the value of £25 each, will be offered for Competition, viz. Two to Students of the First, Second, Third, and Fourth years respectively. In addition, Four Exhibitions of £15 each will be offered: Two to Students of the First and Second years of the Second Year respectively, and Two Exhibitions of £10 each—one to Students of the Third and Fourth years respectively.

All Scholars are exempt from payment of a moiety of the Fee for the Compulsory Classes. This rule does not apply to the Class of Medical Jurisprudence.

By Order of the President.

September 5, 1873.

T. W. MOFFETT, LL.D., Registrar.

THE OWENS COLLEGE, Manchester.
The SESSION, 1873-4, will be opened in the New Buildings in Oxford Road.
Principal—J. G. GREENWOOD, B.A.

PROFESSORS AND LECTURERS.

Greek	Professor J. G. Greenwood, B.A. (Fellow of University College, London.)
Latin	Professor A. R. Wilkins, M.A. (Fellow of University College, London.)
Comparative Philology	Assistant Lecturer in Greek and Latin, Mr. Edwin B. England, M.A.
English Language and Literature	Professor A. W. Ward, M.A. (Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.)
Ancient and Modern History	Assistant Lecturer, Mr. Thomas N. Toller, M.A. (Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge.)
Mathematics	Professor Thomas Barker, M.A. (Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.)
Natural Philosophy	Assistant Lecturer, Mr. A. T. Hoar, M.A. Professor Balfour Stewart, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.
Physical Laboratory	Professor Thomas H. Core, M.A. Demonstrators (Mr. F. Kingston, Mr. A. Schuster, Ph.D.)
Civil and Mechanical Engineering	Professor Osborne Reynolds, M.A. (Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge.)
Geometrical and Mechanical Drawing	Assistant, Mr. John H. Miller, B.Sc.
Logic and Mental and Moral Philosophy	Professor W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., F.R.S. (Fellow of University College, London.)
Political Economy	Professor James Bryce, D.C.L. (Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford.)
Jurisprudence and Law	Assistant Lecturer, Mr. T. S. Hollan, M.A., B.C.L. (Late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.)
Chemistry	Ditto, Mr. J. B. Gunning Moore, M.A. Ditto, Mr. Wm. R. Kennedy, M.A. (Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge.)
Chemical Laboratory	Professor H. E. Roscoe, B.A., Ph.D., F.R.S. Senior Demonstrator, Mr. C. Schorlemmer, F.R.S. Junior Demonstrator and Assistant Lecturer, Mr. W. Dittmar, F.R.S.E. Assistant (Mr. W. G. Williams, Demonstrator (Mr. H. Grimshaw, Lecturer, Mr. C. Schorlemmer, F.R.S.
Organic Chemistry	Professor W. C. Williamson, F.R.S.
Animal Physiology and Zoology	Professor Arthur Gamgee, M.D., F.R.S.
Vegetable Physiology and Botany	Lecturer, Mr. W. Boyd Dawkins, M.A., F.R.S., F.O.S.
Practical Physiology and Histology	Lecturer, Mr. Charles A. Burghardt, Ph.D.
Geology and Palaeontology	Professor T. Theodores.
Mineralogy	Lecturer, Mr. Hermann Breyman, Ph.D.
Oriental Languages	Lecturer, Mr. William Walker.
French Language and Literature	Lecturer, Mr. Frederick Bridge, Mus.B.
Free Hand Drawing	
Harmony and Musical Composition	

The next SESSION commences on October 7.

Candidates for Admission must not be under Fourteen years of age, and those under Sixteen will be required to pass a preliminary examination in English, Arithmetic, and the elements of Latin.

Prospectuses of the several departments of the Day Classes, the Evening Classes, and the Medical School, and of the Scholarships and Entrance Exhibitions tenable at the College, will be sent on application.

J. HOLME NICHOLSON, Registrar.

NOTICE.—ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES, Jermyn Street, London.—The TWENTY-THIRD SESSION will begin on Wednesday, October 1. Prospectuses may be had on application.
TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

WHITWORTH SCHOLARSHIPS.—IMPORTANT

NOTICE.—The important changes in the mode of competing for these Scholarships, and in the conditions of holding them, which came into force at the next Competition, have been published. The Revised Rules should be obtained at once, by all who are likely to present themselves for Examination, on application to the SECRETARY, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, London, S.W.

By Order of
THE LORDS OF THE COMMITTEE OF
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LADIES' FINISHING SCHOOL.—Miss FAIRLIE G. ANDERSON (formerly of 21 Gloucester Gardens, Hyde Park) will RE-OPEN School on September 15.—25 Portico Square, Hyde Park.

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THE ASHANTEE WAR.

THE Colonial Office, and the military authorities in charge of the Ashantee expedition, have no reason to complain of a deficiency of advice. Twenty years ago Prince ALBERT thought, with his usual good sense, and said with less than his usual prudence, that constitutional government was on its trial. On a much smaller scale government by newspapers is now on its trial. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY and those from whom he receives his instructions have wisely kept their intentions to themselves, while they have been assailed on all sides with contradictory counsels. At one time there seemed to have been a general consent of opinion that the commander of the expedition could only avoid an unequal conflict in the bush by turning the flank of the enemy and marching straight on his capital. The rumour that the General had asked for the means of laying down twenty or thirty miles of railway naturally called attention to the vast cost of petty wars in Africa, or in other parts of the world. The risks of an advance into the interior of the country were vividly described; and the difficulty or impossibility of conveying stores and of preserving the health of European troops occupied the pens of many correspondents. The last phase of the discussion, until the news of the recent disaster arrived, consisted in a protest against unnecessary war, and in earnest recommendations to the Government to reconsider the policy which it is supposed to have adopted. If the Ashantees, who are not themselves readers of newspapers, have engaged the services of educated natives on the coast to procure information, it is satisfactory to know that they must be utterly puzzled by the announcements and criticisms of well-informed writers. The high estimate which, like all uncivilized nations, they place on their own importance will be confirmed by the general attention which their affairs seem to have excited in England. Some of the numerous communications which have appeared may probably deserve the attention of the Government. It seems to be injudicious to stint the number of officers employed in the expedition, when every regiment in the service would, in case of need, supply volunteers. The desire of employment, and the laudable anxiety to win credit and promotion, operate as strongly as at any former time of the English army. Some historical speculators have attributed much of the warlike spirit of the middle ages to the discomfort of home and to the general want of occupation. The monotony of barrack life may in the same manner perhaps stimulate the love of military enterprise.

Exhortations to the Government on the duty of preferring diplomacy to war are probably superfluous; and since the untoward result of Commodore COMMORELL'S reconnoitring expedition, there is little hope of maintaining peace. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues are not likely to waste either money or human life where the objects of a possible war may be attained by negotiation. Whatever may be their future policy or intentions, their course hitherto has been prudent and right. The Ashantee invaders would be unlikely to listen to reason unless they understood that it was backed by force. If they were allowed without opposition to establish their supremacy over the protected tribes, the settlements on the coast and the property of English traders would be exposed to constant aggression. If the Ashantees are disposed to resist to a display of irresistible strength, war may still be avoided. It would be well if they could study the lists of stores, of guns, and of munitions of war which are already accumulated at Deptford and Woolwich. To civilians the preparations which have been made seem to

indicate official activity and foresight. Alarmists who have proclaimed the impossibility of employing beasts of burden in a West African campaign may perhaps be surprised by the despatch to the Gold Coast of a steam traction-engine, which will certainly not suffer from the attacks of venomous flies. A stock of wooden barrack huts will be forwarded from England, and all possible precautions will be taken against the dangers of the climate. On this occasion at least the Government cannot be fairly charged with the error of drifting into war. All necessary measures have been taken as if on the assumption that a conflict was unavoidable; but peace will still, if possible, be preserved. The destruction of the town of Chamah may perhaps have counterbalanced, in the minds of the native chiefs, the effect produced by their successful ambushade. If it is true that the main demand of the Ashantees is for commercial access to the coast, there need be no hesitation in complying with their wishes. It is quite unnecessary that they should occupy the territory of the protected Fantees, who, with all their faults, are not dangerous neighbours to the trading settlements. It may be hoped that when the conquest of the Fantee territory has been effectually prevented, the dependent chiefs will understand for the first time their true relation to the paramount Power. Not long ago, at the instigation of half-taught native demagogues, and with the connivance of injudicious English functionaries, the Fantees were playing with fantastic schemes of federal and constitutional government. When they have recovered from their present alarm, they will perhaps discover that their chief constitutional duty consists in obeying orders.

It is quite unnecessary to caution the Government or the country against the indulgence of the obsolete desire of territorial aggrandizement. No politician in the present day would dream of founding a West African Empire for the sake of profit or of glory; yet it is not improbable that it may become expedient to establish some kind of sovereignty over the Ashantees. It may be cheaper to prevent troublesome neighbours from preparing for war than to repel periodical invasions. It is not at present known that any other aggressive tribe is to be found in the neighbourhood of the settlements; and a perpetual and compulsory peace would be an unmixt advantage to the entire region. It might be difficult to prove that the profits of the trade on the coast afford full compensation for the cost of maintaining political and military supremacy; but, on the whole, England is richer and more powerful through the adventurous spirit which has directed its colonial policy. It is remarkable that the Gold Coast settlements have in recent times been retained by private enterprise when the Government, after a local disaster, had determined on retiring from the country. The merchants, after managing their own affairs with success for several years, transferred the undertaking once more to the Colonial Office; and the Government could scarcely without dishonour again abandon the duty of protecting the lives and property of its subjects. To a certain extent the late treaty with the Netherlands involved a national obligation to protect the trade on the coast. In accordance with modern policy, the English Government undertook to allow foreign merchants equal advantages and freedom of access; and the confession that it was impossible to offer protection against barbarians would be humiliating, if not dishonourable. Although it is difficult to unravel the complications of African diplomacy, there seems to be reason for believing that the aggression of the Ashantees was in some way connected with the conclusion of the Dutch treaty. It is probable that any change would be regarded with suspicion; and it may have been impracticable to continue precisely the

same relations which had been established with the Ashantees.

It appears on good authority that Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has received with laudable candour the numerous suggestions and warnings which have been offered in public and in private. The most experienced officers who have served on the Gold Coast have been consulted, and the General himself possesses as large an experience of military operations as any officer who possesses the invaluable qualification of being still in the prime of life. In anticipation of the landing of the expedition, efforts have been made to organize native forces under capable leaders. It is of course still possible that the enterprise may fail; but no reasonable precaution seems thus far to have been omitted. Those who possess no special knowledge of the country or the climate will not readily be persuaded that, when Englishmen have for two or three centuries managed to reside and to conduct their business, it is impossible to defend the settlements from the invasions of a savage enemy. It may be true that precisely the same obstacles have not there or elsewhere been successfully encountered; but the energy which has prevailed over difficulties and dangers in all parts of the world is still abundantly forthcoming, and the result of modern study of the art of war has been to cultivate preliminary care and forethought. When the material superiority of civilization to barbarism was far less definitely established, Spanish adventurers conquered America almost without aid from home, and Englishmen dispossessed the rulers of India. Nothing would have been easier than to prove beforehand the impracticability of enterprises which were nevertheless accomplished by means of a fixed resolution to succeed. In this case there is no motive of religious enthusiasm or of cupidity, but it is enough for English officers and soldiers to know that they are doing their duty under the observation of their countrymen. The impending war, or the possible treaty which may render war unnecessary, ought to diminish the risk of future collisions. Warlike races usually possess a vigour and manliness of character which renders it possible to deal with them, and in former times the Ashantees have fulfilled with reasonable fidelity the stipulations of treaties. The dependency which has lately found expression in newspaper correspondence is, notwithstanding the unlucky result of the expedition to Chamah, at least premature.

THE COUNT OF CHAMBORD AND MARSHAL MACMAHON.

THE two subjects which occupy French politicians at present are what the Count of CHAMBORD is likely to say about himself, and what the Duke of BROGLIE is likely to say about Marshal MACMAHON. There is ample room for speculation on both these points, since neither the Pretender nor the Minister seems inclined to say anything. The Duke of BROGLIE's silence is perfectly intelligible. He is waiting to see what becomes of the Fusion, and the fate of the Fusion depends on the Count of CHAMBORD. If he neither waives his pretensions to the throne nor consents to reign on constitutional principles, it is pretty clear that the Fusion must melt away into air. No one on the Orleanist side has done more to further its interests than M. JOHN LEMOINNE. He had been the most distinguished convert the party had contributed to the Republic, and he had quite lately made a solemn recantation, and signified his repentant desire to see the Republic sent about its business. Yet even he feels that, if the Count of CHAMBORD remains obstinately silent while his partisans are foolishly talkative—if, instead of professions of deference to the will of the nation and firm resolutions to abide by the decisions of the Legislature, nothing is to be had except exhortations to go barefoot to the feet of the King, "to ask pardon for 'having sought to be free'—the sacrifice is greater than the Liberal Royalists can bring themselves to make. M. JOHN LEMOINNE does not appear to advantage when he thus complains of the Sovereign whom he welcomed so complacently a few weeks since. But he may comfort himself with the reflection that any loss of dignity he may have sustained is common to the whole Orleanist party. In the person of the Count of PARIS they unconditionally submitted themselves to the representative of hereditary monarchy in France. They knew what the Count of CHAMBORD was. More than once the proposed Fusion had broken down because the Count had put out some fresh

declaration that he was as immovable and as impracticable as ever. Even on the very eve of the visit of the Count of PARIS, he had shown by his letter to M. CAZENOVE DE PRADINES that on religious questions his sympathies were with the extremist section of the Ultramontane Right. Notwithstanding all this, the Count of PARIS persevered, and the Orleanist party was beside itself with joy to think that the Revolution of 1830 had been condoned, and that the elder branch had embraced the younger branch. They might at least have remembered that, as their submission was made of their own free will, and without either asking or obtaining any conditions beforehand, it is not their place to murmur because no conditions have been vouchsafed to them since. The Count of CHAMBORD has been waiting all his life for the time when France should recover from her madness, and seek in legitimate and hereditary Monarchy the peace which she has forfeited by her flirtations with Republicanism, with Constitutional Royalty, with Democratic Imperialism. The Orleanists have of their own accord placed themselves by his side and consented to share his vigil. They have no right to find fault with him because he does not invite France to begin a new career of political coquetry by presenting himself as a Constitutional King.

There are two difficulties in the way of the Count of CHAMBORD doing what the Orleanist section of the Fusion call upon him to do. In the first place, it is hard for him to say anything; in the second place, it is still harder for him to say anything to the purpose. He is in the position of a kind father deserted by his unthankful children. It is the children's place to come back to him, not his to hold out inducements to them to return. His terms have never varied; they have from first to last been submission on their side, to be followed by gracious forgiveness on his side. Now some of his children, a little less obdurate than the rest, have yielded the required submission, and then, almost before they have risen from their knees, have begun to insist on his making this and that concession as the price of their continuing to live with him. What can the Count of CHAMBORD do in such a case except remind them that it is they who profess to have changed, not he; that it is they who have consented to accept his idea of Monarchy, not he who has consented to accept their idea? The theory on which the Count of CHAMBORD's whole life has been arranged seems incompatible with the idea of his offering pledges or guarantees as the price of his restoration. Supposing, however, that this natural unwillingness on his part can be got over, and that the Count of CHAMBORD persuades himself to put forth some declaration of the principles on which he is ready to govern France, what is the declaration to include? It must contain something about the history of France for the last eighty years. Yet what can a BOURBON say of the First Revolution that Liberal Frenchmen can endure to hear? It must contain something about that particular event which made exiles of the elder branch of the Royal House. Yet what can HENRY V. say of the Revolution of 1830 that can please the men or the children of the men who placed LOUIS PHILIPPE on the throne? It must contain something about the Church. Yet what can the Sovereign who has consistently taken PIUS IX. for his example say that will satisfy a nation which has no other thought about the POPE than a determination not to draw the sword in his behalf? It is very well to censure the Count of CHAMBORD's obstinacy in not meeting the wishes of his followers by a frank acceptance of Liberal principles in Church and State, but if his critics would take the trouble to draw out the phrases in which this acceptance is to be conveyed, they would find that it is not very easy to frame them. Besides this, the Orleanists are but one element of the Fusion, and a declaration which would thoroughly please them might thoroughly displease the other element. The natural counsellors of the Count of CHAMBORD are not Orleanists, but Legitimists; not laymen who regard the Church as a useful political engine, but priests who regard the State as a mere instrument with which the Church is to work out her designs for the good of mankind. His special friends in the Assembly are not likely to draw up a political manifesto that will meet the views of the *Journal des Débats*, nor is the Archbishop of PARIS likely to be more successful in composing a religious manifesto. If the barrier between Orleanists and Legitimists had been merely personal—if there had been no question as to the principles on which France should be governed, but only as to whether the carrying out of these principles should be entrusted to the Count of CHAMBORD or the Count of PARIS—the visit of the latter to Frohsdorf would

have been a patriotic surrender of individual claims. But underneath the personal question lies a political question. The issue between the two sections of the Royalists is not who shall govern France; were it that only, all the obstacles to union between them would now be removed. It is how France shall be governed; and no matter what declarations the Count of CHAMBORD may be persuaded to put forth, the antagonism between Legitimacy and utility, between the Syllabus and modern society, will remain unsoftened.

The rumours as to the intention of the Ministry to propose a prolongation of Marshal MACMAHON's powers are probably so far well founded that the Duke of BROGLIE is seriously considering how the Conservative party ought to act in the event of a Restoration being proved to be impossible. He is too shrewd a politician not to foresee that it is necessary to be prepared for this contingency. No doubt he would like to see a moderately Liberal Restoration, and in his dread of Radicalism he might even be willing to put up with a Restoration with the moderately Liberal qualification omitted. But this frame of mind is quite compatible with realizing how improbable it is that the Count of CHAMBORD will lend himself to the former solution, and how impossible it is that France should accept the latter. In that case what are the Conservatives to do, except prolong Marshal MACMAHON's powers? There are great disadvantages attendant upon such a move, but when there is only a choice of evils, this is not a conclusive argument against any given selection. Monarchy being disposed of, there will remain only three alternatives—the Empire, the Republic, and a continuation of the present provisional and anomalous compromise. We acquit the Duke of BROGLIE of any conscious design of restoring the Empire. That, as M. THIERS predicted, may yet be the result of his action on the 24th of May; but it will not be the result he intended. Even if, as is far from unlikely, the Duke is slowly coming round to the conviction that a Conservative Republic is, under present circumstances, the best form of government for France, he would hardly care to proclaim his conversion quite so early. And even on this hypothesis, the prolongation of Marshal MACMAHON's power would on the whole be the best way out of the immediate difficulty. It is of the utmost importance to the prospects of a Conservative Republic that it should be set up under conditions which will quiet the alarms of the Conservative party. It may be said that the conditions which M. THIERS's Government supplied ought to have sufficed for this purpose, but as a matter of fact they did not. But with Marshal MACMAHON at the head of affairs the most timid shopkeeper or the most suspicious peasant may feel that his life and his property are safe, and that he may buy and sell and get gain with no anxieties save such as flow from the ordinary vicissitudes of business. Political predictions are notoriously unsafe in France; but as between the Count of CHAMBORD and Marshal MACMAHON, it seems more probable that Marshal MACMAHON will remain President than that the Count of CHAMBORD will become King.

INCOME-TAX FALLACIES.

A FAINT revival of the old controversy on the Income-tax may perhaps only indicate the autumnal scarcity of topics of interest. Mr. W. H. GLADSTONE indeed remarked at Whitby that the PRIME MINISTER could not be supposed to regard the tax with especial favour, inasmuch as he formed an elaborate plan twenty years ago for the gradual and total abolition of the burden. It might have been added that since 1853 Mr. GLADSTONE has repeatedly increased and varied the tax, and that he has often and lucidly explained the reasons which render a partial remission unjust, if not impracticable. As the constituency of Whitby were informed in the same speech that Mr. GLADSTONE declined the task of disestablishing the Church only by reason of weariness and advancing years, it may be inferred that the object was rather to consult the wishes of the electors than to give them official information. It is extremely improbable that the most skillful and experienced of living financiers should gratuitously announce the provisions of his future Budget six or seven months in advance. No similar obligation of secrecy is imposed on financial amateurs; nor is there any reason why they should not tender their advice to the Government before it is too late to adopt their suggestions. Mr. LEON LEVI commenced the discussion by proposing the commutation of the tax on trading and professional incomes into an impost, not

on the class which was to be relieved, but on the whole community. Mr. JOHN MILL in a well-known passage recommended a House-tax as a fair approach to an Income-tax because, "if what a person pays in house-rent is a test of anything, it is a test not of what he possesses, but of what he thinks he can afford to spend." The assumption that capacity of expenditure rather than extent of possession ought to be the standard of liability to taxation is more than questionable. A shilling got, a shilling saved, and a shilling spent bear the same proportion to the entire wealth of the nation; nor is there any reason why the tax-collector should discriminate between equivalent values. Nevertheless Mr. MILL's theory may be defended by plausible arguments which would be wholly inapplicable to Mr. LEVI's proposal. If a House-tax is a fair and self-adjusted Income-tax, it ought to be imposed once for all, and equally whereas Mr. LEVI's plan is to extend the present house tax as "the simplest mode of providing the two or three millions required to supply the void of the tax on professional incomes." The owners of property are, as at present to pay a percentage on their incomes, and they are also to be mulcted in a House-tax for the benefit of brewers, bankers, cotton-spinners, and lessees of coal. The tax, according to Mr. LEVI's proposal, is to be extended downwards to houses of the value of 10l., and to be graduated so as to increase the rate on higher rents. The present limit of 20l. is arbitrary, and was originally unfair; but Mr. DISRAELI's proposal of including houses of 10l. rental and upwards was rejected by the House of Commons in 1852, and before and since that time the inequality has been in some degree redressed by the self-acting process of readjustment, which is common to all permanent taxes. The wanton experiment of graduation is not more applicable to a House-tax than to any other tax, and it would furnish a mischievous precedent. It seems impossible to convince financial theorists that it is not the business of Chancellors of the Exchequer to correct the inequalities of fortune by altering the relative condition of taxpayers.

Mr. LEVI has been followed, as might have been expected by many other claimants for the relief of the unhappy contributors to Schedule D. The present agitators are perhaps the same who a few months ago less candidly demanded the total abolition of the Income-tax. It was, in fact, never intended that the recipients of fixed incomes should share the exemption with the numerous and powerful body of traders. The repeal of the Income-tax would have been almost necessarily accompanied by the imposition of a tax upon property which would have reproduced the present tax with the omission of Schedule D. It seems almost useless to demonstrate again and again the iniquity of a deliberately partial system of taxation. The enormous sums received annually in the form of profits and professional earnings are as permanent as the amount of rents and interest, and they are far more elastic. If the tax, amounting to two millions and a half, were added to the total returns under Schedule D, Parliament would have gratuitously enriched the trading and professional classes at the expense of the rest of the community. Annuitants, widows, and small fundholders and freeholders are already suffering under the increased price of coal, of which by far the greater part goes into the pockets of the lessees. Mr. LEVI and his allies propose that their small income shall be still further reduced, with the result of adding to the gains of the producers of coal. There are banks in London dating from the seventeenth century, and breweries which were established early in the eighteenth. Few fixed incomes have an equally long pedigree; and yet it is proposed that vast revenues derived from trade should be exceptionally exempt from taxation. Except for the purpose of illustration, any reference to the duration of trading incomes would be irrelevant. It matters nothing whether an income is worth two years' or two hundred years' purchase nor is it material to inquire whether the present recipient have succeeded by descent or purchase to former possessors. One year's income is chargeable with one year's tax, and twenty or fifty years' income is chargeable with the corresponding number of payments. As long as legislation is unaffected by doctrines of Socialism, no Minister would propose that a partial equalization of incomes should, except as an incident of taxation, be effected by means of a forced contribution paid by property to trade. If the public expenses were paid out of the receipts from State domains, no tax would be necessary, and the returns of trade and industry would, under the influence of economic causes, bear a certain proportion to the annual value of realized property.

The present Income-tax would affect all incomes equally, and therefore fairly, if only the receipts under Schedule D were not enormously reduced by fraud and evasion. Mr. LEVI oddly deduces from the losses to the revenue by false returns the strange conclusion that the class which furnishes the delinquents ought to be wholly exempted. "As Mr. GLADSTONE said, 'the exemption of one man means the taxation of another.'" The evasions of a tradesman impose a comparatively trifling tax on the landowner and the fundholder. The exemption of all trades and professional incomes would mean an addition of a considerable percentage to the tax on the returns of property. As Mr. GLADSTONE has frequently explained, the adoption of Mr. LEVI's scheme would involve, not only injustice to all other owners of property, but a direct breach of contract with the national creditor. The Acts which authorised the loans provided that the lenders should be subject to no special taxation, while the opponents of Schedule D deliberately propose to tax the fundholder for the relief of the traders who are included among his debtors. It is impossible to examine the matter from any point of view without finding fresh illustrations of its gross iniquity. The objections to Schedule D which are founded on the temptations which it may offer to fraud hardly furnish a sufficient reason for granting a boon to the wrongdoers.

Mr. WHITE, member for Brighton, in a letter to a local newspaper, undertakes to mitigate the injustice of a discriminatory tax by retaining the charge on quarries, mines, ironworks, and similar undertakings; yet the lessee of a coal mine or the manufacturer of iron is as well entitled to exemption as a brewer or a banker, who in a precisely analogous manner earns a return on his capital. The transfer of ironworks to Schedule A would put ironmasters on the same footing with landowners; but it would merely render the rule of exemption more flagrantly capricious. Mr. WHITE may well save himself the trouble of adjusting taxes with apparent fairness when he candidly admits that it is his object to gratify popular feeling and prejudice by taxing the wealthier part of the community. "It ought not to be forgotten," he says, or rather it may be well in defiance of notorious facts to assert, "that it is the rich alone that now impose the taxes that the poor pay." Mr. LEVI, on the contrary, remarks with truth and candour that, "so far from their being heavily taxed, 'the labouring classes are regarded with special consideration in the present system of finance.'" The truth is that household voters, through their representatives, impose the Income-tax, which is not paid by those who have less than 100*l.* a year, nor indeed by artisans who earn double the amount; but Mr. WHITE's clients expect to be flattered, and they are not disappointed. "Hence," he proceeds, "there ought to be some large 'unmistakable tax levied on realized property, a tax which 'especially taxed rich people, otherwise there would be—I 'might say, there ought to be—much bitterness and discontent.'" The confusion between riches and realized property is common, and perhaps intentional. A small portion of realized property may leave the owner poor, as a large earned income makes him rich. Mr. WHITE subjects to his penal tax every man who receives 100*l.* a year from the Funds or from interest on a mortgage; and, indeed, when taxes are once imposed out of spite, or to propitiate unreasoning envy, it becomes useless to discuss incidental inequalities. If there were no taxes, the rich would still be objects of jealousy; but even Mr. WHITE would scarcely propose that they should be subjected to an arbitrary forfeiture for the purpose of appeasing the bitterness and discontent which he thinks fit to recognize and justify. Any Ministry which may direct the finances of the country will be well advised in leaving the Income-tax alone, as far as its principle is concerned; but the limit of exemption might be fairly raised in consequence of the increased cost of living, and in consideration of the exemption which highly-paid workmen secure for themselves in defiance of the law. There is no reason why a clerk or a curate should be taxed when a collier with double the income makes no return.

THE DOVER ELECTION.

ALTHOUGH the general election is understood to have been postponed till next year, there are abundant signs of electoral effervescence. It appears that there is a crowd of fourteen candidates waiting for the chance of an opening at Bath, whilst at Tralee the Home Rulers and the

supporters of The O'DONOGHUE have come to blows over a vacancy which has not yet been formally declared. It is not very long since a member of an English Ministry thought it necessary to describe The O'DONOGHUE in the House of Commons as a mannikin traitor; but since then messages of peace have naturally confirmed the faith of his countrymen in the efficacy of seditious menaces, each dose of which, it is thought, should be stronger than the last. Under the circumstances The O'DONOGHUE will probably be rejected as a lukewarm patriot. It has been calculated that throughout the whole of the United Kingdom the Conservatives have during the last five years won twenty-eight seats against ten won by the Liberals, and the chances would seem to be for the present still in their favour. The next election will take place at Dover, but there the issues would appear to be too strictly local and private to throw much light on the general drift of opinion. The MASTER of the ROLLS found it convenient to postpone his retirement from the seat until his former opponent, who had announced his intention to renew the contest at the next vacancy, had gone abroad; and Mr. FORBES, the Ministerial candidate, has enjoyed the advantage of his rival's absence. Mr. FORBES has been significantly introduced to the constituency as "a gentleman who 'has the conduct of a large and important railway—a railway which at the present moment is 'spending something like 1,000*l.* a week in the town of 'Dover.'" It has further been pointed out that he is also connected with other Railway Companies, and with various large business undertakings, and that he is "a gentleman able and willing to do the best he can for the benefit 'of the town.'" Mr. FORBES himself has taken care to assure the electors that he has acquired a knowledge of the interests of Dover, and "of the extent to which the interests 'of Dover are identical with the interests of the under-'taking with which he is connected, and with the interests 'of JAMES STAATS FORBES"; and he thinks there is a good deal to be done for Dover, and that "it will answer his purpose 'very well to do it.'" It must be admitted that Mr. FORBES appears to be eminently a man of business habits, who goes straight to the point. Instead of troubling the electors with tiresome political dissertations, he takes his stand simply on his "connexion with a particular institution," and on what he can make the "particular institution" do for Dover if it is made worth his while. The LORD MAYOR of London, who is a candidate for Maidstone, has been giving his friendly support to the Managing Director of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway; and it is interesting to observe the lofty and patriotic counsels which the chief civic dignitary of the country has been bestowing on the electors. He reminded them that Mr. BARNETT, the Conservative candidate, had once spoken hopefully of a tunnel between the French and English coasts; but what would be the effect of a tunnel on the trade and prosperity of Dover? "It certainly might 'be a convenient thing for the inhabitants of the kingdom 'generally," but it would be a bad thing for Dover, as traffic would be sent through it "like peas through a pea-shooter, without conferring the least benefit on the town." It may be doubted whether the Calais tunnel is not as yet somewhat a remote question; but of course that does not affect the broad principle which the LORD MAYOR lays down, that the great end of Parliamentary government is to promote the obstructive interests of every little Hole-in-the-Corner, at the expense of the general convenience and advantage of the community at large.

It will occur to every one that this is a particularly auspicious moment for the manager of a railway to offer himself for election to the House of Commons. Every day, every hour, we might almost say every half-hour, something is happening to remind us of the delightful perfection to which railway management has now been carried, and to excite feelings of grateful emotion towards the gentlemen to whose care and assiduity we are indebted for these cheerful and encouraging results. It will be admitted that railway management has now reached an amazing point of perfection. As the Assistant-Manager of the London and North-Western Railway observed last week in reference to his Company's killing a lot of people at Wigan, and heroically refusing to do anything to prevent more people being killed in the same way at the same place, there is really nothing that the Companies can do which they have not done to make their arrangements absolutely perfect. Every day brings its own evidence of the beautiful finish of these arrangements, and it will readily be understood that railway

managers, having now brought the working of their lines into such faultless order, must find time hang heavily on their hands. They have done all that can possibly be done to make their lines safe and punctual, and there is really nothing left for them to do. The working of railways has in fact become not only perfect, but automatic; and the great minds which have hitherto directed the railway system are now at leisure to take up the political regeneration of the country. It is evident that men who have transacted their own business so triumphantly are precisely those who are wanted to set everything right in the State. Mr. FORBES, it seems, has only a couple of railways to manage just at present, and he is therefore quite an idle man, and it would be a charity to find him something to do. His friend Sir E. WATKIN manages three or four Companies, and yet has plenty of time for Parliamentary work. Mr. FORBES is Managing Director of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and he is, or was lately, also a Managing Director of the Metropolitan District Railway. Anybody who did not understand railway management in its modern perfection might perhaps imagine that the management of a couple of important railways, or indeed of even one, would be almost enough for the energies of a single man. There are so many things to be seen to—the arrangement of traffic, the punctuality of trains, the security of the public, repairs on the line, wear and tear of rolling stock. Facing-points alone might be expected to cause many a sleepless night. Notions of this kind, however, are only a proof of ignorance. They show that the people who entertain them know very little about the management of railways. A master-mind does not allow itself to be disturbed by such petty details as facing-points that send trains two different ways, broken axles, or irregular speed. Some touch of human nature is to be found even in the greatest men, and it may be difficult not to feel a little momentary annoyance when accidents occur and people are killed; but a great mind knows that it is due to itself to preserve its equanimity under all circumstances. It would appear that Mr. FORBES has accustomed his two railways to manage themselves, and he is now sadly in want of some other occupation. He has formed some grand projects for the benefit of the human race, or at least of that part of it which lives at Dover. He has undertaken, as it were, to drive three horses abreast—the interests of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, the interests of Dover, and the interests of JAMES STAATS FORBES. The railway has not hitherto proved a highly lucrative investment to the shareholders, but it may perhaps be some consolation for them to know that it is at least servicable in promoting the interests of the Managing Director and of those whom he is anxious to make his constituents.

We do not know that it is of very much consequence how the election goes, and it may probably be assumed that it will turn on local calculations of what is likely to be got out of the candidates; for if Mr. FORBES is a Managing Director, Mr. BARNETT is a great contractor, and gives, it seems, handsome subscriptions to local funds. There are, however, some considerations connected with the election which are not without interest to the public at large. Travellers to and from Dover are not exclusively inhabitants of that disinterested seaport, and they would probably prefer that Mr. FORBES should be left to give his undivided attention to the safety of passengers. If the history of railway accidents were closely analysed, it would, we suspect, be found that they are due in a large degree to the fact that the actual working of the lines is regarded as a mere detail of quite secondary importance. Railways are not conducted, as other forms of commercial enterprise are conducted, for the sake of the direct profits which they yield, but for the sake of all sorts of indirect and contingent speculations. The minds of directors are filled with grand schemes of financing, amalgamations, extensions, investments in land, building projects, docks or shipping enterprises; and railway managers spend half the year preparing schemes and plans, and the other half in haunting the Committee Rooms of St. Stephen's. The working of the lines, the keeping of the shop as it were, is meanwhile left to common clerks and porters. If managers and managing directors would only stick to their own proper work, there would probably be fewer accidents and better dividends. Again, it may be doubted whether at the present moment it is likely to be altogether for the benefit of the public that the railway interest in the House of Commons should be strengthened. There are several important questions which will have to come before Parliament, as, for example,

whether the continuance of dangerous level crossings, and the conversion of main lines into a series of goods-yards, with expresses constantly dashing through them, should be left absolutely at the discretion of the Companies, and also whether means cannot be devised of providing a simple and more summary process of obtaining damages for injury to life and limb; and every railway director who is returned means another vote in favour of reckless and homicidal management.

There is also another question which is suggested by the proceedings at Dover. What is bribery and corruption? Mr. FORBES has indignantly repelled the accusation that the screw has been applied to the clerks and workmen on the railway to compel them to vote for him, and we have no reason to doubt his word. The screw will not be of much effect against the Ballot; but there are other influences which the managing director of a great Company has at his disposal. It is quite possible that a railway may be worked in such a way as to give a particular town a great local advantage over other towns along the line. Trains may be run to suit its convenience; rates may be adjusted in its interest; and works may be established to swell its population and to bring money into the town. A managing director has a vast amount of patronage at his disposal, and has constantly to give decisions which may affect very considerably the interests of the place. It appears that there is a rivalry between Dover and Folkestone as to which should be the chief port for Continental traffic when the new docks at Boulogne are constructed, and Mr. FORBES promises the people of Dover that, if they elect him, he will do all he can in favour of Dover and against Folkestone. Very possibly Dover is for this purpose better than Folkestone, but the question is one which should be determined by other considerations than electoral favour. Mr. FORBES will no doubt say that he is only exercising the legitimate influence of his position in connexion, as he puts it, with a particular institution, and we do not say that he is not. We merely wish to point out the existence of a new and dangerous form of political corruption.

PROGRESS OF INDIA.

WE have at length seen a model blue-book. The "Statement exhibiting the Moral and Material Progress and Condition of India during the year 1871-72" is the first of a new series of the Reports annually presented by the India Office, and it has been arranged so as to admit of easy reference on the part of persons interested in any one of the fifteen heads under which the affairs of India are grouped. Where necessary, the account of what has been done during the year under review is prefaced by a summary of the earlier history of the subject. Several maps of India are inserted, each coloured to illustrate the particular subject treated of. When we add that the statement seems to be thoroughly well done, and that there is a very full table of contents prefixed to it, and that it is comprised within a blue-book of 160 pages, we shall not be thought to have praised Mr. MARKHAM'S labours too highly. Englishmen cannot now complain of the impossibility of getting any information on Indian subjects. If they study this volume and its successors, they may easily know more about India than they probably know about their own country.

There is something very striking in the picture here presented of the Indian Government. There may be different opinions as to the wisdom which characterizes its labours, but there can be none as to the motive which dictates them. Everywhere the Government is seen playing the part of a visible Providence. To those who are accustomed to the conception of government which prevails in England this continual activity may seem excessive, but India is yet a long way from the point at which a people becomes demoralized by having too much done for it. In the most pressing needs to which they are exposed the natives cannot help themselves. They are powerless in the presence of great natural catastrophes; they can but sit and watch for the rain when it is due, and die of famine if it does not come. Drought and famine are on too large a scale in India to be healed by mere private enterprise. "Agriculture in India," says Mr. MARKHAM, "is susceptible of almost indefinite improvement." The natives work only by rule of thumb, and the improvement of existing products equally with the introduction of new ones depends in the first instance entirely on the Government. In the year with which this Statement has to

do Lord MAYO created a new department of "Revenue, Agriculture, and Commerce," which has charge of all questions relating to land, trade, and statistics. As regards the last subject especially there is an immense amount of work to be done. The survey of only a part of Bengal, carried on under the Court of Directors between the years 1807 and 1813, fills fifty folio volumes of maps and manuscripts, and some record of the kind exists in almost every district. In 1871 Dr. HENTER was appointed Director-General of the new Statistical Survey, and the appendix to his book on Orissa forms the first part of his labours. The need of correct statistics has been strikingly shown by the results of the Census of 1871. In Bengal, says the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, the Census may almost be said to have revolutionized our ideas as to the amount of the population, as to its distribution over districts, races, and religions, and as to the incidence of taxation. The population of the provinces under the Government of Bengal had been set down in round numbers at forty-two millions. It turned out to be sixty-six millions. Of these nearly a third are Mahometans, and in certain districts the Mahometans are largely in excess of the Hindus. These districts do not include the ancient seats of Mahometan power, for at Dacca, Patna, and Murshidabad there are scarcely any Mahometans. The conclusion drawn from this fact is that the Bengal Mahometans are not descendants of the old conquerors, but of converts who were low-caste Hindus, and who embraced Islam to escape from their ignoble position under the Hindu system. It is a startling reflection that Bengal alone contains more Mahometans than any other country in the world. The taking of the Census was regarded with great suspicion by the lower classes among the natives. The general belief was that it was the forerunner of a new tax, but in some places it was supposed that the inhabitants were to be drafted to the hills, where coolies were wanted; and in Murshidabad a still more rigorous Malthusianism was attributed to the Government in the shape of a report that the authorities intended to blow the surplus population away from gunga.

The most important chapter perhaps in the Statement is that which deals with irrigation. A convenient map shows the various degrees in which an artificial supply of water is necessary and important in India. In the North-West there is a region, comprising all Sind and half the Punjab, in which the annual rainfall is less than fifteen inches. Here without irrigation human life cannot be sustained. Surrounding this arid zone there is a Northern dry zone from one to two hundred miles in width, in which the annual rainfall is between fifteen and thirty inches. This district includes Delhi and Agra. A similar zone extends over the interior of the peninsula south of Bombay. In both these cases also irrigation is essential to the existence of the population. The upper part of the valley of the Ganges, Central India, and the Eastern coast of the Madras Presidency constitute a fourth zone, in which the rainfall is between thirty and sixty inches. Even here great distress is often caused by want of irrigation. The deltas of the Mahanadi and the Ganges, together with a strip of land along the northern side of the Ganges valley, have a rainfall of from sixty to seventy-five inches. Here irrigation becomes a luxury, often useful, but never necessary. On the West coast of the peninsula and on the East coast of the Bay of Bengal come two zones of excessive rainfall where irrigation finds no place. Mr. MARKHAM gives a full and interesting account of the steps which the Government of India has been taking for many years past to meet these several needs. In 1864 it was decided that the State should undertake the irrigation works instead of entrusting them to private Companies with guaranteed interest. In 1867 an Inspector-General of Irrigation was appointed, with Irrigation Secretaries in each Presidency. Every year a sum is assigned for irrigation works from the ordinary revenues of the year, which is not to be transferred to any other class of works. When this sum is spent additional works may be executed by loans. The Irrigation Department has also under its charge the vast system of embankments which in the zones of excessive rainfall are required to protect the country from disastrous inundations.

The connexion usually supposed to exist between the need for irrigation and the preservation of forests is doubted by Dr. BRANDIS and other officers of experience. But even if the absolute rainfall is not diminished by the denudation of the country, forests are of great indirect importance to the success of irrigation schemes. Where the mountains are bare, the surface drainage is extremely rapid, the

irrigating rivers are flooded in the wet season, and deprived of part of their supply during the dry season. Where the forests are preserved, the surface drainage is gradual, the springs remain longer full, and the need for husbanding water becomes at the same time both less urgent and more easily supplied. Besides this, timber is in great and increasing demand for fuel, for building, and for use on railways. Rich as India naturally is in forests, the Government has great difficulties to contend with in preserving them. In the unreserved forests, which are under the management of local officers, the people possess or exercise rights of pasturage, of burning, and of desultory and exhausting cultivation, which annually cause great destruction of timber. Jungle fires are constantly lighted either to clear a space for cultivation or for the sake of the fresh grass which springs up afterwards. In the patches thus cleared a crop is raised for a single year without the aid either of the plough or the spade. In the following year the field is abandoned and another patch of forest burnt down. A more costly mode of agriculture cannot be imagined. To gain a single crop millions of seedling trees are destroyed, while for a considerable distance round the bark of the trees is scorched, the wood exposed to the air, and the timber rendered hollow and useless. As yet forest legislation is extremely imperfect. By an Act passed in 1865 the local Governments are empowered to prohibit the destruction of trees, but the Act does not extend to Madras and Bombay, and has not been largely applied even in Bengal. Existing forest rights and the difficulty of exercising effective supervision in the more remote districts present serious obstacles to any real improvement in this direction. Besides the plantations made for the supply of timber, large tracts of ground are now set apart in the hills for the growth of the cinchona plant. On the Nilgiri hills there are now more than two million and a half of plants, and it is found that the bark of the cultivated tree is very much richer in quinine than the bark of the wild tree. Large quantities are now exported, while in India itself the Government is doing its best to bring quinine within the reach of all classes. This is the more important since the progress of irrigation, necessary as it is to the support of the population, in many districts is found to increase the prevalence of fever.

As regards the administration of justice, the most notable feature is the number of civil suits. In Oudh they have doubled in four years; in the North-Western Provinces the number during the year 1871-72 was the highest since the mutiny. This is held to be a sign of great indebtedness and poverty. The suits "are generally for money on written promises to pay, and on very small sums The principal is never paid off, but the interest is mercifully exacted, and the people become slaves to the money-lenders." Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL is disposed to think that the "tendency to uphold doctrines of bare law, and the literal enforcement of contracts alleged to have been entered into by ignorant and improvident people," operate very harshly against the poor. In England the same evil existed before the institution of County Courts, and it eminently deserves consideration whether some similar relief could not be applied in India. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL is also opposed to the present multiplication of appeals, as giving immense advantage to the rich, and promoting a litigious temper among a race which has no need of external stimulus in that direction. The criminal interest of the year chiefly attaches to the North-West Provinces, where the police are engaged in putting down hereditary thieving and preventing infanticide. There are twenty-nine tribes who support themselves during part of the year by systematic plunder, the gains being divided according to a fixed rule. By an Act passed in 1871 the Government is empowered to remove a criminal tribe into a reformatory settlement, where the members are provided with land at low rates, and encouraged to live an honest life. At the same time they are subjected to rigorous police supervision, and arrested if found beyond the limits of the settlement. Infanticide is being attacked by accurate registration of births and by frequent inspection of female infants. Any village in which the number of girls is less than 40 per cent. that of the whole number of children is proclaimed, and in the proclaimed villages the police supervision is exceptionally rigorous. The cost of the extra police required is paid by a small tax on each house. The number of girls surviving infancy is already decidedly on the increase.

THE SPEAKER AND HIS LABOURERS.

A YEAR has passed since the SPEAKER publicly invited the labourers in his employment to invest their savings in his farm. He offered to pay them a small fixed interest on their investments, and also to give them a share in the profits of the farming capital to which they were to contribute. Mr. BRAND's position and character naturally attracted attention to a scheme which might well be generally adopted if it were found advantageous in a particular instance. Neither the proposer of the plan nor those who discussed its merits considered that the admission of labourers to a qualified partnership in the farm would be useful or generally practicable if it were an act of voluntary benevolence. A change in the economic relations of different classes can only be effected by an appeal to the interests of those concerned. Farmers would probably find it worth while to share their profits to some extent with their labourers if a modified system of co-operation were found to promote industry and fidelity. On the other hand, labourers would perhaps work more steadily if they were certain that regularity and energy would better their condition. After the lapse of twelve months the SPEAKER at his harvest-home dinner has expressed his regret that not one of his labourers had thought fit to accept his proposal. Reluctance to try a novel experiment is not a proof that it would have failed; but the authority of the labourers of Glynde, whatever it may be worth, confirms the opinion of economists, that the well-meant offer of the SPEAKER was founded on an erroneous theory. One objection to the boon which he tendered was that it was insignificant in amount. The profits of the Glynde farm may perhaps in favourable years be 10 per cent. on the capital employed, or 2*l.* on 20*l.* invested by a labourer. The landlord undertook to pay a fixed interest of 2½ per cent., so that, in a year when the profits were absorbed by the losses, the labourer would only receive 10*s.* on his investment. Although the workman might scarcely make the calculation for himself, astute advisers would perhaps suggest that his acceptance of a fractional partnership would give him, to the extent of his contribution, an interest in resisting an advance of wages. A rise of a shilling a week would produce 2*l.* 12*s.* in the year, and it might perhaps annihilate for the time the farmer's profits. Country labourers have recently learnt the ruinous doctrine which has long been held by artisans, that labour and capital are necessarily and perpetually hostile to one another; and it is a legitimate inference from the fundamental proposition that the losses or gains of the investor vary inversely with those of the workman. By the suspicious rural mind the SPEAKER's offer was perhaps construed as an attempt to overreach his labourers, disguised in the form of a bribe.

A more substantial defect in the scheme is the unsoundness of the calculation on which it is founded. A share of profits unaccompanied by liability to loss can only be secured by a guarantee. To a wealthy landowner the sacrifice of a few hundreds in a bad year may matter little; but the ordinary farmer will not undertake a risk without some equivalent advantage. A more feasible plan, which has been adopted in some parts of the country, consists in a scale of extra payments for skilled labour in proportion to its results. It is not unusual to allow a shepherd a certain sum in addition to his wages for every lamb which is reared; nor would it be unreasonable to give labourers on an arable farm a bonus calculated on the excess over a fixed amount of the profits of a grain crop; but, on the whole, it is probably best for all parties that the price of labour should depend on the market rate. When workmen are scarce they have within certain limits the power of dictating their own terms; nor is there any reason why they should not stipulate for the nature as well as for the amount of their remuneration. There are districts in which every labourer requires grass for a cow as a part of his wages; and no custom tends more directly to promote the health of the population. In a rapidly rising market it is not likely that labourers will prefer to an increase of wages a moderately profitable mode of investing their savings. The jealousy and discontent which have been sedulously promoted by aggressive agitators probably disincline labourers to listen with candour to the most liberal offers from landlords whom they are taught to regard as their natural enemies. The organ of the Agricultural Labourers' Union teaches them that the improvement of their condition can only be attained by social revolution. The robbery or expropriation of the landowners excites far more enthusiasm than any measure tending merely to the increase of wages.

The so-called Conservatives who, in pursuance of Mr. DISRAELI's former policy, are now bidding against Mr. GLADSTONE for the opportunity of extending household suffrage to counties, will do well to study the writings and speeches of the rural demagogues. Two phrases which also appear in the publications of the Birmingham League are admirably calculated by their suggestive vagueness to stimulate imaginative capidity. "Free land" and "free labour" might be supposed to imply the removal of restrictions such as those which protective duties impose on commercial exchange; yet the freedom of land is only limited by the freedom of disposal allowed to the owners; and labour is in every intelligible sense absolutely free from the choice or caprice of employers. The only existing impediment to freedom of labour is offered by Trade Unions, which, whether or not they conduce to the interests of workmen, are certainly not devoted to the maintenance of freedom. As used by agitators, the phrase "free labour" seems to mean labour which is highly paid, or perhaps exemption from legal liability to perform industrial contracts. The demand for "free land" is still more ambiguous, although it is used with a sufficiently definite purpose by the avowed advocates of confiscation. The Labourers' Unions have no interest in the abolition of settlements and entails, except so far as absolute ownership might possibly in some cases promote the expenditure of capital on improvements. By "free land" demagogues really mean land free either from private ownership, or at least relieved from the titles of its present possessors. That the redistribution of the land in smaller portions would leave the principle of ownership in land both untouched and practically strengthened is a consideration too remote for revolutionary theorists. Co-operative farming, which may perhaps at some future time be successfully attempted, is not less dependent than petty freehold culture on absolute ownership of land. The political section of agricultural labourers have within a year or two advanced to many of the conclusions which are propounded by Continental reformers at the Hague or at Geneva; but it may be safely assumed that the scheme of vesting the ownership of land in the State would find no favour with rural workmen.

Such schemes as that projected by Mr. BRAND will be more likely to succeed if they are not publicly advertised. A landowner or farmer who knows himself to possess the confidence of an intelligent labourer may persuade him to try an experiment of co-operation or partnership which would inevitably be repeated if it were found to succeed. An allotment of two or three acres of pasture land at a fair farming rent would in many cases provide a better opportunity of investment than a fractional share in the profits of a farm. The distribution of profits among workmen, which has been tried by one or two coalowners and ironmasters, appears not to have succeeded so far as to be widely imitated. It would be highly desirable that some intelligent body of colliers should accept Mr. ELIOT's offer of the lease of a coalpit on equitable terms, to be worked by themselves; yet the distinction between profits and wages is natural and indestructible. Associated capitalists would still be capitalists with an interest in obtaining cheap labour, while the same persons in their capacity of workmen would desire to obtain the highest possible wages. As long as the shares were widely and equally distributed, general opinion might perhaps encourage regular and productive labour; but the proprietors would, if their undertaking were profitable, admit new partners only on onerous terms; and if they employed hired labourers to assist them, they would be found hard and niggardly taskmasters. The anarchical theorists at Geneva and other places, to whose discussions an excessive amount of attention has lately been directed, are already divided in opinion on the question of co-operation. The more sagacious of their leaders understand that, even when they are received by the same persons, profits and wages are necessarily distinct. Agitation might easily disorganize industry, but it will have no effect in modifying the economic conditions of production. If Unions are necessary to secure to labourers the just price of their work, it would be unjust as well as useless to object to their introduction into the rural districts. Combinations for promoting emigration are not less legitimate and justifiable. Unfortunately the demagogues who have assumed the control of the movement have already almost lost sight of the objects which they originally affected to pursue. The virulence of the agitators against the clergy indicates the influence of Dissenting preachers, and partially explains the coldness by which the

clergy offend the sentimental patrons of Agricultural Unions. Instead of protesting against the stinginess of farmers, the professed leaders of the Unions sometimes indulge their sectarian prejudices by denouncing Mr. GLADSTONE because he is supposed to be friendly to the Church, Mr. FORSTER because he has left a Dissenting body, and Mr. LOWE for the forcible reason that he is the son of a clergyman.

HOME RULE AND THE IRISH PRIESTS.

IT is more surprising that the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops should so long have been silent on the question of Home Rule than that they should now have begun to speak on it. The natural tendency of the Catholic clergy in Ireland is always to take the popular side in politics. Their own feelings and sympathies are acted on by the same considerations that move the feelings of the laity, and their dependence on their flocks gives them a direct personal interest in being on good terms with them. An Irish priest who took the side of the English Government in Irish politics must count to reap the consequences in diminished fees and diminished influence. One exception to this general rule has grown up of late years. Since the POPE has been a sufferer by revolution the Roman Catholic Church has steadily set her face against revolutionary movements. She does not mind intriguing against the German Empire or the Italian kingdom, because she regards them as the offspring of the very tendencies she so much dislikes, but insurrections which aim at the establishment of a Republic are hateful for their associations, if not for themselves. So long, therefore, as the Nationalist movement in Ireland was identified with Fenianism, the priests had no choice but to stand aloof from it. Catholic policy in Europe generally overrode in the minds of the authorities Catholic interests in a particular country. As regards the bishops, no doubt obedience to Rome was made easier by the conviction that Fenianism was a hopeless cause. Still it could not have been pleasant for the clergy to find themselves almost for the first time in a position of declared or passive antagonism to their people. Their influence over them had been so mixed up with their leadership in secular matters, that it was difficult to feel sure that it would not be put in peril by their abandonment of that character; and among the lower class of priests there was probably sufficient sympathy with the movement for its own sake to make the episcopal restraint exceedingly irksome. It was to be expected therefore that the clergy would look out eagerly for an opportunity of reinstating themselves in the affections of the people. The Nationalist agitation, now that it has discarded its more ambitious designs, and re-christened itself by the innocent title of the Home Rule movement, provides just the occasion they are in search of. It implies no disloyalty to the English Crown, for, whatever schemes the promoters of the agitation may hold in reserve, they profess at present no wish to repudiate Imperial control, nor even Imperial legislation, except in matters affecting the internal affairs of Ireland. Unlike Fenianism, it is a movement in which everybody can bear his part without danger, so that the exhortations of the clergy to have nothing to say to it would not be seconded by motives of worldly prudence. It is probable, therefore, that these exhortations would have proved useless, even if they had been uttered, and there is nothing which the Irish bishops would more dislike than to see an agitation to which they had shown themselves either hostile or indifferent become universally popular. Nothing is more injurious to natural leadership than the discovery that natural leaders can be dispensed with. Nor is there any need why they should put any restraint on themselves in this matter. In an Irish Legislature the Roman Catholic clergy would exercise very great power, and as it would be difficult to exclude the endowment of religion from the purely local concerns of each kingdom, they would certainly get the educational endowments they want, even if they got nothing more. On the other hand, the University Bill of last Session represented the largest amount of concession to be looked for from an English Minister, and after that was rejected they had nothing left to hope for from Mr. GLADSTONE. Thus all the reasoning which is likely to have weight with them pointed the same way, and the result is seen in the resolutions which have just been adopted by the Bishop and clergy of the diocese of Cloyne.

The effect on the Home Rule movement of this public admission of the Roman Catholic clergy will perhaps not be very

great. In point of fact, its dimensions are already almost as imposing as they can be. It is probable that nearly every seat in Ireland, except those in which Protestantism is an indispensable title to the confidence of the voters, will be carried by the Home Rule party at the general election, and even the support of the priests can hardly make the triumph more complete. The Irish populace have not waited to be told that the claim of legislative independence for Ireland is "the assertion of a true principle and the vindication of an outraged right." They have made up their minds on this point without the aid of the clergy. Still, though the movement may not be really strengthened by the Cloyne resolutions, and the others for which they will supply the pattern, it will receive a sort of official stamp which has hitherto been wanting to it. It is open to any one to deny the seriousness of a popular movement in Ireland with which the priests have nothing to do; but now that they have given it their formal recognition it will be impossible to deny any longer that England is once more confronted by a formidable Irish agitation. There will again be an independent Irish Opposition in the House of Commons giving neither party its certain support, but tempting both by offers of momentary co-operation, and upsetting the calculations of both by unexpected desertions. The solid benefits which have been conferred on Ireland by the legislation of 1869 and 1870 will be forgotten, and the old commonplaces about English misrule will be revived, because England does not choose to risk seeing the policy of the Empire interfered with by so-called local legislation. Still it will be well to be on our guard against exaggeration even in the presence of so annoying a conviction. The Home Rule movement will certainly be less formidable than any of its predecessors. The very circumstance which gives it numerical strength—the moderation of its demands—will in another respect prove an element of weakness. A political agitation which starts by disclaiming any intention of seeking separation from England must to Irishmen seem but a lame successor to Fenianism, or even to Repeal. Recent legislation has taken away many of the practical reasons for desiring to see a local assembly sitting in Dublin; and when that assembly is to be only a sort of subordinate Parliament, having no voice in the general policy of the Empire, the romantic and sentimental reasons for desiring it lose much of their force. Even the maintenance of an independent Opposition is less easy in practice than it is in theory. When an Irish member is on the hustings he may protest with fluent enthusiasm his determination to have no dealings with either Liberals or Conservatives until Ireland has regained her "plundered rights." But it will be difficult for him to be long in the House of Commons without learning to, associate himself with one party or the other; and the temptation to vote for a measure which he wishes to see passed, or against a Ministry which he wishes to see defeated, will be always tending to become irresistible. Nor will he be sustained by the feeling that on his own theory he has no business in the Imperial Parliament, and only keeps his seat there in order to bring about his final exclusion. That was the Nationalist position, but it is not the position of the Home Ruler. If the business of the whole Empire is brought to a stand and the establishment of a strong Government made impossible, it will be for no better reason than because Ireland cannot agree with England and Scotland as to the best mode of managing her local business.

On the other hand, the apparent smallness of the object in dispute will in some respects increase the difficulty of refusing concession. If the Home Rule movement were really what it claims to be—a proposal for relieving a Parliament confessedly overburdened by assigning specific parts of its work to local bodies representing larger or smaller members of the Empire—it would be met in a very different spirit from that which is likely to be called forth by it in its present form. Supposing, for instance, that the suggestion of local Legislatures had come from an English or Scotch member, and had merely been offered as a contribution towards the problem how to make the capacity of the Imperial Parliament keep pace with the increasing demands on it, it might have been debated with as much calmness as a proposal to distribute the House of Commons into Grand Committees. Why then, it will be asked, should so much excitement be imported into the debate because it comes from Ireland? If it is unreasonable in an Irish minority to stop the course of Imperial affairs rather than that their country should remain without a particular application of

the recognized principle of local self-government, is it not equally unreasonable in an English and Scotch majority to acquiesce in this interruption rather than concede a particular application of a recognized principle? The answer to these questions is simple enough. Home Rule in the mouth of an Irishman does not mean the same thing as Local Self-Government in the mouth of an Englishman. Before it can be taken to mean the same thing, the history and antecedents of the agitation must be forgotten. A "vindication of an outraged right," which is the phrase used by the most moderate advocates of Home Rule to describe its scope and purpose, stands for a great deal more than a desire that certain purely Irish affairs should be dealt with without being necessarily brought before the Imperial Parliament. Englishmen believe that, in spite of all assurances to the contrary, the Home Rule party in Ireland wish something for their country which is incompatible with the unity and integrity of the Empire. So long as Englishmen believe this they will resist the demand to the utmost of their strength, no matter how moderate it may be in form. Before the Home Rulers can even be listened to they must show some better evidence than a mere clerical resolution that they honestly, as well as emphatically, disclaim any intention of seeking for separation from England.

DESCRIPTIVE REPORTING.

A QUESTION has arisen as to the propriety of allowing the newspapers to publish what are called descriptive reports of the TICHBORNE trial. The descriptive reporter was already known as a new, curious, and possibly, to persons of a fastidious taste, not very agreeable, product of modern civilization. His appearance in the Law Courts marks the arrival of a new era in the conduct of judicial proceedings, which may possibly in time produce some important and rather startling results. The theory to which the descriptive reporter owes his existence would seem to be that news has no value of its own, or at least very little value except as a means of excitement and amusement. Great ideas are usually found to be germinating in many minds pretty much about the same time, and it appears to have simultaneously occurred to a number of sensational writers that the practical application to the purposes of their craft of the old saying about facts being stranger than fiction had hitherto been somewhat neglected. Fiction involves the labour of invention, while facts are ready to hand, and are often much more wonderful. Consequently a strong mixture might be concocted by dressing up facts as much as possible in the guise of fiction. This is at first sight easier than the invention of incidents for novels, and the literary result is at least equally exciting. The idea has been carried out with much cleverness and industry and with considerable audacity, and descriptive reporting now forms the staple manufacture of contemporary journalism. But the consequences threaten to be somewhat embarrassing. The art received a conspicuous impulse from the Franco-German war. There was then abundant scope for graphic writing, but since the war ceased the professors of the art have unfortunately had nothing to describe except the common events of the day—the laying of a foundation-stone, the opening of a drinking-fountain, or the review of a few companies of Volunteers in a field. They make the most, however, of their scanty materials, and dress them up as much as possible in the old heroic forms. We should think that it was scarcely possible to imagine a more melancholy example of perverted ingenuity than the dismal narratives of the recent military manoeuvres, in which an attempt was made to describe mechanical parades as much as possible in the style of a history of real warfare. The readers of this dreary stuff were supposed to be thrilled by references to "the enemy," and by the mock apprehensions excited by the imaginary reports of sham scouts. The drawback of descriptive reporting is that, although it is perhaps easier to prank up facts with fine writing than to invent well-contrived incidents, yet invention is after all more suitable for the regular supply of an article of daily commerce, and cannot be wholly dispensed with. Facts which are not sufficiently sensational in themselves must be made so by the manner in which they are presented. But then a fact is a fact only when it is let alone, and the dressing-up process is apt to introduce new and unexpected features. The consequence is that there has lately been observable in some of the newspapers a

tendency towards the mixing up of fact and fiction in rather a hopeless manner, so that simple-minded people are beginning to desire that they might be served with the plain truth and its literary adornments in separate columns.

It was of course impossible that so tempting a subject as the daily progress of the TICHBORNE case should be overlooked as a subject for descriptive reporting. The *Times*, which, to its credit, has never stooped to pander in this way to the vulgar tastes of ignorant and idle people, has contented itself with a brief and simple summary of the most striking points in the evidence of each day. Most of the other morning newspapers, however, have treated their readers to gay and graphic sketches of the appearance of the Court, the demeanour of counsel and witnesses, and the impression produced by various pieces of testimony. A sharp eye was also kept on the CLAIMANT to see how he liked it, and when he did not seem to like it, though it might have been the east wind or tooth-ache, or the pure fancy of the reporter, the circumstance was of course sure to be recorded. All this, it must be admitted, made very lively reading. It is not everybody who has the time or patience to wade through five or six columns of questions and answers in small type, but here were all the good bits set out in the most attractive way, with all the little incidents and episodes, and a droll picture of the fencing of counsel and the shuffling of witnesses. Supposing the whole affair to have been got up merely for the entertainment of the public, these reports would have been quite in keeping with the spirit of the proceedings. The only objection to them was that it happened to be a solemn judicial inquiry which was going forward, and that, in their anxiety to amuse the public, the reporters were, in fact, anticipating the duties of the judges and jury, and trying the case on their own responsibility. The jury must reserve their verdict till the last, but each day the reporters passed what was in effect a running verdict on the speeches or evidence as far as they had gone. At last the Judges found it necessary to interpose. The fun, which at first had been mild and guarded, had been gradually getting more fast and furious, and witnesses were described and dissected with a degree of freedom and candour which showed that the reporters had lost pretty well all sense of judicial restraint. The CHIEF JUSTICE intimated in the gentlest manner the disapprobation of the Bench. The Judges, he said, had no desire to limit the liberty of reporting, but they thought there should be no quarrelling with or upholding of particular witnesses; in other words, the reporters had better allow the Judges and jury to form their own estimate of the honesty of witnesses and of the weight to be attached to their statements. Since then the graphic vivacity of the reports has been somewhat moderated; but the question remains whether, in the nature of things, a descriptive report, which goes beyond the letter of the evidence, and introduces all sorts of personal impressions which may or may not have any foundation beyond the casual fancy of individual reporters, each anxious to turn out a lively column for the next day's paper, can avoid trenching on the domain of comment. It is one thing to condense or explain, by reference to the context or to previous evidence, the statements of a witness, but it is a very different thing to attempt to convey the impression produced by the witness's tones and manner of giving evidence.

The way in which the TICHBORNE case has been reported in the newspapers, and the remarks which are from time to time made on it, help to bring out very strongly the change which has taken place in the relation of the public to judicial proceedings. Formerly it was supposed that nobody had any concern in a lawsuit except the Court and the parties on each side. The Court assumed absolute charge of the case, and was jealous even of its being reported until it had passed out of its hands. Occasionally, the publication of reports was forbidden until a decision had been given, or at least until the whole of the evidence had been completed. It is doubtful whether a judge would venture to make such an order at the present day, although there can be no question that he has the power to do so if he pleases. The public has now stepped in to claim an interest in the proceedings as a matter of news, and a section of the press seems to be anxious to encourage the idea that the great object of judicial inquiries is not so much to detect and punish crime or to settle the claims of rival litigants as to furnish the materials of amusing or exciting narratives for the benefit of newspaper readers. A few weeks ago there were demands that Dr. KEELEY should be pulled up in

his speech because people were tired of reading it, and were anxious to see what his witnesses looked like. At other times it has been suggested that various heads of evidence had become wearisome and should be suppressed. In a well-known trial for treason some fifty years ago the publication of the evidence was prohibited until the case was over, lest certain witnesses should see it while the trial was going on, and should get up their own testimony to suit. Witnesses have now every opportunity of knowing what has taken place down to within a short time of their own appearance in the box. Occasionally it may happen that the publication of evidence serves the interests of justice by bringing forward witnesses who would otherwise never have been discovered; but it need hardly be said that it also offers facilities for the concoction of false testimony. On the whole, it must be admitted that the new view of courts of law as a sort of great manufactory of interesting matter for the newspapers is apt to be attended with some inconvenience. It would be difficult and perhaps impossible to interfere with the liberty of reporting trials from day to day; but there can be no doubt that, in the interest of literary decency as well as of justice, descriptive reporting should be strenuously discouraged. The proprietors of the papers who print this sort of stuff will no doubt continue to supply whatever they can find a market for; but they will hesitate to expose themselves to the penalties of contempt of court. It is difficult even to condense evidence without indirectly, in the selection of what seem to be important and significant passages, passing an opinion on it; but description passes imperceptibly into comment of the broadest kind, and the delicate line is almost certain to be transgressed. It is not very long since we read a report of a trial for murder at the Old Bailey, in which the real or supposed starts and twitchings and changes of expression on the part of the prisoner were depicted during the progress of the case as the signs of guilty terror and remorse.

COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

TWO or three little stories which have appeared in the papers during the last few days—and those days have perhaps not been more fertile in scandal than usual—are unpleasantly illustrative of our views of commercial morality. A confiding widow, for example, saw an advertisement offering Wallsend coal for 27s. She bought four tons, which turned out to be totally unfitted for burning. The seller was summoned before Alderman Finnis, and, without disputing the facts, set up a remarkable defence. It was argued on his behalf that he had published “a mere tradesman’s advertisement.” It would appear that a tradesman’s advertisement is a delicate circumlocution for a false statement. The falsehood, however, was asserted to be so transparent that nobody ought to have been deceived by it. If the purchaser really fancied that she was to get Wallsend coals for 27s., she was a fool for her pains, and had no right to expect a remedy. The doctrine does not appear to be peculiar to the coal trade. A dairyman was recently summoned before Mr. Ingham, charged with mixing his milk with water, an offence which, however common, is not very agreeable at the present moment. Here, too, it was argued that people who bought milk for 4d. a quart must know that it was adulterated. Mr. Ingham replied very pertinently that, if people wished to have water mixed with their milk, they would probably prefer to perform the operation for themselves; and the unlucky milkman was fined 10s., with the alternative of two months’ imprisonment. Alderman Finnis also declined to sanction this ingenious mode of argument, though we regret that he only fined the coal-merchant 17s. a ton, instead of inflicting the full penalty of 10l. Not being ourselves either coal-merchants or milk-dealers, we have very little sympathy with the plea they put forward; although they might possibly claim the sanction of a certain celebrated Cabinet Minister, who, as we all know, considers adulteration to be simply a form of legitimate competition. That such practices should be put down with a strong hand seems to the unsophisticated mind as obvious as that picking pockets should be emphatically discouraged. A man who sells a quart of water and calls it milk cheats his customers quite as dishonestly as if he stole their money in a simpler fashion, even if he simultaneously sells four quarts of milk at the acknowledged price. It is exactly the same as if his customers paid him in gilt money and called it gold. In short, the matter does not really admit of an argument, and all consumers, to say nothing of honest traders, must be anxious to see the law rigorously enforced.

The unpleasant part of such transactions is the light which they throw upon the ideas of honesty prevalent amongst retail dealers. When a man has the impudence to say that his customers are to be blamed for their own folly if he succeeds in imposing upon them, we are amazed at the audacity of his assumption. And yet there are too good reasons for thinking that a very similar code of morality is prevalent amongst merchants who trade upon a much larger scale. We need not recall the notorious fact which

have thrown so much discredit upon our manufactures. What are we to think of it all? When it suddenly turned out three years ago that the military stores of men and material upon which the French nation relied in its need had been adulterated on a gigantic scale, we acknowledged that defeat was a natural penalty for widespread corruption. If the English commercial system is tainted with a dishonesty so widely spread that the recollection of what honesty means is beginning to grow faint, may we not expect to meet some day with a catastrophe of a different kind, but not less startling or disastrous? The question well deserves examination by those who are interested in the matter and have the necessary means of information. We shall not attempt to say more at present than that some ugly symptoms undoubtedly exist. The complaint, indeed, is not a new one. Adulteration, though the art may have been carried to an unprecedented pitch of refinement, has probably existed as long as there have been such things as shopkeepers; and to justify any decided opinion upon the disease from which we are suffering, we should have to say whether it is becoming more virulent than of old, and is more prevalent amongst ourselves than amongst our neighbours. That the first of these propositions is true is indeed highly probable from general considerations, and may suggest to moral philosophers some curious speculations.

Ethical treatises and sermons of all kinds lay down moral rules in the most general terms. The commandment is that we should commit no murder, not that we should refrain from murdering a particular class of people. In practice, however, such laws are interpreted after quite a different fashion. We are always very slow to admit that we owe the same duties to all mankind. Everybody knows, for example, that the law against murder is frequently understood with strict limitations. A colonist in any wild country is very sceptical as to its having any application to aborigines. Or, again, to take a trivial instance, it is curious to remark the way in which a schoolboy interprets the duty of speaking the truth. The same boy who would be utterly ashamed of telling a deliberate falsehood to one of his companions would think it a point of honour to deceive his masters upon certain subjects. In short, moral sense in its rudimentary stages is generally identified with some class feeling. The savage may be strictly virtuous in his conduct to his own family or tribe, and regard the rest of the human race as standing altogether outside the pale of his sympathies; the artisan is equally sceptical as to his obligations to capitalists, and the shopkeeper about his duties to the whole world outside his doors. Now, whilst commerce has of late years extended with extraordinary rapidity, the development of a corresponding moral sense has by no means kept pace with it. A shopkeeper at the present day who should keep to the code of his grandfather, might in practice be a far greater rogue. Each of them would admit in terms that cheating was wrong; and each of them would in secret put in a saving clause to the effect that to sin really consisted in cheating your next-door neighbour. But then the grandfather lived in a world of next-door neighbours. He was a member of a small society changing very slowly, each of whom had not only a lively interest in his neighbour’s honesty, but had the power of constantly keeping an eye upon him. If a dairyman adulterated his milk, he got a bad character within a little circle beyond which he had no power of looking; and therefore he was pretty certain of suffering very rapidly for any offences he might commit. If fate had put it in his power to cheat a man living at the Antipodes, he would possibly have felt very little scruple about doing it, but then fate never did put it in his power. On the other hand, his grandson inheriting the same moral views has constant relations with the most distant parts of the world, and therefore constant opportunities of cheating people to whom he feels himself bound by no comprehensible tie. If he cheats his customers, he only cheats one of a crowd of people who are constantly moving, and of whom there is a very fair chance that he will never see anything again. The sufferers are persons of whom he knows nothing, who will probably not take the trouble to punish him, and whose anger cannot reach him for an indefinite period. He speedily reconciles himself to conduct of which he would see the dishonesty and impolicy if its objects were brought nearer to him. Indeed it may be said that, in some sense, the amount of commercial dishonesty is only a measure of the degree in which we can trust each other. There is so much cheating because there is so much credit. Mr. Montague Tigg very truly said to Mr. Chuzzlewit, that if you wrote your name in large letters over a door in a London street, and said that you were willing to take care of people’s money, a certain percentage of passers-by would infallibly turn in and press their confidence upon you. When that unlucky widow made her purchase of Wallsend coal, she put a certain amount of confidence in a man of whom she knew absolutely nothing except that he had the means of inserting an advertisement in the newspapers. She was foolish, as the events proved; but we are all of us every day trusting ourselves to utterly unknown people, with a confidence which is almost equally blind. A man with a tolerably good suit of clothes and a sufficient amount of impudence will find himself trusted everywhere to a marvellous extent on the apparently unreasonable hypothesis that clothes are a sufficient index to character. Experience on the whole justifies the confidence, and we make up our mind on the doctrine of averages that we shall suffer only a certain percentage of loss. The complex arrangements of modern society would not work for a day if everybody insisted on receiving legal proof of the respectability of all people with whom he has dealings. And thus we may even take some pleasure in the

increase of cheating, on the ground that it must repose on the increase of well-founded mutual trust. It follows, however, with equal certainty, that it is of vital importance not only to maintain the existing standard of morality, but to elevate it as nearly as possible to the point at which our confidence would never be misplaced; in other words, the safe development of commerce absolutely requires an improvement in the moral sense, whilst unfortunately it is too apt to produce rather the contrary effect. People are demoralized in proportion as they find that other persons trust them, instead of seeing the necessity of rising to the occasion. A merchant who has dealings in China hopes that he will have made his own profit before his goods have been found out; as the milkman calculates that he can afford to disgust several successive sets of customers before he will have exhausted the vast ocean of public credulity.

By what moral means the sense of honesty is to be increased is a tolerably wide question. But it is at any rate plain that we have one means of persuasion, of which we should take the fullest advantage. If the check derived from the personal inspection of a man's immediate neighbours tends to grow weaker than it was in simpler days, the action of legislation should grow more systematic and vigorous. A certain school of reasoners professes to be very much terrified by the dangers of excessive interference on the part of Government; but even they will generally differ from Mr. Bright in admitting that Government is rightfully employed in putting down dishonest trading. If a milkman or a coal-merchant is more independent of any given set of customers, his dislike to fines and imprisonment does not diminish. We are beginning to understand the importance of sanitary supervision, and to recognize the unpleasant fact that dishonest dealing may spread not only discomfort, but fatal diseases. A systematic attack upon the petty cheating which falls with special severity upon the poor who are unable to make an efficient protest, ought, one would think, to be a popular measure; and we can strongly recommend it to statesmen of all parties who are in need of a policy. We should only be disposed to add a hope that the net may catch the big fish as well as the small ones; and that whilst retailers of coal and milk are assailed, some thought may be given to the capitalists who on a larger scale are applying just the same principles of competition.

THE OLD AND THE NEW ERA OF SCHOOLS.

"TEN Thousand a Year" furnished a very fair title for a serial story a generation since, in the days when sensation novels were not. The words would scarcely stand as typical of an almost inexhaustible income in our own time, when the annual sum represents an ordinary week's takings in copper and small change by an Omnibus Company or an Underground Railway in London. It is not therefore a matter of any world-wide or national importance whether an amount of money which may be expressed by the same figures shall be annually expended upon the household management of Eton, or shall be left to "fructify in the pockets of the taxpayers" whose sons are educated there. It is very likely true that an addition of twelve pounds a year to the boarding-house charges for an Eton boy is not required by any financial necessity, and it makes a very good grievance, like a cabman's demand of a shilling more than his proper fare. But it may be assumed with equal probability that the pecuniary sacrifice is much of the same character as in the case of the cabman's shilling, and that a man who means to send his son to Eton as an Oppidan will do so with just as little hesitation if the new terms are enforced as he would if the old scale were maintained. The defence of the advanced rate of payment set up by one of its advocates in the *Times* is full of sound worldly wisdom, if it is rather deficient in logical coherence. "If a man thinks that Eton education is too dear, let him send his boy to another school. If he wants a good article in this world, he must pay for it." A cup of coffee in a restaurant west of Charing Cross costs twice as much as a cup of coffee which is just as "good an article" in a tavern east of Temple Bar. If you do not like the prices of the Opera Colonnade, you can sacrifice your dignity and go to Fleet Street. You must not expect fashionable charges to be lowered to your unfashionable requirements. This is a perfectly sound argument; and if the Eton dames and tutors think themselves strong enough to apply it in practice, they have a perfect right to make the experiment. That any one of their number should have come forward on behalf of the rest to brave the inevitable storm of correspondence and abuse which has actually arisen, would have been an act of admirable, but useless, heroism; and that the "private and confidential" circular should have been issued without signature is so much a matter of course that no defence of it has been offered or required. The issue of this particular dispute does not much concern the nation; but that the question should have been raised is, we think, a straw which shows the direction of a current which it is both of interest and of importance to observe.

There were formerly, as we have all heard, three learned professions. How many more may now exist we need not stay to count; but among those which are fully recognized, the work of teaching as a calling in life, and as an opening by which a man may enter upon what novelists describe as a career, has come forward of late years into a very prominent position. We do not refer to the army of certificated elementary teachers, who may sometimes provoke a good-humoured smile when they speak of themselves as "the profession"; nor to that miscellaneous crowd of both sexes

who advertise suburban "academies" and "establishments," and who consider themselves to be of "the scholastic profession"; but to that large and increasing number of men, the pick of our Universities and public schools, who twenty or thirty years ago passed usually from their degree to a curacy, and who now are "going in for masterships" instead. They are the creation of the modern public school system, and they are extending the system which has created them. For the most part they look forward to spending their lives as schoolmasters, differing in this respect from the junior college tutors of the last generation, who were all Fellows of their Societies, and either actually, or intending to be, ordained, with the prospect of a College living in due time. These men obtain, and they deserve to obtain, a scale of stipend which it is impossible for the benighted clergy to offer to their assistant curates; and the public school and University classman who twenty years ago would have accepted a curacy with a hundred a year as a matter of course, will now find himself, if his previous character and reputation have secured for him the necessary recommendations, able to choose between several offers of assistant-masterships with stipends of about double the amount. To understand the rise and growth of a system which requires a large and increasing demand upon the resources of the upper and middle ranks of society for its maintenance and extension, we must look back upon the state of things out of which it has arisen, and which it has in great measure already superseded. It has probably passed out of the memory of the present generation that all schools were formerly under direct ecclesiastical control. The Canons of 1603 provide that "no man shall teach either in public school or private house but such as shall be allowed by the bishop or other ordinary." The parish clergyman has priority of claim to be so licensed, except in "towns where there is a public school founded already," in which case the schoolmaster is to have a monopoly "to teach grammar"; but all schoolmasters are to "teach the grammar set forth by King Henry VIII. . . . and none other." Education being thus in effect restricted to the clergy, the usual rule in the foundation schools, which has obtained down to the present time, has been that a clerical head-master for the upper school, and a second master, frequently a layman, for the lower or elementary school, have been appointed by the governing body or trustees; and the assistant-masters in the larger schools have been an after-growth, which may be described as consisting of "members not on the foundation." In every important town the head-master of the grammar school was a personage of much local consideration, but the title of "public school" given by the Canons to all these foundations became in practice restricted to a very few of the more distinguished schools in or near London, together with Eton and Winchester.

The bitter and vehement denunciation of public schools as places of education which forms the subject of Cowper's *Tirocinium* was written in 1784, when the poet was fifty-three years old. His own personal experience had been gained during four or five years ending in 1749, when he was a boy at Westminster. He was horribly bullied there, no doubt; but whether or not the public schools of the eighteenth century were the nurseries of vice and toadyism which he describes, or their masters deserving of the heavy charges which he brings against them, it is certain that his fierce invective was largely taken for truth, and brought public schools into great and lasting disfavour with what was then known as the religious world. In the dedication of *Tirocinium* to Mr. Unwin, Cowper describes his poem as "recommending private tuition in preference to an education at school"; for, with a genuine public school man's instinct, while he abuses "Royal Institutions" he cannot resist the temptation to a back-handed blow at "small academies." These private schools, which had naturally grown up in spite of the Canons, do not by any means shine in the contrast. Mr. Wilberforce's experience of one of them in 1768, where the "Scotch master" and his "red-boarded Scotch usher," who "scarcely shaved once a month," "taught everything and nothing," and where his "nauseous food as a parlour boarder" made him sick, may serve as a genuine companion picture to the well-known description of about the same date in the *Figur of Wakefield*:—

I have been an usher at a boarding-school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under-turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late; I was browbeaten by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad.

The position of the usher or assistant-master in the clerical private schools which are remembered by men not yet past middle age was little better than this. He was frequently an under-paid and under-educated man, with no manners or refinement, looked upon as little more than an upper servant, and the butt of the boys. There were, no doubt, bright exceptions to this unsatisfactory picture. The personal memory of Dr. Corrie, an eminent private schoolmaster near Birmingham at the close of the last century, has passed away with his last surviving pupils; but his letters, preserved among their most private papers, remain to justify the affection and respect with which he was remembered by them. The private schools were themselves confessedly kept by clergymen as a means of obtaining an income, and their cost varied from the cheaper and rougher kind of establishment, where the charges were at least as high as those of the less expensive of our modern public schools, up to the style of treatment represented by "three hundred a year, and wine every day after dinner," by which mamma's darling was supposed to receive a superior education

combined with all the comforts of a home. Happily for the boys of our own generation these gentlemen and no-gentlemen are almost universally extinct, and private tuition has become the exceptional resource where, from illness or other causes, a public education is not possible. The public school has dried up the educational fountains of the rural parsonage, and the miserable usher of a few generations back is replaced by the refined and cultivated assistant-master of to-day. All over the country old grammar schools have been revived and expanded, and new schools have been founded where the old endowments were either not existing or not available; while the higher class of private schools have themselves become almost incorporated with the general system, by being made preparatory for the public schools, on the principles of which they are conducted. The boys who, as we noticed in a former article, used to fill the lower forms of a public school, now enter a preparatory school at nine or ten, passing from it usually at thirteen or fourteen. For these, as well as for the higher schools, a constant and increasing supply of assistant-masters is required, who as they grow older look forward, if they are successful in their work, to becoming in turn house-masters and head-masters in the advanced, or heads in the preparatory, institutions. They are labourers worthy of their hire; and it is idle to expect that work like theirs will be carried on unless, to put it in the plainest possible language, it is found to pay well. A school-master has a right to find in his profession the same rewards which other professions have to offer, and in the same gradations of value. The old endowments, however well administered, can only very partially supply these rewards, which must in some way or other come, like barristers' or physicians' fees, out of the pockets of those who are benefited by the work done. The details of any such arrangement may afford material for newspaper correspondence in the holidays, and will be decided according to circumstances by experience and practical good sense.

Among the maxims of unwisdom which the recent "Eton Dictary" discussion has added to the popular store, perhaps the palm should be assigned to the discovery that the most expensive school is bound to supply the highest education; with the inference that, if Eton education is found not superior to that of ordinary grammar or other public schools, its charges ought, by the operation of some moral law, to be brought down to the level of theirs. This may be a natural reaction from the tenet of a century since—"The parson knows enough who knows a duke"—and it may be said to represent the principle of competitive examination gone mad. If a higher culture is to be looked for in the Guards than in the Artillery; if Christ Church ought to leave Balliol nowhere in the class-list; if peers and country gentlemen of great estate are bound to outshine intellectually all the leaders of the Bar, all the lights of the scientific world, and all the literary men of their time, perhaps we might receive the maxim with respectful attention. As things are, we must confess, with one of Alice's friends, "Well, I never heard it before, said the Mock Turtle, but it sounds uncommon nonsense." So long as English society is what we see it, Eton is a social necessity which, if it did not already exist, would have to be invented. If there are to be large classes possessed of immense hereditary or accumulated wealth, there will be a scale of living and expenditure proportionate to the income, and boys will grow up accustomed to the condition in which they were born. They will take to school the habits which they bring from home, and there must of necessity therefore be some one or more schools where the general tone will sanction, if it does not actually require, expenses and customs which in the case of families of moderate means would represent culpable profusion and extravagance. If Eton fixed charges are high, or, being high already, if they are increased, so also were the charges of the small private schools of a former day where pupils paid from two hundred to three hundred pounds a year, and spent and did very much what they pleased. The state of society which made and makes such distinctions possible may be as objectionable as Communists and Land and Labour Leagues assert, or it may not; but it exists, and no amount of crying in the wilderness will make it in its details other than consistent with itself. The particular question, therefore, which has arisen out of the Eton Circular appears to us to be one of the slightest possible moment. But the attention which it has excited is an indication of the growing interest which attaches to everything connected with the working of our public schools; an interest which is itself the result of the steady and successful advance of the higher education in that new era of which the leader was Dr. Arnold, and of which successive school generations of his disciples have been pioneers. There was a gleam of hope even in the dark vision of Cowper, which the last lines of the *Tirocinium* reveal:—

And though I would not advertise them yet,
Nor write on each—This Building to be Let—
Unless the world were all prepared to embrace
A plan well worthy to supply their place;
Yet, backward as they are, and long have been,
To cultivate and keep the morals clean—
Forgive the crime—I wish them, I confess,
Or better managed, or encouraged less.

It is the "Exornare aliquis" of the public school-man of the last century, and it is receiving its answer in our own.

DUAL GOVERNMENT IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

WHATEVER faults the French may have committed in commencing or continuing the late war, however inadequate their means proved to sustain the duel they had provoked, no one will deny that their errors have been equalled by the candour of the revolutions since made as to the vices of the system that ruined for this generation their national reputation for arms. We in England have some records to show of a similar character. Few of us that are in middle age can have forgotten the vigorous zeal with which a Parliamentary Committee undertook to expose the causes of our Crimean blunders, and how intense was the indignation moved by the discovery that an unpractised war administration, long taught in peaceful days to keep itself and its charge in the background, had supplied unroasted coffee to soldiers who had no means of roasting it for themselves. Indeed we have but recently had an Abyssinian Committee, when peace advocates, at their wit's end for a cause of quarrel with our bloodless triumph, ransacked India and England to find evidence of waste in the fitting out of the expedition. They took little—it may be observed by the way—by their pains on that occasion. The brilliant success which restored our reputation for energy and prowess in Europe, and proved our far-reaching power in the eyes of the astonished East, was instinctively felt by the nation to be well worth the price that was paid for it. Yet the Parliamentary process was put on elaborate record, and serves as a fresh warning to those who conduct our affairs abroad of the searching investigation to which their proceedings are liable, even when carried to the happiest conclusion.

But the French have of late far surpassed us with our own weapons in this matter of research. The Parliamentary inquiry into the causes of the Communist insurrection will form the basis for all future histories of that feverish movement. And the rude method of making war which was employed by the Government of National Defence so largely as to prove to all time the hopelessness of mere patriotism or fervour for the winning of victory in these days of scientific soldiery, has been thoroughly searched into, and all its coarser and meaner features effectually brought to light, by the famous Committee on War Contracts, his speech on which made the Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier one of the foremost men in France. It was not surprising that an Assembly which loves the late Imperial régime no better than the despotism of "the young Dictator" that succeeded it should have resolved to carry the same weapon of research and evidence against the war administration of Napoleon. Immediately, therefore, after that historic speech and its accompanying revelations, the National Assembly voted a similar Committee of Inquiry into the administration of the War Office before the war, a resolution which was shortly afterwards modified into entrusting the business to the same body which had dealt so effectually with the proceedings of the Government of Defence. Again it fell, naturally enough this time, to the Duke's share to bring up the Report which closed the inquiry; and although his speech was on this occasion delivered in comparative privacy, before only the members of the Committee and the chief officials of the War Office summoned by them, it has since been published in full, and now lies before us. We may say at once that it is as much more important than his former and more famous discourse as the vices of an established and apparently triumphant system are more serious evils than the blunders of a temporary administration. With this brief preface we proceed at once to its substance.

The instructions of the Committee comprised three principal heads. They were to inquire into the state of the war material as it existed in July 1870; to ascertain how it had been expended during the war, and how the present condition of the arsenals could best be verified; and to send to the special professional Commissions sitting on the reconstruction of the army and of its civil branches some definite recommendations as to the means which the War Office should in future employ for preventing a recurrence of the lamentable wants which the first pressure of the struggle made known. It was in the nature of the circumstances that such an inquiry should range over a wide field; but it is due to the members to state at once that there does not seem to have been, from first to last any unfair design to strain their powers against particular persons, or even to blacken the administration of Napoleon beyond its deserts. So far from this, the result of their work is to prove incontestably that one of the most prominent of the faults of organization charged on that Government was in truth the heritage of centuries of mismanagement in the conduct of the French War Office, and dates at the latest from the days of the Grand Monarque.

Two prime evils, the Report states, are chargeable with what was really lamentable in the condition of the war administration of 1870. The one was that, although centralization abounded in the sense of a check being constantly maintained by each chief over his immediate subordinates, there was no real independent audit or control in the way of actual inspection of the vast property of the department. The other, and that to which the chief part of the Report is devoted, is characterized by it as very much the graver error of the two. This is the dual government of the army, arising out of the independence of the administrative departments of the military command.

It will surprise many Englishmen to hear that this latter evil, which we have lately discovered to be engrafted on our whole military administration, and which it has become an object of almost national desire to extinguish, is in this Report declared

to be the disease which paralysed the whole fighting power of France. But it will surprise Frenchmen themselves to learn that it has existed in the French army ever since the days of that much-lauded organizer, Louvois, if not before them; and that Turenne, for example, had not less cause to complain of his operations being paralysed by those who were sent nominally to assist him than MacMahon. But so it is. The Report has gone into the history of this question as it never was studied before, and affords incontestable evidence that civil Ministers of War, intriguing for their own personal ends under despotic kings, were just as ready to maintain an independent authority within the armies they sent into the field, by the secondary agency of their administrative departments, as any of their successors, down to Freycinet himself, under the various Constitutions and Republics which have replaced absolutism in France without getting rid of its blunders.

So far as the origin of this dualism does not lie in the nature of men, it is traceable directly to Louvois. During the wars of aggression carried on under that Minister, he appears systematically to have used the newly-created functionaries called Intendants as his personal representatives, apparently as being more workable and subordinate creatures of his will than the victorious generals at whose sides they were placed. Now it is the younger Coligny who is found writing in bitterness after an unsuccessful dispute with his Intendant:—"I am confirmed in the idea that, if one is not the humble servant of the Minister, it is lost time to follow the service of the King. Surely I could manage the King's finances quite as well as the Marquis d'Effiat, who was formerly nothing but an ensign like myself." Then it is Vauban, engaged for two years in a struggle with the newly-made Intendant of Alsace, and only coming out of it victorious by the aid of his cousin Colbert. Next the Marshal de Créquy is found writing of the claims of his Intendant:—

He wants to have the fixing of the requisitions, to give orders for the raising of fortifications, to order the supplies of powder and of workmen, to lay on contributions without any agreement with the Marshal in command, to regulate the whole of the subsistence, to punish those who disobey the royal orders, possibly even to fix the quarters of the troops. Now that is what I call commanding.

Then Turenne says of the same Intendant, one Charruel, that he declines to receive him for his army. "I have a way of life," says the famous Marshal, "which prevents my understanding things properly when people do not act honestly."

The Report here, as well as the Duke's speech, speaks of necessary abridgment; but several pages of close print are devoted to the historical proof of the early date of the double government of the French army, the rest of which we must pass hastily by, with the single remark that the case is abundantly demonstrated. Nor does the administration of the Revolutionary armies of the Year III. fare better when examined: for there the contradiction was openly established by a new law of Commissaries of War theoretically supreme over the army, and independent of the military law which governed its members, and who yet, in the very next article of the same law, are held responsible that they obey every written order of the general to whom they are attached. Under such legislation the double government of Louis XIV. was continued, and Napoleon, it is observed, found this vicious dualism in full bloom. He made no theoretical protest against it, no reform in its written conditions; but under him the subjection of the two elements to his own personal authority as head of his army was so complete, and his mastery of details so perfect, that no practical difficulty ever arose. And his chiefs of corps, following the same unwritten rules on which he acted, had their own way in all important matters, the civil branch ceasing its old attempts at supremacy. As the Report puts it, under them the theory remained, but the letter of independent civil administration died, and with it the dualism complained of, which throughout the days of the First Empire had no practical existence at all. It revived, however, under the Restoration, when all sound military principles were laid aside in the reaction from the pressure of a long war, and it has borne fruit in the condition of things which proved so fatal to Frenchmen three years since.

Must we then for ever be looking to the foreigner for our model? Is there no example within France herself of a better administration for her to follow? asks the Report, or rather the Duke Pasquier himself, in illustrating its recommendations. Yes; one exists with us, he answers, which is the work of ages, and which has stood the utmost strain of late, being as incontestably sound in principle as that of the War Office is hopelessly wrong. The management of French naval affairs, in his view, is based on a system which leaves hardly anything to be desired. The Minister of Marine knows nothing of this pernicious dualism in his department. On the contrary, he delegates large powers to the Maritime Prefects (or Port Admirals) who serve under him, rendering them however most strictly responsible for their proper exercise. The result is that the naval force of France has proved not only to be in a state of high efficiency, and far superior to that which it might have been called on to meet, but was able to lend a liberal hand to the commissariat of the suffering sister service in its need. And this was done without extraordinary stores of provisions being maintained in hand. On the contrary, it has been the practice of the Maritime Prefects to keep only six months' supply of perishable articles for their commands in advance, trusting to free marketing, ready-money payments, and the practice of the business for replenishing their stocks as required. Hence their contracts during the war proved to have been in many cases made at rates below those current during the preceding peace, whilst of the quality there was never a complaint.

The conclusions of the Committee on this head, if carried out, will make short work of the dual War Office system which has hitherto victimised the French soldier. They are simply these. The administration or civil service of the army belongs to the command; but for the actual carrying it on special branches must be maintained—in all cases, however, placed immediately under the military head. Abuse of the joint power need not be feared if a system of intelligent accountability be established, carried on under a real Control, a body which shall check but not administer, its officials being altogether independent of and kept separate from all executive functions, and directly responsible to the War Office, for which they will audit the accounts and take stock. An elaborate scheme for this new form of the Control Service—a very different sort of thing from the jumble of civil sub-departments on which Mr. Cardwell has conferred that unhappy name—is given with the Report. We do not propose to follow it here; it is enough for the present that we have indicated the functions to which the direct representatives of those charged with the care of the national purse are in future to be confined.

OPPOSITION HORRORS.

AMERICANS sometimes display an uncomfortable eagerness to show that their country is in all respects on a level with, if not in advance of, England. An Englishman conversing with an American at Ratishon remarked that it was strange that in an out-of-the-way and old-fashioned German town he had seen upon the staircase of an inn a portrait of Faugh-a-Ballagh, winner of the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster in 1844. The American answered that he had seen in another part of the same staircase a portrait of a celebrated trotting-horse of his own country. It will gratify Americans of this eminently patriotic character to learn that, almost simultaneously with the finding of remains of a woman, apparently murdered, in the Thames, remains of a man, apparently murdered, have been found in Oyster Bay, Long Island; and we may add that the *Daily Telegraph* on one side of the water and the *New York Herald* on the other are improving with equal assiduity these opportunities for the display of their peculiar talents. It appears that a young man named Kelsey, who dwelt in "the quiet, old-fashioned town" of Huntington on Long Island, paid "obtrusive attentions" to Miss Julia Smith, and was tarred and feathered as a punishment by the lady's friends. Some time afterwards Kelsey was, as is supposed, murdered; and remains identified as his have been discovered in Oyster Bay.

The *New York Herald* of August 31 was able to occupy the Sunday leisure of its readers with several columns of narrative and descriptive writing headed "Odd Resurrection. Only half of the turred and feathered victim recovered." The writer took at first the view that tarring and feathering a gentleman who was troublesome to a lady was "a transient explosion of savage barbarism" which would rest like a black shadow over the fair and placid fame of Huntington for all time to come. Subsequently, however, the writer became aware that the Huntingtonians were by no means ashamed of inflicting a punishment which he admits was deserved, and he even discusses the propriety of an alternative punishment which in an English town might be thought indecent. However, "so calm and peaceful was this old-fashioned village, with its great languid willow-trees, its quiet, slumbering cottages, and its easy-going, contented, and Christianly people," that gradually the question whether Kelsey ought to have been tarred and feathered, or whether he ought not rather to have been hanged, began to lose its interest. The lady who repelled Kelsey's obtrusive attentions recovered by the agency of time from "the harassing woes" of investigation, which means, we presume, that she was "interviewed" by the reporters of all the newspapers in New York. Her name, as already mentioned, was Miss Julia Smith, "a lady of much personal attraction, sensible, and self-contained." Her ancestors sleep "in the old Presbyterian cemetery," where, from an eminence overlooking the village, the tomb of all the Smiths looks down on Huntington. By birth, education, wealth, and culture she ranked first in the village estimate of aristocratic respectability. A short time since she married Mr. Royal Sammis, who, along with Dr. Banks of Huntington, was indicted for assault on Kelsey and held under bond. Soon after the tarring and feathering Kelsey disappeared, and the "primitive peace" of Huntington was disturbed by the controversies of three conflicting parties, one of which held that he had committed suicide through shame; another that he was alive and would some day turn up "under the willow-trees"; and the third that he had been murdered to prevent his revenging himself on his persecutors. However, time and the languor of the willow-trees were lulling these discussions to repose when suddenly "the whole exciting subject" comes up with tenfold more intense and painful interest than ever. The lower half of a body has been found, and it has been identified as that of Kelsey by a watch-chain in the trousers pocket. There is, however, a party in Huntington which denies the identity, and alleges that this is "a put-up job," undertaken to earn the reward offered by Kelsey's family for the discovery of his body. Considering that Huntington is a small town, and that Kelsey's family have breathed its air for six generations, the writer is not surprised that the townsmen talk of nothing else, and we are not surprised that he listens and repeats all he hears. The old story of Kelsey's "fanatical love" for Miss Julia Smith was gone over in every detail.

"People came into town from many places around to relieve themselves on this subject alone." The writer has collected from these discussions that Kelsey was a "light-bellasted" young man of twenty-eight years who wrote verses and believed himself a poet. His physique was poor, one shoulder was several inches higher than the other; his eyes were weak and uncertain, and his voice had no quality of strength or melody. He fell in love with Miss Julia Smith, wrote verses to her, and afterwards obscene letters. He prowled at night round her house, and once climbed into her bedroom, where he found a married lady who put him to flight. Mr. Royal Sammis, who was engaged to Miss Smith, told Kelsey that he would "fix" him. On the night of the 4th of November last a number of inheritors of the "fair and placid fame" of Huntington ennobled Kelsey by a mock invitation from Miss Smith, stripped him naked, covered him with tar and feathers, cut the hair off his head, and by the light of a lantern exhibited him to the ladies (Miss Smith among the number) in the backyard of the house in which she lived.

At this point the writer suspends his narrative, and becomes judicial. Had this tarring and feathering been perpetrated "out West" he would not have been surprised, but that so barbarous and brutal a punishment should obtain the sanction of people "who are heirs to two hundred years of the New World's civilization, church-going people of calm behaviour and gentle accents," passes his belief. Three days afterwards, however, he had been so far influenced by the public opinion of Huntington as to admit that the tarring and feathering would have been justifiable if done in daylight, and he mentions without disapprobation that alternative proposal of punishment to which we objected as indecent, being at the moment unaware that the punishment actually adopted involved the exhibition of Kelsey to the ladies, including Miss Smith. It is asserted by Kelsey's friends that Miss Smith encouraged his advances; but this she denies; and as she "bears the manner and well-grounded reputation of a sensible, modest, and scrupulously correct young lady," the writer thinks she ought to be believed. It is interesting to know that in America a young lady may see a troublesome lover tarred and feathered without detriment to her character for modesty and correct demeanour. The writer now changes the judicial mood for the sentimental. "It is a sad tale all through. It has drawn down a dark cloud over several households. It has made the village of Huntington, erstwhile the calmest, loveliest, and most peaceful place on Long Island, a seat of unholy discord and wretched recriminations." The murder is supposed to have been committed on the night of the tarring and feathering, which was the 4th of November, and the remains were found in Oyster Bay on the 30th of August. The tale of the discovery of the remains was told by the "simple oystermen" with a frankness that carries conviction with it. The epithet "simple" is probably a mere poetical embellishment; for the writer appears to contemplate that these same oystermen might be capable of a "put-up job." To call an oysterman on our own coast "simple" would be nearly as absurd as to apply the same epithet to a Scotch shepherd. The writer proceeds to describe the finding of "a body with nothing but the thighs left." The *Daily Telegraph* has taught us that it is our duty to study the details of our own murders; but we are not aware that the obligation extends beyond English land and water. We shall therefore pass over the oystermen's story with the remark that it is calculated to excite unpleasant reflections in the minds of consumers of oysters in New York. The inquest resembled a similar proceeding in England, except that "there came into the court-room a lady of ponderous dimensions, elegantly dressed, and evidently a person of refinement." This was a clairvoyant, who had told Kelsey's family that he had been murdered, and had predicted the finding of his remains.

The dwellers around Huntington restrained their curiosity on Sunday. As the writer puts it, "They stayed at home and read their Bibles," but they could not command their thoughts. On Monday the excitement was more violent than ever. A proposal for lynching the suspected murderers was started, and with difficulty suppressed. Next day the writer seems to have fallen under the influence of the "tar," or aristocratic party in the town, and he arrived at the conclusion that they are a meek people in Huntington, who spend half their lives in the shadow of their churches, and that Kelsey deserved tar and feathers, and in any other place would have got them, or worse, long before. He proceeds to correct his first hasty and imperfect statement. "This was not, as I was led to believe, a young man. His age was forty—a period of life when, as a rule, the amorous currents are subdued." He had become satisfied that Kelsey sent not only poetry, but indecent prose, to Miss Smith, and in some of his letters to her he answered imaginary letters received from her. Mrs. Oakley, grandmother of Miss Smith, "a noble-looking old lady, with the silver frost of seventy years whitening over her calm and colourless forehead," was advised to take legal proceedings against the supposed writer of the letters, but declined. Miss Smith, "a petite, gentle girl, timid and bashful as a fawn," was horror-stricken at the thought of going into court, and having the "hallowed privacy" of her innocent domestic life made public. It does not seem to occur to the writer that "hallowed privacy" could be any bar to the interview which, of course he sought and obtained with Miss Smith. It is, to our thinking, strange that the writer should suppose two ladies whom he describes in these terms capable of placing themselves on a verandah so as to command a view of a man who had been tarred and feathered in their back-

yard. Mrs. Oakley herself explained to the writer that there was "a great misunderstanding" as to this point. It is true there were ladies in the house, and she mentioned four. She was apparently giving a tea-party on the occasion. "All she saw on going out on the back porch was the top of his head." The ladies were there for only a few minutes. "The purpose of their going out was to make the man feel the disgrace of his situation." The writer spoke to more than one gentleman of the town who happened to come into Mrs. Oakley's backyard immediately after the tar and feathers had been applied, but nobody had the least notion who actually did the deed. But upon the question who contrived it Mrs. Oakley's tea-party is a suggestive circumstance. This is how they do things under the willows of Huntington, in that quiet old-fashioned place where people read their Bibles and abstain from gossip on Sundays. The writer was permitted to see, not only Mrs. Oakley, but Mrs. Sammis, lately Miss Smith. "She was modestly and becomingly dressed, and the bashful look in her fine, lustrous brown eyes told of the domestic and religious training she had received." The writer's perception of the suitability of the discipline of tar and feathers to the case of Kelsey had evidently been assisted by the "fine, lustrous brown eyes" of Mrs. Sammis. The same influence may be found in the statement that it is now supposed (that is, by the "tar" party and the writer) that Kelsey had left Huntington for ever. When Mrs. Sammis "looked straight out of her deep liquid eyes with a fearless simplicity," the writer doubtless inclined to the opinion of those medical witnesses who declared at the inquest that a pair of legs could not float without a body. The inquest has not finished, but a day had been fixed for the funeral, which was expected to be the largest ever held in the county. Two Presbyterian clergymen had been appointed to conduct the religious ceremony. The writer had had an interview with Mr. Sammis, who, as might be expected, happened to come into Mrs. Oakley's backyard immediately after the tar and feathers had been applied. Mr. Sammis is good-looking, and bears a high character with his employers in New York. He is perhaps lucky in being married to a wife who has fine, lustrous brown eyes. The writer was evidently prepared to find a verdict that Sammis was not guilty of the tarring and feathering, and that it served Kelsey right.

The *New York Herald* of later date informs us that a funeral service, which included two sermons or orations, had been performed in the presence of a "serious and earnest crowd." The writer is anxious to state that before Kelsey was exhibited to the ladies a cloth was tied round his waist. He had conversed with a member of the "anti-tar" party, who told him that the rival faction "all belong to our church and Sunday school, and never get drunk nor taste a drop of anything stronger than green tea." If they took a little gin, perhaps they might explain how the whole thing was done. But they say that "none of 'em had nothin' to do with it. They was just a lookin' on, and some darned cusses from the country come along and did the job." The writer remarked that men of such respectability, so meek and guileless and pure of heart, could not be supposed to meditate anything like murder. His informant answered that perhaps he never saw an Indian war dance. "It is as quiet as a Quaker meetin' in the start, but when the sport's up, and the hollerin' begins, and the tommyhawks git a flourishin', you may jest look out for some lame Ingins thereabouts." That's the way the Indians do, and we are all human nature.

A NEW WAY TO PAY SMALL DEBTS.

THE demand that the working classes should be relieved from the criminal penalties attached to conspiracies for the purpose of intimidation or coercion has just been followed up by a proposal that they should also be enabled to refuse to pay any debts they may incur without running the risk of imprisonment. Singular as it may appear, a Select Committee of the House of Commons has been persuaded to lend its countenance to the second of these propositions. The Report of this Committee is certainly a remarkable example of Parliamentary wool-gathering. As an exercise in English composition it is deplorable, and the reasoning is on a level with the writing. We will endeavour to convey some idea of this singular document. The Committee have come to the conclusion that imprisonment for small debts ought to be abolished, and the following are their principal reasons for this recommendation:—

1. "That the administration of the law relating to imprisonment for debt by County Court judges is unequal and uncertain in its results." This observation applies more or less to the administration of law in all its branches. There are no means of obtaining absolute equality and certainty even in the case of judges of the highest class; but it has not yet been proposed on this account to abolish all law. The inefficient administration of a law is an argument, not for its abolition, but for the appointment of more capable or careful administrators.

2. "That the mode of procedure on judgment summonses does not ensure sufficient evidence of the means of payment of the debtor, especially with regard to his indebtedness to other creditors, being brought before the County Court judge before entering an order of commitment." This is only a way of saying that the County Court has no machinery for seizing small estates of a few shillings or a few pounds, and dividing them among creditors, and the Committee do not venture to recommend such

an obvious absurdity. As the law at present stands, it is first come, first served. If a debtor has had a judgment against him, and if, having the means to pay the debt, he refuses or neglects to pay the same, he is liable to imprisonment. The debtor is required to pay his creditors in the order in which they sue him, until his means are exhausted; if he can prove that he has no money left, he cannot be imprisoned.

3. "That the numerous commitments to prison in default of payment of small debts entail an expense upon the taxpayers and ratepayers of the country which it is unjust and inexpedient that they should continue to bear." The refusal of a debtor to pay a debt which he has the means of paying is a criminal offence, and it is difficult to see why it should be more unjust that the community should bear the expense of punishing offenders of this class than the expense of punishing other offenders.

4. "That there is inequality in the law in relation to the remedies against debtors for large and small sums, which presses with undue severity upon the latter." It is true that there is no bankruptcy system for small debtors; but it must be remembered that the release of a bankrupt from any part of his obligations is now left to the voluntary action of his creditors, and there is nothing to prevent a small debtor from trying to arrange a composition with his creditors if they are willing to agree to it.

5. "That the frequency of the commitments to prison of the same debtors shows that imprisonment for debt is not always deterrent to the dishonest debtor, while it often inflicts unmerited punishment upon the honest debtor." These are two remarks which have no connexion with each other. The first might be appended as a marginal note to the whole body of judicial statistics. The same persons are continually imprisoned for theft; therefore the punishment is not always deterrent, and the Select Committee would, we suppose, on this ground propose that imprisonment for theft should be abolished. As to the second remark, it is a mere dogmatic assertion, and no evidence is adduced to prove it. Innocent persons will from time to time suffer under any law, but there is no reason to suppose that this "often" happens in the case of small debtors in the County Courts.

6. "That in many districts of England and Wales debts are contracted, and an undue and unnecessary amount of credit given, often without the knowledge of the principal debtor, and it is expedient such dealing and credit should be checked." This implies, we presume, that husbands should no longer be held responsible for debts contracted by their wives, and of course if this rule is to be laid down, it must be applied to all classes alike. It opens up, therefore, rather a wide question, on which the opinion of the public is, we suspect, scarcely so far advanced as that of the Committee, and which we need not argue just now. We agree with the Committee, however, that it is expedient that the dealings they mention should be checked; for that reason we think it is not desirable that the existing check should be removed. That check consists in the husband's knowledge that, if he allows his wife to contract debts beyond their means, he may find himself in prison, and in the wife's knowledge that her husband's liberty depends upon her discretion.

7. "That in giving the credit mentioned in the last resolution, the creditor to a great extent relies upon imprisonment for debt as a means whereby, in case of default, he will be entitled to recover the amount due to him." If he did not rely on this, he would of course have nothing else, in a vast number of cases, to rely upon; for small debtors usually belong to a shifty and wandering class, without fixed homes or any property which can be seized.

In the body of the Report the Committee summarise some of the arguments in favour of keeping the law as it is. It is remarked that, "according to our present habits and customs, credit is as much a necessity for the poor as it is to the rich"—we should have been disposed to say more a necessity to the poor than to the rich; to the rich man it is only a convenience, not a necessity; "that the poorer classes cannot get on without it; it is life and death to the million"; and that, "if imprisonment were abolished, it would tend to destroy much of that credit which is now indispensable to them, or to raise its price to their disadvantage, in order to meet the increased risk." It is admitted that "sometimes debtors refuse to pay, although they have the money in their pockets, until the law is actually put in force"; that, "if imprisonment were abolished, many an obstinate or dishonest debtor would contrive to evade the due discharge of his just obligations," and that "it is the apprehension of this imprisonment quite as much as the imprisonment itself which enables the creditor to enforce his rights." It is also pointed out that it is only in the event of the debtor refusing or neglecting to pay, when he either had or still has the means of paying, that the warrant is issued; and "that when such a fact is proved, there can be no hardship in sending him to prison." The Committee make no attempt to answer these arguments, and simply omit all reference to them in summing up their conclusions. To us they certainly appear unanswerable; and this would seem to be also the opinion of the County Court judges, the great majority of whom are in favour of maintaining the present law, on the ground that credit is absolutely necessary to the working classes, and that if imprisonment were abolished credit would be denied.

It is necessary to observe that the question at issue is really whether a contumacious debtor who has the means to pay a debt, and who refuses to pay it, should be punished, or whether he should be allowed to snap his fingers in the face of his creditors with impunity. Imprisonment for inability to pay debts has been abolished; but the Committee appear to have failed to grasp the dis-

inction between inability and unwillingness to pay. For example, they argue in one place that "the necessary result of imprisonment is to destroy for a time the principal means which the debtor has of satisfying his obligations"; but a debtor can be imprisoned only if he is proved to have means, and he has therefore merely his own perversity or dishonesty to thank if his occupation is interrupted by imprisonment. In consequence of this confusion between debtors who cannot and debtors who will not pay, a great deal of false sympathy has been expended on the small debtors who are sent to prison. A return which has just been issued shows that in 1872 there were 900,763 plaintiffs entered in the County Courts, and that more than half of these were for sums between 5s. and 40s. Seven thousand persons were imprisoned in this year, and here again more than half of them were imprisoned for default made in payments of from 5s. to 40s. It would be rash, however, to assume that these debtors, because their debts were small, were all poor people. It is notorious that a considerable proportion of the small debtors are simply genteel swindlers, who live in lodgings and go about from one neighbourhood to another taking advantage of shopkeepers. Nor are the members of the working classes who get into debt invariably deserving of compassion. Many of them are in receipt of good wages, which they prefer to spend in drink rather than in paying the retail dealers who supply their families with food. When a place at last becomes too hot for them, they simply move off elsewhere, and are lost in the great throng of nomadic population. It is impossible, however, to deny that hard cases occasionally occur. Tallymen prowl about the country, tempting the wives of labouring men with their pucks and their offers of unlimited credit; and there is also a certain class of small shopkeepers who try to get their customers into their power by enticing them into debt at the beginning of the connexion. It is unfortunate that the working classes should fall a prey to harpies of this kind, but it does not follow that the only remedy is to relieve them from all obligation to pay their debts. It seems to us more natural and desirable that they should be encouraged not to plunge into debt. It is impossible in such a case to imagine anything more mischievous than legislation which starts with the assumption that it is perfectly hopeless to expect men to exercise a little prudence and self-restraint. The friends of the working-man, who are anxious that he should be recognized as an infallible oracle of political wisdom, invariably depict him in his private capacity as an imbecile and grovelling fool. It is proposed that the sale of liquor should be suppressed as the only means of preventing him from getting drunk, and that credit must be made practically impossible in order to keep him out of debt. For our own part we should be disposed to place more confidence in the moral capacity of the working-man, and to trust more to his power of self-reliance and self-control. It may be true that the County Court judges are not quite so careful as they should be in ascertaining that debtors have the means to settle the claims against them; but this is a defect, not in the law, but only in the administration of it, and it is a defect which would seem to be capable of amendment. On the whole, any hardships which may be inflicted in this way must be very slight compared with those which would attend the withdrawal of credit, or the severe conditions which would be attached to it if creditors had to trust to their own ingenuity to bind their debtors. There is a lack of plausibility in the argument as to an inequality of the law in regard to remedies against debtors for large and small sums which disappears on closer examination. "The rich man," as Mr. Kerr puts it, "makes a clean sweep of it, and begins again, while the poor man has a miserable debt hanging around his neck all his life." The explanation is simply that large traders trust for protection rather to their own discrimination in giving credit than to the aid of the law in recovering debts, and do not think it worth while to pursue debtors very keenly, while small traders cannot afford to abandon their claims so easily. Besides, an estate of a few pounds would not bear the costs of administration. It will be observed, however, that the Committee do not suggest any means of white-washing small debtors, except releasing them from all obligation to pay their debts. They would thus be enabled to keep their money and to defy their creditors. Their goods would of course be liable to seizure, but there would probably be few cases in which any goods could be found. It seems to us that it would be more to the advantage of society that the working classes should be encouraged to discharge their debts than assisted to defraud their creditors.

GENTLEMAN EMIGRANTS.

A GENERAL order from the Horse Guards invites attention to the conditions under which officers of a certain standing may obtain land in some of our colonies. The colonies in question are Natal, British Columbia, and British Honduras; not the most attractive perhaps, as the *Times* has observed in a leader on the subject. But we should be inclined more particularly to call the attention of military gentlemen who may be contemplating a fresh start on another continent to a letter of Mr. Sprout's which appeared on the 15th instant in the same journal. Mr. Sprout is pretty well known as an enthusiastic advocate of emigration, and no man believes more entirely in the resources and the future of British Columbia. But his letter contains an emphatic and honest warning, which is not the less valuable because it is only the repetition of what is perpetually being in-

culcated by precept and experience, and which should be especially worth the laying to heart as coming from a man of his known opinions. He reminds people who are looking away from high prices and a hard existence in the old country to the chance of easier times elsewhere, that straitened means are no test of the qualifications of an emigrant, and that it is not every able-bodied gentleman who is made of the stuff for successful colonization. Mr. Sprout's letter will not have been written in vain if one of the gentlemen for whom it is intended should profit by its warnings. But in this particular matter we should be inclined to go further than he does. We should say that men of the class to whom the order from the Horse Guards is addressed are the very last who are likely to benefit by the colonial invitation; nor indeed is any gentleman in whom the habits of a crowded civilization begin to be confirmed in much better case.

According to popular ideas, the three colonies named in the circular are certainly not specially seductive. With Honduras we couple the notion of picturesque lagoons and magnificent forests, where mahogany and logwood trees and purple-wood and amboyna and all the timber that goes to inlay ornamental cabinet-work attain to dimensions as colossal as the alligators, mosquitoes, and centipedes. Natal has its triple climate and its zones of productive soil, and can grow anything, they say, from oats and turnips to sugar-canes and coffee. Still we are rather in the way of picturing it as a sandy land lying under a blazing sun, which offers considerable advantages to enterprising ostrich-farmers if they stop short of overstocking the markets. Of British Columbia we hear such contradictory accounts that we have come to regard it as the colonial puzzle of the day. Mr. Sprout, as we have said, believes in it thoroughly, and in the uncompromising Report of Major-General Moody of the Engineers we must admit that he produces a strong certificate to its character. The new Dominion seems to believe in it likewise, or it would not have made such a point of constructing the costly railway which is to link the old Ultima Thule of the Hudson Bay Territory to the rest of our North American possessions. But, on the other hand, we have fresh in our recollection the reports of unprejudiced travellers who have seen very little to admire in it, down to Mr. Grant's *Ocean to Ocean*, published the other day, in which he talks so doubtfully of its agricultural and pastoral prospects. Be all this as it may, and should the capabilities of these colonies have been as much exaggerated as their detractors say they have been, it will only strengthen the considerations we have to urge; while, should all the three be everything that Mr. Sprout avers British Columbia to be, his words of warning are the better deserving attention. There are exceptions to all rules; but we take it there can be little question that gentlemen colonists should be caught young, or should be fitted by their previous training for the new calling to which they betake themselves. Now most military men are very unlikely to fulfil the latter condition, while the order from the Horse Guards absolutely stipulates that they shall only partially fulfil the former. The officers who are to be eligible must have been of a certain length of service; not necessarily a very long one, it is true, yet still quite sufficient to go far to injure their chances. Naval men must have been sub-lieutenants; military men must have done duty for seven years, unless they have been on the Staff for five years, or in the medical service for a similar period. Further—and perhaps it is only fair in the circumstances—the older officers are tempted by the better offers. It is contemplated that veterans of twenty-five years standing may be induced to emigrate, and it is to these that the most liberal terms are tendered. They may receive as much as six hundred acres of land, if they have the money to pay for them at the reduced rate.

The gentleman emigrant, we say, should have been caught young, or he should have received some preliminary training. We should say precisely the same thing if overtures had been made to him from the most inviting colonies in Australasia or America. As a youth he may be exposed to all the snares that are set for the inexperience of "new chums." But at least he goes out full of hope and vigour; he may presume that he has a long day before him; he has little or nothing to unlearn; and if he be only content to wait and listen to good advice, the chances of succeeding should be all in his favour. As a matter of fact, we know how high even in these cases is the average of failures. It is not only the men who betake themselves to dissipated ways when they have broken away from their accustomed restraints that come to grief. Many a highly-educated youth of good previous position, and who started with fair means, is tending sheep, or driving bullock-drays, or loafing about tavern bars and billiard saloons, simply because, as Mr. Sprout says, he never had the stuff in him for a colonist. For him it is, at worst, a wasted life. He is not a husband or the father of a family. But conceive the position of an average captain of five-and-forty who ships himself with his wife and children for the back settlements of some half-reclaimed country. He was conscious of no special aptitudes for colonization, nor had he any previous acquaintance whatever with the geography, climate, or social conditions of the land he thinks of adopting. He hesitated long before he closed with the proposition made to him; and those half-dozen children of his were the arguments that finally decided him. He knew that things were very bad at home, and tending to worse, according to all appearances; but hope kept whispering the flattering tale that it was at least possible that he might better them. He embarks with none of the sanguine enthusiasm which carries one through difficulties more easily than anything else, and flavours toils and hardships with the fresh charm of novelty.

When he lands with his large family and his small means, he finds that he cannot support the charges of colonial hotels. So he has no time to pick and choose, or to stand hesitating between this lot and that, between this district and that other one which is still more highly favoured. He sees his lot traced out and coloured on paper, with its woods and meadows and water privileges, and he is content to accept the assurances of Crown agents who have never been on the spot, and to make the best of it. He sets his face up country straightway. His wife may have been in the habit of following the regimental movements, and may have been forced to put up with rude quarters in her time; but she never yet had actually travelled on a baggage-wagon. Now she makes the toilsome journey in a dray, and possibly at night may be reduced to camp in the open, where the night air sets the children coughing, even if it is not charged with the seeds of swamp fever. Wherever she was billeted before she had at least always a roof of her own over her head, even if it was only a hired and humble lodging. Now she may have to share the common living-room in the log-hut of some friendly stranger, while her husband is busying himself with constructing their dwelling. His own experience as architect or carpenter has been small. The use of an axe is utterly strange to him; hired labour is scarce, rough, and very expensive. We may imagine him to be housed at last, better or worse, in the middle of this property of virgin meadow and forest—six hundred, five hundred, four hundred acres having been assigned in the inverse ratio of his physical ability to deal with them. If he intends to make his fortune by agriculture, he has to drain the meadow and clear the forest. If he means to cut dyewood for the European market, he must betake himself forthwith to a regular woodman's life; and if he means to speculate in ostrich-farming, he has to prepare his gigantic poultry coops, patent hatching-apparatus, and long lines of park palisades. Perhaps half a score of years ago, before he married, he used to be rather the fine gentleman of the regiment. No doubt he would have gone through the hardships and dangers of a campaign with spirit, for the sake of the honour and glory. He was in the way of taking a good deal of exercise round garrison billiard tables, and was indefatigable on the fields and in the covers when a friend gave him a day's shooting. But exertion for the sake of the exertion was never at all in his way. Yet now, if he means that his little place shall support him, he must be indefatigable in his exertions from morning to night. He must toil like a horse himself, and devote unremitting attention to superintending the men who are working under him at wages that are swallowing up his little capital. They are all more experienced than he, and despise him for his ignorance and awkwardness, and he must accept responsibilities for matters of which he knows nothing. Few men would be equal to supporting a strain so severe and so sustained, both physical and mental. For the retired officers who go out on these terms must almost invariably have staked their little all on the venture, and failure must mean their irremediable ruin. Even assuming that everything turns out in their favour, that the land is good and the situation salubrious, that there are easy communications with markets, abundance of water, helpful neighbours, and all the rest of it, still we can hardly conceive how any gentleman encumbered with a family can hope to pick up a decent competence on five hundred acres of un reclaimed country. But to assume that every circumstance is in his favour is to count upon an extravagant coincidence of improbabilities; the odds are that the property falls far short of its promise, and that the rough continues to predominate over the smooth. The value of the produce may be swallowed up in the cost of transport. The water springs may run short in the annual dry season. The rain may lay the whole under water. The advantages of water carriage may be counterbalanced by the epidemics that are bred in low grounds by rivers under a warm sun. We do not count the calamities which scourge a whole colony, and may befall the most experienced—as floods, and droughts, and diseases among the cattle, to say nothing of perils from savages.

We have drawn, it may be said, an extravagantly gloomy picture; yet it would not be difficult with but a slight exercise of imagination to add to the catalogue of perils and hardships that await the gentleman emigrant of mature years. A new settler's life is necessarily a hard one at first; and his future is always precarious, especially if he begins in a humble way. What we argue is that "officers and gentlemen" must enter very heavily handicapped for a race where many are always breaking down. At least they should weigh every untoward contingency carefully before they stake their small means on success in a new profession, and one that is altogether foreign to their former experiences. It is doubtful whether even modest comfort is likely to be attained on lots so limited as those which are offered, and it seems scarcely prudent to venture on a speculation where there is ruin on the one side and only a competence at best on the other.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING'S PASTORAL.

THE Pastoral of "the Archbishops and Bishops of the Province of Westminster, in Provincial Council assembled," bears throughout the unmistakable impress of the mind and style of its author. As Dr. Manning's recent letter to the titular Primate was a psalm over the happy condition of Roman Catholic Ireland, the Pastoral is an exultant psalm over Romanism in England. It begins with telling us that the chief reason why no Synod has met for

fourteen years is to be found in "the completeness of the decrees of the three Provincial Councils already held"; the first of which fixed the order and discipline of "the rising Church which, by the act of the Sovereign Pontiff, had come forth from its scattering and captivity," the second its temporal administration, and the third its ecclesiastical seminaries. And they did their work so thoroughly as to leave nothing to be desired. In this Utopian state of the Church, where there are no abuses or disorders, nothing to reform or correct, it may be asked why the present Synod was held; and the more so, Dr. Manning might have added, as the usual rule has been, not to hold Provincial Councils while a General Council is sitting, and the Vatican Council is in theory suspended, not dissolved. His replies that the canons prescribe triennial Synods, except when the obligation is dispensed with by the Pope, though he does not add that there are very few countries beyond the limits of the British Empire where this "obligation" is allowed by the Government to be acted upon. The Synod of Ware has met accordingly, "not to reform or correct, but to unfold and expand, our former legislation," in view of the enormous growth of the Church in England during the last fourteen years, on which the Archbishop enlarges with eloquent enthusiasm. For three centuries English Catholics were governed by a few Vicars-Apostolic, whose jurisdiction reached from sea to sea, while their missions were scattered at distances of a day's journey from one another. Now there are thirteen dioceses, and a whole organization of churches, colleges, and schools, which has almost doubled during the last fourteen years; so that the whole face of England, especially in our large cities, "begins to put on the aspect of Catholic lands," old prejudices and suspicions "are gone to the moles and to the bats," and "there is spread over the face of England a benevolence towards the Catholic Church and the faith of our ancestors such as for three hundred years has never been." In this happy period of Paradisiac perfection the Synod of Ware has sat for three weeks—as the Archbishop puts it, with a covert sting at another communion which he seldom misses an opportunity of contrasting with his own—"in the perfect unity of faith and charity, of heart and mind, of will and purpose, which is the heirloom of those alone who inherit from the Apostles." The result of its deliberations cannot indeed be made known till its decrees have been approved by the Holy See; and that may involve many months, perhaps a twelvemonth's delay, for Rome is apt to be slow in her movements. A paragraph has gone the round of the papers to the effect that one decree is to order the secular clergy always to appear in public in cassock and tonsure, which would certainly be as conspicuous a way of flaring the red flag in John Bull's face as the most ardent convert could desire. For the present, however, it is enough for us to know, on the highest authority, that "the Catholic Church from this Synod will have gained an incalculable increase in its solid unity and in its vigour of action throughout the whole of England." Perfect as it was before, it will have become more perfect still.

But, after all, it may be presumed that the thirteen Bishops, two mitred Abbots, Chapters, Provincials, and Heads of Orders, theologians and officers of the Council, here enumerated, did not meet together for twenty-two days simply as a Mutual Admiration Society, to exchange compliments and congratulations. And accordingly, after a long and jubilant preface, the Pastoral comes to business. First, there is a warning to the faithful—which, notwithstanding their "noble and inflexible fidelity" may not be at all superfluous—against the sceptical atmosphere of this nineteenth century, when, "from the highest to the lowest class, unbelief has its literature and its apostles." And this brings the Archbishop, by an easy transition, to the first of what are in fact the two leading topics of the address. He passes lightly over the question of primary education, where he naturally takes the same line as the great body of the Anglican clergy, as an uncompromising advocate of the Denominational system. On that matter there is not likely to be any difference of opinion among his flock, and the course of action is clear enough. But the point he is really anxious to dwell upon is the "higher" or University "education required by our youth from the age of seventeen or eighteen to twenty-one or twenty-two years." The growth of "a numerous middle class," chiefly through the accession of educated converts, has made this a very pressing question for English Roman Catholics; and it would be pretty clear from the tone of the Pastoral, even if it were not well known already, that these "educated families" are by no means willing to acquiesce in the exclusion of their sons from the education of the national Universities. Some ten years ago they sent a deputation to Rome, requesting permission to avail themselves of the new opening for Catholic students at Oxford and Cambridge, and received a rather ambiguous reply. But of Dr. Manning's policy on the subject, both before and since he became Archbishop, there has never been any doubt. Twice over Dr. Newman has bought ground at Oxford, with the view of building a church there for the benefit of Roman Catholic undergraduates, and twice over he has been compelled to abandon the scheme under pressure from the authorities of his own Church. The Jesuits, whose view does not seem quite to accord with Dr. Manning's, and who are apt to get their own way, have now succeeded in doing what Dr. Newman was not permitted to carry out. Meanwhile the Archbishop reminds the faithful that five years ago he felt it his duty to warn all parents that they could not send their sons to Oxford or Cambridge without peril of losing faith or morals, or both, and he is now "compelled to repeat this admonition with still graver warning." He has also obtained a more stringent "declaration" from Rome on the sub-

ject, though it is evidently thought prudent, in view of the partial and reluctant compliance accorded to former admonitions, not to issue any positive command. A hint is thrown out that some day a Catholic University may be founded in England by "those who come after us," but the readers of the Pastoral can hardly help feeling that this is a very broken reed to lean upon. Some twenty years ago the attempt was made, under exceptionally favourable circumstances, in a country where four-fifths of the population are Catholic, and with Dr. Newman's splendid services placed at its disposal, to found such an institution for Ireland. But it proved so complete and ludicrous a failure that, except in a respectable medical school at Dublin, scarcely a trace of it remains, and he must indeed be sanguine who expects that in England, with a mere fraction of the population Roman Catholic, and without Dr. Newman's genius to rely upon, the result would be more satisfactory. As to the perils to faith and morals of which Dr. Manning speaks, it might be sufficient to appeal to his own former experience, while it is not irrelevant to observe that this very Pastoral bears unmistakable evidence on every page of that culture which he is so resolutely bent on interdicting to the youthful members of his adopted Church. He owes it to his Oxford training that, whenever he chooses to address his countrymen, he can command a hearing, though he may not win assent; and if his public utterances are compared with those of even the ablest of his suffragans, such as Bishop Ullathorne, it is impossible not to feel at once that you are descending to a totally different level, or, as Mr. Matthew Arnold would express it, passing from culture to barbarism. It is not wonderful, then, that educated Catholics, especially converts, should wince under restrictions arbitrarily imposed, which place their sons at a distinct disadvantage, socially and intellectually, with their Protestant fellow-countrymen. The Archbishop must know that very many of them share the opinion expressed the other day in the *Times* by one of the most distinguished and most unimpeachably orthodox of their number, Mr. F. A. Paley, that "no greater mistake in relation to higher Catholic education could have been made." And Mr. Paley's experience of Cambridge, ranging as it does through a period of forty years down to the present day, gives great weight to his testimony as to the question of fact. Scepticism in the present day is of course to be met with everywhere, and cannot be suppressed by ignoring its existence; but we believe all evidence bears him out in saying that "it is not true that there is more of lax morality or of scepticism at these Universities" (Oxford and Cambridge) "than in society generally, or than, at least, there is said to be in Catholic Universities on the Continent." We have heard a Roman Catholic who had passed successively through Oxford and Louvain—the one episcopal and exclusively Catholic University of Belgium, if not of the Continent generally—maintain the superiority of Oxford in both respects.

But, in fact, Universities, which were originally a creation of mediæval Catholicism, have been looked on with deep suspicion by the Roman Church ever since the Council of Trent. It was then that the separate seminary system for the clergy was organized, which Dr. Manning is so anxious to see universally spread over England, though he appears, rather inconsistently, willing to drop the *petit séminaire* out of the scheme. The Jesuits for a time contrived to possess themselves of a large number of Universities, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century they are said to have held in their own hands the Theological and Philosophical Faculties of about eighty. But since their own exclusion from these posts they have not been slow to denounce the whole system of modern Universities, which their Roman organ, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, politely designates "not only dry, but dry and stinking bones, so great is the stench that rises from their deadly and pestilential teaching." As to the present point Dr. Manning should remember that, if the little handful of Roman Catholics who now resort to Oxford and Cambridge find any special danger to their faith and morals, he has himself very much to thank for it. If they were reinforced by the general body of their co-religionists of the class from which the Universities are chiefly recruited, it would be hard if they could not hold their own.

The later part of the Pastoral is occupied with a topic on which we commented some months ago, when a rather angry correspondence about it was going on in the *Times*. Archbishop Manning insists that mixed marriages without dispensations are unlawful, though he allows them to be valid, and that dispensations can only be granted on condition of a promise that all the children shall be brought up in the Catholic faith, and that the marriage shall be solemnized in a Catholic church alone. And he argues that these two conditions have always been obligatory, under pain of sin. They certainly have not always been enforced. An arrangement by which the children were to be trained in the faith of their parent of the same sex was at one time very common in England, and is still, we believe, common in Germany. And as to the prohibition to repeat the nuptial ceremony in an Anglican church, which is condemned as "an act intrinsically sinful," no one knows better than Dr. Manning that it was first introduced a few years ago into England by himself. The change in the English law by which "the registrar took the place of the Protestant clergyman" dates, as he himself points out, from 1836, but the "sinful" custom of repeating the marriage ceremony went on, with the full acquiescence, if not the open sanction, of bishops and priests, including his own predecessor Cardinal Wiseman, till he himself became Archbishop eight years ago. We cannot say that it ever appeared to us a matter of at all the importance which some indignant Protestants have attributed to it. A disciple of Dr.

Cumming's would probably think twice before marrying a Roman Catholic, but any one sufficiently sympathetic or sufficiently indifferent to be ready to form a lifelong union with a member of that Church can hardly be credited with any very profound conscientious objection to cementing the union by an exclusively Roman Catholic ceremony; and we believe that the marriage rite of the two Churches is in fact very much the same. Still the prohibition, like that of mixed marriages altogether, is an arbitrary one, and we must add that, in pointing to the practice of his Church in creating all sorts of impediments, over and above those held to be of divine obligation, which make marriage without dispensation unlawful or invalid, the Archbishop has challenged attention to a very vulnerable peculiarity of its discipline. In this very case, as we had occasion to show the other day, the Brazilian bishops have used or abused the rule to treat Protestant marriages as intrinsically invalid, and therefore annulled in practice by the subsequent conversion of either party to the Church. Thus, again, not only is the marriage of first cousins prohibited, about which no doubt a good deal may be said, but of second or third, if not even more distant, cousins also; while yet in some countries dispensations for the marriage of uncle and niece are given as easily as asked for. It is difficult to see any object in these manifold and often whimsical impediments—all of which are dispensable "for sufficient cause," and are in practice habitually dispensed—except greed of power or of gain. In former days enormous sums were paid into the Roman Chancery for dispensations, and it appeared from a discussion in the Vatican Council that the practice is not yet extinct. But the restriction is probably retained at the present day chiefly for the hold over, the bait which it secures to the ecclesiastical authorities, who can apply the screw with tyrannical force, as in this case of mixed marriages, when it so pleases them. We have heard a zealous convert express his approval of these unions "as a means of spreading the faith"; and when the Catholic partner is in earnest and the Protestant ignorant or indifferent, such a result is not unlikely to follow. Dr. Manning is evidently not desirous of encouraging such alliances, but he is resolved to secure the lion's share for his own communion when they do occur. That they are increasing, and likely to continue to increase, in this country as elsewhere, as Roman Catholics and Protestants get thrown more closely together, there can be no doubt. And, considering the evil consequences of intermarriage in all close corporations, of which the English Roman Catholic aristocracy has supplied one out of many illustrations, there is little reason to regret it. But it remains to be seen whether in this matter, or still more in the matter of University education, the "dearly beloved children in Christ" to whom the Pastoral is addressed will be willing to submit to all the restrictions which their bishops are desirous of imposing on them.

THE GAME-LAWS IN SCOTLAND.

THE dissatisfaction of Scottish farmers at the Game-laws was expressed with more force than reason before the Committee of last Session. Some of the complaints which they alleged were shown to be destitute of foundation, and they were driven at last to rely on the "food of the people" argument, which may be pushed to an inconvenient point. It cannot be too clearly stated that "the depopulation of the Highlands" is due, not to deer and grouse, but to sheep. The farmer really caused the evil which has been partially remedied by the sportsman. In that happy time before Scotland's woes began, a certain estate turned out seven or eight hundred fighting men in the Rebellion, and consequently the population could not have been under five or six thousand. When the depopulation began, in 1780, that estate fetched 700*l.* or 800*l.* a year. The people were then cleared off to make way for sheep. That estate has now a population under two thousand, and the rent has risen from 800*l.* to 10,000*l.* or 12,000*l.* "This," says a witness who states these facts, "is the result of sheep and game together." Formerly all those hills which are now held by sheep were occupied by cattle, but they brought in less rent, and sheep-farming was found to be more profitable. As sheep-farming was introduced into the country the small crofters disappeared, because they had no longer a place to graze their cattle in the summer, and all their crofts and little harvest-fields were wanted for grass for sheep in winter; "and that was the cause of what is commonly called the depopulation of the Highlands." It must be remembered that the large sheep-farmers do not in general reside in the Highlands, whereas the owner or tenant of a deer forest is not likely to be absent from it in the shooting season. The modern passion for Highland scenery and sports causes wealthy men to purchase or rent Scotch moors and forests, and the adverse witnesses strive ineffectually to deny that the country has benefited by becoming the recreation ground of a rich and liberal class. It cannot, however, be questioned that, if all the deer of the Highlands were displaced by sheep, the supply of animal food for the United Kingdom would be increased in a minute proportion; but if once you start on the utilitarian principle it is difficult to stop. One of the most earnest opponents of deer forests on the Committee was Mr. McCombie, M.P. for West Aberdeenshire. This well-known grazier and cattle-dealer pressed the "food of the people" argument to the utmost, yet he appeared before another Committee of the same Session to urge the importance of encouraging the breeding of prize oxen, which he at the same time admitted

do not pay their cost. Venison and Christmas beef are equally indefensible in the view of strict economy, but we venture to think that, if luxuries are to be tolerated, the shapely, graceful stag has a better title to exist than the gross, unwieldy bullock. We can at any rate discover the stag's beauty for ourselves, while we require Mr. McCombie to instruct us in the merit of the prize ox. In his opinion that merit is so great that private slaughter-houses, which some people think are nuisances, ought to be maintained in the West of London, in order to encourage the farmers of Aberdeenshire to overfeed their cattle. This question of abolishing private slaughter-houses was, in Mr. McCombie's view, a very serious question. It not only affected the consumers and the retail butchers, but it deeply affected the graziers and the landlords of the North of Scotland. If cattle cannot be brought alive to London, "emulation among graziers and butchers will be at an end." It seldom or never pays directly the grazier or the butcher to feed or to purchase prize animals, but both may gain by it indirectly; the grazier by his brand, the butcher by gaining *éclat* for his shop. "The grazier takes a pride in producing, and the butcher takes a pride in exhibiting, these fine animals." Persons who are deficient in sense of beauty and power of imagination, and who object to smells which they think unpleasant, have proposed that the cattle bred by Mr. McCombie and others in Aberdeenshire should be killed there and brought to London in carcase. But what is a peach without its bloom? Mr. McCombie wishes private slaughter-houses to be maintained in London in order to induce butchers to buy cattle "at prices beyond their intrinsic value as meat"; yet this same Mr. McCombie pressed on landlords and sportsmen who appeared as witnesses before the Committee on the Game-laws the argument that "the food of the people" would be increased by substituting sheep for deer. It is fairly stated in the Report of the Committee that the complaints against deer forests have for the most part come from sheep-farmers who have keenly felt the competition of sportsmen for mountain grazing. A witness whose "duty to his brother and his Maker" forbade him to maintain a Game-law was doubtless not insensible to the consideration that, if there were no game, there would be no shooting tenants and keepers to vex the farmer's soul. The Committee found that the number of sheep actually displaced by deer, taking the highest estimate, could not exceed 400,000, and only one-fourth of this number—namely, 100,000—could be brought to market each year; and as these sheep had for the most part to be wintered away from the mountains, not much more than half the weight of mutton supplied by them could really be credited to the grazing ground now devoted to deer. Thus we may safely put the sheep displaced by deer at 56,000, whereas the number of sheep in Great Britain in 1871 was upwards of 28,000,000; and supposing one-fourth of this number, or 7,000,000, to come to market yearly, the loss would not exceed $\frac{1}{4}$ part of the total quantity. It must be remembered too that venison is eaten, although not generally sold, and this calculation takes no account of imported mutton. It may be added that in England the proportion of sheep coming to market yearly would greatly exceed one-fourth.

Many curious features of character and habits of thinking are exhibited in the course of a Parliamentary inquiry into such a subject as the Game-laws. Deer is not, properly speaking, game, although it enjoys the same protection as hares and pheasants under recent legislation. It was difficult to get some of the Highland witnesses to understand the question which is so important in England as to restraining trespassers in case the Game-laws should be abolished. In many districts there is no poaching or possibility of poaching, because there is nobody near enough to the forest who is not in the landowner's employ. A farmer who zealously denounced the Game-laws was asked how he would check trespassers without them. He was asked what he would do if five strangers came to shoot upon his land, and he answered that he would take ten of his own men and put them off. He afterwards endeavoured to qualify this incautious answer, but it remains on the Committee's notes. Some farmers who complain bitterly of game admit that their objection would be mitigated if it were let to themselves along with the land, instead of being let separately to shooting tenants. Many grievances have been magnified by want of tact on one side and of temper on the other; and in at least one case which was sifted by the Committee, it appeared that the tenant had got his farm cheap because of the game, which at the same time enabled him to enjoy the luxury of perpetually grumbling. It would need strong evidence to convince us that in any considerable number of cases the Scotch farmer loses heavily by game, or could be deterred by fear of his landlord from publishing his grievance, if he had one. It did, however, appear that martyrs rather shrunk from cross-examination by the Committee. The cases of alleged clearance were generally answered by the landlords in person, and it appeared that the witnesses had truly stated that old cottages had been pulled down, but they had forgotten to add that new cottages had been built, either on the same sites or close at hand. In one case where a sheep farm had been lately turned into a deer forest, the reason was that, at the present high price of sheep, it was difficult to find a tenant who would take the existing stock at a valuation. Consumers who are groaning at the high price of mutton may perhaps derive comfort from learning that cautious Scotch farmers are looking to the possibility of reduction; but we must say that we think these farmers rival in farsightedness a witness who believes that there is a limit to wealth and luxury, and that the demand for deer forests and grouse moors may be ex-

pected to abate. The rise in rent of Highland properties during the last thirty years is marvellous, and whatever may be the effect on national wealth, there is no doubt that deer pay the owner who lets his land better than sheep. In fact the Highlands of Scotland have become to a select class of wealthy Englishmen what Switzerland is to Englishmen generally, a playground. There is at this moment, indeed, a prominent difference between the two countries—that you can travel to Switzerland more safely than to Scotland.

Although the complaints brought before the Committee were shown to be exaggerated, it is undeniable that a strong and not altogether unreasonable feeling exists in Scotland against the preservation of game. The Committee notice "the excessive preservation of ground game on certain large estates in Scotland" as a legitimate source of dissatisfaction, and both in England and Scotland it is the hares and rabbits which not only do actual mischief, but cause perpetual disputes. As regards deer there is little urged against them except that they displace sheep, and as regards grouse it is clear that, if the farmer had the letting of the shooting, he would be tolerably satisfied. This appears from the evidence of Mr. T. Purves, who dislikes sportsmen in general so much that he actually complains of their occupying the inns and excluding tourists "who pay the innkeepers much better." If a tourist pays better than a sportsman, it can only be because he does not know the country so well and is more easily imposed upon. But Mr. Purves, while expressing strong opinions against game and Game-laws in general, admitted that he rented both farm and game, and let the latter to a sporting tenant. He was asked whether he would object to deer coming on his sheep farm, and he answered that as a tenant farmer he would not, but in the public interest he would. He belongs to a class whose talent for indirect answers has become proverbial, but he was persuaded to admit that the shooting on his farm would be more valuable if there was a chance of getting a stag from the neighbouring forest now and then. The truth is that deer and grouse shooting has become so valuable that, if a landowner were compelled to choose between his game rent and his farm rent, he would be apt to prefer the former. Some of the farmers say that they would be glad to see their landlords and landlords' friends, but they object to strangers who rent shootings, and still more to the gamekeepers whom these strangers employ. The strength of this feeling is shown by the absurdity of some of the complaints which they bring against shooting tenants. One farmer is shocked at an attempt to "bribe" his shepherd with a pound of tobacco, and another pretends that his sheep are so distracted by the sportsman's dogs that they cannot get fat. No doubt if the sportsman rented not from the landowner, but from the farmer, the sheep, which is an intelligent animal, would perceive the difference. It is said that this dissatisfaction of farmers at the Game-laws will strongly influence the Scotch elections, and it would appear that the farmers are not likely to obtain from the landowners what alone would content them—namely, the sacrifice of half their incomes. The excessive preservation of ground game is, no doubt, a clear abuse of the Game-laws which can easily be remedied. But we do not think that it would be safe to adopt the proposal often made to take hares and rabbits out of the game list. The Chief Constable of Dumfriesshire says that, if this were done, "all and sundry would feel themselves entitled to go and take the hares and rabbits as long as they lasted," and, beginning with hares and rabbits, they certainly will not stop there; and in his own county the number of police will require to be doubled. The Committee express the opinion that rabbits should be looked upon as vermin upon cultivated land, where they consume or destroy more food than they are worth, and they recommend that the protection given to rabbits by the Game-laws should be withdrawn, except in warrens or similar enclosed places. The opinion of the Committee is more clearly right than their recommendation. It may be feared that, as there is always a possibility of rabbits on a farm, there will be a pretext for "all and sundry" to come upon it; and perhaps a Scotch farmer who on principle objects to game, and in practice dislikes trespassers, seeing five men looking like poachers on his farm, will take ten men of his own and move them off; and then perhaps there may be work for the police.

ART AT THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

v.

IF all, or even one-half, of the architectural projects now exhibited in Vienna were carried out, the face of Europe might be scarcely recognized by its oldest inhabitant. Still, though architects are proverbial for building castles upon paper, in the present instance they are able to show a large amount of good work either in progress or actually completed. The principal cities in Europe, as all travellers can testify, have within living memory been greatly changed for better or for worse. Happy are towns such as Nuremberg or Ravenna, which can manage to get on without restoration or enlargement. But such are the supposed exigencies of modern civilization, so considerable too is the increase of commerce and population, that there are comparatively few spots where the picturesque forms of old Germany and France, or the lovely types of mediæval Italy, are not marred by modern intrusions. How to put a new piece on an old garment is the problem which architects are perpetually striving to solve. In some places they are not able to do much harm; for example, in Berlin, Munich, Vienna, and Pesth, there has been little to spoil;

and yet in cities wherein modern builders have found wide space to work their best or their worst, as the case may be, it almost invariably happens that the points of especial interest are centred in some relic of the past not yet swept away. Hence in the Vienna Galleries the most pleasing and instructive drawings do not concern new structures, but old remains, such as the series of "Historic Monuments in France." It is, however, vain to lament over ruthless destruction or incongruous renovation which it is now too late to avert; the part of wisdom seems to be to make the best of things as they are. Such indeed appears to be the spirit in which the architects who find a place in the Vienna Exhibition have gone to work. The designs which we shall pass under review are for the most part commended by utility and fitness; decoration grows out of construction; and thus simplicity and unity take the place of that extravagance and empty show which have long been the bane of the architecture of modern Europe. It will hence be inferred that matters are improving. In fact, on the Continent we may trace changes analogous to the movements which in England have wrought a revolution. We say analogous, and not identical, for Continental Europe has been fortunately saved from the Itskinito vagaries which disfigure especially the provincial towns of England.

Few cities have had so fine an opportunity for architectural development as Vienna. The open space formerly occupied by the ramparts and glacis now forms the circuit of the Ringstrasse, two miles long, and in parts seventy feet broad. Here already stand the Opera House, the Franz-Joseph Kaserne, the Kursaal, and the Votiv-Kirche; to these will be added within the next few years the new Rathhaus, the University, and the Museum. The new Arsenal, which lies beyond the Belvedere Gallery, also calls for emphatic mention. These several buildings, which, when completed, with all their accessory squares, terraces, and promenades, will make Vienna the most stately capital in Europe, admit in point of art of distinctive classification. First in order of time, though not foremost in architectural merit, are the buildings which in style belong more or less to the usual routine of the Italian Renaissance. And yet one characteristic of Vienna is that even the most worn-out of styles are treated with originality, and thus such buildings as the Kursaal and the Opera House compare favourably with the more servile revivals in Munich. The Viennese are distinguished by vigour and versatility, and even when they are ambitious of ostentation, they manage to introduce novel or bold features which redeem compositions from commonplace. The large hotels, however, of which the elevations, &c., are shown in the Exhibition, do not rise above that insensate pomp and show which all the world over are supposed to favour trading establishments.

We have next to speak of certain noteworthy manifestations of brick architecture, large in scale, simple, broad, and independent in treatment. A member of the House of Commons at the time of "the Battle of the Styles," declared that "we live in an age of compromise," and it is the misfortune of Germany that she also has not yet passed into a more honest mode of construction. From the borders of the North Sea and of the Baltic down to the banks of the Danube—partly on account of the scarcity of good building stone—ordinary dwellings, and even the façades of public institutions, wear the dissembling disguise of plaster. In some few towns, however, especially in Hanover and in Vienna, there have sprung up of late years public and private buildings which in structure and ornament rely solely on brick. In the town of Hanover the designs are little more than tasteful adaptations from the brick architecture of Lombardy; but in Vienna, as her habit is, a more independent course has been taken. To her praise be it spoken, these edifices in baked clay are primarily utilitarian. The large stately barracks of Franz-Joseph have evidently been reared on strictly economic principles; and yet, by means of a salient sky outline, of bold cornices, and of corner stone-dressings, the art result is better than if thrice the money had been squandered. The great arsenal on the opposite side of the city, containing an armoury and decorated with frescoes, is naturally more ambitious than a caserma. With the best possible effect moulded brick is here used decoratively, and the principal tower and portal are set off with stone-work and statues. The style serves to substantiate the claim we have made for Viennese independence; the Saracenic is worked freely into the Norman; round arches enclose geometric tracery. It is interesting to observe how, as we approach the Eastern confines of Europe, architecture throws off its Western garb; thus on the banks of the Danube at Pesth is an imposing Kursaal, the arches round and boldly shadowed, the tracery geometric, the columns or pilasters fluted and relieved by figures. At Czernowitz, too, abutting on the Russian frontier, we learn through a series of drawings in the Exhibition of "the residence of a Grecian-Oriental bishop," apparently brick in structure, and showing decisive traces of the Saracenic style in the treatment of the rounded arch. We have already dwelt on the Orientalism which has found its way into the pictorial arts of Austria, and we now discover like affinities in the architecture.

But this sketch of architectural phases would be incomplete did we not call special attention to recent manifestations of Gothic within the Austrian capital. The Exhibition gives fitting prominence to "the Votive Church," the design of the Viennese architect, Ritter von Ferstel, raised by the present Emperor to commemorate his deliverance from impending death. The style is appropriately akin to that of the great parent cathedral; the two spires at the west end appear in the city panorama as the younger sisters of the lofty and symmetric spire of St. Stephen. But the composition is sufficiently

Independent; the side chapels nestle among the buttresses, the large windows of the clerestory and of the transepts make the interior light and lantern-like; the whole structure has symmetry and unity, as if the birth of one bright and happy thought. The church is emphatically beautiful, and thus it lacks the ruggedness and the picturesqueness which belong to the opposite readings of Gothic. Of like balanced proportion and delicacy in well-placed ornament is the Gothic Rathhaus by Herr Schmidt. A model with ground plans in the Exhibition shows a façade in three successive planes; foremost stands a spire, the base of which serves for a porch; next follows the centre, supported on arcading two arches deep, casting strong shadow; above rise clustered windows with a turret between each group—a most effective composition. The uppermost story is an arcading of small windows. The wings on either side retire a little back, the style becomes more quiet, and the light and shade less strong. The danger no doubt is that, as in the sister art of painting, so here, in the latest phase of Gothic architecture, the compilation is so careful, the system so studiously scientific, that bold creation finds no room. These pretty manifestations of Gothic have the fascination, especially for the amateur, of the Church of St. Ouen, but antiquaries and thorough artists take more delight in the west front of the Cathedral of Rouen—a structure said to embody an epitome of the middle ages. Even in such contrast will the Votive Church and the Rathhaus stand to the venerable Cathedral of St. Stephen.

Germany is composed of so many States that she can well afford scope for many styles. Berlin has long laboured under the misfortune of having been committed to a stately classicism which precludes variety or expansion; still the dignity of which the arts were in danger of dying at length yields to modern requirements, and luxury has softened down severity. In Dresden and in Stuttgart the Renaissance has obtained special developments, and the revival before noticed of brick architecture in Hanover has extended over Northern Germany, and may be traced as far even as Copenhagen. In Munich, as we all know, various historic and mongrel styles stand side by side, the last novelty being a new Gothic Rathhaus. With the exception of the Town Hall in Vienna and this design for Munich, Gothic is in Germany almost solely reserved for ecclesiastical structures; the style, however, is said to obtain warm supporters in the Rhenish provinces of Prussia. Speaking generally, we observe in Germany an awakened desire for decoration; new materials are eagerly sought which can be turned to ornamental ends, either in the way of colour or for surface ornament. We may also note a freer treatment of prescriptive styles, an adaptation of old forms to new exigencies, not only for the sake of utility, but in order to please the eye with polychrome and to bring the manifold forms of nature into the service of architecture. Again we find these movements on the Continent analogous to, though by no means identical with, well-known developments in England.

Unfortunately England exhibits so little in Vienna that the progress she has avowedly made can scarcely be appreciated. The only exhibitors are Mr. Blashill, who displays "Warehouses, Ludgate Hill"; Mr. Seddon, who again exhibits "University of Wales, Aberystwith"; Mr. Street, R.A., who sends designs for "the New Law Courts"; and Mr. Waterhouse, who displays "the Plan and Elevation of Eaton Hall, Cheshire." Under the important group "Art applied to Religion" there are but two entries, the first being a "Stained Glass Window for a Staircase, Watteau Style." In what relation a "staircase" and the "Watteau style" stand to "religion" the Royal Commissioners do not explain. It might have been almost better not to have exhibited at all than to do such cruel injustice to the best talent of England. But the authorities of South Kensington deserve well of their country for the kind care they have taken of women and children. Not only do they display designs of fans by female students, but they reserve a special department for the "Exhibition of all the Arrangements and Contrivances for the better Nursing, Training, and Rearing of Children; their Physical and Mental Development from the First Days of their Life up to their School-time; their Nourishment, Cradles, Nurseries, &c." Evidently important problems are here presented. Given the "cradles" and the "nurseries," the next question that arises is, what style of art best suits the "Kindergarten"? The answer here suggested is, the style taught in the schools of South Kensington. Such, in brief, is the moral enforced by the "British Section," and that at the sacrifice of architecture and much besides.

Russia and other countries, by virtue of a better organization, put England to shame. The architectural developments in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Tiflis, and other Russian towns, notwithstanding a too considerable percentage of bastard Italian designs, naturally present features unfamiliar to Western Europe. The church in Helsingfors, and neighbouring buildings in this the new capital of Finland, are little better than scenic displays of that Italian Renaissance which Russia is prone to plant upon whatever spot she places her foot. But the large and recently constructed Cathedral of the Saviour at Moscow, and more especially designs for a church at Tiflis, have better claims to nationality. The last is allied to the style which perhaps may be designated Norman-Saracenic—a combination to which, as we have seen, the Eastern provinces of Austria are tending. The form, as usual in Russia, is that of the Greek cross, and up in the sky is a parade of clustered domes; the colour and enrichments are almost Oriental. Russia possesses a rare opportunity of forming a national architecture based on the old Byzantine and borrowing colour from the East. The designs here produced serve still further to enforce the

law everywhere illustrated in these galleries, that the nations of Europe do most wisely when they fashion the architecture of the present on the historic examples which belong to their respective races and countries.

RACING AT DONCASTER.

IF, during a highly successful week, there was in any branch of sport a perceptible falling off from the standard of former years at Doncaster, it was in the two-year-old racing. At present singularly few first-class two-year-olds have run this year; indeed, when we have mentioned *Écosais* and *Marsworth*, we are at a loss what to add to the pair, and it is probable that we shall have to wait till the Middle Park Plate before we can form an idea of the comparative strength or weakness of this season's horses of that age. Usually the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster is one of the most important of two-year-old races, and it has almost become a proverb that a horse which has won the Champagne is sure to distinguish himself afterwards. It has of late years been carried off by such distinguished animals as *The Marquis*, *Lord Clifden*, *Achievement*, *Sunshine*, and *Cromorne*; while, as we all remember, *Blue Gown* came in first for it, despite the large amount of undeclared overweight with which he was burdened—an amount that has never been exactly ascertained. On the other hand, it has been occasionally won by second-class animals like *Zambesi* and *Walloon*, and an ordinary performer like *Redan* was able to make a dead heat for it with *Lord Lyon*. We suspect that this year it fell to a horse not above mediocrity, though the field was far larger than the average, no fewer than a dozen coming to the post. *Baron Rothschild* did not run *Marsworth*, sending *Lady May*, a fine daughter of *North Lincoln*, instead; and, in the absence of the much talked of *Rob Roy*, Mr. Merry was represented by *Sir William Wallace*. The remainder, including *Aventurière*, *Farnsfield*, and *Napoleon III.*, have all appeared in public before, with the exception of M. Lefèvre's representative, *Feu d'Amour*, and *Sir J. Hawley's Polyhymnia*. There was an unusually long delay at the post, and the race was fruitful of disappointments; but at last a somewhat scrambling finish between *Napoleon III.*, *Feu d'Amour*, and *Aventurière* ended in favour of the first named by a neck, *Lord Ailesbury's* filly being beaten for second place by half a length. Both first and third have only shown moderate form, and not longer ago than at Stockton August Meeting *Napoleon III.* was signally defeated by *Apology*, who at York the following week succumbed to *Sir William Wallace*, and also by *De Cambis*, who also at York was beaten by Mr. Merry's colt. On public running, therefore, *Sir William Wallace* ought to have won the Champagne, yet he was one of the first beaten, and the extraordinary change of form displayed by him and *Napoleon III.* in the space of one month can only be explained by the fact that moderate horses beat, and are beaten by, one another with bewildering uncertainty. *Marsworth* apparently would have had little difficulty in securing the Champagne, and through *Feu d'Amour* M. Lefèvre can tell exactly what *Écosais* could do with the winner. *Napoleon III.* is a son of *King John*, whose stock have at present acquired no reputation for stoutness, and despite his victory last week we doubt whether Mr. Fisher's colt will prove an exception to the rule. We cannot, however, discover that he has any other engagement of importance this season. The only other two-year-old race at Doncaster that threw any light on the Champagne was a Sweepstakes on the Thursday, won by *Farnsfield*. *Farnsfield* at one moment looked very like winning the Champagne, but died away at last in such a manner as to create the idea that the distance was too far for him, and finished fourth. Yet, two days afterwards, over a longer course, *Farnsfield* won simply by superior gameness from *Rostrevor* and *George Frederick*; and it is noticeable that in the rich Municipal Stakes, run on the Leger day, *George Frederick*, the fine-looking brother to *Albert Victor*, made an easy victim of *Apology*. On the whole, we may say that the two-year-olds that ran at Doncaster have no pretensions to rank in the first class.

The general racing of the week was fully up to the mark. A good field of twelve contested the Great Yorkshire Handicap, including our old friends *Kingcraft* and *Falkland* (strange that a Derby winner should be kept in active training for three years afterwards, and, though perfectly sound and well, be utterly unable to win any sort of race at any sort of weight!), *Lilian*, *Freeman*, *Flurry*, and *Sister Helen*. The surprise of the race was the forward position of *Sister Helen*, whose reputation has been made on short courses; and up to within a hundred yards from the finish she held a most commanding position. In the end, however, there was an interesting struggle between *Freeman* and two lightly-weighted three-year-olds, *Pirate* and *Mestizo*, resulting in the victory of the former by a length over Mr. Merry's horse. Though beaten, *Freeman*, who was giving much more than weight for age to the first and third in the race, acquitted himself quite well enough to increase the confidence of the supporters of his stable companions, *Marie Stuart* and *Doncaster*, for the great race of the week. *Kingcraft*, as usual, ran miserably, and it really can be of no use to keep him in training. We may add that all the mixed races of the first day in which two-year-olds took part were carried off by the youngsters; the *Fitzwilliam*, the *Clumber*, and the *Stand Stakes*, added to the Champagne, the Glasgow, and the Filly Stakes, making altogether a regular benefit for the two-year-olds. The Portland Plate was this year an additional

attraction to the Leger day, and, as usual, brought out a large field of speedy horses. Among the twenty-three were such well-known animals as Oxonian, Blenheim, Conspiracy, Highland Fling, Madge Wildfire, Wilberforce, Chesnut, Osur de Lion, Maid of Perth, and Fisherman. A better field for a race of this description could hardly have been collected together, and, as usual, there was a long delay at the post, and a great struggle for the advantage of the start. As usual, too, Oxonian, who is well used to this sort of business, jumped off with the lead and maintained it for three parts of the distance. Then Conspiracy, Blenheim, and Grand Flaneur passed him, and he was immediately eased, having a second engagement the same afternoon, which he successfully fulfilled. A good race between the three named ended in favour of Grand Flaneur by half a length, Blenheim beating Conspiracy by a length for the second place. Oxonian could undoubtedly have been in the first three; but, as he could not win, he was not persevered with, and came out an hour later with 5 lbs. less on his back for the Corporation Stakes, which he carried off easily from Trombone, Albani, Thunderer, and Miss Stockwell. The Queen's Plate brought out Winslow, Shannon, Manille, and Oingalina; but the race was confined to the first two, Manille's chance being unfortunately put out by a serious disappointment, owing to Shannon boring him towards the rails at the very moment that Custance was bringing Winslow up between her and the rails. Thus beset on both sides, Manille was altogether jammed out of the race, and as nearly as possible knocked down into the bargain. Not only so, but, when Manille was disposed of, Shannon continued her unpleasant attentions to Winslow, and so pressed him against the rails that it was a wonder he did not fall or tumble over them. He managed to escape the danger however and won—easily at last—by half a length. It was not wonderful that Custance should lodge a complaint against Chaloner, and though the Stewards acquitted the latter of any evil intention, they advised him to be "more careful in future."

On the Thursday The Colonel continued his victorious career by winning the Scarborough Stakes from his solitary opponent John; and Mr. Merry was recompensed for his disappointment with Highland Fling in the Portland Plate by carrying off the Alexandra Plate—the more valuable prize of the two. At the same time fortune has been pretty favourable to Mr. Merry this year. It was obvious in the Portland Plate that Highland Fling not only got off badly, but was also disappointed in the running; and as she was meeting Oxonian in the Alexandra Plate on 7 lbs. better terms, she was again supported, especially as the distance—one mile—was not altogether Oxonian's favourite course. Besides this pair Drummond, Alaric, Montargis, and Duke of Cambridge—whilome favourite for the Goodwood Stakes—ran, and the field in all numbered twelve. Oxonian, as usual, made the most of the running, but Highland Fling proved too good for the old horse in the last quarter of a mile, and wore him down, winning easily at the last. Montargis made a good fight for third place, but the extravagant anticipations formed of his abilities last year are not likely to be realized. Drummond, if in form, ought to have been nearer than sixth, but M. Lefèvre was altogether out of luck throughout the week, and though he brought fifteen horses to Doncaster, he only succeeded in winning one small race. The Eglinton Stakes proved an easy affair for Thorn, who had La Jeunesse and Rostrevor at his mercy throughout; and thus the old day of the racing and the grand day of the yearling sales come to a satisfactory conclusion.

The Cup was the great event of the last day of the week, but of the crack horses only Winslow was engaged, and we should have thought he might have been reserved for this race, and have left the Queen's Plate on Wednesday alone. At any rate he looked as if he had done quite enough work for the present, and would be glad of a rest; and when called upon half a mile from home to make an effort, he seemed quite powerless to respond. Uhlan, Lilian, Thorn, and Field Marshal were the other runners for the Cup; and Mr. Savile's pair finished first and second. Winslow was palpably unfit to exhibit himself in his true colours on this occasion, and Field Marshal was of course not good enough to win. The interest of the race, therefore, lay between Thorn and Mr. Savile's pair, of whom Lilian made the running for her stable companion. She accomplished her duty very effectively, and, strange to say, when her task was done, and Uhlan had the race safely in hand, she came up again full of running, and deprived Thorn of the second place without an effort. Had her jockey made an effort to catch Uhlan—who won in a canter by six lengths—there might probably have been a repetition of the Leger finish between two stable companions. We are more than ever convinced that there is not much to choose between the pair; and after their Doncaster race few people, we think, could arrive at any other conclusion. The Prince of Wales's Plate attracted another good field of the same class as contested the Alexandra and Portland Plates. Among the twelve were Blenheim, Montargis, Sister Helen, Devotion, Maid of Perth, Alaric, and Duke of Cambridge; and the distance being much more to Sister Helen's taste than the long course for the Great Yorkshire Handicap, she was enabled to win, but by a neck only, from Montargis, Devotion finishing a head only from the second. This was one of the prettiest finishes of the week. The mile was too far for Blenheim, and Duke of Cambridge ran as badly as in the Alexandra Plate. The remaining events of the day were easily won, and may be briefly disposed of. Andred secured the Doncaster Stakes from two moderate opponents, and Marie Stuart, with 9 lbs. extra, cantered away in the Park Hill

Stakes from Wild Myrtle, Voyagouse, and Miss Buckland. The St. Leger heroine looked none the worse for her exertions on the Wednesday, and never gave her antagonists the slightest chance. Finally, The Colonel carried off the Don Stakes from Negro and Capuchin without an effort, and the losers amused themselves by running a dead heat for second place.

We must not omit to mention that the yearling sales, though not attracting so large an attendance as usual, went off on the whole in a manner that must have been satisfactory to breeders. The Yardley stud had a good average, a son of Minor and Fern fetching one thousand guineas. One of Mr. Hudson's, a son of Parmesan and Lady Trespass—two of Mr. Cookson's, sons of The Palmer and The Earl—and one of the Glasgow Stud, a son of Lord Clifden—reached the coveted four figures; while the solitary yearling sold by Sir Tatton Sykes—a son of Trumpeter and Marigold, and half brother to Doncaster—fetched eighteen hundred guineas, the highest price of the week. Another portion of Mr. Merry's stud was also offered for sale, and King of the Forest was knocked down for eighteen hundred guineas. Student, St. Mungo, and Macgregor fetched wretched prices; but when we consider the number of stallions in the country, and the glut of blood stock in the market, that is not to be wondered at. If there is anything remarkable, it is the price which blood stock still commands, especially when one glances down the list of buyers, and feels a natural curiosity as to who many of them may be, and as to what use many of them intend to make of their purchases.

REVIEWS.

SYMONDS'S STUDIES OF THE GREEK POETS.*

THE essays which are included in the volume before us contain some which have previously appeared, as the preface informs us, in the *North British* and the *Westminster Reviews*. They popularize the results of scholarship with great ability. They are neither very profound nor flimsily superficial. They hit the right level of pleasurable reading; and while they demand an educated mind for their full appreciation, they yet yield much which will inform and interest those who know merely the broader facts of ancient history and a few of the greater literary names. To the general scholar the last essay will supply a good deal of information regarding the poetry of the Decline, and the various successive collections gathered from many periods of vigour, and incorporating much of the inscriptional, votive, and other monumental poetry from Simonides down to the "Greeks of the Empire." To the more cursory student the first essay may be recommended as a vigorous sketch of the successive periods of Greek poetical literature in its relations with history, philosophy, and art. To all alike the essay on "Ancient and Modern Tragedy," (Chapter IX.,) will be found replete with sources of interest; while the greatest amount of mastery over difficulties is to be found in that which relates to Aristophanes, and the only opinions or estimates of authors with which we broadly differ, in those on the Gnomie poets and on Euripides.

We will speak first of the points on which we differ from the essayist. Less than due importance among the early Gnomie poets is, we think, given to Tyrtaeus, and somewhat scanty justice done to the most intensely vivid impersonation of warlike patriotism which ancient poetry has left us in his strains. Tyrtaeus, if we may credit a legend to which the tenor of his extant verses is entirely true, was himself a commander addressing his troops in those lines so full of martial ardour and love of fatherland, not merely a war-loving poet rousing his fellow-citizens to the shock of battle; and he seems far more worthy of having a specimen translated than the comparatively insignificant Callinus, whose chief fragment even, from which Mr. Symonds translates a few lines, has by several respectable critics been assigned to Tyrtaeus. The latter is further remarkable for the fulness of the echo which he gives to the diction and sentiment of the Iliad. A large part of one of his longest and most characteristic pieces is so largely tessellated with Homeric phraseology as to recall not only the thoughts and images, but to a great extent the language, of Homer.

Neither do we think Minnervus worthy of the disparagement implied in the following remarks:—

Nowhere in the whole range of literature can be found a more perfect specimen of unmitigated ennui produced by political stagnation, by the absence of any religion or morality whatever, and by the practice of mere æsthetic sensuality. In Minnervus we have the prostrate tone of the Oriental, combined with Greek delicacy of intellect and artistic expression.

Minnervus's life is only known to us from the few touches which his works convey. But one fragment, 9 [12] Bergh, lets us know one or two facts concerning him which seem as far as possible from "political stagnation." He there assumes for himself a share in the bustling work of emigration, colonization, and war. The purport of the fragment is as follows:—

We left steep Pylus, the Neleian city,
And reached in ships the lovely Asian strand;
Sweet Colophon then felt our warlike prowess,
By fierce assault our settlement we made.
Thence hailing from the mouth of Heles river,
By heaven's decree Æolian Smyrne won.

* *Studies of the Greek Poets.* By John Addington Symonds. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1873.

The fragment 14 [13] Bergk shows at any rate that the poet had sympathies with deeds of the heroic stamp. The few lines of which it consists are a eulogy of some champion described as "routing the dense troops of Lydian cavaliers along the plain of Hermus," and they have a thoroughly Homeric ring; comp. *Od.* xi. 562; *Il.* v. 91, xiii. 127 foll.; *Od.* xxiv. 319; *Il.* xi. 576 and xviii. 242, where the same phrases or sentiments occur. The moral conceptions of Solon, and in a less degree of Theognis, are, we think, very insufficiently set forth, indeed it would seem inconsistently, in the passage p. 76 to 79. It is too long for quotation entire, but the principal points are that, after citing the earlier portion of Fragment 13 [14] Bergk, the essayist adds by way of comment:—

Two points are noticeable in this passage; first the dread of ill-gotten gain; and, secondly, the conception of implacable justice. There was nothing which the Greeks more dreaded and detested than wealth which had been procured by fraud. . . . It would seem as if the conscience of humanity were touched at a very early period by superstitious scruples of this kind. The Jewish law contains warnings similar to those of Solon, and among our own people it is commonly believed that unlawful wealth, especially money taken from the devil, or property wrested from the Church, is disastrous to its owner, and incapable of being long retained in the possession of his family.

After further illustrating from Theognis, who takes it for granted as a thing too obvious to be disputed that children suffer for their father's sin, and argues with Zeus about the abstract right and policy of this law, suggesting that its severity is enough to make men withdraw their allegiance from such unjust governors, Mr. Symonds continues:—

It is in the Gnomie poets that we first discover a tendency to reason upon such questions; the wedge of philosophical scepticism was being inserted into the old superstitious beliefs of the Greek race. And in some respects these Gnomie poets present even a more gloomy view of human destinies than the epic poets. Solon says, It is fate that bringeth good and bad to men, nor can the gifts of the immortals be refused; and in Theognis we find, "No man is either wealthy or poor, mean or noble, without the help of the gods. . . . Pray to the gods; nought happens to man of good or ill without the gods."

But this is surely just what we read in Homer:—

Ζεὺς ἀγαθὸν τε καὶ ἄν καὶ δίδωι, δύναται γὰρ ἅπαντα.—*Od.* ζ.

And, again, we have in the *Iliad* (xxiv. 527 foll.) the two *πίθοι* which stand on the threshold of Zeus, the one of good, the other of ill, which he deals out to mortals. Now, we confess that we do not see in all this anything which can fairly be called either "superstitious scruples," or "sceptical," but at any rate it is not obvious how it can be both. It seems to us rather, that the ethics of Solon and the Gnomie school are still popular rather than scientific, and that they accord sufficiently with those of the *Epos* to be classed generally with them; although, of course, because these poets are Gnomie, ethics in their compositions occupy a more substantive position, being introduced for their own sake, and not to illustrate character or explain incident.

These Gnomists admit—as what moralist does not?—the disproportion between men's moral characters and their earthly fortunes; but, although Theognis goes so far as to remonstrate with Zeus on this subject, he does not seem to question that so Zeus has ordered it, and so it must be. We see nothing here of "the wedge of philosophic scepticism inserted in old superstitious beliefs," Solon indeed strikes a note of more manly and independent spirit in Fragment 15, which we might render:—

Many base are rich, and worthy men are poor,
Yet worth for wealth we'll never barter;
For worth is that which fast abideth evermore,
But wealth is this man's now and that man's after.

Here the wealth (*πλοῦτος*) which measures human prosperity is treated as a fluctuating accessory of man's real estate, whereas the worth (*ἀρετή*) is his own permanent and inalienable endowment. Nor, again, do we think the statement in p. 78 can be accepted, that the Gnomie poets "seem to regard heaven as a jealous power, and superstitiously believe all changes of fortune to be produced by the operation of a God anxious to delude human expectations." And still less can we concur in the summing up in p. 79:—

Truly the people were walking in darkness; and it is marvellous that men conscious of utter ignorance, and believing themselves to be the sport of almost malignant deities, could have grown so nobly and maintained so high a moral standard as that of the Greek race.

It should be remembered that the Greek deities are "of like passions with men," nay, rather resemble men whose passions have been pampered by too much power. They thus promote their favourites, spite their enemies, are sensitive to affronts, and therefore easily offended, and cherish the grudge till it is unpayable off; leaving it often to the offender to discover what deity he has, it may be unwittingly, outraged, and so to solve the riddle of his own sufferings. Thus Odysseus in the *Odyssey* abides Poseidon's wrath. (Æneus in Phoenix's narrative (*Il.* ix. 534 foll.) offends, it may have been thoughtlessly, the goddess Artemis, and the Chorus in the *Ajax* think that that hero may possibly have given similar offence to the same deity. Thus the drama of human life went on, in the Greek belief, with a superhuman agency ever disturbing its plot. That the Gods often shocked the moral sense of their votaries is true, but to represent them as "anxious to delude human expectations," or as "almost malignant deities," is surely a highly overcharged statement. So long as a man's fortunes were consonant to his character and merits, there was nothing to be accounted for, and nothing therefore which need be referred to divine interference. Where those

fortunes deviated from the standard at which moral considerations would have fixed them, there was something to be accounted for, and the deviation was accordingly referred to such interference. But then this on the face of it sets moral considerations on one side, and the motives which actuate Deity on the other. To a certain extent the caprices, resentments, and other passions above referred to as attributed to deities would account for the abnormal course of plaguing a righteous man. Where the case was too glaring for these, or where the sufferer was confessedly exemplary in his personal devotions as well as just, and therefore ought to have been a favourite, his family history was searched, and doubtless there were few such histories in which those who looked far enough back would not find the *id quod dicere nolo*.

We may indeed fairly credit the Gnomie poets with broader views of life than their earlier fellows of the *Epos* could attain, and with the perception that, if justice is to consist in equating fortunes with moral deserts, the divine meddling in human affairs as popularly conceived did not tend to mend matters on the side of justice. On the whole, however, and in spite of the exceptional caprices, &c., of deities, a wholesome belief in a sympathy of the Olympians with right prevailed—not always, indeed, an active sympathy, or one whose activity was expeditious, but still one which in the last resort confirmed the moral sense and consoled the afflicted, even if it postponed the redress of their wrongs. Yet if after all there were cases of human suffering which were irreducible to moral law in Solon's time, we may surely say there are such still, and that without "charging God foolishly." It is the peculiar praise of Solon that, himself a practical politician, he sought to inbed politics in morals, founding both on his favourite principle of *μηδὲν ἄγαν*. And his appeals to the moral sense of his citizens find their last echo in Demosthenes, who quotes him, and with whom Athenian independence disappears.

Mr. Symonds (p. 78) gives a rendering of one particular Solonian fragment (13 [4] v. 65-70, Bergk) which we can hardly approve. The passage seems an easy one at first sight, but is not so. It is rendered by our essayist, "Hunger lies everywhere, nor can a man say where he will end when he begins; for he who thinks that he will fare well comes to grief; and often when a man is at his worst, Heaven sends him good luck and he ends prosperously." The latter part only is objectionable here, of which the original in Bergk's text is

ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν εὖ ἔρπειν περιμένους οὐ προνοήσας
εἰς μεγάλην ἄτην καὶ χαλεπήν ἔπεισεν,
τῆς κακῆς ἔρποντι θεὸς περὶ πάντα δίδωσιν
συντυχίην ἀγαθήν, ἐκδυσιν ἀφροσύνην.

Through slurring *ὁ προνοήσας* in the first line, we think the point of the whole is missed. The difficulty lies in the question, to what degree this phrase should be pressed, and what precise shade of ethical meaning should be given to the previous *εὖ ἔρπειν περιμένους*. But, whatever view be taken on these points, we think that the latter phrase is misrepresented by "he who thinks he shall fare well." Solon, in fact, seems to think that every man should exercise *πρόνοια*, and that for want of it the best intentions miscarry. Thus the lines might be rendered, "The man who tries to act for the best, through his want of foresight falls into huge overwhelming woe, while to the mischief-lover God gives, to crown all, a prosperous fortune—a let-off from his folly."

As regards Euripides, our chief quarrel with Mr. Symonds is that his estimate of that poet fails to recognize his immorality—we mean, of course, as measured by Greek sentiment. The *Medea*, the *Hippolytus*, and the *Bacchæ* are justly singled out by him as plays in which the poet distinctly "breaks new ground," instead of "competing with *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* on the old ground of the *Tragedies* of Thebes and Troy." In *Medea* we have the most diabolical incarnation of revenge which ever darkened a poet's imagination. The guilty can only be struck through the innocent, the defenceless, and those who have the strongest natural claims on the revenger, and therefore these are sacrificed in cold-blooded malice. And she who thus deals with them is made to carry off the sympathies of the audience. How different a lesson from that of the vengeance of Atreus on Thyestes in the *Polopid* legend, which haunts the palace walls and visits posterity with a curse for its unnatural atrocity! As the *Medea* is the worship of revenge, so is the *Hippolytus* that of the morbidly sensual, combined, for the sake of contrast, with that of the hardly less morbidly ascetic. The *Bacchæ* is charged with a revolting sympathy for orgies which consecrated a shameless self-abandonment. The exquisite beauty of the poetic vehicle in these cases is undisputed, but that only renders the prostitution of genius more shocking. There is in these three plays, the typical products of Euripidean genius, an amount of complaisance with wickedness which strikes a moral level far below that of any of the earlier masters, epic or tragic. Nor is it enough to say (p. 198) that "the clear intuitive morality of *Sophocles* has been exchanged (in Euripides) for sophistry," unless "sophistry" includes a Satanic perversion of the ethical standpoint. No doubt Euripides chimed in with the tendencies of the age, but he gave them a determination in favour of what is revolting to the better instincts of humanity which of itself was disastrous to public morals. These considerations ought largely to qualify our estimate of Euripides. He found the tone of tragedy one of relative purity and he left it debased.

There is much to commend in the treatment of Pindar, and in the chapter which deals with that last developed flower of the Greek Muse, the *Idyllic* poetry of Theocritus and his compeers.

Under the former head, after pointing out the circumstances of the leading contests, Mr. Symonds says:—

The three chief commonplaces of Pindar, therefore, are *δαῖς*, *ἀρετή*, *εὐρυχία*, wealth or prosperity, manliness or spirit, and blessings independent of both, god-given, not acquired. But it could not be that a great poet should ring the changes only on these three subjects, or content himself with describing the actual contest, which probably he had not witnessed. Consequently Pindar illustrates his odes with myths or stories bearing more or less closely on the circumstance of his hero. Sometimes he celebrates the victor's ancestry, as in the famous Sixth Olympian, in which the history of the Iamidae is given; sometimes his city, as in the Seventh Olympian, where he describes the birthplace of Diagoras, the island Rhodes; sometimes he dwells upon an incident in the hero's life, as when in the Third Pythian, the illness of Hiero suggests the legend of Asclepius and Cheiron; sometimes a recent event, like the eruption of Etna, alluded to in the First Pythian, gives colour to his ode; sometimes, as in the case of the last Pythian, where the story of Medusa is narrated, the legendary matter is introduced to specialize the nature of the contest. The victory itself is hardly touched upon. The allusions to *δαῖς*, *ἀρετή*, *εὐρυχία*, though frequent and interwoven with the texture of the ode, are brief; the whole poetic fabric is so designed as to be appropriate to the occasion, and yet independent of it. Therefore Pindar's odes have not perished with the memory of the events to which they owed their composition.

All this strikes us as both true in itself and admirably put.

Mr. Symonds, we ought to add, is never so much at home as when illustrating ancient modes of thought by modern parallels. His weak point is that he rather overdoes this. There is no illustrating power in parallels which lie so remote as to be out of sight of each other. In this light we regard his comparison of the Olympian games to the "Derby Day"; which in its converse form is a penny-a-liner's commonplace, at once vulgar and hackneyed enough for that class of writers to be allowed undisputed possession of it. Less objectionable on grounds of taste, but equally unreal, is the exclamation (p. 259) "Had Mozart received a good translation of the *Birds* instead of the wretched libretto of the *Zauberflöte*, what a really magic drama, what a living image of Athenian comedy he might have produced!" Mozart, we venture to say, would have been at his wit's end to know what to do with such material. The fundamental hypothesis, the machinery, and the scenic and characteristic developments of the play, would have been neither natural nor supernatural in any sense for which he could have found a vehicle. The brilliancy of a few lyrical passages and the brisk comic business of a few manageable scenes have probably led Mr. Symonds into this romance of similitude. Worse for other reasons we think the remark (p. 172), "When he (Pindar) refuses to believe that the immortals were cannibals and eat the limbs of Iphigeneia, he is like a rationalist avowing his disbelief in the doctrine of eternal damnation." It is easy to show that cannibalism offends even a low moral instinct, and that no other moral instinct can be alleged in its favour; whereas the view taken of the "doctrine" referred to depends on how much stress is laid on what Bishop Butler calls "simple absolute benevolence," and how much on another equally ethical quality, balancing this latter, in the conception of deity, to any nothing of analogies of human experience, which have their force even if the conception of deity be left for argument's sake out of the question.

The writer feels that with his "aim in view" (of "bringing Greek literature home to the general reader") he "may have been led into extravagances of style." And it would not be difficult to cite a good many passages in which we feel carried off our legs by the rush of promiscuous imagery; but this is readily condoned by a reader of any generosity, as a result perhaps inseparable from the enthusiasm for his subject without which the book would lose all its fascination and much of its solid value. On the whole, although the stern and chastened sobriety of the scholar's judgment will find here and there a gew-gaw or patch of tinsel at which to shake his head, yet the great number who, without becoming scholars, have had their minds coloured with the tints and warmed with the radiance of scholarship, will be able to refresh the colouring and rekindle the glow by means of these essays. And all who wish to know and to own what a great debt the modern world of thought owes to the ancient, as they find the poets the best interpreters of that ancient world, exceeding far in the hermeneutics of feeling all that we find in philosophers, historians, and orators together, so they will find in Mr. Symonds an excellent interpreter of the ancient poets in a very moderate compass.

THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES.*

THE Pearl of the Antilles, as we perhaps ought to say for the benefit of hasty readers, means Cuba in that peculiar language in which the titles of books are generally written. We should be disposed to doubt whether it would not be better to call Cuba Cuba; but we must presume, judging from the prevailing practice, that there is a class of readers whose attention is arrested by a picturesque name, just as a dish sounds more appetizing when described in French. Mr. Gallenga's account of Cuba is, however, interesting, whatever its title. He remarks very truly that there is great difficulty in obtaining any trustworthy information as to the perplexed incidents of the Cuban rebellion. The Spanish people, with all their merits, are not inclined to adhere to prosaic reality in their reports of current history. The American Correspondents, who show commendable industry in interviewing the most inaccessible people, write with a bias which much diminishes

the value of their information. The whole affair moreover has so many complicated bearings that very few people could give valuable evidence, even if they were willing to give it freely. Mr. Gallenga has apparently done all that can be done by an intelligent tourist to form a correct opinion under the circumstances; and his evidence, as far as it goes, is of great value. We may indeed doubt whether a flying visitor, however good an observer and however well provided with introductions, can really penetrate to the bottom of the strange chaos of Cuban society. To take a single instance; Mr. Gallenga visits the plantation of Don Julian de Zulueta, a gentleman who, starting without a farthing, has made a great fortune, is the owner of several estates worth some six million dollars, has a private railway, a large mercantile establishment, and is the life and soul of every public institution, political or social, in Havannah. Such a man is certainly qualified, if any one can be so, to speak with authority upon Cuba. But when Mr. Gallenga tells us that the slaves of this exceptional master are fat, sleek, and merry, that they cluster round him joyously crying, "El Amo! El Amo!" as though he were a demigod, and that they work with spontaneous enthusiasm to carry out his wishes, we cannot take the facts as a conclusive proof of the well-being of the slave population in general. A visitor, and especially a visitor about to make his inquiries public, is apt to see the brightest side of things; and as Mr. Gallenga has a very low opinion of the morals and intelligence of the great mass of the native population, we cannot doubt that a genuine inspection of other estates might have revealed to him the existence of a very different state of things. His view, indeed, of the general condition of the negro population does not seem to be very decided, except in regard to one point. Emancipation, he tells us, is inevitable, whether slavery be in itself a good or a bad system; but the great, and apparently the insoluble, problem is to discover the means of effecting a safe transition from one social state to another. How great the difficulty is may, indeed, be realized from a brief recapitulation of some of the main facts which Mr. Gallenga has set before us.

The population of Cuba, according to the census of 1867, was 1,370,211, of whom 764,750 were white, while 605,461 were coloured. Of the last again 225,938 were free and 379,523 slaves. These figures suggest a very different state of things in Cuba from that which holds in the English colonies and in the Southern States of the Union. The whites, it will be seen, were in an actual majority, and something like two-fifths of the coloured population was already free. So far Cuba would seem to be in an advantageous position; emancipation would apparently affect a very much smaller proportion of the population than was the case in such countries as Jamaica or South Carolina. To all appearance it would affect chiefly the large planters, and there must already be a nucleus of free labourers, of whose condition we hear less than we could wish. The prosperity of the island would indeed be materially affected, for it apparently rests upon a most precarious basis. By one of those apparent contradictions not uncommon in accounts of slave countries, we are told on the one hand that everybody who goes to Cuba can make a fortune in a few years, and on the other, that nearly all the planters who might be supposed to profit by the demand for their produce are in an embarrassed condition. There are not more than 120 planters, we are told, out of 1,500 who could stand the slight increase of taxation which would follow upon the adoption of certain proposed reforms. The prosperity of the island, it is inferred, can only be maintained "by working the slaves to the full extent of their power." The cause of this state of things is said to be the rapacity of the Spanish officials, the ruin brought about by the war, and the inefficiency and want of skill of the proprietors. We venture to guess that this last cause deserves a little more emphasis, and that we have here one more illustration of the general inefficiency of slave labour. The indebtedness of the planters is by no means peculiar to Cuba, and the slaves of these embarrassed people have probably a worse time of it than the sleek and slug-like dependents of the admirable Don Julian de Zulueta. Emancipation would very probably produce widespread ruin, and diminish the production of sugar; but, after all, it would lead to the destruction of a thoroughly rotten social system.

The problem, however, is far more complicated, owing to a different order of causes. The white population of Cuba, instead of being united as against the slaves, is divided into two hostile camps, hating each other with a hatred compared with which the hatred of Fenians for English, or of Italians for Austrian rule, is but a mild and temperate sentiment. The cause of this intense antipathy is remarkable. The Spanish society in Cuba, as the traveller at once remarks, is almost exclusively male. Amongst the whites in Havannah there are more than three men to one woman. The Spanish emigration, in fact, consists exclusively of men, attracted by the high wages, and coming, as a rule, from the hardiest populations in the old country. It has to be kept up by constant supplies, for the Spaniard, though better adapted for hot climates than the Englishman, is unable to acclimatize himself in the terribly depressing influences of Cuba. The consequence is that degeneracy and disaffection invariably set in in the second or third generation. The students who were cruelly put to death for a riot in 1871 belonged "to the most conservative and ultra-Spanish families in Havannah," and a rich relative of one of them, himself a leader of the Spanish party, vainly endeavoured to ransom his cousin for a million dollars. Between these two races, so closely allied in blood, there is an antipathy coloured by intense contempt on one side and impotent rancour on the other. The Spaniards,

* *The Pearl of the Antilles*. By A. Gallenga. London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.

though in a small minority numerically, not more than 150,000 out of a total of 700,000, are masters by their native energy, and because they include the regular army and the strong volunteer battalions. These volunteers form the real strength of the existing aristocracy. Originally formed on the expulsion of Queen Isabella, they rapidly became the masters of the country; they organized themselves according to their own pleasure, garrisoned the chief forts, banished the regular troops, and had all the authorities under their thumb, and only suffered such laws to be promulgated as seemed good to them. Practically they are under the management of the Spanish Club, a voluntary institution which is about as independent as the Paris Commune. They shelter themselves under the name of Spanish authority and profess to be loyal to the mother-country; but their allegiance is of the slightest, and only exists on condition of their being allowed a practical supremacy in the affairs of the island. The volunteers number about 60,000 men, and, in the opinion of Mr. Gallenga, would be able in case of need utterly to crush the more numerous, but feeble, degenerate, and unarmed Creoles. The number of regular troops who have been sent to Cuba since 1868 is no less than 80,000, by far the greater part of whom have, however, been destroyed by disease and the hardships incurred in hunting insurgents. Against this oligarchy of slaveholders and Spanish officials is directed all the hate of which the effeminate Creole is capable. How far the slaves are ready for revolt it is indeed impossible to say, though a good many have joined the insurgents. Mr. Gallenga mentions one touching fact. Since the proclamation which promised freedom to all negroes born after a certain date, the mothers, who formerly could hardly be persuaded to take the trouble of rearing young slaves, have been proud of the babies destined to liberty. The nurseries are crowded to a degree never before known; though, it is added, the negro who has had practical experience of the advantages of freedom is by no means so deeply penetrated with a sense of his own dignity, and neglects the black heirs to human rights as cruelly as the original slave. However this may be, the temporary change implies the existence of a strong feeling amongst the negroes, which might under slight provocation give rise to an attempt to make another Hayti out of Cuba.

With such feelings smouldering in the breasts of a large majority of the population, and met by the sternest repression of every overt manifestation, it is no wonder that the rebellion drags on, gradually increasing in ferocity on both sides. The rebels, indeed, are contemptible in a military sense. Mr. Gallenga estimates the forces which they maintain at about eight thousand men. They keep carefully in the uncultivated districts which form so large a part of the island, and confine their military operations to the devastation of some outlying plantations. The Spanish troops are unable to act during some six months of the year. In the remaining months they send out expeditions which advance by some narrow track through the dense tropical forest. Presently a shot or two is fired from an ambush with more or less effect, and, as soon as the troops come up to the assault, the rebels disperse to a remote fastness. The commander of the expedition returns with a mule or two and half-a-dozen prisoners, or, it may be, with a trifling loss, and publishes a pompous bulletin with as much truth as he cares to insert. And so this wretched warfare drags on, not without some suspicion that the troops are not too anxious for complete success, because somebody or other finds his account in keeping the war on foot. Meanwhile, if Mr. Gallenga is to be believed, hideous atrocities are perpetrated on both sides. The nearer he came to the scene of action, he says, the more reason he found to believe in the truth of these revolting stories. When the insurgents take a prisoner they tie him by his feet to a tree, and then light a slow fire under him. No quarter appears to be given on the other side; the soldiers and volunteers have acquired peculiar skill in the use of the *machete*, a kind of cutlass universal in the sugar-growing countries, with which they cut off a man's head with much ease and dexterity. Men prepared with this weapon march in the rear of every detachment, ready for practice. Still more revolting stories are told of outrages upon women; and, in short, the war, if it deserves to be called by that name, seems to be as brutalizing as it is easy to conceive. Large districts have been turned into deserts. In one province the rural population was driven together into a small farm, where the overcrowding produced an outbreak of deadly diseases; and, whilst the population was dying, the soldiers laid waste the country, burning crops, slaughtering cattle, and gutting houses, by way of "starving out the rebellion."

To complete the picture of Cuban society, something ought to be said about the Chinese, who, having been introduced in large numbers to labour on the plantations, turn out to be unfitted for their work, are extremely resentful of the treatment they receive, and have to be executed for murder at the rate of some fifty a year. The whole picture is melancholy enough, and the prospect of anarchy or servile insurrection produced by a rash attempt at emancipation is always in the background. We do not attempt to draw any distinct moral, or to criticize the measures of reform which Mr. Gallenga notices as being most approved by judicious observers. One hardly knows whether to wish for a decided explosion at once or for a protraction of this intermediate state in the faint hope of a peaceful development of the situation. The problem of the future of the beautiful islands of the West Indies is indeed a troublesome one; and we have the additional reflection in the case of Cuba that very little help is to be expected from the mother-country. The only apparent choice is

between anarchy and a specially cruel despotism; and meanwhile provision is being made for a debt of hatred which can hardly be paid off for generations.

ALFRED'S GREGORY.*

IT is not many weeks since we got a glimpse of a Semi-Saxon, most likely the last of his tribe; still, after such an apparition, it is comforting to come upon an editor who insists on calling the language of Alfred as Alfred called it himself. Most writers take upon them to correct the royal scholar, and to explain to him that, when he thought he was writing "on Englice," he was lying under the strange mistake of thinking that he was writing in a language which really did not exist till some hundreds of years after his time. The prince who with such minute accuracy described himself as "Rex Saxonum" most likely knew what he was about when he called his own speech "Englisc," but Mr. Sweet is one of the few who will give him credit for such a degree of sense. The very first thing that Mr. Sweet tells us is—

I use "Old English" throughout this work to denote the unmixed, inflectional stage of the English language, commonly known by the barbarous and unmeaning title of "Anglo-Saxon."

Mr. Sweet's epithets for a moment seemed to us too strong, but the next moment's thought showed us that he was right. "Rex Anglo-Saxonum," as a contraction for "Rex Anglorum et Saxonum," is neither unmeaning nor barbarous; but it is unmeaning and barbarous to talk of the "Anglo-Saxon language," because what is meant is not a language spoken by Angles and Saxons, or a language made up of Anglian and Saxon, but simply the language of Englishmen of any kind up to—we do not exactly know when, but whenever the "Semi-Saxons" begin. We hail Mr. Sweet as a most valuable helper in our humble but hard task of persuading Englishmen that they always were Englishmen, and that, if you take 449 from 1066, there remains 617. Mr. Sweet is the furthest of all men from believing, as so many of our friends do, that all the people who lived and died in those 617 years lived at the same time. He does not enter on architectural questions; but we feel quite sure that, if he did, he would not argue that, if the Scots built of wood in the eighth century, therefore the English could not have built of stone in the eleventh. Mr. Sweet's great object is to root up some closely allied errors with regard to his own subject of language. We might be sure beforehand, without any direct evidence, that any language must change a good deal in 617 years. At the same time we fully admit that the English language was not likely to change so much in those 617 years as in the 617 years which followed them, nor likely to change so much as both the Romance and the Teutonic languages of the Continent were likely to change during the same 617 years. Still, in any case the change must have been enough to leave its mark on the language. Of course no philologist, no scholar of any kind, ever denied this; some scholars have insisted upon the fact; but the lurking notion, working in the minds even of men who would have been eager to deny any such belief in words, that all "the Saxons" lived at one time, has often kept it from being allowed its full prominence. Mr. Sweet claims to be the first man who has edited any work of Alfred from a manuscript of the time of Alfred. He tells us:—

A curious feature in the history of Old English philology is the neglect of the older documents of the language; not only are the forms that appear in our grammars and dictionaries West-Saxon, to the almost entire exclusion of the equally important Anglian and Kentish dialects—they are to an equal extent, late, as opposed to early West-Saxon. The cause must be sought in the early history of the study of Old English in this country.

The cause, according to him, is that, when men began to edit Old-English books, they found the later manuscripts much easier to read than the earlier. The result was that they "gradually came to regard the older ones as abnormal or dialectic variations from the regular language preserved in the later works." The process is much the same as the old-fashioned schoolmaster way of learning Greek, when the boy was told that there was a Greek language with certain forms, from which forms the forms used by Homer were a dialectic variation, Ionic, epic, or what not. Of the later manuscripts, from which Alfred's works have hitherto been printed, Mr. Sweet further remarks:—

Although they follow the words of Alfred with more or less accuracy, they alter the orthography to suit that of their own period, so that the characteristically Alfredian forms appear only sporadically, and are consequently regarded as scribal errors by editors. An unfortunate result of the partial retention of the original forms is, that these MSS., while giving but a garbled representation of the language of Alfred, can as little be taken as faithful guides to that of their own period.

He tells us truly that, to get at the real forms, we must compare contemporary manuscripts of Alfred's writings with contemporary manuscripts of writings of the eleventh century. Thus we shall get the genuine forms in use at the two periods, instead of a mixture of the two. There is of course this difference between the Greek and the English case, that the English of the eleventh century is a genuine language, differing from the English of the ninth century only by those natural changes which must take place in all languages, while the *κοινή διάλεκτος* of Greek is no genuine Greek dialect at all, but a mere artificial literary language, which people wrote while they talked some-

* *King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's Pastoral Care*. Edited by Henry Sweet, Esq. London: Published for the Early English Text Society by N. Trübner & Co. 1871-1872.

thing else. Of all the works of Alfred, the only ones which exist in contemporary manuscripts are his translation of Orosius and that of the Pastoral of Gregory the Great which Mr. Sweet has now edited. He gives us the texts of two manuscripts, both contemporary, being, as he shows, two of the copies which were made at the time, one of which was to be sent to each of the Bishops in Alfred's dominions; or rather one of them is one of the still earlier copies from which the copies which were to be sent to the Bishops were to be made. Mr. Sweet however does not venture to claim either of his copies as Alfred's own autograph. He goes most minutely through the various differences in spelling and in grammatical forms to be marked between the earlier and the later specimens of the inflexional stage of our language, and also through the differences of handwriting in the earlier and later manuscripts.

This last point leads us to the fact that Mr. Sweet has yet another theory of the history of the letter Thorn in its two forms. We have been told that δ is *th* in *this*, and that θ is *th* in *thing*, and we have also been told the exact opposite. We have also been told that there is no difference between δ and θ , but that both express the same sound, just like the different forms of the Greek Sigma and Theta; and we have also been taught that this one sound is that of *th* in *thing*, the Greek θ ; and that the *th* in *this*, the modern Greek δ , the Welsh *dd*, is an intruder which has crept in unawares; some even venture to say that it has crept in from the Welsh. There is the known fact that it has crept in, and that rather lately, in some words, as *father*, *mother*, *hither*; but there it has supplanted, not the other *th*, but a *d*. Mr. Sweet now gives us his view of the matter, which is quite different from any of these. He traces out the whole history and nature of the δ sounds from the very beginning, and he rules that the Thorn had in the oldest stage of English always the power of *th* in *this* (the modern Greek δ , the Welsh *dd*), but that afterwards it got the sound of *th* in *thing* (the Greek θ) at the beginning of words, keeping the other sound in the middle and end. Lastly came the stage in which we are now, in which we give it the θ sound at the beginning and end of words, and the δ sound in the middle. The few pronouns and other words in which we still give it the δ sound at the beginning, Mr. Sweet looks on as traces of the earlier pronunciation surviving, as older traces of this kind often do, in words of this particular class. Mr. Sweet denies that the δ and the θ are used indiscriminately, though each is used, under different circumstances, both for the δ and for the θ sound. He holds that θ as well as δ was formed from the Latin *D*, or rather perhaps θ from *D* and δ from *d*. This he makes into an argument to show that, when they were introduced, the only sound of the Thorn was δ and not θ . The oldest manuscripts use one or the other form pretty exclusively; both the manuscripts of the Pastoral use δ and not θ . Others of the same date use θ and not δ . In the later manuscripts the rule is much the same as with the different forms of Greek letters, some of which have been got rid of by modern printers; as σ and ς , ϕ and ϕ , ω and ϖ . θ is used at the beginning, δ in the middle and ending of words. The exceptions to this rule are much less frequent in the manuscripts themselves than they are in the books printed from them. If such a word as *broþor* happens to be divided between two lines, the Thorn in the second half of the word becomes initial to the eye, and the word is written *broþor*. In the printed book the whole word perhaps comes in the same line and is printed *broþor*, which the ancient scribe would not have written. On the other hand, when two or three small words—pronouns, adverbs, and the like—are written together, the initial Thorns become medial to the eye, and “for þam þe” becomes “forðanðe.” This is something like the varying use in certain Greek compounds, as whether we should write $\pi\rho\sigma\epsilon\phi\iota\omega$ or $\pi\rho\sigma\phi\iota\omega$, a question which the printers decide in favour of the eye and against the etymology. From this usage, Mr. Sweet thinks, came the not uncommon practice of writing pronouns with a δ , even when they stand by themselves, not as marking any difference of sound, though it strikes us as quite possible that this usage may have helped to keep up that difference of sound between *this* and *thing* which has been handed on to our own times. The whole of this Appendix contains a great deal of matter bearing on the spelling and pronunciation of various letters in the oldest manuscripts which is of great philological importance. The *f* and *v* letters have gone through much the same history as the Thorns. Of course it is not for us to say dogmatically that Mr. Sweet is right in every detail of his theory; but it is a theory which, to say the least, is put together with great care and carries much probability with it, and it certainly deserves the best attention of Teutonic scholars and of philologists in general.

The title-page promises us the Latin text and an English translation, but in the preface we are told that “the publication of the Latin text must be postponed for an indefinite period.” Mr. Sweet also tells us that “the English translation is added more from deference to the usage of the Early English Text Society than from any conviction of its utility.” We presume that the phrase “English translation,” so contrary to the doctrine which Mr. Sweet sets forth, is also used in deference to something or other. Mr. Sweet adds:—

In fact, I look upon a translation to a text like this, which is of exclusively philological interest, as so much waste paper, utterly useless except to the merest tyro—useless even to him, if he wishes to acquire a sound knowledge of Old English, a language, which, like all others, ought either to be studied properly with grammar and dictionary, or else let alone. I have also endeavoured to translate into the received language of the present day, and have carefully avoided that heterogeneous mixture of Chaucer, Dickens and Broad Scotch, which is affected by so many translators from the Northern languages.

Here we do not quite go along with Mr. Sweet. It is often very useful, in reading a book in an old form of any language, to have beside it a version in the modern form of the same language. We say this just as much of Old-German as of Old-English. A modern French or modern German translation of an Old-French or Old-German book serves a purpose which a Latin or English translation does not serve. And Mr. Sweet is perhaps a trifle too contemptuous towards many who are not such finished scholars as himself, but who have occasion to make use of Old-English, Old-French, or Old-German writings, and who wish not to be wholly dependent either on translations or on second-hand authorities. To such persons a translation into the modern form of the language is often a real help without being at all what Mr. Sweet evidently fears lest it should be made a substitute. We do not know what Mr. Sweet means by the “heterogeneous mixture of Chaucer, Dickens, and Broad Scotch.” Our notion of a translation for the purpose of which we speak is one which should depart as little as possible from the original, which should in fact be rather a modernization than what is commonly understood by a translation. Mr. Sweet’s “received English” goes too far away from the original for our purpose, and we therefore share his doubt as to its utility.

MIRANDA.*

MR. MORTIMER COLLINS might just as well have called his latest story *Sobieska*, or *Edith*, or *Margaret*, or *Ells*, or *Seroza*, or *Myfanwy*, as *Miranda*; for each of these young ladies can lay good claim to the part of heroine, and each has a most heroic lover provided for her. *Margaret* or *Myfanwy* moreover would have equally well afforded that elegant alliteration in which the author of the *Marquis and the Merchant* so much delights. We would suggest that, if ever this book should reach a second edition, it should be brought out under the title of “*Margaret, Myfanwy, and Miranda: a Midsummer Madness*, by Mr. Mortimer Collins, author of the *Marquis and the Merchant*.” Mr. Collins, while he by the title admits that his book is not altogether sane, yet takes as his motto, “Though this be madness, yet there’s method in’t.” We are not disposed to allow that there is either madness or method. There is a very dull parody of the former, and an entire absence of the latter. He has strung together a number of the most extravagantly absurd incidents, and as for method—save that he has as usual filled out three volumes containing about the same number of chapters and the same number of pages—he has shown none. Could we conceive that his book is meant as a parody of Mr. Henry Kingsley’s style of writing, there might have been some degree of humour in it, had it been only one-twentieth or so of its present size. But a parody in three volumes is out of the question. Still we have no doubt that Mr. Collins, likely enough quite unconsciously, has been fired with a generous spirit of rivalry as he read the wild extravagances of Mr. Kingsley, and has thought that against his muscular Christian he would try to match a muscular Heathen. We had thought that *Oakholt Castle*, which we lately noticed, was of all the novels which we had ever seen the silliest. Let Mr. Henry Kingsley take comfort. So long as Mr. Mortimer Collins writes there will be one novelist to surpass him. We are glad to find that Mr. Collins complains that “the public don’t like my novels.” It may be the case that by the time the public has read its *Daily Telegraph* and Mr. Henry Kingsley its appetite is satiated. It may be the case that Mr. Collins fails through not giving that occasional religious tone which goes so far to cover the faults of the sensational novelist and the sensational newspaper. Be this as it may, we will venture to hope that, if “the public don’t like” reading Mr. Collins’s novels, he will soon leave off writing them. The age may have all the faults that Mr. Collins attributes to it. It has truly one merit, in that it is somewhat saner than some among its writers. There is only one thing more wearisome than reading such a story as *Miranda*, and that is writing about it. How is it possible to criticize or to analyse a story which combines all the absurdities of some old nurse’s tale with a pretence of scientific knowledge and the English that has the largest circulation in the world? We have silly superstitions disguised under the fine names of spiritual or mysterious magnetism, magnetic attraction, the clairvoyant faculty, presentiments and intuitions, and the rest. If we are to have this kind of story-telling once more, let us go back to our nurseries and have it told in the simple English that did not misbecome it. And it is not only the vast number of extravagant incidents, but also the almost equally vast number of extravagant heroes and heroines, that renders it nearly impossible to give our readers any notion—we do not say intelligible notion—of the story. We ourselves, though we have just laid the third volume down, have scarcely any clearer understanding of what we have read than we have had of the plot of a pantomime when the curtain has at length fallen. Mr. Collins is a scholar—at all events he quotes Greek and Latin very often, and uses long and strange words apparently of classical origin. We wish that in writing his story he would have remembered Horace’s trite line:—

Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.

The first young lady, who is introduced with all the pomp and circumstance and spiritual magnetism to boot that suit a heroine, is found to be only the grandmother of *Miranda*. She is as ruthless

* *Miranda: a Midsummer Madness*. By Mortimer Collins. 3 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

lessly swept away as ever were the characters in the first act of some youthful poet's first tragedy. She had not, however, lived in vain; for it was from her "spiritual magnetism—whether it is a matter of imagination, or of will, or physical change"—that came a considerable portion, though not all, of the presentiments and intuitions and magnetic influences that characterize the story. Her husband, Dr. Tachbrook, survives to the end of the story, and in the last chapter, going into Parliament, "a noble old man with white hair and beard calmly took his seat below the gangway on the Opposition side," and greatly interfered with Mr. Gladstone's calmness by at once carrying a motion against him by a majority of three. But we are anticipating matters, and trying to jump over that dreary waste which lies between the second chapter of the first volume and the end of the book. For the present our readers may be satisfied with knowing that Dr. Tachbrook "was a man with a considerable taste for mystery, though he possessed a keen, clear brain which allowed it to be obfuscated by no hallucinatory cobwebs." He had first made his future wife's acquaintance when she was in a "cataleptic trance." On her return to consciousness, after five days passed in the trance, he administered to her "a tumbler of champagne with a dessert-spoonful of brandy in it," and detected in her eye "a scintilla of violet light." Happily before long this "violet scintilla grew to be a definite flame of light," and she was soon as well as ever. It was no doubt from her eyes that her granddaughter Miranda derived "those lambent electric eyes, colour of onyx," which worked such mischief on the heart of her cousin, Sir Harold Tachbrook, Baronet. When the doctor saw the violet scintilla he ordered for the patient with great promptitude "a red mullet and a glass of sherry, with a chop and a glass of stout to follow as quickly as possible." Whether the red mullet had some mysterious connexion with the violet scintilla, and how, if it had, it was at once provided in a country house, we are not told. With natural magnetism, however, much may be done. The lady of the violet scintilla is soon killed off, leaving a son Harold, not of course Sir Harold. He is soon brought to man's estate, and is told by his dead mother in a dream "to marry Edith Ockit, and to go to Australia within a year." His father at once gives his consent to both courses, saying, "I should once have said that such dreams were mere reflections of what you thought during the day. But I have seen so many curious experiments that I cannot reach a conclusion." So hero and heroine number two set off for Melbourne round the Cape of Good Hope. They get driven out of their course, and are becalmed off Borneo. Why Borneo we are not told. Perhaps Mr. Collins thinks it necessary to get becalmed off somewhere, and Borneo may be the nearest place to Melbourne of which he happens to have heard. However, be that as it may, the third heroine, Miranda, is born, and her mother, the second heroine, Edith, dies off Borneo. On her death-bed she entreats her husband on his return to England to seek out her old schoolfellow, one Mary Fane, who, from the full description of her, promises to be another heroine. Years later he obeys his wife's request, and finds that, though Mary is dead, she has left a daughter for him to marry. By this time the reader has become so weary of this long line of heroines that he cries out:—

Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more.

The spirit of Harold's mother had, with much consideration, smoothed matters for him, left as he was with an infant daughter; for she "had in a vision of the night mapped Melbourne before his eyes, and had pointed to a place in that map as if ordering him to go thither." He obeyed her, and found a good woman who for the next eighteen years or so brought up Miranda. Chance led him one day to the docks, where he saw a boy of about fourteen jump ashore. The boy had run away from home, and, like all runaway boys, had a roll of bank-notes in his pocket. He marries Miranda when they are old enough, and, as is only natural, turns out to be Sir Harold Tachbrook. The two Harolds live together for a good many years, and the elder of the two not only makes a great deal of money by sheep-farming, but also buys a piece of land for 50*l*. and sells it for 30,000*l*. They return to Europe in a great steamship, and in a chapter entitled "Torricelli's Tube"—barometer, though a word of undoubted Greek origin, has doubtless become too common for Mr. Collins—see a good many remarkable occurrences. The captain consults his Torricelli's tube, and, though the weather was calm, "started suddenly back. It had fallen since morning from 30·7 inches to 29·3." He had all sail taken in at once. The precaution was happily in time, so far as the sails were concerned, as the storm did not break till nearly thirty hours afterwards. Meanwhile, by way of prudent precaution, he had communicated his fears to some of the passengers. At the same time a talismanic "crystal icosahedron," by turning first jet black and then white, had scared the ladies. At last the storm burst; "the wind yelled at the sea, and the sea howled like a scourged slave," but in a few moments "the passionate wind soon forgets its rage, and gives zephyr kisses to the sea." Meanwhile the ship had been driven on to an island "between two lofty ridges of basaltic rock." The Tachbrooks land and find a "Troglodyte," who at once introduces himself as Gilbert Tachbrook, the heir to the baronetcy. He soon acknowledges the younger Harold's superior claims, and proposes that they should all return together to England. A second great gale meanwhile had arisen, and the steamship had disappeared. It had happily a captain who was "an experienced navigator," and moreover it had been built of "teak and iron," so that, though it had been "driven fiercely

into a *via (sic)* by the wind-driven hammer of the wave," it had quietly floated off, and "accomplished the voyage to Liverpool without difficulty." The Tachbrooks are left on the island for months, till at last a passing steamer notices the signal they make, and puts in towards the land. They are not allowed to escape, however, so easily, for a squall upsets their boat. All are got in safety on to the steamer except the younger Harold. But as he is the claimant to a baronetcy, and is engaged to one of the seven heroines, he has no need to fear drowning. He had, to be sure, been caught in the paddle-wheel, but he had got clear of it, and had swum about till he was nearly sinking, and "was striking out fiercely in despair" when he is picked up by another ship. In it he finds another hero, Viscount Tixover, who has, on his return to Europe, to be provided in his turn with a heroine. This nobleman has quite as much magnetism about him as the descendant of the late lamented Sobieska. If only he were a little more orthodox, he would be a character of whom Mr. Henry Kingsley might be jealous. He had all the qualities of a muscular Christian, except perchance the Christianity. He could swim magnificently, eat enormously, "punch" any one's head, play at billiards with the best, and perform all those other great exploits which we have been taught to revere. With him begin a fresh set of adventures still more absurd and improbable than those which had gone before. Every chapter sees a new character dragged in, who however differs from his predecessors about as much as the last soldier in a stage army differs from the first. We have O. O., a great traveller, in whom the author delights, and who boasts of having "flogged a whole tribe of niggers from the chief downwards—men, women, and children."

We have scarcely any patience left for the heroines whom we have not as yet described. There is Myfanwy Owm, who was the orphan and neglected daughter of Camdoc Owm, "a bard and also a gentleman," who is raised from a waiting-maid into a heroine and the future bride of General Thurston's son. There is Margaret, who had been cruelly treated in her youth, but who marries Gilbert Tachbrook; and there is Seroza, who is found dumb on the Troglodyte's wonderful island, where she had escaped murder by shooting her would-be murderer, her stepfather, with his own pistol, and who turns out to be the long-sought-for daughter of Mary Fane. And for all that we can remember there may be half-a-dozen heroines besides. There is some attempt to relieve all these exciting adventures by a little light talk. But we will not inflict a specimen of this on our readers. By this time they will have had enough of Mr. Mortimer Collins's "Midsummer Madness," whether there is method in it or not.

POLITICS FOR POOR PILGRIMS.*

THE *Einsiedler Kalender* is always the first to appear of those numerous pictorial almanacs in quarto size which one sees in every bookseller's window in Switzerland and Southern Germany in late autumn and early winter. It is usually ready by the end of August, in time to be bought by the immense crowds of pilgrims who flock to Maria-Einsiedeln for the festival of the miraculous *Engelweih*. Many of these obtain it on their route; others take it home with them to study in their different countries. Einsiedeln has not only been for years one of the three most thronged resorts of pilgrims in Roman Catholic Christendom, but it will probably remain, in spite of all the recent attractions elsewhere, the favourite goal of the mass of German-speaking pilgrims. Switzerland, Elsass, and Lothringen, the Black Forest, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Austria, pour in their thousands annually; they arrive by dribbles at ordinary times, but at the September feast of the Consecration of the Angels they come in such numbers that all the roofs in Einsiedeln are insufficient to cover them. Two years ago all the stables, kitchens, and sheds in the town and its neighbourhood were required for the pilgrims, and hundreds were spending the whole night in the church; in one inn alone there were eighty-five French priests, most of whom, if not all, were pastors of German-speaking flocks in the conquered provinces. Pilgrims of the upper and middle classes, such as visit Paray-le-Monial and Lourdes, do not find their way in any number to Einsiedeln. We do not know whether the year of pilgrimage will send a larger detachment of the wealthy; of late years they have only visited Einsiedeln by proxy, and throughout the summer and autumn months one may see miserable specimens of their cheap proxies in the half-clad women with little bundles who huddle together in the fore part of the steamboats on the Lake of Zurich. The Black Virgin of St. Meinrad is sure of a very large concourse of the usual class this year, not merely on account of the special impulse given to pilgrimages, but because the *Engelweih* falls upon a Sunday. A programme of the doings on the eve, the festival Sunday, and its octave is attached as a fly-leaf to the *Kalender*, and it is there stated that the "*Engelweih*" of 1873 will be celebrated "*auf besonders feierliche Weise*." Editors of Catholic newspapers are requested to give full notices of the hours of the masses, festival sermons, cannon-shootings, bell-rings, processions; and to state that each of the Sundays will close with music in the Platz and "*sinnreicher Illumination*." The whole announcement is suggestive of a pious and wildly merry day at the Crystal Palace.

The principal interest of the *Einsiedler Kalender* comes from the fact that it is composed for the use of those thousands of the

* *Einsiedler Kalender für das Jahr 1874. XXXIV. Jahrgang.*

poorest classes from all German-speaking nations who find their way to Einsiedeln for a bodily or spiritual cure. Traditions of wonderful healings are handed down in Swiss and Elsasser families; unbelievers suggest that it is not very wonderful that a week's journeying in the open air, perhaps from the hot flats of Elsass, including a strenuous climb and a sojourn of two or three days at an elevation of three thousand feet above the sea, with copious drinkings of the most splendid water, should effect both bodily and mental ameliorations. The unbelievers cannot, however, account so readily for the improvement of soil and of crops which is said to result so frequently from a visit of their proprietor to the Black Madonna. But although the pilgrims find their way to Einsiedeln with the purpose of getting enjoyment, or bodily, spiritual, and worldly prosperity, out of the pilgrimage, the "Kalendermacher" (as the editor always calls himself) thinks they come for something more. He sees those needs of theirs of which they are not themselves actively conscious. They stand in want of political and ecclesiastical instruction; and in his *Kalender* he gives excitable persons of many nations directions as to the real aims and purposes of their civil governors, and of the wicked Old Catholic pastors and communities who will try to draw them into perdition. On the religious benefits of the pilgrimage the Kalendermacher has not a word to say, although he declares that he is determined to make the *Kalender* "vor Allem religiös und ein bisschen politisch." He is new to his work; the genial Father Gall, who instituted the *Kalender*, and has edited it for the past thirty-three years, having died during the present year; the number for 1874 has a monoir and an excellent portrait of the "blessed Kalendermann." His successor apologizes for calling Father Gall a scholar; scholarship in a priest has come to be suspected by pious and simple Catholics since so many priestly scholars have become Old Catholics or shown Old Catholic sympathies:—

Oho, was habe ich gesagt! Mir ist als sehe ich viele meiner Leser schief Gesicht schneiden und hüre sie sagen, So! also war P. Gall ein Gelehrter! Der Kalendermann war auch so ein Gelehrter mit einem Buch unter dem Arm und eine Brille auf der Nase! Und dann denken sie gar noch an das alte Sprichwort, Je gelehrter, desto verkehrter!

Contrasts between the happiness of the pious ignorant and the wretchedness of the unbelieving learned appear at intervals under different headings in other parts of the number. In a paper on "Summer in the Life of Nature and in the Life of the Church" there is a sketch of our own unhappy countrymen on tour. We go up to the top of the mountains in the company of rich Americans and Frenchmen, "with our red book." We leave our palaces and golden houses which we so jealously shut against the poor, but as we come up the mountain-side we find the poor goatherd or the Semmering hospitably open his or her door to us. When we look on the white mountain-peaks, the blue lakes, the grand waterfalls, and the far-reaching view, we only know that it is all idyllic and romantic because our red book tells us it is; but the great majority do not feel that it is. The poor goatherd does not know what these grand words mean:—"Der Geisshirt aber mit seinem unverdorbenen Herzen fühlt die Schönheit dieser Wunder der Schöpfung."

We cannot help thinking that the printer must have slyly misplaced the adjectives in the editor's engagement that the *Kalender* shall be "before everything religious and in a slight degree political." Articles which begin religiously manage to end politically. The article on "Summer in Nature and in the Church," from which we have just quoted, closes with a column of grape-shot at the Old Catholics. In nature and in the Church we see everywhere external and material splendour; the Church, which has a winter in her Lent and Good Friday, has a gorgeous summer in her Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost descended upon the heads "der göttlichen Jungfrau und der Apostel," and in her Corpus Christi. The Kalendermacher holds this "für einen der festen und unumstößlichen Beweise, dass unsere Kirche die wahre Kirche Gottes ist." The Old Catholics are blind to this "best and most irrefragable proof that the Pope's Church is the true Church of God." Perhaps they think that it would have served Jupiter's Church equally well as an argument against St. Peter's Church. They tell us, he says, that we must worship God in spirit—"These spiritual worshippers of ours are nothing but unconverted Pharisees, who turn the inside outwards, as one turns a glove. They want to appear righteous on the outside, while our people wish to hide a real righteousness inside them." This dexterous turning of the tables upon the Old Catholic will easily pass for an argument with the peasant who has hung up a waxen figure of his own heart, or his wife's rheumatic leg, or his child's broken arm before the Black Virgin.

The comparison of the Old Catholics with the Jews is a favourite one with the new Kalendermacher. No comparison could have been more awkwardly chosen; every one who has mixed in South German or Swiss society will recollect the intolerant dislike with which Jews are regarded, even by those who are better educated than the buyers of the *Einsiedler Kalender*. These two classes of unbelievers and persecutors of the Church are linked together both in its pictures and its literature. There is an account of the conversion of a "portier" of one of the largest hotels in Switzerland from Protestantism to New Catholicism by the simple study of the New Testament. He read his Bible (possibly given to him by some Evangelical tourist who intended it to lead to a very different result) until he became so uncomfortable that he was compelled to send for a Catholic priest and ask to be received into the Church. The priest asked him what made him prefer the Catholic Church

to the Protestant, in which he had been brought up. "Well," said he, "in my New Testament I see that the true disciples of Christ were always persecuted on account of their doctrine. I look up and down the world to see what persons exhibit this mark of true discipleship in our time; where I find that sign I know that I shall find the true Church. Now, are the Jews persecuted? No. Are the Old Catholics? No. Are the Freemasons? No. Are the Catholic priests and religious orders, the bishops, and the Pope? Yes. I have therefore found the true disciples of Christ and His true Church." The priest acknowledged that the man had clearly perceived "das neue Kennzeichen der wahren Kirche," instructed him in all Catholic truth, and baptized him.

A more laboured and ingenious demonstration of the unity of spirit between Judaism and Old Catholicism is offered to the peasants of many lands in an article of several pages under the title "Die Zerstörung Jerusalems und etwas vom Altkatholizismus." The article is professedly a sermon upon a woodcut of one of the episodes of Kaulbach's great picture of the "Destruction of Jerusalem," the group in which the painter has represented, half really and half symbolically, the flight of Christendom out of the midst of the doomed city of Judaism. A Christian family is escaping in peace and without hurry, carrying palm-branches and the holy books, which the elders read as they journey; three Jewish children kneel on the road-side entreating to be taken with the Church from the wrath to come; three angels sweep overhead, bearing the sacramental chalice and host. There is something like spoiling the Egyptians in making Kaulbach do duty for the Ultramontanes, who have held him and his work in such abhorrence since his picture of the Reformation epoch. The sermon on this woodcut is a specimen of the most reckless rationalizing; but as rationalism can be called by the innocent title of mysticism when it is used in the service of the Pope, the Kalendermacher's sermon will no doubt escape the condemnation which it would get if it had a less pious intention. The picture reminds us that there are two Jerusalems—one which God hates and will destroy, and the other, the true Jerusalem, which He delivers out of the midst of Jerusalem the damned. Kaulbach has given us a picture of the true Jerusalem in the act of its exodus. The true Jerusalem consists of the Pope and all the Catholic bishops, priests, and people who hold fast to him. The false and condemned Jerusalem consists, of course, of the Old Catholics. But here the parallel limps; for it would be absurd to tell the most ignorant peasant or professional beggar from the valleys that the Pope and Cardinals are engaged at this crisis of Church history in taking their flight out of the bosom of Old Catholicism. The brief which the Kalendermacher holds requires that he should show that in our day the false Jerusalem is taking its flight out of the midst of the true Jerusalem, and that in our day God is about to destroy those who flee to the mountains and not those who abide in the city. This is singularly awkward; so he is obliged to shift the figures and rationalize in a more promising direction. The true Jerusalem is but another name for Christendom, and Christendom means the entire Catholic faith, including its very latest definitions. Every true Catholic has this true Jerusalem in his own soul. When Old Catholicism enters into a Christian soul, the judgment of God visits it, and the true Christendom therefore takes its flight out of that soul; the angelic presence, the Sacraments, true doctrine, and Christian peace leave it, just as we see in the picture. In the midst of this quaint and impudent exposition the writer inserts a parenthetical advertisement of the book from which the woodcut is borrowed. But he is by no means exhausted by his two efforts at identifying Old Catholicism with Jerusalem the damned. He appeals next to history. Any person who has read the history of the year 70 A.D. in Eusebius will be astonished at its "viel Ähnlichkeit mit dem jetzigen Jahr 1874"—a slightly presumptuous anticipation of the character of a year as yet unborn. As in the year 70 the heavenly Jerusalem of God's faithful was surrounded by bitter enemies in the material Jerusalem, so in the year 1874 is God's heavenly Jerusalem in every soul and parish and in all Christendom surrounded by the wicked and by persecutors:—

The bitterest of all the enemies of the true Christendom in our day, and in our lands [says the Kalendermacher] are the so-called Old Catholics. Who then are these Old Catholics? They are those who refuse to believe and acknowledge the new dogma ("das neue Dogma") of the Papal infallibility in faith and morals. But, dear reader, this matter requires a closer explanation, and so I will tell you who belong to this people. To them belong all those who reckon themselves wiser than the Pope, than all the bishops, and than all the learned doctors and believers who hold this new dogma. To them belong all who think that God allows men to reject or acknowledge this truth just as they please. To them belong the proud and conceited, haughty professors, haughty officials, haughty lawyers, haughty schoolmasters and teachers, haughty dilettantes (Dummköpfe). These last are the most numerous, for I tell you that amongst all these haughty ones scarce one in a hundred knows what the dogma of Papal infallibility means. But the worst class of all the haughty ones is made up of haughty clergymen. Now mark this, dear reader, the haughty Old Catholics are nearly all Old Catholics out of deliberate plan and intention; they hide something behind their Old Catholicism. It is ambition. They are ambitious to rule, ambitious to get money, ambitious to be thought important, or ambitious for a wife; for among all these haughty Old Catholic clergymen you will scarcely find one who is not longing for a wife.

But the haughty, he says (die Hochmüthigen) form only one class of the old Catholics. There is another class who call themselves "die Aufgeklärten." They wish to have two dozen articles of faith less instead of one article of faith more. They dislike praying, fasting, and the confessional; they wish to reduce the outward ceremonies and worship God in spirit, but not in truth.

They are, in fact, no Catholics at all. The name Old Catholic just suits them; for as we call a man an old church beadle who was once a church beadle but is no longer one, and call another an old councillor because he was a councillor some years ago, so we call them old Catholics because they were once Catholics. "Schöne Altkatholiken das: geschneigte Herren und Gerngrosse!"

These two sections of Old Catholics have a bond of union in their hatred to the Catholic Church, the Pope, the bishops, and all the faithful Catholic people. They hide their real plan under a number of catchwords, such as "Neuerung in der Kirche, Abfall von der Kirche, Staatsgefährlichkeit des Glaubenssatzes!" At the destruction of Jerusalem there were just such parties in the doomed city. At the head of one stood the wicked old priest Eleazar, who had refused to receive the new dogma of Christ's kingdom; the pilgrims are evidently meant to see in him the Döllinger of the year 70, and in the great theologian the Eleazar of the year 1873. At the head of the other party stood the haughty "ajtjüdische" John of Giscala, the sly and powerful politician, in fact the Bismarck (as the Elsassers are to understand) of the year 70. The parallel is so drawn out that few can err in the interpretation. The Kalendermacher refuses to give the names of the moderns, quoting the Latin proverb in excuse:—"Nomina sunt odiosa," sagt der Lateiner, man hört die Namen nicht gern; du aber, lieber Leser, schreib sie an den Rand des Kalenders." In a quarter of a century "this Eleazar, the Old Catholic clergyman, and this John of Giscala, the crafty political manager, will be forgotten men." The great business of the pilgrims is to refrain from dealings with them or their dupes. They must remember that

No men are Catholics, though they do not alter one letter or syllable of the Catholic articles of faith, unless they add the article of the Pope's infallibility. Every ministerial act done by these Old Catholic clergymen is either *gottesräuberisch* oder *ungültig*, oder *beides zugleich*. Their masses are indeed masses, because they are and remain priests, but they commit sacrilege every time they celebrate mass. Every absolution they impart in the confessional or on the death-bed is a robbery of God, and of no profit to the receiver. Every Catholic who goes an Old Catholic clergyman for his soul's pastor makes himself a fellow-criminal. Most terrible is it when a whole congregation has such a pastor; far better would it be to have no pastor at all.

In the professedly political article of the *Kalender* the editor has taken his oversight of all the Christian nations through the eyes of Hans Guckensland. Herr G. is supposed to be an inquiring layman, and to relate what he has seen in Germany, Austria, France, and England with marvellous freedom from prejudice. We need hardly say that he is one of those laymen who are known in every Continental nation as clericals. Herr G. begins with Germany and ends with Switzerland; nowhere does he find the situation of the Church hopeless, while in France, England, and America it is more hopeful than it has been for centuries. He is afraid that Germany is becoming more Prussian than German, but is glad to see that Prussia cannot set Old Catholicism firmly upon its legs. Austria is governed entirely by the Jews; she is suffering from the loss of one of her greatest bishops, Dr. Fessler of St. Pölten, of whom Herr G. gives a life and portrait. The late bishop did the Catholic Church a service beyond all price by writing that unanswerable treatise on Papal infallibility with which the Holy Father declared himself to be completely satisfied:—"Er stellt darin den Glaubenssatz so klar, so bindig, so einfach und natürlich dar, dass sich der Leser am Ende fragt, wie es Leute geben kann, welche meinen, der Glaubenssatz von der päpstlichen Unfehlbarkeit bringe der Kirche und dem Staat Gefahr." Spain is likely to be happy, for "Don Carlos has promised to relay the foundations of faith and morality, right and justice, and he wins land and credit day by day." There is much that is foul in France, but it is overbalanced by the good. The repeated appearances of the Holy Virgin "als die unbefleckt Geborne" to a poor French girl in 1858 have given new life to France, and the life is showing itself in gigantic pilgrimages and innumerable conversions. Italy has destroyed her hopes with her last convent. "Poor characterless Victor Emmanuel is trembling with fear and anguish because he knows not at what moment the Revolution will devour him." Over Switzerland the writer becomes melancholy; he sees so many churches deserted by sacrilegious worship. The Swiss leaders and governors "only take the name of Old Catholicism upon their movement in order to be able to bring the Church and Christendom to destruction so much the sooner." He speaks more charitably of us than of his own fatherland. He has been marvellously inspired by catching a glimpse of our Father Ignatius. In other lands he sees great exhibitions, political changes, scientific inventions:—

But the one markworthy thing in England is the rapid extension of the Catholic Church. One hundred and seventy years ago a reward of 2,500 francs was offered for the discovery of a Catholic clergyman, and now there are twenty bishops and 1,844 priests. . . . To the Jesuits the very freest activity is allowed. The Benedictines are most numerous and most beloved (Einsiedeln is Benedictine); they first brought the faith, science, order, and civilization into England. They possess five monasteries, fifty mission stations, five institutions for the higher education. Among the bishops are four Benedictines. Their reputation is so great, that a few years ago even a Protestant pastor gathered disciples around him and endeavoured to found a Protestant Benedictine monastery. Marvellous! On the Continent we hear day after day the assertion, Convents have outlived themselves, they are unsuited to our age! And the English, whose sense for practicality is famed throughout the world, are now introducing them again on all sides as the most useful of institutions.

AFTERMATH.

ALL readers of poetry must feel pleasure when Mr. Longfellow adds a new volume to his former works; the only thing we are inclined to quarrel with is the title, *Aftermath*. Mr. Longfellow is but a year or two older than our Laureate, and we in England have not yet lost the hope of seeing the author of *Guinevere* and *In Memoriam*, perhaps after a certain time given to repose, to the re-adjustment and final concentration of his great faculties, once more "spring upwards like a pyramid of fire," and outshine all his former achievements. Both Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Longfellow must be included, we think, in the same class of singers—the men, we mean, of culture and thought; men with a power of self-measurement and self-criticism that enables them, if not, like Dryden, to go on improving, at least, like Milton and others, to retain their vigour and hold their ground firmly throughout a long career. They are, in a word, artist-poets, and not bard-poets. The bard, such as Shelley—we will add, in spite of all his faults, such as Swinburne—belongs to another type and subdivision of the poetic brotherhood. He is not necessarily greater; perhaps, in the number and organization of his faculties he is often less; but he differs. He is more nearly the man of whom Plato was thinking when he said *αὐτὸν μάλιστα οὐδὲν ποιητής*, he is more spontaneously and irrepressibly a poet. He is, on the other hand, we believe, less likely, when his youthful imagination flags a little, to fall back on meditative feeling and the resources of art, thus acquiring for it new strength and energy. Imaginative writers, if they lose nothing else as time goes on, must lose the glow and fire of youth—the mere animal fire, if you will, but even that, unless replaced by mental powers that ripen and develop themselves through serious thought, and sustained efforts in the pursuit of truth or the study of human life, is a loss to be felt and regretted. Now the bard we think less likely to recover himself after this first exhaustion and to go on growing than the artist. We have not space enough at our disposal to discuss the question here, but the grounds of our belief, as it seems to us, are obvious enough. If this be so, Mr. Longfellow, emphatically an artist-poet, and not a bard, has many fruitful years, we trust, before him; many crops of flagrant clover and flourishing lucerne to garner in, of which the seeds are now working secretly underground.

Taking this volume, however, just as we find it, we like nothing better than the short lyric at the end entitled, like the book itself, "Aftermath." It is full of pensive beauty, and seems as if it had been written in a time of falling leaves to the wailings of some autumnal wind. Before quoting it, we would remark that the technical term "rowen," a term new to us, appears to be a good old English word preserved, like many other good old English words, in America, though forgotten here; it means the rough grass, &c., whilst still on the ground, which makes up the aftermath when it is cut:—

When the Summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom.

With regard to this new series of tales, taken by themselves, we do not know that they will increase Mr. Longfellow's poetical reputation. They are altogether slight, without either much body or very exquisite flavour, resembling rather good clean St. Julien, skilfully made and carefully bottled, than poetical Chateau Margaux or Lafitte; but there is nothing in them to show that Mr. Longfellow's right hand has lost its cunning, that his eye has grown dim, or his natural force abated. The interlocutors are the same men as before; but one merit this volume has, and in this respect it stands higher than its predecessors—that is, the skilful juxtaposition by which the tales are made to relieve each other. The colouring of the whole is so judiciously arranged and harmonized that we pass on from one legend to another more smoothly and pleasantly than heretofore. The main defect of the book, after its general slightness and want of bone, is, we think, that the majority of the stories are very old, very well known, and have been related again and again. For instance, the "Jew's Tale, or the Angel Azrael" is the ancient fable that Solomon sends off a terrified suppliant to the furthest end of India in order that he may escape impending doom, and, as may be expected, sends him in vain. This fable has been versified at least as effectively as in the pages before us. We cannot at this moment recollect whether it was so versified by Charles Tennyson Turner, or the lamented Arthur Hallam, or Archbishop Trench, but we do recollect the general purport, and the last two lines in particular. Solomon bends down in reverential awe before the dreaded messenger Azrael, meeting thus the stern question, "How comes it that this man is in Jerusalem, destined as he is to die at this very moment in the extremest distance of India?"—

Angel of Death, the King replied,
Thou'lt surely find him there.

We like this conception of Solomon's behaviour in the presence of death better than that of Mr. Longfellow:—

And as they walked the guest became aware
Of a white figure in the twilight air,
Gazing intent, as one who with surprise
His form and features seemed to recognize;
And in a whisper to the king he said:
"What is yon shape, that, pallid as the dead,
Is watching me, as if he sought to trace
In the dim light the features of my face?"
The king looked, and replied: "I know him well;
It is the Angel men call Azrael,
'Tis the Death Angel; what hast thou to fear?"

The magnificent Jew, rejoicing in the pomp and splendour of a life unparalleled upon earth, was no more likely than his guest to be on careless and comfortable terms with Azrael. It is more to our taste also that Azrael's own question should be seriously put than in the half-jesting tone adopted by Mr. Longfellow:—

Then said the Angel, smiling, "If this man
Be Rajah Runjeet-Sing of Hindostan,
Thou hast done well in listening to his prayer;
I was upon my way to seek him there."

The "Mother's Ghost," again, has been made perfectly familiar to us by a very powerful poem of Mr. Robert Buchanan's. The form of the legend, as given by the two writers, varies a little; but Mr. Buchanan's version of it is the more interesting and impressive of the two. On the other hand, worn threadbare as the names of Emma and Eginhard have been by endless repetitions, we have never seen their story so charmingly told as it is here told by Mr. Longfellow. We quote the conclusion:—

Then Eginhard was summoned to the hall,
And entered, and in presence of them all,
The Emperor said: "My son, for thou to me
Hast been a son, and evermore shalt be
Long hast thou served thy sovereign, and thy zeal
Pleads to me with importunate appeal,
While I have been forgetful to requite
Thy service and affection as was right.
But now the hour is come, when I, thy Lord,
Will crown thy love with such supreme reward,
A gift so precious kings have striven in vain
To win it from the hands of Charlemagne."
Then sprang the portals of the chamber wide
And Princess Emma entered, in the pride
Of birth and beauty, that in part o'ercame
The conscious terror and the blush of shame.
And the good Emperor rose up from his throne,
And taking her white hand within his own
Placed it in Eginhard's, and said: "My son,
'Tis the gift thy constant zeal hath won:
Thus I repay the royal debt I owe,
And cover up the footprints in the snow."

All these compositions, moreover, even when not particularly original, are marked by Mr. Longfellow's fine taste and easy grace of expression. Having said this, here we might end, but that the word "Aftermath," though, we trust, used prematurely, suggests to us that we should cast a glance backwards, and compare what Mr. Longfellow is now offering to us with what he has already given to the world. Mr. Longfellow, though not one of the very productive and voluminous poets, has nevertheless in all these years accomplished a great deal. Many of his lyrics, such as the "Psalm of Life," the "Old Clock on the Stairs," the "Norman Baron," "Excelsior," and others, are of generally acknowledged excellence. The "Golden Legend," if we can put aside backward reminiscences of *Faust*, is a dramatic poem of much beauty and sweetness; but, as far as those compositions are concerned, Mr. Longfellow, though a considerable English poet, is an English poet and no more. As a poet at once American and English he means to rest his fame, we presume, upon the story of *Hiawatha* and *Evangeline*. As for *Hiawatha*, the mythology is so grotesque, the incidents so absolutely without human interest, the monotonous trochaic measure so tiresome in the long run, that we cannot pronounce it a success. It is possible that in America a better knowledge of the places referred to, a livelier sense of the associations involved, may recommend it to Mr. Longfellow's countrymen, but it says little to us. With regard to *Evangeline*, however, the case is altogether different; it is, and this no doubt is its chief merit, a genuine American poem; but it is also a poem of a high order for England and the rest of the world. The first book is full of real idyllic beauty and masculine pathos—a pathos both true and deep—and the conduct of the story afterwards is not unworthy of that first book. In the interest of such a poem it is indeed unfortunate that the classical hexameter cannot be turned into an English measure. We think that Mr. Longfellow's instincts were right when he endeavoured to frame the poem of a new people and a fresh inspiration in a metre of its own—a metre that, without any violent or ostentatious separation, should remove it, as far as possible, from the commoner aspects of poetry in the old country; but, alas! he cannot any more than others manage the unmanageable, and *Evangeline* must continue to charm the lovers of poetry as it has hitherto charmed them, in spite of its being a pain and a trouble to read any of its beautiful passages aloud. Notwithstanding the ominous heading to this present book, we trust that *Evangeline* may not be the last national poem for which the world will have to thank Mr. Longfellow.

TAYLOR'S SOUND AND MUSIC.*

MR. TAYLOR has rendered an opportune service to English readers by conveying to them in a permanent and readable form Professor Helmholtz's valuable additions to the physical theory of music. Of these discoveries of the great German physicist Mr. Taylor considers it not too much to say that they do "for Acoustics what the *Principia* of Newton did for Astronomy." While completely upsetting the old theory of musical harmony, and throwing a new light on the physical meaning of musical quality or *timbre*, they reach back by implication into the fundamental laws of all sound. Professor Tyndall did something in his well-known Lectures on Sound to place a part of this doctrine before English students. Only, not being primarily concerned, like the German *savant*, with reconstructing the physical basis of music, he reproduces it in a slightly parenthetical and disconnected shape. Mr. Taylor has confessedly in view the explanation of musical effects, and his work follows very closely the great treatise of Helmholtz.

The new doctrine published by Helmholtz in *Die Lehre von den Tonempfindungen*, and popularly sketched out in his lecture *Ueber die physiologischen Ursachen der musikalischen Harmonie*, has not perhaps become very familiar to a large section of English readers. A brief but clear account of its principal features appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for April 1872. But, so far as we are aware, no complete and reasoned statement of the German theory has been given us before the publication of Mr. Taylor's work. To those unacquainted with the main propositions of Helmholtz's theory, it may perhaps be well to state them at once, before considering Mr. Taylor's version of them. Up to the time of Helmholtz's researches little or nothing had been done to explain the quality or *timbre* of musical sounds. It had long been known that the pitch of a note is determined by the number of vibrations per second in the sounding body and the atmospheric medium. And the strength or intensity of a tone was rightly referred to the extent of oscillation in the agitated molecules of the air. With respect to the physical grounds of harmony, it had been discovered that, whenever two notes make a concord, there exists a simple numerical ratio between the numbers of their vibrations; and it was long concluded that such a relation supplied an adequate explanation of the pleasurable sense of harmony, it being forgotten that the mind of the hearer is never aware of any such numerical proportion. The first great service of Helmholtz was the analysis of the third variable in musical notes—namely, quality—into a series of partial tones. What goes as a simple elementary musical tone is in reality a composite tone or clang made up of a fundamental tone and certain upper tones, which are due to the simultaneous series of vibrations of different lengths that arise when a string or wire is made to oscillate. It is the number and strength of these upper tones which give the peculiar rich *timbre* to the notes of certain instruments, pre-eminently the human voice. On the other hand, where these are wanting, as in the notes of a tuning-fork or a stopped organ-pipe, the notes appear thin and poor. From the doctrine of the composition of single musical tones is deducible, with the help of known physical laws, the Professor's theory of harmony. It appears that when two sets of undulations of nearly the same length travel to the ear, their several phases tend now to strengthen, now to neutralize one another. The effect of this on the ear, when the alternations in the wave force are sufficiently slow, is, instead of an even flow of tone, a series of pulsations or shocks (*Tonstösse*). When they become exceedingly rapid, these beats are no longer distinguishable, and then we have the peculiar shrill jarring of dissonance. Now, according to Helmholtz, every case of discordant notes may be explained by help of these beats when once the composite character of our ordinary musical clangs is distinctly recognized. For it may be seen in every instance of two discordant tones that either between the fundamental tones themselves, or between their respective upper tones, some such effect of beat as we have described is produced. From this view it follows that the physical reason of harmony is simply a negative one. Any two or more simultaneous notes will produce a pleasing effect on the ear, provided there are no conflicting beat-favouring elements; and the reason why harmonic intervals always correspond to a simple numerical ratio is that this ratio happens to supply the only cases of non-conflicting upper tones.

Mr. Taylor's volume professes to add little to the excellent exposition of Helmholtz himself. Yet in point of style and mode of illustration our author may well lay claim to independent workmanship. No doubt he had in the German Professor not only a perfect master of his subject, but also a singularly clear and impressive exponent of science. But unfortunately there are too many examples of the facility with which a confused understanding may darken what another mind has rendered luminous, and we cannot but set at a high value the perfect grasp of subject which Mr. Taylor everywhere exhibits.

The author, it will be seen, avowedly writes for non-mathematical readers, and he has wisely kept this purpose in view in selecting both material and manner of illustration. A good part of the well-known facts and laws of sound, which are all presupposed in the explanation of musical phenomena, are very clearly stated. By the help of diagrams, some borrowed from previous writers,

* *Sound and Music. A Non-Mathematical Treatise on the Physical Constitution of Musical Sounds and Harmony, including the Chief Acoustical Discoveries of Professor Helmholtz.* By Seeley Taylor, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

and others original, Mr. Taylor succeeds, we think, in showing that a great number of acoustical facts are susceptible of interpretation quite apart from mathematical formulæ. Thus the nature of a wave as conceived in physical science is very simply defined, and the precise mode in which sound waves are propagated is rendered as intelligible, we suppose, as the nature of the phenomenon admits. Besides loudness and pitch, the phenomena of resonance receive ample discussion. It is known that when a tuning-fork is made to vibrate, another fork of precisely the same pitch, if held in close proximity, will be affected by the agitated air medium, and will sensibly respond to the first. So the column of air in a tube or box of certain shape and volume may be made to resound when contiguous to a vibrating tongue or string of certain length. Professor Helmholtz has made use of this fact in his instrument called the resonator, by means of which the presence of any partial tone in a given clang may be detected through the sympathetic movement of the air contained in a hollow brass globe corresponding in volume to the pitch of the particular tone. After explaining this interesting fact, Mr. Taylor gives us a full account of the mechanism of the principal musical instruments, and illustrates in a very happy manner the intricate phenomena of vibration of the air column, integral and segmental, in closed and open pipes. Other parts of the subject skilfully handled by our author are the interference of sound and beats, the meaning of pure intonation, and the somewhat unsatisfactory device of temperament. In all parts of this exposition Mr. Taylor shows that he has not only something of the firm grasp and the analytic skill of our best scientific writers, but also a touch of their scientific ardour. As a sample of a pleasantly graphic, and at the same time highly instructive, description, not unworthy perhaps of Professor Huxley or M. Taine, we may quote the following (pp. 7 and 8):—

An observer who looks down upon the sea from a moderate elevation on a day when the wind, after blowing strongly, has suddenly dropped, sees long lines of waves advancing towards the shore at a uniform pace and at equal distances from each other. The effect, to the eye, is that of a vast army marching up in column, or of a ploughed field moving along horizontally in a direction perpendicular to the lines of its ridges and hollows. The actual motion of the water is, however, very different from its apparent motion, as may be ascertained by noticing the behaviour of a cork, or other body, floating on the surface of the sea, and therefore sharing its movement. Instead of steadily advancing, like the waves, the cork merely performs a heaving motion as the successive waves reach it, alternately riding over their crests and sinking into their troughs, as if anchored in the position it happens to occupy. Hence, while the waves travel steadily forward horizontally, the drops of water composing them are in a state of swaying-to-and-fro motion, each separate drop rising and falling in a vertical straight line, but having no horizontal motion whatever.

Other examples of precise statement and luminous explanation may be found in the definition of a physical wave (pp. 25-26); in the representation, by means of a diagram, of the invisible motion of vibrating molecules in symbols of visible motion (p. 29); in the account of the complex phenomena of resultant wave-forms (p. 142, seq.), and elsewhere. As an instance of a familiar fact happily invested with an unsuspected scientific significance, we may refer to our author's account of the rich effect due to the action of the loud pedal of the pianoforte (pp. 110-113).

The chief interest, however, of Mr. Taylor's book is due not so much to lucid exposition of physical science as to the intimate acquaintance of the author with the two sides of musical theory, the physical and the æsthetic. The writer has a deserved reputation in the musical world, and his book clearly enough shows the lover of art quite as much as the disciple of science. Thus, when explaining the defects of the tempered scale as adopted in keyed instruments like the pianoforte and the organ, Mr. Taylor uses the opportunity (p. 206, seq.) of urging the practice of vocal music independently of these instruments, and reiterates what has been repeatedly preached since the time of Rousseau as to the desirableness of a musical notation, such as Mr. Curwen's tonic sol-fa, which would facilitate the separate cultivation of the voice by expressing all intervals in terms of their relation to the tonic or key-note. So our author has some very judicious remarks (p. 215) on the relation of physical to æsthetic law. According to the theory of Helmholtz, the most perfect concords—that is, those in which conflicting upper tones are fewest and feeblest—are the octave, and, next to it, the fifth. But, as Mr. Taylor reminds us, these are not the most pleasing to the ear, the third and sixth being certainly much more grateful combinations. In other words, the æsthetic value of tones depends on a variety of elements, smoothness being but one. We are inclined to regret that Mr. Taylor did not follow up the search briefly hinted at (p. 217), for some of those other considerations which make musical combinations delightful. More especially the very interesting phenomena of key relations, touched on in this place, might have been appropriately discussed in a work that undertakes to treat of sound and music; and indeed Professor Helmholtz in his treatises gives a very full account of the laws which have helped to determine the selection of our key system. The illustration of physical theory by means of the historical developments of music forms one of the most valuable ingredients of the German work, and it seems not a little surprising that so cultivated a musician as Mr. Taylor should have wholly neglected to avail himself of these very striking illustrations and verifications.

Mr. Taylor is generally so accurate that any seeming omission of a due limitation to an assertion is pretty certain to arrest one's attention. For instance, he tells us (p. 134) that if two tuning-forks forming the interval of an octave are sounded

together, the ear soon ceases to regard them as two tones, and hears instead one note having the pitch of the lower, and a quality more brilliant than that of either. But this is, we presume, only true provided the note of the higher fork bears some relation of intensity to that of the lower. If it were very much more powerful, it would certainly continue to make itself heard as a distinct note. Again, it scarcely seems a correct analogy when Mr. Taylor contrasts (p. 146) the power of the ear to single out a constituent tone of a clang with the inability of the eye to detect the two curves which are not really present in the resultant curve, but simply serve to produce it. The true analogy would be with the inability of the eye to analyse composite light into its constituent colours—say, purple into blue and red—though it is hardly certain that the organ might not be trained to such analysis just as the ear confessedly requires discipline in order to develop its capacity. It may be added that Mr. Taylor does not sufficiently economize language when he speaks of “an external objective existence” (p. 152), and perhaps it is not quite correct to deny this attribute to “a state of motion of certain air particles.” The naming of such trifling inaccuracies may serve to show how very correct Mr. Taylor proves himself in all the more important features of his exposition.

TEGETMEIER'S POULTRY BOOK.*

AT a season when eggs are fabulously dear, and when fowls, if obtainable at all, are only to be obtained at double the price they used to fetch, it cannot be ill timed to notice the new and much improved edition of Mr. Tegetmeier's *Poultry Book*. The author's merited reputation as an experienced master of his subject secured acceptance for his first edition six years or so ago; but, instead of being content to reproduce it in the same form, he has in the interval added greatly to his former stores of information, and has so rearranged his chapters that those who take an interest in fowls for the supply of the table, and those who value them chiefly as egg-producers, will now find each topic discussed in separate parts of the volume, divided, as is meet, by a new chapter on the best way of fattening poultry for culinary purposes. One great recommendation of the book is its soberness and practical tone. Mr. Tegetmeier is not tempted into extravagant speculations, even theoretically, by the annual value of French eggs, which, including exports, is said to be 125,000,000 francs, or of French poultry, which is much the same. He was never taken in, like some of his contemporaries, by the “de Sora” hoax of a gigantic poultry establishment near Beauvais, or by a later hoax about another at “Charney, a picturesque village near Paris,” kept by a certain Madame de Lenas, and duly chronicled by the English author of the *Practical Poultry Keeper*, though neither of these bird-towns had any more real existence than the “Nephelococcygia” of Aristophanes. In fact, he does not encourage us to indulge in dreams of rearing poultry in very large numbers, although he records the success of poultry fattening establishments such as that of Mr. Olliver, of Rushlake, near Warbleton, in which chickens collected and purchased from cottagers are prepared in great numbers for the London market, the work of cramming them being done by machinery. All he maintains is that, properly taken up, poultry-keeping will yield a very satisfactory market return, though there is a limit to supply, and though the birds are more costly to produce than butchers' meat. What is necessary is to avoid vagaries and extravagances, and study common sense principles and methods, in which the French manifestly beat us. The fowls of the district of La Bresse, in the North-East of France, which take or took most prizes in the Paris fat poultry shows, owed their success not to superiority of breed, nor to greater size, but to the careful and systematic fattening on buckwheat and milk which gave a plumpness at three months old to birds of the ordinary farmyard type not attained by French fowls of much purer breed and much more famous antecedents. This is a fact which deserves to be known by those who have not the advantage of prize fowls to improve and give a tone to their poultry-yard. A great deal, it seems, may be achieved by simple care, system, and attention to common sense details, without the introduction of expense in staff, accommodation, commissariat, and so on. Indeed, if you take the pains to get a hardy breed, such as the half-bred Brahma and Dorking chickens, such a breed will almost take care of itself.

The earlier pages of the *Poultry Book* are full of evidence that natural conditions are more conducive to the health and fertility of the poultry-yard than the appliances of costly civilization. Chickens that roost in trees and coppices during summer and early autumn are always found in much harder condition and finer plumage than those which roost in houses.

The Peacock, Guinea-fowl, and Pheasant, natives of much warmer climates than our own, do not require the shelter of a roof; and young fowls of different varieties, in the highest possible condition, are often found which have, even as late as Christmas, never been within a building of any kind.

It is proved, too, that hens which select a hiding-place for incubation produce more chickens, and healthier chickens, than those which enjoy the luxury of the best hen-house nest. Nor, though the poultry books are apt to preach against the dangers to

* *The Poultry Book*. By W. B. Tegetmeier, F.Z.S. With Pictures by Harrison Weir. Printed in Colours by Leighton Brothers. London: Routledge & Sons. 1873.

the health of fowl and chicken from letting the hens range till the dew is off the grass, does it at all appear that hens allowed to roam at will and to feed a-field at 4 A.M., fail to rear the finest chickens, any more than that dew is fatal to the notoriously more delicate young of the pheasant and the partridge. American experience corroborates Mr. Tegetmeier's clearly propounded view that the only way of rearing poultry together on a large scale is not in such poultry establishments as the defunct palace at Bromley, but in widely extended ranges such as would be congenial to the wild bird. Mr. Leland, of New York, gives up to his fowls eighteen acres of rough land, an acre to the hundred, full of bushes, weeds, sand, ash-heaps, lime, and bones, a pond of water, and a specially ploughed-up worm preserve. He has, he tells us, often as many as three thousand spring chickens.

All this tends to show that the secret of the profitable rearing of poultry does not lie in the houses which those who can afford it cunningly contrive to please the eye and to confine the bird. No doubt such houses, if they have a south aspect, a dry site, a pure atmosphere, and the essential of cleanliness, and especially if a wall to the north or at the back secures warmth and shelter, give great advantage and an almost certainty of successful operations. But the state of nature ensures many of these requisites, and civilization sometimes overlooks them. For instance, it is of great consequence to keep the floor of the poultry-house free from droppings, and its atmosphere pure from the taint of decaying organic matter. At Bromley this was done by covering the ground enclosed with a thick layer of dry pulverized earth, on which the manure fell, and which acted as a perfect deodorizer. This earth was constantly changed, and in some schemes a wooden tray or movable flooring facilitates the process. But, as we read in the *Journal of Horticulture* (July 10), some amateurs, intending to do the thing handsomely, lay down a brick floor in cement, and so engender disease of the feet and legs in their fowls, from the retention of moisture and insufficient drainage. The flooring of a poultry-house should be a three-inch coating of dry gravel, or a mixture of gravel and coal ashes. Turned over lightly with a spade now and then, this will not need replacing for two or three months; whereas the brick floor, besides other faults above mentioned, is not easily deodorized. One advantage which the houses have over shrubberies and coverts is that there is more protection in them against the rapine of the fox and the inroads of the rat; perhaps too, under a patent lock and key, they may afford security against the quite as common two-legged thief who not infrequently sells you your own eggs and chickens. But, on the whole, it seems plain that for the table supply, whether in fowls or eggs, it is best that we should look to the simpler processes of farmyard and cottage rearing, and that old-fashioned mode of poultry-keeping which goes on at the back of country houses, and should leave the niceties and refinements to those who breed and feed for exhibition purposes.

It is essential, however, to this end that there should be sense and system in respect of the kind of fowls kept. Nothing but deterioration can come of the barn-door principle carried out in thorough indifference to breeds and strains. If a yard is full of these mongrels, and it is inconvenient to make a clean sweep and to import in their place one or two good breeds that will do well together, the best way to improve it, with an eye to the production of market poultry, is to introduce a good Dorking cock:—

In the following year (all the young cross-bred cocks having been fatted for the market) the most serviceable pullets of compact shape and short on the legs should be alone retained for stock, the Dorking cock being exchanged for one not of the same blood. By following this plan for a third year, the chickens produced will be seven-eighths Dorkings; and thus, at a very small expense and trouble, a farmyard of comparatively worthless, unsaleable stock may be converted into really valuable marketable birds.—*P. 102.*

On the other hand, no worse cross for the barn-door fowls can be imagined than that which, owing to the fashion of past years, is of very common occurrence—namely, with the Cochins. The result is, to use Mr. Tegetmeier's description, a "gaunt, weedy, stilty, big-boned, angular, yellow-legged bird," rejected by the Londenhall salesmen, and consequently passed over by the higglers.

Assuming that, directly or indirectly, it is for the table, for home consumption, or the market, that poultry are reared and fatted, it is not hard to glean from Tegetmeier, with whose dicta most housewives and practical poulterers will agree, which are the likeliest and least costly breeds to keep. Two data on the subject are that "a table fowl should be all breast, with short limbs and small bones," and that fowls are only in perfection for the table before they have attained their full development. This guides us to the choice of birds of a broad full-breasted type, and also having an aptitude to ripen early and to repay attention to their keep. A good many sorts may be put out of the question. The build of the Malay fowl, with its great height, long snaky neck, and elongated shanks, promises little in appearance; yet because it combines a large and plump breast with a good flavour of flesh when killed early, it has some pretensions as a table fowl. This may be considerably enhanced by a cross with a Dorking hen, which will produce an extraordinary table fowl. The Spanish breeds, second to no fowls for great production of large eggs, limited however to the summer season, are out of the question for table purposes, on account of their dark legs, which the cooks and poultry dealers object to; though the Minorca breed, which is akin to them, and has taken strong root in Cornwall, Devon, and the West of England, is a better and plumper table

fowl, besides equalling its relations in laying. The game fowls have the drawback of a yellow skin, though their flesh is well flavoured; the Polish are a delicate race, very sensitive to damp, though useful as interminable layers; and the Hamburgs, though excellent in flesh and flavour, and having more flesh than you would expect from their size, are also somewhat delicate, and not what might be called an early fowl. None of these, though each has some characteristic merit, realize what we desiderate—"a large-sized, hardy breed, which will yield, without trouble or coddling, a good supply of large early chickens." At the first blush it might appear that the Cochins had a claim to consideration, but inquiry will prove that this is only for home consumption. Its yellow skin, its tendency to put on fat, and most of all its development of leg at the expense of breast, the inferior parts at the expense of the finer—though it should be said, in extenuation, that the Cochins' leg is much less tough than that of other fowls—disqualify it for a first-class table fowl, though it has very high merits, such as hardihood, winter prolificacy, docility, and quick growth for household purposes. Mated with the large French fowls, the Cochins produce chickens of rapid growth and large size, fine, fat, white-skinned table-birds, though not of course admissible for exhibition, or for stock purposes. Of non-European birds, a category in which we may safely place the Brahmas, though it is a vexed question whether they are Asiatic or American in their origin, there can be no question that the most useful importation for all purposes has been the Brahma, the largest and finest of domestic fowls. With full, broad, prominent breast, a back short and broad between the shoulders and across the hips, a curved, slender neck, and wings small and tight, the true Brahma is a good fatterer, a first-rate table fowl, early ripe, and, at maturity, of enormous proportions. Whiter, tenderer, juicier than the Cochins, it is quite as docile, and will keep itself better. It is also very hardy, will stand wet and cold, and is a good layer, especially in winter. Mr. Tegetmeier introduces into this edition a hint to the judges in poultry shows designed to avert the deterioration of this excellent breed. The tendency, it seems, is to award prizes to size, and not, as the schedule directs, to high condition, beauty of plumage, cushion and fluff about the thighs, purity of race, and other characteristics. And if this be persisted in, the danger is that we may get, in the place of true Brahmas, "gaunt, flat-sided, taper-sterned, short-feathered" creatures, far removed from the ideal which has till recently been very nearly realized in the best prize-pens. A thorough John Bull will go in for Dorkings, and small blame to him. They grow very quickly, and put their flesh, as they should, on the breast, wings, and merrythought. The coloured breeds are best for size; but all the Dorkings, coloured, white, or silver grey, are remarkable for delicate white flesh, symmetrical shape, and equal distribution of fat. As they are apt to suffer from over-feeding, it is in their favour that they like a good and large grass run, and do best with a fair amount of liberty. Where this is not feasible, the cross between a Dorking and a Brahma will be doubly desirable; for the result will be very hardy, quick-growing chicks of great weight and first-rate table quality, the Brahma introducing domesticity and adding stamina. Such cross-bred chickens "are not equal to pure-bred Sussex or Dorking as first-class market fowls, but from the greater number that can be reared on an ordinary farmyard, where no very especial care is given to them, they will be found much more profitable." But we must not forget the cream of the French breeds, the Houdans, worthiest of his fellows to rank with the Brahma and Dorking as the most meritorious of fowls. Large, heavy, short-legged, with small and light bones, and a minimum of offal, like the coloured Dorking, they are hardy and quickly reared, and mature with great rapidity. The chickens are fit for the table at four months, and the flesh is fine and white. The eggs too of the Houdans are numerous, and generally fertile. It must be added that they are indifferent hatchers. As they very rarely sit, it is well to keep a few Brahma or Cochins hens to hatch their eggs, which will not be confounded with those of the hatchers, as the latter are buff-coloured. On the whole, as a few hardy breeds are better than many of various merit and degrees of constitution, we should gather from Mr. Tegetmeier, as indeed from our own observation, that Brahmas, Dorkings, and Houdans are the best investments—taken all in all—for the poultry-yard.

As to the questions of comb and toe, and markings which are points of excellence in the standards of various breeds, these are discussed with clearness and judgment by Mr. Tegetmeier, and we commend his remarks to all intending exhibitors. Our purpose has rather been to glean hints for the present atreps from this very useful book of reference. It is indeed a book that will not fail the inquirer, be his quest what it may. In it we learn how well the French systematically fatten fowls for market on buckwheat meal, bolted fine and kneaded up in sweet milk to the consistency of baker's dough, and then cut up into two and a half inch pellets; and how another French plan, for which our author will not vouch, is to fatten wholly with liquid food. Two meals a day punctually, given at an interval of twelve hours apart, are a *sine quid non* of successful fattening. We also find full particulars of Mr. Olliver's mode of "cramming by machines"; and cooks, amateur and professional, may learn something from the pages as to plucking and trussing fowls, which are taken from the writer on high-art cookery who signs himself "G. C." No known breed of domestic fowl, from the giants of the poultry-yard to its veriest dwarfs, from Brahmas to Bantams, and whatever is

between, is overlooked in this comprehensive volume, which includes also turkeys, pea-fowl, and guinea-fowl, as well as the aquatic fowl, on which we have no space to touch.

THE WRONG MAN.*

MRS. MONTGOMERY'S present book is about as unlike her former one as one book can be to another. *Mine Own Familiar Friend* was distinguished by an extraordinary want of morality in tone; it transported us to places where the existence of such a thing as principle seemed a yet undiscovered fact; its scene was laid in unconventional lands, and its characters had a daring disregard for the conventional rules that are supposed to hold society together. The *Wrong Man*, on the other hand, aims at a high purpose. The places we visit through its pages are those which must be well known to the majority of readers, and the ideas of the leading personages err on the side of Quixotism. The story opens prettily enough with a visit of Madeline Fairley—whom we may take to be the heroine of the book, though she is hard run for that place—to Mrs. Herbert, to whom she has to communicate the good news that she is going on a foreign tour with some friends of her father's. Madeline is known by the name of Beechnut, in consequence of the brown colour of her hair and eyes. Her description is the least good part about her, and presents to our mind's eye, when we analyse it, a sort of monster fit to be carried around in caravans rather than the pretty bright girl who is supposed to be. For we are told that "her skin, in the shadows of her face, wherever they happened to fall, had a warm golden tint which harmonized so well" (so well as what?) "with hair and eyes." Also that "the shorter hair was clipped into a little fringe—thus blending in a soft haze the dark roll of hair above, and the golden-shadowed, ruddy-tinted face." It is difficult to conceive a more appalling spectacle than this young woman whose hair, skin, and eyes were all of the same hue, and all blended into a soft haze. Mr. Wilkie Collins's ghastly blue man in *Poor Miss Finch* was nothing to her. She was, however, probably not so brown as she is painted; for wherever she goes she is popular and sought after, and produces a pleasant impression. Upon Mrs. Herbert's face, however, one cloud is cast by Madeline's mention that she may be passing through Germany; for Mrs. Herbert has a son, who years ago committed some mysterious and dreadful crime, in consequence of which he had to fly the country, and he is supposed to be now wandering in Germany. Given these conditions, it is not difficult to see what the result must be if the formula of novel romance is adhered to. A young man of hitherto exemplary character becomes suddenly most abandoned, commits a felony, and flies the country, killing his father and breaking his mother's heart by his conduct. Therefore he must be innocent of the crime which has clouded his life. A young lady brought up on intimate terms with him in childhood travels through the country which he has sought as a refuge, starting with a violent prejudice against him, which, by dint of her having him continually forced on her notice, grows to absolute horror. Therefore she cannot but discover his innocence and fall in love with him. Add to the before-mentioned data that the Franco-Prussian war is going on at the time of the girl's travels, and that she becomes a nurse, and the imagination, or, we should rather say, the logical faculty, will at once supply a pallet in a hospital ward, a wounded soldier stretched on it, a hazy reminiscence of his face and voice, developing into perfect recollection, a start of horror, and a final explanation.

But, although the outlines of Mrs. Montgomery's story are conventional enough, there is much in the detail that is not so. The description of life and things in Brussels is bright and clever, and if nobody ever plunged on a first introduction at a drum deep into the discussion of creeds and no creeds, as do Madeline, M. Le Ferrier, and Camille Vonderblanc, at least their conversation is more interesting than the sickly badinage and teapots flirtations which make the dialogue of so many society novels. Camille Vonderblanc is Mrs. Montgomery's best performance in the way of character drawing, and there is a good deal that is fine in her. The doubts that arise in her, born chiefly of the continual spectacle of her mother's worldliness and hypocrisy, her calm dignity and strong purpose, all make her interesting. But the strength of mind with which the author has endowed her is the cause of a serious flaw in the book. The means by which she is finally converted to the Church of Rome (almost every one in the book is a Roman Catholic) are so weak and ill explained that our belief in her existence is destroyed when we read of the incident, and we feel that she has been set up, like the wooden popinjay of the Dresdeners, and given an appearance of strength and stability, only to be knocked down with the greater glory. Convictions so easily attained can be of but little worth, but conviction at any price seems to be the rule in the *Wrong Man*. A dinner party is given by Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, the friends with whom Madeline is travelling, during their stay at Brussels, and to this dinner come Mr. and Mrs. Huskinson and their son Godfrey, who was in the same bank with the unfortunate Frederick Herbert and knows the history of his disgrace. Godfrey Huskinson is a young man of singularly attractive manners and appearance, with a feminine eloquence in his nature, and a restless vivacity

in conversation. When we hear that this bright manner is every now and then crossed with a mysterious cloud, and that when his gaze falls "on the bowed head and beautiful features of a Prussian soldier who is kneeling in the cathedral at Köln, whither the whole party travels, we can have little doubt who and what Godfrey Huskinson is. And, in fact, in the next chapter a meeting takes place between him and the soldier, who is of course none other than Frederick Herbert, which reveals, what we have before suspected, that Frederick is for some reason bearing the burden of Godfrey's guilt. The scene of this meeting, a little house across the bridge, affords opportunity to the author for a singularly fresh and pretty description of the house itself and of the martens who have made their nests under its roof. Specially good is the description of their notes:—

Meanwhile the chirping and the chattering went on without much difference year after year, and all day long. It began before the sun was up; it was always joyous beyond any sound known to human beings. Nothing in words can so ripple and run over, and chip and twitter with sheer glee, as the note of the marten. It is not a song, for a song expresses a modulated sentiment; but this is simple cheeriness. The thing in human life that comes nearest to it is the babble of French children let out to play; but even that is harsh, compared with the sweet gurgle, as of bubbling bliss, that pours forth by the hour from the martens' little quivering throats.

The scene of the meeting, too, is finely imagined, and so well worked up that in reading it we almost forget the impossibility and inconsistency of such a character as Herbert's. From Cologne we are carried to Chillon, where an underplot of Godfrey falling in love with Madeline, and Lucy Fitzgerald falling in love with Godfrey, and somebody else falling in love with her, "and so on *ad infinitum*" begins, and an expedition across the Tête Noire, ending in Godfrey saving Madeline from a fall over a precipice, gives him an opportunity for declaring his feelings for her.

The dangers of this well-known pass, which is a particularly "broad way," are exaggerated in a manner scarcely warrantable even in a novel. We cannot remember ever to have gone for the most part in single file when crossing it, nor even at "the wildest and most savage part" to have seen anything approaching to the dizzy horrors which Mrs. Montgomery describes. The incident indeed seems to us altogether unnecessary and purposeless, unless it were meant to rehabilitate Godfrey somewhat in the reader's eyes—a thoroughly hopeless task. Our sympathies are meant to be, to a certain extent, excited for him throughout; but it is as impossible to believe that so contemptible a scoundrel could have so much to recommend him as it is to imagine that so fine a character as Frederick Herbert could have been such an idiot. The war to which we are introduced soon after these events gives occasion for many clever and well-touched sketches of character and scenery. Mr. Pearson, the surgeon who has come out for love of operations, and for whom the "war had nothing to do with the interests of France or the glory of Prussia, hardly perhaps even with the sufferings of humanity, although nothing could exceed his tenderness and attention to his patients," is rather a fascinating person, and we are sorry to see so little of him. The great scene of the war episode, however, is that in which Camille, going out to save her high-souled lover, Le Maître, from the horrors of a promiscuous burial with her own hands, ends by restoring him unexpectedly to life. This scene is a mistake. Even if all the force and power of reticence, as well as of expression, which such a description requires were brought to bear on it, it could not fail to be ghastly and repellent. As it is, it becomes revolting. When Le Maître has been saved from the jaws of death in time to marry Camille, nothing remains but to extricate Frederick Herbert from his false position, remove from his shoulders the burden they have so long and so unjustly borne, and marry him happily to Madeline. The most obvious and simple method of effecting this is a death-bed confession by the miserable Godfrey, a general mingling of tears, and a final arrangement by which all becomes, to use the expression of the madman in *Nicholas Nickleby*, "gas and gaiters." And this is accordingly done; but we must enter a protest against the doctrine which Mrs. Montgomery appears to uphold, according to the account of his seven years' sacrifice of name and honour which Frederick Herbert himself gives. Here we have one young man doing for another, to whom it is true he bears a love deep as a brother's, a thing which he would have no right to do, however strong that other's claims were upon him; and in this case there is no claim save that of affection. To save Godfrey from disgrace and punishment, to save him from bringing agony upon his parents, who have centred their lives in his, Frederick Herbert, himself an only son, every whit as dear to his parents as Godfrey to his, takes upon himself the blame of Godfrey's disgraceful crime, flies the country without an explanation, lives practically outlawed for seven years, and by so doing brings his own father to the grave and his mother to heart-broken despair, while the real criminal's parents hug their darling boy to their hearts' content. And the crowning reason for Herbert's doing this, the one thing that overbears all regret, all sense of his natural duties and affections, is that by this sacrifice, by the continual heaping of fiery coals on Godfrey's head, he hopes at the last, to use his own expression, to save his soul. And this we are to count well bought at the price of a father early killed, a mother prematurely broken down. Such a theory as this can scarcely require comment. We regret that Mrs. Montgomery should have selected it as the leading idea of what is otherwise a pleasant series of pictures of life and scenery. The author should pay more attention to her grammar and spelling. Such sentences as "though often not in the best taste, she yet felt an

* *The Wrong Man*. By the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Montgomery, Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend," &c. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1873.

attraction for the strongly delineated intensity betrayed by the objects of devotion," such words as "teaming," for "teeming" all under the head of inexcusable blunders.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE latter volumes of the collected edition of Grillparzer's writings* contain his acted but unpublished plays, those entirely new to the world, his novelettes, and some miscellaneous prose writings. Of the dramas new to the press but not to the stage, the principal is one on the history of Hero and Leander, quaintly entitled the *Waves of the Sea and of Love*. It would have been better, perhaps, if the poet had avoided a subject so nearly akin to that of his *Sappho*, of which the present piece appears to be a feeble reproduction. It is nevertheless replete with poetical beauty; and we can easily admit the editor's assertion that it has proved successful in the rare case of an actress being found capable of reproducing the innocent sensuousness, the purity of soul and warmth of blood combined in the character of Hero. The character, however, charming though it be, is rather idyllic than dramatic, and the simple plot is insufficient to furnish material for five acts. *To Dream, to Live*, is a fanciful Oriental drama, in which the influence of Calderon and Gozzi is manifest. It is ingenious and poetical, but belongs to a class which must always be an exotic on the modern stage, though it is stated to have fairly established itself as a stock piece at Vienna. The new plays *Fraternal Strife in Hapsburg* and the *Jewess of Toledo* display Grillparzer in the light of a most accomplished writer for the stage; the former piece in particular gives a stirring representation of the times to which it relates, equally truthful and picturesque. Both, however, are too palpably works of reflection; a genuine vein of poetry distinguishes the writer from the mere playwright; but his work is nevertheless rather a manufacture than a spontaneous growth. The last volume contains Grillparzer's little tales, which are interesting, but not remarkable; a circumstantial analysis of the plays of Lope de Vega; and a series of detached thoughts on religious and philosophical subjects, expressed with the simplicity and independence characteristic of the writer.

The biographer of the late leader of the Prussian Liberals, Leo Waldeck†, has restricted himself to an account of his hero's political, and especially his Parliamentary, career. Waldeck belonged to a class of politicians of whom Prussia, fortunately for herself, has produced numerous examples—accomplished jurists who, while professionally sensitive to all infringements of popular rights, have from the same cause been indisposed to any but a legal and constitutional resistance. Waldeck's principal qualifications for the prominent part he was destined to perform seem to have consisted less in superiority of genius than in superiority of character—undaunted courage, prodigious industry, perfect disinterestedness, and a Parliamentary leader's faculty for organization and control. His reputation acquired great adventitious lustre from the defeat of an iniquitous prosecution to which he was subjected on account of his share in the events of 1848; and when at length, after a long suppression of all national life, Parliamentary government revived at the accession of the present Sovereign, he found himself at the head of the so-called Progressive party in the Prussian Chamber. His name will be chiefly remembered for his share in the long conflict between the majority of the Chamber and the Bismarck Ministry on the subject of the military budget, the issue of which, from a totally unexpected turn of circumstances, so notoriously falsified the predictions and disappointed the expectations of constitutional Liberals throughout Europe. It proved, however, an admirable course of political education for the country, and, notwithstanding Prince Bismarck's complete success, he has since found it advisable tacitly to adopt the principles of his opponents. Waldeck appears to have accepted his defeat with a good grace, and to have laboured for that union of the aristocratic and liberal elements of the nation on the common ground of the public good which Prince Bismarck's present policy absolutely requires as a condition of success. His part in politics, however, was less prominent after the War of 1866. He died in May 1870.

The fourth volume of Ferdinand Gregorovius's sketches from Italy‡ is devoted to the central region of the country, commencing with a highly interesting account of the unique remains of Byzantine art at Ravenna, that strange city so picturesquely placed on the confines of the ancient and the modern worlds. There is also a pleasant narrative of an excursion in Umbria. In general, however, the contents of the volume are of an historical and political character, the most important being an essay on the relations of Italy with the Holy Roman Empire of the middle ages, and a very circumstantial narrative of the invasion of the Papal territory by the Garibaldians in September 1867.

An appropriate destiny has despatched one of the driest travellers in the world to one of the driest countries. It would be unfair to assume that Herr von Schlagintweit§ would have been

incapable of picturesque description with more promising materials; nor can it be denied that there is something impressive in the very bleakness, barrenness, and monotony of the Tibetan highlands which it has fallen to his lot to traverse. Undoubtedly, however, the predominant feeling on closing his volume is that traveller and country are exactly made for each other. The dry, stormy, shadowless land, alternately scorched and frozen, in its physical features almost a copy of the inhospitable surface of the moon, with its scanty animal life, apathetic population, uneventful history, and stereotyped semi-civilization, is fitly allotted to an explorer whose narrative reads like a catalogue, and whose contributions to our knowledge, in the present volume at least, are mainly confined to the mapping-out of routes, the measurement of elevations, and readings of the barometer and thermometer. These particulars no doubt have their importance. We do not forget our indebtedness to the brothers Schlagintweit for an interesting account of Tibetan Buddhism; and it may be hoped that the collections formed by them in the country will yet prove of value in a philological point of view. All this does not alter the fact that this volume is almost wholly unreadable except by the select few who may themselves be contemplating an expedition to Tibet, and who, on the principle that "there's nae wale o' wigs on Munrimmon Moor," may be thankful for information in its least inviting form. The book is divided into six chapters, the first five treating of as many different districts of Tibet, the sixth of the author's residence in the capital, which is distinguished by an extraordinary penury of personal detail. The aridity of the book is, however, occasionally relieved by some trait of the national customs, which almost seems to have found its way in by accident.

Dr. A. Dorner*, the son of the celebrated theologian, has produced an essay on the theological system of St. Augustine, mainly undertaken with the view of determining whether Augustine's place is among the doctors of the Church or the precursors of the Reformation. The conclusion arrived at is that, notwithstanding the numerous points of sympathy between Augustine and the Reformers, he is in no way estranged from the general current of Catholic tradition, and must indeed be regarded as the principal founder of the mediæval scholastic theology. This opinion is grounded upon a very minute and methodical, and apparently perfectly impartial, examination of the Augustinian theology, drawn out and digested under its several heads. In the course of the inquiry the simple-minded reader will perhaps be most forcibly struck with the difficulty of attaining any conclusion on the matter, owing to Augustine's perpetual inconsistency and habit of resorting to any argument available in the particular controversy in which at the moment he might happen to be engaged. To determine his views from his own contradictory assertions seems impossible, and the conclusion from the general spirit of his writings, to which Dorner is inevitably compelled to resort, is manifestly liable to fallacy. One of the points here chiefly insisted upon is the degree in which Augustine is held to have been influenced by the speculations of the Neoplatonic philosophers. The chapter of most general interest is that on Augustine's views of the relations between Church and State, which seem hardly distinguishable from those propounded in the Syllabus.

Although Professor Frohschammer† of Munich has been publicly associated with the Old Catholic leaders in protesting against the encroachments of Rome, we are not aware whether he is formally recognized as a member of their communion. Should this be the case, its orthodoxy on the one hand, and its comprehensiveness on the other, seem likely to be severely tested, and important issues may depend upon the decision arrived at. In his professed answer to Strauss, all affectation of fidelity to dogmatic tradition is discarded, and the view of religion presented is one which Strauss would have had little difficulty in accepting if he had remained on his old metaphysical ground, instead of reporting to merely materialistic explanations of intellectual phenomena. Frohschammer is severe upon him as an apostate from philosophy, and dwells with considerable force upon the weakest points in his work, his too implicit reliance upon mere scientific hypotheses, and his too absolute identification of Christianity as a whole with some of its peculiar phases. His own conception, however, leaves Strauss hardly anything to except against, particularly as on some important points where the writers are professedly opposed the point in dispute is virtually conceded by the liberality of Frohschammer's definition. On such questions as that of miracles his heterodoxy is flagrant and un concealed. There may be nothing in the writer's ecclesiastical position to necessitate any official notice of his work, but the problem how to deal with the latitude of free thought in the Old Catholic body is evidently one that will soon demand a solution.

The second volume of Moritz Petri's edition of Hamann's works‡, arranged in chronological order, contains a number of miscellaneous essays and letters, with a biography and commentary interspersed

* Grillparzer's *Sämmtliche Werke*. Bde. 5-9. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Siegle.

† B. F. L. Waldeck. Von H. B. Oppenheim. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Wanderjahre in Italien*. Von F. Gregorovius. Bd. 4. Von Ravenna bis Mentana. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Reisen in Indien und Hochasien*. Von H. von Schlagintweit-Saklin-Minski. Bd. 3. Jena: Costenoble. London: Trübner.

* *Augustinus: sein theologisches System und seine religiös-philosophische Anschauung*. Von Dr. A. Dorner. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Das neue Wissen und der neue Glaube*. Mit besonderer Berücksichtigung von D. F. Strauss' neuester Schrift. Von J. Frohschammer. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *J. G. Hamann's Schriften und Briefe*. Erläutert und herausgegeben von M. Petri. Hannover: Meyer. London: Williams & Norgate.

in detached portions. We confess to a considerable difficulty in accounting for the reputation of this desultory and enigmatical writer, whose ingenuity is expended in the oracular proposition of commonplaces, and whose style, like his life, has something furtive, indirect, and uncomfortable.

Herr F. Prætorius's attempt at the explanation of the Himyaritic inscriptions* may be interesting even to the unlearned reader, as conveying some idea of the extreme difficulty of the task. The absence of vowels in Semitic languages opens a field to conjecture more convenient for the license of speculation than conducive to the attainment of sound results. The translations here submitted, however, read neatly and plausibly.

The intentions of Herr Schroot †, the author of *Science and Life*, are no doubt excellent, but we cannot say much for the execution of his treatise, which is mainly a collection of incohesive and ill-digested remarks on the evils of life and society, moral and physical, real and imaginary.

Professor Pernice's "Labco" ‡ is designed to convey, under the name of that celebrated lawyer, a general view of the condition of Roman law during the first century of the Empire, a period when political change had necessarily produced important modifications in jurisprudence. The work bears evidence of great research, but its interest is purely professional.

Herr Eduard Grisebach § is an amateur of the dainties and tit-bits of literature, morsels frequently more remarkable for exquisiteness than for wholesomeness. To the limited number of such delicacies he has himself made a noteworthy addition, if the *Neue Tannhäuser* is correctly attributed to him. We are now indebted to him for a copious analysis of the literary history of one of the most popular pieces in this line, Petronius's story of the Ephesian Matron, with a translation of it in its Chinese version. This rendering has already become classical in English literature through Goldsmith's imitation in the *Citizen of the World*, which we cannot agree with Herr Grisebach in considering inferior to the original story. Goldsmith, however, could only follow an imperfect French translation, while Herr Grisebach's version is made from a full and accurate English rendering published in the *Calcutta Review*. He has added an ample discussion and investigation of the numerous forms which this standard illustration of female inconstancy has assumed in the modern literature of Europe. The Chinese version, after all, is not the original, the allusion to Buddhism as an established religion indicating that it must have been made some centuries posterior to Petronius. The fiction probably originated in India.

The popular songs of the Engadine, translated by A. von Flügel ||, are distinguished by the grace, innocence, and simplicity to be expected in the indigenous poetry of a romantic and secluded district, inhabited by a race endowed with much natural refinement and a fluent and musical language. This dialect appears to be intermediate between French and Italian, but with a greater affinity to the latter. Its simplicity and melody are evidently incapable of exact reproduction in German, although Herr von Flügel has wrought ably and well, and scrupulously abstained from all attempts to embellish his original. The subject of these pieces, all orally transmitted from a period of uncertain duration, is in general the passion of love, a number of pieces on the incidents of war and the chase having faded out of recollection with the events that called them forth. Their structure is in general most artless, there are few strokes of signal originality or tenderness, but their charm consists in their perfectly unstudied naïveté.

It is not easy to discover why August Trümpelmann should have chosen to tell the story of Vivian Perpetua's martyrdom ¶ in blank verse. The subject is indeed highly suitable for dramatic treatment, but, if conceived epically, gains nothing from being exhibited under metrical restraints, which involve the sacrifice of most of the picturesque detail which might otherwise have enriched and relieved the bare tragedy of the story. Herr Trümpelmann's treatment of his theme is earnest and matter-of-fact; his verse may be commended for energy and simplicity, but certainly affords no evidence of any such overwhelming enthusiasm as to compel or justify the assumption of "singing robes."

The first two volumes of Johannes Scherr's collected novels** are occupied by that terror of all readers of this department of literature, a *kulturhistorische Novelle*. The subject is the life of Schiller, and the author appears to have faithfully complied with the rules of the most utterly worthless class of composition yet discovered by human ingenuity. The novelettes in the third volume have at

* Beiträge zur Erklärung der Himyarischen Inschriften. Von F. Prætorius. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Trübner.

† Wissenschaft und Leben. Von A. Schroot. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Nutt.

‡ Marcus Antistius Labco: das Römische Privatrecht im ersten Jahrhundert der Kaiserzeit. Von Dr. Alfred Pernice. Bd. 1. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Trübner.

§ Die treulose Wittve, eine chinesische Novelle, und ihre Wanderung durch die Weltliteratur. Von Eduard Grisebach. Wien: Rosner. London: Trübner.

|| Die Volkslieder des Engadin. Von Alfons von Flügel. Straßburg: Trübner. London: Trübner.

¶ Perpetua und Felicitas. Erzählende Dichtung. Von A. Trümpelmann. Wittenberg: Koelling. London: Nutt.

** Novellenbuch. Von Johannes Scherr. Bde. 1-3. Leipzig: Günther. London: Williams & Norgate.

least a comparative value, as they profess to depict peasant life in Switzerland. The collection is ushered in by a singularly egotistical preface, announcing the author's impending retirement from world obstinately bent on ignoring him.

The last number of the "Russian Review" * contains, with other interesting matter, the continuation of F. Matthäi's important articles on the commerce of Russia, and an essay by Professor Brückner on Catherine II.'s attitude towards the French Revolution. The points principally brought out are Catherine's sagacity in foreshadowing the Revolution, and her anxiety to egg on Austria and Prussia to put it down, while she carried out her own projects of aggrandizement without fear of interference.

* Russische Revue: Monatsschrift für die Kunde Russlands. Herausgegeben von G. Rüttger. Jahrg. 11, Hft. 7. St. Petersburg: Rüttger. London: Siegle.

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VICTOR EMMANUEL AT VIENNA AND BERLIN.

THE Archbishop of PARIS and the political and religious fanatics whom he represents have received, in the accounts of the reception of the King of ITALY at Vienna and Berlin, the most significant answer to the late indecorous Pastoral. Clerical politicians not only disregard national honour and general expediency in their exclusive pursuit of sectarian objects, but they are often as injudicious in their choice of means as they are unscrupulous in their exclusive preference for corporate interests. It was highly imprudent to pledge the party which seeks to be dominant in France to a foreign and aggressive war as the first result of its success. The cause of legitimate Monarchy can only be weakened by the announcement that it would involve now and gratuitous sacrifices; nor was it necessary to give notice to foreign Powers that the restoration of so-called order in France implied a general commotion in Europe. M. THIERS, notwithstanding his obstinate antipathy to Italian unity, has uniformly proclaimed a peaceful policy, at least until France may have the opportunity of forming some powerful alliance. The Ultramontane faction has now done its utmost to alienate Austria while it challenges the hostility of Italy and Germany. The King of ITALY would have been in any circumstances courteously received at Vienna, but his relations with the Austrian Empire have during the greater part of his reign been those of open antagonism. The Emperor and his subjects might indeed well afford to forgive the losses which were associated with the victories of Custoza and Lissa; but the only capacity in which the Austrians could regard the King as an ally was as the representative of national independence against the pretensions of Rome. The clerical faction took care to point the meaning of the popular applause by offering feeble affronts to the Royal visitor. The general favour with which he was received expressed the repugnance both of Austria and of Hungary to the revival of the policy of the extinct Concordat. The Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH, though he may perhaps retain the personal preferences of his youth, has long since felt the necessity of choosing between national opinion and ecclesiastical tendencies. In his exchange of courtesies with the alleged usurper of the sovereignty of Rome he has taken one more occasion to repudiate all disposition to engage in a Papal crusade. The lay Catholic world, which is supposed in polemical literature to be outraged by the abolition of the Pope's temporal power, seems, except among a portion of the French population, and perhaps in Ireland, to be nearly unanimous in its approval of the Italian occupation of Rome.

It happens, as the French Ultramontanes ought to have known, that a good understanding with Italy at present implies a genuine reconciliation between Austria and Germany. The foresight of BISMARCK was never so conspicuously illustrated as in his anticipation that the victories of 1866 would ultimately terminate the chronic conflict of policy between Austria and Prussia. Until the Confederacy of 1814 was destroyed, the rivalry of the two great German Powers for supremacy in the Diet was inevitable and perpetual; yet, as the possession of Lombardy exposed Austria to the periodical risk of a French war, so a policy mainly directed to German interests weakened the monarchy by alienating the sympathies of Hungary. The cession of the Italian provinces, effected simultaneously with the compulsory retirement of Austria from the German Federation, while it terminated all risk of collision with Italy and France, prepared the way for the compromise with Hungary which was effected by the sagacity and determination of

Count BEUST. The loss to Austria was rather of serious liabilities than of valuable possessions; and as wounded susceptibilities have become partially blunted by the lapse of time, judicious Austrian politicians have become less and less disposed to cherish a barren feeling of resentment. The welcome offered to the King of ITALY represented, not only the final rejection of ecclesiastical supremacy, but deliberate condonation of the arrangements between Italy and Prussia which prepared the way for the struggle of 1866. Indeed the policy of the Italian Government was at that time so indirect and complex that Germany, rather than Austria, might resent the past, if it were not expedient to think of the present and the future. There is consequently no longer any reason for a separate alliance with France, either in support of the claims of the Pope or for the purpose of weakening the German Empire. The new-born friendship between the Emperor of AUSTRIA and the King of ITALY may perhaps be sincere, but it is politically more important that mutual good-will should be professed than that it should be really entertained. But for the foolish menaces of the clerical party in France, it is possible that the Italian Ministers might not have succeeded in persuading the King to cross the Alps for ceremonious visits to Vienna and Berlin. His own leaning to France is well known; but he is not disposed to sacrifice to sentimental considerations the interests of his Crown and the security of Italy. The act which the Archbishop of PARIS denounces has now received formal sanction.

At Berlin the King of ITALY was secure from the exhibitions of hostility which were attempted by the Ultramontane party at Vienna. The German Government is fully aware both of his understanding with NAPOLEON III. in 1866 and of his imprudent proposal to send a contingent to the aid of the French during the war of 1870; but statesmen have no disposition to indulge in idle recriminations. Germany and Italy have at present two common interests, as both are threatened by the intrigues of the Roman Catholic priesthood and by the restlessness of France. It has been the peculiar folly of Rome under the present Pope to oppose the measures which are most indispensable to the welfare of nearly every great European State. The temporal dominion of the Holy See might probably have been retained if the Pope had not, after the dissipation of his earlier illusions, deliberately set himself against the consolidation of the Italian Monarchy. Down to the present time, instead of recognizing the title which has been universally accepted by Europe, he still affects to believe that VICTOR EMMANUEL is only King of SARDINIA. When the Emperor of AUSTRIA was forced to concede representative government to his Western States, and to recognize the ancient Constitution of Hungary, the Roman Catholic hierarchy were encouraged to prefer insolent appeals from the Parliament to the Sovereign who had renounced his own pretensions to absolute power. The rebuff which the prelates then received has been followed by many additional warnings that the subordination of the State to the Church is at an end. One of the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries has lately been compelled, by the risk of incurring a heavy fine, to withdraw a circular in which he had instructed his clergy to refuse obedience to a legal mandate. The Prussian Government would have gladly maintained friendly relations with the Roman Catholic Church if the Pope and the clergy had been content to remain neutral in the struggle for German unity and in the consequent war with France. The retirement of the French garrison from Rome and the occupation of the capital by the Italians were incidental results of the war which had probably not been either contemplated or desired by the

Government of Berlin. The Pope and his French adherents have now contrived to provide the King of ITALY with a formidable supporter in the contingency of any conflict with the ecclesiastical party. Prince BISMARCK would not regard with indifference a French expedition to Rome; and, on the other hand, in the event of a renewal of the war between France and Germany, the Italians could scarcely fail to understand that their own independence and the unity of their territory depended on the success of those who have lately become their natural allies. No formal treaty will be required to secure the joint action of Powers which are exposed to a common enemy.

The Royal visits may perhaps have furnished an opportunity for discussing the course to be adopted by the different Powers on the approaching vacancy in the Holy See. The traditional custom by which three chief Catholic Powers were allowed to interfere in the elections at Rome has, through a change of circumstances, become obsolete. The Republican Government of Spain has ceased to profess adherence to the Catholic Church; nor would its title at the present moment be recognized either by the Cardinals or by foreign Powers. The Austrian Government is regarded with suspicion at Rome; and the more prudent members of the Conclave will not be disposed to accept the dictation of France. The electors will be concerned to maintain the predominance of Italian interests, while the majority will probably be hostile to the Italian Government. Rumours that the reigning Pope has taken measures for overruling the liberty of election are consistent with the arrogant and usurping temper which has led Pius IX. into so many dangerous innovations. The wishes of a deceased Pope have in former times been habitually treated with contemptuous disregard; but the ultra-clerical faction which is allied with the priests might probably take advantage of any pretext to defeat their temporizing or political opponents. If the freedom of election is openly violated, it is not improbable that the European Governments may refuse to recognize the successor of the present Pope. If no irregularity vitiates the election, the new Pope will have to decide whether he will come to terms with the Italian Government or retire from Rome. It is improbable that the present anomalous arrangement should survive the present Pope. The attitude of a voluntary prisoner would be too absurd a result of a new election. It is scarcely probable that the Italians will allow any Pope who may be chosen to exercise a shadowy sovereignty in the same city which is the seat of the national Government, and it is certain that a Pope who voluntarily leaves Rome will never be allowed to return. The obstinate perversity of the present Pope has brought the Holy See as a political institution to the verge of ruin; and his death will probably be the signal for grave disasters to the Church. The election of a dispassionate statesman might perhaps postpone the catastrophe.

THE DOVER ELECTION.

IT is not easy at this moment to say whether there is most danger of over-estimating or of under-estimating the strength of the Conservative reaction. On the one hand it is true that, though the Opposition have gained a good many seats, they have a far larger number to gain before they can count upon having even a bare majority in the House of Commons. It is true further that no amount of partial elections can constitute a perfectly trustworthy guide to the gross result of a general election. Partial elections are almost always more favourable to the party in Opposition than they are to the party in power, and the probability of their being so increases in proportion to the strength of the Ministerial majority. If Mr. GLADSTONE had a majority of five or ten votes, every election would be important, and the strength and devotion of the Liberal party in the constituency would be subjected to a conclusive test. But when his majority is still amply sufficient to carry him safely through every really important division, there is no paramount need for the Liberal party to be up and doing whenever a vacancy happens to occur. Even if the Conservatives do win the seat, it is easy to say that it can make no practical difference, and this argument is one which, when used by an idolized and discontented supporter, canvassers find it hard to meet. At a general election there is no room for reasoning of this sort. The majority has still to be created, and every constituency feels that it rests as much with it as with any other to determine of what complexion it shall be. It is quite conceivable,

therefore, that many of the recent Conservative victories may, when a general election comes, be turned into Conservative defeats. On the other hand, though there may not be much meaning in the number of these victories, there is something which it is hard not to regard as significant in their unbroken regularity. If the Conservative gain were merely a gain on the balance of elections, it would not be at all surprising; but it is certainly strange that one election after another should thus go in their favour, and that none be found to go against them. It was natural that, in the first instance, those who offered these partial elections as a sample of what a general election would be should be asked to prove that they were a fair sample. But when time after time the hand is dipped into the sack, and the same kind of sample comes out, it is necessary for those who deny that these partial elections are a fair sample of what may be expected at the general election to show cause for their disbelief. We do not say that this time has come for the Liberal party, but it certainly looks as though its arrival could not be long delayed. This may perhaps account for the impression that one of the pending elections—some say Bath, and some Taunton—will be accepted by the Ministry as a test of the general feeling of the country, and will determine the course to be pursued.

It is not clear, however, how much of the apparent reaction in favour of Conservatism is due to the unpopularity of the Ministry, and how much to the sudden relaxation of party ties which has necessarily resulted from the Ballot. This relaxation would, under any circumstances, have been more apparent in the supporters of the Ministry than in the supporters of the Opposition. The Opposition leaders have had no recent opportunity of making themselves disliked. They have had no measures to pass, and no places to give away. Consequently no one has been aggrieved by their legislation, or irritated by their distribution of patronage. The Ministry, on the contrary, have to contend against both forms of unpopularity, and after five years of office it would be a miracle if these causes had not availed to alienate many of their supporters. Formerly alienation did not necessarily mean desertion; now it almost always will mean it. Formerly a voter had to consider not only how he should answer to himself for his vote, but how he should answer for it to his neighbours. Now he can vote against his party and nobody be the wiser. He can hold his tongue and refuse as a matter of principle to answer questions; or, if that course is too suggestive, he can allow it to be supposed that he has voted as he always voted before. Either way there is no polling-book to betray him. The particular circumstances under which the Ballot came into operation made it peculiarly likely that the Liberal voters would run wild as soon as they could do so without detection. The great measures which had been carried by such triumphant majorities in the earlier years of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Administration were calculated to excite secret discontent as well as open enthusiasm. There must have been many good Protestants among the Liberal electors who only half liked to see the Irish Church disestablished and the equality of Popery and Protestantism proclaimed in Ireland. There must have been many among the middle-class voters that sent up men pledged ten times over to support the Government, who in their hearts felt more sympathy with the landlords whose legal rights were invaded by the Irish Land Bill than with the tenants whom the PRIME MINISTER was resolved to emancipate. The Ballot has given these uneasy consciences an occasion of relieving themselves. They can punish the Government by voting against it without the annoyance of acknowledging that their dissatisfaction has its source in the very measures which they instructed their representatives to support.

The Dover election has a particular interest of its own apart from its bearing on the prospects of the Government. Mr. FORBES was something more than the Liberal candidate; he was in a special sense the Railway candidate. This latter capacity suggests two reasons why even Liberals may be glad that he has been defeated. The first is that the Railway interest is already a great deal too strong in the House of Commons. It is true that last Session it was unable to defeat the Railway Traffic Act Amendment Bill; but in this case it had arrayed against it the whole trading community. Every merchant was interested in getting his goods conveyed with reasonable speed, and in having the means of knowing beforehand what the total cost of their carriage would come to. The points on which the Railway interest is so strong are points affecting passengers rather than goods. Railway travellers have no organisation and no means of making

their complaints listened to in Parliament. When they are maimed or killed they have a kind of rough justice dealt out to them under Lord CAMPBELL'S Act; but if they ask to be protected against accidents instead of having damages awarded them in consideration of accidents, the Legislature is consistently deaf to their prayers. So long as this state of things continues we have no wish to see any more railway directors returned to Parliament. No matter what their politics or their professions may be, they are sure to be found on the same side whenever the railway autocracy is threatened. Why Railway Companies should resent being compelled to take precautions against accident which, if they read their interests aright, they would take without being compelled, it is not easy to say. But, whatever may be their reasons for resisting, there is a wonderful unanimity about their resistance. Be they Liberals or Conservatives, they are always to be found in the same lobby, when a Railway Bill is under discussion. And as it is to be hoped that one result of the extraordinary number of railway accidents which have taken place this summer will be the introduction of a Bill to subject the Companies to a more stringent control than at present, we are heartily glad that Mr. FORBES has not been returned to record his vote against it.

The second reason for satisfaction at the result of the Dover election is the fact that it involved the defeat of a candidate who had had recourse to a form of persuasion which, though it does not come within the legal definition of corruption, is quite as mischievous in its character and consequences as anything that is called corruption in an Act of Parliament. Whatever effect the Ballot may have upon bribery of individuals, it seems likely to increase bribery of constituencies. To give 5l. to A. or B. with no positive assurance that the vote you have bought and paid for will not after all be given to your opponent, may now perhaps be accounted a reckless form of expenditure. But to promise 1,000l. to the borough in the shape of local improvements is more likely to catch votes under the Ballot than under a system of open voting. The consideration for the proposed outlay is the return of a particular candidate, and unless this return is secured the money will not be paid. Consequently every elector who hopes to benefit in his own person by the advantages promised to the constituency has a direct interest in voting for this candidate, and the Ballot enables him to consult this interest without the annoyance of avowing that he prefers his pocket to his principles. It might have been difficult for a Liberal to vote for a Conservative, or for a Conservative to vote for a Liberal, merely because the candidate in whose favour this sudden conversion had been wrought had promised to build a new dock or open a new railroad. Enthusiastic politicians would have called the change by some harder name than conversion, and to be known as a turncoat among his friends may do a man more harm than the promised improvements could do him good. The Ballot spares the voter this inconvenience, and enables him to consult his wishes by his vote at the same time that he consults his character by his talk. It is to be feared that the experiment will be tried with greater success in other instances, but it is some satisfaction to find that it has failed in the case of Dover.

THE CIVIL WARS IN SPAIN.

IN one of his late speeches Señor CASTELAR expressed surprise and regret at finding that the Cantonal insurrection had thrown discredit on the principle of Federalism. It has generally been thought that NERO and DOMITIAN furnished an instructive comment on the tendencies of unqualified despotism; and all but the extreme advocates of democracy are inclined to doubt the merits of a revolution which culminated in the Reign of Terror. The division of an ancient Monarchy into thirteen partially independent States, to be still united by a Federal bond, seemed to the majority of Spaniards, and to nearly all foreigners, a questionable experiment. In the imagination of CASTELAR and his Republican allies the lines of division were not to exceed a certain breadth, and the connecting link was by some mysterious process to be at all times made sufficiently strong; but the enthusiasm which assumed the condition of uniform prosperity, and provided against neither excess nor failure, provoked astonishment rather than admiration. The only instruments for the accomplishment of the task were revolutionists of an anarchical type, and the only precedent for the undertaking was supplied by the Commune of Paris.

The Uncompromising faction had, before the fall of the Monarchy, openly proclaimed their intention of subverting society; and with a premature candour they had by anticipation denounced CASTELAR and his friends as retrograde traitors. As he lately told the Cortes, F. MARGALL, who was one of the principal leaders of the party, and CASTELAR himself, entertain different political opinions; and he was probably aware that some of his colleagues shared with the enlightened SÚÑER the conviction that orthodox Republics of the extreme socialist and atheistic faith were entitled to perpetual impunity, even when they rose in armed rebellion. CASTELAR himself has proved that he is neither a blind fanatic nor a dishonest intriguer; but, in common with other Spanish politicians, he is incapable of tolerating forms of government which happen not to suit his preconceived notions of perfection. If he had reflected calmly on the condition and prospects of his country, he would have found himself nearer in political opinion to the supporters of the Monarchy than to the wild theorists and unprincipled adventurers who form the bulk of the Republican party. There are and there have been orderly Republics, and the greatest which now exists is constituted on the Federal system. The craziest speculator would scarcely dream of establishing royalty in the United States, although American journalists in want of an exciting topic have lately suggested that General GRANT is about to imitate JULIUS CÆSAR. A Republic in Spain could only mean the temporary supremacy of the rabble which called itself Republican.

The renovators of society, with every disposition to extravagance, have for the most part proved themselves incapable even of discharging with efficiency the paramount duty of insurrection. At Seville, at Malaga, and at Granada their weakness was found equal to their wickedness, although the forces of which the Government disposed were inadequate to overcome serious resistance. It is unlikely impossible to guard against the incessant renewal of disturbance and danger. It is announced one day that a Socialist municipality has been elected at Cadiz, and on another that deputies from Barcelona have arrived at Madrid with demands for the establishment of Cantonal independence in Catalonia. In general it may be assumed that the thoroughgoing or Uncompromising Federalists are everywhere ready to rebel, if only they can be guaranteed against the necessity of fighting. For some time past Carthagena alone has maintained the cause of provincial independence, and it is now said that the insurgent leaders are treating with the Central Government for an amnesty or a compromise. In the meantime the rebel leader is allowed to publish a newspaper at Madrid, in which he naturally defends the principles which he is more practically asserting by civil war. The rebel ships of war are still cruising along the coast to levy contributions; and a few days ago the town of Alicante was only saved from an unprovoked bombardment by the protests and threats of the Admiral commanding an English squadron. As it is probable that the Spanish Government may again require the good offices of English naval commanders, it is satisfactory to learn that the Ministers have acknowledged, by the release of the vessel and crew, the irregularity of the capture of the *Deerhound*. The threatened bombardment of Alicante was perhaps the most extravagant illustration which has yet occurred of the prevailing anarchy. That every Canton should be subject to invasion by the forces of every neighbouring community is perhaps a logical result of the Federal doctrine. During the middle ages the same kind of Federalism prevailed in many parts of Europe, though even a feudal baron would, if possible, devise some plausible excuse when he attacked his neighbour's castle for the purpose of collecting money and provisions. The Welsh potentate, according to the poet, thought it better to carry off the valley sheep than the mountain sheep, because they were fatter; and accordingly he made an expedition which resembled in its motives the cruise of the *Numanceia* and her consort. It would seem that the Government of Madrid is unable to reinforce the besieging army, and perhaps the insurgent leaders may think it prudent to negotiate while the weakness of their adversary still enables them to treat on equal terms.

CASTELAR and his colleagues seem at last to understand that the disorder which they and their adherents have produced is incompatible with the liberty which they have spent their lives in proclaiming as indispensable. The measures adopted by the Minister seem judicious and

therefore justifiable, though they are without exception inconsistent with the cherished principles of his life. The first business is to get rid of the Cortes which was the sacred product of universal suffrage. The majority has with difficulty been persuaded to vote for a prorogation till February, when it will probably not be thought necessary to reassemble for another adjournment. The Cabinet will in the meantime provide as best it can for the preservation of public security, and for the prosecution of the Carlist war. The most necessary object is the formation of a disciplined army; but in issuing decrees for enlistment and for calling out reserves, the Government appears to be thus far twisting a rope of sand. If obedience can by any means be secured, there seems no objection to the Ministerial decisions. The constitutional guarantees throughout Spain are suspended, as they have always been suspended when there was any room for their operation. Every Spaniard above the age of eighteen must provide himself with a passport before he moves from home; and all authorizations to carry arms are withdrawn. The newspapers are forbidden to publish incitements to insurrection, or any but official news of the movements of troops. The Ministers have unlimited authority to raise funds for the public service either by taxes or loans. In general it may be said that the Government will act at its discretion; and there can be no doubt that moderate and patriotic Spaniards will approve of the assumption of absolute power. Unfortunately authority depends upon force; and it seems that the recruits who are raised either refuse to obey the requisition or desert on the first opportunity to the Carlists or to the Socialist insurgents. The party of which the present Ministers are the most eminent chiefs is principally responsible for the dissolution of military discipline. They are now ready to adopt the only methods of suppressing anarchy; but they might as well have allowed their predecessors to save them the trouble. The conqueror in the old story proposed to himself to live at home at ease as soon as he had made the triumphant circuit of the world. The philosopher replied that, on the whole, it would perhaps be simpler to stay at home instead of starting on his expedition. Perhaps the best proof of CASTELAR's sincere patriotism is his expressed determination to employ against the Carlists and insurgents generals and officers of all political parties. If it is true that he has rejected an offer of service from GARIBOLDI, he has had an opportunity of displaying his good sense. CASTELAR himself belongs, or belonged, to the sect of MAZZINI, which is regarded as heretical by the militant Republic according to GARIBOLDI.

It is difficult, even with the aid of an intelligent English newspaper Correspondent, to trace the progress of the Carlist campaign. Whenever a skirmish takes place, the Royalists and the Republicans publish diametrically opposite narratives of the result, agreeing only in a trifling estimate of the losses on either side. A short time ago the Carlists failed in a scheme for blockading a considerable Republican force in Tolosa, nor have they lately claimed any considerable advantage. On the other hand, it is asserted that they have now upwards of forty thousand men in arms, and some of their troops are both earnest in the cause and tolerably disciplined. It still seems probable that their achievements will be confined to a practical illustration of the principle of Federalism in the Northern provinces, although they may count a few partisans in the centre and the South. The monstrous alliance between the Catholic Royalists and the extreme Socialists seems to be limited to a few districts, and probably it is directed only to military objects. Perhaps the most formidable enemies of the Republic will be hereafter found in the party which has withdrawn itself from public action since the abdication of King AMADEO. Nearly all the supporters of Monarchy, with the exception of the Carlists, are now agreed in the choice of ALFONSO, the son of ISABELLA, and they have a good excuse in the age of their candidate for not prematurely urging his claims. Notwithstanding the eloquent commonplaces in which CASTELAR still indulges, it can scarcely be doubted that for many years to come all respectable Spaniards will regard the Republic with unqualified aversion. The inglorious memory of several reigns will be effaced by the fresher recollection of universal confusion and helplessness resulting almost exclusively from the experiment of a Federal Republic.

THE CANADIAN SCANDAL.

THE charge against the Canadian Ministers was one of those accusations which almost prove themselves, unless they are met by a summary denial. When Sir JOHN MACDONALD declined to state whether his published correspondence with Sir HUGH ALLAN was spurious or authentic, he virtually admitted his guilt. That a Prime Minister should in the midst of a general election receive money for political purposes from a public contractor was an intolerable scandal; but as the inculpated members of the Cabinet still asserted their innocence, it was proper to wait for further evidence before a definite judgment was passed on their conduct. It now appears that Sir JOHN MACDONALD admits the receipt from Sir HUGH ALLAN of 9,000*l.*, to be applied to the purposes of the election; but he still contends that the payment, or the understanding on which it was made, formed no part of the consideration for the concession of the Pacific Railway contract. It is barely possible that the Canadian Ministers may have persuaded themselves that they would have given the contract to Sir HUGH ALLAN even without receiving a pecuniary equivalent; but no quibble can explain away the motive of the contractors for paying a large sum of money to Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his associates; and it is not disputed that they received the expected consideration. Sir HUGH ALLAN himself may be believed when he asserts that his own objects were exclusively commercial; and that, except as far as the railway project was concerned, he took no interest in the result of the election. It is perfectly evident that he intended the payments to operate as a bribe; and that his expectations were fully justified by the event. The transaction would have been baser, but not more defensible, if the recipients had applied the whole of the money to their private purposes. There are degrees in personal and political guilt, and it is more criminal to obtain a corrupt personal profit than to secure by the same methods the success of a party; yet it must not be forgotten that the return of a Ministerial majority implied the maintenance in lucrative office of the persons who had sold a public interest committed to their charge for the price with which they purchased their own continuance in power. The pretence that the transfer of large sums of money bore no relation to the grant of the contract is too flagrantly absurd to deserve refutation. The accused confess the material fact, though they dispute an inference as inevitable as if it were a legal presumption.

The Commission to which so much objection was raised seems to have done its work fairly; or rather it had little to do. The acts of the Ministers were too distinctly proved to admit of denial; and consequently the inquiry seems to have been shortened by confession. It is said that the Chairman of the Commission was himself a party to the corrupt transaction; and it is therefore not surprising that the promoters of the Parliamentary inquiry should have refused to take part in the substituted proceedings. The rapidity and facility of the investigation seem to prove that the charges were unnecessarily and improperly withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the House of Commons. Although it appeared that a Committee of the House had, through an oversight in the Constitutional Act, no power to administer oaths, it was for the House itself to determine whether sworn testimony was indispensable. Before impeachment became obsolete in England the charges which were afterwards to be preferred before the proper tribunal were prepared by Committees of the House of Commons on statements which could in no case be verified by oath. It must have been wholly immaterial whether Sir JOHN MACDONALD swore to the admission that he had received a large sum of money for purposes of corruption from a Government contractor. If the House of Commons had declined to act on his confession, the majority would have proved themselves accomplices of his guilt; and although they aided in postponing his conviction, it is unreasonable to assume that they would have deliberately adopted the responsibility of his conduct. The ease with which the main charge has been proved also throws a doubt on the wisdom, though not on the good faith, of Lord DUFFERIN's strict adherence to the technical rules of Parliamentary government. In general it may be said that the Governor-General of Canada is bound to act on the advice of his Ministers, even where he may disapprove of their policy; but fraud, which vitiates all contracts, may also be regarded as introducing an exception to constitutional maxims. If the Ministers are themselves guilty of corruption, they cease to represent the will of Parliament and of the community; and the repre-

representative of the Crown is bound himself to provide for the welfare of the Dominion. It would apparently not have been difficult to ascertain from the accused Ministers themselves that they had received payment for a public concession, and that the money had been employed for the purpose of influencing the constituencies. If Lord DUFFERIN were personally satisfied of the guilt of the accused persons, he might well have insisted that the facts which were known to himself should be at once submitted to the judgment of the House of Commons.

The true reason of Lord DUFFERIN's assent to the prorogation may perhaps have been the difficulty of procuring the attendance of members from distant parts of the country, who had not expected that Parliament would meet for the despatch of business. It will now be his duty to dismiss his Ministers, unless they anticipate his interference by resignation; and he will necessarily select their successors from the ranks of the Opposition. If the majority of the House of Commons refuses its confidence to new Ministers, they will have an irresistible claim to a dissolution, although the present Parliament has been elected within the year. The expenditure of a large sum by Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his associates in securing the return of themselves and their supporters throws a doubt on the claim of the present House to represent the opinion of the country. With or without a new Parliament, the party which has long been excluded from power will probably enjoy office until the memory of the recent scandals has become partially obliterated by time. There is unfortunately little reason to hope that the public administration will be improved by the necessary change. The assailants of the present Government were as loud and as bitter in their denunciations of Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his colleagues before the late exposure as since they have obtained an unexpected triumph. Canada has for some years possessed the great advantage of a permanent body of rulers who had time to acquire the art of Government. It seemed that a school of statesmen had gradually been formed which might transmit to the next generation sound traditions of policy and government. The offence of those who have betrayed their trust is greatly aggravated by their sacrifice of public esteem and respect. The Canadians took a reasonable pride in contrasting their conspicuous politicians with the intriguers and adventurers who sometimes exercise power in the neighbouring Republic. They will now be forced to confess that they have a Pacific Railway scandal of their own, as much graver than the *Crédit Mobilier* fraud as the office of Chief Minister of Canada was more important than the sinecure function of Vice-President of the United States. The indignation which has been expressed by the organs of the Canadian Opposition may perhaps have been perfectly sincere; but it will be in some degree attributed to factional motives. It is satisfactory to learn that a section of the Conservative majority supported the motion for Parliamentary inquiry into the conduct of the Ministers. The remainder of the party may possibly have believed in their innocence, or may have thought that they were entitled to the benefit of a doubt.

It is not a little annoying that three or four of the practitioners of corruption should have borne titles which were properly thought to imply a fit recognition of colonial distinction. Sir JOHN MACDONALD, the late Sir GEORGE CARTIER, and Sir HUGH ALLAN were designated as fit candidates for the favour of the Crown by the local position which they owed to the confidence of the Canadian Parliament and of the constituencies. Sir FRANCIS HICKES had been engaged beyond the limits of Canada in the service of the Crown. English Secretaries of State cannot be accused of trafficking in the colonial honours at their disposal for the purpose of rewarding either party services or subservience to the Home Government. The most conspicuous politicians were selected for decoration in the reasonable hope that titular distinction would both promote their self-respect and gratify the community to which they belonged. In England a title may sometimes be granted on insufficient grounds; but it is rarely liable to be degraded by the personal unworthiness of the recipient. It fortunately happens that the Imperial Government has few lucrative contracts to dispose of, although its agents may sometimes blunder, as in the arrangement for the postal service of Zanzibar. The possible profits to be made from the concession of the Intercolonial Pacific Railway were too much for the virtue of Ministers on one part and of speculators on the other. The English guarantee probably

increased the eagerness of Sir HUGH ALLAN and his competitors to obtain the opportunity of dealing with large sums of money. It remains to be seen whether the Parliament of the Dominion may not rescind a contract which has been secured by corrupt means. The English promise of a guarantee will not be affected by any irregularity in the proceedings. Between England and the Dominion valuable consideration was given for the guarantee, and it would be irrelevant to object that the Canadian Commissioner at Washington was the Minister who afterwards received money on account of the concession of the railway contract. The sole duty which devolves on the Home Government in consequence of the exposure is to form a judgment on the course which has been adopted by the GOVERNOR-GENERAL. If Lord DUFFERIN has in a difficult case inclined too much to a strict construction of his constitutional duty, the purity of his motives will certainly not be questioned.

THE ROYALISTS AND THE COUNT OF CHAMBORD.

FOR the last few days French politicians have been chiefly occupied with considering and interpreting the account of the interview between MM. MERVILLEUX-DEUVIGNAUX and DE SUGNY and the Count of CHAMBORD which appeared in the *Times* of Tuesday. The first remark that suggests itself as to this interview is that the deputies who conducted the negotiation on behalf of the Royalists both belong to the Extreme Right. Considering that the conditions offered for the Count of CHAMBORD's acceptance, if any are offered, will be framed by the moderate section of the party, it is significant that this section should not have been represented in the deputation. The Extreme Right has no difficulty about accepting HENRY V. upon any terms, or upon none; why then should the Extreme Right go to Frohsdorf to ascertain what terms HENRY V. is likely to agree to? Supposing that in England certain moderate Liberals were considering whether they could accept Mr. DISRAELI as their political chief, they would hardly be satisfied if Colonel TAYLOR and Mr. CHARLEY went to Hughenden, and brought back consoling assurances that everything would be arranged to their satisfaction. Yet the differences which part extreme Conservatives from moderate Liberals are a mere nothing by the side of the gulf which separates the partisans of Divine Right from the partisans of Constitutional Monarchy. Obviously the only explanation is that the Count of CHAMBORD could not be trusted to receive any but deputies of his own way of thinking. A representative of the Right Centre would either have found him obstinately silent or fatally frank. He would either have refused to make any statement of his intentions, or he would have made one which must have broken up the Fusion.

The expedient of entrusting the negotiation to deputies of the Extreme Right was so far successful that the Count of CHAMBORD consented to speak, and spoke with great reserve. He had four-and-twenty hours given him to consider what he should say; and if it was his object to make his meaning obscure, he certainly used the interval well. On the first day, it seems, only MM. MERVILLEUX-DEUVIGNAUX and DE SUGNY spoke. They disclaimed all intention of bringing an ultimatum, and directed the Count's attention to the religious question, the Constitution, and the Flag. On the second day the Count of CHAMBORD spoke upon all these three points. He began by thanking the deputies for not bringing an ultimatum; the truth no doubt being that, had they done so, he would have felt bound to reject it. As regards the religious question the Count's language was fairly satisfactory. There has never been any solid reason to fear that a restoration would involve France in a war with Italy; indeed we have no expectation that the Count of CHAMBORD would even wish to be allowed to involve the destinies of France in any war which was not promising as well as sacred. As regards the Constitution his meaning is less clear. Apparently he intends to accept the Charter of 1814, "adapted to present circumstances, and carefully considered with the Assembly," as the basis of the contract between himself and his subjects. Into this charter, however, he wishes to introduce certain ideas of his own with regard to universal suffrage and decentralization. The Count's views upon universal suffrage may probably be inferred from those entertained by his friends in the Assembly. Like them, he is anxious to get rid of the fact; like them, he is afraid to get rid of the name. How to retain a system under which

every man, has a vote, and yet modify it so as to prevent as many as possible from voting, has for some time past exercised the ingenuity of French Conservatives. As to decentralization, it is hard to say what the Count thinks, because on this subject French politicians think so differently, according as the central power is in their own hands or in the hands of their opponents. Two years ago the Right in the Assembly were bent on giving a large share of independence to local assemblies. The men who voted for even a stronger Decentralization Bill than the Bill actually passed are now anxious to silence the Departmental Councils and to make every Prefect absolute in his own district. Upon the question of the Flag the Count of CHAMBORD is described as being loth to acknowledge its full importance. The *Times*' telegram does not make sense in this place, since the Deputies are represented as saying that they believed an arrangement could be come to, provided the Count of CHAMBORD would declare that it was the present Assembly and not another which should make the Monarchy; and then as "replying" to themselves that the present Assembly will never make the Monarchy without the tricolour. In answer to this the Count appears to have simply said "I know that." Whether he cherishes any secret hope that another Assembly will be more accommodating, or has really brought himself to consent to the tricolour being retained as one at least of the French flags, is not clear. From the account, however, of a meeting held on Thursday, it appears that the Royalists believe the latter to be the true version of his thoughts.

According to the *Times*' Correspondent, the Conservatives present at this meeting "unanimously felt that the time of 'absolute resolutions had passed; that the footing of 'mutual concessions must be advised resolutely and with 'one consent; and that the Conservative sections must 'henceforth, whatever happens, be united in political 'sentiments and efforts." Neither the truth nor the pertinence of these conclusions is open to question. But in matters of this kind it is one thing to resolve and another thing to perform. No doubt if the Count of CHAMBORD could be brought to admit that the time for absolute resolutions has passed, and that he must accept the Crown upon reasonable conditions, a very great advance would have been made. In point of fact, the Count of CHAMBORD would have taken rank as an Orleanist, and the Count of PARIS, from being simply his heir, would have become his model. But is it quite so certain that the Count of CHAMBORD has been brought to this point of pliability? There is not much trace of it in the report of what he said to MM. MERVEILLEUX-DUVIGNAUX and DE SUGNY. All that is to be found there is a declaration that he stands by the Charter of 1814; that he has no intention of granting any other terms or of accepting any other terms. An absolute resolution in favour of the Charter of 1814 may be just as ill timed as any other absolute resolution. So, again, as regards mutual concessions. It is easy for the Royalist deputies to recommend them to one another, but which of them will undertake to recommend them to the Count of CHAMBORD? What is the precise distinction between a recommendation to make a concession and an ultimatum? Of course, if the Royalists are in the last resort prepared to accept the Count of CHAMBORD as their Sovereign without conditions, their suggestions of concession will be perfectly inoffensive; but then it may be taken for granted that the mutual concessions talked of at the meeting will turn out to be concessions wholly on one side. If, on the other hand, they are to be really mutual, really framed on the principle of give and take, they become dangerously like an ultimatum. We, the Royalists will say, are prepared to make these sacrifices, if you are prepared to make those sacrifices. If the Count of CHAMBORD simply answers "I am not prepared," what course are the Royalists to take? They may turn their conditional promise into a categorical one, and say, "We are 'prepared to make these sacrifices, whether you are prepared 'to make any sacrifices in return or not;" but in that case what becomes of the mutual element in the transaction? Or they may say that, if the Count of CHAMBORD perseveres in his refusal, they cannot take him for their King; but in that case what is to prevent the Count of CHAMBORD refusing the offer altogether?

With all these difficulties ahead, the Conservative sections may find it less easy than they think to be "united 'in political sentiments and effort," no matter what may happen. It is true that the Orleanists have made an heroic effort to forget that they ever professed to be the

maintainers of a given set of political principles. They have done penance in the person of the Count of PARIS for their presumption in raising their hand against the Lord's Anointed three-and-forty years ago. They have consented to treat the Revolution of 1830 as a crime which cannot indeed be wiped out from men's memories—it must remain as an accident of history—but which must no longer influence their actions. They have ceased to stand idle in the political market-place, have hired themselves out as the Count of CHAMBORD's servants, and are now humbly hoping that, when he pays them their wages, they may get as much from his bounty as those who have borne the burden and heat of the day will get from his justice. But suppose that their principles turn out after all to be scotched and not killed; suppose that at the eleventh hour that dislike of absolute government which they and their new allies had alike believed to be dead within them should assert itself with even a short-lived vigour, what are the chances of unanimity from that moment? There is something inexpressibly childish in the determination to treat principles as nothing and names as everything which now characterizes French Royalists. The best thing we can wish for them is that they may turn out to be less prepared than they profess themselves to exchange the substance of Conservative freedom for the shadow of Monarchical order.

LEGISLATION IN OVER-DOSES

THE electoral Fates would appear to be still adverse to the Ministry, and the rejection of the Liberal candidate at Dover only confirms the undeviating verdicts of the constituencies which have been consulted during the last few months. It is of course impossible to say how far isolated elections can be accepted as an adequate representation of the opinion of the whole country; but even the most devoted and fanatical supporters of the Government are at last obliged to admit that there is something ominous in this unbroken continuity of defeat. It can no longer be denied that the Ministry is unpopular; it would be childish to attempt to do so in the face of what is constantly happening, and therefore the fact is acknowledged. But of course there is room for an endless variety of conjecture as to the causes of this unpopularity. There is only one point upon which Ministers and their friends appear to be agreed. If the country does not like the Ministry, it must certainly be the fault of the country. Mr. Lowe has suggested that people were silly enough to be tired of always hearing the same men called by the same official names; but it does not appear that the roses of the Cabinet have been found to smell more sweetly under their new nomenclature. The more pious adherents of the Government have been driven to seek an explanation of this melancholy crisis in the mysterious depravity of the human heart. In no other way can they account for the blindness and ingratitude of a generation which has thought to itself, even for a moment, that it was possible ever to have had enough of Mr. GLADSTONE. The legislative achievements of the Government supply the refrain of the chorus of remonstrance and reproach. This was, indeed, the great point of Mr. Lowe's recent vindication, and it had previously been used for a similar purpose by Lord KIMBERLEY and Lord HARTINGTON. The parrots of the party have naturally caught the note. Every day we are called upon to recollect and admire the wonderful Acts of Parliament which have been manufactured by Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues. It is an imposing list. There is the Irish Church Act, and the Irish Land Act, and the Ballot Act, and the Education Act, the Act for the Reorganization of the Army, and the Judicature Act. These are certainly things about which there can be no mistake. You have only to turn up the volumes of the statutes to find them in plain black and white. You can count up the number of clauses or measure off the schedules with a piece of tape, or test the bulk or weight of these great measures in any other way. It is clear that the most reckless and unscrupulous opponents of the Ministry cannot get rid of facts like these. The Acts are undoubtedly there, and it may be admitted that, taken for what they are—that is, simply for Acts of Parliament—they are on the whole very pretty specimens of an ingenious industry. A Government that has had a hand in the production of these measures may fairly take credit for its handiwork, and is entitled to appeal to its customers, in the stereotyped language

of the shop circular, for future favours. The getting-up of big Acts of Parliament is the speciality of the present Cabinet, and it is right that this should be remembered when work of this kind happens to be wanted. But, admitting all this, it does not quite prove the case which the advocates of the Government are anxious to establish—namely, that in making these formidable additions to the Statute-book, the Ministers have fulfilled all the ends of government, and ought now to be rewarded with the permanent administration of affairs.

There are two ways in which the claims of the Government on this account may be examined. First, we may take the Acts themselves, looked at simply as Acts—that is, as so much documentary planning and scheming, as shadowy forms which have to be invested with substance and vitality, as, in fact, so much imaginary government on paper. From this point of view the Acts vary in quality; but it may at least be said that in some shape most of them would probably have had to be passed sooner or later, and that there are none of them which anybody would now propose to repeal. The Licensing Act can hardly be considered a masterpiece of legislative lucidity and precision; and the measures dealing with the Army and the Judiciary are, of course, simply blank forms waiting to be filled up. But it is the Irish Acts upon which the Government seems to pride itself most, and it is worth while to test their merits. Mr. Lowe has described the amazement with which he looks back on the hardihood of the little knot of middle-aged and elderly gentlemen of whom he was one, in resolutely setting themselves to redress by legislation all the grievances of the day. What the Government actually did was to throw into a legislative form, with regularly numbered clauses, a series of proposals which had been undergoing agitation for a great many years previously. Borrowing a hint from the peculiar financial system of the Second Empire, Mr. GLADSTONE applied a popular vote which he had obtained for one purpose to a variety of other purposes upon which it was not thought necessary to take the opinion of the constituencies. It would have been impossible for any Government to hold office without attempting to deal with the question of the Irish Church, nor could the relations between landlord and tenant in the same country have been left indefinitely without some sort of readjustment; but the precipitancy with which the second of these measures was hurried on after the first, and the unfortunate arguments by which both were justified by the Minister, as a necessary concession to a rebel conspiracy, tended rather to encourage wild desires and revolutionary menaces than to promote social harmony and contentment. In both instances the Government unhappily excited expectations which it has been unable either to satisfy or to dispel. The priests imagined that Ireland was henceforth to be governed through them, and the peasants thought they were about to be made proprietors of the soil. The charge against the Government is not that the Acts were bad in themselves, but that they were promoted in such a way as to neutralize the good effects which might have been reasonably anticipated from cautious legislation. The people of Ireland have been led to believe that they have only to make their demands in a sufficiently threatening tone to get them instantly conceded; and the Home Rule movement is simply the corollary of Mr. GLADSTONE's oratorical flourishes about governing Ireland according to Irish ideas. Nor have the mischievous consequences of ecstatic and sensational legislation been confined to Ireland. The grounds upon which a desperate remedy was applied to an exceptionally wretched state of affairs were unfortunately stated with such reckless breadth as to afford encouragement to other classes of Socialist agitators; and, while the Irish are dissatisfied because their wild dreams have not been realized, the inhabitants of the rest of the United Kingdom are perhaps more reasonably disappointed at the melancholy results of messages of peace. It may have been absurd to expect that Ireland would at once be made prosperous and contented as soon as certain Parliamentary forms had been gone through; but the Government is responsible for fostering the delusion.

The chief reason of the unpopularity of the Ministry is, we believe, simply that people are disgusted with the fussy, hysterical, blatant way in which the business of the country has been transacted. Everything has been done with an eye to stage effect, and to what in theatrical slang is known as "bringing down the house." Legislation is the most showy part of Ministerial work, and upon this the

Cabinet concentrated its whole attention. The passing of great measures in a glow of heroic exaltation was assumed to be the chief end of government; and Ministers laid themselves out to dazzle and astonish the world by their wonderful legislative feats. As a histrionic exhibition the performance has been remarkable, but, tested by practical results, it has not been found to be a very satisfactory form of national administration. The apologists of the Ministry affect to believe that their opponents are anxious to put a stop to every sort of reform, and to keep things exactly as they are. The fact that all the great measures of the Government have been acquiesced in by the Opposition, which in some cases has even rendered important assistance in bringing them into shape, is a sufficient proof that the general objects of those measures commanded approval. The truth is, as we have already said, that it was not the measures themselves, but the way in which they were pressed on all at once, in violent haste, and with a reckless disregard of every sort of interest that happened to come in the way, that produced resentment and distrust. The question, says Mr. GLADSTONE'S organ, is between ordered advance and political stagnation. In reality it is a question whether the country prefers gymnastic exercises to steady, business-like work. It is believed that the administration of affairs would be more satisfactorily accomplished if it were conducted quietly and soberly, with a view rather to solid and permanent results than to mere personal display and dramatic sensations. The country, in short, is sick of convulsive statesmanship, and the chronic alcoholism of politics. There is also a natural reaction from that superstitious faith in the magical virtue of Acts of Parliament which it has been the aim of the present Ministry to cultivate. In every society there are always plenty of men like the Abbé SIÈYES, who can sit down in a back room and draw up a pretty set of rules for the adjustment of all human relations. It is when the executive authority comes into contact with human nature out of doors that the difficulties of government begin, and that a demand is made on the higher qualities of statesmanship. And it is in this respect that Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have been tried and found wanting. The multiplication of Acts of Parliament may indeed be regarded as a proof of weakness rather than of capacity. The skilful physician is known by the simplicity of his remedies.

PROFESSOR SULLIVAN'S APPOINTMENT.

THE appointment of Professor SULLIVAN as President of the Queen's College at Cork would not under ordinary circumstances have called for any remark. A man of great eminence both as a scientific investigator and as a teacher has received well-deserved promotion, and the Government have made a highly commendable use of their educational patronage. Both these facts are satisfactory in themselves, but happily they are not of sufficiently rare occurrence to make the text of an article. Professor SULLIVAN's appointment has, however, another aspect in which it becomes exceptionally interesting. He is possessed not only of all the ordinary qualifications for such a post as that which he is about to fill, but of one which will be variously viewed as constituting a recommendation or a disadvantage. He has for many years been the most active and successful teacher in the Roman Catholic University of Dublin, and he now undertakes the government of an institution which was expressly founded to promote mixed education. A contemporary has expressed surprise that the direction of one of the Queen's Colleges should be committed to a man "whose whole public career has been one of opposition to 'mixed education,'" and finds a difficulty in seeing how the new President can "do his duty at once to his own convictions and professions and to the establishment over which he is called to rule." This view of the appointment seems to us to be based on a completely erroneous theory of what mixed education really is. We shall make our meaning clearer perhaps if we illustrate it by an example drawn from the education controversy in England. The term Secularist may stand either for a man who is specially ready to adapt himself to the conditions under which he is obliged to act, or for a man who views these conditions in an utterly impracticable spirit. It is quite possible to argue that whatever may be the advantages of an education which combines religious and secular instruction, the difficulties of the two being imparted together are so great that the most convenient solution of the

problem would be to impart them separately. Everybody is agreed upon what secular subjects are to be taught, therefore the secular lessons shall be given to children of all creeds in common. No two denominations agree upon what religion shall be taught, therefore the religious lessons shall be given to the children of each creed apart. This would be reasonable secularism, and if the separation of religious and secular instruction had always been advocated on this ground, the opposition to the principle would probably have been very much less bitter than it now is. Instead of this, the separation of religious and secular instruction has been put forward, not as a convenient expedient for getting over a special difficulty, but as the embodiment of a great and irreversible law. The Secularist party have not been content with arguing that, as we cannot agree upon one part of a child's education, we had better make some joint arrangement for the parts upon which we can agree, and leave the part on which we are disagreed to be provided for in some other way. They have chosen to argue that, unless the separation of religious and secular teaching in all schools supported by public money is absolutely complete, freedom of conscience, religious equality, and ever so many other watchwords dear to Liberal hearts must become mere unmeaning phrases. The consequences of their taking this line may be seen in the indefinite postponement of the separation they demand. It has been carried out of the region of convenience into the region of principle, and there it has found itself overpowered by other principles equally intolerant and more popular.

The cause of mixed education in Ireland has usually been defended in much the same spirit. It may be admitted that there has been some excuse for this in the violence with which the idea has been attacked, but it would be hard to say whether assailants or advocates have done most to ensure its failure. There are three conceivable ways of providing Irishmen with the higher education. One is to have two Denominational Universities, a Catholic and a Protestant, equal in dignity and in wealth, and equally entitled to confer degrees in all the faculties. A second is to have a mixed University composed of Denominational Colleges. A third is to have a mixed University composed of mixed Colleges. The first of these plans has long been given up as impracticable. If there were no other objections to it, the impossibility of getting it adopted by any Parliament in which Englishmen and Scotchmen are represented would be sufficient to dispose of it. There is no need again to go over the history of the second plan. It was in substance the plan brought forward by the Government last Session, and it perished under the hostility or indifference of the people in whose interest it was proposed. The third plan is open to some objections in theory, and has the additional disadvantage of being unpopular in Ireland. But it is in actual operation, which is something; and it is apparently the only means left of providing Irishmen with a University education in their own country. Perhaps if it had not been preached as the only admissible solution of the problem, it would not have excited so much opposition. At all events, now that it is apparently the only solution left, it is the duty of the Government to see what can be made of it. If anything is to be made of it, it can only be by presenting it in an uncontroversial and unpretentious aspect. If Irishmen can be brought to see that, whatever may be their preferences for other forms of University education, a mixed University with mixed Colleges is the only practicable form for Ireland at the present time, the Queen's Colleges may yet have a future before them. But if mixed education is treated, not as a jury mast, but as the only rig admissible for the educational vessel, there is not the least probability that the controversy of which it has so long been the subject will lose any of its acrimony.

Professor SULLIVAN possesses the rare and almost exceptional distinction of being able to present mixed education in this conciliatory light. Other Roman Catholics might have been found to take the headship of Queen's College, Cork, but they would for the most part have been men known, not merely as supporters of mixed education, but as opponents—in some cases as fanatical opponents—of Denominational education. Professor SULLIVAN's connexion with the Catholic University is sufficient evidence that he does not belong to this class; while the fact that he is willing to accept the post is sufficient evidence that he has none of that rooted dislike of mixed education which is the characteristic of some, perhaps of most, of his brother Professors. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has thought it worth while to put

together certain quotations from a letter to Lord ACTON which Professor SULLIVAN published in 1866, and infers that, if he continues sincerely to hold the same opinions, he must either fail in his duty to Queen's College or do violence to his conscience. It would have been equally natural and more charitable to assume that, if the President of a mixed College cannot hold these opinions without doing violence to his conscience, Professor SULLIVAN has seen reason to change them in the seven years which have passed since he gave utterance to them. The interval between 1866 and 1873 is long enough, and the changes which Ireland has undergone in the interval have been great enough, to justify an even greater revolution of opinion than the one here suggested. But, as a matter of fact, there is no necessary inconsistency between the opinions expressed by Professor SULLIVAN in his letter to Lord ACTON, so far as they are quoted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and his acceptance of his present post. Professor SULLIVAN thought in 1866 that a separate Catholic University might be had, and he thought also that, supposing it to be attainable, it was a better thing than a mixed University. It does not follow that, now that the impossibility of a separate Catholic University has been demonstrated, he is bound to maintain his old objection to a mixed University. Supposing the question were whether, in schools for boys in a particular rank of life, Latin or French were to be taught, a parent might fairly say that he thought Latin absolutely essential to a good education, without being bound after the question had been finally decided in the opposite sense to keep his son away from school altogether. Professor SULLIVAN may regret that a separate Catholic University, and even a mixed University with a separate Catholic college, is no longer to be had; or he may have changed his mind upon this point, and think more favourably of mixed education in the abstract than he once did. But we are wholly unable to follow the argument that, because a man may have preferred one of two alternatives when he thought both were open to him, he cannot for that reason heartily or even honestly accept the other alternative when this alone is open to him. The *Pall Mall Gazette* objects to Professor SULLIVAN that he is "not likely to inspire with confidence the friends of unsectarian teaching." We were not aware that it was the friends of the Queen's Colleges who need to be inspired with confidence in mixed education; on the contrary, we had thought that those whom it is important to inspire with that confidence are the Roman Catholics, who have hitherto been hostile or indifferent to mixed education. It would be too much to say that Professor SULLIVAN's appointment will have this effect on the Roman Catholic parents of Ireland; but it may fairly be said that it is more likely to have it than almost any other appointment that could have been made.

MR. FORSTER ON CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

MR. FORSTER, as President of the Section of Economic Science and Statistics at the British Association, made a number of suggestions as to subjects on which he would have liked to hear papers read, but oddly enough he omitted all reference to one question to which, above all others, it would seem to be desirable that the members of this section should begin by giving a little attention. It would have been interesting to have had some definition of what really constitutes economic science, and of the point at which loose talk and random observation may be supposed to assume a scientific aspect. The late Lord DEBBY professed to be unable to follow the proceedings of the British Association, as he belonged to the pre-scientific period; but if he had lived to the present day he would probably have been struck by the extraordinary resemblance of scientific discussion to commonplace domestic twaddle. A Professor of Civil Law read a learned paper on the economic effects of the passion of women for expensive seal-skin jackets, and a lady discoursed on the difficulty of managing servants and getting a potato properly boiled, and on the wickedness of married men who frequent clubs instead of sitting at home with their wives. The French shopkeeper was much elated when he discovered that he had unconsciously talked prose all his days, and a new dignity will be imparted to the common incidents of household life by the scientific lustre which has now been shed on them. The only difficulty, if science includes so much, is to know where science begins and leaves off. Science is a word which has certainly been sadly abused in our time, but it may be doubted whether it was ever before so outrageously

burlesqued as it has been this year at Bradford in the session over which Mr. FORSTER presided. Mr. FORSTER's moderate and plausible address skimmed very lightly over the surface of his subject, and it was evident that he felt himself in a false position. He confessed at the outset that there were several questions upon which he could not touch at all, as they would carry him into the region of controversial politics; and in dealing with other questions he had the appearance of trying to trim between conflicting interests and parties. He avoided specific facts, and stuck to broad assertions and vague principles. On the whole, the condition of the labouring classes had improved. They had more comforts and luxuries than formerly, they had more education, and their wages had risen beyond the increase in the cost of living. No doubt they had some faults, but then all classes had faults. And no doubt, too, there was much yet to be done for them, but he would not go into the question whether it should be done by themselves or by others. The feud between capital and labour was less bitter than it used to be, and both classes ought to try to get on amicably together. A league of capitalists against a league of labourers would be very sad. It was dreadful to think of the country being thus broken up into two hostile camps. And so on. When Mr. FORSTER's speech has been peeled and boiled, this is really about all that is left, and though it may be all very true in its way, it is difficult to see what light it sheds on the problem of capital and labour, or on the principles by which the conduct of each side should be regulated. Mr. FORSTER explained that he was anxious to avoid saying anything to commit the Cabinet, and he also took good care not to commit himself. It was only natural that in his peculiar relations to his constituency, and with an election in prospect, he should do his best to make things pleasant all round; and no doubt people at Bradford were very glad to hear him. But Mr. FORSTER can hardly have seriously imagined that he was doing anything to promote the scientific investigation of the subject. The hedging which may be pardoned in a politician is inexcusable in a scientific inquirer.

Mr. FORSTER is certainly right in saying that the immunity which was extended to the Trade Unionists who planned and executed the abominable outrages at Sheffield ought not to be established as a precedent; but the circumstances of the case were very peculiar, and it is possible that, on the whole, the good effects of the course which was then pursued may have balanced the evil. The inquiry led to the breaking up of a murderous conspiracy, and shamed the Unionists into the abandonment of some of their most villainous practices; and it is doubtful whether the miscreants could have been exposed in any other way. Mr. FORSTER is also justified in saying that disputes between master and workman are conducted with less fierceness than in former times. There is certainly less open violence. We suspect that Mr. FORSTER underrates the opposition of working-men to the use of improved machinery; but employers have now no reason to be afraid of having vitriol cast into their eyes, and rioting and fighting have ceased to be the natural incidents of a strike. Strikes, like wars, have also become shorter; the relative strength and powers of endurance of each side being more readily tested in consequence of their superior organization. Employers and workmen understand each other's circumstances better; and within a week or so after a strike or lock-out has begun, it may be calculated with a good deal of confidence which party must give in. On the other hand, however, as Mr. FORSTER omitted to observe, strikes are now organized on a larger scale, and seem to have a tendency to repeat themselves with unpleasant frequency. It would also appear that, if Unionists have shown a disposition to keep on the safe side of the law, it is because they think that it will be as well for them to have the law on their side, and that they are powerful enough to get it altered to suit their views. The legal recognition which has been bestowed on Trade Unions is of great service to them in the administration of their internal affairs; and, if they can only succeed in getting rid of all criminal penalties for intimidation and breach of contract, they will be placed in an extremely advantageous position. Mr. FORSTER has a reputation for courageous frankness which is not invariably justified; and on the subject of intimidation he spoke less distinctly than could have been desired. Admitting that the law must protect all men against "bodily harm or physical violence," he uttered a warning against the fatality of attempting to protect men "against persua-

sion, or even against moral intimidation." It would have been well if Mr. FORSTER had explained a little more clearly what he means by moral intimidation. Nobody proposes that persuasion should be punished; but there are various kinds of intimidation which may not involve physical violence or bodily harm, but which it would be dangerous to sanction. The Unionists in Scotland, for example, have lately been raising an outcry because one of their number was sent to prison for "merely looking" at another man. What happened was this. There was a strike, and the Unionists took it in turns to stand in front of a shop where a man continued at work, and to look through the window at him. In other cases obnoxious workmen are followed with offensive cries, or perhaps by pickets who dog their steps in silence. These are all forms of intimidation which the law can and ought to check, although they do not involve physical violence; and it is unfortunate that Mr. FORSTER should seem to be hinting an apology for them.

It is unnecessary at this time of day to argue that working-men have a perfect right to combine whenever they choose for the purpose of making the best terms they can for themselves in regard either to wages or hours of labour. Everybody admits that the labour market ought to be free, and that employers and workmen should be left to higgler together without unnecessary restraint on either side. The only points in dispute are as to the extent to which workmen who choose to act independently require to be protected from the oppression of the Unionists, and as to the necessity of enforcing contracts by criminal penalties when there is no other way of reaching the offenders. If, as Mr. FORSTER seemed to suggest, the definition of intimidation were to be cut down to cases of actual bodily harm, the law would fall very far short of the necessities of the case; and, on the other hand, a mere civil remedy against working-men who are here to-day and gone to-morrow, and who have every opportunity of avoiding any claims upon them, would of course be an utter farce. If these restraints were removed, the Unionists would become simply the most powerful body in the country. They would be able with absolute impunity, by the exercise of just a little care, to harass the life out of any working-man who dared to disobey their mandates on any subject; and they would also have it in their power to coerce employers by threatening to throw down their tools at a critical moment. It is impossible to imagine a more demoralizing or intolerable tyranny than would thus be established. The executive of the Unions would be invested with an authority of the most despotic kind, and would be tempted to commit all sorts of excesses; and employers and labourers would alike be placed helplessly at their mercy. The consequence of such a state of things would of course be a general paralysis of industry. Employers would be deterred from entering into contracts to do work except at excessive rates calculated to cover the risk to which they would be exposed from the organized treachery of their workmen, and the wages-fund would be correspondingly reduced.

Apart from the right of the working classes to push their own interests in their own way, as long as they do not attempt illegal interference with other people, there remains the question whether the principles upon which the Trade Unions are conducted and the objects which they have set themselves to accomplish are in themselves sound and beneficial. Mr. FORSTER found it convenient to slur over this aspect of the subject. The whole system of Trade Unions is founded on the supposition that the amount of work to be done is a fixed quantity, and that it is the business of a trade organization to do all it can, in the first instance, to interpose artificial obstacles in the way of men coming into the trade, and, in the next place, to secure an equal share, irrespective of capacity or industry, for all who have contrived to enter the sacred circle. It is assumed that prices have nothing to do with the demand for a particular kind of work, and that if an employer feels pinched by wages being forced up, he can always recoup himself at the expense of the public. It is overlooked that the public has also a means of protecting itself. It would be absurd to propose that the working classes should be compelled by Act of Parliament to promote their own interests in accordance with sound principles of economic science; but it might perhaps be expected that a political teacher who says he has no faith in anything except "the force of public opinion and education" would have felt bound, if he thought it necessary to speak

at all, to point out the natural and necessary consequences of the fallacious policy to which the Unions have committed themselves. This is not a question of sympathy with working-men or with capitalists. It is simply a question as to whether water will run up a hill.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

NO one will accuse the Council of the British Association of carelessness or want of judgment in their choice of a man to fill the office vacant through Dr. Joule's resignation. Professor Williamson's position among the scientific men of the day is such that it must soon have been recognized by a similar appointment, even if the sudden vacancy had not secured him so early a nomination. And for many reasons it was particularly desirable that the occupier of the presidential chair should have specially devoted himself to chemistry. It cannot be denied that of late the honours of the day have chiefly fallen to those eminent in the non-chemical branches of science. This can easily be accounted for. Though chemistry has doubtless made rapid progress in late years, its exploits have been thrown into the shade by the marvellous discoveries in physics and biological science. We do not deny that these sciences owe much to chemistry, as she owes much to them. The physicist, the chemist, and the physiologist are often at work on the same problem, and the discoveries of the one lighten the labour of the others; indeed, so much do they borrow from one another that it is at times difficult to decide to which of them the credit is mainly due. But we think that an impartial observer would allow that none of the more remarkable advances that science has lately made have been directly due to chemistry; and hence the other sciences have deservedly received the lion's share of recognition at the hands of the British Association, and it has become desirable that there should be a change in this respect. We might thus have expected that a chemist occupying the position of President would seize the opportunity to review the recent achievements of science from a chemical standpoint, showing how chemistry gives the interpretation of certain phenomena where physics and biology are dumb, and how it is by her aid that we have approached by sure ways so near to the most mysterious processes of organic change. Perhaps Professor Williamson had some such idea as this in the first part of his address, where he professed to be ascertaining "the meaning of the work which has been going on in chemistry"; but, if so, he was singularly unfortunate in the execution of his design. Beyond a reference to a very interesting theory of his respecting the dynamical nature of even stable compounds in a state of solution, which must have been too brief to be intelligible to the major part of his audience, and still briefer references to the well-known phenomenon of isomerism and the classification of atoms into monads, dyads, &c., the whole of this part of the address was a laboured defence of the atomic theory, and was, we suspect, saved from being still more decidedly controversial only by the pressure of other matter which he felt bound to introduce. A good defence of the atomic theory might not have been out of place had it been based on arguments drawn from the present condition of science, and had it contained a clear appreciation of the points at issue between its supporters and their opponents. But we think that it is not too much to say that the speaker wholly misconceived the question at issue. In fact, he confounded the laws of combining proportions with the atomic theory. The truth of the former no one doubts, but it is wholly distinct from the latter, which is an hypothesis concerning matter from which it is conceived these laws would flow; and which, therefore, so far as these laws are concerned, is a satisfactory theory of the ultimate constitution of matter. That he thus confuses them may be seen from his urging against his opponents that "When they interpret their analyses, those chemists allow themselves neither more nor less latitude than the atomic theory allows—in fact, they are unconsciously guided by it." The "latitude that the atomic theory allows" can mean nothing else than the very laws of combining proportions to explain which it was started, and which must of course form part of, and be explained by, any system that takes its place. It would be equally rational for a believer in the emission theory of light to attack the supporters of the undulatory theory for using the laws of reflexion and refraction, on the ground that they belonged to the emission theory. He too might say that, because they "allow themselves neither more nor less latitude than the emission theory allows" in tracing the course of pencils of light, they were "unconsciously guided by it."

It is indeed strange that Professor Williamson should have confounded together two ideas so distinct. No one doubts that in chemical processes bodies behave much as they probably would do were the atomic theory true, and few will deny that it gives the simplest method of recollecting the laws of that behaviour. The point in dispute is, whether the hypothesis of the truth of the atomic theory is necessary to explain chemical phenomena, and whether it is sufficient to explain the phenomena of physics. And here evidence is sadly against the theory. The chemist must remember that his methods of analysis are no longer the subtlest that we have. The spectroscope and the polariscope tell us of structure and heterogeneity where the chemist finds only uniformity. He would have us believe that iron is nothing but an agglomeration of like atoms without definite arrangement. In however small quantities it be, its properties are the same; no combinations into which

it enters suggest the idea that it has been resolved into component elements, so that he would have us believe that it is composed of uniform atoms, like and indivisible. But the spectroscope tells us a different tale. It shows us that these pretended atoms, when heated sufficiently, send off scores of different kinds of light, each kind perfectly definite and separately recognizable; and as we know that each of these must have a different rate of vibration which again must have been excited by a source having a like rate of vibration, we see at once that this would-be atom is a wondrously complex system. It may be that it is so firmly bound together that no chemical tests can tempt it to separate, yet it must be composed of many parts capable of independent motion. A savage or a child might imagine that the sound of an orchestra in full play was the confused noise of some huge beast. A musician at once recognizes that it is made up of the sound of distinct instruments, and can separate the sounds one from another, and thus tell the component parts of the system. Just such a difference is made by arming the man of science with the spectroscope. And when we find that the supposed atoms are complicated systems, who will venture to dogmatize on the composition of these systems and pronounce authoritatively as to whether they are themselves made up of component atoms or arise from unequal stresses in continuous matter or from some yet more complicated cause? Why should Professor Williamson shut his eyes to this just because he need not immediately regard it in his science? Since at present the atomic theory is wide enough to include chemical phenomena, let him retain the nomenclature and system of interpretation belonging thereto. We do not wish to be pedantic, and require him to speak of "ultimate systems" instead of atoms. But, on the other hand, he has no right to grumble if physicists occasionally remind chemists of the provisional character of the hypothesis.

It is to be lamented that Professor Williamson should have failed to treat the atomic theory in a scientific manner, for the rest of his address could scarcely be said to deal with science at all. It is true that he dwelt with admirable force on the beneficial effects of the study of chemistry alike on the intellect and on the moral character of the student. On the one hand, it gives him accuracy and power of carrying on all the many processes necessary to a sound induction; on the other, it gives to him a habit of truthfulness—not of that low-type truthfulness which is content with the "I am informed and verily believe" of an affidavit, and seems to dread nothing short of perjury, but that higher truthfulness which seems to consider itself responsible for the objective truth of its statements and feels itself almost as humiliated if errors occur in its statements as if it had wilfully lied. This habit of mind is generated sometimes by the consciousness that the detection of falsehood in science is certain, but more usually we will hope by enthusiasm for truth; and it is so strikingly characteristic of scientific men that, whatever be their speciality, they are good witnesses on all questions within their ken in subjects that do not touch on theology, and many of them even on these. And there is perhaps no branch of science by the study of which these great qualities are more speedily generated than by chemistry, so that Professor Williamson might well be allowed to say, "Chemistry presents peculiar advantages for educational purposes in the combination of breadth and accuracy in the training which it affords, and I am inclined to think that in this respect it is at present unequalled." But the greater part of his address was devoted to the elaboration of a vast scheme of scientific education which would, he thought, have the highly desirable result of landing every boy of ability in a Professor's Chair. It is difficult to conceive what induced the President to leave the question of chemistry, about which his audience did wish to hear, to talk about schemes of secondary education, about which they did not wish to hear. It was a subject by no means specially suitable for such an address, and moreover it was not likely to be successfully treated therein, as the difficulties are practical rather than theoretical. Perhaps he foresaw that Mr. Forster would be in a prominent position among his auditory, and he trusted to wring from him, in the enthusiasm of the moment, some promise which would afterwards have to be made good. How could Mr. Forster refuse to accept *in toto* the scheme so full of promise sketched out by Professor Williamson? Everything fitted in so beautifully! Its success seemed demonstrable with Euclidean certainty. But the prospect must have seemed less bright to the eye of the Minister. Taking precedence of the less important question, whether there should be scientific education for those capable of making good use of it, there must have risen in his mind the vastly more weighty question whether these secondary schools should be visited at certain hours by a selection of the neighbouring clergy to prevent any of the regents being used in a manner not contemplated by the Prayer-book; or whether they should be visited by inspectors certified to be of latitudinarian principles to ascertain that chemistry was taught in a thoroughly unsectarian manner. No wonder, then, that he cautiously remarked, in moving the vote of thanks for the address, that the subject was so large that he felt it impossible to enter on it then. But though we think that the President might have employed the time much better than in dwelling on subjects which belong rather to the domain of the practical politician than to that of the scientific specialist, we find much that is excellent in this part of his address. He boldly preached the doctrine so fully exemplified in the German system, but which is so distasteful to English educational reformers—namely, that examinations are practically of but little worth unless worked in intimate connexion with a

system of training. We insist on having free-trade in education in England, and we pay for it dearly, since our competitive examinations threaten soon to have, but one effect, that of rendering cramming more scientific, and thereby more fatally successful. Again, Professor Williamson sees clearly that it is useless to attempt to strengthen and improve the English scientific schools by sweeping changes in the Universities. No doubt changes must come, and they will be welcomed by most of the existing educational staff there. But the first thing is to improve the scientific teaching without the walls of the Universities. Already the partisans of science at Oxford and Cambridge are admitting that there is not the supply of first-rate candidates for the scholarships offered for proficiency in natural science that they expected. And if the small supply of science students renders it inadvisable to increase the number of scholarships offered in these subjects, it should make us still more careful about incautiously increasing the permanent educational staff. For some time yet there will be a great prejudice at our older Universities in favour of men educated therein; and since, in the absence of a keen competition, University honours often fall to the lot of those who are little worthy of them, there is great danger that the permanent posts will be filled up with men of mediocre abilities, who will in process of time prove a serious obstacle to the success of the science schools of their Universities, inasmuch as they will occupy the posts that should be occupied by better men. One change, however, might perhaps at once be made safely. The number of Professors' Chairs might be made to some extent variable, so that any man of special ability might be retained at the Universities in a position akin to that of the Professor Extraordinarius, until a place was found for him in the regular educational staff.

But if Professor Williamson wandered too far from his proper subject in his presidential address, the same cannot be said of others who were chosen to lecture to the British Association at Bradford. Professor Maxwell's lecture on Molecules must have mended much of the damage done by the misconceptions of the President on the subject of atoms, and it was worthily supported by the other two lectures on the all-engrossing subjects of Coal and Fuel. These lectures, together with the President's address, naturally form the chief centres of interest at each meeting of the Association. It is natural that the mass of the scientific public should turn to these *résumés* of scientific progress—able and yet popular as they always are—rather than to the special papers read in the sections. If the latter are written by genuine investigators on researches that can fairly claim to have increased our scientific knowledge, they must be in most cases of so technical a character as to find but a small audience to appreciate them. But it is usual to find even in the papers which treat of the less popular sciences some one or two which unite the qualities of being new to specialists and intelligible to the outside world. Though the conquests of science, like the exploits of our Indian troops, chiefly consist in the subjugation of lands of whose existence we are first made aware by the news of her triumphs, yet occasionally she turns to reduce to order some home province whose state of anarchy she has had hitherto to tolerate. This year has proved no exception to the rule. Few parts of the reports will be perused with more interest than those which contain Professor Ferrier's paper on the Localization of Function in the Brain, and the discussion that followed on its being read. It is not that so many were aware of the existence of the corpus striatum, or the hippocampus major, and were rendered uneasy by the consciousness that no definite function in the human economy had been yet assigned by physiologists to the happy possessors of these sonorous names. But people who could not distinguish between the optic thalamus and the medulla oblongata can understand the drift of these new discoveries, and can see that the problem which phrenology failed to solve because it was so unscientific in its method has at last fallen into worthy hands. The average educated man, though he will not confess to a belief in phrenology, has yet a sneaking kindness for it. And we think that he is right therein. Its fate has been that of many an imperfect attempt at developing science in a right direction. Put forth in an unscientific form by its originators, and defended by utterly inconclusive arguments, which have been mercilessly shown up by their better educated opponents, it has been many times pronounced dead. But its enemies have been too exterminating in their rage. The attitude of mind produced by such attacks as those of Jeffrey, Hamilton, and Dr. Carpenter, is one of conviction that the science owes very little to the labours of its originators, and that whatever of truth lies in it is due to the idea itself which underlies all their work, and of which they were but unworthy exponents. And as notions on the subject of evolution have become clearer, the belief has become more and more firmly fixed in most minds, that the brain—partaking as it does of the wondrous heredity of the human body—could not be reproduced were the special powers but inherited in common by large masses of functionally undifferentiated nerve matter. To account for the inheritance of mental faculties, these masses of nerve matter must be functionally differentiated to a degree comparable not only with the immense variety of bodily actions, but also with the still greater variety of mental processes. No doubt phrenology went further than this, and in that consisted its error. It assumed that this differentiation must be local when viewed in the light of those complex combinations of brain-activities which constitute tastes and special faculties. But, in spite of this, we must give to phrenology the credit of first teaching plainly that the different parts of the brain have different functions, and this is the burden of Professor Ferrier's discoveries. It is

needless to say that his method is widely different from that of Gall and Spurzheim, and there is as wide a difference in the sides on which they attack the problem. Socrates thought that man might find out the nature of the soul, but he gave up physics as hopeless. The phrenologist would have as much despaired of finding what part of the brain moved the right leg as Professor Ferrier would despair of finding the part of the brain that was the abode of acquisitiveness. But though the immediate object of his researches has been as it were the coarser parts of brain-physiology, the prospect opened out reaches far beyond this. He guards against the disturbing effects of the general activity of the nervous system by lulling it to sleep with chloroform, secure that he will so lessen the sympathetic action which characterizes it that a specific excitement will produce its own effect, unmingled with any secondary induced activity, which in a more excitable state of the system would inevitably accompany it. Yet even with this precaution a strong stimulus produces general disturbance. After a few functions are satisfactorily localized, it may be possible to notice what subsidiary activities are first excited when a particular stimulus is increased beyond the strength at which its correlated activity is produced without intermixture. Will this be decided by mere contiguity of the seats of the functions, or by the more complex laws of mental association? A few experiments of this nature would soon enable us to decide on the truth or error of Mr. Herbert Spencer's alleged physical correlatives of mental growth. And even those who content themselves with a style of scientific writing less prophetic and more historical than his will feel hopeful that this method of Professor Ferrier will some day prove itself capable of dealing with intellectual processes. Specific thoughts and mental processes have actions so closely connected with them by habit that they involuntarily follow them, and though the presence of the thought may not be directly ascertainable, it may be indirectly tracked by the presence of those actions. To give a crude instance; the phenomena of anger are so definite that were some state of the brain or the excitement of some part of it found necessary to the spontaneous combination of these actions, one would not be far from discovering the physical correlative of irascibility.

Is there never to be a truce to teleological discussions? Now that the supporters of the argument from design have ceased from actively interfering with the progress of science by opposing every explanation that seems to account on natural grounds for some remarkable adaptation of structure to function, merely because it lessens the amount of that which seems to need a designer, it is the turn of the opposite side to abstain from tilting at what are honest convictions inoffensively held. Really the supporters of the argument from design are made to appear the more scientific as being endowed with more of that scientific patience which leads people to confess the limits of what they know and what they do not know, and to wait for more light instead of insisting that the twilight is the day. We know so little of the secret chemistry of the body that a paper professing to show that the doctrine of design is baseless because the author could find no use for the "small vermiform appendage known as the diverticulum of the cæcum," and yet that death had been known to arise from it becoming strangulated, is vastly out of place. It was allowed that it was useful to the embryo; indeed the learned Professor who abused the minute offender did not go further than to compare it to a siding employed in the construction of a railway left open on its completion. And yet he thought this entitled him to say that the work in the human system was such as we should not accept from a tradesman. If no worse attacks were made on the argument from design, the *Bridgewater Treatises* would still be saleable. The learned Professor does not seem to have grasped the position of his antagonists, or known the wide and intricate meaning which they put on the word design. He avers that he has shown that no designer could have allowed the appendage in question to remain, because it produced death in some instances. Does he not see that whatever be the meaning of the word design in his antagonists' mouths, it must include the intention of death being produced in every instance by some part or other of the organism? Indeed those cases in which the organism of a creature is found not to be such as would be most favourable to its own duration of life are at least as great difficulties in the way of believers in evolution by natural selection. In the theories of these alone has the development of each animal been guided by what may be called an eternal selfishness. But in fact such difficulties are not fatal or even injurious to either theory; they tell us of nothing but the laws under which the designer or the evolution has acted, and they alike modify and condition each theory, but do not injure it. Nor are such theories to be attacked directly. Let our scientific men labour conscientiously, not allowing themselves to be biased by teleological prejudices or the reverse; and then the attitude of their mind, or rather its reflexion in the general belief or disbelief of the world in the argument from design, will represent the true teaching of science on the question. At present we are not able to grasp what is meant by ascribing everything to evolution or everything to design, so that attempts to balance difficulties are ridiculous. Far different from this endeavour to snatch from imperfect knowledge a decision fatal to what is as certainly imperfect theology is the attitude in which Professor Maxwell points out the inadequacy of our scientific theories to account for the genesis of the materials of our world. His argument is marvellously weighty compared with such a flimsy one as that of Mr. Herbert Spencer, which is little more than the statement that the mind has a fit of in-

digestion when it attempts to assimilate the idea of something arising out of nothing. The Professor admits that the mind cannot reason about the creation of matter out of nothing—it cannot lay hold of the subject-matter of the argument, or weigh the rival difficulties of its being created or self-existent. It is in the consideration of the form in which matter exists that the mind first finds anything on which it can lay hold. And here it is startled by finding that the countless crowds of molecules of each substance are exact reproductions of each other—each molecule of hydrogen containing but a certain quantity of matter and no more—an identity which gives to them, he thinks, the character of a manufactured article (a phrase of Sir John Herschel's), and leads us irresistibly to the conclusion that they have had a maker. We cannot join with Professor Maxwell in his praise of this phrase of Sir John Herschel's. Any one who reflects will see that the manufactured articles are associated in our minds with uniformity chiefly because the vast majority of them are the product of machines, and that, in proportion as machines take less part in the manufacture we see uniformity supplanted by specific adaptation, unless hindered by poverty of design on the part of the manufacturer. Nor do we quite share Professor Maxwell's confidence in the absolute uniformity or unchangeability of the molecules, though on this point there is no single opinion of so much worth as his. But in calling our attention to the fact that our universe is not built up out of matter possessing every variety of structure and quality, but out of a few definite forms, all the matter that belongs to each form possessing definite properties, and possessing them to exactly the same degree, and thereby separated by an unpassable gulf from all other matter—the exact opposite of what we must imagine would be the consequence of any theory of mechanical evolution, using that phrase to denote an evolution which does not depend on reproduction and heredity—he has brought us face to face with another aspect of the great difficulty of theories of the universe which leave out all mention of a Creator, and he has accomplished that most difficult feat for a scientific man—he has exalted his religion without degrading his science.

THE PLEASURES OF A MOOR.

GROUSE-SHOOTING, as far as we can gather from the ordinary descriptions given of that pursuit, seems to be one of the most delightful occupations imaginable. Sun and luncheon, heather and repose, are its chief constituents. The jaded man of business regains health, the leisured idler shakes off ennui. The troubles incident to other modes of spending the holidays are all absent, and the moor is a charmed circle of pleasures gazed at with envious eyes by those who cannot share in them. Yet there are other conditions besides those of discharging guns and lying on purple slopes which play as important a part in the tenancy of a moor as the marriage settlement in a marriage. Experience must be gained, and mistakes must be made. Every season a certain number of persons engage shootings for the first time, and are obliged to some extent to rely upon the reports of those who are most interested in the disposal of them. The first step does not present any difficulties. Some London gun-maker has a client who fortunately possesses a moor and a house which exactly meet all requirements; but not a moment must be lost in securing it. Six gentlemen are anxious to take this particular moor, though none have finally decided upon doing so. The gun-maker will reserve it; the shootings have a wonderful name, but they exist, and a great white tract of territory is pointed out on the ordnance map to prove this point. It is the best possible of all moors. Disease stopped short of it, though neighbouring policies were decimated. There is a river which swarms with trout, a lodge, and a shaggy wood behind the house in which capercaillie abound. Butter is made upon the premises, and the local store-dealer combines every known trade within his shop. These glowing details are confirmed still more strongly by the intending leasor and proprietor, who expatiates on the beauties of his own place, enumerates its advantages, asserts that grouse may be killed in many hundreds, and gives a catalogue of the bags made in former years. The next step is to sign a little agreement just for form's sake, by which the lessee covenants to pay his rent on the first of August, in return for which he will be allowed to spend in a harmless manner for the space of three months what Lord Houghton well calls the superfluous energy and occasional savagery of his disposition.

If the lessee is wise, he will go down to Scotland before the twelfth, and not postpone the arrangement of every detail until the last moment. The anticipation of pleasure is a far more satisfactory thing than its analysis. Immunity from begging-letters, from circulars and prospectuses, from the appeals of bankrupt electors, and the clamours of licensed victuallers, constitutes to many a tourist a great part of his enjoyment. A man whose letters are forwarded to him during the months of August and September deserves his misfortunes. It is not until the last crowded station has been left behind that a sense of freedom is felt. A Scotch platform is a peculiarly trying ordeal. You are under the impression that you know the language spoken, and yet you can obtain no information. The trains are two hours late, and the porters exhaust the refinements of their Scotch intellects in giving evasive answers. A man in a kilt and of a savage aspect represents his nation, as he pushes through the London

crowd, who, like the poet Crabbe among the Highlanders in Edinburgh, would be inclined to address him in French, unaware of the fact that, in spite of his nudity, he is a commercial gentleman just arrived from Manchester. Yonths with fishing-rods are rushing about in all directions, stumbling over the dogs which are howling dismally at the foot of the pillars to which they are chained. All is noise, unpunctuality, and ignorance until the quiet terminus among the hills has been reached, where no English newspaper is sold, and where all the carriages in the village have been waiting for days in eager expectation to convey the sportsman to his hired heather. Then follows the long drive up some Highland valley studded with white cots beside the hills, gleaming among their silver firs, with the glorious background of the heather just coming into full blossom. At last the particular cot is seen where three months of quiet and highly-paid life are to be passed. The advantages named in the advertisements can be recognized at once. A little lodge gives access to a bridge across the river, and to the road beyond, winding along a sparkling burn overhung by larches and the red boles of Scotch firs. The day is fine, and everything looks bright and genial. The house is as comfortable as another person's house can be where the book-cases are locked up, and stuffed birds form the principal ornaments of the hall. The first day is a success; no great calamity has taken place, no cardinal defect has been discovered. The water runs through the pipes, the smoke goes up the chimney, and the kitchenmaid has not been carried off to the top of a fir-tree by a capercaillie. The servants, astounded at seeing signs of civilization in the shape of stewpans, make up their minds that existence is possible, though there are no shops within ten miles. The lady's-maid alone will not be comforted, and weeps in secret, while her highly-wrought organization fails to comprehend the eccentricities of her mistress. Shooting, however, was the nominal end of the expedition, and its prospects must be inquired into. The air may be very good, the water excellent, the family portraits of indisputable ugliness; but the tenant has not paid the rent exclusively for the possession of these advantages, not to mention that there is no kirk within a distance of five miles. The keeper is sent for, but he is enigmatical in his answers. He entertains his master with statements about the number of birds killed in former years. "May be" precedes all his remarks. There has been no disease to speak of, but the spring frosts have been severe. To the lover of nature nothing can be more delightful than the view from the hill behind the house. A broad expanse of moorland lies in front; the purple masses of heather stretch from peak to peak, and bright tarns glimmer in the distance. In the enjoyment of an air uncontaminated by chemical adjuncts the grouse are forgotten. But the next day the weather changes and the Highland climate shows what it is capable of; the hill is not visible, encircled by its "misty coronet"; the roads are impassable, the burn becomes a river, the river a flood. The house runs with damp, and its occupants cower over the fire and look with envious gaze at the novels in the closed book-cases. The books brought down from London were selected with a view to edification, not amusement. Even Mrs. Grote's account of her husband's family and his diary when in love fail to reconcile her readers to their situation. The atmosphere is so disagreeable that the little man and woman in the primitive barometer both insist upon staying in their hut. The Highlands were a great creation, but Sir Walter Scott created them to be enjoyed in fine weather, and not to be contemplated through fog and mist.

When the twelfth arrives, the ground is in a spongy sodden state, the clouds are racing over the moor driven by the North wind, and the lights and shades are momentarily changing. The grouse appear to have been blown away; a few old birds rise out of shot with an unearthly crow, and a snipe glistens against the horizon. One drenching shower succeeds another, which the gillie pronounces to be either "soft" or "coarse." The dogs cannot conceive for what purpose they have been brought out. Patch after patch of heather is beaten, and beaten in vain. The keeper wonders with just astonishment where the young broods are. One of the dogs is next discovered munching the bleached bones of some bird which bears a curious affinity to a grouse, and four more skeletons are found in different stages of corruption. When the time for luncheon has arrived, the bag consists of three brace of birds, a blue hare which was found asleep on coming over a bank, and two young rabbits which have left their holes for the first time. No special incident has enlivened the morning, as occurs in the veracious accounts of sporting adventures; no wild goose or red deer or tiger has fallen a victim to a charge of No. 6 shot. Luncheon is eaten under a wall in a shower, and the painful conviction forces itself upon the lessee's mind that the grouse have been decimated by disease, and that the spring frosts have destroyed all the young broods. He may endeavour to console himself in a poetic fashion, and believe that his object in taking a moor was

The wild wood's fruits to gather,
And on my true-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather.

But it may occur to him that it would have been easy to have paid this tribute of affection at a cheaper rate. One illusion disappears after another; calamity succeeds calamity. The wood which was said to abound with roe-deer, black-game, and capercaillie, abounds only with woodcutters and gangs of weird females who are engaged in stripping the bark from the fallen larches. A fall of thousands of trees is taking place, every path is blocked by stems, the ferns are broken, and the rabbits believe that the Game-laws have at last ceased to exist. Hilly path and open stretch resound with the hissing of a steam-engine erected on the premises to cut up the

wood, which the shoeless savages of the district flock to admire. The game, if there ever was any, has naturally taken to other quarters. The capercailzie are so well acquainted with man that their wildness is shocking to see. The lowland shootings, a special feature in the advertisement, consist of three fields of green oats flattened by rain, the harvest of which could not be counted upon until the beginning of December. In them may be supposed to lurk two partridges which the keeper remembers to have seen in the spring, but has not heard of since. As for the moorland, the expectation of killing anything after the first week is ridiculous, nor is there the least chance of a walk being blighted with the sorrow of anything but the walker. The dogs which have been guaranteed as priceless animals become quite demoralized, and suggest the idea that they have been changed on the railway, so little do their habits agree with the characters given of them. One looks as if he had travelled in a happy family, or been the pride of a circus, invaluable in firing off a gun or playing on the violin. He has long poodle ears, a continual bark, a nervous affection of the countenance, and a universal range. "Ye auld fule," says the keeper in despair, "a mon might kill ye, but he'd never break ye." He will run over four thousand acres in about half an hour, gallop over two neighbouring moors from a love of pure travel, and show no signs of fatigue in the evening. The only way to utilize him is to tie five pounds of heather to his neck, by which means he may occasionally be kept in sight. It makes however little difference what is employed in finding game if the game does not exist. By following the course of a burn, a bird may perhaps be found hardly able to flutter, with a pinched breast and dazed eye, whom it is a charity to kill. Nothing after this is seen until a corrie is reached, three miles distant, where the remnant of a brood, three in number, endowed with preternatural sentience, may be stalked. Besides these there survive two teal and one old cock, who, though generally off the boundary, is sometimes to be met with in the middle of a deep and dangerous morass.

A writer in the *Field* is anxious to know what the average price of grouse has been to the tenants of moors. We imagine that this season they will have cost from five to seven pounds a brace; at the same time it ought to be stated that 3s. 6d. can be obtained by selling them to the local dealer. What the future of grouse-shooting is to be we do not venture to predict. In those cases where leases extending over a period of some years have been given, a sufficient stock of birds will no doubt be left upon the ground for breeding purposes; but where the shootings have been let for one season only the reverse is likely to have taken place, and some years may elapse before the birds of past times recur again. If the proprietor of a ramshackle Highland tenement has avenged Flodden this year, he cannot hope to have continued success in his sale of diseased grouse. Bad as the reports were of the moors during the summer, experience has proved that they were not exaggerated; and intending lessees cannot make too careful inquiries for the future, unless the prospect of finding game is entirely subsidiary to that of eating luncheon on the top of a hill. In spite of disease, and the absence of birds, rents have been largely raised this year; fifty per cent. has been added in some cases to the price of a deer-forest, and the question which at present agitates the mind of the Scotch laird or speculator is to what extent he can make capital out of the English goose that lays the golden eggs.

THE POLARIS EXPEDITION.

THE return of the last half of the *Polaris* expedition completes an interesting episode in the history of Arctic adventure. When half the crew had floated away on an iceberg opinions differed as to the probable fate of the remainder of the party. Those who look with disfavour upon all these expeditions, as involving unjustifiable risk of life, naturally inferred that we should know nothing of their fate unless some luckier explorer discovered their bones. More sanguine people argued that they had the better chance of the two, inasmuch as a still seaworthy ship is a better refuge than an iceberg, and a party composed of adult men more capable of helping itself than a party including women and children at the breast. The risk, however, was in any case not to be despised. In fact it seems that, although no life has been lost, the successful result has required courage, energy, and discipline. We have not as yet a complete record of the adventure; nor have we the means of completely reconciling the accounts of the two fractions of the crew. Some fuller explanations are needed to explain how it came to pass that the separation was so decisive and irremediable; and we shall then be better able to say whether anybody deserves to be blamed, or whether, as we rather hope, the whole blame must be thrown upon uncontrollable circumstances. Meanwhile, the separation having once taken place, the party on board the ship seem to have done all that could be done. They built a house; they made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow during the winter; and when the milder season returned, they constructed makeshift boats, and forced their way southwards. Of course they had to endure considerable hardships in spite of the timely assistance of Esquimaux, and the encounter with immense flocks of auks. But without loss of life, or even injury to health, they reached the track of the whalers, and have in due time made their appearance in a civilized country. We hope that some member of the party is endowed with the rare faculty of telling a good story decently well. In that case we may look forward to an interesting narrative, including the details

which should fill up this blank outline. The chances are, of course, very much against such a consummation; for the literary faculty, rare enough in the whole human species, seems to be distributed with peculiar parsimony amongst the travelling variety. Perhaps a spirit of adventure is located in some convolution of the brain which cannot be fully developed without attenuating the other portion of that useful organ which sets a pen in motion. When Professor Ferrier has fully carried out his investigations, we shall be able to speak with more confidence upon the subject. Whatever the cause, the fact seems to be certain; for otherwise we cannot account for the circumstance that so many people who have excellent materials for a thrilling narrative are incapable of making use of them. Let us hope that in the present instance we shall find an exception; and that amongst the crew of the *Polaris* there is some worthy successor to Kane's power of writing a book as well as to his spirit of adventure.

We are however anticipating, to use the good old formula of novelists. The essential facts are now pretty well known; and the only question is as to the moral to be deduced from them. The answer is of course ambiguous; for there never yet was an occurrence, from a revolution to a railway accident, upon which two different parties could not put two diametrically opposite interpretations. If facts are not deceitful, they are at least pressed with singular facility into the service of the most hostile theorists. The two lines of argument which may be adopted on the present occasion are obvious. The grumblers, who form the largest part of mankind, will naturally say, Here is another warning of the peril of Arctic adventure. The crew of the *Polaris* have, it is true, all returned safe and sound; but that is no proof that they ought not all to have been drowned, starved, or frozen. Men have returned in safety after passing through the fire of batteries, and at least one man has been picked up alive after riding over a perpendicular cliff two hundred feet in height. For all this, nobody in his senses would maintain that it was justifiable in any man to expose himself to a vehement cannonade without some overpowering reason, or that it was at all a desirable amusement to jump over cliffs when you can with any decency stay at the top. The gambler who has won a bet when the odds were enormously against him always fancies that his success is a proof of his judgment in running the risk; but a sower judgment declares that his folly was just the same, whether or not a particular occurrence upon which he had no right to count came in time to save him. Now the crew of the *Polaris* have unmistakably run very serious risks. It is easy to suggest fifty accidents the possibility of any one of which is undeniable, and any one of which would have led to their annihilation. The ship itself might have been crushed outright instead of only suffering serious damage; the flimsy boats in which both parties had to make their escape might have been lost in the thousand dangers of an Arctic voyage. If the Esquimaux had not turned up, if the Esquimaux had not brought with them abundant supplies of clothes and walrus liver, if the flocks of auks had taken a different line in their migration, if the *Arctic* had not fallen in with the remnant of the crew at the right moment—if, in short, a thousand other "ifs" had become realities instead of possibilities—Captain Baddington and Mr. Chester, the mate, might never have returned to tell their story. This is undeniable, but the reply is equally clear. Here, will say the lovers of adventure, was a ship which by all accounts was most scantily provided for a serious expedition. She had not, as she ought to have had, a companion; the crew were a mere scratch collection and the discipline was apparently loose till a sense of common danger strengthened its bonds. The crew was suddenly split into two fractions by an accident which, if it could not have been avoided by obvious precautions, was certainly so strange as to be very unlikely to occur. Everything, in short, was against the adventurers which well could be against them. If a few pieces of good luck turned up in the shape of auks and walrus livers, we must add that there never was an expedition which had not some chances in its favour. A continuous run of the worst possible luck would of course ruin any adventure; but that is not a contingency which need be taken into account by a bold man. We may therefore assume that the expedition, so far from being unusually favoured, had much more to contend against than need be calculated upon by men who would repeat the experiment. And yet we see the result. The captain died of apoplexy before the misfortunes happened; but that was an accident which might have happened to him in Massachusetts just as easily as in latitude 80°. But the rest of the party, down to the baby at the breast, did not so much as lose a hair of their heads. They all came back safe and sound, and their success, so far as it proves anything, proves that the dangers of Arctic adventure have been considerably overrated. Turn people adrift with so little provision as the refugees from the *Polaris*, and it might have been admitted even by those who are most in favour of such adventures that the loss of at least some members of the party was next to a certainty. We might have admitted that the accident would be fatal, and only have denied that it was likely to occur. What has happened shows that, even when it does occur, despair is so far from being justified that we have a good precedent for expecting the escape of the persons exposed.

Which of these lines of argument is sound? To answer this question we must appeal to wider experience. To reason from particular cases is confessedly unfair. The real way to test the safety of Arctic expeditions is to compare the whole number of adventurers with the number of casualties. The story of the *Polaris*

adds an item to the favourable side of the account. It is not a very large item, but no fair process of argument can prove that it is not on the whole an additional reason for encouragement. When we add the consideration that the expedition was certainly not so arranged as to be even up to the average conditions of safety, the argument becomes still stronger. Without, therefore, endeavouring to extract from the event more than it will fairly bear, we may say that, whatever was the argument in favour of Arctic adventure this time last year, it is certainly rather stronger now. We shall not at present go over again the arguments for making one more attempt to secure for the English flag the honour of being the first to be displayed at the North Pole; nor will we discuss the propriety of Government assistance. Perhaps in the next Session of Parliament this question will be decided by a different set of authorities; and they may come to a conclusion less influenced by a simple regard to pounds, shillings, and pence. We will merely suggest at present that nobody would complain of the same task being attempted by private adventurers. Indeed Mr. Leigh Smith is at the present moment on his way to or from very high latitudes, and he is surely setting a very excellent example before his countrymen. There are always, so we are told, any number of rich English gentlemen panting for a new channel for the display of their adventurous spirit. Why should not more of them attempt a feat in which they would have the sympathy of men of science and the chance of being lions on the very grandest of scales? A few thousands of pounds would be sufficient; and, considering how many thousands are spent upon the amusements of the richer classes and in fitting out, for example, the pleasure fleet which dares the dangers of the Solent, is it presumptuous to hope that some one more daring than his fellows will consent to run the risk of living for a few months on walrus liver and taking a passage back on a homeward bound iceberg? The grouse-shooting has been very bad this year; why not pursue the immense flock of anks to their home in the Northern snows? If killing something is an essential condition of rational amusement, there appears to be a chance of polar bears and musk-oxen even in the unknown seas "behind the North wind"; and perhaps in those unsophisticated regions they may have the merit of being as tame as a British pheasant.

What may be done by this generation we know not; but the story of the *Polaris* certainly suggests that our grandchildren are not unlikely to find a new pleasure-ground amongst the icebergs when the Alps have become too stale to be worth breaking their necks upon. Consider, for example, those three Esquimaux who turned up, as it may be said, "quite promiscuously" in the winter quarters of the *Polaris*. An Esquimaux is of course more acclimatized than the natives of England. But there seems to be no assignable reason why an Englishman, with the additional precautions suggested by civilization, should not be capable of going wherever an Esquimaux can lead him. If it is possible for these independent barbarians to stroll about in the Arctic regions in the middle of winter without any particular risk to life or limb, the problem of securing a reasonable degree of comfort in the Far North cannot be quite insoluble. We are inclined to expect that our descendants will look upon the old fogies who were deterred by dangers so familiar to them much as the Alpine Club of the present day looks upon their predecessors of the last generation who called the Matterhorn inaccessible, and made themselves heroes on the strength of an ascent of Mont Blanc. Trips round the world are coming into fashion as a pleasant way of spending a three months' holiday. In a short time trips to the Pole will perhaps be equally familiar and profitable. It is true that a new sense of enjoyment will have to be cultivated, which, in the existing difficulty of discovering sources of pleasure, is but an additional reason for making the effort. The Alpine precedent may be again quoted. A century or two ago everybody regarded the mountains as detestable phenomena, among which no reasonable man could venture who could stay at home; now a man writes himself down as insensible to natural beauty who refuses to go into ecstasies at the view of a lump of ice in the middle of summer. It is only extending the same process to learn to appreciate the charms of Arctic scenery. The glaciers of the North are incomparably greater, and ought to be grander, than the glaciers of Switzerland; and the Aurora Borealis provides a system of decoration far more striking than that glow of Alpine sunsets upon which so much poetry has been expended. The taste has not been actually developed, but we may distinguish its germs as already in existence. Meanwhile the race for the Pole is still open, and we should regard a diminution in the number of English entries as on the whole a more serious event than a falling off in the competition for the Derby. The *Polaris*, which was to be an awful warning to all adventurers, can certainly be no longer quoted in that sense; and if the moral may be stated too strongly on the other side, we may at least hope that it will rather whet than damp the desire for similar expeditions.

AGRICULTURAL UNIONS AND THE CLERGY.

THE principle of action which refuses to acknowledge defeat, and sees in temporary failure only a pledge of future success, is perhaps as old as human nature. But the forms of its manifestation may be found to vary greatly in different types of character. In one man its expression will be calm and dignified; in another, petulant, incoherent, and vindictive. The declining fortunes of a political party often give curious scope for its exhibition, and the

apparent setting in of a Conservative reaction just now affords an instance in point. Liberalism was conspicuously in the ascendant when in 1833 Froude and Newman chose their defiant motto for the *Zyra Apostolica*, "You shall know the difference now that I am back again," and there has been a good deal of this prophetic tone during the present autumn in the advice addressed to the English rural clergy by some Liberal speakers and writers, among whom the most prominent position belongs to the *Spectator*. The country clergy are for the most part Conservatives. This is a fact with which, however much or little we may deplore it, we have become tolerably familiar in the course of a good many years of experience, as well as from history. If the clergy, being Conservatives, act on the principles and follow the traditions of their party, there is very little reason for wonder, and very much less for the iminatory lectures and uncomplimentary epithets with which they have lately been favoured in the lump, without any discrimination between the persons who stick to the good old-fashioned grooves and those who are in their own judgment, and that of most other people, very steady and consistent Liberals. "Tros Tyriusve," it is all one; unless the clergyman accepts the particular shibboleth which it pleases his interrogator to propose, he is set down as a hopeless obstructive, "stupid" to the heart's core, "blind" in the very crisis of his fate, and sure "in five years"—the period, we suppose, when a new Government is expected to be worn out in its turn—to bring upon himself and all belonging to him disasters unknown and innumerable, as the immediate and certain consequences of his own obstinate pigheadedness. When we look to the special charges laid in the indictment upon which all this superstructure of regretful vituperation is founded, it appears that one great and main head of clerical offending, besides the Burials Bill and Education counts, is the attitude which the clergy are supposed to have taken in respect to the agitation connected with the Agricultural Labourers' Union and the actual or possible strikes which may take place under its auspices. "There never was in the whole history of the Church of England anything so unfortunate or so stupid as" this. Luckily the mischief has not gone so far as yet but that there is a way of escape for the inferior clergy. The bishops are past hope. One of their own number has already sealed their doom. Bishop Ellicott has lighted a slow match—a measured time-fusee—which "will in five years" (Dr. Cumming seems to have set a fashion for definite chronology in prophesying) "turn the bishops out of the House of Lords." But for rectors and vicars there is yet a chance. They have only to submit themselves to the direction of Mr. Arch, to become corresponding secretaries for the Labourers' Union in every country parish, and to place their glebe land (well stocked to begin with) at its disposal for co-operative farms, and then perhaps the Church of England may last their time in the rural districts. They are on their trial, and only hold their present positions on popular sufferance. They must not even express a personal opinion as to their likes or dislikes in any agitation which may arise. "As if that signified!" Probably the personal opinion of any private man or woman upon any political subject signifies very little, unless he or she happens to be a great owner of property in a small Parliamentary borough. But nevertheless most people do exercise the right of expressing their likes and dislikes on subjects of current interest; and in so doing they are not supposed to be assuming the functions of legislators. The impatient parenthetic sneer at any clerical expression of opinion, "as if that signified," has therefore a curious look, as though, in the secret judgment of the critic, it did signify a great deal. Such a commentary would certainly not have been provoked by a similar expression of opinion from the parish doctor, or local attorney, or even from the nearest county magistrate. The involuntary admission on the part of a censor of the clergy is at any rate suggestive. It is possible that a clergyman himself may feel that, rightly or wrongly, his official position does give a certain importance in local opinion to the expression of his own judgment; and that therefore it is more incumbent on him than on most of his neighbours to be very careful in forming such a judgment, and to weigh his words well in giving utterance to it when it is formed. He has lived, it may be, many years, and has gained some small experience of men and things since the days of his fervid undergraduate oratory at the Union, when he threw himself with the headlong impetuosity of a neophyte into the advocacy of the last now scheme for the instantaneous regeneration of society, which turned out, after the next Long Vacation, to contain, by an unaccountable oversight, certain conditions which made it impracticable, not to say ridiculous. It was easy enough for him then to withdraw from a false position; it might not be so easy now, nor could he hastily take up a false position with the same impunity or with the same freedom from mischievous consequences.

It is somewhat disappointing when we find a journal like the *Spectator*, usually so philosophical and so anxious to lift men above the level of ordinary human passions and opinions, adopting as the basis of an argument on this subject one of the commonest and most transparent of popular fallacies. An acknowledged evil exists; some one with sufficient energy and self-confidence to make himself heard has started up to proclaim a remedy; therefore it is the immediate duty of every one who would not be held to range himself on the side of the evil to accept this particular remedy as infallible, and to agitate for its universal adoption. Fortunes are made out of quack medicines on the strength of this logic; but the victories of medical and sanitary science are won by other means. Without any special knowledge

of the local details of an agitation which is confessedly deprecated by "landowners, magistrates, and others," besides clergymen, and which "is to be further pushed by four great torchlight processions" in one district of Somersetshire, most persons accustomed to the exercise of grave and sober judgment would pause before committing themselves to its support. Those indeed who chance to have lived "through the history of the last year's Somersetshire agitation" in the very heart of the district where it was carried on, instead of merely "looking back" at newspaper reports of it, can perhaps tell how agricultural labourers themselves have sternly kept it at bay, while they have sought, in conjunction with farmers and landowners, to meet existing social and sanitary evils by other means. But think of "torchlight processions" in an agricultural district for the "pushing an agitation" of labour against capital immediately after the harvest has been stacked! The *Spectator* "hopes" that these processions will be "at once orderly and successful as demonstrations." In what way a torchlight procession can be "successful," to take a familiar instance, as a "demonstration" against a tumble-down cottage held by lease on lives which the landowner cannot touch till the lease falls in, we do not choose to guess; and for the "order" of such demonstrations we should not like to answer. But perhaps it is unfair to hold the *Spectator* to any literal and customary meaning of words and phrases. The "Church," for instance, throughout last week's article is used as an expression exactly equivalent to "the clergy of all denominations," and "every true Church" seems to be much the same thing as "every Christian minister." We had ourselves imagined that this way of talking had passed out of date some thirty years ago.

"Bishops and clergymen who stand aloof" from this torchlight agitation seem to the *Spectator* "to abdicate their offices as clergymen, not less than to neglect their duties as men." There may in the world of life and thought be other points of view from which this question may be examined. The attitude which many of the country clergy may fairly claim the right to assume with reference to the questions affecting the relations of capital and labour as they extend from the towns to the country parishes may not improbably be the same as that which the town clergy have for several years past adopted, not without general approbation. This has usually been guided by the rule that the clergy should not become active partisans either on the side of employers or employed. If they have been influenced in this course to some extent by motives of worldly prudence, or of what Bishop Butler has called a "reasonable self-love," they are not necessarily blameworthy for that. Disputes between masters and men are very much like quarrels between husband and wife so far as the interference of third parties is concerned; and a truce may often be declared while the opposing forces unite to rid themselves of the presence of the interloper. Manufacturers and artisans not seldom coincide in the doubt whether the parson knows enough about the matter in hand to be able to form an opinion on its merits; and the parson himself may be disposed to agree with them, and to confine any expression of his own judgment in the matter to a friendly warning here and there against the risk of exchanging the frying-pan for the fire. It is quite possible that the personal sympathies of the clergyman may be enlisted on the side of labour rather than on that of capital. In a strike which is probably among the earliest, as well as among the most severe and protracted, within living memory, a country clergyman came boldly forward on the side of the men, and—it was forty-five years ago—was imprisoned for twelve months in the county gaol as a consequence. His zeal had outrun his discretion, but there are many clergymen now who in a clear case of right against wrong would risk the same penalty. A country clergyman may, however, with some reason hesitate to allow that the relation of the labourer to the work, and therefore to the employer, stands on the same footing in the two cases of ordinary manufactures and of agriculture. He may think that a product which may be obtained at any time, and which is not an immediate necessary of life, may be dealt with in accordance with other laws than will apply to products which depend absolutely on the conditions of seasons and of weather, and which are the staff of human and animal life. He may therefore feel himself, and may recommend to others, very much greater caution and deliberation in raising or sanctioning a movement which applies the principles of the Trade Union and the possible pressure of strikes to agriculture than he might think necessary in the case of a manufacturing industry. At any rate, if his opinion confessedly "signifies," in the judgment of his censors themselves, he is bound to be especially circumspect in all that he says or does upon the question, and to take the risk of such hasty criticism as the exigencies of a political crisis may bring upon him. The consolations of modern prophecy are no doubt materially enhanced when the prediction of the better time coming can be coupled with some good mouth-filling denunciations of the "proud oppressors" who for the moment happen to be in power. But it may be as well to bear in mind that an oracle, when oracles were in fashion, lost none of its authority by being discreetly vague; and a prudent prophet will take care to qualify his predictions, even at the cost of some sacrifice of their force, by leaving for himself an explanatory hole to creep out at, if the course of events should prove perversely at variance with the more obvious interpretation of his words.

THE OLD CATHOLIC CONGRESS AT CONSTANCE.

THE third Old Catholic Congress, which closed its sittings on Tuesday last, derives a peculiar interest from the place and the period of its assemblage. The first had met in 1871 at Munich, responding to the challenge thrown down to Catholic Germany in Dr. Döllinger's famous manifesto; the second, last year at Cologne, when the movement originating in Bavaria had spread to the North and was making itself felt in the very heart of the Catholic Rhineland. This time the scene has again been shifted from North to South; but instead of returning to Munich, the Congress has migrated, in view of the extending area of the constituency it represents, to the confines of Switzerland. Hardly any Swiss deputies were present last September at Cologne; but since then the progress of the movement has been so rapid, especially in the dioceses of Basle and Geneva, that already several parishes have passed into the hands of the Old Catholics, and a preliminary Conference was held on the 31st of August at Olten, as well as to select representatives in compliance with an invitation issued by the Central Committee to attend the approaching Congress, as to discuss plans of national Church organization and the erection of a national bishopric. There was, therefore, a local as well as historical fitness in the selection of Constance this year as the place of meeting, and the vast *Concilium-Saal* on the shore of the Lake, named from the great reforming Council of the fifteenth century which sat within its walls, afforded every facility for the purpose. Nor was the time less significant than the place of assembling. At the two previous Congresses the movement was passing through a tentative phase, and it has only within the last few weeks completed its essential organization—for much, of course, still remains to be done—by the election and consecration of a Bishop. Just before this last event the venerable Archbishop of Utrecht, who occupied so conspicuous a place at Cologne, had passed away, and the Anglican prelates who were then present have been obliged this year to content themselves with expressing their sympathy by letter. But their absence was evidently felt to be more than compensated by the appearance of Bishop Reinkens, who met with a most enthusiastic reception. Two American prelates, Bishop Doane of Albany and Dr. Lynam, Bishop-Elect of North Carolina, were present, and the Archbishop of Syra and Bishop of Haarlem wrote, like the Bishops of Winchester and Lincoln, to testify their regret at being unable to attend. All the great German leaders were there, with the exception of Döllinger, whose personal counsel was the less urgently needed as the movement has now passed beyond its theoretical stage, the principles and theological basis of Old Catholicism being already defined; and this third Congress was occupied exclusively, as the second was principally, with the settlement of practical details. The Anglican Church was represented by Dr. Howson, Dean of Chester—who has expressed in a letter to the *Guardian* his warm admiration for those "kings of men," Schulte, and Bishop Reinkens—Dr. Heidenheim, English chaplain at Zurich, and several other clergymen. Dr. Michaud and Dr. Pressensé represented the Catholics and Protestants of France; two Archpriests came from Russia, and Professor Holzmann spoke for the German Protestants, or rather Nationalists, whose sympathy was of course of a very general and negative kind. Father Hyacinthe was among the deputies from Switzerland, and three ecclesiastics attended from the Church of Holland.

The order of proceeding seems to have been much the same as on previous occasions. A friendly soirée, at which informal addresses were made and greetings exchanged, was held on the Thursday evening; the business sittings occupied Friday and part of Saturday, and public meetings, attended by many thousands, were held on Saturday and Sunday afternoon. On Sunday morning Bishop Reinkens preached an impressive, but entirely uncontroverted, sermon to an immense congregation at High Mass at St. Augustine's Church. One innovation was made this year, by admitting ladies as guests, though not as delegates, to the sittings of the Congress; about fifty of them were present on Thursday evening at the preliminary reception in the Council Hall, and a larger number at the dinner given to above three hundred guests on Saturday evening. Herr Wiesen, who presided on Thursday, welcomed the guests in a few graceful words, and referred to the solemn associations of the chamber in which they were assembled. The Bishop of Albany then spoke in English, to convey the greetings of the American Church, observing that he had himself proposed the address of sympathy with the movement in the General Convention. He referred to the close union between America and Germany, which would, he trusted, be cemented in the future by the more intimate bond of religious unity, and said that what chiefly struck his fellow-Churchmen in America was the combination of courage with patience and wisdom displayed by the Old Catholics, especially by their priests. The Archpriest from Moscow followed, and then Professor Holzmann, after which the Abbé Michaud delivered what is described as a speech of passionate eloquence on the position and prospects of the cause in his own country. He assured his hearers, from his own personal knowledge, that there was a large number in France, even among the clergy, who were with them at heart, but under the double pressure of ecclesiastical and civil restraints did not as yet dare to avow themselves; nor are Old Catholics permitted by the existing French law to meet for worship except in private. Dr. Heidenheim and Dean Howson then briefly conveyed to the meeting the assurance of English sympathy, the Dean claiming to speak expressly for the Bishop of Winchester. Bishop Reinkens finally responded to the many kindly greetings he had received,

and expressed his confidence in the future growth of the movement under the Divine blessing which had so signally attended its course hitherto. Their organized congregations already amounted to over 50,000, whereas when he took counsel with his friends at Nuremberg in August 1870 they were but fourteen.

The real business of the Congress began on Friday morning, when Schulte was for the third time elected President and opened the proceedings by the delivery of a long and forcible address, recounting the steps taken by the Committee appointed at Cologne to provide for the election and consecration of a bishop, and their negotiations on the subject with the Archbishop of Utrecht and Prince Bismarck, which last had been of the most friendly character, and would result in a few days in the formal recognition of Bishop Reinkens by the Prussian Government, which is now reported to have actually taken place. The speaker then reviewed the present statistics of the Old Catholic body in Germany, and showed that, while there were 22 regularly organized congregations in Prussia, 33 in Bavaria, and 27 in Baden, numbering altogether over 50,000 members, they had in fact not less than 200,000 devoted and zealous adherents in the Empire, and many more were waiting to join them. No such progress as this had been made in the early years of the Reformation, and the present movement had to fight its way in an age when Ultramontane corruption had deeply infected the Church with materialism and indifference. In Italy, according to the account given by Bonghi, two-thirds at least of the people were open infidels, while scepticism and fanaticism disputed possession of the remainder. These things should be remembered when the conventional claim of the New Catholics to "two hundred million" adherents was so glibly repeated from month to month. Letters of sympathy from foreign bishops and others were then read, and an invitation from the American Evangelical Alliance, signed by Dr. Schaff, and asking the Congress to send three representatives to a meeting to be held next month at New York. Schulte pointed out the practical difficulties in the way of complying with this suggestion at so short a notice, but a reply was drawn up giving emphatic assurances of the intention of the Old Catholics to proceed in the work of reform. The business transacted at the Congress, as we intimated just now, was of a purely practical kind. The scheme of Church law drawn up by the General Committee was adopted with slight modification, but expressly declared to be "provisional," as the present state of things, while all the episcopal sees are in the hands of infallibilists, can only be considered a transitional one, and the Old Catholic body in Germany does not claim as yet to be more than a single diocese; not a province, still less a national Church. These rules provide for the constitution of the Episcopal Synod, with the bishop at its head, consisting of all the priests under his jurisdiction, and a lay delegate for every two hundred members of the congregation. It is to meet once a year, at Whitsuntide, or oftener if summoned by the bishop and his Council, the Council being chosen by the Synod, and consisting of four priests and five laymen, one of each order retiring every year. The bishop will be elected by the Synod, but from a list of names proposed by the Council, and he is to appoint a Vicar-General to act in his absence or during a vacancy. Every congregation is to elect its own pastors, who are to be confirmed by the bishop, but they are not to be removable, except by canonical process, and for a proved offence against the faith or discipline of the Church. Resolutions were also passed, providing funds for the education of students for the priesthood, which Bishop Reinkens declared to be a matter of pressing importance, and the more so, as Professor Knoodt and others insisted that clerical education in Germany during the last ten or fifteen years had sunk so low that "New Catholic priests" who joined the movement would not be qualified for parochial cures. The offertory collected at the English service on Sunday, where Dr. Lyman and Dean Howson officiated, was devoted to this object. There was a good deal of warm discussion on these and other practical details, as also on a proposal of Dr. Michelis, one of the most vigorous spokesmen of the movement, to take immediate action in the matter of reunion, instead of simply continuing the permanent Committee appointed last year at Cologne to deal with the subject. He wanted to have two Committees formed—one to sit at Munich, and enter into communication with the Eastern Churches, the other to sit at Bonn, and communicate with Christian bodies in the West; the two meanwhile maintaining close relations of mutual intercourse, and both alike being ready to enter into negotiations with the German clergy of different confessions. It was eventually determined to refer the matter to the Episcopal Council.

There does not seem much to call for criticism, at least from an outsider, in the measures adopted by the Congress, which were confessedly tentative and provisional, all really important questions being adjourned for the consideration of the future Synod. An official report will of course appear in due time. Meanwhile it is obvious to remark on the business-like character of the whole proceedings, and the quiet confidence and calm common-sense view of their position and duties which appear to have animated those who took part in them. Reinkens was evidently regarded on all sides as pre-eminently fitted for his position, and it can hardly fail to conduce materially to the success of the rising community to have such a man at its head. Schulte was himself careful to explain that he considered his own responsibility for the movement almost at an end. For the last three years he has laboured indefatigably at its organization, which is now so far completed that henceforth the conduct of affairs passes into the hands of the

bishop and his Synod, which is to meet next Easter. Nor did Reinkens shrink from assuming the leadership thus devolved upon him. It was observed that, while the political and national aspect of the question seemed to be uppermost for the moment in the minds of the lay speakers at the Congress, who felt the urgent practical importance of securing the recognition of the Prussian Government, the Bishop lost no opportunity of insisting on the essentially religious character of the conflict in which they were engaged. His closing speech at the public meeting on Saturday was an emphatic vindication of the popular use of the Bible. But the critical period in the history of the movement is yet to come. To destroy is always easier than to construct, and hitherto, from the necessity of the case, protest and resistance have been the order of the day. With this third Congress, which has laid the foundation of a disciplinary system, a new era opens. The work already accomplished only professes, indeed, to be elementary and provisional; but in such cases much depends on the first start. The example of Father Hyacinthe, who has already settled the question of clerical celibacy and mass in the vernacular on his own hook, so to say, is enough to show that there are some very unruly spirits among even the prominent spokesmen of the party. And although their organization is independent, and the Swiss deputies took no very prominent part in the recent Congress, there is a pretty close solidarity established now between the Old Catholics of Germany and Switzerland. Dr. Schulte reminded his hearers, with pardonable pride, of the far greater advance made in three years by the present movement than was achieved in a much longer period by Luther. There is one homely lesson, however, which may profitably be learnt from the experience of the German Reformation when once it did begin to advance, which is conveyed in the familiar proverb, *Festina lente*. As long as men like Schulte and Reinkens are able to retain the control of affairs, there is not perhaps much danger that the warning will be forgotten.

CONFEDERATED HOMES.

THE British Association seems to think itself entitled to take cognizance of all those subjects over which another body of philosophers has in recent years assumed a special supervision. It is perhaps rather hard upon the Social Science Congress, which will meet next week, to be anticipated in the discussion of such eminently social subjects as cookery and household work; but we must nevertheless admit that Mrs. King at Bradford had something to say upon these subjects which deserves attention. This lady, who is, we believe, American, describes English maid-servants as living in semi-slavery, and she insisted on their right to enjoy the society of men. We understand her to mean that mistresses ought no longer to object to "followers," nor to express displeasure at flirtations between their maids and the baker or policeman. Her proposal for "confederated houses" implies that masters and mistresses and their children are to live under one roof, and servants under another. Except at fixed hours, or in special cases, the luxury of ringing the bell will have to be renounced, because there will be nobody on the premises to answer it. A family will live on the same plan as a single man at Oxford or Cambridge, to whom a scout or bed-maker comes at certain hours to do necessary work and then departs. Mrs. King appears to consider that economy of labour would result from her plan, and probably to some extent she is correct. We see how quickly the work of cleaning and putting rooms in order is performed in a large hotel, and we might safely assume that the same quantity of work is done more slowly in private houses. Of course in a large hotel they do not clean for cleaning's sake, or because it is Saturday, but merely do what is wanted, and no more, or even less. One obvious advantage of Mrs. King's plan would be that the trouble and difficulty of feeding servants would be got rid of, and master and mistress would be at liberty to demean themselves by eating Australian meat if they were so inclined. It is perhaps premature to speculate on the introduction of the ubiquitous Chinaman into England, but in some countries which were colonized from England he does nearly all the domestic work there is to do, and he comes at fixed hours to do it in houses where his residence would be intolerable. The "confederated homes" which Mrs. King proposes would, we presume, be arranged on the principle of what are called flats, and it would hardly be convenient in a flat to do without one servant unless the lady of the flat could undertake the duty of saying that she was not at home to disagreeable visitors. This, however, is a detail which would adjust itself. It would be easy to appoint one evening in the week for being at home, and to decline to receive all but necessary visits at other times. If the system of "confederated homes" should promise to produce the abolition of morning calls, that would be a clear advantage. It would be part of such a system to have gas and water laid on at every floor, and to employ lifts for raising coals and other heavy weights, instead of having them carried up by servants. Ladies, we believe, find life in a flat, where the windows look out on nothing, very dull; but perhaps if they undertook a share of domestic work this deprivation would be less serious. Mrs. King indeed suggests that the cheerfulness and pleasure of the inhabitants of "confederated homes" would be promoted by neighbourly intercourse; but that is hardly consistent with the habit of London, where it has been usually accounted a convenience that you need not know your next-door neighbour. Mrs. King thinks that in "confederated homes" the want which young men and young women feel of social intercourse and variety

of amusement would be met naturally and healthily. But mothers might perhaps regard the probable consequences to their daughters of this social intercourse as dangerous. Of course, if we could choose our neighbours, all would be delightful, but then we could not.

The reports of Mrs. King's paper are imperfect, and perhaps it may have had a more practical aspect than these reports exhibit. But she certainly seems to us to take too little account of obvious difficulties. Thus she says that, "with combination in cooking, we could afford to have an artist to guide and direct the staff of inferior cooks." This sounds like a proposal for dinners and suppers in a common hall, which, however economically justifiable, would be destructive of domestic comfort. If there is to be a separate dinner or supper in each "home," there must be at least one person in that home to cook the food and serve it up. If the mistress of the "home" can and will do this, so much the better for herself and her husband; but much training both of the wife who cooks and of the husband who eats would be needed to produce a satisfactory result. In order to deal completely with this branch of the subject of "homes," it would be necessary to investigate first principles. We must begin by inquiring what is a dinner? The English notion of a dinner differs from that of almost all the rest of the world, and it is to be feared that our devotion to roast beef would be fatal to any project for economizing labour in the kitchen. It is true that you can get roast beef in almost any Continental country, but then it is not roasted. In England we demand large joints roasted before a large fire. In France it is usual to cook no more meat than is likely to be eaten, and to employ no more fuel than is absolutely necessary. Thus if the mistress of a French "home" undertook to dress dinner for her family, she would neither be required to handle such heavy weights nor to expose herself to such a degree of heat as in an English kitchen. She might dress a dinner sufficient, according to French ideas, for herself, her husband, and children, with only such assistance as she could get from an intelligent girl or boy. We do not suppose that a man of education and refinement would desire that his wife should habitually cook dinner for his family, but still it is useful to consider what is possible. The important point to observe is, that economy in food, fuel, and labour go together. We had forgotten to observe that the "homes" might be warmed in winter by heated air, so as to dispense, at least partially, with the wasteful practice of burning coals in open fireplaces. This, again, would be a change abhorrent to the feelings of many English men and women, but the high price of coals will compel it. If we cannot alter our own habits, we had better bring up our sons and daughters to accept a stove as a substitute for the sacred fire of the domestic hearth.

It cannot be doubted that "the organization of labour" might to some extent be applied to domestic purposes by means of these "confederated homes." We understand that an attempt has been made to introduce the principle of common servants in a block of new buildings called Belgrave Mansions, where lifts are used to economize labour. These mansions are stated to be so far a financial success that they are always full, but "they are not the social success they ought to be only because they are managed in the interest of the proprietors for the sake of profit, instead of, as they ought to be, in the interest of the tenants." The gentleman who gave this information to Mrs. King seems to have adopted a new and harmless form of socialism. If he expects landlords of house property in London to manage it in the interests of anybody but themselves, he possesses the inestimable advantage of a sanguine disposition. If his words have any meaning at all, they imply that the proprietors ought only to let apartments or flats in these mansions to those whom the tenants, or rather the tenants' wives, could agree in considering "nice" people. This is an extravagance of tenant-right which could hardly have been invented even in Ireland. We suppose that the alleged want of social success in these mansions consists in this, that the occupants entirely decline to exhibit any sociability with one another. This is a difficulty which we fear cannot be removed by reading papers in sections. Mrs. King remarks that the English are sociable abroad, and asks why they cannot be the same at home. The obvious answer is that they are sociable abroad because they are not at home. It is said that when the plague raged under King Charles II. the Duke of Buckingham took refuge in the country, where he made himself so agreeable to his tenants that, when he was leaving, they inquired when they should see him again. The Duke answered, "Not till the next plague." So we are mutually agreeable abroad because we know that we can cut one another at home. If we met our actual next-door neighbours of a London street, we should probably be cautious about speaking to them even in a Swiss hotel on a wet day.

The discussion which followed the reading of Mrs. King's paper was even more barren than the paper itself in practical suggestion. One speaker regretted that modern life entirely severed the husband from the wife in matters of business. If this remark referred to what is commonly called London, it should be remembered that modern life during the hours of work is, in a large and increasing number of instances, transacted by the husband at a distance of five or ten miles from his wife. We might almost say that nobody, either principal or assistant, lives in the City of London, where an enormous mass of business is transacted. It may well be that the character of that business has been affected by the circumstance that it is transacted almost entirely between the hours of ten and four o'clock in the day. Rapidity and despatch have been attained in business, and Mrs. King thinks that this is equally desirable in household work; but perhaps in both cases

there is something to be said on the other side. As regards the wish expressed by a speaker, that wives might resume their positions as assistants and advisers of their husbands, it is to be remarked that marriages in England are apt to produce a number of children, and it is thought by some social philosophers that family and household duties ought to engage more of the time and thoughts of wives than they do at present. Miss Becker, on the other hand, being, as might be expected, in the van of progress in these matters, would carry the organization of labour to the extent of entirely superseding what she calls "domestic drudgery." Women, she says, are expected with their own hands to make the clothes of the family, and this is "a most uneconomical employment of labour." We should be inclined to accept Miss Becker's words, although not exactly in the sense in which she used them. It would be a very uneconomical employment of labour if women in general were to make their husbands coats or trousers or shirts, because nothing is so wasteful as a misfit. But we see women constantly employed in needlework which appears to the uninstructed eye of man to have some application to the clothing of herself or somebody else. A husband goes into the City by train, and a wife, after supervising (very ineffectually as Mrs. King would say) her house and kitchen, sits down to needlework, and finds therein sufficient occupation until her husband returns. If the organizers of labour take away the needlework and leave the wife, what is she to do? Mrs. King appears to contemplate that very superior women—so superior, in fact, that men are almost afraid to marry them—would be the heads of the proposed organization of labour, and those who desired employment in domestic work would take service under them. A married woman might perhaps govern a corps of housemaids and cooks; but her duties and opportunities of usefulness as a wife would rather be diminished than increased under the new system. Mrs. King sneers, and perhaps justly, at lectures on cooking to ladies, which she calls playing with the frying-pan. But it is beyond doubt that Englishwomen of the middle class possessed in the last century a knowledge and practice in domestic work which to a great extent they have lost now. We may remember that Mrs. Beecher Stowe ascribes to a lady of New England the habit of arranging her own bedroom, and this habit was probably carried by the early colonists to America. The superior skill of Frenchwomen in domestic matters has been very forcibly described in a recent publication. If this model is too high for Englishwomen, they may at least endeavour to imitate their own grandmothers.

THE BATTLE OF NIEUPORT.

THE battle of Nieupoort, fought in the last year of the sixteenth century, was one of the most famous fights of the long war which won the independence of the United Provinces. As a military exploit it is one of the most remarkable on record. An army which seemed doomed to destruction, which at one point of the battle was on the very brink of destruction, turned about and won a complete victory. And the battle is one which must always have a special interest for Englishmen. English troops, led by an English commander, took a leading part in the fight. And it was one of those days which come home more closely to us than many of the days when Englishmen have won glory in Continental warfare. At Nieupoort Englishmen were not only beyond all doubt fighting in a good cause; they were also fighting side by side with the nearest of our Continental kinsmen. Those of the great family who ages before had crossed into Britain, and those who had stayed behind on the mainland, were there working in one common cause against the enemies of the religion and freedom of both. This of course is true of every time through the whole war when Englishmen took a part in it. Everywhere in the United Provinces, everywhere along the whole coast from Flanders to Sleeswick, we are among near kinsmen. But none are nearer than those with whom the English were placed in the closest fellowship at Nieupoort. Along with the English fought the Frisians; men nearer to us even than any other of our kinsfolk of the Low Countries; men who, scattered along the various points of that long coast, had everywhere shown themselves the stoutest defenders of freedom, and had everywhere kept firmly to a tongue differing less from our own than any other form of Continental speech. When at Nieupoort we find Englishmen and Frisians acting specially together, when we read in Grotius "*in primori acie Anglos Frisiosque Varius tuebatur*," we feel carried back to the days when Irokipos classed together *Ἰνδοί and Ἰσπανοί* among the inhabitants of our island. And it certainly is not pleasant, it jars somewhat on the old family harmony, to find a distinguished writer of English blood and speech in their third home going out of his way to depreciate hastily, to say the least, the character and services of the man who led the English contingent on that memorable day.

The battle of Nieupoort fills a conspicuous place in the early part of the fourth volume of Mr. Motley's *History of the United Netherlands*. It was the beginning and ending of an expedition designed in the year 1600 by the States-General, with Barneveldt at their head—rather, it would seem, against the counsels of the stadholder Prince Maurice of Nassau—into the obedient provinces, the provinces which had fallen back under the dominion of Spain, and which were then ruled by Philip's daughter Isabella and her husband, the Archduke Albert. Ostend, presently to become the scene of almost the most famous siege in history, though already threatened, was in the hands of the States, and, if they could get hold of Nieupoort, they would

have had the command of nearly the whole Flemish coast. They would most probably have been able to put an end to the piracies of the men of Dunkirk, and to cut off the Archdukes from any communication by sea. As an expedition the enterprise failed utterly: Nieuport was not won, nor was any solid advantage gained; but the army of the States, surprised and threatened as every one thought with utter overthrow, came back bringing with them the glory of a battle wonderfully gained, though bringing with them nothing else.

In this battle the English troops were commanded by Sir Francis Vere, one of the most eminent of those great English soldiers of the Elizabethan age who learned experience in Continental warfare and handed it on to the men who were to show themselves their disciples in the civil warfare of the next age. Vere took a leading part in the battle; he was severely wounded there, and he wrote an account at least of his own share in the business. That account Mr. Motley brands as untruthful, and he deals harshly with Vere's conduct altogether, allowing to him no praise beyond that of mere personal courage which he doubtless shared with every man under his command. But if he has thus been, we must say unfairly, dealt with by an English writer beyond the Ocean, Vere has not failed to find a more immediate countryman ready to come to his defence. Sir Francis Vere was the military teacher, and by marriage the uncle, of Thomas Lord Fairfax, and he being so, Mr. Clements Markham, as the biographer of Fairfax, feels bound to him by a certain secondary tie of allegiance. In his geographical periodical *Ocean Highways*, which we cannot help thinking would do better to keep to its second title of the *Geographical Review*, Mr. Markham has undertaken a series of articles on Military Geography, a series of scientific examinations of the sites of many battles and sieges, which will be a really valuable contribution to history. Mr. Markham, it will be remembered, has already done something in this way in the very clear maps and plans which accompanied his *Life of Fairfax*, and which, with the general vigour of his military narratives, led us, when we reviewed his book, into a mistake as to his profession. The mistake was not so bad as when a reviewer of Mrs. Davies's *History of Holland*, struck with the vigour and accuracy of her military descriptions, fell into the trap laid in the title-page—where the author gave no further description of herself than "C. M. Davies"—and cried out admiringly, "There can be no doubt as to what is Mr. Davies's profession." We have since learned that Mr. Markham's own services to his country were done by sea and not by land, but it is not the less plain that he has given a good deal of attention to the science of warlike operations on shore. We are glad therefore that he has undertaken this series, and we do not complain that, evidently jealous for the fame of one so closely connected as Sir Francis Vere was with his own immediate hero, he has chosen to begin with the battle of Nieuport.

Our readers will hardly expect us to enlarge here on every point in dispute between Mr. Motley and Mr. Markham; to do so would come to nothing less than a minute military examination of the battle. But we may point out that Mr. Motley's insinuations against the general good faith of Sir Francis Vere fall utterly to the ground. We allow that Vere's account as to certain advice given to, and either refused or followed by, Count Lewis Gunther of Nassau does not exactly agree with that given by Count Lewis himself. But Mr. Motley himself, as the Duke of Wellington did before him, remarks that no two persons, even eyewitnesses and actors, ever give exactly the same account of a battle. We might be inclined to add that what is true of a battle—the Duke adds, of a ball—is also true of everything else. It is far more likely that Sir Francis Vere and Count Lewis Gunther did not fully understand one another than that either of them wilfully failed either to do his duty in the battle or to report it faithfully afterwards. But if we are to choose between one and the other, the particular reason which Mr. Motley gives for preferring the narrative of Count Lewis is at once falls to the ground. Mr. Motley says that the accounts written by the Nassau princes were not meant for publication, but only for their own friends. Sir Francis Vere, he tells us, wrote and published a party pamphlet for his own purposes, to make much of himself and his own troops, and to depreciate the services of their comrades of other nations. Mr. Markham, on the other hand, shows that Vere's narrative was of exactly the same kind as those of the princes; it was a narrative written for his own friends, and which was not published till more than fifty years after the time, when he had long been dead. Mr. Motley too, for some unexplained reason, always quotes Vere in French. He seems not to know of the English original which Mr. Markham uses, nor does Mr. Markham know where Mr. Motley got his French translation. We must confess that we unite in ourselves the deficiencies of both our authors; we know Vere's narrative only through the extracts which they have given us, as neither of them tells us where the narrative in full is to be found. But so far as we can judge in this imperfect way, we do not see any signs of that jealousy of the other parts of the army and their commanders which Mr. Motley attributes to him. Mr. Motley complains that Vere does not mention the gallant action of Count Ernest at Iffinghen just before the battle of Nieuport. Now, according to Mr. Markham, Sir Francis Vere's "Commentaries" are "narratives of 'diverse pieces of service in which he had command.'" Vere had no command at Iffinghen, and the Stadholder Maurice actually kept what had happened at Iffinghen secret from Vere and the rest of the army. This may perhaps account for his silence. And certainly, when Mr. Motley charges Vere with exaggerating the services of the English, and attributing

to them the chief honour and the chief loss in the battle, we must say that Mr. Markham's defence of Vere's statement is fully born out by the words of Grotius to which he does not refer:—

E victore exercitu nullo ferme desiderati, proter quos Ernestus amiserat: maxima pars Angli, quorum promptissima fuerat virtus, ejus gentis centuriones octo in pugna occubuerant, ceteri omnes vulnerati extra duos. (The names of most of these officers are given by Bor, iv. 653.)

Mr. Motley also says that Vere is not to be believed, because he represents the army as having been two or three days in the neighbourhood of Nieuport before the battle, whereas, according to Mr. Motley, the Stadholder only got there one day and the battle was fought the next. Mr. Markham shows that there is no contradiction, as the army did not come all at once. Bor (650), who speaks most honourably of Vere, shows that the Stadholder and the Count of Solms came on different days. Altogether, from such evidence as we have before us, Mr. Markham seems quite to have made out his point, and Mr. Motley is at least bound, as Mr. Markham suggests, to consider the matter afresh in future editions of his history.

Mr. Markham's map brings clearly before our mind the wonderfully small space in which the battle was fought. If we have rightly used his scale of yards—for it is a matter of yards and not of miles—no part of one army was so much as half a mile away from the furthest part of the other. The battle and the whole story is one which is eminently worth studying, and it is quite worth while to compare the accounts given by Mr. Motley and Mr. Markham with one another and with those of writers nearer the time. Though the victory did not lead to the great expectations with which the States-General sent forth the Stadholder and his army, yet the defeat of the renowned Spanish infantry in open battle was no light matter. Grotius gives a number of picturesque details, many of which are followed by Mr. Motley; and Grotius too points out a curious coincidence that the battle of Nieuport, in which an Albert of Austria was overthrown by a prince of Nassau, was fought on the anniversary, and narrowly escaped being the tercentenary, of the battle of Göttingen, where, on July 2, 1298, an earlier Albert of Austria had overthrown King Adolf, up to that time the only King of the House of Nassau, the King who, under a higher title than he had any right to, is still so highly revered among the ale-houses of his own county:—

Veterum curiosi annotabant ferme tribus ante sæculis Albertum Austriacum Adolpho Nassavio congressum vitam imperiumque rapuisse eundemque nunc die, quæ est postridie Sextiles (?) calendæ, mutata domum fata.

THE THEATRES.

WE could have little to say upon the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, and that little has been said already. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has described Mr. Chatterton's undertaking as "the revival of Shakspeare on *Babil and Bijou* principles," and we cannot improve upon this language; which, indeed, we should ourselves have used if we had not been anticipated. As Mr. Puff says, two persons happened to think of the same thing, and one of them was the first to publish it. We fear, indeed, that the same thing must have been thought of by many other persons who had no opportunity of publishing it. It is melancholy to remark that this comparison was obvious and inevitable. We do not blame Mr. Chatterton for dealing thus with *Antony and Cleopatra*, nor can we praise his work. He promises a pantomime at Christmas, and, considering that his company are rehearsing for it every night, the production ought to be successful. In our view it matters not whether a ballet be called Egyptian or Roman or what else, as the same persons will do the same things whether the reputed author of the piece be Shakspeare or Mr. Blanchard. If we could have the tragedy or what is left of it first and the dances afterwards there would be an economy of time and patience. We were about to quote the story of the housekeeper who desired the dairyman to let him have his milk and water in separate jugs; but doubtless this story has been already quoted in this connexion. In fact, all figures of speech and forms of language applicable to the miserable condition of the English drama have been exhausted, and we have become weary even of expressing weariness.

It is only fair to Mr. Chatterton to acknowledge that his predecessors in management would doubtless have resorted to the same artifices that he uses if they had been available; but we do not think they would have relied upon them so exclusively. The depressing feature of modern management is its hopeless, unvarying monotony. We are told that the play which Mr. Chatterton has selected for his experiment was produced in 1758, "with scenery, dresses, and decorations expressly designed to fulfil the same purpose as that aimed at by the modern manager," who has better appliances at his disposal. We believe this statement is correct, and we believe also that, as the experiment of 1758 did not succeed, the bill was changed within a few nights. The habitual playgoer, if any exist, cannot hope for such luck now. It is fortunate that the free admissions of the renters of the theatre are transferable, for we should fear that a protracted course of spectacular Shakspeare might otherwise drive some sensitive renter into a madhouse. If there were upon the stage an actress equal to the part of *Cleopatra* we might desire to see her in it more than once; but we could hardly bring ourselves to undergo a repetition of "the path of flowers" and other business of the *Babil and Bijou* kind. If Mr. Chatterton expected to realize the promise put forth on his behalf in the *Daily Telegraph*, he must be disappointed. It is not possible "to gratify equally the ad-

mirers of elaborate stage effects and the appreciators of dramatic poetry—at least not upon the same night. But it would be permissible in the manager of a theatre which aspires to be national to address himself to different tastes on different nights. As he has engaged some actors of talent and experience, he is not absolutely without the means of importing variety into his programme. He might try the effect of performing a non-spectacular play—as, for example, *Julius Cæsar*, once a week. The part of Antony in this play is well suited to Mr. Anderson, who used to stir up the East-enders effectually when he played it at the Standard Theatre. The skill of Mr. Ryder as a speaker would be well shown in the same play. The pit and galleries would certainly encourage such an experiment, and it would be useful in affording the company a change of parts. Mr. Chatterton must be aware that he has hardly found an actress equal to the difficult task imposed on her, and it might occur to him that in the seven years of his management he has done little to supply the void which he is now experiencing. We do not blame him for managing his theatre on a paying principle, but when his supporters in the press ascribe to him “judicious administration of the national theatre,” it does not seem unreasonable to notice that the position claimed involves a duty. Much has been deservedly said in praise of the talent of the young lady who plays Cleopatra, and it is a serious drawback to the development of that talent to deprive it of all variety of exercise. Mr. Chatterton, who possesses “a keen appreciation of the requirements of the modern playgoer,” may perhaps discover in time that one play of Shakspeare is as good as another, provided it includes a ballet, and thus out of the monotony of which we complain may be evolved the variety which in recent years we have hopelessly desired. We do not, indeed, at this moment see our way to introducing a ballet into *Julius Cæsar*, but we quite believe that Mr. Halliday and Mr. Cornuck could manage this between them. There is a dance of “Amazons” at Drury Lane Theatre as there has been in every piece, whether pantomime or tragedy, produced within the same walls during the last two years; and if, as appears likely, any piece may be made popular by the same method, the manager may look forward to a long career of “spectacular Shakspearian” prosperity. He will continue to appeal “to the eye and the senses as well as to the understanding,” and it may be hoped that “the path of flowers” (manifestly artificial) will lead to wealth.

Mr. Halliday says that he has addressed himself to the task of representing “the passion of the single pair” of lovers. But this is exactly the task which Dryden undertook and performed. Dryden announced in the prologue to *All for Love, or the World Well Lost*—

He brings a tale which often has been told,
As sad as Dido's, and almost as old.
His hero, whom you will his bully call,
Bates of his mettle, and scarce rants at all.
He's somewhat lowd, but a well-meaning mind;
Weeps much, fights little, but is wondrous kind.

I could name more; a wife and mistress too,
Both, to be plain, too good for most of you;
The wife well-nurtured, and the mistress true.

The unities, as to which Mr. Halliday is supposed to feel anxiety, are observed by Dryden only too carefully. It would not suit the modern manager to be allowed only a dance of Egyptians in the way of embellishment; but “the gorgeous spectacle of Cleopatra in her State barge” might be introduced into Dryden's play as unceremoniously as into Shakspeare's. Mr. Halliday gives the scene in which Antony tells Cleopatra that he is going to Rome, and he allows both lovers to speak words by which Shakspeare meant to mark the moment of parting. It is, however, not impossible for a lady to change her mind, and so Mr. Halliday ventures to suppose that Cleopatra bears Antony company as far as the coast in her State barge. He adds, with painful conscientiousness, “It is not unreasonable to suppose that the gorgeous ship in which she first set out to meet Antony in Cilicia was still in existence and in use at this period.” It is a pity that he did not allow himself to suppose further that the ship had been re-gilded and re-decorated, and the pages and ladies-in-waiting supplied with new liveries on this occasion. The painter, however, has assumed the necessary license, and has made both ship and crew as smart as possible. A pretty picture is introduced for the gratification of spectators, and this might have been done without a contrivance which is manifestly awkward. It is surely artificial to make Cleopatra employ at the moment when she is temporarily losing Antony the same adornments which she used when first she won him. Neither Shakspeare nor Dryden would have made this mistake. Cleopatra is represented by the former as inconsolable at Antony's departure, and we may be sure that, if she had not felt absorbing grief, she would at least have assumed it. She was not like some modern widows, who are able at an early moment of their bereavement to consider the fashion of their mourning. We think further that it is only consistent with the riotous extravagance of the Egyptian Court to suppose that Cleopatra had had several new barges, with successive novelties in drapery and furniture, since she met Antony on the Cydnus. Mr. Halliday should allow himself to imitate contemporary novelists who revel in gorgeous upholstery and varied and splendid patterns of carriages.

It would have been easy and agreeable to all spectators to have introduced this picture as a substitute for the ordinary drop-scene of the theatre; and if the play-bill had contained a brief explanation of the picture, it would have furnished to the play an introduc-

tion which would have been more graceful and perhaps not less useful than a reprint of a preliminary puff from the *Daily Telegraph*. It is rather humiliating to observe that, when Dryden took this subject in hand, he formed a much higher estimate of the intellectual capacity of his audience than could be formed by Mr. Halliday. There is in Shakspeare's play a looseness of construction beyond his usual negligence; but when Dryden, to use his own expression, essayed to bend the master's bow, he put forth all his strength and skill. If the manager of Drury Lane Theatre were forced to dispense with accessories, and depend upon a play alone to fill his house, we incline to think that Dryden would serve his purpose better than Shakspeare. There are, of course, passages in which Antony maintains the character given to him in the prologue, and these passages would need to be omitted. But probably the scene in which Ventidius and Cleopatra contend for influence with Antony—one calling him to duty, and the other enticing him to love—would impress an ordinary audience more strongly than any scene of equal length in Shakspeare's play. Dryden took care to write what everybody could understand, and avoided those conceits which are intermingled with many of Shakspeare's finest passages. After a long contest, love triumphs over “fortune, honour, fame,” and Antony exclaims:—

Give, you Gods,

Give to your boy, your Cæsar,
This rattle of a globe to play withal,
This gowgaw world, and put him cheaply off.
I'll not be pleased with less than Cleopatra.

Ventidius confesses his defeat in the words:—

Oh women! women! women! all the Gods
Have not such power of doing good to man
As you of doing harm.

The scolding-match between Cleopatra and Octavia has been condemned by fastidious critics; but we have little doubt that it “brought down the house.” Octavia taunts her rival with the name of Cæsar, and she answers:—

The worst your malice can
Is but to say the greatest of mankind
Has been my slave. The next, but far above him
In my esteem, is he whom law calls yours,
But whom his love made mine.

Nobody now reads Dryden; and probably there are many persons in the theatre every night who have not read Shakspeare. But everybody reads, or is supposed to read, Tennyson; and probably the picture of Cleopatra most familiar in our day is that which he has drawn. It is a picture that might well inspire the most gifted and practised actress with despair. Where shall we find the warbling voice, “a lyre of widest range,” and the eyes whose fires tip the keenest darts of love? It is no reproach to a young and promising artist that she falls short of impossible perfection.

We must notice more briefly than it deserves the success of a new play called *Chivalry* at the Globe Theatre. The management of this house by Mr. Montague has been always laudable and generally judicious. If he has sometimes made mistakes, he has always honestly striven to attain excellence. We are not sure that this new play will be popular, but we are sure that it deserves to be so. The author had given in an earlier play promise which he has now largely fulfilled. He has done well, and he may do still better. The palm of acting must be assigned to Mr. S. Emery, whose performance of a slightly puritanical but chivalrous Western squire under James II. was admirable. The rebellion of Monmouth must be a very attractive theme, as we have had two plays on the subject within a year or two. Colonel Kirke, who of course appears in both plays, was better treated in *Anne Clarke* at the Queen's Theatre than he is at the Globe, where author and actor have conspired to make him a low pothouse ruffian. It is probable that the colonel of the Queen's Regiment united profligacy and cruelty to the look and manners of a gentleman. Macaulay, who, sometimes careless in minor facts, was pretty accurate in general conception of character, does not say that Kirke was vulgar.

REVIEWS.

GODKIN'S RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF IRELAND.*

WE have gone through Mr. Godkin's book with somewhat of an effort, and we have learned more from the latter part than from the beginning. Mr. Godkin is clearly more at home with Dr. Cooke, Bishop Doyle, and Archbishop Trench of Tuam than he is with St. Patrick and St. Kevin. The book is disfigured throughout by the practice of filling the pages with scraps from other writers; but in the early part there is very little but scraps, and very often such scraps. To be sure a scrap from Dr. Todd or Dr. Petrie is not to be despised, wherever we may meet with it; but we had rather read them in their own books than in scraps cut out by Mr. Godkin. But all Mr. Godkin's scraps are not scraps from Dr. Todd or Dr. Petrie; alongside of these tit-bits we find morsels of Mr. Marcus Keane. It is even so; our amazement at meeting a live Semi-Saxon, even our amazement at meeting a man who believes in Brutus, sinks to the level of common-place at finding that there is another man besides Mr. Keane who believes

* *The Religious History of Ireland, Primitive, Papal, and Protestant; including the Evangelical Missions, Catholic Agitations, and Church Progress of the last Half-Century.* By James Godkin. London: H. S. Klag & Co. 1872.

in the Outhites. Mr. Godkin gives his extracts in the most solemn tone, and it is plain that he believes that the round towers and most of the Romanesque buildings of Ireland were the work of Outhites. Now the Outhites are—it might sound more scientific, and might also be more grammatical, if we said that Outhism is—something like Freemasonry; we know all about it, except what it is; we are told a great many things that the Outhites did, but nobody tells us who the Outhites were or why they were called Outhites. If neither Mr. Keane nor Mr. Godkin will tell us this, we shall be driven to guess that Outhism was a “deposit of Sinism,” or that its peculiar creed was a “polarization of religious consciousness.” Brutus at Totnes is clear and credible compared with the Outhites; for Trojans have at least a legendary being; the name gives us an idea; but of Outhites we can find out nothing, except that Mr. Keane and Mr. Godkin say that they built the round towers in honour of Baal or Buddha—we are not, and perhaps they are not, very particular which. But Mr. Keane and the Outhites and the learned Bryant are not all; Mr. Godkin quotes the *Two Babylons* with much respect, and gives us in a note a little life of its author, who, it seems, was a learned Scotch clergyman. We trust that none of our readers have forgotten the *Two Babylons*; if any are so unlucky, we will remind them that the book was written to prove that the worship of the Roman Catholic Church is really the worship of Nimrod and his wife, and that this doctrine is proved by a good deal of etymology of that style in which the ending of a Greek noun goes for quite as much as its root. We need not dwell longer on this kind of stuff, except to wonder that a man like Mr. Godkin, who knows how to write sense upon some subjects, should ever have given it a moment's serious thought. And, as we remarked long ago in reviewing Mr. Keane, this kind of thing is a proper punishment on those who dream that neither in Ireland nor anywhere else could any one put stones together till the eleventh or twelfth century. The process is ingenious. Dr. Petrie has proved that the ancient buildings of Ireland were not the work of the Normans. Mr. Parker has proved that nobody could build anything in the time of the Celts. Nobody has ever thought that they can be later than the Normans. Therefore they are earlier than the Celts. Therefore they are the work of Outhites, Baal-temples, phallic emblems, anything anybody pleases. Q. F. D.

Of the history of Ireland from Henry the Second to William the Third we are really getting weary. It is in fact becoming little more than an occasion for reviling everybody all round, both those who did the deeds in times past and those who write about them now. Mr. Froude has so managed as to have his fling at every race and every religion—we beg pardon, we ought perhaps to except the Outhites and the worshippers of Baal—that ever found a settlement in the unhappy island. And in return all races and religions—the Outhites perhaps having no representative left—seem determined to have their fling back at him. Mr. Godkin, early in his book, professes a certain degree of contempt for the Celts, but he gradually becomes their champion against Mr. Froude. Here and there he makes good hits, as when he comes to Cromwell's massacres at Drogheda and Wexford. There he comments, fairly enough, “If Cromwell were an Irishman—one of the O'Neills and O'Briens—what a thrilling narrative Mr. Froude would have given us of those two days' slaughter in cold blood!” He asks too why “Mr. Froude was silent about the siege of Clonmel, where, according to Whitelocke, ‘they found the stoutest enemy this army had ever met in Ireland,’ and where the Irish garrison after a stubborn resistance at last surrendered on honourable terms. And Mr. Godkin makes a perfectly fair point in the following paragraph:—

Mr. Froude frequently misleads his readers, quite unintentionally of course, by the fallacy of using the word “Ireland” in several different senses, perhaps in the same paragraph. Sometimes it means the land, sometimes the Irish nation, and sometimes the Anglo-Irish colony. The oddest misapplication of the word is where, after the chiefs, landed proprietors, bishops and priests, had been all got rid of, he speaks of the miserable remnant of the people as being so terrorised and debased, that to save themselves the more desperate of them brought in to their rulers the heads of their fathers, uncles, brothers, and cousins in sacks, claiming the Government reward for having cut them off, as if they were wolves. The rulers asked no questions for conscience' sake. On this Mr. Froude remarks:—“It was a hateful method, but under the circumstances inevitable.” And in doing work like this, in order to clear the country effectually of its inhabitants, he says, Cromwell “meant to rule Ireland for Ireland's good, and Ireland never prospered as she prospered in the years of the Protectorate.” What was she?

And again, when Mr. Godkin comes to Mr. Froude's famous chapter about Irish ideas, after mentioning some of the worst cases of English treatment of Irishmen, he goes on with a queer but vigorous comparison:—

Here are “English ideas” with a vengeance, delivered by a judge. Of course the Irish must have been very stupid not to have received them with gratitude! And this reminds me of a fallacy which pervades the historian's treatment of the Irish. He suggests comparisons with England, not as it existed then, but as it exists now. It would be quite easy, from the best English writers of the eighteenth century, to fill volumes with records of barbarism to match the worst things he has brought against the unfortunate race on whose character he has fastened, like a woman who clothes her gawp-daughter in rags, starves her almost to death, beats her black and blue, drives her into melancholy, and then calls her neighbours to behold the contrast between this persecuted child and her own well-clad, well-fed, highly-cultured pet daughter, declaring that the other is a graceless reprobate, that she can get no good out of her, and that it is all in the incurable depravity of her nature.

But we will turn from these endless disputes to that part of Mr. Godkin's book which has most interested us—namely, where

he deals with later times, and gives us pictures of the three great religious bodies in Ireland, of the religious decline and the religious revival which has happened in all three alike. This is both fresher and pleasanter work than fighting the old endless battle over again, and Mr. Godkin treats the three rival communions with praiseworthy impartiality, and is ready to do justice to good and zealous men in all three alike. There is something which at first sight seems strange in the sight of three rival religious communities all falling into a lethargy, as it were side by side. As a rule, Dissent does good to an Established Church, and an Established Church does good to Dissent; because neither can for shame go to sleep in the face of the other. In a great part of the last century indeed both Dissent and the Established Church may be said to have gone to sleep. But that was because Dissent had ceased to be Dissent. When persecution was over, the old Nonconformity ceased to be aggressive, and, ceasing to be aggressive, it ceased to be vigorous. A new schism within the Established Church stirred up the slumbering energies of Churchmen and Nonconformists alike. But in Ireland none of the three religious bodies could be with any fairness spoken of as Dissenters or Nonconformists. There were three nations in the island, and each of the three had kept or had brought with it its own national Church; and, as one of the three nations was politically dominant, the Church of that nation was politically dominant also. In England the Nonconformists had, as a matter of fact, separated from the Established Church. In Ireland none of the three religious bodies could be said with any fairness to have separated from any of the others. The Established Church in Ireland, though endowed with possessions and privileges above the other two, could not have the face to profess, as the Established Church in England fairly might, that she had ever been the Church of the whole people of Ireland, from which other religions had parted off. Neither the Roman Catholics nor the Presbyterians could be called separatists from the Protestant Episcopal Church; and, as toleration advanced, both Roman Catholics and Presbyterians, though not in the technical sense established, yet received an amount of State recognition and State endowment which put them in quite a different position from the Nonconformist bodies in England. They may be looked on as three Churches side by side, one of which had an invidious temporal superiority over the others, but none of which sought to do much in the way of proselytism from the other two. In such a case, in an age when all religious bodies had a tendency to go to sleep, all three might very well go to sleep together. It is when religious bodies are aggressive and proselytizing that the presence of rivals becomes a motive with each to put on its best face. The slumber of the Established Episcopal Church in Ireland, its nepotism, its pluralism, the utter neglect of duty on the part of many of its visitors, have often been described. The Irish Church in the days of its slumber showed in a greatly exaggerated form all the evils which were at the same time to be seen in the English Church; both have had their revival; only in England there has been the twofold revival—first, the Evangelical and then the High Church revival, while the effect of the latter of the two has in Ireland been very slight. Now what has most struck us in Mr. Godkin's book is the way in which he points out how the other two religious bodies also fell asleep and also awoke. He gives us a description of the Roman Catholic clergy in the last century which quite equals any picture of the same kind which could be drawn of their Protestant rivals. A bishop like Dr. Doyle found as much to reform in the way of carelessness, slovenliness, and general neglect of duty as any reforming Anglican bishop could do. And Mr. Godkin brings out more clearly than we are used to see it put the distinction between two very different classes among the Irish Roman Catholics. Not only Bishop Doyle but, what we should less have expected, Archbishop MacHale, the famous Lion of St. Jarlath, appears in his pages as the representative of what we may call a national Irish Catholicism, answering, though of course with a much less marked character, to the Gallican school in France and to those old-fashioned steady-going Roman Catholics of England who did not forget that they were Englishmen. The newer and now prevalent school, the party of mere Ultramontanians, finds its representative in Cardinal Cullen. Within the Established Church, Mr. Godkin gives us a full and interesting picture of the life of Archbishop Trench, the last Protestant Archbishop of Tuam, and a shorter notice of the late Primate Beresford, “one of the most exemplary, pious, and princely of all the prelates that ever adorned the Irish Church.” In no ecclesiastical body—not in Scotland just before the Reformation, not in Germany when the Bishops and Abbots were Electors and princes—were the high places of the Church more shamelessly made the special possession of a few great families than they were in the Established Church of Ireland in its slumberous days. But on the other hand the accident of being called Trench or Beresford, if it was no qualification for ecclesiastical office, was certainly proved to be no disqualification. Primate Beresford's name is still fresh in many people's memories. The remembrance of Archbishop Trench is doubtless fainter, but Mr. Godkin's sketch of his life brings him out as a man well worthy to be remembered.

Among Presbyterian worthies we are less likely to be at home than among either of the two other classes. Yet the account of Dr. Cooke, with the two curious and almost opposite sides of his character, is well worth looking at. He appears on the one hand as the reviver of the theological orthodoxy in the Presbyterian body, and on the other hand as one who, as far as in him lay—and that was to a very considerable extent—committed the influence of that body to the cause of Irish Toryism, and even

to the maintenance of the Episcopal establishment. It certainly was a strange state of things when, out of the large and flourishing Presbyterian body in the North of Ireland, not a single Presbyterian could find his way into Parliament, and when the most eminent divine of the Presbyterian Church seems rather to have approved of such a state of things. Dr. Cooke found the religious body to which he belonged by inheritance fallen away into heterodoxy of some kind which Mr. Godkin and his authorities seem to call indifferently Arian and Unitarian, though, in the sense which the last word commonly bears, the two forms of heresy seem to us a good way apart. The whole sketch of Dr. Cooke, his challenge to and triumph over O'Connell, the life which he stirred up in his own religious body, and his last effort, so strange as it seems to us in one of his persuasion, a great speech and a dying letter against disestablishment, joined to form a curious, though at first sight contradictory, picture of what must have been a really remarkable man.

Mr. Godkin's last chapter deals with the state of things since the disestablishment, with the constitutional settlement of the disestablished Church, and with the movements for making changes in its offices, if not in its doctrine. Mr. Godkin's own notions do not come out very clearly, or rather at first sight they seem a little contradictory. He says, as if in a deprecating tone, that "the greatest dangers to the Church will arise from the popular demand for a revision of the Prayer-Book in a decidedly Protestant or Evangelical sense." Yet he had a little way before said somewhat triumphantly:—

Now, the laity have a potential voice in the patronage of the Church, and it is calculated that in the course of ten or fifteen years all the sees and parishes will be occupied by Evangelical men, who can be ruled upon to carry on the war against the Church of Rome, instead of labouring insidiously to bring the Protestants of Ireland under the sacerdotal yoke which most of them detest.

Mr. Godkin is full of admiration for two of Mr. Gladstone's Irish measures—for the Disestablishment Act and for the Land Act. About education he says:—

But the third limb of the upas, the Educational grievance, though originally the worst part of the penal code, was greatly exaggerated in Mr. Gladstone's imagination. It had been from time to time almost entirely cut away, and the remnant of the poisonous trunk might have been quietly removed, by carrying out a little further principles already in operation.

He is strong on behalf of the National system and the Queen's Colleges, and he ends with an almost enthusiastic tribute to the services done to Ireland by the elder University of Dublin. "Of all the institutions planted by the English in Ireland, the University is the most successful. It is the only one of which all parties are proud." Mr. Godkin is much better employed in speaking of these later matters, which he has clearly looked at with much care, and we think with much impartiality, than in puzzling his brain about Outhites and Fir-Bolgs.

BLACKWALL'S RESEARCHES IN ZOOLOGY.*

A VETERAN in Natural History, Mr. John Blackwall has had the satisfaction of seeing through the press a second edition of his *Researches in Zoology*, in which he has been able to incorporate such additions and emendations as the interval of forty years has enabled either himself or others to effect. Not a few original discoveries or observations of his own have long ago taken their place among the established and fundamental principles of zoology; and if in not a few instances the advance of scientific knowledge in that department of nature has left parts of his original work out of date, it must be allowed that not a little of this forward movement has been due to the impulse given in the first instance by suggestions of his own. It is hardly to be wondered at, or to be complained of, that he represents in the main a stage in scientific attainment now a full generation old. Trained in the school of Cuvier and the elder Darwin, and contemporary with Kirby and Spence, he will be found to have made not many steps in advance of the *Règne animal* and the *Zoonomia*. His ideas of causation, of animal organization and development, seem not much influenced by anything that has been done in our day by Charles Darwin, Wallace, or even Owen, towards penetrating deeper into the ultimate laws or facts of animal life. His powers as a naturalist, and the value of his services to science, turn far more upon the closeness of his observation and the keenness of his judgment than upon any depth or breadth of reasoning, or any aptitude for philosophical thought. He has never wearied of collecting facts, and has spared no pains to record them correctly. Without aiming to elaborate a system of his own, or even to resolve what he has amassed into an organized body of speculative opinion, he is content with such explanations as common sense or analogy not too far-fetched may bring to the solution of difficulties. Whilst anything but a theorist in the general sense of the word, he can yet be often happy in the particular theory by which he clears up what is puzzling or seemingly anomalous in nature.

That a certain old-world character pervades Mr. Blackwall's ornithological papers will be seen from his gravely drawing out the proofs that swallows and others of our migratory birds do not pass the winter in a torpid state at the bottom of pools, in marshes, or similar places of concealment. Encouraged as it is by the high authority of Cuvier in the case of the sand-martin (*Hirundo riparia*), and, as Mr. Blackwall adds from

memory, of Humboldt, we should have thought this table hardly worth the trouble of refutation even at the date of the original "Researches." In the process of laying this ornithological phantom our author puts together nevertheless a number of minute and curious facts which even now possess an interest, both as natural evidence of the habits of birds, and as the result of experiments carried on artificially. These observations, combined with those of the phenomena of hibernation in the case of the dormouse, hedgehog, bat, and common insects, completely satisfied his mind as to the absence of any physiological tendency whatever in birds to become torpid. Considerable uncertainty, it is true, still prevails as to the actual places of resort to which our migratory species betake themselves on the approach of winter. It was held by Adanson that European swallows retreat as far as Senegal, and later observers have traced them to Northern Africa, Egypt, and Western Asia. Our author's observations are extended to prove that the periodical winter birds, such as the woodcock, the jack-snipe, the mountain-finch, and the redwing and fieldfare, which are seen here in numerous flocks during winter, have their breeding-places in Northern Europe—in Sweden, for instance, as held by Linnaeus, or in the Tyrol and Alpine regions. He is also led by his own studies to confirm the opinion of Temminck, that most periodical birds perform their migrations by night. His own field of observation being the neighbourhood of Manchester, the dates and other characteristics of bird life and habits vary in his case from those compiled by more southerly observers. His four tables, ranging over fifteen years, give the average days of disappearance and return of—I. Periodical summer birds; II. Periodical winter birds; III. Birds which are irregular in the times of their appearance and disappearance; and, IV. birds which are partially periodical; together with the temperature of the air at each date. It is worth notice that the temperature is considerably higher when the migratory summer birds withdraw than when they reappear. This is uniformly so, and to a remarkable degree with the cuckoo and the swift. That several species of these birds moult during the period of their absence is a fact not sufficiently observed or weighed by naturalists as an evidence of migration; nor has it been generally known that the sexes do not, as a rule, travel in society, the male birds in several migratory species usually preceding the females in their spring flight.

The notes of our singing birds have been observed and analysed by Mr. Blackwall with a degree of care which enables him to correct and supplement in many particulars the comparative catalogue of Daines Barrington. His table of some six-and-thirty songsters assigns to each its vocal rank under the heads of mellowness, sprightliness, plaintiveness, compass, and execution. Fixing the point of absolute perfection at twenty, we are not surprised to find the nightingale credited with nineteen points under the first and last three categories, falling in sprightliness to fourteen, in which quality the whole race of songsters, barring of course the skylark, is distanced by the wren with her nineteen points, in other respects scarcely being placed. The chaffinch, which Mr. Barrington's definition of a song-bird ought by rights to have excluded, and the sedge-warbler (*Sylvia phragmitis*) come next as sprightly songsters; while the redbreast, only attaining eight points in that capacity, rises to sixteen in compass and seventeen in execution, second in this respect to the "most musical, most melancholy" among birds. That the singing of birds has its origin in the feeling of love is by no means so strongly believed in by our author as by the more recent or advanced school of ornithologists. His views upon this point are indeed largely mixed up with his impressions upon the nature of instinct in general, in which respect he seems wholly unconscious of the progress achieved of late years in the study of the fundamental laws of consciousness as running through the whole animal kingdom.

The habits and peculiar characteristics of the cuckoo have been through life a matter of intimate study with Mr. Blackwall, and no one has done more to clear up what was most obscure in the ways of that puzzling bird. That the cuckoo should have been held to build and even incubate, incontrovertible as it appeared to Dr. Darwin, Daines Barrington, Mr. Fleming, and other good observers, will probably now be thought strange. Such cases as served to convince the older class of ornithologists were, as our author shows, the result of mistaking nests and eggs of the goatsucker for those of the cuckoo. The peculiar parasitic habits of this exceptional bird in quartering its offspring upon others for shelter and food are characteristics by which it is no less known than by the special distinctions of its organism or its peculiar note. That the unfledged nestling should be able to attract to itself not only the undivided care and attention of its foster-parents, whose young it has violently ejected from the nest and caused to perish, but that of other birds, by scores at a time, is one of the most striking things in natural history. It is hard to assign any more immediate cause of it than the importunate cries of the orphan brood, which is all that our author has to suggest. The problem, however, connects itself at once with the whole theory of the nature of instinct. The notion that the songs or cries of animals are to be traced to the direct tuition of parents is of course disposed of most summarily in the case of the cuckoo by the fact that the offspring grow up and utter their notes without hearing their own parent's voice, nor yet do they acquire that of their foster-parents. From observations such as this, fortified by well-known and innumerable examples of birds building their nests, and the like, in the absence of any immediate means of being taught, Mr. Blackwall satisfies himself that nothing can be done but to fall back upon the old notion of instinct

* *Researches in Zoology: Illustrations of the Structure, Habits, and Economy of Animals.* By John Blackwall, F.L.S. Second Edition. London: Van Voorst. 1873.

as a mysterious power in a special manner implanted by the "all-wise Author of nature," a "first principle of causation" reducible to no known laws, and supposed somehow to supply a stronger proof of power, wisdom, and goodness than such phenomena as have been reduced to law, and been shown to follow strict and unvarying sequence. Unconscious, it would seem, of all that has been done by Darwin, Wallace, Herbert Spencer, and others for the elucidation of what is called instinct as the result of accumulated and transmitted experience, he is separated from the whole existing group of naturalists by a gulf across which it is beyond the functions of criticism to follow him. We may thank him for what he has observed or brought together of the strange propensities or habits of the cuckoo, without submitting to his axiom "that the peculiarities of this extraordinary bird having been acquired is a notion to be relinquished as absolutely untenable."

The simple test of experiments with the air-pump, showing flies and other insects to retain wholly unimpaired *in vacuo* the power of walking upon vertical or inverted surfaces, even when highly polished, convinced Mr. Blackwall long ago that the common opinion was untenable which ascribed this power to the action of exhaustive suckers under the insect's feet. Added to this proof was that from the anatomical structure of the organs as shown in the microscope. Not only could no trace be found of suckers of this kind, but the presence of bristles or hair-like papillæ thickly covering the expanded membranes in which the tarsal joints or under surface of the limb terminated rendered the formation of a vacuum inconceivable. It is to be doubted, however, whether the hypothesis which Mr. Blackwall has to substitute for this ordinary view rests on any better foundation. These papillæ or filaments, he considers, are hollow, and exude a highly adhesive mucous secretion by means of which the fly nukes good his foothold of the wall or ceiling. It is in favour of this view, he urges, that when these surfaces are breathed upon till the aqueous vapour is copiously condensed upon them, the fly drops at once from its hold. The same result follows if a little oil, flour, or powdered chalk or gypsum be spread upon the glass or other surface, the minute particles of these substances adhering to the tarsal brushes of the fly or spider, or to the under surface of the feet of the larvæ. What our author has neglected to take into account is the difficulty of detaching the feet at each step when thus glued or stuck fast, especially considering the twinkling rapidity with which the fly takes its run along the pane, the wall, or the ceiling. That flies do stick to the glass of windows and other surfaces towards the end of summer and autumn is a fact which has been explained by the growth from the interior of the body of a parasitic fungus (*Sporendonema muscæ*, Fries; *Empusa muscæ*, Cohn). But then the locomotive powers of the insect fail. Is it not better to conceive a power of lateral gripe or clip in the brushes or filaments terminating the foot, which, availing itself of the slight asperities of surface which must be found in a degree in all but the most bright and polished objects, suffices to support the light body of the insect? When the surface is intensely clean and polished, no insect, Mr. Blackwall found, could ascend or cling. When softened or moistened by the breath, or clogged by oily or viscous matter, such minute roughnesses as we have spoken of would no longer afford a hold for the insertion or grip of the hairy brush. It may be, however, that there are at work in the action of these delicate organisms forces or laws as yet undreamt of in our philosophy of insect life.

The natural history of spiders, especially of our domestic species, is a study which Mr. Blackwall has in an especial manner made his own. The part of the first edition of his "Researches" since issued by the Ray Society as *A History of the Spiders of Great Britain and Ireland* has not been included in the present reprint. Several papers of great value and interest have notwithstanding been retained and supplemented by the author's later observations. Sundry of the most prominent points in the anatomy and microscopic structure of spiders are illustrated in a couple of plates; the former showing the structure of the tarsus and metatarsus, with their articulation and spinous appendages, in *Ciniflo atrox*, *Epeira diadema*, *Salicis scenicus*, and other species; the latter plate giving a highly magnified view of the spinners in the species first named, distinguishing more particularly the fourth or inferior pair, from which the material is given forth which is formed by the calamistræ into the pale-blue bands in the snare of this species. The reproduction of these important organs, together with the palpi after moulting, first observed by Mr. Blackwall, had escaped the notice of Dr. Heineken, to whom was due the knowledge of the renovation of the limbs and integuments. Another problem of great interest is that of the true nature and functions of the remarkable organs connected with the digital or terminal joint of the palpi of male spiders. Our author's researches satisfy him of the correctness of the views of Dr. Lister and the earlier systematic writers on arachnology—that these parts are strictly sexual, and not merely employed, as was thought by Treviranus and Savigny, for the purpose of pre-excitation. He has accumulated some curious observations upon the anomalous conformation and number of the eyes in various species or individuals, which point to many matters for careful study on the part of entomologists. Whether there are species normally provided with an odd number of eyes is a question in point, and is left indeterminate by the casual absence of a supernumerary eye, situated between the two small ones constituting the anterior intermediate pair, in an adult female *Theridion filipes*, the total number possessed by this individual being nine, the left intermediate eye of the posterior row being absent in an adult female *Epeira molinata*, the right

intermediate eye wanting in an adult male *Lycosa cambrion*, and the left of the posterior row in an adult female *Ciniflo atrox*. The poison of spiders, their nets, and the parasites that haunt them, furnish much matter for careful and original observation. But no part of the work can be said to surpass in interest Mr. Blackwall's discussion of the mode whereby aeronautic spiders effect their aerial excursions. Not merely some occult physical power inherent in the insect, but the agency of winds, evaporation, and electricity has been called in to explain the phenomenon which is to be seen on many a calm and sunny day about the present season of the year. Not only do spiders innumerable cover hedges, grass, stubble, posts, and other objects with their delicate gossamer, but they are seen in thousands mounting into the air by means of those fine threads of tissue which show no point of attachment to any object overhead. Whether the motive for this instinctive ascent be or be not, as Mr. Blackwall thinks, the anxiety of these creatures to shift their quarters—the proximity of such prodigious numbers causing a feeling of insecurity, involving, as Mr. Darwin puts it, a struggle for life—his observations seem to have placed the mode of action itself beyond doubt. The viscid substance emitted from the spinners is drawn out by the upward currents of air engendered by rarefaction into lines hundreds of feet in length, and often matted together in the upper air. Sufficient hold of the atmosphere is thus afforded to buoy the insect up aloft, if not to hoist itself upwards by means of the retractile power it may command over its web. How much may be effected by this facility of sailing in the air towards the geographical distribution of spiders of this class is one of the many fertile themes for thought and observation thrown out in the course of Mr. Blackwall's pages.

THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.*

THIS is a little book which has a certain interest from its subject, though it has no pretensions to literary excellence. In character it is half-way between a guide-book and a book of travels properly so called. The author does not make the smallest attempt at fine writing. He shows equal modesty and discretion in declining to paint in words the wonders of the Yosemite Valley, and dwells at much greater length upon the admirably contrived stables of Mr. Milton S. Latham. It is not that Mr. Lester possesses a mind more sensible to the charms of horseflesh than of scenery. His very silence impresses us with the belief that he really enjoyed the sight of waterfalls and cliffs; but he evidently feels that it is easier to find adequate language for the description of stables inlaid with polished wood and resembling a drawing-room rather than a provision for the comfort of ordinary horses. If we feel a certain negative gratitude to Mr. Lester for resisting the ordinary temptation to fine writing, we are almost equally grateful to him for not indulging in small facetiousness. American humour is at times really amusing; but the inferior article supplied under that name is apt to have a depressing effect upon the spirits. That Mr. Lester would hardly be qualified to succeed in the vein of Bret Harte or of Mark Twain may be inferred from the two or three instances in which he condescends to be funny. There is a simplicity about his notion of a joke which is almost touching. He records, for example, the smart saying of a passenger on the Pacific Railway, whose wife had provided a luncheon-basket in which were a devilled chicken and other similar delicacies. Tired with carrying it about, this wag at length exclaimed, "Wife, I wish all these devilled things were at 'the devil'!" We presume that a long railway journey becomes after a time so depressing that the passengers are amused by jokes which would hardly pass muster in the Tichborne trial. We cannot think of a stronger comparison to express utter inanity. We may set by the side of this gem a brilliant remark of the lady who writes under the name of Grace Greenwood. The Californian mountains, it seems, have a great abundance of brightly coloured flowers, many of which are yellow. When this phenomenon was brought under her notice, Grace Greenwood "prettily said" that it was to let us know that there was yellow gold under them. We have the misfortune not to be acquainted with this lady's writings; but we venture to hope that this is not a fair specimen of her talent. Perhaps it is rather a proof that when literary lions, even of a moderate variety, are travelling in a remote country, they must expect to have their smallest sayings diligently collected and repeated for the benefit of an admiring world.

However, it is time to say that the book has its merits. Mr. Lester very rarely indulges in those little outbursts of wit and humour; and, on the other hand, he gives us a plain, sensible, and straightforward account of the best method of reaching the wonders of California. The railway across the Continent has already brought the country within easy reach of the Eastern States, and even a traveller from England might get there without much trouble in three weeks. Mr. Lester is anxious that the trip should become popular. The expense of a tour from Boston and back, including visits to various parts in Nevada, Colorado, and Utah, is put by him at about one thousand two hundred dollars. Adding the expense of two transits of the Atlantic, we may suppose that an Englishman could visit California for some three hundred pounds. The expense is enough to deter the great bulk of tourists, but it is certainly not extravagant, considering the distance to be traversed. Mr. Lester points out that the trip has for Americans and Englishmen the great advantage of requiring

* *The Atlantic to the Pacific*. By John Erastus Lester. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

no knowledge of language; and he thinks that Americans at least would be "far better pleased and much more instructed" by visiting their own country than by going abroad. It is not for us to say what would most please them. As for instruction, we admit that the ordinary American tourist who comes to Europe with a total incapacity for putting together even two words of French probably receives as little intellectual improvement as if he had stayed at home. Perhaps, indeed, it is as well that Americans should sometimes prefer a trip which teaches them that other countries are tolerable to a trip which chiefly impresses them with the extraordinary size of their own country, an impression which is not unfrequently superfluous.

It is impossible, however, to lay down any general rule in such matters. Some people travel for repose, and others because they enjoy constant bustle and motion; some like art, and others prefer scenery; and each variety has something to say for itself. We have no doubt, however, that many tastes may be gratified by a visit to California. In many respects, as everybody knows, it is amongst the most characteristic and interesting of the States. The climate, the population, and the natural features of the scenery have all marked peculiarities which may attract an intelligent observer. The attraction, however, upon which Mr. Lester dwells at greatest length is the wonderful Yosemite Valley. It is creditable to the United States Government that this and two or three other districts have been set apart as public parks, and are thus to be preserved in their natural wildness for the benefit of future generations. The Yellowstone Valley, which is another of these parks, seems to be destined to outshine even the Yosemite. There is one water-fall three hundred and fifty feet high, and there are other rapids and cascades equal to those of Niagara. There is a lake twenty-five miles in length, at a height of over eight thousand feet above the sea, which is so warmed by the hot springs that it does not freeze in winter. Then there are innumerable geysers of all shapes and sizes which entirely eclipse our old friends in Iceland. At present, unfortunately, this "place of public resort and recreation," as it is called in the Act of Congress, is only accessible to people prepared to encounter the hardships of a rough frontier life. Doubtless it will be in time a superb place of recreation; and the descendants of the present generation of Americans may be thankful to their forefathers for having looked so far into the future for the security of the public interests. Mr. Lester did not visit this extraordinary region, but he gives us a full account of the most familiar wonders of the Yosemite. The name, we may observe in passing, is said to be properly *Yo-ham-e-ta*, which means "grizzly bear" in the language of the former inhabitants. We accept the etymology, though our faith in Mr. Lester's authority is slightly diminished when he tells us that the name of Calistoga is obviously derived from "*calis*, 'hot,' and *toga*, 'a garment,' on account of its sulphur springs. Why a place should be called hot garment—assuming that to have been the meaning of the gentleman who invented the name—because it possessed sulphur springs we do not precisely see. To return, however, to the Yosemite, it is news to us to find that it was discovered by white men in the course of some Indian warfare so early as 1850. Excursions began in 1856, and there are now several hotels, on the merits of which Mr. Lester discourses as naturally as though the country had been settled in the days of Columbus. Most of them, we are glad to say, appear to be tolerably good, and the difficulties of a visit, which are daily diminishing, are insufficient to repel any tolerably active lady or gentleman.

The wonders of this district, the big trees, the perpendicular cliffs, and the extraordinary falls have become notorious; the Alpine Club will be glad to hear that there is still a peak in this region which is pronounced to be "perfectly inaccessible to man," though we regret to add that it is little more than eight thousand feet above the sea; and, in short, the Yosemite Valley will soon be one of those wonders which no man has a right to die without having visited. One curious testimony to its merits is given by the history of Mr. J. O. Lanmont. He was engaged in mining in 1859, and, being drawn to the place by the wonderful accounts which he heard, found it so charming that he built a house there within the next year or two, and has never since quitted the place. For several years he passed the winter there in absolute solitude, and declared that the scenery was so grand and everchanging that he never found it dull. For two years he had the occasional company of another hermit, one James Wilmer, who had been driven from New York by domestic troubles, and found a tolerably secure refuge in the wilderness. Unluckily Wilmer was not even then beyond the reach of the post, and when letters came from his friends he would grow very low-spirited. Finally he seems to have drowned himself, a victim to family troubles or to the perfection of the American postal system. Still another inhabitant of a similar kind is John Muir, "the scholar and enthusiast." He, too, was so much struck with the grandeur of the place that he went home, closed his business, and returned to take up his permanent residence in the valley, where he has now "been reading the book of nature for three years." Mr. Muir is a geologist, and apparently maintains the doctrine, which has still rather a startling sound, that the tremendous gorge of the Yosemite was ploughed out by a glacier. Not to dwell upon this, however, it is certainly curious to find so strong a proof of the influence of this wonderful scenery.

We must confess that the accounts which we have generally read of this district have impressed us rather with a sense of

strangeness than of beauty. Perhaps this is simply the fault of the describers; and indeed we have remarked a similar peculiarity in the descriptions of Niagara. It is so much easier to say how many tons of water fall for how many feet than to describe a poetical impression, that the really exquisite beauty of the great waterfall is generally passed over to give a merely engineering account of its magnitude. Perhaps, on the same principle, the height and the strange formation of the Yosemite cliffs have blinded people to their true charm. Something, too, must be allowed for that uncomfortable sense of rawness which of necessity pervades even the wilder scenery of a new country. In the Alps we admire savage rock and ice; but then we are always conscious of human life in the background. Nobody can say how much the charm of Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau would be destroyed were it not for the chalets and the villages which cluster around their feet, and the network of paths which everywhere speak of human industry. The mountains are, so to speak, clothed with a web of associations which could not be stripped off without making their savagery too stern for æsthetic pleasure. Now in America the civilization which breaks the painful sense of solitude has not yet had time to harmonize itself with the scenery. It is plain from Mr. Lester's account that the hotels which receive travellers in the Yosemite Valley are merely repetitions on a small scale of the type of inn which prevails from New York to San Francisco. The true mountaineer does not exist; though a certain number of prosaic Yankees manage to force the mountains into their service. And all this leaves rather a blank impression upon the imagination, as though that quarter of the world were still imperfectly finished, and the mountains themselves more or less in the condition of Hundred-and-First Street in an American chessboard town. We should almost expect to find that lichens had not yet had time to grow upon the rocks, and, were it not for the giant trees, that the slopes of the hills were still unplanted. Of course this is more or less a fallacious view, and is perhaps connected with the fact that as yet California is more connected in our minds with florid oaths and strange miners' slang than with any indigenous literature. In the last respect it is beginning to show a few growths of some promise; and in time we feel that the country will be properly aired, and the mountain ranges fitted to cradle a poetical imagination. Meanwhile we receive much consolation from the cases of Messrs. Lamont and Muir. A Yankee hermit, and a hermit from a pure love of natural beauty, is rather a new idea to us; though Mr. Emerson's friend Thoreau may be said to be a case in point. But the valley which has exercised so magnetic an influence over these two enthusiasts must be a distinguished valley in its way; and we do not know that such a testimony to its merits is not even more conclusive than the death of a dozen tourists in the attempt to scale the inaccessible peak.

PILLARS OF THE HOUSE.*

SINCE the days when one man sat down to write the lives of the Seven Champions of Christendom, and to write them all in one book, we doubt whether there has been any writer whose daring equals that of the accomplished author of the *Heir of Redclyffe*. Nay, she is bolder even than that great ecclesiastical historian, who must be a man so much after her own heart; for he kept the life of each of his saintly heroes quite distinct, while she blends all her lives together. He moreover knew but of seven heroes, while she sings of a baker's dozen. We should find perhaps an apter comparison if we likened her rather to some great whip who, as he drove a long and restless team, could yet keep them all well in hand and each in his own place, or to an Esquimaux driving his pack of a dozen dogs, who, in spite of all their varied tricks, could yet keep them and their harness from getting into the least tangle. She does indeed now and then get a little confused with the numbers she has in hand, as, for instance, early in the first volume, when she says there "were perched numbers 4, 6, 7, and 8, to wit, Edgar, Clement, Fulbert, and Lancelot, all three (*sic*) handsome, blue-eyed, fair-faced lads"; and again, later on, where she says that "the five (*sic*) moved off—Polix and Alice, Angel in Wilmet's hand, and Lance's and Robina's tongues wagging so fast," &c. Can it be that she has fallen into somewhat the same confusion about the volumes of her novel as she has on these occasions about the number of the children, and that she fancies that she has written only three volumes and not four? She is aware that her reader, as well as herself, is likely to get puzzled with her thirteen heroes and heroines, and the corresponding heroines and heroes with whom they are bound to fall in love, and so she is considerate enough early in the story to give the following extract from the family Bible:—

Edward Fulbert Underwood married August 1st, 1837—Mary Wilmet Underwood.

Felix Chester	born July 3rd, 1838.
Wilmet Ursula	" Aug. 11th, 1839.
Aida Mary	" Oct. 6th, 1840.
Thomas Edgar	" Oct. 25th, 1841.
Geraldine	" Nov. 23rd, 1842.
Edward Clement	" Jan. 9th, 1844.
Fulbert James	" May 16, 1846.
Lancelot Oswald	" Feb. 20, 1848.
Robina Elizabeth	" Sept. 27th, 1851.
Angela Margaret	" Dec. 1st, 1852.
Bernard	" Jan. 6th, 1854.
Stella Eulora	"
Theodore Benjamin	"

* *The Pillars of the House; or, Under Woods, Under Rocks.* By Charlotte M. Yonge, Author of the "*Heir of Redclyffe*," &c. 4 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

Our readers will observe with satisfaction that the twins are born so late that, though Stella Eudora might by this time have gone through a good deal of love-making and even got married, yet Master Theodora Benjamin, if he is still alive, may reasonably be expected to be still at college, trying rather to win a jumping-match than a lady's hand. We cannot speak with certainty, however, on these matters; for, to make a clean breast of it, we have never been able to get within even a long distance of the end of the work. Every one knows the old story of the child who by the use of some words of magic set the little porridge-pot boiling, but who could not stop it when it had boiled as much as she wanted. The porridge flowed on and on, filling first the room and then the house, till at last it spread out into the street, a stream *in omne volubilis ævum*, or at all events till it was choked by words as magical as those which gave it its start. Will Miss Yonge forgive us if we state that, as we met her staid and even flow of wholesome words, of which we could see no end, we began to think that we must have much the same feelings as those who had to meet the no less steady and even flow of porridge? We had this advantage over them, to be sure, that our reason taught us that our imagination was wrong when it pictured to us that of this flood there was no end. We knew that there were four volumes, and not five, and a 1220th but not a 1221st page. We knew that, though each page was closely printed, there were not so many as 47,000 lines in the whole book; and that, though each page was broad, our eye would fall short of travelling along three miles of type by some furlong or two. We knew that these four volumes did not contain more words than about one hundred Low Church, one hundred and fifty Broad Church, or two hundred High Church sermons; and yet we could not have anything more than a cold, unpractical faith that we should ever reach the last word of the last page. When we sat down before the four volumes we felt as bewildered as the countryman who in the squire's kitchen had the whole cheese set before him, and felt that he was in duty bound to get all through it. His appetite was good, and so we hope was ours, for the course of novel-reading which had of late been forced upon us was such as to render a change to simple and moral food a most agreeable one. But then a whole cheese for one countryman, and 1,220 pages for one reviewer! We remember in our college days how on a degree day, if a man was unpunctual and so left scant time for reading aloud the whole of the Thirty-nine Articles, our good-natured Dean would set him on to read the first at his utmost speed, then, just as his breath had failed, take up the second himself with all the vigour of a fresh pair of lungs. The two would thus get through the whole Thirty-nine with ease and comfort to themselves, as well as with great rapidity, just as two travellers got over a long road on what is called the ride-and-tie method. We should have done wisely if we had gone through the story before us on some such principle. We should have called in the aid of some brother reviewer, and, while one read, the other should have enjoyed that peaceful sleep which is so often the reward and the accompaniment of good reading. He who read should read holding the book in his hands, so that as he fell asleep the fall of the book might rouse up his friend from the long nap that he had enjoyed. It might, at first thought, seem that the same noise would awake both; but on experience it has been found that it takes a much louder noise to rouse a man at the beginning than towards the close of a sleep that is the result of virtue. We did not, however, think of this ingenious plan till it was too late to put it into execution, and what we have read we have read alone and unaided.

The Pillars of the House who give the title to Miss Yonge's story are some of the children with the strange names which are given in the first page of the family Bible. Whether by the end of the story all the children have grown up into being pillars, or whether some that were pillars have become but broken columns, we do not know. The two chief pillars of the first part of the work are Felix and Wilmet. Wilmet is an admirable girl, though whether more admirable than if she had been christened Mary or Jane or some other familiar name we do not know. (Charles Lamb, on the death of the last of his friends who knew him as a boy, sadly wrote, "There is no one left to call me Charlie now.") There will in another generation or two be no one left to be called Charlie; for no parent who has a proper regard to his children's interests will expose them to constant vexation, if not to ruin, by giving them those common names which have done so well up to the present day. By the early death of both their parents Felix and Wilmet have thrown upon them the care of Alda, Edgar, Geraldine, Clement, Fulbert, Lancelot, Robina, Angela, Bernard, Stella, and Theodore. It was a case surely in which the protection of the Court of Chancery should have been claimed. The children should have at once been made wards, and a decree should have been issued that Alda, Edgar, Clement, Fulbert, Robina, Angela, and Theodore should henceforth be known under their second names as Molly, Tom, Ned, Jim, Betty, Maggie, and Ben. Felix, Wilmet, Geraldine, Bernard, and Stella were beyond all help, as they either had no second names, or else the second names they had were as romantic as the first. They, however, might have been made to die that devotional death in which the author of the *Heir of Redclyffe* so much excels, at convenient intervals through the four volumes, while their commonplace brothers and sisters might have made or married fortunes. We must do Miss Yonge, however, the justice to admit that, so far as we have read—and we read for many long hours—all the children were alive, though two were in that delicate state of health which makes the reader almost as anxious as the doctor or the parent. Felix and Wilmet are at first aided in their care of the younger children by Mr.

Audley, a High Church curate. When we left him he was a missionary in the Southern Seas. If Miss Yonge has been able to resist the temptation of making a martyr of him, he has doubtless returned long ago, and married one of the baker's dozen. They have also a rich uncle with an only daughter. We have very soon a presentiment that Felix will inherit from him all the ancestral estates of the Underwoods, though how it is to be brought about we do not know, for they are entailed, and he is in love, but not with the heiress. She is far too strong and with far too much common sense to be killed off in a consumption, and she is not interesting enough to become a Sister of Mercy. She is, however, fond of riding, and so perhaps she breaks her neck. But of the plot, as we know next to nothing, so we must not venture to speak. When thirteen children have each to be described at length, and each moved up year by year, a plot does not advance very rapidly. Miss Yonge's paintings of child-life have certainly great merits, but to our mind as certainly great faults. If, as we fear is the case, children with such high-wrought feelings as she describes, really exist, she should hold them up as examples of a most mistaken and mischievous training. Mr. Caxton, in Lord Lytton's novel, sends his son to school to be made a fool of. Some of these saint-like children almost need to be sent somewhere to be made little sinners of. Not that Miss Yonge by any means paints thirteen saints; on the contrary, many of the children have faults enough; but about their penitence over their failings there is an exaggeration at times which we do not like. With the strange morbid restlessness which is so strong a mark of the present time, we would rather bring up children on the stories written in days when men were less self-conscious than on those which are now written for them.

We much regret, moreover, that Miss Yonge should bring so much of the slang of schoolboys into her books. In the systematic education of our children we leave English almost altogether to take care of itself; and, not content with thus neglecting it, in the story-books we place in their hands we too often do our best to teach them the silliest English possible. Miss Yonge's pages have a good deal of this schoolboy slang, and very dull it tends to make them. Our English writers would not do amiss if they were to take example from one of the South African tribes whom the missionaries have gone forth to convert. Livingstone in his *Travels* says of them, "Their language both rich and poor speak correctly; there is no vulgar style, but children have a patois of their own, using many words in their play which men would scorn to repeat." We have something to learn even from the unconverted and untutored mind of the savage. When Miss Yonge introduces into her book such expressions as "I'm glad you are going to get shut of me," or "Isn't it a horrid sell," or "They'll be as jolly dirty again directly," and the rest, does she not run some risk, through that strange association of ideas on which Mr. Shandy had so much to say, of making those admirable religious precepts which she constantly inculcates always raise up in the mind, when they are inculcated afresh, a notion of bad English? There would be this further advantage to her works in keeping slang out—that, unless something came in to fill up its place, they would be all the shorter. Nothing is wanted but a judicious Sanson among these "Pillars of the House" to make them most interesting. They would be greatly improved by a good deal of pulling down. We would undertake with no more literary appliances than a good stock of Indian-ink and a paint-brush to make Miss Yonge's story a very good book indeed. We would not put in a single word of our own, but we would daub out at least three-fourths of what she has written. We doubt, however, whether we would turn Herod and begin by a massacre of the babes; for after all Miss Yonge is true to nature when she makes a poor curate the father of thirteen. It would be sufficient to cut out such passages as the following, with all their potty details, which, with the equally petty talk, go so far to swell out this story to its vast size:—

Meantime Wilmet conducted the toilette of the two little children, and gave the assistance that Cherry needed, as well as discharging some of the lighter tasks of the housemaid; leaving the heavier ones to Sibby and Martha, a stout, willing, strong young woman, whom Sister Constance had happily found for them, and who was disqualified, by a loutish manner and horrible squint, from the places to which her capabilities might have raised her.

Then Wilmet helped her sister downstairs, and a visit was paid to the mother and the twins, who were Sibby's charge for the night. Mrs. Underwood was still in the same state. It was indeed possible to rouse her, but at the expense of much suffering and excitement; and in general, she was merely tender, placid, and content, mechanically busied about her babies, and responding to what was said, but entirely incapable of any exertion of body, and as inactive in mind as in limb. Wilmet attended to her while Sibby went to her breakfast, returning with that of her mistress in time to send Wilmet down to provide at the family meal, a genuine Irish dish of strab-out—for which all had inherited a taste from their father's Irish mother. Only Cherry was too delicate for such food, and was rather ashamed of her cup of tea and slice of bread.

Miss Yonge has done a great deal of good literary work. We are not sure, however, that she could find a better occupation for the rest of her life than to set about steadily compressing all that she has written. If it is too much to ask her to give up what is called original composition altogether, might she not devote each Lent to a ruthless cutting down of her old stories? The exercise, unlike many other exercises of mortification, would not only be beneficial to herself, but also to countless others. The paper manufacturers alone would have reason to complain, and possibly also the dealers in waste paper, for both would look upon such a penance as an act in restraint of trade. On the other hand, she would earn the gratitude of every one else, from the child whom she hopes to please to the critic whom she rarely fails to weary.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH'S PLUTARCH.*

THERE is no depreciated ancient who more deserves rehabilitating than Plutarch; and there could scarcely be a modern scholar more fitted for the task than Archbishop Trench. Both are optimists in the tone of their writings. The characteristic of the old biographer and sage of Chæroneia was to "hope all things," and to see the good and noble amidst the congeries of mixed elements in a worn-out Paganism. The kindly student-prelate of our own age is too charitable to overlook in Plutarch the glimpses of truth which may have made him, in spite of himself, an unconscious pioneer of the Gospel; and he does full justice to a philosophy so right-aiming, and so far in advance of Pagan philosophies in general, that

Si Pergama dextrâ
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.

The Archbishop has also realized the fact that, though Plutarch's name is a household word with us as the model of biographers, inasmuch that (to give a single example) a collection of biographies of Welsh worthies is called the "Cambrian Plutarch"; though his *Parallel Lives* are called by Madame Roland "la pâture des grandes âmes," and Montaigne could say of them "It is our breviary"; though, too, his "Morals" have supplied hints for the Christian pulpit from the days of Basil the Great to those of Jeremy Taylor, still Plutarch has fallen from his pedestal in the present age. At the causes of this he does not hint, though they do not seem to us far to seek. The multiplication of books militates against the deliberate mastering of a voluminous author such as Plutarch; and those who supply the mince-meat pabulum which suffices for modern tastes easily find material of more manageable dimensions. The *Parallel Lives* are, indeed, if we except the Teubner text, to be found in their least bulky form in the four octavo volumes of Sintenis; and the reader of English translations has to choose between the tomes of the Langhorne and the racy old English folio of Sir Thomas North, which is itself a distillation of the French of Amyot. As good a taste of these *Lives* as can be got in a handy form is to be found in the little volumes which George Long translated for Charles Knight's series. The "Morals" are even of more cumbersome dimensions, Wytenbach's incomplete edition filling eight quarto or fifteen octavo volumes, and Didot's modern and comparatively handy edition two bulky crown octavos of the *Scriptorum Græcorum Bibliotheca* series. Separate treatises have been, no doubt, translated at various times; but it is obvious that the quantity of ground to be got over has stood in the way of modern familiarity with Plutarch's "Morals"; though, when books were less plentiful than at present, it is quite conceivable that Philemon Holland's folio translation was as delightful reading, or nearly so, as North's *Parallel Lives* which appeared a quarter of a century earlier. Under these circumstances it is perhaps hardly to be expected that students should have at their fingers' ends even the title of so vast an amount of matter, especially as there is no call for it in the University examinations; yet not the less would such an acquisition be of great value to the writer of biography or to the moral philosopher, for the hints it affords as to the kind of matter and manner likeliest to be popular in all time. We are not without a hope that Dr. Trench's delightful pilot volume, which seems as if it were an "Ancient Classic for English readers" that had slipt its moorings, will call back many whose Greek is not rusty to the Plutarch who is slumbering on their shelves, and many more who are more at home in the pure well of English undefiled to the choice volumes of North and Holland, wherein, as the Archbishop points out, there is both the intrinsic merit of good translation and the more extrinsic charm of curiosity of style and language.

The little that can be gleaned from Plutarch's gossiping references to himself and his surroundings in his "Symposiaca," or "Table-Talk," and elsewhere, has served the purpose of an autobiography without its tediousness, and this little has been gathered up and commented on by the Archbishop of Dublin. He sets down Plutarch's birth at about 50 A.D., and shows how a student life in his early years, under Ammonius at Athens, and two subsequent visits to Rome on political and philosophical errands, varied the monotony and enlarged the experience of a life begun in Chæroneia, a sleepy little Boeotian town in Plutarch's day, though once and again in former times "the dancing-plot of Mars." At Rome in Vespasian's day, and again in that of Domitian, Plutarch mixed with the most cultivated and literary Romans; and, under the last-named Emperor, whose malignant star does not seem to have fatally influenced either society or literature, he counted among his intimates Fundanus and Senecio, two of the correspondents of the younger Pliny. A curious fact brought out by the Archbishop is that, in spite of this intimacy—in spite, too, of a close connexion as a philosophical lecturer with the best Romans of the period—Plutarch never so much as alludes to any Roman poet, except once to Horace, and does not seem to have any further acquaintance with Cicero's philosophic writings, though these were in his line, than might have been got from Tiro's life of his master. The fact is, his Latin, acquired late in life, was of the scantiest, and there was the less need that it should be otherwise, because Greek, in which he revised and expanded his ethical treatises from notes of lectures, was a very much more familiar language to every educated Roman in his day than Latin is now to nine-tenths of the students at

an English University. In like manner Plutarch seems to have been utterly ignorant of the name of Christianity as a sect, though, as Dr. Trench says, it was "everywhere in the air," and he must have come across its churches in Greece, Macedonia, and Asia Minor, as well as at Rome. The supposed recognition of it in his "precepts on wedlock," where a wife is enjoined to honour her husband's gods, "shutting the door to all superfluous worships and foreign superstitions" (ἵναὶ δὲ δεισιμασιῶν), appears—especially when we remember St. Paul's use of *διδασκαλιστῆρος* to the Athenians—to apply to added heathen rites and worships rather than to Christianity, even though as seen by Pagan eyes. Probably he counted it, if he had any slight inkling of its existence, as only an unimportant phase of Judaism; and his incuriousness is of a piece, it seems to us, with his indifference to a mastery of Latin, and argues a steadfast concentration of his mind on his main life-purpose—the inculcation of high-toned yet practical ethics, and of a philosophy teaching by examples. Of the period which Plutarch and his fellow-workers redeemed from its darkness Dr. Trench eloquently writes:—

The ancient virtues were not wholly dead. The old religion could still wake up a passionate devotion in the hearts of its votaries. Philosophy could still make good her claims to assist those who submitted to her teaching in the right ordering of their lives. There went forth everywhere the teachers of a morality larger and purer than the heathen world had yet produced, Greek literature itself partaking in the revival, and enjoying in Plutarch and Lucian, the several representatives of faith and unbelief, in Arrian, in Epictetus, in Musonius, and in Dio Chrysostom a kind of later and Maritimus summer of its own.

It is, however, in private and social life that Plutarch shines especially, and that we most begrudge him to the Paganism which he adorned. His cheerful fulfilment of petty municipal offices, as being a citizen's duty; his family life graced by fraternal affection, and ennobled by a deep sense of the sanctity of marriage; his refreshing tours to this or that quarter of his fatherland, to realize the scenery of his famous dramas of biography; his pleasant gatherings of friends like-minded with himself for table-talk at home or at the sea-side, and his declining years sustained by heavenly hope and high humility, afford a charming portrait of a heathen at his very best; and we can but echo the Archbishop's astonishment that more has not been made of the "Symposiaca," where these characteristics are chiefly discoverable, in depicting the social life of Greece and Rome at that particular period. They would repay, withal, a closer search for the bons-mots and repartees to which no age is indifferent; such as that of Vespasian, when, to pay off Mestrius Florus, a consular archæologist, for admonishing him not to say "plostra," but "plaustra," he greeted him next day as Mestrius Flauros, "πλαῖρος" being an Attic form of *πλοῦτος*, i.e. good-for-nothing. It deserves to be known that it is Plutarch who enables us to trace to Philip of Macedonia the authorship of that circumlocution for "downrightness of speech" which has experienced a modern revival—"calling a spade a spade"; and we may add that among Plutarch's "Morals" are no small contributions to the lore of adage, apophthegm, and anecdote which we inherit from the ancients.

Very interesting is the key which Dr. Trench supplies to the aim and object of Plutarch in the work for which he is most famous. At the same time that he sought benefit to himself from the task as it grew upon his hands, his chief purpose was a patriotic desire to show what living Greece had been in its prime, and how well entitled it was to match with the best of Rome's later breed; and this, too, without partiality in his comparisons. He may have hoped by such parallelism to raise the sadly degraded tone of his contemporary compatriots, and to revive the race of Greeks which had degenerated into Grecklings; and it must be ever borne in mind, in the perusal of these *Lives*, that vivid moral portraiture, the ethical rather than the political aspect of the men he pits against each other, is the scope and purpose of his parallels. The chief faults laid at Plutarch's door are explicable and excusable, if this purpose is borne in mind. He was not critical, like Thucydides or Polybius—still less so if tried by the standard of modern writers of history—but his inaccuracies are comparatively unimportant if this ethical purpose is sufficiently recognized; and it is seldom that he can be convicted of such doubtless undesigned injustice as Mr. Grote brings home to him, touching the imputation of corruption and a vicious appetite for popularity to Pericles. The charge is disproved by the language of Thucydides, a contemporary (Thuc. II. 65, cf. Grote, *H. G.* vi. pp. 234-7). And even in this case we have an answer to another of the charges brought against Plutarch, that his summings-up are generally in favour of his own nation—an accusation which, had it been deserved, would have shown that at least he did not curry favour with the dominant race, but which is disproved by the fairness with which in the main he holds the balance. He deserves in truth the verdict of Dean Merivale, that in his fair and friendly comparison there is "no word of subservience or flattery, of scorn or vanity, of humiliation or triumph, to mark the position of the writer in the face of his Roman rulers." A minor charge of his traducers is that he was too ready to gloss over and half condone the faults of his heroes, but we think the only sense in which this is true is that charity dictated his judgments. As a moralist who saw how mixed a character man is, he made the best of what was good, and passed the worse part over lightly, "in reverent shame to the mere frailty of man's nature, which cannot bring forth a man of such virtue and perfection but there is ever some imperfection in him" (*Cimon*, 2).

The citation of these last words from North's Plutarch

* *Plutarch; his Life, his Lives, and his Morals. Four Lectures.* By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

leads us to glance, though it must be briefly, at Shakespeare's indebtedness to that sound old English translator. This is most clearly defined by Dr. Trench. Not only did our great dramatist, here and there, as in the transference of Cleopatra's death to his play, rest content with adding nothing to the grand account of Plutarch as he found it in North—a contentment which is most notable in almost the whole of *Julius Cæsar*—but elsewhere, as in the funeral oration by Mark Antony (see Dr. Trench, p. 55), he expands a graphic touch of the biographer into a piece of dramatic pleading; and in all his loans from Plutarch or his translator he displays tact and appreciativeness of the very rarest kind. A signal instance of this is the fine passage beginning with "Towards die many times before their deaths," if we compare it with the hint of Plutarch in his *Life of Julius Cæsar*, out of which it grew. We are not concerned to examine Archbishop Trench's canon about plagiarism, which might be taken to justify one law for the rich and another for the poor in literary power and gifts; but it is beyond a doubt that, "had not Plutarch written," the *Lives of Coriolanus, Cæsar, and Antony*, Shakespeare's three great Roman plays "would never have existed, or would have existed in forms altogether different from those in which they now appear." Dr. Trench shows in the latter part of his second lecture that Milton too is indebted, probably directly, to Plutarch; and that our contemporary Mr. Browning has borrowed the framework of *Balanian* from the *Nicias* of Plutarch. On the general question of Plutarch's often-cavassed biographies we cannot cite a fairer criticism than that of the veteran George Long, who, in the *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography*, thus writes:—"The reflections of Plutarch are neither important nor trifling; his sound good sense is always there; his honest purpose is transparent; his love of humanity warms the whole. His work is and will remain, in spite of plodding collectors of facts and small critics, the book of those who can nobly think, and dare, and do. It is the book of all ages, for the same reason that good portraiture is the painting of all time; for the human face and the human character are over the same. It is a mirror in which all men may look at themselves."

Little space remains for noticing how much Archbishop Trench has done in these lectures in illustration of Plutarch's less known but not less important "ethical works"; which, as he puts it, set forth the accomplishments of the ancient world in the field of thought, just as the "*Lives*," from ideal points of view, exhibit what it accomplished in the world of action. These are to be read in English chiefly in the rare folio of *Philemon Holland*, as to the interest of which we had rather err with Southey than be right with Pope. Dr. Trench admirably explains the *raison d'être* of these moral treatises—namely, the craving for spiritual direction in Plutarch's day, which the lecture-room had to satisfy in the absence of the pulpit. A practical rather than a creative or abstract thinker, a philosopher who had little bias towards speculative refinements, and who, while he ridiculed the absurdities of the Stoic Porch, could not tolerate the Epicurean pessimism and inaction and belief in the Divine indifference, Plutarch was indeed, as far as his light allowed, a striver after truth, and a manful worker in the field of duty. As such he is exhibited by the internal evidence of many of his treatises, which inculcate the soundest and wisest lessons on "resistance of small temptations," on "discriminating flattery from friendship," on "holding fast the mean between superstition and atheism," on "the certainty of a Divine retribution sooner or later," and other equally vital questions. In some of these he touches on difficulties and suggests solutions which are familiar, as the Archbishop notes, to our own age. To depreciation of the Oracles on the ground of the faulty verses which could never have originated with Apollo, the god of music and song,

Plutarch, or one who evidently expresses his sentiments, replies very much as at this day it is replied, that the enthusiasm, though most truly a divine afflatus and influence, yet has human souls for the sphere of its operation, and will take much of its outward form and fashion from these; that the agitation of the spirit is divine, but that much after this is human, and is the result of the varying condition of different souls, or of the same at different times.

We have left a great part of the Archbishop's interesting reflections on Plutarch and his works unnoticed; but we hope we have done somewhat to draw to them such attention on the part of the reading public as cannot fail to revive the intelligent study of Plutarch, either in the Greek or through translations.

MR. HUBERT SMITH'S TENT LIFE IN NORWAY.*

MR. HUBERT SMITH has certainly found an attractive title for his book, for there should be much to interest in life with the gipsies anywhere, and especially in Norway. We have not been in the way of associating these somewhat senuous nomads with the fjelds and the fjords, with the short summers and tremendous winters of the frozen North, and a Scandinavian Borrow who should bring his novel experiences home to England would be almost certain of a great success. Unfortunately Mr. Smith has nothing to tell us of Norwegian gipsies at all; he did not travel with them, nor did he even light upon any, although he assures us that they do exist, and although their discovery formed one of the chief objects of his ex-

pedition. His gipsies are of English breeding, and he took them over with him. Still, although his title led us to hope for more, we should have quickly forgotten our first disappointment had his gipsy party proved more interesting or entertaining. Unfortunately, as it seems to us, the three recruits he picked up in the lanes of Gloucestershire are of very commonplace types indeed, and differ from the average English tramp only in using a sprinkling of Romany words and phrases. There are a couple of brothers bearing the Scriptural names of Noah and Zachariah, with a sister who had been called, if not christened, *Emeralda*. They are all young, and the sister, although scarcely so attractive as the heroine of Victor Hugo's romance, is by no means deficient in charms, while her morals are unimpeachable. To borrow the language of Mr. Smith, there was much that was impulsive and original, much that was impassioned and sensitive in the powers of appreciation of this wild flower of nomadic life; and as it is comparatively easy to put yourself in all honour on a familiar footing with an inferior of the opposite sex, we can understand her temporary master finding her society an acquisition. But it passes our powers of conception to understand how he succeeded in making his tour tolerable, not to say enjoyable, living on the terms he did with such loutish hobbledoys as her brothers. We have heard of adventurous travellers daring or suffering a great deal for an intelligible purpose. M. Arminius Vambéry travelled in the disguise of a filthy Moslem fanatic across the burning deserts of Central Asia; and the "Amateur Casual," having previously been immersed in fetid water, passed a miserable night in a workhouse ward with the foulest company. One and the other had their rewards, as they were doubtless supported by the hope of them. But Mr. Smith, who evidently is a man of education and refinement, deliberately chooses a couple of rough undressed gipsy cubs to share his board and become his intimate companions. They appear to have nothing of the native good breeding which you often find in respectable savages, as you do in Scotch gamekeepers or Swiss guides. On the contrary, they are loud and boisterous and vulgar; they vent the exuberance of their animal spirits in all manner of uncouth grimaces and contortions; and they pour out floods of what Mr. Smith calls "chaff" on the Norwegians who are attracted by the extraordinary spectacle of a gentleman going about in such very queer company.

There are forms of roughing it which most men naturally shrink from, however "hard" they may show themselves on occasions—such, for example, as dispensing with the morning bath. We can quite understand Mr. Smith finding positive enjoyment in his rough commons, his quarters under his gipsy tent, and even the sense of endurance under the attacks of bloodthirsty mosquitoes. But we cannot comprehend his caring to mess every day with those gipsy retainers of his; the mess-tent when the weather was wet being a blanket stretched upon hoops. Setting vulgar speech and coarse manners aside altogether, we think he mentions incidentally that Noah and Zachariah had each but a single suit of clothes, while we remember that they went long marches day after day in weather alternately wet and warm. There is no accounting for taste, it is true, and it is certain Mr. Smith himself seems to have had a very happy time of it. Yet we suspect that his must be a somewhat exceptional character; we doubt whether many of his countrymen will be tempted to follow his example, and we are sure that most of them will repent if they do. He seems blessed with a bright nature and easy temper, and a knack of making the very best of everything; while at the same time he plainly delights in being the centre of admiring groups, and is incapable of imagining that anything can make him ridiculous. It was a bold thing to start for Norway in such eccentric company, carrying his camp and its contents upon asses—a quaint species of animal that is altogether unknown there. In doing this he took the most effectual means of assuring his being stared at wherever he went, and, as a matter of fact, he was more or less mobbed in the most secluded districts he visited. It would seem a doubtful pleasure at best to come in after a hard march to perform your ablutions, toilet, and cookery, and subsequently to sit down to your *al fresco* meal under the curious eyes of a little crowd of profoundly interested peasants. But to stimulate the general interests of the country and to make quite sure that the popular excitement should never flag, the party resolved itself into an ambulant Philharmonic Company. They gave concerts wherever they stopped in the evening, and often at the midday halt as well. Mr. Smith favoured the public nightly with his favourite song of the "Mocking Bird," while even on the line of march the indefatigable Zachariah beguiled the way with the strains of a flute on which he was no great proficient. Most men would have felt that their having no means of communicating with their visitors and admirers added to the awkwardness of what was in any case a trying situation. Mr. Smith seems to have been conscious of no embarrassment of the kind, although he was master of barely a dozen words of Norwegian; and, thanks to his imperturbable good humour and that of his guests, his *soirées* went off very satisfactorily. His gipsies, as we have said, were lively and talkative enough, and their grimaces and gestures were sufficiently expressive, although fortunately the Norwegians understood nothing of their speech. Mr. Smith, however, could check their spirits at the wildest—a convincing proof that he had many of the qualities of a leader. Yet when we read of his breaking off from a romp with them, or of his asking Noah, "as he woke up rather wild," what he would take for his shirt-front of dirty paper, we cannot help thinking that master and followers were in a somewhat false position; and we

* *Tent Life with English Gipsies in Norway.* By Hubert Smith, Member of the English Alpine Club, &c. Henry S. King & Co. London: 1873.

do not wonder that occasionally he had to back up his words with a blow. Mr. Smith will object that we are pigs and unfitted to appreciate the pleasures of a gipsy life. Yet we can hardly sympathize with that stern rule of his small camp which forbade altogether the use of tobacco, or of stimulants, except as medicine. As to the stimulants we say nothing, although it must have been painfully tantalizing to the unlucky gipsies to see their master offering the brandy he denied them to every stranger who visited the camp. But we think it says much for Noah that he did not break out into open mutiny when his tobacco was stopped of a sudden without the semblance of a reason while he was living a life of exposure in the open air, and had neither his master's macintosh nor changes of raiment. The more so that Mr. Smith seems to be a smoker himself when he lives in cities; at all events, he carried cigars about with him, and was as hospitably liberal of them as of cognac. There is another point on which Mr. Smith stands upon the proprieties in a manner that is oddly at variance with his way of travelling and the easy freedom of his camp life. He is so deeply penetrated with a sense of the dignity of authorship that he invariably speaks of himself in that plural number which custom and convenience compel the journalist to assume. The practice sometimes becomes ludicrous, as when he writes of being asked whether "We" had brought our wife with us, as if he and his party had been members of that Indian tribe where woman is indulged with a plurality of husbands.

Mr. Smith's method of travel was this. He slept in a tent made of a couple of blankets stitched together, stretched over a stout ridge pole supported on pilant hoops. Dispensing with a regular bed, he lay on a waterproof and under a blanket. His table-service was naturally of the simplest; a kettle slung from an iron prop played the chief part in his *batterie de cuisine*. His travelling commissariat comprised Australian and other potted meats, hams, cheeses, rice, flour, biscuits, &c., and, above all, tea. For the rest the party depended on the trout which the gipsies caught occasionally, on a purchase of fresh or salted meat at rare intervals, and on the milk, eggs, and *fladbrød* which they could procure almost everywhere at the farmhouses. We cannot say that they lived well, and we are painfully impressed with the monotony of the *menus* that are recorded with such conscientious fidelity. A squatter in the Australian bush may content himself day after day with the eternal mutton, tea, and damper, for obvious reasons. But we cannot, for our part, see why Mr. Smith should have wasted a fine appetite on a diet that was almost as little varied, when he might often have sat down to an excellent meal at the very station-house where he bought his bread. No doubt his plan of life had its advantages and its pleasures. There was a sense of great independence, although that of privacy was wanting; you could stop very much where you pleased, for you had seldom to wander long in search of eligible camping ground; you had never to trouble yourself about *forbuds*, higgie over fresh horses for your carriages, or scramble for beds at the night quarters. But the absence of these worries was perfectly compatible with the enjoyment of the blessings which Providence throw in your way, and nothing but unusual consistency of principle could have enabled Mr. Smith to stick to his tent and his gipsies through the long wet days when there were rooms with roofs and windows to be hired anywhere in the neighbourhood. He does not even convince us that the life his party led was a particularly healthy one, although he never ceases to affirm it with the assurance of complete conviction. "Bronzed by exposure to the hot Norwegian sun," he exclaims enthusiastically, "hardened by rough, spare diet, and continual travel through all weather, ours was indeed a life of health, freedom, and pleasure." As for the health, in spite of citric acid served out as a substitute for vegetables and other anti-scorbutics, the spare diet brought the skins of the gipsies into such fearful condition that they could hardly have suffered more severely from mosquitoes had their blood been poisoned on the West Coast of Africa; and poor Emeralda in particular was always lamentably bilious if ever a day went by without its ordinary exercise. The pleasure, too, appears to have been often somewhat problematical. We may quote an example of that unflinching optimism of Mr. Smith's which set disagreeable realities at defiance, and steadily resolved to find enjoyment in everything:—"Notwithstanding our tent was pitched on the only available spot, consisting of loose angular stones, in spite of midges and mosquitoes, we were soon sound asleep. The English gipsies in Norway were long past that deplorable state of modern effeminacy when you are unable to sleep comfortably on a gorse bush with a bundle of thorns for a pillow." We are inclined to envy and admire the effects of a month's training, but envy and admiration vanish alike as we read in the very next sentence, "It had thundered and lightened and rained heavily in the night. We were all fearfully bitten with mosquitoes. Noah had been unable to sleep. Emeralda not much better. Mephistopheles (Zachariah) slept the best."

The most interesting part of the bulky volume is that which relates to their return southwards from Vehlunsmoes, the extreme point of their northern journey. It describes the ascent of the Galdhøppigen, the loftiest mountain in Norway, and a route by lofty fields which are but little frequented, along paths which would often have been perilous to any but good mountaineers. As it was, it was no light matter to force the donkeys across the frail wooden bridges fenced with light hand-rails that are often swung across ugly-looking chasms. The animals would hang back, even when they had been disencumbered of their loads, and hauling them over by ropes of bark ingeniously ad-

justed so as to secure the maximum strength of draught could hardly have been either safe or easy. Thanks, however, to pluck and cheerfulness, and the assistance and advice of an excellent Norwegian guide, man and beast arrived in safety at their destination. All this would have made the book more agreeable reading than it is, had it not been for a want of literary art and an absence of all sense of proportion. Mr. Smith makes just as much of such thrilling incidents as dropping a halter on the road or presenting a friendly peasant with an empty sardine tin, as he does of crossing the glacier of the Galdhøppigen or admiring the fall of the Morkia from the brink of a slippery slope with a rope tied round his middle. Indeed his diary gives us the idea of having been reprinted very much as it was written, and of each day's portion having been written as if it alone might possibly survive. Not only is the daily life that repeated itself with such regularity conscientiously chronicled, down to the minutest details of the meal, but time after time moral, ethnological, and psychological reflections are repeated in almost identical language, as if they had just occurred to the author, and must be entirely new to the reader. Yet with all its sins of omission in regard to that gipsy life which, as we fondly believed, was to give it its special interest, and with all those reiterations with which we could so well dispense, there is something about the volume that makes it very readable after all. Mr. Smith is so frank with us that we cannot help liking him; and his perfect frankness, with his fondness for detailed description, gives an individuality to the other members of his party that makes us follow their fortunes, commonplace as they are, with a certain interest. He might have imparted all the information he gives us in a tenth part of the space; and yet, had he done so, we doubt whether we should have liked his book the better, and we are sure we should have missed much that has amused us. Nor can we take leave of it without remarking that the sketches with which its pages are profusely illustrated are all lifelike, and many of them extremely spirited.

A VAGABOND HEROINE.*

MRS. EDWARDES made a good hit with *Archie Lovell*. An innocent Bohemian, horribly unconventional but not immoral, a tomboy with the potentialities of a charming womanhood when the time came for development, made a fresh kind of character that told well; but *A Vagabond Heroine* simply repeats and exaggerates this original idea, and spoils it. Belinda O'Shea, the vagabond in question, has none of the naive charm that belonged to her prototype, and is infinitely more disreputable. She is over-drawn on more points than one, and it seems to us that, to be true to nature, she should have been made either a trifle less uncivilized or more corrupt. She is a young girl of seventeen, who "knocks about the world" practically alone and unguarded, save for the not too sufficient defence of an old Spanish hound, and the care of a so-called governess, a strong-minded woman who neglects her duties while she fulfils her Mission, and accepts money for undertaking a charge which she abandons. Consequently Belinda passes most of her time in the streets, playing paume with a lot of boys, her "chums," from whom she learns the accomplishments of whistling like one of themselves, and how to garnish her talk with the choicest slang in four languages. Further than this, she dances the bolero like a real *lascu* peasant, among "three couples of men and girls, all of the lowest order of the people; not a shoe or stocking between them"—her own stockings, by the way, are in holes and of different colours, and her shoes are worn-out sandals of the country, "linen slippers roughly embroidered in scarlet, and bound high above the instep with worsted braid." But besides "all the originality of gesture, the supple strength, the staying power of the peasant," which she "possesses to the full," "she possesses something more, poor child! the graces born of mind as well as matter, the delicate, exquisite alternations of fire and languor, which are the very poetry of true dancing, and of whose seductive charm she is only too profoundly ignorant." To which last clause we rather demur. As still further indications of the character and acquirements of this Bohemian granddaughter of an Irish earl, it may be mentioned that she adores bull-fights as much as she adores paume and the bolero, knows all the improper stories and highly-flavoured scandal of the doubtful people who come to St. Jean de Luz, is insolent and bitter-tongued, absolutely disorderly, ignorant, and unthrifty, and more facile and direct in her love affair than a savage. This does not seem a very choice groundwork on which to embroider a flourish of womanly graces and seductive possibilities; but Mrs. Edwardes has not been afraid of her difficulties. If she has made her Frankenstein, she has kept it neatly in hand, and Belinda comes right in the end, though she does set out so queerly in the beginning.

The creatures who compose the world that has its being in *A Vagabond Heroine* are singularly unsatisfactory; and to people who have a lingering prejudice in favour of womanly sweetness and manly honour, the characters generally elaborated by Mrs. Edwardes seem scarcely worth the powder and shot wasted on them. Cornelius O'Shea, a weak reproduction of the famous Oostigan, and Rose his wife, an incarnation of vanity, folly, and heartlessness, as he is the incarnation of debt, tippling, and false sentiment, are the father and stepmother respectively of the

* *A Vagabond Heroine*. By Mrs. Edwardes, Author of "Ought We to Visit Her?" &c. London: Bentley & Son. 1873.

"Vagabond" whose fortunes are the mainstay of the story. The former she loves, the latter she despises; but the one is not worthy of her affection, and the other is almost too silly for her hate. But though Rose is such a worthless little fool, better men than Cornelius O'Shea find her admirable. It may seem natural that such men as he should feel for her the passion which it pleases them to call love, but it is surely odd that the hero, Roger Temple, should not have been keener-eyed as to her real character, or that, being so infatuated with her person, he should have been so profoundly weary of her society. We think Mrs. Edwardes has missed her way here, and has got entangled in contradictions when she designed only to weave subtleties. Again, how about Roger and Belinda? A man loves or he does not love. If he loves, and is anything better than a mere sensualist, he does not, on the eve of his marriage with one woman, fall headlong into a sudden passionate attachment for her stepdaughter. The dangerous moment was when he returned from India, bringing his ideal in his memory—the young married woman with whom he, as a boy of eighteen, had fallen in love, had had "scenes" and "passages," followed by the tender correspondence of years, and the preservation of faded flowers. That ideal was young, fair, modest, simple, silly always, and heartless always, but with a "sweet" manner that hid the real nature underneath as effectively as plating hides the baser metal. He comes back to find the reality a painted, dyed, simpering, middle-aged woman of fashion, of the most childish vanity and the most tiresome silliness. It was "Flora" as the outcome of "Dora"; but if his old love survived the first shock, and he loved Rose well enough to wish to marry her, and to be actually engaged to her, he would hardly have suffered himself to drift into such questionable relations as those he entered into with his future stepdaughter-in-law. The episode of Lagrimas is in the worst possible taste, and uncomfortably suggestive. Had he been other than the man of high honour and integrity we are told he was, it would not have been so strange. Men of loose morality do odd things, especially in ladies' novels; but being what he is, we do not think Mrs. Edwardes has treated him fairly; to make her virtuous hero, who is a gentleman, act so very like a scoundrel, is surely a piece of literary immorality deserving of censure. We do not say so much about the passionate episode of the past, because it is not much dwelt on; and Roger Temple was then but a boy, although Mrs. Shelmadene at six-and-twenty ought to have known better. Also, as we are made expressly to understand, the thing never came to real guilt, and was only a boy's passion and a young woman's light-headed coquetry. We can only say that Mrs. Edwardes has chosen a disagreeable line quite unnecessarily, and that she might have devised many other reasons why Rose and Roger should have been separated in their youth, rather than the primary fact of Mr. Shelmadene, and the secondary fact of Cornelius O'Shea. Mrs. Edwardes, like some of her sisters, has, we suspect, an idea that she can touch pitch and not be defiled, and play with questionable subjects innocently.

Besides these three persons—Major O'Shea, who marries two women, the one for her birth and the other for her fortune, breaks the heart of the one and dissipates the fortune of the other, and sinks into a dirty, dissipated, gin-drinking old insolvent; Rose, his wife, who has three ideas in her head, and only three—her dress, her beauty, and her lovers; and Captain Temple, who falls in love with the stepdaughter while engaged to the stepmother—there are two others, Miss Burke, Belinda's governess, and Augustus Jones, her lover. We scarcely know which of these two is the more objectionable. Perhaps the former is, on the whole, the more thoroughly disagreeable:—

Ten, fifteen years ago, say the traditions of Eastern travellers, Miss Lydia Burke used to haunt the hotels of Egypt and Palestine. She was a prettyish woman then; prettyish, unprotected, and, though not a girl, young enough to be regarded with suspicion by ladies travelling under the legitimate wing of husbands or brothers. Perhaps there were no really queer stories about her—I mean, perhaps none of the queer stories about her had real foundation. That she was in the habit of borrowing money from any man who would lend her money is matter of fact. But in those days, it must be remembered, Miss Lydia Burke had projects of founding ragged Jew schools in the Levant? Later on, she frequented the Alps; unprotected still; still short of money; an indomitable climber; Bloomerish in dress; rather less shunned by ladies than formerly—(alas, her prettiness was fading!) feared exceedingly by bachelor parties of young men, on whom, under various pretexts, she was wont to fasten with a cruel and leech-like tenacity. After this—well, after this, Miss Burke wrote a book *My Experiences*. Then, a little more Bloomerish, a little more faded, financial resources at a lower ebb than ever, turned up in London.

The book, a hash of doubtful Oriental narrative, and still more doubtful Exeter Hall piety, was simply below criticism; but, by one of those outside chances, occasionally to be met with in the world of writing as of men, it sold. It sold, and Miss Burke straightway manufactured a three-volume novel, carefully flavoured with the same kind of spice as before, but with the piety omitted, which did not sell. And then she became Earnest for life; shortened her skirts, had her jackets cut after the fashion of men's coats, wringed her way, ere long, upon platforms, I think made a speech or two about female suffrage, and began in common conversation to speak of women as Woman. And it was just when she had reached this melancholy turning-point in the downward road that the advertisement in the *Times* brought Belinda O'Shea into her hands.

Augustus Jones is simply a well-to-do snob, who drops his h's, and desiring to match his money with birth, thinks this ragged, unconventional, paume-playing Belinda O'Shea will do as well as any other, and so offers himself as the butt of her insolence and the mark for her satire, till he finally sees that the thing is impossible, and goes back to Clapham wrathful and disgusted. But, just as it is hard to reconcile Roger Temple's actions with the high sense of honour attributed to him, so is it hard to reconcile Belinda's

quasi-engagement to Augustus Jones with her fearlessness, her Bohemianism, and her truth. If the womanly instinct which expresses itself in the love of dress and jewelry was already awakened in her so far that she could gravely reflect on how life would look as Mrs. Augustus Jones, with money to spend in diamonds and lace, and loathing to suppress for the man who gave them, it was odd that she should have consented to go about in the "unwomanly rags" and unlovely fashions so minutely described by Mrs. Edwardes in the second chapter. She had enough money to buy herself a pair of stockings of the same colour, and a pair of new slippers, or she might have demanded them from Miss Burke. As for the theory that a radical change in habits and manners is brought about all at once by falling in love, we deny it as untrue psychology and contrary to experience. The change may be one of quick growth, but there must be some kind of growth. No girl leaps at a bound from such a questionable tom-boy as Belinda is, from being a mere *gamin* in a torn frock instead of a torn blouse, into a neatly-dressed, ladylike, well-conducted young person, conscious of her deficiencies, and prepared to accept not a trifling amount of martyrdom to remedy them. The change is too hurried, and the rapidity of the whole action becomes almost grotesque.

We wish our lady writers would leave off drawing these queer, unlikely, and unlovable heroines. Murderesses and *gamins*, idiots and adventuresses, seraphs bred in the mire and angels fashioned out of the dirtiest clay—we are tired of them all. They are fantastic caricatures of human nature rather than sober and life-like portraits; creatures that have no hold on our imagination or our sympathies; made-up specimens to which names are given, but which awaken no associations and give no pleasure. Cabinets of "curios" are all very well, but we prefer statues of natural proportions to odd-looking monsters. And all these unnatural and impossible heroines are as little like the real women of real life as are the six-handed or three-headed goddesses who may serve as emblems, but are absurd as artistic representations.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MR. SEWARD'S "Travels Round the World,"* narrated by his adopted daughter, Miss Olive Risley Seward, will of course be found to possess considerable interest, even though the distinguished traveller followed a tract which is by this time almost as well-worn as the once popular Grand Tour itself, and though neither himself nor his companions appear to have made any effective use of their peculiar opportunities of observation. They journeyed, as Americans mostly do, in a hurry; and though the rank and reputation of Mr. Seward commanded for them access to scenes which ordinary visitors would be debarred from entering, and to the very highest sources of political information in every country, they seem to have made less use of these advantages than we could possibly have expected. They appear to have been less anxious to obtain information respecting those secrets of Eastern policy and government which are of so much interest and importance to nations connected with the East by commercial and political relations, like England and America, and which have acquired new significance from the great revolution still in progress in the most vigorous and, till lately, the most exclusive of Oriental States, than to enjoy personal interviews with princes and formal communications with Ministers of a nature gratifying no doubt to the curiosity of the party—and especially of the ladies—as displaying the peculiarities of Oriental ceremony and political costume, but not affording any insight into the real politics of China and Japan. We should certainly have expected that a veteran statesman like Mr. Seward would not have visited the latter of these Empires without making earnest attempts to understand the extraordinary events of the last few years. But perhaps to him those events seemed little more than the natural effect of the contact of an intelligent race with European enlightenment and civilization, and Anglo-Saxon power and freedom. As an American Mr. Seward probably shared the belief of the majority of his countrymen that American ideas and institutions must perforce recommend themselves to all who come in contact with them; and that a feudal Empire like the Japanese must go to pieces of itself when touched by the all-penetrating spear of the democratic Ithuriel. As an Abolitionist, he had systematically undervalued those innate distinctions of race which our Indian experience has rendered familiar to Englishmen; and consequently the Japanese revolution may not have been to him—and certainly is not to the lady who records his experiences and conversations—the striking phenomenon that it appears to us. In China the point on which he dwells with most interest is the fact that America had peaceably obtained full participation in all that Europe had extorted by cannon and bayonets; from which, at least in his public utterances, he draws the absurd conclusion that everything that has been obtained by war would have been conceded to pacific methods. In Java he failed to perceive, or the recorder of his remarks fails to note, the existence of the only substitute for slavery that has ever proved effective with a tropical race imposed to voluntary labour—a system by which the State is the universal master, and directs the labours of the subject race to the profit, not of indi-

* William H. Seward's *Travels Round the World*. Edited by Olive Risley Seward. With numerous illustrations. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

vidual employers, but of the master-community. In Europe the chief interest of the travellers seems to have centred in the French Republic and in M. Thiers as its President; but there is not a remark recorded which indicates on Mr. Seward's part the slightest appreciation of the peculiar difficulties or exceptional conditions of the situation—of the reasons why Republicanism is so hateful to the better minds of France, and is associated in their thoughts with ideas the most repugnant to the Republicans of America. What is really interesting in the volume is the description of life and scenery, which we might meet in the work of any ordinary traveller; what is peculiar is the advantage Miss Seward has enjoyed of seeing for herself, or hearing described by her adoptive father, when fresh from the interview, the leading men of different countries, and the lifelike pictures she gives of their bearing and manners. She saw only what may be called the outside of life in all the countries she visited—scenery, ceremonial, and the best society on its best behaviour; but of all she saw she is a graphic portrayer. The illustrations which show us Japanese, Chinese, and Batavian buildings, dwellings, temples, and offices, and some of the portraits, are striking, if not very novel; the accounts of the few interiors she was permitted to visit are clear and real; and if we had expected less from the book we should probably have considered it a favourable specimen of American books of travel. We may notice that the writer is free from prejudice against England, and, coming on the English Empire on its Eastern side, where it is the representative of order, civilization, and commerce, she is disposed rather to admire and sympathize than to criticize and attack. Altogether the work is very pleasant reading, if not of the very highest order.

Father Thébaud, of the Society of Jesus, has written such an account of the Irish race * as might be looked for from a foreigner and a Jesuit. It would be extraordinary if any learned Roman Catholic, writing on such a subject, did anything like justice to the English conquerors of a race which has for many generations been a principal object of Catholic sympathies, or even recognized the fact that when first invaded they were regarded by Rome as something between heathens and rebels, whom the Norman conquerors were to reclaim to Rome and civilization. It would be yet more extraordinary if a priest could speak candidly of a policy whose primary object, indeed, was to extirpate barbarism and civil anarchy, but which was governed by the belief that anarchy and barbarism were in Ireland inseparably connected with Popery. Least of all can we expect a Jesuit to speak fairly of a Government which treated Jesuits as wolves in human shape, and showed them as little justice or mercy as they, when victorious, have shown to their enemies. Still Father Thébaud is a little wider in his assertions, and a little more reckless in his partiality, than can fairly be pardoned to his prepossessions and his profession. He ignores the fact that from a very early period the King of England was not only by title, but by repeated acknowledgment of the Irish chiefs, "dominus Hibernie," Sovereign Lord of Ireland; and he denies that the repeated outbreaks of the O'Neils and O'Connors were rebellions punishable by death and forfeiture. Nay, even the Geraldines, whose Norman name and English title of Earl testify to their English allegiance, he treats as victims and martyrs, not as ten times pardoned and ten times relapsing traitors. Of his representation of the rebellion of 1641 and of the subsequent retribution it is needless to say more than that it is what it might have been if the original documents had never been sifted and the story never told by English writers. A very important part of the history of the seventeenth century is missing from the copy sent to us; so we fail to follow him through the history of that famous Act of Attainder which combined nearly every form of injustice, treachery, and bloodthirstiness that could be embodied in a single Act of Parliament. But we may notice that he repeats that ridiculous misrepresentation of the Treaty of Limerick, so conclusively refuted by Lord Macaulay, which insists that Ginkell, who had just peremptorily refused to admit Catholics to municipal offices, engaged to admit them to Parliament; and he further states, in contradiction to other historians, and without quoting authority for the assertion, that a number of Catholics were returned to the first Parliament of William, and expelled by special measures adopted for the purpose. Of the future of Ireland Father Thébaud is of course hopeful. The Catholics are to recover their supremacy, and the right of parading the emblems of their religion through the streets under the eyes of Protestants; and of course the Protestants are to be severely punished if they dare to commemorate by similar processions the victories which saved their fathers from the tender mercies of the Catholic Ambassador who proposed suddenly and treacherously to massacre every Protestant in the island, and of the Catholic General who swept in thousands of women and children, many of them having the written protection of the King he served, to perish under the walls of Derry. But the reverend writer evidently regards with grave dislike the Irish emigration, and tacitly confirms the report that the Irishman, in quitting Munster or Connaught for America, escapes not only the imaginary yoke of the Saxon, but the much more real authority and ascendancy of the priest.

The Fourth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of the Statistics of Labour † reveals the existence of a sharp controversy

* *The Irish Race in the Past and the Present.* By the Rev. Aug. J. Thébaud, S.J. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

† *Fourth Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labour* embracing the Account of its Operations and Statistics from March 1, 1872, to March 1, 1873. Boston: Wright & Potter. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

respecting the truth of the statements published on some former occasions by the same authority. The object of the Bureau is apparently to prove that in New England, as in the mother-country, the wages received by the lower class of skilled artisans and by unskilled labourers are not sufficient for the support of their families in decency and comfort. This they establish by setting against each other the average earnings of such a labourer and what they assert to be the average expenditure of a family in that rank—i.e. about seven hundred dollars a year. A careful examination of their statements will, we think, satisfy the English reader that the truth, according to his notions of decency and comfort, does not lie quite where the Bureau would place it. It is true that the cost of living in America has risen greatly since the war, and that wages have not risen in the same proportion; but then wages before the war were such as to afford a considerable margin. It is true that we cannot ascertain accurately the amount of deposits or the number of depositors in the savings banks belonging to the working class; but it is evident that the depositors must be numerous and their total savings very considerable. When we look at the accounts of expenditure furnished by the Bureau, we see that families represented to be so ill paid that they can hardly get on are spending from twenty to a hundred dollars on newspapers, books, "recreations," and the like. Wages, even for farm-labour, are confessedly about a dollar and a half per day on the average of the year; and the rate of city wages is still higher. Now in the country food is as cheap as it is here, or cheaper; and in the cities we find working-men complaining of a standard which would satisfy many middle-class families here. We find carpenters earning wages of three and a half dollars a day, and grumbling because they have to work in a draught. We find no distinct account of the present cost of any of the principal articles of food; but hints are given here and there of the quantity and quality consumed which would suggest the idea of luxurious indulgence to too many English labourers. Again, though rents are high, we find families occupying "four or five small rooms," who in London would have to be content with two. Taking all the facts together, we can hardly doubt that the actual reward of the labourer, in clothes, food, and shelter, is higher in Massachusetts than in Lancashire. If it were not, seeing that regions of ample work and abundant wages lie ten days nearer to Boston than to Manchester, we should have to suppose that American labourers were even more unadventurous and stay-at-home than our own.

Old New England Traits * is a little volume professedly of reminiscences of social life and manners, of domestic habits and ideas, in the States of the North-East in the first half of the present century; when the simplicity of colonial life still prevailed in the country districts, and the traditions of a time when nearly all the community consisted of comfortable yeomen, with no want and few superfluities, still lingered in the mouths and influenced the manners of the people. It contains plenty of characteristic anecdotes, and is flavoured strongly by the Puritan humour which Massachusetts inherits from those Pilgrim-Fathers who, having been the introducers of tyranny and persecution in the New World, are revered as the champions and martyrs of religious liberty in the Old. In like manner *Men and Memories of Francisco* † recalls the rough wild life, the fierce excitement of the days when the gold fever raged, and in a few weeks peopled California with the most enterprising and the most lawless spirits, with all the scoundrels and adventurers of the world. Such a time could not but furnish an observant spectator with many striking scenes, many memorable incidents, many strange characters, well worthy of being preserved for the entertainment or astonishment of later generations. We are bound to say that Messrs. Barry and Patton have somewhat disappointed us; there is far less of originality and force either in their selected subjects or in their style of treatment than might have been expected from men who had lived through that unprecedented time and in the midst of those strange scenes, and had shared the fierce excitement of the universal fever. The book is, in fact, tame and flimsy; savouring more of the forced humour of the professional jester than of the mingled comedy and tragedy, both so intensely real, which are revealed to us by glimpses in all true pictures, however slight, of that strange social anarchy.

The *History of the American Stage* ‡ is nothing more than a biographical dictionary of those who at different periods have figured as ornaments of various American theatres; it is a work whose very arrangement deprives it of any other value or interest than such as attaches to a mere book of reference. *An Essay towards an Indian Bibliography* § is something of the same kind; a list, as perfect as the author can make it, of every work in which the character, history, or fortunes of the native races of America are dealt with, accompanied by fairly sufficient accounts of the

* *Old New England Traits.* Edited by George Lunt. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: Riverside Press. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

† *Men and Memories of San Francisco* is the "Spring of '50." By T. A. Barry and B. A. Patton. San Francisco: Bancroft & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

‡ *History of the American Stage.* Containing Biographical Sketches of nearly every Member of the Profession that has appeared on the American Stage from 1733 to 1870. By T. Alliston Brown. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. London: Trübner & Co.

§ *An Essay towards an Indian Bibliography.* Being a Catalogue of Books relating to the History, Antiquities, Languages, Customs, Religion, Wars, Literature, and Origin of the American Indians, in the Library of W. Field. With Biographical and Historical Notes, and Synopses of the Contents of some of the Works best known. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

contents, purport, and tendencies of the more important or less familiar publications on the subject.

Another addition * to the innumerable list of commentators on Shakespeare reminds us that our great dramatist is almost, if not quite, as much the heritage and the boast of the English beyond the Atlantic as of the English at home. When Shakespeare wrote, their forefathers were still living in their ancient homes, many of them probably ignorant, save by vague rumours, of the character and extent of the newly discovered continent of which Spain claimed exclusive possession; few or none of them had dreamt of visiting it in any other capacity than that of buccaneers; and his fame was rising above all rivalry, if not yet established on its present pinnacle of supremacy, when the Pilgrim Fathers established a colony from which plays, playwrights, and play actors were banished as things scarcely less abominable than Quakers or Papists. Of all our common inheritance of great traditions and glorious memories, nothing is now so familiar or so dear to Americans as Shakespeare's name; no monument of English antiquity so sacred in their eyes as his birthplace and his grave. And neither England nor Germany has furnished more eager or acute inquirers into his meaning and analysts of his genius than the United States. Mr. Hudson treats his subject in a four-fold aspect; he deals with the earlier history of the English stage, so necessarily connected with any just or rational appreciation of its noblest ornament; with the scanty memorials, records, and traditions of Shakespeare's life; with the scope of his art and the character of his genius; and, finally, with the sources of his plays, their purport, and the meaning of the principal figures therein, as conceived by the poet himself. It might seem venturesome to recommend any new work on a subject which, if not inexhaustible, would have been long ago exhausted; but as new commentators on Shakespeare still find readers, we may fairly set down Mr. Hudson's work as worthy of a high place among them.

Mr. Herron professes to have written his *Thoughts on Life and Character*† at by-moments, noting them down rather than elaborating them, and never working upon them as most men work at that which they intend for the public. We can well believe him when we compare his essays with those of more laborious, more modest, and perhaps more ambitious students. Perhaps if he had worked hard at them they might have been polished into more attractive form, and sifted so as to bring their value into some proportion to their bulk. As it is, they seem to us to form no exception to the general rule that an author has no right to offer to the public that which has not cost him the best work of which he is capable; and that, if he does, the public is likely to requite him as he deserves.

Mr. Stafford's memoir of James Fisk‡, is written, printed, and finished in a style worthy of the subject, and we can say no more. It is a book which many people may like to read, and which almost anybody might be ashamed of reading—except a critic, who must perforce read very many less lively, and some more offensive works.

Mr. J. Harris, not the "seer who lives at Poughkeepsie," undertakes an elaborate essay on Centrifugal Force and Gravitation§, to get rid of Kepler's laws, demolish the Newtonian system, and establish a new Theory of the Tides. Unhappily Mr. De Morgan's *Budget of Paradoxes* is closed for ever; and few living men have at once the taste to deal with the like topics and the skill to render them at once intelligible and interesting.

Miss (or Mrs.?) Phelps's *What to Wear?*|| is a criticism on some of the most glaring and anti-hygienic absurdities of female apparel in its present and recent fashions; a protest sensible and salutary, but likely, we fear, to be about as effectual as the thousand previous remonstrances put forth through the press, and the million expostulations daily uttered by fathers of families, without abating by one hair the weight of the chignon, or by one line the length of the dragging skirt.

Of three American schoolbooks on our table, one is a *Youth's Speaker*¶, or selection of pieces for declamation in prose and verse; a second is a child's (and childish) abridgment of American history**; and the third is a "Short Course of Astronomy"††,

* *Shakespeare: his Life, Art, and Characters. With an Historical Sketch of the Origin and Growth of the Drama in England.* By the Rev. H. N. Hudson. Boston: Grim Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

† *Thoughts on Life and Character.* By S. P. Herron. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

‡ *The Life of James Fisk, Junior.* A Full and Accurate Narrative of his Career, his Great Enterprises, and his Assassination. By Marshall P. Stafford. Published by the Author. New York: Polhemus & Pearson. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

§ *Centrifugal Force and Gravitation.* A Lecture. By John Harris. Manchester: John Lovell. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

|| *What to Wear?* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "The Gates Ajar." Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

¶ *Cathcart's Youth's Speaker.* Selections in Prose, Poetry, and Dialogues, for Declamation and Recitation; suited to the Capacities of Youth, and intended for the Exhibition Day Requirements of Common Schools and Academies. Illustrated. By George R. Cathcart, A.M. New York and Chicago: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

** *Sweden's Primary United States: First Lessons in Our Country's History, bringing out its Salient Points, and aiming to combine Simplicity with Sense.* By William Swinton, A.M., author of "Condensed History of the United States," "Word Analyst," &c. &c. With numerous Illustrations. New York and Chicago: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

†† *A Short Course in Astronomy and the Use of the Globes.* By Henry Kiddle, A.M., Superintendent of Schools, New York, author of "New Manual of the Elements of Astronomy." New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

which alone of the three seems suited to the purposes of real and effective instruction, or gives us a favourable idea of the teaching to which such works can be adapted.

The *Lynx Hunters** introduces to us once more that group of boy adventurers whose experiences in the woods, and on the waters we have already more than once heartily commended to the attention of English lads and the choice of English parents. The "Scintillations"† are a series of passages, chiefly short, from the prose writings of Heine, and, despite the double disadvantage of selection and translation, may well be enjoyed by those to whom the original is inaccessible.

Two works of a scientific character deserve more notice than we can give them here. Major-General Barnard's "Problems of Rotary Motion"‡ come forth under the voucher of the Smithsonian Institution as a highly valuable "contribution to knowledge," accessible only to thorough mathematicians. Mr. E. C. Seaman's "Views of Nature"§ would require from the critic who should attempt to deal with them a close investigation of some very eccentric views, and a refutation of some notions of "nature" utterly contrary to facts supposed by the general body of recognized naturalists to have been clearly and finally ascertained.

* *The Camping Out Series.* Vol. IV. *Lynx Hunting.* From Notes by the Author of "Camping Out." Edited by C. A. Stephens. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

† *Leisure Hour Series.* *Scintillations from the Prose Works of Heinrich Heine.* I. Florentine Nights. II. Excerpts. Translated from the German by Simon Adler Stern. New York: Holt & Williams. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

‡ *Smithsonian Contribution to Knowledge: Problems of Rotary Motion presented by the Gyroscope, the Precession of the Equinoxes, and the Pendulum.* By Brevet Major-General J. G. Barnard, Colonel of Engineers, U.S.A., &c. &c. Washington: published by the Smithsonian Institution. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

§ *Views of Nature and of the Elements; Zones and Phenomena of Nature and of Mind.* By Ezra C. Seaman, author of "Essays on the Progress of Nations," and of a Work on the American System of Government. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Saturday Concerts and Afternoon Promenade Series of the SATURDAY CONCERTS will COME ON at Crystal Palace on October 4. There will be Twenty-five Concerts. Between twelve and fourteen after-orchestras. The Band and Chorus will be of the same strength as during the season. Conductor, Mr. HANNA. Transmissible Receipts for the Twenty-five Concerts. Two Guineas each. Certificate of Admission to the Palace, will be ready for issue at the Ticket Office from this day.

THE

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THE ELECTIONS.

THE return of Captain HAYTER for Bath has taken both the friends and the adversaries of the Government by surprise. Three elections have now been held at Bath within six months, and in the first the Conservatives had a decisive, and in the second a smaller, but still a clear majority. Now a Liberal has been returned by as great a majority as that by which the Conservative candidate was defeated at the last general election. It is a long time since the Ministry has had any crumb of comfort so satisfactory, for the Bath election has checked the tide of Conservative successes; it has shown that the divided Liberal party is once more capable of union, and it justifies to a considerable degree the resolution of the Government not to dissolve Parliament at present. Success is also always doubly pleasant to those who win when it happens to be peculiarly mortifying to those who lose; and the result of the Bath election has been made peculiarly unpleasant to the Conservatives by the fact that their triumph at Bath seemed to them so certain that it was taken by their leader as the theme of a party manifesto. Mr. DISRAELI has owed much of the success of his extraordinary career to his prudence, his patience, and his reticence. But for once he seems to have been unable to resist the feelings of elation with which the recent victories of his party have filled him, and in an evil hour he penned a letter to Lord GREY, the sitting Conservative member, which was as injudicious as it was possible that such a letter could be. It assumed a Conservative victory to be so absolutely certain that it characterized Bath as leading and sustaining public opinion, so that defeat was made at least as significant as success. It then went on to describe the career of the Ministry in a series of reckless epigrams, and ended by inventing what was intended to be the happy and stinging phrase of "plundering and blundering" as the special characteristics of Mr. GLADSTONE's policy. It would have been impossible to devise any phrase better suited to determine the action of Liberal waverers. The two great measures of plundering to which it may be presumed Mr. DISRAELI referred are the Irish Church and Land Acts. Now, whether these Acts were bad or good in themselves, it is at any rate unmistakable that they were passed with the hearty support of the Liberal party. The whole party fought for them, believed in them, and carried them, and to speak of them now as examples of plundering was to stir the memories and awaken the indignation of all those who had taken the winning side in the fierce contest of five years ago. Blundering, as a term applied to the recent conduct of the Ministry, is not one with which most candid Liberals have any fault to find. It is the fatal series of blunders into which the Government has been betrayed that has more than anything else alienated from it the support of Liberal constituencies, and the Conservatives naturally received the benefit of the hope that, if they were in office, they might do better. But if "blundering" is a reproach to the leaders of a party, what greater instance of blundering could be wished for than the composition of Mr. DISRAELI's letter? If the Opposition are led by a politician who at a critical moment shows himself ready to sacrifice fairness and moderation to the pleasure of packing together sonorous epigrams, there seems little use in looking to the installation of the Opposition in office as a means of guarding the country against the danger of Ministerial blunders.

The vicissitudes of local politics are hard for strangers to understand, and it is very possible that Captain HAYTER might have won even if Mr. DISRAELI had not come to his

assistance. But just now, when the country is in an undecided and critical state, the effect of Mr. DISRAELI's letter will tell much beyond Bath, and will discredit his party even more than their failure to carry an election which they proclaimed to be won before a voter went to the poll. And it so happened that on the same day when Mr. DISRAELI's letter was published, Mr. BRIGHT also addressed the public through the electors of Birmingham, and his address was as judicious and sensible as Mr. DISRAELI's letter was injudicious and blundering. Beforehand, most people would have calculated that Mr. DISRAELI was sure to keep quiet and avoid any gross mistake, while Mr. BRIGHT might probably write something that would commit the Ministry and alarm the constituencies. Exactly the reverse has happened. While Mr. DISRAELI has done his best to damage himself and his party, Mr. BRIGHT has published an address dignified, moderate, and perfectly unobjectionable. He has steered clear of all dangerous matter. He has not gone over the grounds of the past services of the Ministry with which we are all so painfully familiar, and he has not made any indiscreet revelation of the intentions of the Ministry for the future. As it is because he has accepted office that he has to seek re-election, he has confined himself to explaining why he has accepted office, and his explanation is simply that he thinks he can do more good as a Minister than as a private member of Parliament. The main objection to a man of independent character and position accepting office is that he may chance to lose his independence; and Mr. BRIGHT meets this objection by saying that, if he finds any likelihood of this danger befalling him, he will immediately resign the office he has accepted. It is, as he justly puts it, a mere question of confidence between him and his constituents. They know what are his political principles, and he asks them to trust his judgment when he says that he can do good as a Minister, and his honesty when he says that he will only hold office while office costs him no sacrifice of principle. There is nothing wonderful or meritorious in a Minister using language which is so natural and even commonplace; but there are moments when to say nothing but what is natural and commonplace is the best means of winning public confidence and sympathy, and if "blundering" is to be the talk of the day, a Minister who can show himself capable of avoiding the slightest approach to a blunder may be rendering a conspicuous service to his party.

The fate of the SOLICITOR-GENERAL is to be decided early next week, and it is possible that the Liberal success at Bath may do somewhat to produce a similar result at Taunton. At any rate Mr. JAMES speaks very hopefully of his chances, although he seems to be greatly vexed and harassed by the proceedings of certain females who agitate in favour of suffrage for women, and who have adopted the pernicious habit of calling on the wives of Taunton voters while their husbands are away, and informing them that they are slaves. Mr. JAMES is known to have very decided opinions against giving the suffrage to women, and he has done perhaps more than any one to render the project ridiculous in the eyes of the present House of Commons. He is therefore an object of peculiar detestation to these female agitators, and they are doing their very utmost to secure his defeat. He is well aware of their animosity, and knows that not only at Taunton, but everywhere else, they will work to keep him out of Parliament. But he has the proper courage and spirit to defy them, and to declare that he would rather lose ten elections than lend any countenance to a proposal which he considers dangerous and absurd. Nor is he at all afraid of openly challeng-

ing his enemies; and he had the boldness to describe them as women who, because they had been social failures, aspire to be political successes. We can only hope that his courage may be imitated by other Liberal candidates. At Hull Mr. REED, of Admiralty fame, has come forward as the Liberal candidate, but he does not seem to speak with much assurance of success. There is a local man who is terribly strong, and who wants to get into Parliament; and Mr. REED evidently thinks that the local magnate will win. On the score of courage there is little to complain of in Mr. REED. He will have nothing to do with the Permissive Bill, and although he thinks that the Nonconformists are in some way injured by the working of the Education Act, yet he is a zealous friend of the Church, for the benefit of which he has indeed in his pocket a private scheme of reform, the result of which is to be that all meritorious clergymen will rise to the top of the tree. Mr. REED appears to be in that elementary stage of political knowledge and thought in which there is a natural belief that every evil can be met with a prompt and easy remedy. Wise and good clergymen often remain unnoticed, and so Mr. REED immediately thinks that a plan may be devised to give them all the preferment they deserve to have. Mr. REED wishes to see the Income-tax abolished, but only on condition that it is replaced by a tax falling on exactly the same classes, and free from the objections to which the Income-tax is exposed; and he treats the discovery of this tax as the easiest thing in the world. He is also troubled by the thought of the sufferings and inconveniences caused by the high price of coal, but he thinks that the whole difficulty may be easily surmounted by the State buying up all the coal-mines and selling coals cheap. We must own that this is the kind of political talk that we have been accustomed to look for from the lips of those whom female agitators call "slaves," and we should not have thought that it was of a sufficiently masculine cast to make much impression on the electors of Hull. Mr. REED seems scarcely the candidate whom a party puts forward which expects to win; but then if, after all, he succeeds in defeating the great local Conservative, so much the more brilliant will be the Liberal success.

M. THIERS AND THE FUSION.

M. THIERS has at last assumed the leadership of the Republican party, and his letter to the Mayor of NANCY is his first move in the campaign against the Fusion. A single stinging sentence gives his estimate of the moral value of the Monarchical movement:—"Without any mandate, without any powers, without the presence of the Assembly, a few people are treating of the entire future of France—a future which it is proposed to decide almost without discussion, and above all without an appeal to the country, the party principally interested, and the sole legitimate sovereign." The Ministry and the Fusionist leaders are alike open to M. THIERS's censure; but they are open to it for different reasons. The latter may plead that they have no wish to anticipate the action of the Assembly, and that it was merely by an accident that the visit of the Count of PARIS to Frohsdorf took place in the recess and not in the Session. But the Executive cannot clear themselves of the charge of endeavouring to influence the decision of the Assembly unfairly. They allow agitation in favour of a throne not yet in being, but they repress agitation in favour of the existing Republic. Royalists may say and write what they please, but the newspapers which report a speech of M. GAMBETTA are forbidden to be sold in the streets, and the Republican journals are suppressed without mercy in the departments in which elections are approaching. The charge of wishing to decide the future of France without an appeal to the country holds good against the whole Monarchical party. Indeed, to state it in this way is to state it mildly. The Royalists are not simply bent upon dispensing with an appeal to the country; they are bent upon it because they know too well what the answer to the appeal would be. But for this conviction, they would naturally welcome a dissolution. If they could bring themselves to do this, they would at once shut the mouths of their adversaries. Not a word could be said against the projected Restoration if its promoters were willing to take the opinion of the constituencies, and to abide by the result of a general election. There can be no question that, if they

were not afraid of the verdict, they would willingly submit to this trial. Nor can there be much doubt that their unwillingness rests on well-grounded conviction. If they were only a Parliamentary party, having no special relations with the Executive, it might be set down to mere timidity. But though the Government of the Duke of BROGLIE is avowedly aiming at a Restoration, it is sufficiently associated with those who have this object in view to put all its information at their disposal. If the Prefects had reported favourably of the dispositions of the constituencies towards the Count of CHAMBOEN, we may be sure that the Royalist agitators would have heard of the fact. The real motive of the Royalist dislike of a dissolution is further shown by the unwillingness of the Conservative candidates for the four vacant seats which are to be filled up on the 12th of this month to declare themselves Monarchists. There is no reason to suppose that these four constituencies are specially Republican; on the contrary, the Royalists express themselves sanguine of success in every one of them. If a Restoration is popular in France, it is strange that no Conservative candidate should try to make capital for himself by frankly putting it forward as the end to which, if returned, all his efforts will be directed. Instead of this, their addresses are filled with the vague phrases about order, property, and resistance to Radicalism which were in fashion before the Conservative coalition of the 24th of May had developed into the Royalist Fusion. This strange abstinence from the one subject which occupies the thoughts of the nation is pretty significant of the estimate which the candidates and their backers have formed of the views of the constituencies whose confidence they solicit. The determination of the Royalists not to consult the country before revolutionizing the form of government supplies of itself sufficient justification for M. THIERS's assertion that the Republican party will soon be called upon to defend "not only the Republic, but all the rights of France." It is idle to apply the term Liberal or Constitutional to a Monarchy set up by an Assembly which dares not face those who elected it. What M. THIERS says of the Tricolour is equally true of Parliamentary forms. If they remain only to mask the counter-revolution, they "would be the most odious and revolting of lies."

Happily for France, the conditions of the approaching contest between the Republicans and the Monarchists are determined by the character and position of Marshal MACMAGON. So long as he is President of the Republic the struggle will be fought out in the Parliamentary arena. The view which he takes of his duty to his country may be unduly narrow, but at all events it is thoroughly honest. A larger and more accurate conception of that duty might lead him to withhold his recognition from any change in the form of government which the Assembly may make until that change had been ratified by the electors. It is probable, however, that Marshal MACMAGON will not regard the competence of the Assembly as a matter which it is open to him to question. If the Assembly votes a Restoration, he may be expected to give effect to that vote just as he would give effect to any other. On the other hand, he may be trusted not to accept any Restoration which does not bear the stamp of the Assembly on its front. Consequently the decision rests upon the vote which to all appearance will certainly be taken early in November. Though it would be far more advantageous for the Republicans if the issue had to be decided in a new Assembly rather than in the present one, it is still a gain to them that it should be decided by the Assembly rather than in some less regular fashion. Outside the Assembly an unscrupulous Executive has virtually uncontrolled power; but, however resolved the Ministry may be to use their authority in the interest of the Monarchical conspiracy, they cannot exclude the Republican deputies from the tribune, nor, unless they are prepared to go to yet untried lengths in the direction of repression, can they prevent their speeches from being circulated through the country. In this way the electors will be kept informed of what is going on at Versailles, and, if they have reason to distrust the vote of their representatives, they will be able to bring timely pressure to bear upon them. There must be a good many members of the Assembly who would have no objection to a Restoration if they thought that it would not cause any decrease in their own importance. They probably foresee that one natural effect of the re-establishment of a legitimate and hereditary monarchy will be the reconstitution of a legitimate and hereditary aristocracy, and, if they are to hold their own in the presence of this

revival, it can only be by remaining members of the popular branch of the Legislature. If the fact that they voted for a Restoration is to be produced against them with fatal effect whenever they have next to face their constituents, it may turn out that they have played a losing game for themselves; and the fear of eventually making this discovery may have a decisive influence on their action in the division.

It is an immense gain to a Parliamentary party that it should be led by M. THIERS. His appearance as the leader of the Republicans will tend to influence the result of the contest, directly and indirectly. If parties should prove to be at all equally balanced, its direct influence may be very considerable. There are sure to be some genuine waverers in the Assembly; men who are honestly in doubt as to which way the interests of France require them to vote. France, they say to themselves, stands in urgent need of order and tranquillity, and the secure enjoyment of property; and these are exactly the good things which the Conservatives tell them must inevitably accompany a Restoration. When they listen to M. THIERS on this point, they will listen to a man who has actually given France order and tranquillity and the secure enjoyment of property, under circumstances which seemed to threaten the loss of all three. A statesman who has done this has earned the right to be heard on the question how these blessings can best be secured for the future. When he declares, as he does in his letter to the Mayor of NANCY, that the Republic is the only form of government capable of rallying widely divided political parties, and of speaking authoritatively to the democracy, and when he appeals, in proof of its power to do this, to similar triumphs already won under his guidance, he uses language that will come home to many moderate Conservatives. When these same views are expounded in the Assembly with that Parliamentary eloquence of which M. THIERS is almost the only master left in France, they may possibly win sufficient votes to turn the scale in favour of the Republic. The rumour that M. THIERS will use his great Parliamentary influence to support Marshal MACMAHON'S continuance in office is probably true. We pointed out at the time of M. THIERS'S resignation that there was great reason to suppose that he intended his abandonment of the office of President to be final. In his hands the post was an anomalous compound. M. THIERS was half a Constitutional King and half a Parliamentary Minister. The feeling of the Conservative party was against his sinking the former character in the latter, while his own feeling was still more decidedly against sinking the latter character in the former. Supposing that the Republic comes out victorious from the coming battle, the Duke of BROGLIE and his colleagues can hardly continue in office, and a Government in which Marshal MACMAHON remained President, and M. THIERS became Prime Minister, would go far to realize the ideal of a Conservative Republic.

THE ASHANTEE EXPEDITION.

THE innumerable warnings and remonstrances which are every day evoked by the Ashantee expedition probably convey to those who are charged with the preparations some useful suggestions; but the general tone of the one-sided controversy is in the highest degree discouraging. In all practical and theoretical matters special knowledge, though it may be useful or even necessary, is neither sufficient nor exhaustive. After all the details which have been published, it may safely be taken for granted that the enterprise is not impracticable. In all ages of the world greater undertakings have been accomplished, for the most part with less abundant means. It would have been easy to have foreseen that the retreat of the Ten Thousand or the conquest of Mexico was impossible, especially as both enterprises commenced without a commissariat in an utterly unknown country. In the present instance the Government and the military authorities seem to display commendable prudence and foresight in providing all material supplies with a liberality which is probably the soundest economy. There is no reason to believe that the preservation of the health of the troops, even on the coast of Africa, is beyond the reach of medical and sanitary science; and the force which will be collected at the seat of war will undoubtedly be more than a match for any number of barbarians. There never was a more absurd, or probably a less sincere, demand than the appeal to the

Government to hold an autumnal Session for the discussion of the war. In some cases it might be proper to consult Parliament on the expediency of a political rupture or of an aggressive campaign; but if the Government is fit to discharge the simplest duty, it is competent to determine that an attack on the national territory in any part of the world shall be effectively repelled. The House of Commons would properly avow its own incompetence to regulate the military and naval preparations which may be required; nor would even the Opposition speakers who affect to desire the convocation of Parliament commit the absurdity of superseding the responsibility of the proper administrative departments. A resolution that it was expedient to leave the Ashantes in the peaceable enjoyment of their recent conquests would scarcely receive the support even of the members who voted for Mr. RICHARD'S motion in favour of arbitration. The Peace Society, which has naturally taken the opportunity of advertising its own continued existence, proposes no mode of dealing with a difficulty of which the existence can scarcely be denied.

If the unwelcome necessity of a war has arisen from errors of policy or administration, inquiry, and perhaps censure, would be strictly consistent with constitutional theory. Parliament, indeed, allowed the Dutch Treaty of Cession to be ratified without any expression of disapproval; but if the Government which negotiated the arrangement committed any mistake which has subsequently been discovered, it is right that those who alone were familiar with the details of the subject should, even after a formal sanction, be held responsible for their conduct. At present there is no proof that any proper precaution was omitted. The English Government refused to accept the transfer until the Dutch title was shown to be free from incumbrance. The King of ASHANTEE received formal notice that Elmina would be held by England in full sovereignty, and that the relations which might be implied by the payment of tribute could not be allowed to exist; but at the same time he was offered an annuity of double the amount which he had received from the Dutch authorities, and he was informed that his subjects would at all times be allowed free access to the coast. It was right that the condition of the tribes of the interior should not be injuriously affected by a territorial arrangement which suited the convenience of two European Governments; but it would be intolerable that a savage potentate should be allowed a veto on a proposed treaty between England and the Netherlands. That any change should cause irritation, or perhaps be thought to afford a safe opportunity for aggression, is perfectly intelligible. It is unlucky that the King of ASHANTEE'S caprice or calculation should involve the English nation in trouble, risk, and expense; but it is a hasty conclusion that the more intelligent and more peaceable of two combatants must necessarily be in the wrong. The charges of cruelty and of other evil practices and propensities which are advanced by indignant partisans of the Government against the King of ASHANTEE are in the highest degree irrelevant to the merits of the quarrel; yet a potentate who, unless he is libelled, murders his subjects in large numbers on frivolous pretexts, may be supposed to have lax notions on questions of international law. It is only occasionally and indirectly the duty of civilized Powers to interfere by force for the correction and improvement of the manners of barbarians; but there is no reason for protesting against any moral lesson which may be incidentally administered during the process of asserting the right of self-defence.

It is premature to decide on the expediency of reducing the offending ruler to a condition of political dependence. As might be expected, the steady votaries of complacency are already shocked at the possibility that victory might result in the establishment of a protectorate. It may be admitted that, as a general rule, it is not desirable to undertake fresh liabilities, but Indian experience has shown that it is sometimes necessary or politic to convert enemies into subjects. If all the princes of India were at the present moment theoretically and practically independent, the country would never be free from war. The *Roman Peace*, which conferred vast benefits on the world, is necessarily imitated by all Imperial nations. The confusion which now prevails in the Feejee Islands illustrates the difficulty of dealing with outlying subjects who have brought themselves into contact with turbulent savages. Notwithstanding the reluctance of the English Government for many years past to extend the national dominions, it is becoming more and more difficult to tolerate the anarchy which will apparently only be terminated by an assumption

of sovereignty. In spite of Peace Societies, and of constitutional pedantry, English traders and adventurers continue to find their way to every unoccupied portion of the world; and in their dealings with indigenous tribes they constantly inflict and suffer wrong. Their own Government is at last unwillingly compelled to discharge the corresponding functions of protection and coercion; and unless the backwardness of England makes room for the interference of the United States, the islands will within a few years almost certainly become a part of the Colonial Empire. The traders on the Gold Coast have an older and a stronger claim to the good offices of the English Government; and even if the settlements were abandoned in consequence of the Ashantee invasion, the same traders or their successors would in a short time renew their demand for protection. The commercial capabilities of the coast, whether or not they are worth the expense of occasional wars, are found by experience sufficient to tempt commercial adventure. The question of defending English interests cannot be decided by a mere calculation of loss and gain.

In one sense it may be considered an advantage that the campaign will necessarily be short. The English troops must leave the country early in the spring, before the hotter season commences. By that time it may be hoped that a decisive blow will have been struck, and the organization of native levies will probably be complete. It is not yet known whether the Government intends to despatch any force from India, where there are some irregular native troops which possess a special aptitude for fighting in the bush. It is but too certain that, with or without a successful result, the expedition will be costly. All modern improvements in the art of warfare tend to increase expense, while they greatly add to the superiority of civilized nations over savages. The Russians, who possess an enormous army, thought it prudent, notwithstanding the comparative scantiness of their financial resources, to make the most elaborate preparations of all kinds for the invasion of Khiva. The complete accomplishment of their enterprise at the first attempt was abundant compensation for the preliminary outlay. The House of Commons has never refused or grudging supplies which are required for the maintenance of the national honour; but any waste which may have been committed will be properly criticized when it becomes necessary to provide for the expenses of the war. If Parliament had been consulted beforehand, the Government would have been enjoined to take every precaution for the health and comfort of the troops. It is now fully understood that since, of all stores and munitions of war, the most expensive as well as the most valuable is the soldier himself, economy of life is the best exercise of frugality. There are indeed satisfactory indications that anxiety for the preservation of life has not become more prevalent in the army itself than in former times. The troops which have been selected for the expedition are probably glad to vary the monotony of peace, and if all the officers employed had suddenly been disabled, there would have been no difficulty in supplying their places ten times over with eager volunteers. The war is a disagreeable accident; but there is at present no reason to regard it in a lugubrious or desponding spirit. Since the check which they first received the Ashantees have ventured on no further attack, although they might have been encouraged by the unfortunate incident on the Prah.

THE TRIAL OF MARSHAL BAZAINE.

AFTER a lapse of nearly three years from the surrender of Metz, the trial of Marshal BAZAINE has at last begun. It is an event of extreme importance, both in the history and the politics of France. From the first day when the news of the surrender reached those who were engaged in organizing the war of defence, the cry of treachery was heard. That an army of upwards of a hundred and fifty thousand men, comprising the flower of the French troops, should have been shut up in a fortress for two months without making any serious attempt to escape was said to be perfectly unaccountable, except on the supposition that the General to whom its destinies had been confided had proved unfaithful to his trust. But, as every French General was immediately accused of treachery as soon as he had undergone a reverse, no great attention was paid outside France to the imputations cast on the honour of Marshal BAZAINE. If it was difficult to account for his inactivity,

it was still more difficult to believe that he had sacrificed his country to any unworthy motives. There was, however, ample ground for making an inquiry into his conduct, apart from any suspicions of his fidelity; and the Government of M. THIERS was acting strictly within the line of its duty when it ordered such an inquiry to be made. A Commission was appointed to receive and report on all the evidence that could be discovered, either in condemnation or defence of the Marshal. The Report at which the Commission arrived is in the highest degree unfavourable to the accused. Marshal BAZAINE is stated, in the first place, to have never made any serious use of the means at his command to get his army away from Metz before the investment began. In the next place, he is accused of having refused to associate himself with the efforts of those who were devoting themselves to carrying on the war, because he preferred to arrange with the enemy a scheme for an Imperial restoration. Lastly, it is alleged that he capitulated on terms needlessly humiliating, and without any thought for the honour of his troops and his country. These are most serious accusations, made as they are after deliberate inquiry, by the mouth of a general officer; and it is obvious that, if the assertion contained in the Report that, had it not been for BAZAINE, Lorraine might still be French, is shown to be justified by satisfactory evidence, the taunt which has recently proceeded so frequently from the lips of Monarchical partisans, that the war was prolonged blindly and without hope, will henceforth lose almost all its sting.

BAZAINE was made Commander-in-Chief on the 12th of August, and in accordance with the views of the EMPEROR and the Imperial Ministry he proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for transporting his army to Châlons in order to cover Paris. He failed, and the causes of his failure are, according to the Report, to be found in his extreme incapacity, and in his having conceived a secret design not to quit Metz at all. As instances of his incapacity, it is stated that he took no adequate measures to transport his army over the Moselle; that, after the battle of the 16th, he failed to push on towards Verdun, because, as he then said, his men were without provisions, whereas he now owns that there were provisions enough if they had been properly distributed; that he sacrificed CANROBERT on the 18th by leaving him without support in presence of superior numbers, and that in the great battle of the 18th he entirely neglected his duty, and scarcely went near the field of battle at all. With regard to these charges of incapacity, it may be remarked that they will be very hard to prove, and that, even if they were established, all that would be shown would be that BAZAINE was about on a level with the other French commanders in the war. The charge of his having all along intended to stay at Metz, and of having purposely deceived the EMPEROR and MACMAHON, and thus led indirectly to the disaster of Sedan, is a much more serious one; but it is not very easy to understand either the precise nature of the design attributed to him, or the means which it is supposed he took to carry it out. The Report seems to suggest that BAZAINE intrigued through his wife for the supreme command, and that then, when he had attained the position he desired, he wished to use it so as to make himself independent alike of the EMPEROR and the Government, and to be able to decide alone as to the mode in which the war should be carried on. The Report also states, in a tone of very positive assertion, that he endeavoured to conceal and carry out this design by withholding necessary information, by ignoring despatches which he received, by treacherously intercepting his own despatches before they reached MACMAHON, and by trying to create a belief, which was totally unfounded in fact, that it was impossible for the bearers of despatches to get to him at Metz. It is true that he obtained in the last days of August the assent of a Council of War which he called together to his resolution to remain for the moment under the shelter of Metz; but it is stated in the Report that he concealed from this Council his knowledge of the important fact that MACMAHON had already started on the dangerous expedition which it was hoped would end in the junction of the two armies. We must own that this part of the Report, apart from the evidence by which it was to be substantiated, is not very convincing; it reads like all French indictments, as if it were drawn on the principle that, if there is good reason for suspecting a man of a crime, the proper thing in order to present the case fairly to a tribunal is to portray him as having been engaged from his earliest years in

a steady career of the blackest villainy. The story of BAZAINE's doings during the month of August seems quite as compatible with the theory that his errors were those of a second-rate man blundering and purposeless in face of extraordinary difficulties, as with the suggestion that he was a dark and mysterious schemer, having selfish purposes of his own, and sacrificing every one in order to attain the end he proposed.

The real gist of the accusation against BAZAINE lies, however, not in what he did before Sedan, but in what he did after Sedan had led to the downfall of the Empire, and to the substitution of a Government which he distrusted and despised. He did not, it is alleged, in any way co-operate with those who were carrying on the war; he gave them no information as to his position, he suggested no general scheme of attack or defence. He remained, in fact, in a state of complete isolation and complete inactivity. For these consequences that thence ensued the Report holds him exclusively and absolutely responsible. It is alleged that, as several examples show, it was perfectly easy to get in and out of Metz; and it is even said that the Marshal might have got now stores of provisions if he would but have condescended to use the aid of the Republican Government in procuring them. The old vexed question as to the possibility of effectual sorties being made is once more raised, and is of course decided against the Marshal. The view of the Report is simply that he did not get out because he wished to stay in; and this brings us to the really important charge which, if proved, will justly subject him to severe punishment and condemn his name to perpetual infamy; but which, if disproved, will render the substantiation of other charges against him comparatively unimportant. The precise accusation against him is, that he purposely deprived France of the services of its one remaining army, in order that, in concert with the enemy, he might make this army the means of crushing the opponents of the Empire, resuscitating the Imperial Government, and thus providing the Germans with the means of readily negotiating the terms of peace. In other words, it is alleged that BAZAINE wished to close a foreign war at the cost of any humiliation, in order that he might carry a civil war to the issue which he fancied would best suit him.

There is no doubt that the mysterious M. REGNIER was, with the concurrence or connivance of the Germans, entrusted by BAZAINE with a mission, the object of which was to learn how far the EMPRESS would countenance some project of negotiating terms independently of the Republican Government, and that the scheme fell through as soon as it was found she would have nothing to do with it. But it must make much difference in the mode in which BAZAINE's conduct is to be regarded whether it is true or false that he had no means of knowing what steps were being taken in other parts of France to prolong the war, and whether he honestly believed an effective sortie to be possible, or whether, with a perfect power of getting out when he pleased, he only pretended to make sorties in order to conceal the treachery he was meditating. It may be suspected that it will be very difficult to establish to the satisfaction of military judges that a successful sortie on a scale sufficient to release the bulk of BAZAINE's army could have been made after the lines of investment had once been formed. Before that date BAZAINE might perhaps have cut his way out with a large sacrifice of men and material; but the truth probably is that both BAZAINE and his army were too much disheartened by finding how great was the numerical superiority of the enemy to be fit for any great effort soon after the exhausting battle of the 18th. After he had given up all hope of success in his negotiations and in his attempts to escape, BAZAINE turned his thoughts to the melancholy necessity of capitulating, and the third head of the charges against him is that which refers to the time and the mode of his capitulation. What is principally urged against him is, that he did not destroy the materials of war in the place, and that, instead of burning the flags, he allowed a large number of them to pass into the hands of the enemy. It is clear from the manner in which the part of the Report dealing with these matters is drawn, that, with regard to the details of the capitulation, a great amount of evidence adverse to the Marshal will be forthcoming; but although, according to the rules of the service, neglect of duty in regard to the terms of capitulation may render a commander liable to

punishment, every one will know that in the great trial of Marshal BAZAINE questions as to his inactivity in August, and his neglect to destroy guns and flags when he was capitulating, are merely subsidiary, and that the real issue to be tried is whether the Marshal left the Republican armies to perish in order that, with the assistance of the foreigner, he might bring home in triumph the dynasty of NAPOLEON.

HOME RULE.

THE revival of the clamour for Repeal, under the name of Home Rule, is likely to be not less troublesome than the original agitation. Mr. BUTT is a less formidable and less crafty demagogue than O'CONNELL; but he has the advantage of living in a generation which is tolerant, through familiarity, of every kind of seditious innovation. Although the Liberal party was, before and after the passing of the Emancipation Act, closely allied with the Irish Catholics, no English candidate thought in those days that his interests would be promoted by an avowal of his readiness to submit to the disruption of the Empire. It is true that before the establishment of household suffrage Irish voters in Dewsbury and other Northern boroughs were few in number; but there is reason to believe that political laxity has become more common in the course of forty years. It was never exactly known whether O'CONNELL was in earnest; and Mr. BUTT's real aspirations are not less doubtful; but English politicians in the days which followed the first Reform Bill never professed to make the existence of the United Kingdom an open question. As one of the rank and file of the Ministerial majority, Serjeant SIMON probably indicates the tendencies of some of his colleagues; and the section of Conservatives which bids for popularity against the Government by adopting the doctrine of household suffrage in counties would not be incapable of applying similar tactics to the agitation for Home Rule. It is difficult to convince factious partisans that narrow cunning is for the most part incompatible, not only with wisdom, but with selfish prudence. When Home Rule becomes a prominent question, there can happily be no doubt of the popular feeling which will prevail in England and Scotland. Mr. BUTT is too sanguine if he believes that the English democracy will sympathize with his demands. If the working class should hereafter acquire the control of national policy, its representatives will not be in a hurry to proclaim that they are less patriotic than their predecessors. In the Northern manufacturing towns the Irish are, with or without fault of their own, not regarded with general favour; and candidates who bid high for their votes will run the risk of alienating the majority. There is indeed no absurder paradox than the proposal of Mr. BUTT and his fellow-agitators that English elections should be decided by Irish voters for the purpose of promoting total or partial separation of the two parts of the kingdom. The constant migration from Ireland to England would alone justify the maintenance of the Union.

The Roman Catholic hierarchy has, for sufficient reasons, hitherto abstained from identifying itself with the movement for Home Rule. At the last general election some bishops and priests gave active, and even scandalous, aid to Repeal candidates; but their motives were apparently accidental or local; and it was not known that they were acting under the direction of any central authority. The fact that the conduct of the agitation has been hitherto entrusted to a Protestant sufficiently proves that it has not yet assumed a clerical character. The most fulsome compliments will never induce bishops and cardinals to repose confidence in a heretic who cannot even affect to admit the validity of their pretensions. The late declaration of the Bishop and clergy of Cloyne seems to imply that the Roman Catholic priests think that it will be more to their interest to adopt the demand for Home Rule than to risk the loss of their popularity. The ambiguous and commonplace letter of Archbishop MACHALE is less significant because the aged prelate has always been a Repealer of the school of O'CONNELL. His national passions and prejudices have always deprived him of the perfect confidence of Rome; and he may probably have resented the preference of a rival who had been trained in Italy for the service of the Holy See. The decision of the hierarchy will remain doubtful until Cardinal Cullen has spoken; but it is scarcely probable that the Bishop of Cloyne would have acted without his sanction. The policy of the

Roman Catholic Church will be determined by a calculation of the chances of the coming election. The Bullot has greatly weakened the power of the clergy; and if it is thought that Home Rule candidates are likely to succeed, it may be thought prudent to anticipate and avoid defeat by conforming beforehand to the opinion of the constituencies. If Cardinal Cullen and those with whom he takes counsel were entirely free agents, they would scarcely plunge into the uncertainty which would result from separation. At present they enjoy both the protection of the Imperial Government and the popularity which is earned by ostensible resistance to English supremacy. In an Irish Republic, which would be the only possible result of Repeal, the clergy might be exposed to the fate of their order in Spain. Modern Irish agitators are more likely to look to America or to revolutionary France for precedents than to acknowledge the paramount claim of the Church to political obedience.

It is possible that the more prudent leaders of the clergy may foresee a double danger in a policy which they nevertheless prefer on a calculation of the balance of expediency. If their alliance were to ensure the success of the movement for Home Rule, the victory might perhaps prove to be suicidal; and, on the other hand, the accession of the clergy to the agitation will render it more than ever unpopular in England, by connecting the demand for separation with claims of ecclesiastical supremacy. The secular agitators already betray uneasiness at the prospect of merging their organization in a new confederation. Mr. Burt asserts that he has always regarded the efforts of the Home Rule Association as preparatory and provisional, and that he gladly accepts the assistance of a revered and national hierarchy. Some of his associates express more candidly their distrust of a body of allies which has never in any part of Catholic Christendom heartily devoted itself to any object unconnected with its own separate aggrandizement. The Repeal party under O'Connell was avowedly Catholic, and the leader was sufficiently powerful to influence the clergy in his turn while he enjoyed their unbounded confidence. Mr. Burt will necessarily be superseded if the bishops obtain the control of the movement, nor will they continue to promote it if their predominance is disputed. One consequence of their adhesion will be the inevitable abandonment of all attempts to effect a compromise with the Irish Protestants. The Orangemen, as well as the more moderate Protestants, have, greatly to their credit, hitherto refused to countenance projects of separation. Their repugnance to Home Rule will become still stronger if they have reason to regard it as a preparation for Roman Catholic supremacy. Mr. Burt's English democracy is much more likely to entertain an exaggerated prejudice against a cause advocated by the priests than to listen to the blandishments of Home Rule agitators. The demagogues are at present in an embarrassing dilemma. Without the aid of the clergy they can scarcely claim to represent popular opinion; and nevertheless they know that the priests dislike them, and profoundly distrust their designs. The two factions which are in unequal degrees hostile to English rule have no other motive or purpose in common.

Proposals to buy off Irish disaffection by petty concessions are as childish as Lord Russell's proposal for the establishment of four little Parliaments in the respective provinces. The Home Rule agitators have used as a plausible argument for their scheme the alleged cost and inconvenience to railway promoters of attending before Committees of Parliament in London. Only the simplest of mankind can believe that they would be in any degree conciliated by the adoption of a project for the consideration of private Bills by Committees of Irish peers and members in Dublin. The expense might perhaps be slightly diminished, while the risk of jobs would be greatly aggravated; but if such an arrangement were really desired by those whom it would practically concern, it would not be worth while to object to the experiment, if it could be tried at a fitter season. In the present state of things it is evident that the institution of a Parliamentary Committee in Ireland would be represented by the demagogues both as the admission of a grievance and as a proof that indigenous legislation was harmless and practicable. It would scarcely be a compliment to Mr. Burt to accept seriously his declarations that simple Repeal, or the establishment of an Irish Parliament for local purposes, would satisfy the wishes of those whom he professes to represent. The numerical force on which he relies for success at the next election consists not of Home Rulers, but of Fenians, who

would be as hostile to the Imperial connexion after the repeal of the Union as before they had a Parliament of their own which might seem to render the existence of a common Legislature superfluous. The independence of Ireland as it existed for only sixteen or seventeen years during the whole course of history ended in a disastrous rebellion. A federal constitution, even if it were endurable in itself, would only stimulate the demand for total disruption. Even if it were possible that separation could be peaceably effected, oppressed parties would soon appeal to England for protection, and not without success. It is much better that the Union should be preserved than that it should be re-established by force.

TENANT-RIGHT FALLACIES.

THE Social Science Association was nearly tempted into a deviation from its proper functions when one of its Sections engaged in a discussion on tenant right. According to the theory of the Association as interpreted by its practice, social science includes only those subjects which are from their nature not susceptible of scientific inquiry; yet some of Mr. Howard's propositions are so demonstrably fallacious that they almost rise to the rank of scientific errors. He is perfectly justified in citing as authorities in support of his opinions the Chambers of Agriculture in which tenant-farmers always form the majority. It would be strange if any class objected to proposals of legislation in its own favour. It might perhaps be possible to extend without violation of the rights of property the security which is in almost all parts of the country afforded to the outgoing tenant by local custom. Unexhausted manures, drains constructed by the occupier and left in working order, and other investments of capital which might be easily enumerated, as they equitably belong to the tenant, ought not to be appropriated without compensation by the owner. The cases in which injustice of this kind is committed are few; and, where a reasonable custom of the country forms a part of the contract between landlord and tenant, sufficient security against wrong is already provided. There are large districts in which the landlord executes the minutest repairs, as well as the more permanent improvements, and where the use of artificial manures is exceptional. Soon after the last general election some farmers in Wales attempted an agitation for fixity of tenure which was certainly not justified by their habits of investing capital in the land. Unless the right to compensation at the determination of tenancies were strictly defined, it would become an instrument of intolerable oppression. None of the speakers at Norwich, except Mr. Heron, who represented the extreme Irish view of tenant right, openly advocated fixity of tenure or a right of compensation for mere disturbance; but the same object would be indirectly attained if a change of tenancy were rendered so burdensome and perilous to the landowner that he would be habitually deterred from exercising his right.

It would be unreasonable as well as discourteous to doubt Mr. Howard's assertion that he demands legislative interference for the public good rather than for the benefit of the tenant, or for the sake of injury or advantage to the landlord; but, in dissociating himself from his natural clients, he infringes the fundamental principles of political economy. It is not the business of Parliament to direct, if it were possible, the application of capital to the improvement of land; and if the experiment were legitimate, Mr. Howard's anticipations seem to be extravagant and chimerical. If, according to Mr. Howard, the whole country were brought up to the standard of a model farm in Norfolk, the produce of meat in Great Britain would amount to 150,000,000*l.* a year. In another calculation Mr. Howard estimates the possible increase of agricultural products at 100,000,000*l.* a year. Large figures are always suspicious; and it is equally impossible to admit or to deny the accuracy of a conjectural estimate, though it is absurd to suppose that by the most unbounded outlay the sands of Surrey or the hills of Wales could be made as fertile as the best soils of the Eastern counties. It is well known that high farming answers best on the richest land; and that consequently an enterprising tenant would, if he had the choice, prefer land worth 4*l.* an acre to ordinary arable or pasture. Mr. Howard himself produces on his farms a net return from the sale of meat of 5*l.* per acre; and it may be presumed that his skill and judgment enable him to farm at a

reasonable profit. On barren soils a similar production would cost much more than it would be worth. To realize Mr. HOWARD's hundred millions a year, it would be necessary to divert from other occupations at least a thousand millions of capital; and it is not self-evident that the transfer would be advantageous either to capitalists or to the community. If twenty per cent. can be made by spinning cotton, and only ten per cent. by putting artificial manures on land, self-interest coincides with public utility in preferring the more abundant return. It must be remembered that Mr. HOWARD's imaginary increase of fertility is to be obtained exclusively by the application of new capital to the land; and it is notorious that the rate of profit decreases as cultivation becomes more and more artificial, and especially as it affects less fertile soils. There can be no doubt that the land might be rendered more productive by the extension of drainage; but in general the process would cost more than 10*l.* per acre, so that the improvement would be unprofitable unless it added at least 10*s.* to the renting value. The author of the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords enumerated, with a kind of sarcastic humour, the numerous exceptions to the proposition that drains improve the land. Mr. HOWARD seems to assume that in every case every outlay of capital is both conducive to fertility and adequately remunerative.

To establish the necessity of legislation, it must be proved not that crops or stock might possibly be increased in amount, but that artificial obstacles to profitable cultivation are at present interposed by the law of land tenure. There are a few small districts in Northern Europe where the gross produce of land is greater than in England; but there is no part of the world, which can be fairly compared to England in soil and climate, where the proportion of agricultural produce to the labour employed is nearly as large. The spade will in general produce larger crops than the plough; but on the whole horses are cheaper than men, and steam is, under favourable conditions, cheaper than horses. Mr. HOWARD, who both preaches and practises scientific farming, is not likely to prefer the cottier tenancies of Ireland or of Flanders, or the petty freeholds of France, to the great manufactories of grain and stock which thrive in Norfolk, in Lincolnshire, and in Northumberland; but if he persists in judging of the system of land tenure by the difference between the actual gross produce of the soil and the crops which might possibly be raised, he will find it difficult to resist the revolutionary schemes of Mr. ARCH and his associates. It is necessary to his contention to devise some argument against freedom of contract, and consequently he remarks that applicants for farms are not on equal terms with landowners who possess a monopoly of the soil. The man who wants to hire a farm "has only" "the freedom of refusing the farm of which, after great efforts, he may have succeeded in obtaining the offer, and" "which perhaps a score of his neighbours stand ready to" "take, no matter what may be the conditions imposed, if the" "rent is not too exorbitant." If the usual conditions of tenancy are unjust to the occupier, it is strange that there should be an eager competition for the opportunity of engaging in a losing business. Mr. HOWARD, in fact, underestimates the eagerness to obtain farms in the best districts, as, for instance, in Norfolk, where it is not unusual to have eighty or a hundred applicants for a vacant farm. The struggle proves that there is a valuable property which may be called a monopoly, and which would still be the subject of bargain and sale if the rights of the actual owners were transferred to new possessors or limited by operation of law. Mr. READ, in the course of the discussion, justly denounced "the silly custom of payment for good-will," or of tenant-right as it prevails in Ulster. If tenant-farmers were to receive a gratuitous boon from the Legislature at the expense of their landlords, they would deal with it as with any other kind of property. The concession of Mr. HOWARD's demands, as far as they are reasonable, would produce an insignificant result; but if he proposes to abolish monopoly, or, in other words, landed property, it is not easy to estimate the magnitude or to determine the tendency of the change. It is improbable that Mr. HOWARD's expectation of a great increase of production would be confirmed by the result. Tenant-farmers who support his proposals of legislative interference are more solicitous to enlarge their own interests in the land than to add hundreds of millions on their own risk to the supply of food for the nation. Their enthusiasm for new experiments is not unlikely to be checked by the formidable agitation which has

lately been promoted among their own labourers. Demands for Parliamentary meddling with the relations of capital and labour have caused well-founded alarm. There is not the smallest reason for believing in the existence of the dukes and lords who are supposed to have told Mr. ARCH that they would combine for hostile purposes against the labourers. The farmers have much more to fear from the Unions than from their landlords.

MILK AND COALS.

THERE is an extension of the co-operative principle which has long been urgently required, and which, in the present exasperated temper of the public, has perhaps some chance of being carried out. A co-operative association for the purpose of prosecuting fraudulent tradesmen would evidently have a large field open to it. Numerous Acts of Parliament of all sorts are passed from time to time for the protection of the public; but experience has shown that Acts of Parliament are of very little value, unless the public is ready to employ them in its own defence. The statute-book supplies a fine armoury of weapons; but unfortunately there is seldom anybody willing to make use of them, and so they rust on the rack. It would appear that people must be very ill-used indeed before they will stir a finger on their own behalf; and of course the cheats are encouraged by the impunity with which they are practically enabled to perpetrate their robberies. Just now the public, worried beyond endurance, has fairly turned at bay, and is tossing milkmen and goring coal-dealers in all directions. The fit of revenge is a very wholesome one, but it is to be feared that it will soon exhaust itself. What is wanted is the systematic prosecution of all fraudulent retailers in cold blood from day to day. A great co-operative prosecuting association, with ample funds and a good staff of standing counsel, attorneys, and analysts, would be of service not merely by securing the actual punishment of offenders, but by the general terror which it would inspire. Nothing would be so likely to keep down this sort of knavery as to have always a rogue on the spit for the edification of his fellows.

In the meanwhile we are glad to observe that people are at length being stirred up to take care of themselves. All the depredations of the ordinary criminal classes who pick pockets, break into houses, and steal and rob in other ways, are, measured by money, a mere flea-bite compared with the constant, steady, business-like spoliation practised by fraudulent tradesmen. On Wednesday there were no fewer than seven charges against milk-sellers in the police-courts; and the magistrates inflicted fines varying from 8*s.* to 10*l.* (in each instance with costs) according to the extent of the adulterations. In the worst case the so-called milk contained 80 per cent. of water; in other cases the water was 40, 50, and 67 per cent. of the whole quantity. One of the milk-sellers pleaded, through his solicitor, that the milk was adulterated by his men without his knowledge, that it was adulterated in the country before it came to him, and that it was notorious that pure milk could not be sold for fourpence a quart; but this ingenious variety of pleas did not save him. An official trade circular which has just been issued explains that many milkmen have hitherto been acting on the principle that they could obtain a larger profit "by the dilution or" "abstraction of cream than by charging an advance which" "was sometimes resisted"; and asks the public whether they will "hold out a premium to fraud and dishonesty" "by paying an insufficient price for an article which" "deceives them and disgraces the trade." It might be observed that it is rather difficult to say what is a sufficient price for a deceptive and disgraceful article; but we are more concerned to note the admission that this is the sort of article which has hitherto been sold, and for which the dairy-men now profess to be anxious to substitute genuine milk, if their customers will only agree to the increase of price. As one of them said at a recent meeting, "the public surely" "would not begrudge an extra penny per quart if they got" "good milk in return." The question, however, is not what is a fair price for milk—as to that the dairy-men are clearly entitled to form, and as far as they can to enforce, their own opinion—but whether dairy-men have a right to sell under the name of milk anything which is not milk. The recent Adulteration Act and the prosecutions arising out of it have settled this question, and the dairy-men may be left to seek redress in their own way. As long as they supply real milk, they have a perfect right to

charge their own price for it, and economical housewives who resent the higher price can easily adjust the balance for themselves by watering down the milk to its former level.

There is a significant similarity in the arguments by which the dairymen and the coal-dealers seek to justify their dishonest practices. Their plea is simply this—that, if they cannot afford to sell a genuine article at a particular price, they are entitled to sell anything else that comes to hand in place of the genuine article. The purchaser is supposed to be bound to know what is a fair price for pure milk or real coals, and if he buys anything under that price he has no right to complain, though it should turn out to be water or slates. One of the police-magistrates was weak enough to be misled by this argument, and told a man who complained that what had been sold to him as Wallsend coal was worthless rubbish which would hardly burn at all, that he could not expect to get Wallsend coal at the price he paid, and had no right to redress. The man might have replied that he had at least a right to expect something that would burn, whether Wallsend or not. We are happy to see that other magistrates have steered clear of this dangerous ground. In the first place, it is difficult, and in some cases impossible, for the purchaser who knows nothing professionally about coals to say what is a fair price for a particular quality; and, in the second place, it is not part of the duty of a police-magistrate in these days to fix the price of coal or of anything else. His task is of a more simple nature. He has only to look at the terms of the offer made by the seller, and at the article actually supplied, and to decide how far they agree. This is the common-sense view of the matter which has been taken by Mr. NEWTON in the case of Mr. W. E. BATLEY, of the Newcastle Colliery Owners' Coal Company, Great Portland Street. This gentleman is an advertising coal-dealer, and he has now been advertised as much as he could desire. Mr. BATLEY inserted in the newspapers an announcement that "The Newcastle Colliery Owners are selling their celebrated Wallsend at 28s., which are the best burning coals in the world. Weight and quality guaranteed." Mr. H. BARTLETT, a consulting analyst, bought a ton and a half of these coals on the faith of this advertisement; but his servant complained of them, and on examination he found that they were of very inferior quality. The magistrate therefore ordered Mr. BATLEY to pay a fine of 10*l.* and costs. This is the second fine which Mr. BATLEY has had to pay. In a former case it was pleaded on his behalf that he had done "only what other tradesmen did," but Mr. NEWTON remarked that this had nothing to do with the question, which was simply whether he had sold bad coals for good. He added that from letters and other communications he had ascertained that the defendant had plundered the public for a long time, but he hoped they would now know what remedy they had. If Mr. BATLEY has been doing a good trade in this class of coals, and if many of his customers appeal to Mr. NEWTON, his transactions will hardly turn out very profitable. In a case before Sir R. CARDEN at Guildhall it was shown that Messrs. RICHARD SMITH and Co.—a firm carefully to be distinguished from RICKETT, SMITH and Co.—advertised that "the cheapest coal the world produces is the New Main Wallsend at 30s.; no ash or slates." A City police-constable bought some of them, and stated that there were about six sacks of dust and slag to about four of coal, and that the fuel burned with a slaty white ash. It was acknowledged that the coals were bad, but it was urged that it was not Messrs. SMITH's fault, as the coals were sent from another wharf and they never saw them. Sir R. CARDEN said the advertisement contained a series of falsehoods, and imposed a fine of 5*l.*, or one month's imprisonment.

It cannot be said that in regard to frauds of this class the Legislature has neglected to make proper provision for the protection of the public. Transactions between coal-dealers and their customers are placed under statutory regulations which are quite as minute and specific as those relating to cabs. The carman who delivers the coals is required, before he begins to unload, to give the purchaser a ticket "describing the quantity, and, if any particular sort is ordered or contracted for, the sort, of the coals sent by the seller." He is bound to carry scales and weights, and to weigh coals on the demand of the receiver. If he refuses to do so, or obstructs the weighing, he is liable to a fine not exceeding twenty pounds. It is impossible to

imagine anything more which could be done by legislative enactment to prevent people who buy coals from being cheated by the dealers, short of sending round a Government officer with every cart to compel the householder to put in force the provisions of the law for his own protection. The coal-dealer is bound to render an invoice containing full particulars, which may afterwards be used against him, and he is also bound to satisfy his customers that he is giving good measure. He is liable to a heavy fine if he neglects to send a weighing-machine with each coal-waggon; and if there is any deficiency in quantity or quality the customer can either refuse to receive the coals or seek redress at the police-court. Yet how often is any use made of these regulations? As a rule, the customer is content to send one of his servants to count the empty sacks, and if the number is all right he is satisfied; but it is a common trick among knavish carmen, with or without the connivance of their employers, to bring one or two empty sacks with them which are slipped into the heap when nobody is looking. If people object to be cheated, they should make a rule of always counting the full sacks in the waggon, or having one or two sacks weighed, and of appointing some one to see that the contents of each sack are duly discharged into the coal-cellar. All this of course involves trouble, and there are people silly enough to think that it looks mean; but people who will not take a little trouble on their own account, and who are afraid to be thought mean because they insist upon getting what they have paid for, must just make up their minds to be plundered, and deserve no pity. The same observations apply to the sale of milk. Nothing can be simpler than to measure the quantity supplied by pouring it into a jug of known capacity when it is delivered, nor is there any difficulty in testing the quality of the milk. The addition of water changes not only the taste but the colour of the liquid, and its density also supplies an indication of dilution. Under the Adulteration Act, application can be made to special officers to test the quality of suspected milk; and the magistrates have shown, in the case both of the dairymen and of the coal-dealers, that they are quite ready to deal sharply with all tradesmen who are convicted of fraud. There can be no doubt that the laziness and carelessness of the public are mainly responsible for the large amount of dishonesty which is constantly practised. If people would only make up their minds to insist upon receiving good quality, and fair quantity, and would avail themselves of the means of protection furnished by law, it would lead to a vast saving of money, as well as to an improvement in the standard of commercial morality.

THE CLERGY AND STRIKES.

IT is natural that the clergy, as they have been attacked so bitterly for not espousing the cause of the agricultural labourer against the farmer in the recent strikes, should wish to be heard in their own defence. The Bishop of OXFORD stated the case with great clearness and moderation at the meeting of the Church Congress at Bath. He thinks it rather hard that he should be called an "Episcopal scoundrel," and accused of crimes which "the *Newgate Calendar* cannot equal," merely because he does not see his way to interpose between a farmer and his men when they happen to quarrel about wages. And he gives several obvious reasons why the clergy had better not attempt to arbitrate in these disputes—in the first place, because they have not the requisite knowledge; next, because neither farmers nor labourers have consented to abide by their decision; and, thirdly, because interference of this kind does not lie within the proper functions of the Church. Bishop MACKENZIE holds that in such a case a strict impartiality is the clergyman's wisest, indeed his only, course. The business of the Church, he says, is not to help agricultural labourers to better wages, or farmers to larger profits, but to remind each side that their duties to one another are not bounded by a mere question of so much wages for so much work, and to preach kindness, charity, and the Christian doctrine of mutual dependence and reciprocal obligation. The Bishop frankly acknowledges that the clergy have not always done as much as they should have done in these respects. More systematic efforts should have been made to civilize and elevate the labourer, on the one hand, and, on the other, to teach his social superiors humility and consideration for those below them. Impartial and reasonable people will, we

should think, be disposed to agree with the Bishop in his view of the manner in which the clergy can deal most usefully with these disputes. It is unfortunate that masters and men cannot come to terms without flying into a violent passion with each other, and assuming that there must be wickedness in not looking at the question exactly from their particular point of view. It is obvious, however, that if the clergy were to take to preaching sermons for or against an increase of wages or reduction of the hours of labour, they would only be adding fuel to the flame. On the other hand, if they can only moderate the passions which have been aroused, and impress on each side that the other side has something to say for itself, they may help materially to bring about a satisfactory agreement. The Bishop, however, has not been so fortunate as to please the *Daily Telegraph*. That journal is shocked at this "astonishing conception" of the duty of a Christian Church, and can hardly refrain from "an exclamation of 'absolute horror.'" It denounces the Bishop's remarks as so much idle wind, and feels bound to "say bluntly" that, if a Bishop can say nothing more to the purpose than that farmers and labourers ought to be good Christians, he had better not speak at all. To tell a man to be a good Christian has apparently no meaning for the *Daily Telegraph*; and it may perhaps be conjectured that the demands of Christmas and Good Friday on the conductors of that journal are so exhausting that they have very little Christianity left for the rest of the year. Why, it is asked, do the priesthood of Ireland exercise an immeasurably greater influence than the clergy of England? It is "because the Irish priests are the social and political leaders of the people, and have given their flock all-powerful aid in their battles with the rich and with the Government." The suggestion is certainly instructive. The Roman Catholic priesthood has undoubtedly fostered the tenant's delusion that the land ought to be transferred from his landlord to himself, and they are now taking a prominent part in the Home Rule agitation. The clergy of the Church of England are therefore warned that, unless they are ready to take up a similar position in England, they must expect to sacrifice what little influence they possess. The English clergy would probably reply that they have no ambition to exercise the functions of Socialist firebrands or revolutionary demagogues.

It will be observed that by insinuation, if not openly, the clergy are accused, not so much of taking up a neutral position between the farmers and their men, as of taking sides with the masters. Even Mr. LLEWELYN DAVIES, who read a paper at Bath, asked whether it was possible by any stretch of imagination to conceive of St. JAMES or St. PAUL taking the side of the upper classes against the lower. And then he spoke of the Church having favoured the abolition of slavery and the emancipation of the serfs, and declared that it would be degenerate and disloyal if it were to commit itself to the policy of keeping down the labourer. The suggestion here is, of course, that the agricultural labourers are slaves or serfs, and that the clergy have committed, or seem to be in danger of committing, themselves to the policy of keeping them in slavery. Without discussing the accuracy of this description of the agricultural labourer, it is enough to say that, as far as we have heard, there is no ground for the charge that the clergy have placed themselves either on one side or the other. Some of them have indeed been tempted to blame the personal malice and inflammatory violence with which professional agents of the Unions have conducted their agitation, and have hinted to the labourers that they might perhaps find better friends nearer home; but it is absurd, or something worse, to try to twist this into hostility to working-men. As to the general question, it is undoubtedly sound policy for the clergy to hold aloof from quarrels between farmers and farm-labourers as to wages, not merely because they are not very well qualified to express an opinion, and because there is no reason to suppose that their decision would be respected on either side, but because intervention in this particular series of disputes would at once land them in a bottomless pit of personal and social controversy. It happens that the farmers and agricultural labourers are not the only classes who differ from each other as to what is a fair price for a day's work. There are similar disputes in every other industry in the country. The miners and the coal-owners, the engineers and their employers, the operative builders and the master-builders, and, in short, every class of labourers and artisans and every class of employers are engaged in close and vigorous con-

flikt as to their respective shares in the division of profits. The shopkeepers and their customers are also at war in the same way, and so are the farmers and landlords. The clergy are not stationed exclusively in purely agricultural districts; and even in agricultural districts there are not only labourers and farmers, but farmers and landlords. A clergyman, therefore, who assumed, under the advice of the *Daily Telegraph*, to abandon what that journal calls the vague and idle generalities of the Christian religion, and to offer a specific judgment on the questions at issue between farmers and labourers, would very soon find that he had plunged into an interminable series of disputes. First, he would have to shut himself up for a week or two, in order, with the aid of competent assessors on either side, to settle the claims of the labourers against the farmers. He would next find a deputation of farmers waiting in his parlour to request him to consider their grievances against the landlords of the parish; or perhaps the landlords might have anticipated the farmers in seeking his assistance from the pulpit in reconciling their tenants to a general advance in rent. If he happened to be in a mining district, the pitmen would invoke his aid against the coal-owners, and the coal-owners against the pitmen, while possibly a body of householders would call on him in order to point out that it was his duty to preach against both pitmen and owners, and in favour of cheaper fuel. If there were no mines, there would probably be factories, or some other manufacturing establishments, in the neighbourhood, and here again he would have another set of economical nuts to crack. Even in the smallest villages there are some shops, and shopkeepers and their customers are constantly divided in just the same way as farmer and labourer. Everybody, in fact, is anxious to get as much and to give as little as possible; and a clergyman would have enough to do who undertook to determine authoritatively from the pulpit, on successive Sundays, how much every class of the population had a right to claim in the shape of wages; what should be the ratio between farm profits and labourers' wages on the one hand and rental on the other; whether pitmen should be more highly paid because they were scarce, and bricklayers and carpenters because there were too many of them; what was a fair price for bread, meat, and groceries, and so on. A clerical student who aspired to qualify himself seriously for the discharge of these functions would have to discard theology for political economy; though it is doubtful whether political economy would altogether suit his purpose if he had no other object than to extend his influence with the multitude by echoing their cries and assuring them that they were ill-used and oppressed, and that if they were poor it was only because they were kept out of their rights. The Irish Roman Catholic clergy, whom the *Daily Telegraph* admires so much, get on very well apparently without political economy.

The position of the clergyman of the future will certainly not be a very enviable one if the views which are now prevalent in certain quarters have any chance of being realized. He is expected to be the leading demagogue and principal Trade Unionist agitator of his parish; but, on the other hand, his clerical work will be chiefly done for him by other people. As his pulpit will be open to all and sundry, he will have little opportunity for preaching himself, even if he happens to have any leisure for the enunciation of the "vague principles" of mere Christianity. While, however, all the other occupants of his pulpit will be able to preach what they like, without restriction, his own sermons will be jealously scrutinized by the agents of rival Church Associations, and it will be difficult for him to escape being prosecuted on one side or the other. He will be entertained by the howling of Slakers and the gorgeous rites of the Roman Catholic Church in the churchyard; and his spare moments will have to be devoted to marrying deceased wives' sisters to their lonely brothers-in-law, or amorous uncles to the tender nieces of their lamented wives. At harvest-home a torch-light procession of discontented labourers, led by the parish clergyman waving a flaming brand, will be a curious but appropriate symbol of the times. All this might indeed be described as an astonishing conception of the duties and obligations of clergymen of the Church of England, and might well draw from that unhappy body of men "an exclamation of absolute horror."

THE MODESTY OF GENIUS.

THERE are some little cut-and-dried taunts which lie ready to the hands of controversialists, as cannon-balls are piled upon the ramparts of a fort, to be used irrespectively of their propriety in any given case. Such, for example, is the doctrine that all bullies are cowards. There is no reason for supposing this to be true; some very brave men have bragged intolerably of their prowess, and been tyrannical on the strength of their boasts. But then it is very pleasant when bullying does turn out to be associated with cowardice; and perhaps mankind have a right to suppress so offensive a custom by assuming, without too rigid an inquiry into the facts, that the association is invariable. A similar doctrine is the plausible commonplace about the credulity of sceptics. It is of course true that disbelief of some of our favourite tenets will very frequently accompany the acceptance of some which we decline to accept; and if everybody is sceptical who hesitates to swallow our dogmas whole, and everybody credulous whose dogmas we cannot swallow, credulity and scepticism will constantly go together. But we fear that it cannot be denied that there are a good many people into whose minds any belief on any subject can only be forced by downright violence; and whose rounded and complete scepticism affords no leverage for this comfortable taunt. Another theory of the same class is the supposed modesty of genius. The convenience of this doctrine, if it were well founded, would be undeniable. There is nothing so pleasant to some people as dashing the vanity of their neighbours. It is comfortable to assume that the very fact that a man thinks himself a genius amounts to a demonstrative proof that he is not; for if that doctrine were once well established, our drawing-rooms and parlours would be swept clear of one of the most annoying varieties of civilized human being. It would indeed be satisfactory to have a conclusive reply to the demand for social blackmail incessantly put forward by persons hungrier and thirsting after adulation. Moreover, we have a more amiable motive for wishing the doctrine to be true. There can be no doubt that modesty, if not a condition of genius, at least adds to it an inimitable grace. A man who is really a first-rate authority gains our hearts most rapidly by genuine unwillingness to stand upon his dignity. Few men are free enough from snobishness to resist the flattery of a king who condescends to meet them on equal terms; and it is an even more delicate piece of flattery when a thinker, honoured throughout Europe, condescends to take your opinion as worthy of comparison with his own. The charm, indeed, is so great that we naturally try to attribute it to the great men of old. We contrive to give ourselves a kind of hypothetical flattery by fancying Shakspeare indulging in the give-and-take of ordinary conversation with men in no degree better than ourselves, and perfectly unconscious of his own rightful supremacy. It raises us in our own opinion to think that, if we had lived two or three hundred years ago, we might have been freely admitted to so high a privilege. Now, as the biographers and critics of men of first-rate genius have been generally given to excessive admiration, this grace which ought to have been characteristic, has therefore been represented as actually characteristic, of all the greatest men in the world. The portraits having really been coloured by this belief, they are, according to our ordinary logic, adduced as a conclusive proof that the belief must be a sound one; and moralists have ventured to lay down as a general principle the doctrine that true genius is free from self-consciousness.

If we endeavour to test the doctrine by facts, however, we are very soon brought into difficulty. We may say that modesty, so far as it refers to an intellectual condition, means that a man's estimate of his own talents is not excessive. In this respect the man of genius certainly differs widely from his inferiors. There are, we should say at a random guess, at least a dozen systems of universal philosophy propounded every year with the utmost gravity by men who have really learnt nothing but the art of using long words. The authors are just as pretentious as Hegel or Comte, and fancy that they have found the one key to the everlasting enigma. In nearly all these cases we should be inclined to say that a man's vanity was preposterous, except in so far as his utter ignorance might conceal from him the true nature of his pretensions. In one case, however, in a century, the philosopher, though he has not solved everything, has revolutionized the whole system of thought. If so, we do not call him vain; we simply admire his justifiable self-confidence. The ninety-nine humbugs grossly over-estimated their powers, whereas he was really as great a man, or nearly as great a man, as he supposed. The fact is undeniable; but the argument is not really conclusive. Conceit does not really depend on the relation between a man's true value and his estimate of his value. If so, it would be scarcely possible for some great men to be conceited at all. If Shakspeare, for example, had guessed only one half of the truth about himself, if he had known that the minutest details of his life and writings were to be discussed in all civilized languages, that his influence would revolutionize foreign literatures centuries after his death, and that Ben Jonson and Fletcher would appear to his posterity as mere pignions by his side, he would have been thrown off his balance by sheer astonishment. Such increase would have been too strong for any mortal brain. And in this sense it is almost impossible for any man of genius to be conceited. Nobody, however brilliant his promise, can be confident that he will draw one of the stupendous prizes in the vast lottery of life. A young man who should say, I will be a Shakspeare or a Dante or a Homer, would either be, or be in the way of becoming, a

fool. Genius must so far be unconscious that it can scarcely dare to recognize its own superlative merit, and yet a man may conceivably be overpowered even by a revelation of only a part of his own glory.

In another sense genius must be necessarily more or less unconscious. Newton is supposed to have said that his mathematical excellence was due to nothing but to his having laboured more perseveringly than others. And the theory has been packed into a formula that genius is nothing but an infinite capacity for taking trouble. In spite of the great names which may be adduced in behalf of this doctrine, we venture to think that the source of the fallacy is transparent. We will not dwell upon the fact, which is sufficiently obvious, that a capacity for endurance is just as rare and valuable an endowment as a capacity for immediate insight; and that a man, for example, who can keep his mind fixed upon a mathematical problem for many hours together, as Newton is said to have done, has one of the rarest of powers. But the argument is more vitally defective. Newton saw that, by allowing his mind to dwell upon certain problems, they gradually became clear to him, and that the longer he could attend to them the clearer his mind became. In other words, since his success in mathematical operations varied as the amount of labour bestowed upon them, he assumed that the labour was the one essential element of success. But obviously it does not follow that the same amount of labour from a feeble brain would produce equal effects. The length of time during which a problem was exposed to the action of his intellectual digestion was one condition of his success; but so was the vigour of the digestion for a given time. In short, Newton could compare his own mental operations, and pronounce those to have been most fruitful which were most laborious; but he could not look into the mind of another man, and see by comparison how slow and blundering was his reasoning machinery in comparison with his own. We are all liable to make mistakes of this kind, in one way or the other. We fancy that a man of genius has accomplished success by a lucky hit, because we cannot at all realize the facility with which he can at a given moment command all the resources of his mind. And, in revenge, the man of genius attributes to obstinacy or idleness what is the result of good, plain, honest stupidity. Each of us can only have direct experience of the working of one mind; and we naturally assume, till the contrary has been forced upon us, that all other minds are cast in the same mould. Perhaps it would be as well if, for a brief period of his life, everybody was condemned to be a schoolmaster or a grammar, in order that he might more or less fathom the stupendous abysses of human stupidity. Meanwhile it is easy to understand how a Newton or a Pascal, to whom propositions ordinarily reached by long processes of calculation appear to be self-evident truths, may be unconscious of the difference between himself and his fellows. It does not occur to them that men can be so blind as not to see in broad daylight, and it is easy to imagine that they are wilfully closing their eyes.

Misconceptions, however, of this kind, though perhaps favourable to humility, are certainly compatible even with extravagant vanity. The estimate which we form of our own talents has but an indirect relation to what is really a question of character. A man may be intolerably conceited on the strength of a quality which, even on his own showing, is a trifle. We have known a clergyman, otherwise of apostolic humility, who could not conceal his appreciation of a leg admirably adapted for episcopal costume. Of course he would not have seriously maintained the proposition that good legs give a man a claim to unusual respect, or even to ecclesiastical preferment; but yet his consciousness of their fair proportions enabled him to enter society and even to express opinions on facts, say of dogmatic theology, to which legs have no distinct relation. Perhaps his legs were even more beautiful than he supposed; but that did not justify the extreme complacency which their contemplation imparted to his reflections even upon different topics. If a man's head may be turned by such a trifle, it is not surprising that even a moderate estimate of his intellectual excellence may have a similar effect. A man's poetry may be better than he thinks it; and yet his opinion of it may make him more presumptuous than a knowledge of the truth would justify. A millionaire who only knows of half his own fortune may still be presumptuous. That men of genius are in fact frequently self-conscious does not require proof so much as it would require to be proved that some such men can still escape self-consciousness; and the excuse that they do not exaggerate their own merit is really irrelevant. It would be more judicious to point out in such cases that vanity within certain limits is really an almost essential quality. A disposition at least which for all practical purposes is undistinguishable from vanity is a necessary stimulus to a youth who would do anything great. No young man, for example, however remarkable his talent, could ever have been justified in cold blood "in taking all knowledge to be his province." The chances of a complete failure were so much greater than the chances of even modified success, that a very exuberant confidence in his own powers was implied in the undertaking. A man must be vain enough, according to the old metaphor, to aim at the moon in order that he may get to the top of the tree. In the more active walks of life, it is true, most people have their vanity pretty well knocked out of them. They learn in a few years, and at the price of a good many failures, what it is that they can really do; and then, unless they are fools, they plan their undertakings upon a reasonable estimate of their own abilities. But there are other spheres of activity in which the comforting

influence of a good cheerful vanity is required almost to the end of life. A poet, for example, of original talent may fail to obtain recognition from the older generation brought up under different traditions. The test of his success must be an inward consciousness of merit; and in order to keep up his spirits, it is highly desirable that the consciousness should be somewhat in excess. The process of piping to people who obstinately refuse to dance is so discouraging, that vanity is as necessary a provision to keep up the internal warmth as a supply of oil in the Arctic regions to keep up warmth of a different kind. The oil is not a very nice thing in itself, nor is an unctuous self-satisfaction; but it would be ungrateful to deny that it has its uses.

The dogma, indeed, which we have been considering may be interpreted into a very sound meaning. Every man's eyes should be fixed rather upon his work than upon the reflex results to himself. To take a good aim you should look at the target, instead of being absorbed in the contemplation of your rifle; and a poet or philosopher should rather think of moving his audience than of the verbal apparatus by which he brings himself into communication with them. Yet even so there are intervening moments at which all but the very strongest of men will inevitably think of their own merits, and of the external testimonies to their success. In such moments they will bless the inventor of vanity, as Sancho blessed the inventor of sleep. Whatever be the true moral, the fact can hardly be doubted. Without producing instances, anybody may satisfy himself that a very large number of eminent men have been vain in spite of all aphorisms to the contrary; and if we exempt the greatest names, it is not so much that they are free from the charge as that our hyperboles surpass anything which the most brazen-faced of mankind could utter about himself, whatever might have been his private opinion of his own merits.

TABLES-D'HÔTE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

AS foreigners have been forced to borrow the French word to express the thing, so, do what they will, the table-d'hôte will remain to the end a French institution. It is only by imitation bordering on the servile that more Southern nations have succeeded in acclimatizing it, and we English try to fashion it to a model of our own, and signally fail in consequence. Belgium and the French-speaking Cantons of Switzerland are as much French provinces in their social and gastronomic aspects as Dauphiny or Brittany. *Mutatis mutandis*, with changes in the viands and the wines following the climate and the constituents of the national cookery, it is the Italians perhaps who tread most closely on the heels of their masters. They have plenty to say for themselves, but their talk rather tends to flow in periods when it does not rise into absolute oratory; and it is needless to observe how fatal is elaborate speech to the easy enjoyment of dishes that spoil with the keeping. Slowness and solemnity are still more the vices of the dignified Spaniard, and Castilian stateliness of deportment would be even more misplaced than it is were Spanish dinners better worth eating than they are. But the *puchero* is the only Spanish dish worth dallying with, and the *puchero* keeps its heat for ever, and will wait the leisure of the most long-winded of hidalgos. As for the other dishes, the more you distract your thoughts from them the better; and it is impossible to fire your fancy or set your spirits on the flow by imbibing wines that smack strongly of the pipekin. The Austrians have no tables-d'hôte at all, although, with that light-hearted, good-humoured sociability of theirs, they would perhaps take to them more kindly than many of their neighbours. The *menus* of the Northern Germans are not amiss, although they set rather towards the indigestible, and jumble fruits and pickles and vegetables as if their arrangements had been presided over by the physicians of the various watering-places. But the Germans are essentially a heavy people, even if they did not sit down to dinner when many of us are thinking of breakfast, and at an hour when the labours of the day are still weighing on their consciences. As for the Dutch, they are but Low-Germans, solid to stolidity, born and bred in an atmosphere which is as anti-pathetical to gaiety as it is stimulating to appetite. They betake themselves to their knives and forks with the dogged perseverance with which they have embanked their country and developed its commerce; they act at table on that golden rule of minding one thing at a time which has laid the foundations of their national prosperity; they stow their food away in earnest silence, and postpone their talk till they settle to their tobacco.

Tables-d'hôte at Paris and at Amsterdam are removed far as the poles asunder; and when we refer to those of the former city, we speak of courses of the genuine French dinners that are spread somewhere to the north of the Boulevards or to the south of the Seine, not of the heterogeneous collections of customers who take their meals in company in *casseroles* in the foreign quarter. At the French table-d'hôte everything conspires to assure its success. The people have mastered the art of cookery, and are conscious that they are forced to dine in company. In its simplest shape their dinner has its succession of courses, *hors-d'œuvre* and soup, fish and entrées, rôti, salad, entremets, and dessert. Disposing of it is a work of time and attended by many pauses. The most reserved and phlegmatic of mortals feel a certain awkwardness in sitting out these interludes in silence, and betray it by certain unmistakable signs. To a Frenchman at a Frenchman

this sense of embarrassment would be insupportable, nor can there be any reason why they should submit to it. A thousand nothings are rising to their lips, and they know that their neighbours are ready to listen to their babble. There is no need to do anything so violent as break the ice; they may glide easily over it by the help of the salt-cellar or anything else that is ready to their hand. The very facility with which advances are made and met prevents any advantage being taken of them, and the feeling that no further intimacy is implied enables you to be comparatively free and unreserved in your communications. As every one, no matter what his or her station, can talk more or less, as it is a natural gift and instinct which they have been developing ever since they began to prattle, every one contributes his quota to the general gaiety. In England and most other countries, if you are wise you study your neighbour's countenance before you venture a remark on the weather. There are several contingencies that are worth the weighing; he may consider the remark a liberty and snub you accordingly; he may take advantage of your affability to be vulgarly familiar; or, what is more probable still, it may be more trouble drawing him out than it is worth. None of these things need go for much in your calculations in France, least of all the last one. Thanks to the French being lighter in their natures than we are, almost all of them can meet on the common ground of amusements or frivolities. It may be an abuse of language to speak of a Frenchwoman's toilet as being either frivolous or more matter of amusement; but, class the art of dressing as you will, that is always a safe and fertile theme. An acquaintance of half-a-dozen sentences, if you are deferential in the manner of your approaches, will justify you in freely criticizing the taste of the ladies of the party to the one who happens to be seated by your side; if you find something to abuse judiciously about the best dressed woman at the table, you are sure to win the good graces of your companion for the hour. Then there is the never-failing resource of the stage. Were you to broach the stage as a subject at a table-d'hôte at Liverpool or Glasgow, the subject would drop stillborn at once. One-third of the nation does not approve of it; another third does not appreciate it; and no one in the country knows anything of the latest bit that has been made in town or cares for the last revival of Shakspeare. When a piece has been lunched successfully on the Parisian boards it makes a furore all over the country. It has either been represented in the provincial towns or else it is advertised to be; and people are longing to see and willing to talk about what they have heard so much of.

From such safe topics as toilets or stage plays you can feel your way to more delicate and profitable ones, if your friends show signs of possessing any special information. For although Frenchmen leave the shop or the counting-house outside the door of the salon when they come to dine in mixed company, yet very few of them are above their callings. Should you fancy that the gentleman seated near you at Bordeaux looks like a *commis voyageur* in the trade, and show yourself interested in wines and curious in vintages, he will not be slow to confess his connexions, and will be proud to enlighten you with his superior knowledge. Perhaps that class of *commis voyageurs* illustrates as well as any other the adaptability that makes a French table-d'hôte so agreeable. As a rule, they are perhaps more objectionable than their English counterparts; they must be pushing men to succeed with their employers; they pay in audacity wherever they go, and a vulgar pushing Frenchman is the most vulgar of created beings. Should you be unlucky enough to find yourself in a party of these gentlemen in some provincial inn of which they are the patrons, you will be inclined for the moment to modify your views about French tables-d'hôte, although you will have no reason to complain of an absence of ease and familiarity. But if one of these very men drops into a circle of strangers, ten to one there will be little about him to take exception to, except the loudness of his necktie and his manner of swallowing his soup. So you may take the bagman's counterpart in the other sex; a provincial *modiste* on her way home with patterns from Paris. She sometimes assumes the airs and graces of her most profitable clients, but perhaps she scarcely caricatures the most eccentric of them; and if you treat her frankly for what she pretends to be, her suavity and condescension leave nothing to complain of. In the dressmaker and the commercial gentleman we have selected the extreme types we should most shrink from in England, and you must be unlucky indeed if you are not more fortunate in your company. If the party is not very numerous, and should the conversation chance to have become general, you will find it has grown strangely confidential. As people warm into animation they forget some of the restraints which prudence imposes at first even on a free-spoken French party. The smiles that light up their faces become natural instead of artificial as they really set themselves to please in earnest in place of offering conventional contributions. The man who has made some happy hit which has been approved as good, feels that he has made a reputation for brilliancy which he is bound to sustain; and the others are not to be outdone if they can help it. The ladies try to shine of course, and as they grow conscious of the impression made by their charms, conversational or other, they lay themselves out to be captivating. It is possible the guests may linger at the table even after they have sipped their coffee. They only exchange bows when they separate, yet they bow to each other like old friends, and some impulsive members of the company may have requested permission to serve the hands of others. As nothing is perfect, it is possible that they may have "talked jealous" as the saying drew on, and they were heated by excitement. Some of

them may have become noisier than good manners would permit, and the struggle for the pre-eminence may have overtaken even French politeness. But when you rose to go you were surprised to find the time had passed so quickly, and you went about your business or your pleasure on the best of terms with yourself and the friends you had left.

You may travel through the British islands like the Wandering Jew before you happen upon a dinner party like that. There are tables-d'hôte at watering-places where the guests crumple themselves up in the smallest and straitest seats, and scowl forbiddingly at the knots formed by their neighbours. There are tables-d'hôte in some of the great tourist hotels which answer more entirely to foreign ones, inasmuch as the company is always changing. You may take as a specimen of the latter a dinner on the "Sabbath" on some Scottish tour in the Highlands. The host specially requests you to join it, inasmuch as it spares his servants labour. The prayer is very much of a command, as you find out should you try to insist upon a dinner apart. As far as the food goes, you have no cause to complain of the arrangements at the public table—hodge-podge and cocky-leckie, superb salmon, beef in rounds and sirloins, mutton in haunches and saddles, haggis and sheep's head, poultry, pies, puddings, cheese, and all the rest of it. But the very profusion and the manner of serving it are fatal to geniality. All is brought up in batches and placed on the table to be cut up and distributed. The worst carvers are the most good-natured or officious. How can a gourmand talk pleasantly while he sees the salmon mangled before his eyes, and the fowls torn ruthlessly limb from limb: when he is fobbed off with a hunch of mutton gashed across the grain, while the pope's eye lies on the plate of the unappreciative maiden who is next to him? Constant anxiety of this kind is fatal of course to conversation; even if it were not, you would find it hard to begin to be agreeable. Save for the clatter of knives and plates, a Sabbath stillness reigns in the apartment; and no one is saying anything to anybody else, except some family groups who are softly whispering. The gentleman who breaks out with a solemn "I'll trouble ye, sir, for another spoonful of that haggis," is observed to blush and tremble at the sound of his own voice, although he seems by no means exceedingly impressionable. You steal a glance at the silent guest on your right; he is making the round of all the dishes at a hand gallop, and has no time to spare for social amenities. On your left is a young lady in a green tartan frock, with no collar, who blushes up to the roots of the hair when a waiter accosts her over her shoulder. Full in front of you is a stately dame, whose bangle-covered cap nods like a horse's plume. You fancy she may be cheery enough at home, for her face is pleasant, though red; but she has evidently a rooted suspicion of strangers, and her good-humoured eyes become stern when she intercepts a look of yours at her gawky daughter. Up and down the sides of the long table are stray people with whom you might possibly get on could you pick out a party to adjourn with. But they are all separated, and strongly guarded, like so many prisoners confined on the silent system under the surveillance of unsympathetic turnkeys. This is a fair sample of a British table-d'hôte, nor are matters likely to mend speedily. For it is the pleasantest people who find them most intolerable, and who prefer their own society and a solitary repast to the feast that is spread in such dismal company.

THE ROMANIZING OF INDIA.

LET not earnest Protestants be alarmed. We use the term "Romanizing" in no theological sense, but as denoting a matter of pure worldly interest, and yet of very high importance. We mean the use of the Roman alphabet in India in place of the many varieties of alphabets in use among the natives. Our attention has been forcibly attracted to this subject by the publication of Professor Williams's Sanskrit Dictionary, which, by the free, but not exclusive, use of the Roman alphabet, appears in one stout quarto instead of the three or four which would have been required had the native characters been used for all the Sanskrit words. We have one portable and thoroughly intelligible volume, instead of a cumbrous and far more expensive dictionary in three or four volumes. Labour and expense are economized, and the result is a more practically useful book.

This subject was started in India nearly forty years ago by Sir Charles Trevelyan, and although the value of the proposal was acknowledged by many, it had to contend with old-standing prejudices, and made little progress. Again Sir Charles stirred the question in England some thirteen or fourteen years ago, and for a time it attracted a share of public attention; but, beyond the printing of a Hindustani Grammar and some other books in the Roman character, no success was attained. Nor was it likely to be otherwise, for this latter movement began at the wrong end. It is the native Indian who must be taught and induced to use the Roman character. Masters as we are of India, we are in one respect at least the subjects of our subjects. So long as they speak divers languages and use divers alphabets, we must, if we aspire to rule and hope to administer justice, not only learn to speak those languages, but to read and write them in the characters which the natives themselves employ.

The languages of India are about twenty in number, and the number of alphabets is about the same, although some languages have more than one alphabet; thus the Mahratti has two, and the Hindi also has distinct printed and written forms. With two exceptions, that of the Tamil in the South and the Hindustani in

the North, all these alphabets are only modifications of one type. They are varieties of the Nāgari, or rather of the different forms of the Nāgari in which Sanskrit has been written in different ages. Inscriptions enable us to trace the various forms of the Nāgari in a succession of centuries, and to ascertain pretty nearly the period when the various local languages borrowed their alphabets, and as it were stereotyped their forms. The most remote age to which the alphabet is traceable is that of the Rock Inscriptions, some three or four centuries B.C.; and these inscriptions are considered to afford convincing evidence that the system was no indigenous Indian production, but that it was based upon the alphabet of the Phœnicians. To the best of our knowledge, then, India borrowed her primary alphabet, the foundation of all the rest. Now of all this score of alphabets developed from one original form, and based upon the same system, no two are so alike that they can be read the one for the other. Some approach each other very nearly, but still they are not intelligible without more or less study. It is as if Italian, French, and Spanish were, like the German, all written in different and very divergent varieties of the same alphabet. What a bar would this present to the interchange of thought and the spread of knowledge in Europe, and how still more formidable is the obstruction presented by the diversity of alphabets in India! All the Indian languages have hundreds and thousands of words in common, and yet, these being veiled in unknown characters, it is only here and there that a man possessed of an inquiring mind or placed in exceptional circumstances realizes the similarity and perceives how closely the languages and their speakers are allied to each other.

The Nāgari alphabet is not to be altogether despised; it was based upon a system which has been carefully worked out. But its starting point was wrong. It made the consonants the leading letters, and looked upon the vowels as mere modifying appendages. So the very sounds which give life and tone to language were generally reduced to superscribed or subscribed additions. This degradation of the vowels gave rise to a great difficulty at starting. No consonant could be pronounced without a vowel, so the difficulty was got over by assuming that every consonant had an inherent vowel sound, that of the primary vowel *a* (identical in sound with the *a* in *servant*). But two, and sometimes three, consonants may combine without any interposing vowel, as in the word *strong*. In such words the supposed inherent vowel had to be got rid of, and to effect this the consonants were either broken up and combined in more or less intricate compound characters, or a special mark was suffixed to consonants deprived of vowel sounds. So that in *strong* the *str* and the *ng* were either formed into compounds, or the *s* and *t* had a subscribed mark to show that they were without vowel sounds. The Sanskrit preferred the compounding system, and so large numbers of compound letters were produced, to the great trouble and discouragement of learners. The modern languages admit some compounds, but in theory prefer the devocalizing suffix. But as in ordinary practice this mark is very rarely written, great numbers of words are left of doubtful pronunciation. How immeasurably superior is a system in which every letter, vowel or consonant, is distinctly written! None of the Indian alphabets have any capitals, so that they make no distinction between such words as *Brown* and *brown*, *Bath* and *bath*, although they require to do so much more frequently than is the case in our own language. Though they abound with compound terms, they have no mark like the hyphen—a mark which would be invaluable to learners, as it would enable them to dissect intricate compounds, and would show the true interpretation of such combinations as Sanskrit *sutapa*, which may be read with widely different meanings, as *sula-pa* or *sula-pa*. Again, they have no stops; and although these marks are not quite so requisite in Indian languages as in our own, the absence of them and of capital letters often involves great waste of time and trials of patience in searching for passages required. And to all these defects may be added the fact that the best of these alphabets is far less distinct and legible than the Roman. Take a piece of paper and cover either the upper or lower half of a line of Roman print, still little difficulty will be felt in reading it. But try the same experiment with any Indian alphabet, and failure will be the result. And the reason is, that in the Roman alphabets all the vowels are distinct letters, not mere external appendages as they frequently appear in the Indian languages. The Roman has also the advantage of a greater variety and dissimilarity in the elementary forms of the letters. Lastly, there is the great question of labour and expense. The Roman character can be written at least twice as fast as the best Indian alphabet; page for page it is less expensive to print, and the matter of two or three pages of print in a native character may be brought into one in the Roman character, and yet be equally—nay, more—intelligible. With all these manifest and decided advantages, it does seem strange that the use of the Roman alphabet has not made greater progress.

But before looking at the question from the Indian side, one or two objections raised by Englishmen may be noticed. First comes the allegation that men who can read and thoroughly understand a language in its own letters are unable to do the same when it is presented in Roman letters. Granted. But why is this? Because these men have never taken the very little trouble required to master the system of orthography. Instead of ascertaining the sound which each letter is intended to represent, they assume that they already know it; and so several men may read the same passage in a way neither intelligible to themselves nor to any one else. It is obvious that a fixed regular system must be

adopted, and those who refuse to understand this system are really incapacitated for arguing about it. But it may be said, as it often has been said, "If you must write it in Roman letters, write it as any ordinary Englishman would." This demand is frequently made with all the assurance of its being decisive and unanswerable. But let ten ordinary Englishmen transcribe a passage, each according to his own notions, and the great probability is that no one of the ten will be able to understand any version but his own, and most certainly there will be no unanimous agreement in the accuracy of any one. Those only who have had experience of the unassisted efforts of ordinary Englishmen in transcribing Indian words can form any idea of the perverted ingenuity which has been exhibited. Cases might be quoted of simple words spelt in ten or twelve different ways, many of them as barbarous as the spelling of the alderman who, by writing "kawphy," managed to represent the word "coffee" without using one correct letter. The causes of this variety we shall presently notice.

Another objection alleged is that a change to the Roman system would be destructive of etymology. This, however, has never been proved, and we venture to assert that, so far from destroying etymology, it would have the effect of giving it greater prominence and effect. How strongly might etymology be brought out in books of instruction by the use of varieties of type and of hyphens, and how clearly by these means might the radical be distinguished from its inflectional terminations, its prefixes and suffixes, and its augments. And if this is true as regards the inflected languages of the Aryan stock, it applies equally, and perhaps even more forcibly, to the Semitic languages, in which the radical letters are shifted about by the weaving in of servile letters. Would not a great advantage result from tracing the root through such varieties as the Arabic *malaka*, *mālik*, *namlūk*, *amlūk*, *malik*, *malak*, *malak*, *mulk*, *milk*, *milkāt*, *mamlūk*, &c.? Would it not also be a real gain to have the various vowels represented by distinct letters, instead of by a variety of points, which are often knocked out or shifted by accident, and quite as often omitted or misplaced through inadvertence or ignorance? The difficulty of securing the proper representation of the vowel and other points is so great that they are generally omitted. Hence ability to supply the points accurately is a severe test of scholarship. But were the language written, as it might be, in the Roman character, in a full and distinct manner, no such difficulty would exist, and knowledge would be acquired more speedily and more accurately.

The objections of the natives of India to the introduction of a new system may be readily felt and acknowledged. It is not likely that men who have been educated and have grown up in the use of a particular alphabet will willingly and readily adopt another. But what has occurred once may occur again. It matters little where the original Indian alphabet came from, for it was introduced too long ago to affect the argument; and the most modern forms of the Indian alphabets may well claim to be called old in comparison with our own. But when the Mahomedans conquered India they brought with them their Arabic alphabet; and this alphabet, a most imperfect and unsuitable one, has been made, by dint of many shifts and contrivances, the medium of writing the Hindustani language. A Semitic alphabet has been adapted to an Aryan tongue; for although a vast number of Arabic words have been imported into Hindustani, the language is still essentially Aryan. Here, then, we find an alphabet foreign in its origin and foreign in its relations establishing itself in India, and obtaining currency among millions of people, to express a language for which it is peculiarly unfitted. History tells us of no force having been used, of no law having been promulgated for its introduction, and yet there it is in regular and general use. How then can it be argued that the introduction of the far more perfect Roman system is a chimera? Let a system of orthography be sanctioned by Government, let it be taught in the native schools, and let it be understood that petitions and official communications written in this character will be preferentially received, and the work is half done. The natives of India, both Hindu and Musulman, are keenly alive to the necessity of acquiring some of that knowledge which makes their rulers powerful, and of adapting themselves to the form of government under which they live and prosper. Any means of acquiring knowledge, and any opportunity of adding to their qualifications, are eagerly sought after by thousands of inquiring and aspiring youths. Once let the Romanizing system receive the sanction of Imperial favour, and it will be eagerly examined. Once diffused, and once practically applied, it may be left to fight its own battle, and to secure its own acceptance.

Sir William Jones, the earliest of our Sanskrit scholars, was the first to lay down a regular system for the rendering of Oriental words in Roman characters. His system, with a few modifications, has ever since been used by the learned. It is scientific in principle, and practical in application; it is used in all books of authority, and yet it cannot be said to have ever come into common use. Rival systems like that of Gilchrist, although absurd in principle and worthless in practice, have found supporters; and besides the systematizers, there have been the erratic independent transcribers, who have made a perfect Babel of confusion. The reason of this is not far to seek. In English we have perhaps the worst vowel system in Europe, and we have a constant tendency to tone down the sounds of all our vowels to the primary vowel sound. We use them all in turn to represent this elementary articulation. Thus in the short sentence, "the mother-bird flutters over a myrtle," we have each vowel used to express this one sound; in the second word we have *o* and *e*, in the third *i*, in

the fourth *u* and *e*, in the fifth *e*, in the sixth *e*, and in the seventh *y*. Look also at the varying sounds of *i* in *pin*, *pine*, and *machine*, and of *u* in *but* and *put*, and it must be seen that it is impossible to arrive at anything like precision with such a medium. Sir W. Jones adopted the Italian vowel system, and with one alteration the scheme which he devised continues in use. That bugbear of Englishmen, that sound which we have called the primary vowel sound, is represented by *a*, such as we have it in the word *America* and in a thousand others. The unvarying sound of this letter must be well understood and the rest is easy. There are three short vowels, *a*, *i*, *u*; three long sounds of the same vowels, *ā*, *ī*, *ū*; and four diphthongs, *e*, *ai*, *o*, and *au*. These are sufficient to represent fully and accurately every vowel sound, excepting some vowels peculiar to the Nagari alphabet and too technical to be here noticed. As we have seen that our English vowel system is about the worst, on the other hand our consonantal system is admirably fitted for the object in view. Its *ch* and its *j* exactly correspond with Indian letters for which Germans and Frenchmen are obliged to employ such barbarous combinations as *tsch*, *dach*, &c. &c. But few modifications are needed; *c* is discarded as unnecessary, for *k* represents its guttural power, *s* its sibilant. In the same way *g* always has the hard Saxon sound, and never the *j* sound which we have got from Latin and French. These changes are all that are really needed; but as the letter *c* is disused in its old character, it would certainly be a gain if it were used to represent *ch*, which is in reality a simple letter, not a double one as we write it. There is also one other point in which a great improvement might be effected by a small change. The Indian alphabets abound with aspirated consonants. Every consonant capable of aspiration has a distinct form to represent that aspirate. Thus *b* and its aspirate *bh* are two totally distinct letters, not mere combinations. Now these aspirated letters occur very frequently, so it has been proposed to get rid of the incessant repetition of *h* by adding an accent or a dot to give the aspiration to the simple letter. Both these practices are open to objection. Such a use of the accent is entirely distinct from its ordinary application, and all external marks like dots are liable to be neglected in writing, and knocked off in printing. In English writing *i* is often left without its cross, and still more frequently the *t* is deprived of its dot. Therefore the change, if made at all, must be effected by a slight modification of the letter itself, one that is uniform in its application and easily imitated in writing. It might be accomplished by introducing a spot or an open circle into the outline of the letter; into the loop line of the *b* and *p* for instance. This, however, is a matter of detail which cannot be well discussed without illustration. It is a matter, however, of some importance; for the elimination of the oft-repeated *h* would shorten many long words, and the percentage of pages it would save would be something considerable.

A conference of three or four practical men possessing the requisite knowledge might very quickly decide upon the best system. In fact, the work is all but done, and needs only the sanction of a recognized authority. We are aware that some twenty years ago a Committee of learned men was formed in London to decide upon a system. But the aim of that learned body was not confined to merely Indian languages; their object, like that of Professor Lepsius, was to invent a universal alphabet capable of representing and accurately expressing all the sounds of all the various languages of the world. It failed, as might have been expected, and the scheme may be left among the dreams of the past, as only less improbable of realization than that of "One Universal Language." But what we are advocating is no mere dream; it is a reality which has stood the test of experience. Our only fear is that it may fall under the direction of the theorists, and, with all due respect let it be said, of German theorists. The Germans, having no letter equivalent to our *ch* and *j*, have employed an accented *k* for the *ch*, and an accented *g* for the *j*; and they have endeavoured to persuade us to do the same, on the ground that, as these letters interchange in certain positions, they are related to each other, and should be represented by similar symbols. The theory, however, if good for anything, must be stretched a little further, and include *t* and *d*, which in certain positions are changed to *ch* and *j*. But why need these theoretical niceties be touched upon? The English language, though one of the youngest offshoots of the Aryan stock, has received these two sounds *ch* and *j*, exactly identical with the sounds of similar letters in Sanskrit and the other languages of India, and it would be a decided loss to reject these letters, more especially as no trace of the German refinement is to be found in the Indian alphabets. We English are rulers of India; it is our duty and our interest to bring the natives of that country into the closest possible relations with ourselves, and we shall best effect that object in the matter before us by keeping as close as the circumstances will allow to what is English.

The great diversity in the ordinary modes of spelling, upon which we have above adverted, induced the Government of India a few years since to direct that in all official communications the proper names of places should be written according to a spelling laid down. Action has thus been taken in the matter, and some good effected. What has been above proposed would go much further, and might not for a few years be followed by any great success. But the advantages of the Roman system are so great, and the benefits that would flow from its use both to the people of India and ourselves are so manifest, that an effort ought to be made to give it a fair trial in the education of the rising generation. If it is thus put to the test, and is favoured with the

encouragement that it merits, the result, though it may be tardy, can hardly be doubtful. A reform will be accomplished of more real value and importance to the millions of India than many of the plans which engross the minds of statesmen and occupy the time of senators.

BRIGHTON.

A FRENCH journalist who recently paid a visit to Brighton has given a somewhat disparaging account of it to his countrymen. He did not admire the architecture of the Grand Hotel, or the dresses of the women. He resented the stern demeanour of the waiters who surrounded him at table like so many Grand Inquisitors, watching every morsel he ate, and observing with solemn and, as he imagined, vindictive, curiosity the way in which he handled his knife and fork. Altogether he found Brighton to be a very stupid and tiresome place. We were rather surprised to read this account of Brighton by a Frenchman, and above all by a Parisian, because we should have thought that of all parts of England this is just the part which would have suited him best. Nobody could expect a Parisian to like London. It is too big, too busy; it wants concentration. Paris is a considerable place on the map, and according to statistics of houses and population; but the real Paris consists of only one or two boulevards and half-a-dozen streets. The rest of the city is not Paris, but only a sort of annex, where people go to sleep. And this is what a Parisian likes—to have effects concentrated and brought within easy range. From this point of view Brighton might be favourably judged. The King's Road is its boulevard, and to most of its visitors it represents the town. The streets which stretch up the hills behind merely supply sleeping accommodation for the inhabitants and their guests. The life of Brighton is concentrated on the famous Parade. Altogether there is something strongly Continental in the aspect of Brighton. The white houses and green blinds, the spacious promenade, the procession of gaily-dressed people finding amusement in simply walking up and down, the clearness of the atmosphere, and a certain exhilarating quality of the air, all help to make one think of Paris and its boulevards. The French writer of whom we speak did not discover in Brighton anything answering to his notions of an *établissement*, and probably he missed the open *cafés* and little tables of his native land. The former would of course, in the present state of English society, be a hopeless enterprise. Alasack! if it had survived, would long ago have degenerated into a music-hall, with pipes and beer. But as to the little tables we are disposed to sympathize with our foreign guests. It would appear as if Englishmen could never take refreshments of the lightest kind without retiring into dark and musty seclusion at the back of a confectioner's shop or into the coffee-room of an hotel. Is there anything to be ashamed of in sipping a cup of tea or coffee or eating an ice, or even drinking a glass of sherry, that one must needs hide oneself, as it were, in a cave before committing the enormity? At certain seasons the climate is perhaps to some extent against this sort of outdoor enjoyment, but arrangements could easily be made to provide shelter without blocking out light, air, and the cheerful sight of the people in the street. In contrast with most English places, Brighton has all the brightness and sprightliness of a Continental town, and a spirited Town Council has done as much for it as a lavish Prefect of the Second Empire, with the State Treasury to dip his hand into. No doubt the town is kept up as a commercial speculation, but still it is creditable that it should be kept up with so much care and liberality. From Hove to Kemp Town there is a noble highway, some three miles long, facing the sea. Both the roadway and the broad footpath are well-watered and kept in excellent condition, and there are handsome and comfortable seats at every few paces from one end to the other. The lawn at Cliftonville is always fresh and smooth; and the whole town is kept scrupulously clean. Vast drainage works are being constructed at a heavy expense in order to make the sanitary arrangements as perfect as possible. These may seem prosaic matters, and it is easy to say that they are attended to only because they pay by attracting visitors; but, after all, it is not every town that has sense to understand this, or spirit to carry out the thing thoroughly. It must be admitted that Brighton makes the most of its natural advantages.

It is not very easy to account for the differing social attributes of seaside towns. Brighton is the nearest of any of them to London; it can be reached by railway in an hour or so at a very moderate cost, and during the greater part of the year there are numerous cheap excursion trains. In point of fact, vast numbers of all classes of people visit Brighton; and yet you never see there any of the extraordinary persons who swarm at Margate and Ramsgate. The blatant animal in zephyr coat and sand-shoes, with a field-glass slung over his shoulder and a telescope under his arm, has never been domesticated there, nor the more odious female creature of his kind. At Margate he is at home. There is something in the air that woos him to cast off any artificial reticences which he may have found it necessary to observe in town, and to disport himself freely after his own nature. He can sit at the window in his shirt-sleeves, and smoke a long pipe, and gorge himself with shrimps, while his soul is soothed by a ceaseless serenade of negro melodies. The doctors just now have a maris for Margate, but they scarcely make sufficient allowance for the depressing influence of its intense and corroding vulgarity. Everything there seems to appeal to the lowest tastes and grossest

appetites. The ideal of enjoyment is an uninterrupted course of cheap gluttony and boozing. It is hard to say why people who like this sort of life should go all the way to Margate, and should avoid Brighton, unless it is that they have Margate all to themselves. Brighton is famous for its eccentricities of costume, and there is no local law against shirt-sleeves or sand-shoes; but eccentricities of this kind would be apt to be unpleasantly conspicuous. The fact is, that the respectable element is sufficiently strong to hold its ground, and the prevailing social atmosphere is unfavourable to the gambols of the wild cockney. The vanities of Brighton tend in another direction. The well-known promenade presents a dazzling panorama of the follies of fashion, and of the Simian imitativeness of the human race. The Parade is open to all the world. The benches are free to every one, and for twopenny you can mix with the quality on the Pier. The hackney-coach runs by the side of the dowager's chariot as long as its spavined nag can keep the pace; and the occupants assume for the time of hiring the dignified airs of carriage company. A striking costume is quickly copied; the cut and colour of rich silks and velvets are reproduced in cotton and alpaca, and every class apes its superiors in such materials as it can afford. An old newspaper of the days of the Regent tells us that His Royal Highness walked out one day in a plum-coloured coat and brown hat, accompanied by the Countess of Jersey, elegantly dressed in white, with a gold bandeau on her head, from which was suspended a most beautiful veil. The prevailing dress at this time was, it seems, a gipsy hat, pink, lilac, and white mantles, and brown parasols—perhaps to match the Regent's hat—trimmed with white lace. "Some of the first-rate *dévotes* wore dove-coloured stockings and shoes." A gentleman who dressed from tip to toe in green was thought, however, to have deviated into eccentricity, and this opinion was confirmed when he soon after jumped off the cliff into the sea. The spirit of the royal man-milliner would seem still to pervade his favourite haunt, and the *dévotes* of to-day show no falling off in affectation or extravagance of dress. Simple-minded people from the quiet suburbs of London appear to derive considerable gratification from reading their names in the "Fashionable Visitors' List," where they are inserted free of charge on the chance of a copy or two being thereby sold. It is an historical event for the Bugginses of Peckham (J. Buggins, Esq., and Mrs. Buggins, J. Buggins, Jun., Esq., the Misses Buggins (4), Master Buggins, Clytemnestra House, Gladstone Terrace, Adrianople Road, Peckham, S.E.), to be commemorated in the same type and on the same sheet as marchionesses and earls; and you may be sure several copies are despatched by post to dazzle friends in the country, while another twopenny is spent in procuring one for preservation in the family archives at home. The local newspapers also chronicle, from time to time, in similar fashion the arrival of more interesting visitors in the shape of additions to the Aquarium. The enthusiasm of Brighton for this branch of natural history, especially in conjunction with bath-buns, lemonade, and a brass-band concert, shows as yet no signs of abatement. Apart from the scientific value of this entertainment, it is believed that the contemplation of fishes in their native element (especially by gas-light, and to the airs of Offenbach) has a soothing moral effect. It is said that when Mr. Disraeli visited this exhibition he was very much struck by the resemblance between the busy play of the grasping tentacles of the octopus and the policy of the Government. He apparently forgot to bring this in in his letter to Lord Grey de Wilton, but it will do for another time.

To sentimental admirers of the romantic and picturesque, Brighton is understood to be peculiarly distasteful. There is no country there, they complain, but only a smaller London by the sea. In point of fact, Brighton is, from its situation on a number of hills, almost as many as Rome sits upon, really a very picturesque town, but to appreciate this aspect of it, it should be viewed from some of the higher parts, towards the back. For those who can appreciate the beauty of the Downs, there is also pleasant country within easy reach, and there is plenty of foliage to refresh eyes jaded with the glare of the sea along the valley of the Steyne, and so up to Preston and Hassock's Gate. Even admitting, however, the want of trees, this, as a guide-book points out, is rather an advantage, since "the miasma arising from the decomposition of vegetable substances is, therefore, quite unknown." More would perhaps be thought of other features of Brighton if the sea were less exclusively worshipped. The whole construction of the town has been influenced by this fanatical devotion. The value of a house is estimated, not by its style or accommodation, but by the extent of the view which it gives over the sea. Hence it is that the streets perch themselves at all sorts of queer angles, and the houses twist and strain and sidle to catch even the least little glimpse of the sacred object; if you go up-hill you find the houses grow taller and taller, as if each row were striving to peer over the heads of those below. The Marine Parade is, we suppose, in its whole length quite unequalled in any part of the world, and there is every prospect of its being soon stretched to Portelade and Kingston, if not on the other side towards Rottingdean. One of the peculiarities of Brighton is its diversified character. It consists of five or six different quarters, each with its own peculiar climate. It has also a succession of different seasons—the bathing season, the fashionable season, the season for farming neighbours near at hand, the domestic season, when it makes merry by itself, and the season for the people who are fond of east wind. During the domestic season the disproportion of the sexes is harrowing in the extreme.

The resident population then consists chiefly of widow ladies and their daughters, schoolgirls, and schoolboys. Men come only on flying visits, and the male element at parties has to be supplied by half-a-dozen infants from an academy, under the superintendence of an usher. The social tone of Brighton has been described by its detractors as worldly, not to say fast. Some good people profess to be shocked by its vanities, and in consumptive circles at St. Leonards its gaiety is referred to with a thrill of horror. To show how little foundation there is for these cruel imputations, it may be stated that on Sunday evenings the brass-bands on the two piers and the brass-band in the Aquarium as well as the other half-dozen bands up and down the town all play selections of sacred music. Flirting to accompaniments by Handel may almost be regarded as a devotional exercise.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF POPULATION.

WE suppose we may take it for granted that everybody is by this time tolerably familiar with the general results of the latest Census, but there are one or two points in regard to the distribution of population which deserve special attention, and which are brought out very clearly in Mr. Lewis's useful Digest. That the population of the United Kingdom is, in round numbers, over thirty-one and a half millions, of whom twenty-two and a half are to be found in England and Wales; and that this represents an addition in the course of ten years of two and a half millions, being at the rate of 8.8 per cent., or a daily augmentation of 700, are broad facts which it is easy to remember. The increase has been mainly in England, which has advanced at the rate of 13 per cent., while in Scotland the increase has been only 9.7 per cent., and in Ireland there is, mainly owing to emigration, a positive decrease of 6.7 per cent. In England and Wales the rate of increase during the last decade shows an advance on that of the two previous decades, but it is still below that of the periods between 1811 and 1841. In that memorable decade between 1811 and 1821, which included the general peace, the return of our armies and navies, the reduction of taxes, and the expansion of industry and commerce, the increase of population was over eighteen per cent. In the successive periods down to 1841 the rates of increase were sixteen and fourteen and a half per cent., in 1851 twelve and a half, in 1861 twelve, and now just over thirteen per cent. Between 1851 and 1861 we had not only two great wars, but emigration was particularly active. In the last decade emigration was somewhat checked by the American war, and the number of emigrants from the United Kingdom was four hundred thousand less than in the preceding period. The general prosperity of England is shown, not only by the increase of population, but by the increase of houses. In 1871 there were 4,259,000 houses standing in England, and 37,800 houses were being built—an unprecedented activity. Reckoning houses built and building, there were 5.45 persons to a house in 1811, 5.18 in 1851, 5.08 in 1861, and 4.98 in 1871; so that, while population multiplies, the pressure of overcrowding is somewhat diminishing. Altogether these facts would seem to point to the conclusion that during the ten years between 1861 and 1871 the general condition of the country was thriving and comfortable. The stimulus of active trade and prosperity kept up the natural growth of population; the attractions of emigration were diminished by hopeful prospects at home; and the increase of house accommodation indicates an advance in the conditions of domestic life. The emigration from Ireland is a question that must be taken by itself. The vast exodus which followed the famine naturally tended to unsettle and disturb the remaining population, and to direct their thoughts to the new land to which their friends and relatives had gone. It is known that the Irish in America have sent over enormous sums for the purpose of enabling their friends to join them there, and the emigration of the last decade may be attributed in a large measure to the continuous influence of the first great movement in 1845-6.

When we come to look into the details of the Census returns, we find that the tendency of population to gather in towns is becoming still more marked. There is a constant drain from the country into the towns; but, on the other hand, if we may judge by London as an example, there would seem to be natural limits to the growth of great cities. A city cannot grow in numbers irrespectively of house accommodation, and the supply of houses depends not only on the amount of available building ground, but on the scale of rents, distance from the scene of business, facilities of access to and from, and other considerations. London is still growing, but its growth is slower than it used to be. The rate of increase is diminishing with each decade. Anybody who looks at a map of London in which the different administrative districts are marked will see that it is divided into a series of rings. In the centre—the hernel of the whole—is the City; next comes the Metropolitan Board district; and then the Police limits. In the City depopulation has long been going on at a rapid rate. The resident population of the City is less than it was a couple of centuries ago. Between 1861 and 1871 it has decreased from 112,000 to 75,000. There are many parishes in which the number of inhabited houses is under twenty; in others it is only five or six; in St. Bartholomew-the-Less it is only three. Nor is this process of depopulation observable only in the City. It has also spread to other parts of the capital. Since the last Census there has been a falling off in the population of West-

minster, St. George (Hanover Square), Maylebone, St. Giles, Strand, Holborn, Shoreditch, Whitechapel, and St. George's-in-the-East, as well as London City. The explanation of this state of things is, of course, that the central parts of London are being used more and more for shops, warehouses, and places of business, instead of for habitations. The people who do business there during the day have their homes elsewhere. It is calculated that the City is visited every day by some 700,000 persons, of whom nearly 200,000 are regularly employed there, while the resident population is only 74,892, or 36,700 less than it was in 1631. While the inhabitants of the City are thus decreasing, the inhabitants of the next zone—that of the Metropolitan Board of Works—are, as appears from Mr. Lewis's figures, increasing, but at a decreasing rate; those within the Police limits are steadily increasing, and at a slightly increasing rate; while in the ring between the limits of the Board of Works and the Police limits the increase has been more than fifty per cent. in ten years. The process which is going on is pretty much this—that the heart of the metropolis is gradually being emptied of its resident population, which is thus driven further and further outwards, overflowing into districts beyond the limits of London altogether, and that it is only in the outer rings that there would seem to be any active growth of population. The railways have now appropriated a vast amount of ground in London, and the number of warehouses and places of business is increasing. The tendency to depopulation in the centre of the town will no doubt continue, and in proportion as it does the room that would otherwise be left for new-comers in the external zones will be filled up by Londoners driven from their old homes. There are two causes which may be expected to operate as a check upon the development of London. One is the difficulty of finding houses within a suitable distance of the business parts of the town at a moderate rent, and the other the increasing activity of the provincial towns. It is becoming less worth the while of pushing men to come to London; their chances are almost better in their own districts. Manchester, Birmingham, Hull, and other of the chief towns have grown considerably, but the increase is more remarkable in the case of younger towns. Thus Bradford has risen in ten years from 106,000 to 145,800; Crewe from 8,000 to 17,800; Darlington from 15,700 to 27,700; West Hartlepool from 12,600 to 21,110; Keighley from 15,000 to 19,700; Newcastle from 109,000 to 128,000; Sheffield from 185,000 to 240,000; and so on. Middlesbrough has doubled its population in ten years, and Burrow-in-Furness has risen in a comparatively short period from a little fishing village to be a good-sized town, with splendid docks, steel works, flax and jute works, and branches of almost every important industry.

The most curious results of the Census are those which illustrate the shifting of population. In the London Registration Division, which includes parts of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent, the actual increase of population exceeded the natural increase by excess of births over deaths by 120,000; and, after allowing for omissions in registration, this would represent the immigration. In the South Midland Division, including Herts, Bucks, Oxfordshire, Northamptonshire, Huntingdonshire, Bedfordshire, and Cambridgeshire, the increase by births is more by 32,000 than the actual increase, and here, of course, we come on traces of emigration to other parts. In the Eastern Division, which comprises Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, the actual increase is nearly 70,000 below the natural increase. In Cornwall, notwithstanding an excess of 47,000 births over deaths, population has decreased by 6,500, chiefly in consequence of the departure of miners for other districts and the colonies. The West Midland Division also lost 97,200 of its natural increment in this way, and the North Midland 66,000. In Lancashire, on the other hand, the increase of population was 96,000 over the increase by births. Relatively the increase in Yorkshire is much greater than during the previous decade, and surpasses that of Lancashire. The actual gain of population is 380,000, as against 286,500 by births. The increase of production has been greater than the increase of workers, on account of improved machinery. But it is in the Northern Division, comprising Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmorland, that the increase has been greatest. In Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmorland the excess of births was greater than the actual increase; in Durham the excess of births amounted to less by 82,233 than the actual increase. The immigration was due to the great coal-fields round Newcastle and Durham, the smaller field round Whitehaven and Workington, the iron-smelting, the manufacture of machinery and chemicals, and the ship-building yards. In the Welsh Division the actual increase was 47,000 less than the increase by births, so that the influx of workpeople into the mining districts does not equal the emigration of Welshmen. The county which has made the greatest progress in population since the beginning of the century is Durham, which shows an increase of 359 per cent.; Monmouth ranks second, with 329 per cent.; Lancashire next with 319, and Surrey with 307. Stafford shows an advance of 254 per cent., Middlesex of 210, Warwick 207, Cheshire 192, Kent 175, Sussex 162, Hampshire 148, and Derbyshire 135. Then, at the other end of the list, we have Wilts with an increase in seventy-two years of only 40 per cent., Herefordshire 42, Shropshire 47 per cent., Oxford and Westmorland each 59, Norfolk 60, Bucks 63, and Dorset 71. It will be seen that the decrease is in the purely agricultural districts, and the increase is in or near the industrial centres. The great coal region has drawn towards it a considerable body of population from the rest of the

country, and it is evident that, hitherto at least, the wages of the miners have been sufficient to command an increasing supply of labour. On the whole, the results of the Census exhibit a satisfactory picture of the progress of the country as regards population. If, on the one hand, population is not increasing at the rate which alarmed Mr. Malthus and his followers, on the other hand there are no such symptoms of stagnant and depressed vitality as are to be seen in France, and even—we are of course speaking of the natural increase by births—in some parts of the United States. In England the increase of population is brisk enough to indicate substantial prosperity, and there are also signs of a healthy movement of population from one part of the country to another, in accordance with the course of trade and developments of industry.

THE BRITISH HEBE.

NOT long since some of the daily papers gave a curious account of a contest of barmaids which the managers of one of the metropolitan pleasure-gardens had introduced into their enticing programme. We had not the privilege of witnessing this interesting spectacle, and cannot therefore be quite certain of the precise nature of the contest. We may conjecture however that, since quickness and adroitness are among the chief excellences of this public benefactress, the competition mainly turned on the display of these qualities. Other points ought no doubt to be taken into account in forming a perfect estimate of her qualifications. Thus the possession of a wide originality of mind in respect to novel and piquant toilets would, we suppose, be regarded as an eminent recommendation. Nor would it perhaps be irrelevant, in gauging the relative merits of a number of these candidates, to inquire into their powers of charming, detaining, and conciliating their clients by the graces of smile, gesture, and speech. A rough test of this last qualification might be found in the relative number of distinct smiles per minute executed by a competitor, or, still better, by the number of men attracted and chained to her particular counter.

Our modern English society presents few more curious phenomena than the well-known figure of the barmaid. It may be a disagreeable reflection to worshippers of the past, yet it seems tolerably certain that the pleasant image preserved in our literature of the fresh rustic maid whose rosy cheeks and timorously coy looks lent in the eyes of our travelling forerathers an added charm to the tankard of sparkling ale which she presented to them, is now fast disappearing. Her lineal descendant is the knowing, dashing barmaid of our cities. The rapid progress of communication is fast opening up the most secluded corners of England and Wales, and one may find in inn of some of the quietest and loveliest nooks young women who, from the occasional visits of tourist or commercial traveller, display all the characteristics of the city barmaid. She is without doubt a development of our present style of life. Our closely packed cities and towns, with the rapid and bustling locomotion of their citizens, afford but few opportunities for the pleasant desultory chat in which the bearer of the exhilarating cup was once wont to indulge her idle listeners. She has to confront a vast and fugitive throng of strange faces, and must in a sense be all things to all men. In place of a few confidential acquaintances, she must content herself with a swift succession of momentary intimacies. She has become in a new sense a public functionary, set face to face with the noisy and hasty stream of society which is ever eddying about in our great centres of population.

The qualifications of this new order of public ministrant may all be deduced from this view of her function. Of course the traditional supposition that Hebe's successors ought to possess some of her characteristic graces has still its effect, and it appears to be tacitly recognized that, although properly debarred from more special and tender relations with her clients, the modern bearer of pewter should possess certain personal fascinations. As a public ornament to be simply gazed at, it is desirable to invest her with as much magnificence as possible, and accordingly most kinds of personal attraction, both natural and adventitious, appear to be recommendations. Only in these fascinations for the eye there must be a certain recognition of her sublimely impartial, we were going to say impersonal, service; and while there should be in the arrangement of the hair, style of dress, and jewelry everything of an imposing and dazzling character, anything suggestive of a weak coquetry should be excluded. Beyond these material blandishments, the principal ingredient in the æsthetic fitness of this queenly regaler of the public appears to be a large measure of moral self-restraint, showing itself in a firm and imperturbable self-possession, an apparent exemption from all particular modes of sensibility beyond an inexhaustible spring of complacency, and a certain grandiose address which impresses the beholder with the dignity of its subject, while it sharply rebukes any thought of a frivolous sentimental relation. One great excellence of her art lies in the ability to meet, not with any show of resentment, but with a delightful unconsciousness, all the nascent forms of flirtation with which she is now and again assailed. Accepting as her most certain axiom that the male division of her species are apt to be silly in presence of her sex, and especially so under the insinuating influences of their favourite beverages, she has to set herself to the task of checking yet conciliating, ruling yet never ruffling. Nothing, she well knows, would serve more to impede her good offices to the public than any show of favouritism towards the

recipients of her bounty. Hence one main part of her duty consists in an adroit method of pleasing and flattering every successive comer by a momentary direction of all her powers of fascination towards himself, yet in so beautifully uniform a manner as to leave no room for the depressing sentiment of jealousy in the most sensitive of her fugitive admirers.

Nevertheless this theory, drawn from what the Germans would call the *Wesen und Bestimmung* of a barmaid, does not any more than other *a priori* reasonings strictly accord with the facts. Although it may easily be seen that she ought to be the lofty and impersonal existence we have described, in actual practice she commonly betrays unmistakable signs of an ordinary feminine personality. Possibly the transition from the simplicity and sensibility of the rustic to the perfect self-abnegation of the city official is as yet incomplete. However it may be, one strongly suspects that there are few of the class who do not disclose on narrow observation some of the older and more persistent instincts of the sex. Although there are seasons when she assumes the bearing proper to her exalted mission, such a complete suppression of self-consciousness is no doubt a great mental strain, and we need not wonder if, in her less busy moments, when the fussy miscellaneous crowd no longer besieges her, she looks for a little compensation in the shape of a more private and tender intercourse with a chosen few of her clients.

It must be confessed, too, that the complete obliteration of all common feminine sensibility required by the high functions of the barmaid is rendered exceedingly difficult through the rude importunities of some of her *clients*. There are several well-marked varieties of these trespassers within the sacred boundaries of her hidden personal life. For example, there is the sleek complacent flatterer of the whole sex, who knows so well how to assume the familiar air of an old acquaintance. At a railway buffet or in the snug bar-parlour of an hotel one may find men of this suave bully type. They pride themselves on the number of young women whom they are able to confuse by artful leer or dexterous wink, and are never so well pleased as when they succeed by some skilfully inserted joke in driving the younger and less rigid assistants at a counter to hide their laughter from the eyes of the severe manageress. These deeply versed connoisseurs of the female heart are generally somewhat advanced in years, not seldom indeed verging towards what in other men would be termed old age. They appear as commercial travellers or in other functions to have had singular advantages in studying the characteristics of the sex. Little wonder perhaps if they commonly exert a kind of serpentine fascination on the easily discomfited objects of their wily assaults. Then there is the conceited youth to whom the counter which encloses the barmaid is a fit field for the manoeuvring of his many powers of fascination. He seizes leisurely moments between the trains to engage the eye and ear of some dazzling divinity. He leans gracefully over the counter, and retails his pretty stories of high life with every charm of aristocratic lisp and drawl. He is never weary of swearing by his favourite Pagan deity that his listener's charms surpass anything his wide experience has ever encountered. With such dulcet measures this minstrel practises on the ear and heart of his idle listener, confident that, if he persists long enough, he may produce a tremour of emotional life in what seems to others a passionless being. Once more, the divine calm of a barmaid's impersonal existence may easily be disturbed by the more pathetic kind of adoration paid her by youths generally diffident in the presence of the too dazzling sex, and not widely experienced in the art of entertaining them. It is not difficult to conceive what a halo of glory must invest these nymphs of the aleoholic fountain in the eyes of many a humble and sensitive city clerk. No doubt there are to be found even in the prosaic surroundings of bank or office ardent poetical temperaments to which some richly adorned successor to Hebe's throne would naturally present the stimulus to poetic dream and lyric ecstacy. To such the daily appearance of this magic creature must be as the illumination of their whole firmament by some resplendent orb. Half timorous, they hold themselves awhile at a respectful distance; and it is only after the worshipped one has condescended to smile on them, as on the rest of her public, in dispensing her bounties, that they venture on a nearer approach. To most women, we suspect, this incense from weak and inexperienced youth is very graceful. Hence it is scarcely a matter of surprise that the exalted public functionaries of whom we speak should once and again find themselves entangled in the meshes of a tender half-maternal sort of *limon* with some juvenile frequenter of their establishment.

We think, then, that ample allowance should be made for the feminine weaknesses which are certainly discoverable in these consecrated servants of the public. It cannot be supposed that a young woman fresh from the country will be able at once completely to smother every trace of girlish folly; and, beset as she is with such crafty and powerful corruptors, it is only natural perhaps that even in the midst of her most responsible offices a close observer may detect survivals of her primitive feminine culture. No doubt it would be very much better for the whole of her public if the waitress at our railway restaurants and elsewhere were completely exempt from these characteristics of her sex. It is notorious, for example, that she habitually gives the preference to all male comers, and renders her services to members of her own sex as disagreeable as possible by a certain jaunty air of superiority. One does not well see how this could be otherwise. The barmaid, accustomed to the undisguised admiration of the stronger sex, comes to regard herself as set high above the social position

grudgingly accorded to her by the more refined world, and she is naturally anxious to impress this assurance of moral elevation on her lady clients. Indeed one not unfrequently hears of brilliant achievements of social rank effected by these ambitious persons through the instrumentality of marriage. When a young woman feels that the proud lady she is at this moment serving may next year be below her in the plutocratic scale, it is not to be wondered at that her courtesy is of the scantiest. To the barmaid as to other young women men are possibilities of marriage, and hence have a value and claim a respect not belonging to members of her own sex.

There are one or two curious questions that present themselves in connexion with the life of a barmaid. When, for example, she yields to the fascination of certain youthful admirers, how does she manage to keep the competing suitors from open conflict? It seems not an uncommon thing for the most favoured of the class to have a nice little swarm of gentlemen friends buzzing their dromish music about her counter. Yet we never witnessed any unseemly collision between these rivals. A conflict of males around an elegant buffet, such as Mr. Darwin so quaintly describes as arising among beetles and other tiny animals, would be a very odd, though a somewhat disagreeable, spectacle. How the splendid object of these rival adulations manages to obviate this has always seemed to us a very mysterious matter. Then, too, one would like to know whether any members of the profession are philosophically inclined, and, if so, what their reflections are likely to be upon the male character. Few, if any, women within the precincts of respectable society have better opportunities of studying the characteristics of the opposite sex; and, if disposed to psychological observation, they might, we imagine, be able to acquaint the rest of the world with some curious facts bearing on the moral dignity of man.

DENBIGHSHIRE AND THE VALE OF CLWYD.

THAT which constitutes the attraction of Denbighshire and the Vale of Clwyd to the tourist is the surprise of green meadows and fertilizing streams, yellow cornlands and rich woodland scenery, numerous villages and parish churches—in short, the rural and civilized aspect of the country—coming after the bleak, barren grandeur of Carnarvonshire or Merionethshire. Nor is this surprise rendered less agreeable by an utter absence of the mountain scenery which the traveller in North Wales has learned to expect; for towards the east its hills, among which are Moel Ffenili and Moel Fannau, are as it were a continuous battlement to the plain; there are occasional grand views of the Welsh mountains proper to the west, and on the south the far-stretching Berwyn range above Corwen forms no inconsiderable rampart. It is indeed from Corwen and its railway station, now happily connecting the Vale of Clwyd with West and East, with Bala and Llangollen, that the visitor will do best to enter Denbighshire; for there is really but little to attract in Rhyl, except the sea, which is seldom to be seen, and a promise of accommodation and entertainment, for which a high remuneration is required, and which, so far as our experience goes, is ill fulfilled. Not that much praise can be awarded to the more inland hostleries of the Vale and country, if we except the “Wynnstay,” “Hand,” and “Castle,” at Wrexham, Llangollen, and Ruthin respectively, and an unpretending, but very snug, wayside inn, deserving to be better known, the “Plough” at St. Asaph. If, however, we enter Denbighshire from the south, the features which we referred to at the outset force themselves on the mind and eye. If we cannot say of it all that an old Latin Rhytmist said of a county on the Welsh border,

Unda et silva frequens, femina, lana, seges,

at all events for water, woods, and wool it may hold its own with ease. Without attempting a plenary claim to the Dee, which, rising beyond Bala, enters this county a little to the west of Llangollen, crossing the south angle of it, and as it passes Overton, Bangor Iscoed, and Holt forming the boundary line between it and Cheshire, it asserts the almost entire right to the Clwyd, which from its source almost to its mouth is a Denbighshire river, scarcely identifying itself with Flint till it becomes the Voryd, or tidal portion of the river. The Clwyd washes its two chief historic towns Ruthin and Denbigh, whereas, when it enters Flint, it divides with the Elwy whatever of prestige may arise from the Cathedral of St. Asaph, which indeed gets its Welsh name “Llanelwy” from the latter. The character of the Elwy is as romantic and wild as the mountains towards Llanwrst from which it springs, while the Clwyd is more of the tranquil lowland type. Along the former and the Alod we look not in vain for the cataracts and waterfalls which are more plentiful in Carnarvon and Merioneth; in the course of the latter we come upon the fertile plains of what Drayton calls “Clwyd’s most precious lap,” and the well-to-do heights where men have built their towns and cities to dwell in, by reason of having fruits of the earth to gather in, and wealth gotten therefrom to keep or to lose.

Tokens, by the way, of such wealth and plenty are seen in the Denbighshire churches, old and new, which their founders and restorers have seen meet to adorn with carved roofs and other ornament, not content with the capital red and free stone which the county supplies from its abundances of quarries. We refer not so much to the exceptionally grand churches of Llanwrst on the western, and of Wrexham, Holt, and Grosford on the eastern border of Denbighshire—all remarkable, as may be seen in Mr. Lloyd Williams’s *Churches of Denbighshire*,

for the lavish wealth of stall, screen, and roof-carving which grace the interior of these fine Perpendicular structures—nor yet to that ruined pile, the object of many an archaeologist’s pilgrimage, the Cistercian Abbey of Valle Crucis. The village churches right and left of the railway or of the pedestrian’s path are mostly found to possess some architectural interest, and to enshrine some altar-tomb or rood-loft, or other evidence of the pious munificence of founders and benefactors. Named for the most part from some Welsh saint, Collen, Marchel, Cynhafal, Dyfnog, and the like—for which readers may consult, if they please, the *Lives of the Cambro-British Saints* in the Welsh MSS. Society’s publications—these churches deserve commemoration for their many interesting features, which cannot fail to arrest the attention of the passer-by. Commonly they are found to have a double aisle, the one equal and parallel with the other; often a bell-turret only instead of a tower or spire. But if we take the railway from Corwen to Rhyl, Derwen Church has a handsome rood-loft; Ruthin an elaborate perpendicular oak roof, curiously panelled and ornamented; Llanarmon-in-Yale its monumental effigies of a fourteenth-century knight and of a bishop; Llangynhafal and Llanrhaidr fine chancel roofs and good carving, and the latter a celebrated Jesse window at the east end. When we come to Denbigh itself the Church of St. Hilary within the precincts of the Castle is ugly and barnlike enough, though noticeable for its “squints” or “lychnoscopes” at each side of the chancel arch. But the old parish church of the town, some three-quarters of a mile from the station, variously styled Whitechurch from its white tower, and St. Marcella or Llanfarchall from the female saint to whom it is dedicated, has two parallel aisles divided by centre arches rising from light octagonal pillars; above which is a cornice rich in sculptured detail, and a hammer-beam roof arising from large corbels, and having for bosses a great variety of grotesque animal carving. We might go on to notice divers other old churches, such as Henllan, with its detached and massive square bell-tower, or the beautiful modern church of Trefnant, in a newly constituted district of the same parish, which, second to Bodelwyddan (near Rhyl and St. Asaph), the exquisite memorial church erected by the Dowager Lady Willoughby de Broke, may serve to show that in zeal for church-building modern Denbigh is not a whit behind ancient. Bodelwyddan is something more than an instance of what may be achieved by ungrudging expenditure—a proof of the feasibility of thoroughly harmonized taste in details and as a whole.

But it was only in passing that we meant to speak of the Denbighshire churches, which happily are in a fair way to have their *entree sacer* in the Rev. D. R. Thomas, the Rector of St. Mary’s, Cefn, whose more than half-finished *History of the Diocese of St. Asaph* (published by James Parker and Co.) is very much more in aim and execution than many English dioceses can yet boast, being the work of an excellent scholar and antiquary qualified for his task alike by enthusiasm and research. Connected with the water of the county, as also with its churches, is a characteristic peculiarity of great archaeological interest—the frequent occurrence of “holy wells,” vouchsafed of old by this or that patron saint, and not yet shorn of their healing power in the estimation of the simple rustics. We have noted elsewhere the wells of Cornwall. In the neighbouring county of Flint there is the famous well of St. Winifred, upon which it is not now within our scope to touch. But it is not every tourist who knows that within an easy walk of St. Asaph, or a short drive from Rhyl, in a lovely little valley enclosed by the Cefn rocks on one side, and by overhanging woods skirted by the winding Elwy on the other, there is a sort of twin “Holy well” called Ffynnon-fair, in the township of Wigfair (Mary’s Grove). Out of the cavernous limestone formation a cold pure spring wells up at the rate, it is said, of one hundred gallons a minute, into a basin of hewn stone, with three of its sides formed into salient angles, from each point of which once rose a pier supporting arches and canopied work resembling those at Holywell. Adjoining the well are traces of a chapel anciently connected with St. Asaph, at which it would seem that marriages were solemnized up to 1640. Though, however, this Ffynnonfair long had the credit of healing virtues, and was held in popular veneration, it would appear that the march of civilization tended to the dilapidation of this woodland sanctuary. When the pilgrim’s feet began to seek it less frequently, it offered a temptation to the local cottage-builder. Hence, for the preservation of so interesting an old memorial, it is just as well that the state of things no longer exists which Mrs. Hemans pictured apropos of this very Our Lady’s Well:—

There is heard no Ave through thy bowers;
Thou art gleaming lone ‘mid thy water-flowers;
But the herd may drink from thy gushing wave,
And there may the reaper his fore-head lave;
And the woodman seeks thee not in vain—
Bright fount! thou art nature’s own again!

The fact is that the well and the ruined chapel are enclosed by a protective iron railing, duly locked and barred, which no one will regret who cares for the maintenance of a feature so singularly characteristic of a district of springs and well-legends. Near the church of Llanrhaidr, three miles south-east of Denbigh, too, is an ancient well, Ffynnon St. Dyfnog, said to work miraculous cures, in gratitude for which the offerings of patients contributed to decorate the beautiful east window which tradition incorrectly assigns to the spoliation of Basingwerk Abbey. At Llangynhafal, a parish near Rhewl station, next beyond Ruthin, there is also a well on the hillside dedicated to St. Cyndafal,

formerly famous "for curing warts." This, we learn, was partly done by pricking them with a pin, which was afterwards thrown into the well. This parish, by the way, contains the famous Moel Panmau within its partly unenclosed area. Yet another storied well is in the village of Llandegla, which gets its name from the parson, St. Tecla. Its waters were a specific for epilepsy, called hence St. Tecla's Disease. Llandegla is on the river Alun, and to the south of Ruthin, on the road to Wrexham. The ceremonies with which a patient had to comply were not a little complicated. A bath in the well, a walk thrice round it, a triple recital of the Lord's Prayer, and a votive offering of fourpence were scarcely half the business. A cock or hen, according to the sex of the patient, had to be offered to Tecla, and carried solemnly around the well, the churchyard, and the church. The votary then made a night of it in the chancel, sleeping under the altar, with its cloth for a coverlet and the Bible for a pillow. At daybreak he left the fowl in the church with another offering of sixpence; and, if the saint willed a cure, the disease passed to the bird, which forthwith died. No such traditions attach to the well and sulphur spring of Llandegley, in the county of Radnor and diocese of St. David's, though from the name we should surmise that it was dedicated to the same Saint, and it is certainly held in esteem for skin diseases. Quite to the north of the county, near to Colwyn, but higher up in the hills, is another famous well of different properties. Ffynnon Elian, or the "cursing well," about half a mile from the church of Llanellian. St. Elian's miracles seem to be miracles of a destructive or injurious tendency, wrought in response to a deposit or offering made for the purpose of calling down mischief on an enemy. This enemy's name was written in a book, a pin thrust through the name, and a pebble with his initials on it was thrown into the well. Not until the name was erased, and the pebble taken up, could the "ill-wished" person escape the tenuity of the curse. In the customs attaching to these wells, of which Denbigh preserves one or two other examples, Mr. Thomas, the historian of St. Asaph, sees with probability the survival of heathen and pre-Christian rites. The gift of healing assigned to the majority of them owes its acceptance doubtless to the miracle in the Pool of Bethesda, whose five porches, as the same writer notes, are reproduced not only at Holywell, in the structure enclosing St. Winifred's, but also in the ruins of St. Mary's Well, at Wigfair, and of Ffynnon Asa, near Cwm and Ruddlan. On the whole, the churches of Denbighshire and their surroundings, in the shape of crosses, wells, and incised tombs, create a favourable impression of the piety and munificence of the county, though it must be owned that in one or two churches—Ruthin and another—the numbers of mural tablets of brass with pedigrees and arms have a vainer air, and suggest the idea that the coffin-plates have been nailed to the walls by an afterthought.

Apparently the vale and its sides have ever been a congenial soil for timber, for in Denbigh and Ruthin there are not a few old timbered houses of considerable interest, and, apart from the parks about Denbigh and St. Asaph, we come upon fine oaks, wyches, and ash in other parts of the county. In the circumscribed valley around Ffynnonlaur are some very fine wyches, and, we fancy, walnuts. By the bridge over the Elwy at St. Asaph are some equally fine; in the moat around Ruthin Castle grow ash-trees fourteen feet in girth at five feet from the ground; and there are, or were till of late, three chestnuts, at Bachymbyd, the representatives of the daughters of Sir William Salusbury, and the memorials of the marriage of one of them with Sir Walter Bagot, into whose family the estate passed, the largest of which is thirty-five feet in girth, the smallest twenty-eight. Venerable yaws, as might be expected, are found in the churchyards. As to wool and corn also, the district is "potens ubere glebe," but it is perhaps more interesting that it has been ever strong in men, "terra antiqua potens armis." This is shown by historic and prehistoric memorials. The caves at Cefn have yielded to search, amidst the fossil bones of extinct animals, the fibres of so-called platenemic men, and a kist-vaen in the same parish opened in 1869 revealed traces of more than a dozen skeletons of similar form. In the parish of Llanarmon, four miles or so from Ruthin, sepulchral tumuli have been opened in two or three sites, and have furnished skeletons (a horse and his rider), skulls, innamed arches, and copper coins. Also on the hills between Nantglyn and Cerrigy-Druidion there are traces of a square camp presumably Roman, whilst at Pen-y-gwâr, the first tollgate on leaving the latter village, there have been discovered tokens of four distinct Roman roads. Elsewhere in the county there are divers British camps and tumuli; indeed "tomens" and mounds, kist-vaens and "cyttians," render the hills and slopes a most interesting field for the archaeologist. One thing which will strike the stranger is that a certain ubiquitous hero, Owain Glyndwr, has contrived to mix up his own history with almost every place of more ancient memorial; being met at starting on the conical fortified height of Castell Dinas Bran, a primitive Welsh castle above Llanfollen; at a tumulus called Sychart or Sychnant, half-way between that town and Corwen; at Corwen itself; and upon the undoubtedly British camp of Oaer Drowyn, on the opposite side of the Dee, as well as to omit many other places—at Ruthin, which he burnt and raided on a fair-day in 1400. He did the same, as his manner was, by the cathedral of St. Asaph, developing an evenly balanced talent for utilizing or destroying the works of others. There is not much to see of Ruthin Castle, or, as it was called from its red sandstone material, Castell Coch; a modern castellated mansion

having superseded a great portion of the ruins, whilst the gardens and terraces have modernized, not without taste and good feeling, the fosse and outer courts of the Edwardian Castle. Thus much at least may be said for it and Denbigh, as well as for the lovely ruin of Valle Crucis Abbey, that the present owners cherish what yet remains in the way of antiquity. It is quite otherwise in Flintshire, with Flint Castle and Basingwerk Abbey; so that those who compare what is now left with the drawings by S. and N. Buck in 1742, or with the later ones of Penant, will be puzzled to identify the present with the past. The site, breadth, and elevation of the ruins of Denbigh are grand and impressive, as if to match their history. The British "Craggy hill in Rhos" became the Dinbych or "hill-fort" of Prince David, Llewellyn's brother; and Henry I., Earl of Lincoln, erected the castle, of which we now see the ruined gateways and towers, after a grant of it to him from Edward I. It had a history and annals up to the restoration of Charles II., having passed into the hands of royal favourites and powerful nobles, and through the Mortimers into those of royalty itself. The old town, busy and alive still, has something of its ancient importance, though what would strike an Englishman as defective in civilization in its arrangements is that its booksellers' shops are out of sight and up passages.

To judge by two useful local handbooks—the Guide to the Vale of Clwyd by William Davis, and *Ancient and Modern Denbigh* by John Williams—the town and county have not lacked men of mark and merit since the building of the Edwardian castle. Great men from the Wars of the Roses to the Great Rebellion were the Myddeltons of Golech Hill and Gwaenynog; but none greater than Sir Hugh Myddelton, a cadet of the family in Elizabeth's reign, who in 1613 succeeded in bringing the waters of Amwell and Chadwell, in Herts, to London by the New River. His birth-place is still to be seen to the south-west of the old castle. Another native of old Denbigh, of Elizabethan date, also more famous in the arts of peace than of war, was Sir Richard Clough, a London merchant sprung from humble parents, but the partner of Sir Thomas Gresham, and the friend and patron of science and literature. Little has been said in these remarks of the women of Denbighshire; but our amends for the omission shall be to conclude with a story of one of them, connected with Sir Richard Clough:—

There was a portrait [says the author of *Ancient and Modern Denbigh*] of Catherine de Bernins, date 1598, at Llewenni. She wore a locket (said to contain the hair of her second and favourite husband, Sir Richard Clough) suspended to her neck by a gold chain. She had four husbands, John Salusbury of Llewenni, Sir R. Clough of Denbigh, Morris Wynne of Gwydir, and Edward Thelwall. Tradition, always extravagant, has given the lady no less than seven husbands. It is said that when performing her last duty at the tomb of her first lord, she was escorted to church by Sir Richard Clough, and home by Morris Wynne of Gwydir, who expressed a wish to be her second spouse, and received the civil reply that his offer came too late, for, in going to church, she had already promised her hand to Sir Richard; but that if she should be called to perform the same melancholy ceremony over that gallant knight, he might rest assured that he should be her third Benedict; a promise which she afterwards honourably performed.

Few will deny Katrin y Borene's title to a foremost place in any history of the women of Denbighshire.

A HOUSE FOR NOTHING.

SO much is said nowadays about cheap food, clothes, and fuel, that perhaps it may be useful to consider how we may get a cheap house in which to enjoy those comforts. Speaking generally, our houses are very dear, as we pay their fee-simple value for an occupation of a few years; and yet builders and landowners possess, as regards many of us, a practical monopoly which no form of co-operation has hitherto been able to defeat. A little book lately published, bearing the attractive title *A Freehold Villa for Nothing*, proves on examination to be merely an ornamental treatise on the advantages of Building Societies, which were tolerably well understood before. The principle of these Societies, like that of life insurance, is sound; but we know how the latter principle has been abused, and people will not easily be persuaded that the former is not liable to similar abuse. Indeed, when we examine the chapter of this book which professes to answer objections to the system of Building Societies, we find an admission that their claim to confidence rests on the same footing as that of Insurance Companies, which are now so generally distrusted. "In these Societies, the characters as well as the names of the promoters, chairmen, secretaries, and directors should be ascertained, and their standing and reputation must form the chief guarantee for the ultimate success and well-being of the Societies." The guarantee here mentioned has been tried exhaustively, and too often found wanting. Men of "standing and reputation" have been made the tools of clever scoundrels, until it has almost come to this—that the more respectable are the names in a prospectus, the more suspicion ought to be excited by the scheme. Circumspection and caution are said in the book before us to be necessary in selecting and transacting business with Building Societies as in other affairs of life. Unhappily there are many persons so scantily supplied with these articles that they are obliged so to arrange their lives that there may be as little call for their exercise as possible. They are able to order a dinner, engage a servant, or take on yearly tenancy a house; but they do not feel themselves equal to judging of the prospects of a Building Society, and they have at least so much caution as to keep out of matters

which they do not understand. We are further told that the Society, for its own sake, will take some care that any building or purchasing scheme entered into with its money is not of too extravagant or speculative a character; but this is the most unstable of all grounds of confidence. Judging from ordinary observation, we should say that the principle of Building Societies has not been applied to anything like the extent that might have been expected; and the explanation of this reluctance may, we think, be found in the very pages which were written for encouragement. There are some certain, and other undefined or imaginary, risks. To those who cannot trust themselves to estimate these risks, the only alternative is to rely upon the character of the managers; and that reliance has been rudely shaken by the failures of great Companies during the last few years.

It must be owned, however, that this form of co-operation has received less attention than it deserved. On looking over the records of the last ten years, we do not find that Building Societies have largely occupied the attention of the Court of Chancery. There have been some cases which have been keenly litigated, but the legal decisions obtained in them have probably governed many other cases in which litigation has been avoided. The object of a Building Society is to raise a fund, by periodical subscriptions, for the purpose of enabling its members to purchase land and build houses. Some of these Societies aim at creating county votes, while others merely seek to provide their members with comfortable houses. When a Society has existed long enough to have accumulated a sufficient capital, it makes advances to members, who are chosen either by ballot or more frequently by tender. Suppose the terms of subscription to be such that at the end of fifteen years the accumulated capital could be divided so that each member would receive 100*l.*, and suppose that at the end of two years the Society is prepared to advance 100*l.* each to two or more members, then the members who offer to allow the highest discount on these advances are usually selected to receive them. In the case of an existing Society which is doing considerable business, an advance can usually be obtained immediately on joining it. A person who determines to buy a plot of land and build a house upon it goes to such a Society and takes as many shares as will entitle him to the advance which he requires. He is bound to repay this advance with interest by instalments extending over a certain number of years, and it is obvious that he is not in danger from any mismanagement of the Society, because he has received the money which he required, and he cannot be called upon to repay it otherwise than according to his contract. The liability on his shares is limited, and the consideration for this liability is a loan which he could not otherwise have procured. On the other hand, if he buys a plot of land in a good situation, and builds a substantial house upon it, the Society has good security for the advance which it has made to him. Thus the transaction is on both sides advantageous, and neither side incurs any uncertain liability. But it is obvious that such advances cannot be obtained to an extent sufficient to affect the supply of houses in the metropolis or a large town, unless there are many Building Societies in existence which have the disposal of considerable capital. But a considerable capital must be invested according to the judgment of a body of directors, who are probably directed by a secretary or manager; and we all know from the experience of ourselves or our friends what is likely to become of the capital under these circumstances. Further, the amount which each shareholder can subscribe to a Building Society is limited to 200*l.* under the Building Societies Acts; and although a larger Society might be formed on nearly the same plan under the Joint Stock Companies' Acts, it is very unlikely that, after all the experience of the last ten years, even clergymen and elderly ladies could be persuaded to hand over 100,000*l.* or so to a body of directors to be played with. The sight of a prospectus of a "Building and Investment Company, Limited," is enough to give one a cold shiver, and it would take some years of prudent and prosperous management to establish such an undertaking in public confidence; and that confidence would, in all probability, be ultimately abused. The history of Overend, Gurney, and Co. is that of many other firms and Companies. Years of thrift accumulate wealth and attract confidence, which are then recklessly destroyed and dissipated.

These are, we believe, some of the reasons why the inviting picture of *A Freehold Villa for Nothing* is unlikely to be realized in practice. There is a proverb that "fools build and wise men buy," and if a man at the outset of his married life thinks that he is likely to reside in the same neighbourhood for fifteen or twenty years, and if he can command the money to buy a freehold or leasehold house, he will do well to do so. But it is impossible to buy or build a house without money, and if a man has no money, he must either pay rent for his house or obtain the assistance of a Society or individual to buy or build it. The supposed owner of the freehold villa which cost nothing may be considered as a modern Robinson Crusoe. The adventures of that shipwrecked mariner are credible; and yet his successive escapes from drowning, starvation, and being eaten by savages form, to say the least, a combination of circumstances which in real life would be found exceptional. So "the good fortune to find a piece of ground for sale in the best part of the outskirts" of the town in which one lives does not occur to every person who would like to build a house. The imaginary author of the story found a friend to join him in a plan of building for each of them a semi-detached villa on this plot of land. They submitted their plans to a Building Society, and "through the kindness of the excellent President, to whom we

were both known," the plans were approved, and no objection was made to lending them the whole of the money they asked for. We fear that the kindness of an excellent President, however convenient to those who happened to enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance, might have serious consequences to the institution whose destinies he guided. However, the two friends completed the purchase of the land, divided it equally, drew from the Society just the money required, and mortgaged the land with all they might put on it as a security for repayment. "A builder who worked with cordiality and good faith" seems to us almost as surprising and abnormal a creature as the benevolent President of a commercial Company, and we must remark that Crusoe met only one Man Friday among the savages. Then, again, the situation of the villa which was to be built for nothing was exceptionally favourable. It was in the best part of the outskirts of the town in which the owner lived, upon a broad good road, had been well drained, was well lighted with gas, and restrictions laid on the adjoining property prevented the erection of inferior houses, or the introduction of taverns, shops, or places of business. The owner and all his neighbours were prevented from building within a certain distance from the road, so that all the houses should have front gardens of the same depth. The land had not been laid out in even-sized plots with uniform houses, "like the melancholy-looking projections of some land and Building Societies." In fact, the situation was cheerful, genteel, and salubrious, with good roads, drainage, gas, and all other conveniences; and it was close to the town where the owner had to do his daily business. Such a combination of advantages could only be paralleled by

Some green Eden of the deep,
Where pleasure's sigh alone is heaved;
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endeared, undoubting, undecieved;

and which Mr. and Mrs. Crusoe, together with the lady's boxes, might conveniently reach by steamboat built on the saloon principle, and carrying a good cook. We will not follow the author's description of the villa, because the feelings of an angel who surveys a paradise which he cannot enter are disagreeable. It is possible, however, that Satan might have found some fault with Eden, and the mention of "two cisterns supplied with the Company's water" is suggestive of sickness, to be followed by scientific analysis which would discover an undue proportion of organic matter in this water. This apprehension would be more serious, because if the site were far removed from "taverns, shops, or places of business," there would be almost no facility for substituting mild beer for suspicious water. We had forgotten to mention an advantage which even Mr. and Mrs. Crusoe on their island could not enjoy—namely, that "the most fashionable church of the district" was visible from the drawing-room window of the villa. The villa was built and furnished to the entire satisfaction of the owner; he lived in it or let it for fifteen years, and the rent during that period exactly repaid the Society's loan, with interest. Thus the author of the story got his house for nothing. But if the proverb above quoted be true, it is to be feared that the more common experience of amateur builders is to get nothing corresponding to the outlay for a house.

ART AT THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

VII.

WE propose now to give some account of the old and historic works scattered about the Galleries. The assemblage, though much less systematic and complete than the "Loan Collection" in London in 1862, and the "Histoire du Travail et Monuments Historiques" in Paris in 1867, is not without a value of its own. The period of time comprised is as wide as the styles of art illustrated are diversified. Here are pre-historic remains, Etruscan, Roman, and Byzantine works, Italian, Gothic, Renaissance, and still later products, severally identified with the local history of Germany, Hungary, France, Italy, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia. The want of arrangement, chronological or other, and the absence of a catalogue render a description of the collection all the more difficult. We must content ourselves with a transcript of notes made on the spot.

The Vienna Exhibition shows a large area of Europe occupied by pre-historic remains. The contributions from Switzerland are specially numerous; the several ages of Stone, of Bronze, and of Iron receive illustration by many hundred specimens. Denmark and Scandinavia give but slight proof of their unexamined treasures; the unsurpassed National Museums of Copenhagen, Christiania, and Stockholm do not appear to have been put under contribution. Italy, chiefly known for highly developed arts, now shows what her people were doing in primeval periods; the "Regia Università di Roma" exhibits flint implements from Perugia, Todi, Nepi, and Palermo. Also an account is published with illustrations of the pre-historic monuments of the Stone age in the Archaeological Museum, Ancona, collected by the Commission for the Preservation of Monuments. Passing to Germany, the materials at command for the elucidation of these dark periods appear to be all but exhaustless; the two great Museums at Mayence and at Pechel are remarkably rich in pre-historic remains. Pechel sends to Vienna a small selection from "the Prehistoric National Museum." Her antiquaries claim for stone implements and works in metal, exhibited from Hungary, or other distinctive characteristics. The Stone

epoch is said to be allied to that in Switzerland. Advancing onwards to the Metal period, at first copper appears to have been used in Hungary in place of bronze. A lump of tin has been found which belongs to a time when that metal was not known save in the Scilly Islands. Coral also has been met with in Hungary, which is supposed to have come from the Red Sea; a fancied connexion is even traced with Mexico; but this last conjecture, we suppose, must be set down to that spirit of romance from which Hungarian antiquaries cannot be held to be exempt. Herr Franz von Pulszky, who kindly places his personal knowledge at the disposition of any truth-seeking tourist, states that the Bronze period in Hungary lasted till the time of Augustus; the immediately succeeding age of Iron is fitly identified with the coming of the Romans. In Vienna it has been made more than ever evident what valuable material Hungary offers to the student of historic monuments.

The Exhibition affords abundant evidence of the supremacy of the Romans in Germany; the Central Museum in Mayence and the National Museum in Pesth are the chief repositories of these "Römisch-Germanische" remains. The former is represented by casts coloured as facsimiles; from the latter come a few original works, among which is conspicuous a unique Roman vase in bronze, inlaid with gold and silver. This gem was discovered in 1832 near the Hungarian town of Oedenburg, an important Roman station south-east of Vienna. On the same site many other Roman antiquities have been exhumed. This small vase, or ewer, is exquisite in form and detail; there are standing figures of gold inlay; the ethnologic type, the art style, and the head gear are Egyptian; the period is supposed to be that of Hadrian—a time when Roman art fell under Egyptian influence. Roman remains have also been sent to the Exhibition from Gratz, the capital town of Styria, situated south of Vienna on the Semmering Railway; likewise some fine Roman bronzes come from the private collection of Herr Franz von Pulszky, director of the Pesth Museum. But, with comparatively few exceptions, the classic remains which have found their way to Vienna are provincial in character; the works produced in Germany under the Roman dominion naturally partook of the rude nature of the local art. And it would seem probable that pure products, such as the above-mentioned vase, belong to Germany, not as local manufactures, but as importations from the Roman side of the Alps. This distinction between provincial and imperial workmanship is borne out by a large mass of evidence. Thus "the Hildesheim treasures," of which there are reproductions in Vienna, are, in all probability, like importations; while, on the contrary, from Pesth come figures, not only of a degenerate classic style, but of an anomalous character, identified with local races and influences. Analogous hybrid styles are found in the Kertch and other collections of the Hermitage, wherein the foreign classic art has intermingled with the art indigenous to the soil. In the Pesth Museum a room is specially set apart to the "Völkerwanderungs-Periode." The strange mixture of races found to this day in the capital of Hungary has its counterpart in the art collection which reflects the chequered history of the nation.

The great historic Museums of Germany contribute to Vienna representative works belonging to the early revival or to the subsequent developments of Teutonic arts. Thus there are examples of the Romanesque, Byzantine, and Gothic periods in Germany. Reverting to the Museum at Pesth, we find contributions of that exceptional character which we are taught to look for on the Eastern frontier of the Austrian Empire. Among such remains some of the most remarkable are enamels both early and comparatively late. Of the former is a figure of Christ within a vesica piscis, surrounded by emblems of the four Evangelists; the types and the treatment are distant from those of Western Europe. There are also nine or more small enamels with figures, and encircling arabesques, fine in execution, and almost Eastern in tone and disposition of colour. Other examples verge more on Byzantine or Russian styles; of these are rich combinations of floral and foliated forms, the enamel being combined with filigree-work, diamonds, rubies, and pearls. These elaborate personal ornaments come from Transylvania, the easternmost province of Hungary—a country abounding in gold, silver, and precious stones, and peopled by mixed races who have long been skilled in the working of metals and minerals. Here then, again, we find complete correspondence between the outward conditions and the art products; the races are mixed, and so are the styles; the people were semi-barbaric, accordingly the decorative arts inclined to be gaudy and garish; the territory lies towards the Eastern frontier of Europe, and consequently we find in colour and ornamentation an approach to Turkish and Russian styles. In Transylvania this use of enamel may be traced back to the fifteenth century, and with modifications it subsists down to the present day in the form of showy and comparatively cheap jewelry. The contributions to the Vienna Exhibition are necessarily restricted; but we are informed of further acquisitions at Pesth which will enable the authorities of the National Museum to display a complete historic series of Hungarian enamels. The contributions from the other chief Museum of Germany call for but slight notice. The loans from Berlin are scanty; Prussia, in fact, in no department evinces much love for Austria. Two other Museums, one in Nuremberg, the other in Munich, which severally answer to the Hôtel de Cluny in Paris, not being able to spare original works, are represented by reproductions. The conclusion forced upon the stranger is that Germany is remarkably rich in remains reaching from Romanesque and Byzantine periods

right through the Gothic development. The treasures in the way of enamels, tapestries, stone, iron, and wood work already collected in Museums which are daily in course of further augmentation would furnish ample materials and illustrations for volumes similar to the French works of M. Viollet-le-Duc.

Nuremberg has placed in the Vienna Exhibition a statement as to the "Germanisches National-Museum" located in an old monastery within her walls. The purpose of the Museum is to illustrate, by means of historic remains, the life of the German people and the growth of civilization in the nation. The private life in past centuries is shown in domestic wood-work, metal-work, &c.; the religious life by church furniture and sacred utensils; the municipal and the intellectual life through archives of trading guilds, manuscripts, printed documents, &c. The Nuremberg Museum, like that at Kensington, is enriched by loans; it also opens its doors to periodic exhibitions, and is solicitous of friendly relations and reciprocity of action with other Museums throughout the world. The authorities, by means of a periodical publication, and also by an illustrated Catalogue, by engravings, photographs, and reproductions, seek to disseminate at home and abroad the knowledge of the Germanic phases of historic arts. The reason why all this is brought to the notice of visitors to the Vienna Exhibition seems to be that the Nuremberg Museum does not belong to Bavaria exclusively, but to collective Germany; in fact, this German Museum is supported by voluntary subscriptions and free gifts from separate States and private individuals, and subsists for the benefit of all Germans alike. The future of the institution appears to be assured by the increased support obtained. And when the other day on our return from the Vienna Exhibition we visited Nuremberg, after an absence of two years, almost the only institution which had moved onwards was this German Museum.

Italy is conspicuous in modern painting and sculpture, but she does not contribute many products of the middle ages. The examples of majolica and of Gubbio lustre ware are neither numerous nor remarkable. The Museum of Murano, through its Director, Signor Zanetti, makes a long statement for the purpose of showing under Group 22 how much it has served to promote art industry and to improve the general taste. This Museum was fitly established in Murano with the end of bringing together all works, old as well as modern, which might serve to illustrate or advance the art of working in glass, for which the island and its inhabitants are known to have been famous for centuries. When last we visited the Museum we found it to be well placed and wisely planned. It is right that the attention of Austria should be specially directed to the glass fabrics of Murano; no manufactures can possibly be more opposed than the vitreous products of Venice and of Bohemia here brought to Vienna in competition. The glass of Murano has certainly the advantage in historic antecedents; like other Italian products, it can point to a long pedigree.

The Loan Collections in the Vienna Exhibition contain even more than the usual amount of miscellanies. The Oriental works are less remarkable than might have been looked for in this Eastern capital. The ancient arms and armour in no way represent the resources of Germany; the Arsenal in Vienna and the Museums of Dresden and Pesth have assuredly not been impoverished in order to enrich the Exhibition. On the tops of the cases are ranged no end of mugs and pots of all ages and countries. More worthy of attention are two collections of coins. One is described in a ponderous volume entitled "Des Hohen Deutschen Ritter-Ordens Münz-Sammlung in Wien." Another case has, by way of explanation, attached to it a work treating of the "Fürstlichen Hochstiftes Olmütz Münzen und Medaillen nach der zu Kremsier befindlichen Sammlung verzeichnet und beschrieben." This last collection is specially rich in ecclesiastical specimens of the numismatic arts. Almost the only contribution from England is a case full of English silver belonging to the reigns of Elizabeth, Charles I. and II., of James II., William and Mary, and of George I. and II.

The Northern nations of Europe make themselves known as usual by curiosities which lie on the borderlands of barbarism and civilization. We would willingly have been spared, after the surfeit at South Kensington, any further display of the coarse peasant jewelry of Scandinavia. Such personal ornaments have about as much to do with art as the mock crowns worn on the itinerant stage of village fairs. Also rude, yet of exceptional interest, is a curious collection illustrative of the household industry of Sweden in the olden times. The needlework and the wood-carvings are primitive, almost barbaric. Here also are some of the notched calendars, an ancient mode of reckoning time and recording church festivals, which remained in use in Norway down to the eighteenth century. But in Vienna there is no carving comparable to the doors from the wooden church at Flaa of the twelfth century, sent from Norway to the great Paris Exhibition; in fact, it is only in the Museums of Copenhagen, Christiania, and Stockholm that one can understand the remarkable age of Wood which was coeval with the vast forests of Scandinavia. But these Northern nations like wise send to Vienna proofs that they not only passed through periods of Stone and of Wood but also reached an age of Gold. Yet what appears remarkable in the plaques and coins contributed is their non-local character. In the Museums of Christiania and of Stockholm are works in the precious metals as clearly belonging to Scandinavia as the greater part of the collection in Dublin pertains to the soil of Ireland. But the designs now seen in Vienna show classic and Byzantine influence; if the surface decoration can be clearly identified with Scandinavia, the Eastern or Southern origin of Northern arts would become something

better than a conjecture. But against this conclusion is the undoubted fact that some of the works bearing a classic or Byzantine impress which have been dug up in Scandinavian territory are nothing else than importations from afar. In Vienna at this moment the ethnology of the ancient arts might be worked out under peculiar advantages. The result probably would be an approach to greater unity than is commonly supposed. Still, however far back the investigation may be carried, the originating centres of art will in all likelihood remain as numerous as the national seats of civilization.

THE THEATRES.

THE clever actor who has undertaken the part of Richelieu is supported by a manager skilled in the art of advertising. The playbill of the Lyceum Theatre states that the profound impression produced on the first night of Mr. Irving's performance has been "subsequently endorsed by the enthusiasm of crowded and intellectual audiences." It is rather hard that we cannot bestow applause, which is certainly deserved, on this performance without being described as "endorsing" a profound impression. The manager's conception of an "intellectual audience" may be different from ours, but we believe that the use of American vulgarisms in speech is still avoided by educated Englishmen. We can imagine Lord Lytton's horror at being told that intellectual enthusiasm endorsed the impression made on the first night of his play. Perhaps we cannot better gauge the decline of the national theatre than by observing that Mr. Bateman, with his "archæological costumes" and his endorsements of profound impressions, has succeeded Mr. Macready as the manager who produces *Richelieu*. The play was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre in 1839. Mr. Macready took the chief part, Mr. Phelps took the small part of Joseph, Mr. Anderson, who is now acting at Drury Lane Theatre, was De Mauprat, and Mr. Elton was the King; while Miss H. Faucit performed Julio. The play was doubtless well put upon the stage; but the public of that day had not learned to accept "archæological costumes" as a substitute for a thoroughly efficient cast. It is satisfactory to see Mr. Irving advancing beyond the conscience-stricken murderer's line of business, and although we cannot say much for his supporters, it is at any rate a gain to art that he is put into a play which does not rest wholly on himself. The gentleman who performs the King has doubtless been engaged for the sake of a droll afterpiece, and it is not his fault if a portion of the "intellectual audience" take it as a joke when he tries to look serious. Julio addresses to the King an eloquent appeal for mercy to De Mauprat, her husband, which ends with the impressive lines:—

But spare this life, thus lonely, seethed, and bloomless;
And when thou stand'st for judgment on thine own,
The deed shall shine beside thee as an angel.

The King, "much affected," as the stage-copy of the play says, but not relinquishing his foul purpose, bids her annul her marriage with De Mauprat, and become the bride of Baradas. Julie, in despair, exclaims:—

Oh thou sea of shame,
And not one star.

Miss Isabel Bateman fairly sustained her part in this pathetic scene; and it must be admitted that Mr. Clayton is "much affected," and in "evident emotion" at the proper places. But unfortunately the result is something like that of seeing Mr. Belmore at the same theatre in *Oliver Cromwell*. That popular low comedian performed with commendable gravity, and indeed with entire propriety, the part allotted to him; and yet it was difficult to persuade oneself that he had not some comic purpose in cutting off the King's head. Mr. Clayton conveys, no doubt unintentionally, the idea that he thinks it a good joke that he should be playing such a part as King Louis XIII. at all; but as he must play it, his notion of the thing is, that the King, thinking Richelieu dead, was going to be jolly, and that it is an awful bore to find that he is alive. We have no fault to find with Mr. Irving's performance of Richelieu, nor do we think that it calls for extravagant commendation. The effort to make what are called points is stimulated in modern actors by the same condition of public taste as demands gorgeous decoration. The speech beginning

Then wakes the power which in the age of iron
Burst forth to curb the great, and raise the low,

is one of the finest in the play. The best actor and speaker of this, or any other time, might exert all his skill upon that speech, and although we might be powerfully impressed by it, we might not easily describe any particular tone or gesture; but we could easily describe, if it were worth while, Mr. Irving's attitude when he launches the curse of Rome. We should not refer to this passage particularly if it had not been selected by the critics for special laudation of Mr. Irving, and all we have to say upon it is, that Mr. Irving would do well not to strive too much for this species of commendation. He is a very clever actor who is trying to act Richelieu, but it might be possible for an actor less anxious to display his cleverness to show us Richelieu himself. Such acting as that of Mr. Irving in this scene is powerful in the sense that it calls forth vehement applause, which, however, comes from habit rather than from judgment. The manager virtually avows that he looks solely to Mr. Irving to make the play succeed, and the actor feels that he must come up to the great

occasion. Thus we get a straining after effect which is sometimes rather painful. It should be remembered that this play was not written for Mr. Irving, and that it contains more than one character. It was not perhaps easy to make more of the secondary characters, but it would be possible to make rather less of the character of Richelieu. If the original cast of the play be considered, it will appear that Mr. Macready did not take the entire weight of it upon his own shoulders.

Mr. Byron has written what he calls a new comedy for the Olympic Theatre. With sincere respect for a writer who has afforded much amusement to the public, we must say that almost all his plays are so alike that they leave no distinct impression on the mind. The only difference between this play, which he calls *Sour Grapes*, and others by the same hand, is that it contains fewer jokes; but, on the other hand, it contains many characters which are for the most part well sustained. Mr. H. Neville, who now manages this theatre, was for a long time a valuable member of the company playing the *School for Scandal* at the Vaudeville. He has enlisted in his new company Mr. Righton and Mr. W. H. Fisher, who will be long remembered as two of the original trio of the *Happy Land*. The weight of the piece rests principally on Mr. Righton, who as a barrister willing to improve his prospects by marriage or politics, is both witty himself and the cause of wit in others on the subject of his profession. All this, however, has been heard many times before. But an agreeable freshness is given to the play by the introduction of a West-country farm-labourer and his sweetheart. Mr. G. W. Anson, an actor new to London, amused the audience immensely by his rough talk and uncouth endearments, and he was well supported by Miss Emma Chambers. A well-known actress, Mrs. Stephens, has also a part in this play. Mr. Neville's own part is not much, but he helps to carry off the sentimental scenes. He deserves credit for collecting a good company, instead of trusting to himself or to any other single actor. His system of management is infinitely preferable in our view to that of the Lyceum, where everything is made to depend on Mr. Irving.

A remarkable play, ascribed in the playbill to Messrs. Tom Taylor and John Saunders, has been produced at the Globe Theatre. It is "a story of Lancashire industry," or, in other words, a dramatic representation of the substitution of machinery for hand-labour in cotton-spinning. Recent experience has inspired dread of plays founded on recent history, and particularly on that branch of history which may be called, to use a word of the day, "industrial." The vicissitudes of the life of Arkwright furnish, however, a subject capable of dramatic treatment, and Mr. Tom Taylor can scarcely help cooking well if only he happens to have any meat. It is matter of ordinary knowledge that Arkwright was by training a barber, and by choice a travelling dealer in hair, and that he invented or obtained for some time the credit of inventing a machine which was the foundation of the "industrial" prosperity of Lancashire as we now see it. It has been alleged, and probably with truth, that another person had invented a machine substantially the same as Arkwright's while he was a child. The history of almost all great inventions is in this respect the same. The minds of many men are travelling at nearly equal pace, and by slightly different roads, towards the same discovery. But Arkwright did undoubtedly reduce to practical shape the principle of spinning cotton by machinery, and he applied it so as, in spite of enormous difficulties, to realize a fortune of half a million for himself and to supply to other manufacturers the means of realizing countless millions. The first mill erected for spinning cotton by rollers was worked by horse-power; but afterwards water-power was used, and the thread was called water-twist as in the play. An association of manufacturers attempted to repeal Arkwright's patent, and involved him in costly litigation in which both sides were alternately successful, as usually happens when litigants are plentifully supplied with money. A clockmaker named Kay was produced as a witness upon the question of originality of invention, and a verdict was found against Arkwright upon his testimony. This story properly manipulated for stage purposes becomes the domestic drama called *Arkwright's Wife*. The travelling hair-dealer offers to buy the golden crop of a pretty girl whose father has reduced himself and her to poverty by neglecting ordinary work in pursuit of an invention for spinning cotton. After a little talk he offers to buy not only the girl's hair, but the girl herself, or in other words to marry her, and take her dreamy father to live with them at Bolton. He takes a hint from the old man's unfinished machine, improves it, and is on the road to fortune, when the old man, through jealousy, incites his daughter to destroy her husband's machine, telling her that this is the only way to save him and her from ruin. The picture which is drawn in several scenes of the poverty and distress incurred by many families in pursuit of the great invention for cotton-spinning is only too true to history. The rash act of the wife causes quarrel and separation, but only checks for a while the rising tide of Arkwright's fortune. A reconciliation is effected eighteen years afterwards, when Arkwright has become a knight, a rich man, and high sheriff of his county. The father-in-law, Peter Hayes, is obviously the Kay of history. This character is skilfully and strongly drawn, and it is acted most satisfactorily by Mr. Emery, who seems just now to be the Atlas who supports the Globe. The play was received with as much applause as half a theatre could supply. There are probably not many of the upper

class of paying playgoers now in town, but when a manager opens his theatre after the recess, we expect to find that it has been to some extent cleaned and decorated; and he would not, if he were wise, omit the process of "papering" the stalls.

REVIEWS.

SIR WILLIAM COVENTRY.*

SIR WILLIAM COVENTRY was a very distinguished member of Parliament and statesman in the reign of Charles II. During the first nine years of the reign he held important offices—Secretary to the Lord High Admiral (the Duke of York), and then a Commissioner of the Treasury, when, on the death of the Earl of Southampton, Lord Treasurer, in 1667, the Treasury was put into commission. The first office is described by Clarendon, who much disliked Coventry, as "very honourable under such a master, and in itself of the greatest profit next the Secretary of State, if they in that respect be to be preferred." He acquired in these offices a great official reputation, which was strengthened by the display of marked ability in the House of Commons. He was the life and soul of the Treasury Commission. "I perceive," says Samuel Pepys, on one occasion, "Sir William Coventry is the man, and nothing done till he comes" (*Diary*, August 23, 1667). When Coventry was removed, the Duke of Albemarle, one of the Commissioners, and not particularly friendly to him, said that nothing would now be well done at the Treasury (*Pepys's Diary*, March 10, 1669). He was chiefly instrumental in breaking the power of Clarendon, and preparing the way for his dismissal from office; but he was not implicated in the heartless malice and cruelty which aggravated his fall. He blamed Clarendon's mismanagements, but did not impugn his honour. Public opinion at this time designated him for the highest office in the kingdom. Bishop Burnet says of him, after Clarendon's fall, that "he was in a fair way to be the Chief Minister, and deserved it more than all the rest did." Coventry told Samuel Pepys that the Duke of Buckingham, who succeeded Clarendon in chief power, "did desire to join with him of all men in England, and did bid him propound himself to be Chief Minister of State, saying that he would bring it about, but that he, Coventry, refused to have anything to do with any faction" (*Diary*, March 6, 1669). This mad scapegrace, Buckingham, took it into his head to prepare a play to be brought out at one of the two public theatres, caricaturing Coventry. Pepys describes how Coventry was to be put upon the stage:—

They foolishly and sillily bring on two tables like that which he hath made, with a round hole in the middle, in his closet, to turn himself in, and he is to be in one of them as master, and Sir John Duncomb in the other, as his man or imitator; and their discourse in these tables about the disposing of their books and papers very foolish.

Coventry, on ascertaining this, sent the Duke of Buckingham a challenge. The King heard of it and interposed. Coventry was sent to the Tower, and his second, Henry Savile, his nephew and younger brother of Lord Halifax, also a Gentleman of the Duke of York's Bedchamber, was sent to the Gatehouse. Coventry was removed from the Privy Council and from the Treasury Commission. Thus the moral King desired to show his disapproval of duelling. But the indecency of the affront, and Coventry's high character, brought out public sympathy on his side. Sixty carriages a day brought friends to the Tower for sympathizing visits to Coventry (*Pepys's Diary*, March 7, 1669). The French Ambassador wrote an account of the affair to his Court, saying that the King favoured Buckingham, but that all men of character and consideration sided with Coventry. He was treated with unexampled severity. "He repeated to me," says Pepys, "many examples of challenges of Privy Counsellors and others; but never any proceeded against with that severity which he is, it never amounting with others to more than a little confinement" (*Diary*, March 6, 1669). This was partly, perhaps, from a well-meaning determination which the King had taken to put down duelling, still more, probably, from Buckingham's unhappy power over the King. Coventry was detained sixteen days in the Tower. His official career was at an end. He had long sighed for relief from the cares and worries of office. He loved more than business and politics his country home, Minster Lovell in Oxfordshire. He had great delight in gardening. He was a highly cultivated scholar, and versed in literature. Evelyn describes him as "a wise and witty gentleman" (*Diary*, October 17, 1659). Marvell calls him "Will the wit," in juxtaposition with his elder brother Henry, afterwards Secretary of State, who is "Hector Harry." He was united through life in the closest friendship with his nephew Halifax, who was twenty-three years older than the uncle. Coventry's reputation for ability led to his being supposed the author of Halifax's brilliant *Character of a Trimmer*. It is strange to see him declared the author of this work in the catalogue of Lord Bath's manuscript treasures at Longleat, in the Third Report of the

Historical Manuscripts Commission (Appendix, p. 189). It is stranger, as the same collection of MSS. contains a letter from Sir William Coventry to his nephew, Viscount Weymouth, unequivocally denying the authorship. He owns himself a Trimmer, but denies that he is the author. The letter is dated July 30, 1685. After denying the authorship, he writes:—"I have not been ashamed to own myself, indeed, a Trimmer, not according as the Observer paints them, but (as I think the name was intended to signify), one who would sit upright, and not overturn the boat by swaying too much on either side." Lord Macaulay, mentioning that Sir William Coventry had been esteemed the author of the work, gives it, but with insufficient decisiveness, to Halifax.

Coventry's summary dismissal from the Treasury Commission was the end of his official life. The highest offices were often subsequently at his disposal, and he invariably declined them. He held a very high position in the House of Commons, where he spoke always with independence and authority. Bishop Burnet, speaking of his quarrel with Buckingham and its consequences, describes him as "a man of the finest and the best temper that belonged to the Court. And he upon that seemed to retire very willingly, and he was become a very religious man when I knew him. He was offered after that the best post in the Court, oftener than once; but he would never engage again." The notes of Lord Dartmouth and Speaker Onslow on this passage of Burnet are very valuable. The former says that Coventry "was the most esteemed and beloved of any courtier that ever sat in the House of Commons, where his word ever passed for an undoubted truth without further inquiry"; and Onslow says that, after quitting the Court, he "continued to attend the Parliament, acting a great part there, in very able though decent opposition to the Court measures." Public opinion expected him to be Lord Treasurer in 1673, just after Osborne's appointment. The so-called Cabal was out of joint, and it was believed that he and Halifax must be brought in to set matters right (Letters to Sir J. Williamson in Record Office). From a letter of Shaftesbury to the Earl of Carlisle, of February 3, 1675—a political manifesto of Shaftesbury as head of an Opposition—it is clear that there was a political overture to Coventry and Halifax in the summer of 1674:—"I am sorry my Lord Halifax had no better success in his summer's negotiation, and that his uncle, Sir William, could make no nearer approach to the Ministers of State than the kissing the King's hand. I fear it is fatal to his Lordship's uncle to go so far and no farther." This probably means that there was a formal reconciliation of Coventry with the King in 1674; it doubtless means that there was a question of Coventry and Halifax coming into office. Shaftesbury, lately dismissed from the Chancellorship, viewed unamiably the movements of his two near connexions, for Coventry was his brother-in-law and Halifax his nephew by marriage. Bishop Burnet thus describes Coventry's position in the House of Commons in 1675:—"Sir William Coventry had the greatest credit of any man in the House. He never meddled personally with any Minister. He had a perfect understanding of affairs. So he laid open the errors of the Government with more authority, because he nursed no passion nor puerile resentments with it. His brother usually answered him with much life in a repartee, but not with the weight and force with which he spoke." This brother was Henry, the Secretary of State. Speaker Onslow also says that Sir William Coventry chiefly debated with his brother Henry, "who was of a fair character in himself, and deemed the only honest Minister the King had since my Lord Clarendon."

Many years ago the writer of this paper had the opportunity of inspecting at Longleat an interesting correspondence, from 1667 to 1686, between Sir William Coventry and his nephew, Thomas Thynne, created Viscount Weymouth in 1682. A sister of Coventry had married Sir Henry Thynne, Baronet, of whom this Thomas Thynne was the eldest son. It is strange that this correspondence is not mentioned in the copious catalogue of the Longleat MSS., in the Third Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. A few extracts will show how interesting is this correspondence.

There was no meeting of Parliament for two years, between April 1671 and February 1673. Meanwhile England was embarked, by an unholy alliance with France, in war with Holland, and this war was ushered in by the flagitious Stop of the Exchequer and by the Declaration of Indulgence, a questionable exercise of royal prerogative for an intrinsically good purpose. Coventry's heart was now set on the relief of Protestant Dissenters. He writes, November 23, 1672, from his country seat:—

I was told before I came out of London that my Lord Archbishop [Sheldon] had promised never to consent to a toleration; well fare Minister Lovell! God send me health and quiet there, till our churchmen be wiser than to stand so rigidly and so much in their own light.

He found great difficulty in resolving to go up to London for the long-deferred meeting of Parliament in February. "To go up is to no purpose that I know, so long as our clergy are so stiff as I believe they yet are."

The Parliament sat from February 4 to March 29. The King was forced to cancel his Declaration of Indulgence. Sir William Coventry joined in opposition to the Declaration, and strongly urged a Bill for Ease to Protestant Dissenters. There was much sparring between him and his brother Henry, the Secretary. The famous Test Act was passed, excluding Roman Catholics from office, quickly followed by the resignation of the Duke of York, Lord High Admiral, and Lord Clifford, Lord Treasurer. Sir

* An Essay concerning the Decay of Rents and the Remedies. Written by Sir William Coventry about the year 1670. Ayscough Catalogue of MSS. in British Museum, 3228.

England's Appeal from the Private Cabal at Whitehall to the Grand Council of the Nation, the Lords and Commons in Parliament Assembled. By a True Lover of his Country. 1673. [Ascribed to Sir William Coventry.]

William Coventry prominently supported the Test Act. A Bill of Ease for Protestant Dissenters was introduced, was warmly advocated by Coventry, passed the House of Commons, and amendments having been made in the Lords, was ultimately got rid of by a prorogation designed for the purpose, while the Commons were debating the Lords' amendments. Coventry had in the meantime left London for Minister Lovell.

The following letter, written on March 31, when Coventry was evidently unaware of the final failure of the Bill of Ease, shows his importance at this time to the party of Opposition. An Act "for a most general and free Pardon by the King," hurriedly passed at the end of the Session, put an end to the designs of the Opposition, from which Coventry held himself aloof, for attacking evil counsellors:—

Yours of the 27th gave me no unpleasant entertainment by reading the last act of the popularity of this Session; a very brittle commodity, and whoever trades much in it shall find it so, and that he shall no longer believe himself to lead the House of Commons when he follows it. You won't think me an arrant Sir Pol. if I should tell you I foresaw somewhat like this which hath fallen out, that the country gentlemen had a good mind to fall on somebody, and that the grandees either had no mind to it, or durst not trust their followers. I am glad I was not Minister, or else I am sure I should have been blamed on both sides; one side would have blamed me for not assisting (it being work I love not), and the other would have suspected me for pulling it on underhand: for though I am the man in the world who deale the least underhand, yet those who hold themselves concerned to find always new faults in me would have pretended to believe it, as those grandees who are now so much blamed by their followers would have excused their not embarking upon my coldness in the matter. I am confident if I were amongst them I should be able to convince all my friends I did well to come away when I did, whatever want the Chambers might pretend of me.

And then he goes on to say of the Bill of Ease for Protestant Dissenters:—

If nothing be now done in it, one time or other it will be made an argument to call the Parliament when the great men at Court have a mind to play at foot-ball, especially now that by the Act of Free Pardon (if it pass) some will believe their stakes more secure than their neighbours. I did imagine, if an Act of Pardon had passed, none but my Lord Clarendon would have been excepted.

It was in this year 1673 that the remarkable pamphlet associated by general rumour with Sir W. Coventry's name, "The Appeal from the Private Cabal at Whitehall to the Grand Council of the Nation," was published. It is a pamphlet written with much wit and point, and shows an intimate acquaintance with foreign affairs. He spoke with equal freedom and equal fulness of knowledge in a memorable debate which ended by a refusal of supply on October 31, 1673 (*Parl. History*, vol. iv. pp. 596, 601).

A matter of some interest is effectually cleared up by a letter of Sir W. Coventry of August 11, 1685, five weeks after the battle of Sedgemoor, which crushed Monmouth's invasion. What became of Ferguson after the battle, and how he escaped, was a mystery. It has remained a mystery till now. Lord Macaulay says, "How Ferguson escaped was, and still is, a mystery." For some time after the battle he was believed to be lurking in London; and there were stories that he had been pardoned by James. There was no pardon. Sir William Coventry, writing on August 11, 1685, says that "Ferguson and about twenty others got to Zealand in an open boat." If Lord Macaulay had known this, he would have been spared a long discussion of conjectures and probabilities.

After the sudden dissolution, in August 1679, of the Parliament which met for the first time in the beginning of that year, Sir William Coventry declined to be again a candidate, and he retired to his books and his garden. He was not married. He was the idol of a large family connexion, and of a circle of eminent friends, among whom were Halifax, Dorothy, Dowager Countess of Sunderland, and the widowed Rachael, Lady Russell. He died on June 23, 1686, at the age of sixty. He left in his will two thousand pounds for the French Protestant refugees under the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and three thousand for the redemption of slaves captured by the Algerines (*Lady Russell's Letters*, p. 338, ed. 1792; *Savile Correspondence*, p. 295).

Sir William Coventry was the youngest son of the famous Lord Keeper Coventry, who had been twice married, having one son by his first marriage, and a large family by the second. One of Coventry's sisters of the second marriage was married to Sir John Pakington, and is the reputed author of a celebrated anonymous work, the *Whole Duty of Man*. His elder brother, Henry, also of the second marriage, had a distinguished official career, and was universally loved. After holding several diplomatic appointments, one of which was a joint mission with Lord Holles to Breda, where they made the treaty which ended the first Dutch war, Henry Coventry was in 1672 made Secretary of State, and he continued to hold that office till February 1679, the eve of the meeting of Charles's new Parliament. Burnet describes him as "a man of wit and heart, of spirit and candour." Roger North, in the *Life of his brother, Lord Guilford*, says of Henry Coventry that "he had the nice step of the House, and withal was wonderfully witty, and a man of great veracity; he had never said anything in the House which afterwards proved a lie, and had that credit there that whatever he affirmed the House believed." In a time of tricksters truthfulness distinguished the two brothers. Burnet relates an amusing story of Henry Coventry's candour and reputation. Defending on one occasion a statement in the preamble of an Act of Parliament that England was at war with France, he declared that it really was so, and that he would rather be guilty of the murder of forty men than do anything to retard the war.

This strange expression exposed him to much railery. Colonel Birch twitted him with thinking the murder of forty men a small matter. "Coventry answered that he always spoke to them sincerely, and as he thought; and that if an angel from heaven should come to say otherwise (at this they were very attentive, to see how he could close a period so strangely begun), he was sure he should never get back to heaven again, but would be a fallen and a lying angel." Burnet winds up the story by saying that "now the matter was well understood, and his credit was set on a sure foot" (*Own Time*, i. 411, 442). Henry Coventry died a few months after Sir William, in December 1686.

Sir John Coventry, whose nose was slit in 1670 by a band of ruffian courtiers instigated by Monmouth, to punish him for an irreverent allusion in the House of Commons to the King's amours, was a nephew of Sir William and of Henry Coventry, being the son of the Lord Keeper's son by his first marriage. This memorable incident made a patriot-martyr of him, but he appears to have been little worthy of respect. Sir William, in his correspondence with Thomas Thynne, speaks lightly of him, ridicules his vanity, and wishes him out of the House of Commons, to be "out of harm's way."

Sir William Coventry had kept a journal; he showed it on one occasion to Samuel Pepys (*Diary*, March 9, 1669). What has become of this journal is not known. It might yet be to be found among the manuscript treasures at Longleat. The Catalogue, already referred to, of the Longleat MSS. makes no mention of this journal; but it is equally silent as to Coventry's correspondence with Thomas Thynne, Viscount Weymouth, and also as to a fragment of a History of the First Dutch War, which the writer of this paper has seen and made extracts from. A note to the Catalogue states that there are three large boxes full of Coventry papers, not yet examined. There can, we presume, be no doubt that the Marquis of Bath would cordially encourage an examination of them. It may be here mentioned that inquiry has lately been made of the Duke of Devonshire as to Lord Halifax's missing diary (see article, *George Savile, Marquis of Halifax*, February 22), and that his Grace has replied that it disappeared from the Chatsworth Library during the lifetime of the late Duke, and that several searches for it have been unsuccessful.

THE THRESHOLD OF THE UNKNOWN REGION.*

THE Secretary of the Geographical Society has in this handsome volume put forth in substance a manifesto on behalf of further Arctic exploration. That Englishmen should not abandon the task in which their ancestors won so much glory is at least the obvious moral from his book, and one which he is not slow to draw. In form, however, the book is a brief historical summary of what has been done by Arctic adventurers from the earliest times towards tracing out the long ice frontier of the unknown Polar region. The author, besides being qualified for his task by personal experience, states his facts lucidly and has made a very readable book. We shall not on the present occasion discuss the general arguments in favour of further activity; remarking only that they are set forth in this book with abundant force. One argument, however, which may perhaps be described as of the sentimental order, is brought out so distinctly that we shall venture to insist upon it at some length. It is not perhaps an unequivocal reason for risking lives in Arctic wastes that our remote ancestors showed us the way with greater courage because with infinitely inferior resources. And yet it is impossible to study the records of ancient daring without desiring that the existing race of English sailors may have a chance of showing themselves worthy of their origin. It is, after all, of some importance to maintain in the navy a continuous tradition of heroic enterprise. In times of war our ships will owe much to the memories of Nelson, Blake, and the conquerors of the Armada. The sentiment will be maintained in the greater force if some outlet is provided for the adventurous spirit in times of peace. Our ancestors ventured into the Polar seas in their cockle-shells of boats to find shorter commercial routes, or to discover new sources of wealth, and we are invited to follow them in the name of science; but, whatever be the pretext, the simple aim of showing that the spirit of manly enterprise is not dead amongst us will seem to many to be of itself a sufficient excuse.

Let us then recall from the volume before us some of the old performances which we are challenged to emulate. The old sailors were not much in the habit of picturesque writing; and when Hudson or Barents came home from their voyages they did not publish sensational accounts in beautifully illustrated volumes. Fortunately, however, they left records sufficient to enable us to fill up the bare outline with the aid of more recent investigations; and frequently the accuracy of their reports has been proved to a degree which is surprising when we consider the rudeness of their instruments. One of the earliest adventurers was Stephen Burrough, who sailed from Gravesend in the year 1556 in a pinnace called the *Sorchthrift*. Old Cabot, whose labours had begun nearly sixty years before, came to see them off, accompanied by "divers gentlemen and gentlewomen." He gave them a banquet "at the signe of the 'Christopher,'" and afterwards "entered into the dance himself amongst the rest of the young

* *The Threshold of the Unknown Region*. By Clements R. Markham. Q.B., F.R.S. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

and lusty company." Burrough discovered the strait between Nova Zembla and the island of Vaigats, but was driven back by unfavourable winds, by the darkness, and by "the great and terrible abundance of ice." Two ships, the *George* of forty and the *William* of twenty tons, followed up this discovery in 1580, and, after finding the strait between Vaigats and the mainland, were beaten back, in spite of desperate efforts. The *William* was lost in an attempt to reach Iceland, and we may sympathize with Milton's view that these early enterprises "might have seemed almost heroic, if any higher end than love of gain and traffic had animated the design." We may, indeed, give them credit for some perception of a higher end, for the instructions given by the Muscovy Company said that the discovery of a passage would not only prove profitable, but would "also purchase perpetual fame and renown both to you and our country." These daring adventurers found a worthy successor in the Dutchman Barents. In his first voyage he sailed for seventeen hundred miles along the edges of the pack-ice round Nova Zembla, and had to put his ship about eighty-one times. He tried in vain to force his way through every promising opening, and made a series of observations of remarkable accuracy. In his third voyage he attempted to find an opening by keeping nearer to Spitzbergen, and, after failing, returned round the North-Western end of Nova Zembla. After many gallant efforts, he was finally frozen in during the winter of 1596. The seventeen brave Dutchmen built a house on the shore with driftwood, fixed a clock against the walls, and converted a wine cask into a bath, which, as we are rather surprised to find, was judiciously recommended as a sanitary measure by the surgeon. A quaint woodcut gives a clear representation of this earliest specimen of Arctic winter-quarters. The adventurers escaped in the following summer in two open boats, though poor Barents, like Captain Hall, died before he could tell his own story. The house in which he had lived remained unvisited, it is said, for 278 years (our arithmetic, we may remark, makes it 274), when a Norwegian, Captain Carlson, visited the spot in 1871, and found everything left precisely as it had been represented in the account of one of Barents's companions. The old clock was still standing against the wall, and the muskets and halberds were found in their old places. There were an old manual of navigation and a Dutch translation of Mendoza's *History of China*, indicating the object of the adventurers' travels. There was also a curious copper dial, said to be probably the only extant example of an invention for calculating the longitude by Plancius, "the famous cosmographer and tutor of Barents." There were a flute, which still gives out a few notes, and a pair of little shoes belonging to a ship's boy who died during the winter. The relics are not quite so interesting as those which have been discovered at Pompeii, but there is something pathetic about them in a humble way.

A celebrated navigator, Henry Hudson, carried on Barents's work with characteristic audacity. It was in 1607 that he sailed from Greenwich, "in a craft about the size of one of the smallest of modern collier brigs," with twelve men and a boy, intending to sail across the Pole to Japan, and, indeed, getting as far on the way as has been done by the best equipped modern expeditions. In this and in a later voyage he examined the edge of the pack-ice along the whole line from Greenland to Nova Zembla. On one occasion he forced his way several leagues into the ice, but was finally obliged to return, as every subsequent adventurer has been obliged. Hudson's discoveries led to a great whaling trade, which flourished for a century and a half, and gradually passed from English into Dutch hands. He proved that the icy barrier stretches continuously from the shores of Siberia to those of Greenland; and all subsequent experience has gone to show that it is impassable in ships. Parry's great attempt, indeed, in 1827 to reach the Pole by sledges from Spitzbergen suggests that it may be possible to do something more by this means; but the more promising route by Smith's Sound appears to offer far greater chances of success. Meanwhile, however, there is another curious story of still earlier adventure in the same region where Hudson's efforts had been frustrated. Two Venetian gentlemen named Zeno made a voyage in the Northern seas, at the close of the fourteenth century. One of them wrote a complete record of his adventures, which had a singular fate. A descendant of his, born in 1515, tore it up when a boy, not knowing its value; but he afterwards put together a narrative from some remaining letters, which appeared at Venice in 1558. Unluckily this editor entertained a perverse view of editorial duties not yet so extinct as it ought to be. He found an old map, rotten with age, and set about supplying its defects from his own interpretation of the narrative. The consequence was that he threw the whole geography of the region into hopeless confusion, and thus deprived his contemporaries of much useful knowledge, though we are now able to distinguish the genuine facts from the errors with which he mixed them. We are thus enabled to identify the site of the lost Greenland colony, from sailing directions which are preserved as to the right method of coasting it, and from indications as to the site of an old monastery. The most interesting part of the information which comes from the old explorer is the report of certain fishermen who had discovered America. They found Latin books in the possession of some of the chiefs, who could no longer understand them, and reported that the people made beer and had a certain amount of intercourse with Greenland. This information is sufficiently scanty, but goes to confirm what we know of the old Scandinavian colony in America. The whole subject has been investigated by Mr. Major, who is about to publish his conclusions in an edition of the voyage

of the Zeno, to be issued by the Hakluyt Society, and in a paper in the *Journal of the Geographical Society* for 1873.

But meanwhile we are diverging from the track of Arctic discovery. The expeditions through Baffin's Bay have been more fruitful than the efforts of the brave men who vainly charged the edge of the huge ice-pack between Spitzbergen and Greenland. John Davis was the pioneer of this route. He was shocked by the sight of Greenland, remarking that "the loathsome view of this shore, and the irksome noyse of the yce, was such as it bred strange conceites among us." However, he found the straits which bear his name in 1585, and made known the existence of a wide opening. His only successor, during two centuries, was William Baffin. Baffin forced his way through the Melville Bay ice and reached what is known as the "North water" in twenty-two days, a time which, curiously enough, appears to be just the average time of passage for modern whalers. From 1616 to 1817 nobody followed him; but in the last-named year a couple of Scotch whalers repeated his feat, and found so many whales that the same feat has since been repeated every year. Ships have, indeed, suffered occasionally in the performance. The year of evil celebrity is 1830, when nineteen ships were destroyed by a gale which suddenly drove masses of ice into Melville Bay and nipped the whole fleet against the land-floe. There is, however, as we are carefully informed, no special risk to life when a ship is thus suddenly crushed to atoms in the Polar seas. The retreat in boats to the Danish settlements is "perfectly safe and easy." In 1830 a thousand men were encamped on the ice, the tents were a scene of "joyous dancing and frolic," and the season was long remembered as the year of "Baffin's fair." Discovery ships, too, are better provided for such adventures than whalers; as is proved by the fact that explorers have passed the Melville's Bay ice thirty-eight times, and that no ship has yet been lost. * A "good nip," as it is facetiously called, causes only a little pleasurable excitement. Indeed the wild Arctic scenery, with the fun of cutting docks and blasting the ice, is so pleasant that the Melville Bay detention is "a most enjoyable and exhilarating time." The whaling fleet from Dundee, which annually indulges in this amusement—for so, it seems, we must call it—is excellently prepared for the purpose; and we may infer that, with proper precautions, we may do with modern steamers what old Baffin did in a little craft of 55 tons with no more fear than we feel in taking an express train to Scotland in the midst of the excursion season. The ice collapses as easily as a train of excursionists, and with infinitely less risk to the assailant.

The route by Smith's Sound is connected with the names of American adventurers, who appear to have shown the national spirit of enterprise by venturing in ships little better prepared than those of the earlier explorers. Kane made the first attempt in the year 1853 in the *Advance* of 120 tons, with a crew of seventeen men, the same number as that in Baffin's *Discovery*. His experience, and that more recently acquired by Hayes and by the *Polaris*, point the way to future explorers. Captain Hall reached without difficulty the highest latitude ever attained in a ship, and within thirty miles of the most northern point ever reached by civilized men. The distance from Hayes's Cape Parry to the Pole and back is 968 miles, a distance which has frequently been exceeded by Arctic sledge parties. McClintock once performed 1,210 miles in 105 days, and Mechem went over 1,157 miles. In short, a couple of stout steamers, manned by properly disciplined crews, and placed at the point reached by the ill-found American ships without serious difficulty, would be within striking distance of the Pole. We venture to hope that the prospect will be realized, and that the adventurers may be Englishmen, encouraged in their task by the desire to show themselves worthy of descent from the Burroughs, Hudsons, Davises, and Baffins of a past generation. Of the additional reasons for desiring such a consummation, of the scientific aims to be realized, and the real extent of the dangers to be encountered, a full and judicious account will be found in the book before us.

PRUSSIAN OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR.—PART IV.*

THE new section of that which is best known as the Moltke Narrative carries the reader into the very heart of the terrible contests before Metz, the last scene of which is even now being worked slowly out in the great room at the Trianon. It will have for many readers an interest greater than even that which attached to those picturesque details of Spicheren and Woerth which have made so finished a work of the Third Part. For Count Wartensleben—it is no secret that he is the accredited successor of Colonel Verdy—has now reached in his work those great strokes of strategy to grasp the outlines of which is more easy to the layman's mind than to follow the comparatively intricate details of actions; as indeed to delineate the former clearly is the most straightforward part of the task of the military historian. That is, supposing that he is gifted, like M. Thiers, with a genius which enables him to pierce, as it were, inside the intent of the original design; or that he has the advantage, like Count Wartensleben, of access not merely to all official documents, but to the presence and confidence of the designer himself. And we must note here once more our entire satisfaction with the general spirit of the new history as compared with that of the war of

* *Der deutsch-französische Krieg 1870-71. Von der kriegsgeschichtlichen Abtheilung des grossen Generalstabes. Erster Theil, Heft 4. Mittler: Berlin.*

1866. The reason of its superior frankness, not to say honesty, is obvious. It is no doubt an easier, as well as a more pleasant, task for a German military writer to follow out the stages of the national duel with the *Erb-Feind*, the hereditary foe of united Germany, than to put a fair face on the mixture of daring and craft by which Prussia succeeded in wresting the supremacy of Germany from internal rivalry. Hence no doubt the absence in these volumes of that appearance of special pleading which is an acknowledged drawback in the Berlin General Staff History of the War of 1866.

Let no one say after the perusal of this volume that Marshal MacMahon has never shown any strategic power. What it was that decided him, after his shattering defeat at Woerth, to retire so instantly behind his former right by the cross-roads leading south over the foot of the Vosges to Saverne, instead of falling back to his original rear westward along the French frontier, cannot be exactly stated. But, whatever it may be that leads a general to the right choice in so desperate a juncture—his army almost broken up, and close to him a victorious and superior foe—he should have the full credit of the inspiration. And that the result of the battle of Woerth was not the total loss of the wreck of the beaten force, was undoubtedly due to the Marshal's prompt decision. It would have seemed the natural thing for him to go westward on Bitsche; for thus he would be retreating on the untouched corps which De Failly's blundering or remissness had kept from the battle; and thus too he would be moving towards the main Army of the Rhine, of which he had last heard only that it was in great force behind the Sarre. On the other hand, for the whole way in the march to Sarreguemines he must give a flank to an unknown enemy, who had been heard of as daily collecting to his north; whilst he would be followed by that Third Army whose superior strength he had so terribly proved. So he started off unhesitatingly by the less exposed road, and on the day after the battle moved so rapidly as to get clear of all that "touch" of the enemy of the constant exercise of which by their cavalry German writers are so proud.

And here we must turn aside to express a plain opinion that on this occasion the German leaders fell short of that great model of war whose teaching they have in so many points bettered. It is true that when night closed on the bloody scene at Woerth their troops had marched fast and far, and officers and men were overstrained with marching and with the fierce efforts which had crowned the evening with complete triumph. Still, the vanquished must have rested not far from them, and had no less need of repose. And the way in which MacMahon's relics slipped away from even the sight of their cavalry on the 7th, so completely that the flying Frenchmen never saw the Germans again till surprised by them amid the fatal hills and woods of the Ardennes three weeks later, seems to us the proof of a noteworthy shortcoming on the victor's side. It would hardly have been so with Napoleon—at least in his best days, before repented victory and the use of superior numbers had dimmed his vigilance and lessened his activity. His staff was not so highly trained as Count Moltke's, his cavalry officers were far less intelligent, his whole army was comparatively undisciplined, and at almost every point inferior to the German one of to-day save in the practical experience of war. But his power of leading men on was beyond anything witnessed in our time; and he would have hardly stayed inactive the whole day after such a victory as Woerth, as did the Crown Prince; or let his light troops "close their pursuit before the openings of the difficult mountain-passes," as we read that those of the Third Army did—those same mountain-passes being in fact good driving roads, so little impassable that MacMahon's flying column left no trace of itself sufficient to guide the pursuit. Even after the strain of Ligny, the last and hardest won of his many victories, Napoleon got his whole army into pursuit by 2 P.M. on the morrow.

Well was it for Marshal MacMahon that he trusted to his own quick decision and the fleetness of his men for escape by the most hopeful outlet. If the German staff was at this point of the war distinctly inferior in execution to the greatest of military examples, in conception there was no such lack of power. Why MacMahon might fairly be expected to retreat on Bitsche has been already pointed out. The first news of the complete victory of the Crown Prince suggested this probability to the great strategist who conducted the war for Germany; and he took instant measures to reap, if possible, a still more complete success to follow. At 6 A.M. on the morning after the battle the telegraph directed Prince Frederick Charles to cut MacMahon off, and pointed out the shortest way to the object—always supposing that the French were moving by Bitsche. This would send them along a line nearly parallel to and not far from the advance of the Second Army towards the middle Sarre. The IVth Corps, forming the left of Prince Frederick Charles, had halted at Alt-Hornbach, being well covered towards Bitsche with cavalry, which had been reconnoitring De Failly so closely as to give him his one excuse for loitering on the road to Woerth, in the presence near his flank of supposed "masses of the enemy." MacMahon could hardly be anticipated at Bitsche, which was but a single day's march from the scene of his defeat. But good roads led from the district where the IVth Corps lay to Rohrbach, a station further west on the Sarreguemines and Haguenau railroad; and, like Bitsche, lying also on the one direct *chaussée* through the hills from the field of Woerth to the Sarre. The Germans at Alt-Hornbach were as near this point at daybreak on the 7th as MacMahon himself could be supposed to be. Instantly, therefore, the IVth Corps was directed on it, Bredow's brigade of cavalry being specially attached to it to cover the movement; and all the

cavalry, with half the infantry of the Guard, were ordered to turn aside from the grand westward movement of the Second Army, and to march the same way, so as to support General Alvensleben, and ensure his corps against such a fate as that which overtook Vandamme when Napoleon threw him too rashly, with a similar object, into the rear of the allies retreating after the defeat of Dresden. Remembering no doubt the Frenchman's fate when thus exposed to the daring counter-strokes which made him captive on that occasion with his whole corps, Prince Frederick Charles hurried himself early in the morning of the 8th towards Rohrbach. General Alvensleben had accomplished his assigned task to the letter by the hour named. His corps was already planted in battle order, facing east, and ready to dispute the road if necessary against a superior foe:—"But the hostile army expected here from Woerth did not appear. Bredow's cavalry, spread far to the south, came nowhere on any trace of superior French forces. Instead of this, they met detachments from the Third Army. It then became clear that MacMahon's retreat had taken a southern direction." So says the official writer, briefly but clearly. In short, for once the great strategist's instinct had been at fault. MacMahon had escaped, outmarching one of his enemies, and anticipating the design of the other. Beaten as his troops were, they were not yet the "*canaille*" that their officers reproached them openly at Sedan for being, in the very hearing of their amazed enemies.

We shall not follow the official writer through his narrative of the retreat of the Marshal to Châlons, or that of Douay from his now exposed position near Belfort. Those who have read the valuable reminiscences of "A Volunteer of the Army of the Rhine," long since introduced to the English public in our columns, will remember his lively description of the extraordinary misconduct and mismanagement which marked everything connected with the VIIth Corps, its formation, advance, and retreat. The same authority has avowedly served as the foundation of the Moltke Narrative in describing Douay's proceedings; and probably a better could hardly be found. But it must be added that it is two years since we reviewed it in these pages, and that there are a number of more recent French works which might have been ransacked with good effect to throw further light on these and other such episodes in the fall of the Second Empire. There seems to be some small want of research visible here, which is certainly not characteristic of the writer's nationality.

Great part of the new section is devoted to the next scene of the war, the entry of the Germans into Lorraine, after their double victory on the 6th of August, and the collapse of the unhappy Emperor's attempt to check them on the frontier, announced to the surprised world in the now historic telegram "All may yet be recovered." Like resistless torrents of burning lava their three armies poured from the hills along the Sarre and entered the fine province which these had long barred from them, sweeping up its vast supplies of transport and forage. Simplicity and clearness were, as usual, the characteristics of the orders issued by Moltke to the three Commanders-in-Chief who worked out his design. They ran as follows:—

The news that is brought in leads us to think that the enemy has retreated behind the Moselle or the Saïle. All the three armies will follow this movement. The Third will take the road through Sarreunion and Dieuze, with those lying to the south; the Second that through St. Avold and Nomeny, with those to the south; the First that through Saarbourg and Boulay with those to the south.

To cover the march the cavalry is to be pushed to a great distance on, and to be supported by advance guards well thrown forward; so that in case of necessity the armies will have time to close upon each other.

When the situation in advance of the enemy makes it necessary, His Majesty will arrange [Steinmetz's previous wilfulness is presumably responsible for this strictness] for deviations from the lines of march indicated.

To-day, August 10, may be used by the First and Second Armies either for a halt or to arrange the troops ready for the march.

As the left wing cannot get to the Sarre before the 12th, the right wing will have but comparatively short marches to make.

How thoroughly the cavalry did their share of the allotted work, and what a new place they made for their arm in war and in military history, has become a matter of proverb. Parties of Uhlans, and of Dragoons and Cuirassiers that rivalled their lighter comrades in activity and daring, scoured every road far to the front and flank in a manner never witnessed before, paralysed all opposition by their audacity, and hung on the rear of every column and train of the dejected army of the Rhine. They crossed the Moselle before the peasants on its banks had even realized the fact that France was invaded. They dashed up to the gate of Thionville, and carried off prisoners from the very guard placed to hold it. They summoned Toul to surrender almost before MacMahon's rear had got clear of its walls. More than all, they established a moral prestige which for months to come left the inhabitants of the invaded districts helpless at the clank of a single sabre. Later indeed in the war the unexpected obstinacy of the defence of Paris, the energy of Gambetta, and, above all, the stern pressure of conquest, hardened the population into various forms of resistance, open or secret; but for the first part of the struggle any such thought seems to have been checked as it rose by the ubiquity of these small patrols of horse. The Prussian cavalry in fact had added another lesson to modern warfare almost as startling as the effect of the breechloader in the hands of the Prussian infantry four years before.

The last part of the volume before us is devoted to that action of the 14th of August, suddenly brought on close to Metz, known hitherto by the name of Horny, but now stamped officially with the cumbersome title of the battle of Colombey-

Neuilly. This affair, by causing Bazaine's army to check its movement to the west over the Moselle, and make a futile show of advance eastward from the fortress, contributed powerfully to its subsequent investment and capture, and forms one of the most important points in the strategy of that eventful fortnight which sealed the fate of France. Tactically too it is a remarkable study, and, like those of Woerth and Spicheren, is treated with thoroughness and vigour by the official writer. But for these very reasons it forms too large a subject to be dealt with at the close of an article.

THE EARL'S PROMISE.*

MRS. RIDDELL might have selected a better scene and subject for a novel than she has done in the *Earl's Promise*. The wrongs which Irish tenants suffered from their landlords long ago may have been a topic of enough interest to form the plot of a romance in the days when Miss Edgeworth wrote *The Absentee*, but they are rather a well-worn story now. It seems as if Mrs. Riddell had lately read up the history of those days, and been moved by it to a virtuous indignation which could only find a vent in scattering far and wide the picture of heartless oppression on the one hand and kindly submission on the other, in the pages of a three-volume novel. Now when a writer undertakes to point out some existing blot in the management of the world, or to call the world's attention to the lessons it has already received and ought to profit by, one of two results is very likely to happen. Either the production will resemble a blue-book interlarded with a novel, or, to quote Miss Edgeworth again, it will resemble those "moral tales," the moral of which was always lost in the interest of the plot. It is not easy to decide in which of these classes to place Mrs. Riddell's book. It reminds us at times of a proposal we have heard for publishing the business news of every week in the form of a novel, wherein the marriage of the hero and the heroine should depend upon their means, assured by the steadiness of gray shirtings or tottering with the fluctuations of water-twist. No doubt the ideas which the author wishes to force upon our attention are worthy of consideration, especially the assertion that all women ought to know more or less about illness; but this is dragged in so frequently, whenever indeed the health of any one of the characters is affected, that at last, like a frequently repeated stimulant, it loses its effect, and the eye passes over the words which convey it without carrying their import on to the brain.

It will be evident from these observations that the *Earl's Promise* cannot be called an artistic book; indeed the promise which gives the novel its name—a promise of a renewal of lease to a deserving tenant—only remotely affects the principal characters, and affects the heroine only so far that its results give her the opportunity to show herself worthy of the place she occupies. There is a want of cohesion and consistency throughout. We find in the first few pages a picture painted in strong contrasts of the heartless, gracious-mannered Earls of Glendare spending their money in Paris and in London, and of tenants making up that money with the heart's blood of patient men and the tears and souls of hopeless women; and but a few pages later we hear of work done fairly and wages received regularly by these same patient men, who are light-hearted enough to veil their necessity for work with a convenient fiction of their doing so for pleasure or "to oblige the master." So in the case of Mr. Moffat, an English resident in Kingslough, which is the main scene of the book, we are told in one place that he had never been able to win for himself popularity, not understanding the tricks of manner and word by which it is bought; and when this fact is well established in the reader's mind, and he is prepared to see all sorts of appalling events follow as its natural consequence, he is startled by suddenly hearing that this man was "on the whole popular, and specially liked among the Glendare tenantry." This, amongst other things, is a symptom of careless work—a sign that the writer, eager to discover an anti-thesis to the shallow and cruel, but popular, Glendare family, found Mr. Moffat ready to her hand, and clapped him into the empty place to represent sterling unpopular uprightness. But the moment that he is wanted to pay a visit to a farmer's wife and fall into pleasant conversation, so as to draw out the story of the promise, he must needs be pulled out of his garment of forbidding manners as fast as he was put into it, and invested with a gentlemanlike civility which wins him favour everywhere. This is a sort of treatment we may expect to be applied to the merest supers, but not to such a character of Mr. Moffat, who, when he has lived down this trifling discrepancy, is a lifelike and not unimportant personage. It is perhaps natural, when there is a continual demand for new stories, that people who can, like Mrs. Riddell, write very readable novels, and are thus sure of commanding an audience, should take but little pains in finishing their work, and should allow it to fall into the slipshod, careless ways which are now so much the rule in writings of fiction that we always expect to find them predominant, unless the name attached to a book bears a warrant to the contrary. But because it is natural, because there is a continual tendency in that direction, for that very reason should those who have the power to do so stand against the stream of wacky, ungrammatical English—a stream powerful only by its ever-increasing volume, or we should rather say volumes—and check by the example

of their steadfastness the crowd who hasten to fling themselves headlong into the current to swell its sickly torrent. That Mrs. Riddell can write good nervous English, free from any taint of imitation, there is ample evidence in the pages of the *Earl's Promise*; yet she chooses to give way at intervals to writing sentences which are faint echoes now of Dickens, now of Thackeray. She makes use frequently of a disagreeable and questionable adverb; she talks of "reliable" information; her characters, whenever they make statements, mentally add something to them; they do not reflect or think, but mentally say things to themselves; on one occasion a whole community "mentally counts" a man's inheritance—as if people carried black boards and chalk about with them, or met in the marketplace to compare the results of their labours in arithmetic. Even thus the process of counting could scarcely be gone through without some mental exertion. And in one instance Mrs. Riddell descends to the lowest depths of present-day novels, and describes a girl with that most recklessly squandered possession, "a wealth of golden hair."

The plot, too, is ill constructed. As has been said, what we should naturally regard as the principal motive of the book, the promise made by Lord Glendare to Amos Scott, of a renewed lease of Castle Farm, does not come into notice till the conclusion of the first volume, and has very little to do with the working of the story till the winding-up approaches. The end involves a sudden revelation of extraordinary conduct, ending in manslaughter, on the part of a clever young doctor, who till then has given no sign of evil tendencies, beyond the fact that he is a confirmed Radical. A singular chain of circumstantial evidence is brought to bear against Amos Scott, quite as wonderful as that which dragged the innocent Lesnques to the scaffold, in the celebrated *Courrier de Lyons* case. It is followed by his subsequent discharge from custody, due to the exertion of mysterious "influence," without any proceedings being taken against the real murderer. All this is compressed into the lag end of the last volume, and hurried through towards its conclusion as if the circumstances were not worth explaining, and could be easily filled in by the imagination of the reader.

Many of the characters are well drawn, but for the most part they appear and disappear with the rapidity of theatrical visions, or of patterns shifting in a kaleidoscope, as if the author, having once brought them on the scene, had then no thought but for the best and speediest way of carrying them off it. This may be due to a fear of being tedious, to a desire to keep the reader amused with a continual variety of incident and character; but, in truth, any appearance of haste or dissatisfaction on the part of a writer is certain to produce a corresponding or more than corresponding impression of incompleteness in the mind of the reader. The author who fails to preserve and clearly point the relative importance of his fictitious characters cannot expect the reader to choose for himself from a mass of equally interesting scenes those which ought chiefly to command his attention. Thus in reading the *Earl's Promise* we are at one time convinced that the misfortunes of Nettie and the plots of her blackguard husband Brady are the main events of the story; at another we find that we ought to be far more concerned about the fate of Grace Moffat, who is indeed the most constantly present and the most steadily interesting personage of the story. It is a satisfaction to find that she does not after all marry the wrong man, Mr. Robert Somerford, and does, as a sort of necessary corollary, marry the right one, John Riley, although this is a piece of good fortune which, in spite of her many virtues, she scarcely deserves, considering the cruel manner in which she jilted him in the beginning. John Riley, although he only appears at the commencement to set the machinery of the plot in motion, and at the end to stop such wheels as are going wrong and obtain Grace as a reward for his voluntary exile in India, is a pleasant specimen of a practical, honourable young man, devoid of those graces which enable his rival Somerford to throw a glamour over Grace for a time, but possessed of far better things in their place. Somerford is one of the best drawn personages. Mrs. Riddell has portrayed in him with considerable skill a type of character which is not very uncommon, but to grasp which requires unusual powers of perception. He is a man universally beloved by reason of that Stuart-like graciousness and charm of manner which was, as the author tells us, a peculiarity of the whole Glendare family—a man of such complete selfishness that he only wanted a little more brains to rise to any eminence. What Mrs. Riddell says of him is true of many people:—

Unknown to himself, perhaps, but still, certainly his whole life was a lie—an assumption of qualities he did not possess—of abilities with which nature had not endowed him, of affections forgotten at his birth. It was what they believed him to be, and not what he was, that the lower classes loved.

His part in the scene where he finally jilts Grace Moffat is excellently true to his character of over-conscious falseness, but here is not equal to it in point of merit. A girl of her sensibility and dignity would scarcely have given so strong a hint of her feelings to a man of whose affections she was far from sure, and whose sincerity she had already begun to suspect. Mrs. Hartley, the Englishwoman resident at Kingslough, is also a well-drawn character, and a very pleasant one; and it is a pity that she should only appear as a sort of *deus ex machina* whenever either Nettie or Grace Moffat is in trouble. Grace's visit to her in England some time after their personal intercourse has been interrupted, and the difficulty experienced at first by both in resuming the old intimate relations, is especially

* *The Earl's Promise*. By Mrs. Riddell, Author of "George Geith," "Too Much Alone," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1873.

well touched; and so is the scene in which the ice is broken between them and Grace confides her trouble to her old friend. This is soon followed by the news of Brady having been murdered, by Amos Scott as it seems; and Grace thereupon undertakes a journey to Ireland, as much to see what can be done for Scott as to comfort Mrs. Brady in the time of her loss—affliction in the case of such a husband it could scarcely be called. Then arise the complications we have spoken of above. Mrs. Brady displays an amount of misery which is quite unaccountable until she lets out the truth in the delirium of a fever, and Grace, going straight to the young doctor Hanlon, finds him ready to confess. That a person of his discrimination and common sense should not have done so at once, when there was every chance of his story being believed and no chance of any stigma resting upon him for the unforeseen result of a blow struck in self-defence at such a ruffian, and such an unpopular ruffian, as Brady, is a remarkable circumstance. It is not more so, however, than the inconsequence of the events that follow; the want of sufficient explanation for Scott's instant abandonment of the Castle Farm, his attachment to which has caused him so much suffering, and for the very little that the Earl's promise has to do with the whole thing.

THE PRAISE OF PEDIGREES.*

THE different ranks of society have in turn been the favourite range of novelists. Some prefer high life, others low. Satirists have quizzed the follies of the great or laughed at the vices of the poor; more cheery writers have made us at home on the fore-castle or in the mess-room, or have even drawn food for mirth from the dead-alive dullness of a cathedral town. Sir Bernard Burke, however, has been cleverer than any of these, for he has filled volume after volume with the least possible amount of trouble to himself, by simply ringing the changes on the old well-worn parable of Fortune's whirling wheel, which has for ages given a theme to the pencil of the painter and to the pen of the poet:—

Qual uomo è in su la rota per ventura,
Non si rallegri, perché sia innalzato;
Che quando più si mostra chiara, e pura,
Allor si gira, ed hallo disubessato.

So sang the bard of Lucca some six centuries ago, and the same refrain may still be sung with equal truth through each of the several layers into which poor humanity divides itself, and which taken together go to the making of society in the true sense of the word. To the Ulster King of Arms, however, this truth has not yet been brought home. To him society means the upper crust alone, and he stands afraid, with much amazement, to find that this very upper crust itself is subject to the whims and freaks of fortune. In former volumes he has mourned over the hard fate of those who once were part of that happy upper crust and are now lost in the chaos beneath. In the present one he undertakes the more congenial task of trumpeting the praises of those who still have the good luck to be uppermost. Still this task, delightful as it may be, cannot be made to cover more than sixty-four pages out of the three hundred and sixty-four which he has set as his limit, and he is fain to make up the remaining three hundred with padding in the shape of other "Essays and Stories."

In this his first chapter, however, Sir Bernard Burke makes the most of his space; for, acting up to the Irish axiom that every man is not only as good as another, but a great deal better too, he does his best to prove, first, that our titled nobility are the oldest families in the world; next, that our landed gentry without titles are still older; and, lastly, that nothing can excel the wisdom and talents of peers who have long mouldy pedigrees, except the countless virtues of the fortunate mushrooms who have lately been exalted to a place beside them. Were this self-constituted advocate of the claims of our nobles to consideration on the score of long descent any other than Sir Bernard Burke, we should pity him for having undertaken so very weak a case; but to a Herald all things in the way of pedigree-patching are possible. Certain it is that, as long as men nourish the fond belief that there is any truth in Heralds' pedigrees, the supply of that article, meted out by the yard according to demand, will not be wanting. Should the day ever come when Darwin's hard theory is universally accepted, we doubt not that the Heralds will be as great adepts at fishing up for their clients some oyster or limpet forefather as they now are in fathering them upon some shadowy follower of Norman William, which is all that their art at present aspires to.

In no other country in the world, unless it be America, is there so much innate thunkeyism displayed in the worshipping of mere rank as in England. On what grounds our nobility can lay claim to this reverence it would be hard to say. It cannot be from length of descent; for though Sir Bernard Burke tells us that "the best blood in Europe and the most historic illustration belong to the noblesse of this Empire," it is an unanswerable fact that, whereas in our island the oldest family-tree has its root in the eleventh century, on the Continent the same plant may be, and sometimes is, full two centuries older. As for the "historic illustration," we are somewhat at a loss to know what the phrase may mean. If it has any meaning at all,

that meaning surely is that the forefathers of the men who now make the House of Lords have in former days cut a fine figure in the national history. This is no doubt a very fine theory for those who are content to do nothing themselves and to borrow a reputation from the deeds of those who have gone before them; but in this case it is utterly groundless. The present House of Lords cannot show a single male descendant of the barons who met on Runnymede or of those who shed their blood in the Hundred Years' War. The ever-recurring revival and adoption of titles and surnames lead to a great deal of confusion on this point. People forget that the present bearers of these titles can lay no claim to the honour of descent from the worthies of feudal England, unless indeed it may be on the spindle side. Sir Bernard Burke himself tells us in another of his books that "all the English dukedoms down to the beginning of Charles II. are gone, except Norfolk and Somerset and Cornwall," and that "Winchester and Worcester are the only marquessates older than George III." Since he made that frank confession he has repented, and in the present volume does his best to atone for having let the cat out of the bag so indiscreetly. The peroration to his first essay is a quotation from Archdeacon Narves:—

So long as the English nobility and gentry pass the greater part of their time in the quiet and purity of the country, surrounded by the monuments of their illustrious ancestors, surrounded by everything that can inspire generous pride, noble emulation, and amiable and magnanimous sentiment, so long they are safe, and in them the nation may repose its interests and its honour.

Surely neither the Archdeacon nor Sir Bernard Burke could be in earnest, the one when he wrote such twaddle, the other when he quoted it. The theory that any man can fit himself for governing the living by staring at the effigies of the dead reminds us of the German legend of the "Castle of Fools." This castle was held by a singular tenure, which compelled each new heir on coming into possession to write the record of his own follies and read those of the follies of all who had gone before him, which were all duly deposited and preserved in the family archives. But, far from acting as the wholesome check which was intended, it almost seemed as if this queer provision of the first founder had tainted with a strange madness the spirit of his descendants. Each succeeding one seemed only bent on outdoing the others in the madness of his freaks and follies. Something of the same results, we fancy, would inevitably be shown forth in any family that was content to vegetate in the family seat, contemplating the tombstones of its race. Foolish enough, in all conscience, family pride does make our countrymen, but we hope there is no class of Englishmen yet sunk to this last and most hopeless stage of imbecility. If the bearers of ancient names would but keep in mind that "a long series of ancestors shows the native with great advantage at the first, but if he any way degenerate from his line the least spot is visible on ermine"; and if, instead of hugging themselves in the conceit of their own grandeur, they would lay it aside and pass a year or two of their early manhood *auf der Wanderschaft*, it is not impossible that they might yet add some lustre to their ancient names, instead of expecting the reflected light of their forefathers to tint them with its afterglow. Belief in pedigrees is unfortunately one of the most lasting delusions of human nature. But

The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

The eyes therefore of the worshippers of rank and title are hollen so that they cannot see that the first founder of a great race, however low his birth may have been, is presumably the greatest of that race.

We must now turn to the "other Essays and Stories." The first of these starts with the question, Who was Pamela? This question, about which we cannot imagine any rational person having a moment's doubt, takes Sir Bernard Burke a score of pages to answer. Perhaps he may not think it beneath his notice to tell in his next edition how this same Pamela became Lady Edward Fitzgerald, with a cap of Liberty on her head instead of a bridal veil, a daring defiance of public opinion which greatly scandalized some of her compatriots then refugees in England. We do not see why any one in the present day should care to know who Pamela was; but doubtless her connexion with Ireland gives her an interest in the eyes of the Ulster King of Arms which the public at large cannot be expected to feel. Indeed, "Ulster" seems to share very largely the prejudice of his fellow-countrymen, that no good thing is to be looked for out of Ireland. He does not perhaps let this feeling carry him so far as the Irish girl who on her first visit to the Opium declared it to be far inferior to the play she had once seen in Galway, and who begged her mother to let the pedigree tracing the family descent from the kings of Bresslin lie on the drawing-room table. Still, the cry of "Justice for Ireland" rings through the pages of the book, and "Ulster" cannot forbear to remind the Saxons that the tale of their ancestors is a mere idle dream when compared with the endless chain of which every O and Mac on either side of the Channel can boast. He has clearly a hankering for the good old days when Malachy wore the collar of gold, and when the said Os and Macs reigned supreme. We suspect, however, that the better part of the population of Ireland, instead of re-echoing a wish for the return of the palmy days, would be more inclined to join in the pious ejaculations inscribed over one of the ports of Galway—"From the fury of the O'Flahertys, good Lord deliver us." We should hardly expect to find so ardent a champion of the native Irish chronicling the glories and the follies of the Viceregal Court, but

* *The Rise of Great Families; other Essays and Stories.* By Sir Bernard Burke, C.B., LL.D., Ulster King of Arms. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

we find that one of the "other Essays" is set apart for this special service. Next on the list comes the "Perplexities of Precedence," and we turn to it with a gleam of hope that here at least "Ulster" may have done good service to humanity by dispersing the misty ideas as to the exact dignities and titles due to younger sons and their offspring which obscure the minds of the vulgar. Our hopes are, however, disappointed. Sir Bernard Burke would have the etiquette of precedence made even more perplexing than it is. He joins the cry for the rights of women, and laments that the wives of all officials do not share the rank and place of their husbands in the Church or in the State. In fact, he tells us—

The truth is, the times have outstripped the old Precedence Code. That which was applicable to the days of the Tudors and the Stuarts, is somewhat out of date in the reign of Queen Victoria. The remedy is at hand. The three Kings of Arms, *Garter, Lyon, and Ulster*, should be required to examine the Statutes, Ordinances, and Regulations of Precedence in this country, to consider the best means of rendering the law suitable to the exigencies of the present age, and to draw up conjointly such a report as might embody all points of interest, and place the whole bearings of the subject clearly before the Crown. A Royal Warrant, or, if need be, an Act of Parliament, might then be obtained, to settle authoritatively a very "vexata questio," and to remove all perplexities, inconsistencies, and anomalies from the Law of Precedence.

Surely the remedy here proposed would be worse than the evil for which it is prescribed; for in the very same essay "Ulster" dwells at great length on the fury of a feud which raged between himself and his brother Lyon on the question of the right of precedence between Edinburgh and Glasgow. If the hawks did thus, in spite of the proverb, peck out each other's eyes about so small a thing, how could they be expected to see clearly into the sifting of so weighty a matter as the Laws of Precedence?

However well "Ulster" may be posted up in the traditions of his own Scotia, he is very much in the dark as to the history of the Scots of Britain; for he talks of the Douglasses as originally settling in Moray, and would have us believe that "the important families of Campbell and Graham were always Caledonian, and therefore the Dukes of Argyll and Montrose are chiefs of clans which existed in the days of the Romans." Every one who has read any Scottish history at all must know that the Campbells are not Celtic at all; the founder of the family being one of the stray knights, who made his fortune by taking part with Bruce, and marrying one of his sisters. They have gradually absorbed or turned out half the old Celtic clans of the West, and, after the manner of conquerors, take to themselves the praise of those they have conquered.

Sir Bernard Burke tells us that "the early annals of Scotland are made up of family disputes." We can only wish that he had added to this statement a list of the said annals, with information as to the hiding-place in which they have hitherto been lurking. The greatest difficulty in the history of that troublesome country has hitherto been that it can show no early annals of any kind, a few barren lists of unknown kings only excepted. On looking further, however, we find that Sir Bernard Burke's notion of the meaning of the word "early" must differ somewhat from our own, as all that he has drawn from the said annals is the mythical tale of the clan battle on the North Inch, to be found at length in the fabulous historians. All that can be said with certainty on the subject of this curious fray is to be found in the quaint words of the Prior of Lochleven, who tells as shortly as possible how the wild Highland-men fought and fell, adding the very natural comment that it was a "selcouth thing," though what they killed each other for he seems not even to have tried to make out. As to the names of the respective combatants which modern ingenuity has twisted into Clan Quhele and Clan Chattan, no clan now existing has as yet succeeded in making good its claim to either.

There is but one amusing anecdote in the whole book. We give it as it stands:—

"Sir John Schaw, of Greenock, a Whig, lost a hawk, supposed to have been shot by Bruce of Clackmannan, a Jacobite. In Sir John's absence, Lady Greenock sent to Bruce a letter, with an offer of her intercession, on Mr. Bruce's signing a very strongly-worded apology. His reply was:—

'For the honoured hands of Dame Margaret Schaw, of Greenock:—

'MADAM,—I did not shoot the hawk. But sooner than have made such an apology as your Ladyship has had the consideration to dictate, I would have shot the hawk, Sir John Schaw, and your Ladyship.

'I am, Madam,

'Your Ladyship's devoted servant to command,

'CLACKMANNAN.'

We note with sorrow that even "Ulster" himself is clearly uncertain in the matter of titles, if he presents the wife of Sir John Schaw to us as Lady Greenock.

We cannot lay down the book without quoting the prophetic note with which one of the essays begins:—"A history of the feuds of great houses would fill volumes." No doubt then Sir Bernard Burke intends that the volumes shall be filled, and, having worn the Vicissitudes of Great Families threadbare, he now means to make capital out of their feuds. It does not seem to occur to him that great families may be quite as sensitive as small ones to the unpleasantness of having their family affairs and failings probed and laid bare to the public. For our own part, we should be much tempted to quote for the benefit of all such inquirers into the history of their neighbours the witty answer of the elder Dumas, who, being too closely pressed about his ancestors, got rid of his tormentor with the reply, "My grandfather, sir, was a baboon; thus you see that my pedigree began where yours ends."

BRYCE ON THE NEW GERMAN EMPIRE.*

BOOKS have, and occasionally deserve, their fates. That of Professor Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*, which now lies before us in a fourth edition, has been to develop from a University Prize Essay of rare promise into an historical and political treatise of permanent value. A German translation has been published of the enlarged work—no slight tribute of recognition on the part of a literary world peculiarly jealous of what it regards as its own domain. And while English historical scholarship has just reason to be proud of the signal proof furnished by Mr. Bryce's book of its vitality, English political life would be benefited by the infusion into it of such elements of insight and grasp as it reveals on the part of its author. The systematic study of a comprehensive subject by the light of political observation as well as of historical learning trains the student, as it were unconsciously, into fitness for other than literary tasks. It is by such a process, which is not one of everyday experience, that the schools and public life should come into vital contact with one another. Neither the sole nor the main end of historical study is to produce political capacity; the ripper student alone is able to judge of the bent of his own genius; and the systematic study of history in itself involves so severe an apprenticeship that it only gradually reveals its secondary uses to those who devote their minds to it. We smile at the ardour of a new Professor of History when, with the candid ambition characteristic of an inaugural address, he proposes to train up at his feet a generation of political leaders; for we know that time can be trusted to apprise all concerned of the occasional inadequacy of the means to the end. But when we observe how a sustained effort finally produces something like mastery over a field of inquiry extending from the foundations of mediæval political life to some of the chief political questions of our own day, we are ready to admit that the fulfilment of promise of one kind may itself be promise of another.

It is by no means only the supplementary chapter on the New German Empire, forming the distinctive feature of the new edition of Mr. Bryce's book, which has suggested the above remarks, though it is to it that they more especially apply. The events of which this chapter treats, and on which it furnishes a brief but instructive comment, are chiefly of our own generation, and in part only of yesterday. Their occurrence has been accompanied, *more nostro*, by a free expression of opinion on the part of Englishmen; nor has a general kindly sympathy been wanting on our part towards the advance of Germany to political unity and greatness. This sympathy has, however, to a great extent sprung from the admiration evoked by mighty achievements, and it has frequently failed to appreciate and accompany the less immediately momentous epochs of German national progress. And it must be conceded that the spirit in which the responsible directors of English foreign policy have met the successive changes which our generation has witnessed in German political life has by no means been characterized by that intelligence which springs from knowledge. We need not carry the moral further back, though it would be easy enough to do so. For at the Congress of Vienna the influence of Great Britain was steadily employed to perpetuate the main political difficulties of Germany at home and abroad. Everything was then done which could be done to depress and break up the power of Prussia, and to leave Germany with a weak frontier in the West. But, to come to more recent times, how blind have British statesmen proved to the significance of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty in all its stages, how childishly was it always waved aside as an unintelligible chaos of perplexities, and how wantonly was the necessity overlooked of helping to satisfy just demands, if only in order to avert the ultimate consequences of thwarting them! Mr. Bryce, who has treated this subject correctly and clearly (only omitting to emphasize, in its bearing upon the question of the succession in both duchies, the significance of the capitulation of 1460), has given English statesmen credit for an earnest intelligence at the eleventh hour which we fear it would be difficult to substantiate. He says in a note:—

The inaction of England was attributed on the Continent partly to the personal influence of the Sovereign, partly to the supposed prevalence of "peace at any price" doctrines. But it really was in the main due to the fact that English statesmen found, when they looked into the matter, that the Danes were substantially in the wrong, though no doubt the hesitation of France, without whose aid it would have been folly to stir, had something to do with the matter.

The impression that any English statesman of mark had arrived at the conclusion indicated was certainly not left upon the minds of those who attended the debate of the year 1864 in the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston, who closed it, was specially careful to confine the substance of his remarks to topics as far away as possible from the particular question. Future generations are likely to read this whole passage in our political life as one of unsolved doubts and difficulties, affected by a prejudice in favour of the weaker side. On the other hand, it is certain (for Lord Russell in his prompt candour has already published the fact to the world) that the Ministry were divided in their views, and that it was the unwillingness of France, rather than a prevalence of opinion in favour of Germany, which produced the decision for peace.

Again, how little alive was our foreign policy to the real

* *The Holy Roman Empire*. By James Bryce, D.C.L., Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Oxford. Fourth Edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

significance of the projects of reform which occupied the barren period—as it seemed—between the reaction of Olmutz and Dresden and the outbreak of war with Denmark! To smile upon the Austrian attempt at contriving a revised constitution of the Empire, to which Prussia would have nothing to say, was perhaps a venial error; but how little our statesmen realized what to every German friend of progress had become an article of faith, that in the Prussian hegemony alone lay a fair prospect of a real national unity. They had so accustomed themselves to consider slowness the note of German politics, that they were unaware how the German nation had taken to heart the lesson of the failures of 1848-9. Once more, how imperfectly had those watched the historical growth of German national feeling who believed that it would have been possible for Bismarck to conclude peace with France in 1870 on any terms but the surrender of her two German provinces. In none of these cases does it necessarily follow that British policy should have been in consonance with German national feeling; but the want of knowledge sufficient to produce an appreciation of this feeling has been a grievous defect of our policy in German questions, and is the real cause of the coldness which undoubtedly at the present moment makes itself perceptible on the part of the Germans towards ourselves.

It is therefore of the highest importance that those who watch political movements should be thoroughly able to account to themselves for the historical growth of currents of national feeling which are real motive forces in politics. Mr. Bryce has shown very clearly how the motive force which has more than any other contributed to the great changes now accomplished, or in course of accomplishment, in Germany is essentially an historical sentiment. It would, however, be an error to mistake the historical sentiment in question—namely, an irrepressible desire for the recovery of national unity, and of national greatness through unity—for a mere romantic attachment to conceptions long dead and buried. The Holy Roman Empire, whose origin and decay Mr. Bryce has so lucidly described, has long been regarded as a mere phantasm of the past, except here and there by some barbaresque dreamer of an antiquarian turn of mind. The New German Empire is the inheritor neither of the ideas nor of the forms of its Imperial predecessor. It is the ancient German Kingdom from which so much strength went out to the Empire, while in return it received from the latter no accession beyond that of a higher dignity and a more ambitious moral significance, and not the Holy Roman Empire itself, or any semblance of it, which was revived at Versailles. For ourselves, we should be disposed to insist even more emphatically than Mr. Bryce might perhaps approve on the fact that all but everything which was real in the old Empire was Germanic and royal, and that all but everything which was unreal was Imperial. But nothing could be clearer than the historical descent which Mr. Bryce traces out for the Emperor William and his successors. From the old Empire the new has taken nothing of importance but the title of its head—and even this with a significant modification. The cool good sense which prompted this abstinence was, however, in complete accordance with historical propriety. A Roman Emperor crowned at Frankfurt in the year 1870 would have been not only a pretentious anachronism, but a mischievous fiction. A German Emperor receiving his new dignity from the princes of Germany, when at their head in command of a national army, is an historical truth in everything but name. For if it had been necessary to satisfy historical purism, and possible to treat the susceptibilities of the princes with contempt, the title of William of Prussia would have been that which Henry the Fowler wore, the sufficient title of German King.

The Imperial name, then, is nothing more than the symbol of national unity, and this it is to which Germany has primarily and above all aspired, ever since the great War of Liberation in 1813 once more taught her people to know and respect itself. The desire for popular liberty, more especially under the forms of modern constitutional government, has generally, but not at all times, gone hand in hand with the struggle for unity. It has not always been secondary to the latter; indeed, there have been periods—before 1848 more particularly in the South, and since that time in Prussia itself—when it has seemed to be uppermost in the popular mind. But before 1848 the party of progress was hampered, not only by the traditional opposition of governments and classes, but also by the indifference with which a large proportion of the population had accustomed itself to regard questions as to form of government. The ultimate result of the revolutions of 1848-9, and the strange issue of the Prussian constitutional struggle of 1862, has been to weaken rather than to fortify the party of constitutional progress. The *Reichsverfassung* of 1849, an admirably logical and complete constitution for a democratic monarchy, has been left in its pigeon-hole by the authors of the Constitutions of the North-German Confederation and the new Empire. In Prussia, in particular, after the party of progress had not only been openly defied by Bismarck, but had been obliged to see his unconstitutional policy approve itself under the light of later events, that party has been virtually extinguished. After the immense achievements of the last few years, the so-called National-Liberal party, which may be said at the present moment to comprise the vast majority of Prussian politicians, shows few signs of an intention to resume the endeavours of the old party of progress. Ministers remain responsible, not to the Parliament, but to the King; the right of initiating laws continues denied to private members; the Budget can still only be rejected *en bloc*, in which case the Government may fall back on last year's estimate of expenditure. But

what is more, the Liberal majority has proved willing that the Government should conduct a campaign against Rome on its own responsibility, and is ready to accept its policy, in this respect also, on general grounds, without requiring it to substantiate its assertion of the existence of exceptional reasons justifying an exceptional course of action. The struggle with Rome has been in a sense carried on in the dark; and the prevailing current of public opinion has been willing that it should be so.

These and other phenomena of the same kind are acquiesced in by Germans of liberal minds, partly because they attach no transcendental importance to what we regard as principles of constitutional liberty, partly and chiefly because they are contented to wait and to achieve unity before all. Much remains to be done even in this direction; and so far from the work having been accomplished, problems which require the study of statesmen historically as well as politically trained must in all human probability be solved under the eyes of this or the next generation. In the first place, German Austria remains outside the Empire—an unnatural arrangement, as untrue to the spirit of German history as any violent disruption perpetrated by Napoleon I. Again, the terms on which Bavaria and Wurtemberg have been admitted into the Empire must prove to be of an essentially temporary character. In general, it is as yet an open question whether the Legislatures of the several States will continue to be maintained by the side of the Reichstag, or whether the latter will be remodelled into an all-sufficient Imperial Parliament. Minor changes in the direction of unity, such as the abolition of the useless and possibly dangerous right of the separate States to receive and send diplomatic representatives, are only a question of time.

Our object has been to show how emphatically a broad historical treatment, such as Mr. Bryce applies to the great changes of recent occurrence in Germany, is necessary in dealing with transactions so distinctly influenced by a nation's consciousness of its past. The material forces which contribute to bring about ultimate results will not be neglected by the observer who takes moral forces into account as well. Mr. Bryce, we are glad to note, shows a healthy contempt for that school of writers who provide great nations and great men with "missions" devised *ex post facto*. Far too much, he truly points out, has been said of Prussia's mission, as present to the eyes of her rulers throughout the course of her history. He might have illustrated this common-sense view even more fully than he has cared to do. How was it, e.g. that the Great Elector, who had the mission so distinctly in his mind's eye, divided his territories before his death, and broke up, as far as in him lay, the Power which was to identify itself with Germany? Mr. Bryce has not scrupled to say, and we believe with perfect truth:—

Neither in the words or acts of Prussia's great Frederick (nor indeed in those of his predecessors) is there a trace of what may be called Pan-Teutonic patriotism, of any enthusiasm for the greatness and happiness of Germany as a whole. His purpose is to build up a strong and well-administered Prussian kingdom; for his German neighbours he has no more regard than for Frenchmen or Swedes; for the German language and literature little but contempt. The policy of his three successors was distinctly Prussian rather than German; and the romantic Frederick William IV. disappointed the hopes of the nation almost as grievously in 1849 as Frederick William III. had done thirty-five years before. No European Court has been more consistently practical than that of Berlin; nor any apparently less conscious of a magnificent national vocation. Her rulers have eschewed sentimental considerations themselves, and have seldom tried to awaken them in the minds of the people, or to turn them to account where they existed. When their interests coincided with those of Germany at large, it was well; but they were not accustomed to proclaim themselves her champions, or the apostles of her national regeneration. Nevertheless it had for a long time been evident that, if a political regeneration was to be brought about by force, it was from Prussia alone of the existing principalities that anything could be hoped, since she alone united the character, the tradition, and the material power that were needed to lead the country.

It is not with unmixed feelings that we peruse in Mr. Bryce's admirably lucid summary the story of the disappointment of the hopes of German political reformers, and of their sudden fulfilment by means of blood and iron. The bitterness of heart in which a tried champion of progress such as Gervinus died, and in which some equally true of heart continue to live, is intelligible enough; and it is only the shallow-minded who will condemn such Irreconcilables as these. But it is not the less true that the nation as a whole has risen with ready promptitude to the last opportunity which presented itself for a realization of its hopes; and that this opportunity was the tenure of power in Prussia by Bismarck. Resolved to overthrow the predominance of Austria, he put a virtual end to the dualism of Germany; the splendid success of the French war crowned the effort; and whatever future may be in store for the Empire, its basis is not likely to be moved or changed. Mr. Bryce may have to add more pages to his book; but the additions will probably admit of being included in the framework of his supplementary chapter. The new German Empire is not the passing creation of an hour of victory; it is an historical growth deeply rooted in the national soil, and on that soil and self-determined its future will unfold itself.

EARLY VENETIAN MISSIONS TO PERSIA.*

TOWARDS the latter half of the fifteenth century the course of public events had tended to bring into especial nearness both

* *A Narrative of Italian Travels in Persia in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries.* Edited by Lord Stanley of Alderley and Charles Greville. London: for the Hakluyt Society. 1873.

the political and the commercial relations between the ruling power of Persia and the Republic of Venice. A common or intermediate danger threatened the Powers of the East and West. The Ottoman Power, which had crumbled into dust the rule of the Byzantine Cæsars, seemed to endanger at once the independence of Christendom and the rising Mussulman Empire on its eastern border. A new dynasty had lately been established upon the ancient throne of Persia. The nominal reign of the descendants of Timour had passed away. The strife between the rival Turkoman tribes of the Kara Koinlu and the Ak-Koinlu, the black and white sheep, the former of whom had kept the throne from the year 1420, had ended with the defeat and death of Jehan Shah in 1468 by Uzun Hassan, chief of the Ak-Koinlus, who now became master of Persia, the last prince of the house of Timour, Sultan Abousseyd, soon falling before his conquering arms. The dynasty founded by Uzun Hassan was the Bâvenderee. His family had been established at Diarbekr since the time of Timour, who had made them grants of land in Armenia and Mesopotamia. This able and energetic chief had already been in collision with the Turks, in the interest of Oalo Johannes, of the noble house of the Comneni, brother of David, the last of the Christian Emperors of Trebizond, whose daughter Despina he had married, whilst still Prince of Diarbekr, before he had gained the Persian throne.

Despairing of making head singly, or even with the united Powers of Europe, against the common foe, notwithstanding the relief of Belgrade, the great Republic with far-seeing policy turned its eyes towards the East, in hopes of enlisting the arms and the influence of the hitherto almost invincible chieftain against his hereditary enemy. An embassy to Uzun Hassan was resolved on—no easy task, as the gauntlet of the Turkish power had to be run. The post offered by the Senate having been refused by Francesco Michelo and Giacomo da Mezo, a fitting envoy was found in Caterino Zeno, a merchant prince of courage and ability, who is called nephew to Queen Despina, having married Violante, one of the four daughters of Nicolo Cresspo, Duke of the Archipelago, whose wife was Despina's sister. The son of Dragon Zeno, who had died at Damascus, having penetrated as far as Bussorah, Mecca, and Persia, Caterino had some acquaintance with the East. A few enterprising men, tempted by the high pay of the Senate, went with him, and he was commissioned to offer Uzun Hassan a hundred armed galleys, with other ships, great and small, to fall upon the Turks from the sea, if he would not fail to press them with all his force by land. Leaving Venice June 6, 1471, Zeno passing through Caramania reached Persia with difficulty, and was received with the utmost rejoicing and honour, being even admitted to a personal intimacy with the Queen, through whose influence it mainly was that the Persian monarch was induced to enter upon the war which ended so disastrously for him. Uzun Hassan with his own hand wrote to the King of Georgia orders to begin the war in that quarter. Meanwhile the Prince of Caramania, having, for the offence of giving a passage to Zeno, been dispossessed by Mahomet II., had taken refuge at the Persian Court, and urged on the war. No news arriving of the promised preparations of Venice, Uzun began to mistrust the Republic, and had thoughts of leading his fine army against some Tartar chiefs, his enemies. The Senate had however in the interim sent another ambassador, Giosafa Barbaro, with a present of six immense siege guns, arquebuses, and numerous field-pieces, with powder and other munitions of war, and over a hundred men skilled in artillery. At the same time a captain-general was sent with a great fleet to the coast of Caramania, which recaptured the castles of the dispossessed prince and restored them to his generals.

The earliest campaign by land is of doubtful import, Knolles claiming as a Persian victory the engagement with Mustafa, Mahomet's son, and Amurath, near Boorra, in the autumn of 1472. Not so the next great encounter in the spring of the following year; for although, according to Zeno's report, ten thousand Persians fell and fourteen thousand Turks, the defeat of Uzun Hassan at Taboada was complete. Greatly discouraged, he dismissed, says the same writer, the Polish and Hungarian ambassadors, that they might not witness his misery, and despatched Zeno himself with urgent letters to all the kings of Europe. Casimir IV. of Poland, engaged as he was at this time in the thick of his Hungarian campaign, was moved by the envoy's appeal to the extent of ratifying peace within a few days; the like success attending his mission to Matthias Corvinus, by whom Zeno was dubbed knight with many honours at Buda, April 20, 1474.

The Venetian Senate in the meantime, hearing that Barbaro had not yet reached Persia, despatched on the 13th of February Ambrosio Contarini, who found Barbaro newly arrived at Ispahan, and well received, but was not so favourably welcomed himself, the Shah finding the Venetian promises more profuse than their deeds. He was dismissed with general declarations of being willing to resume war at some future time; and on his refusing to accept that conclusion to his mission, was compelled to leave by force, together with the envoy of the Duke of Burgundy. Nothing, indeed, came of the lofty protestations of the European Powers beyond the barren exploits of the fleet on the Black Sea coast. There Barbaro had lingered two whole years, only proceeding on his errand to the Persian Court in the spring of 1473, and then taking nearly a year to get there. He was welcomed favourably by the Shah, who was still at the height of his grandeur, having just received tribute from certain Indian chiefs. The revolt of his favourite son Ungler

Mahomet, and his defection to the Turks, with his tragical end, broke the old hero's spirit. He died without any exploit of further consequence, January 5, 1478.

The reports of their respective missions by the Venetian envoys were accessible to Ramusio, and were worked up by him into his collection, with the exception of that of Caterino Zeno, which he states he could never get hold of, but was able indirectly to prepare his narrative from the official letters of Zeno. Though they would seem to have been made use of in Ramusio's pages by Knolles, Maleolu, and other writers upon the history of Turkey and Persia, these reports have not hitherto been available in an independent form or in English. The Council of the Hakhyt Society have done well in bringing them out in a connected series as one of their volumes for the present year. The narratives of Giosafa or Jospha Barbaro, and Ambrosio Contarini, prepared for the press by Lord Stanley of Alderley, are supplemented by that of Caterino Zeno and three others, under the hands of Mr. Charles Grey, which amplify and carry on the history of Persia to a half-century or so later. One of these is the *Short Narrative of the Life and Acts of the King Uzun Hassan*, by Giovan Maria Angiolello; the second is *The Travels of a Merchant in Persia*, whose name there are no means of ascertaining; and the third is the *Narrative of the Most Noble Vincentio d'Alessandri*, ambassador from Venice to the Court of Tamasp, then in the last year of his long reign of fifty-one years. The whole six narratives make up something like a connected chapter of history, giving many particulars of Persian politics, the private life of the Shahs, and the relations between them and the leading Powers of the West. Precedence in order has been given to Jospha Barbaro, who has introduced his earlier journey into the Crimea, Circassia, and Georgia in the year 1436, giving many curious particulars of his experience of Tartar life. He burrows into the great tumult of Gulbedin, in the vain hope of treasure. He is shown by the King, among other wonderful jewels, a ruby like a chestnut, an ounce and a half in weight, not bored through, but set in a circle of gold; also a cameo the breadth of a groat, with a woman's head wearing a garland. "Is not this Mary?" asked the King. Barbaro thought not, but one of the ancient goddesses, worshipped by the idolaters before the coming of Christ. The mixing hops with wine made of honey, which became very stupefying, struck him as singular, as did the perpetual moving of the Tartar hordes in caravans, which reminded him of the "Egyptians"—one of the earliest occasions of the gipsies being mentioned. He is minute in his description of the system of irrigation employed in Persia, the water being conveyed under ground three or four days' journey from the river whence the supply is drawn. The scarcity of trees was as marked then as now in the territory of the Shah, the rainfall being excessively scanty, and the only fruit-trees to be seen depending upon the artificial water supply. The comparative lack of timber, however, was the cause of careful and admirable carpentry. The city of Ispahan—Spahan or Span, as it is called in the Venetian reports—is described as being four miles in circuit, or ten including the suburbs, with multitudes of goodly houses. Barbaro's travels extended as far and wide as Yezd (or Jex) and Shiraz (Syras); his further account of the country and its people being compiled from native reports, added to his study of geographical writers, of whom he gives a list, from Pliny and Solinus to Polo, Nicolo Conte, and Mandeville, with others as recent as Pietro Quirini, Aluise da Mosta, and Ambrogio Contarini. The editor has, with excellent judgment, instead of a more recent version, given us Barbaro's story in the quaint old English of the learned Welshman, William Thomas, who had been Clerk of the Council to Edward VI., and became known by more than one work upon Italian history and literature; and who left, among other MSS., *Le Pèleryne*, a defence of Henry VIII. against Aretino. He was hanged for treason May 18, 1553. Thomas's spelling of the names of places and persons is sufficiently puzzling to make the reader grateful for the foot-notes which explain that Citorehan means Astrakhan, or Hajy Terkhan; Cotathia, Koutais; Strana, Astrabad; the "Assumbei" is Hassan Beg, chief of the Ak-Koinlu; and "Ginssa" Jehan Shah. There are amusing archaisms in plenty, such as "doonye" (dunnie) for stupidly drunk. "Petriches" with "ryse podaise" at Tartar feasts are served to every man; which to them "are not ceynteth"—i.e., are not much valued. At burial-places young and old men and women "sitt in plumpes," in crowds or clumps. "As far as" is expressed by "as ferreforthes." On the Bendameer, besides a figure said to be Solomon, is a statue of a "hoystersouse" or robust man "whom they say is Sampson." It is not every reader who from "showing affru xii" an horse mary," would gather that shoeing horses cost a shilling a set, or would know that "gries" were "stepe," or that "well cowched," the equivalent of "erto" in the original, meant steep.

Angiolello and the unnamed Venetian merchant tell chiefly of the glories of Ismail Sofi, son of Sheikh Hyder, Uzun's son-in-law, by whom the fast declining power of the Ak-Koinlus was overthrown. In the short preface of Mr. Charles Grey, to whom the present translation is due, an outline is given of the events which preceded and marked his reign. Ismail, whose family traced their descent from Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet, is known in Persian history as the head of the Kuzzilbashees (from the red cap or fez introduced by them), as well as the founder of the Shee sect, which has ever since distinguished the Soonee or Persian branch of the Moslem from the Osmanli. The most marked events of his reign

were the great victory of Merv Shah Jehan over the Uzbogs under Sheibani Khan in 1514, and his defeat by Selim I. on the plains of Chalderan, near Khoi, which left Tauris at the mercy of the Turks. From Persian history Angiolello diverges into a full and animated account of Selim's expedition against Egypt, resulting in its conquest by Turkey and the deaths of the two last sultans, Khafur-el-Ghoury and Toman Bey. It is strange that neither of these writers makes any reference to the successive sieges of Lepanto, or to the peace concluded with Venice in 1503, whereby the whole mainland of Greece was lost. There is a great gap between them and Vincentio d'Alessandri, who represented Venice at the Court of Tamasp, Ismail's son. This writer describes briefly the condition of the country and Court of Persia, and draws out its boundaries, which had been defined towards the West by the Tigris under the treaty with Turkey in 1555. The kingdoms comprised in the Shah's dominions are laid down as "Sunan (Shirvan), the ancient kingdom of the Medes, Aris, near Greater Armenia, Carassan (Khorassan), Chiessen (Yezid), Cheri (Herat), Diargonet (Damaghan), and Gilari (Ghilan)," the last named being in insurrection. Of his fifty-two cities the principal are "Tauris (Tabriz), metropolis of the whole kingdom, Carbin (Cushin), Ourassan, Naesimen (Nakshivan), and Samachi (Schamachi)." Commerce, which had of late greatly declined, had been somewhat revived by the arrival, by way of Muscovy, in 1561, of Anthony Jenkinson, whom D'Alessandri oddly calls "Mr. Thomas of London," with a letter from Queen Elizabeth and a quantity of cloth. His death and the seizure of his goods left little encouragement to further enterprise towards that quarter of the East. Although inferior in interest to the travels of Varthema, and to many other narratives of adventure and discovery in the Society's series, these records of Italian travel and diplomacy in the East are striking and instructive enough to justify their selection by the Council, and to render them welcome to the subscribers and the public.

THE SPEAKER'S COMMENTARY.*

TWO more volumes of what is still, for convenience, called the *Speaker's Commentary*, have appeared since our last notice of the work. Of the former of these, which includes the books of Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, and the First Book of Kings, we propose now to say a few words. The progress of this Commentary is extraordinarily slow. Lord Ossington has not only ceased to be Speaker, but he has paid the last debt of nature. Yet the work to which he gave the impulse, and which borrowed from him its name, has only reached the Book of Esther. We cannot account for this. For the task is subdivided among many labourers; and, to say the truth, no great pains seem to have been bestowed by some of the coadjutors on the undertaking. One of the contributors, at least, to the volume now before us can have done little more than elaborate for the printer the rough notes which he took for his own use when he first read the sacred text in the original. Does the delay point to the difficulty which the most versatile and accomplished of editors must necessarily face if he has to reconcile discordant views, and to adapt them to the timidity or the imperfect knowledge of a superintending committee of cautious dignitaries? At any rate, the result in respect of matter as well as of time is far from satisfactory. The Commentary will be a disappointment, we are sure, to many of its best well-wishers. Then, again, the price of the work is almost prohibitive to the class of readers for whom it was intended. The volumes, it is true, are beautifully printed; and the type is large enough for aged eyes. But we question the advantage of giving the text of the Bible in full, in an edition which was meant for wide diffusion. The cost might have been reduced by at least two-thirds if the notes and commentary had been printed in a separate form. And this was all that was really wanted; for every one possesses the authorized text, and could refer to a separate commentary when necessary.

The first thing that strikes us in examining the volume now before us in a critical point of view is the very scanty revision or amendment of the translation of 1611 that has been attempted. We do not know that this is much to be regretted. But it seems scarcely to answer to the magniloquent promise of the title-page. In the second place, we find in this volume the same flagrant defect on which we commented in our former notice. We mean the studied absence of any recognition of the cardinal truth that the highest sense and meaning of the Old Testament is to be found in its anticipation of, and preparation for, the Christian dispensation. Nothing can be colder or more jejune than the mere critical discussion of the Hebrew text, with disquisitions on the geographical or ethnological questions arising out of it, while the spiritual value of these ancient documents is practically almost ignored. For an occasional "improvement" of a subject—to borrow a word from the terminology of the pulpit—or a patronizing apology for the lower tone of morality that prevailed before the Gospel, cannot be said to satisfy the demands of Christian exegesis. By far the worst offender, in this respect, of the three scholars who are associated in this volume is Lord Arthur Hervey,

the Bishop of Bath and Wells. Take as an example this most inappropriate little homily on the angelic appearance to Manoah, in Judges xiii.:

The just reasoning of Manoah's wife is exactly applicable to the representation of Christ, as affording the most solid ground of assured hope that the sacrifices of Christ are accepted as an atonement for the sins of the world. The coming of the Son of God to our earth, with all its accompaniment of teaching and miracle, is of itself a signal proof of God's "goodwill towards men"; and the "good tidings of great joy" concerning the "Saviour, which is Christ the Lord," may well soothe the alarm of the most troubled conscience.

Is not this feebleness itself? To give another example of our meaning. The same commentator, again, has not a single word to say about the typical character of Samson—one of the most profound and mysterious subjects in the ancient Scriptures—but is content with discussing in detail the minor incidents of his story. Here are specimens of these annotations:—"The transaction denotes loose notions of the sanctity of marriage among the Philistines"; and he superfluously observes further on, upon the last words of Samson, that they "do not breathe the spirit of the Gospel."

It must be very difficult, of course, for a superintending Editor to take care that his several contributors do not widely differ from one another. Mr. Cook has not always been successful. Thus Lord Arthur Hervey dilates on the extremely important point, as it seems to him, of the connexion of the Book of Ruth with that of Judges on the one hand, or Samuel on the other. Canon Rawlinson, on the contrary, with the strong good sense that characterizes all his share in this work, flatly contradicts his colleague. "There is no real continuity of narrative," he says, "between Judges and Ruth, or between Ruth and Samuel. A formal continuity by means of the *et* connective is all that can be said to exist." It seems to us that the several writers engaged in this Commentary ought to have come to some previous understanding on so important a point as the authenticity of the numbers given in the received Hebrew text. Yet the Bishop of Bath and Wells has nothing more to say about the "forty and two thousand" Ephraimites slain at the passages of Jordan because they could not pronounce *Shibboleth* than this:—"A large number! But it includes the slain in battle and those killed at the fords. Perhaps, too, it is the whole number of the Ephraimite army." In some additional notes, however (which are perhaps the Editor's), it is admitted that there are serious errors in the statements that fifty thousand men died at Beth-shean for looking into the Ark, and that the Philistines brought no less than thirty thousand chariots into battle against Saul. Canon Rawlinson, on the other hand, in his excellent Introduction to the Two Books of Kings, honestly admits, and very sufficiently accounts for, the great errors that are to be found in the numbers of the Hebrew text, and consequently is not obliged to believe implicitly in the forty thousand horses of Solomon's stables, and the seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines of the harem of the same monarch. On the mystical numbers of Scripture—a very difficult subject—the Commentary is silent. Mr. Rawlinson refers to them, though far too cursorily, in mentioning the seven thousand who had not bowed the knee unto Baal. It is, however, in connexion with what is called "the received chronology" that the question of the Hebrew numbers is of most importance. Upon this subject we find a very valuable and sound additional note on 1 Kings vi. 1, on the statement that the fourth year of Solomon was the 480th year from the Exodus. The conclusion arrived at is that this date is an interpolation into the text.

We notice another remarkable discrepancy in the present volume. The subject of what is called "grove-worship" is full of interest, and we turned to the Commentary for the latest information about it. There we found Lord Arthur Hervey declaring that the words "served Baalim and the groves," in Judges iii. 7, imply a wrong understanding of the word *asherah*. It ought to be, he says, served Baalim and an idol of Astarte. In other words, there is no grove-worship at all; and when Gideon is said to have cut down the grove at Ophrah, it means that he cut down a wooden image of Astarte. There are difficulties in this, as it seems to us. But then Canon Rawlinson, on 1 Kings xiv. 15, says, "The grove-worship, adopted from the Canaanitish nations, appears to have died away after the fierce onslaught which Gideon made upon it. It now revived and became one of the most popular of the idolatries both in Israel and Judah." And yet further on, describing Queen Maachah's "idol in a grove," Mr. Rawlinson bids us translate the words rather as "a horror for an asherah," i.e. a grotesque and hideous image of Astarte. And, still further on, Jezebel's four hundred "prophets of the groves" are said to be the priests of the *asherah* or grove which Ahab had made at Jezreel. We cannot quite reconcile these several comments.

Turning now to the particular writers of this volume of the Commentary, we find that the Book of Judges fell to the lot of Mr. Pepin. This gentleman seems to us to have done his work with signal ability. He is not only a sound scholar, but a man evidently of judgment and knowledge of affairs. This comes out strongly, for example, in his discriminating remarks on the political aspects of the invasion of Canaan by the Israelitish hosts and the destruction of the nations of the land. The same intelligence is evident in his observations on the choice of Shiloh as the first political centre of the new commonwealth, and, still more notably, in his comment, on Joshua xxi., on the completeness *ex parte Dei* of the

* *The Holy Bible according to the Authorized Version; with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation, by Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church. Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter. Vol. II. London: John Murray. 1873.*

accomplishment of the Divine promises to Israel in their acquisition of the Holy Land. Then, again, he is strong in physical and political geography, and his notes on these subjects throughout the Book of Joshua seem to us trustworthy and very instructive. Nor is he afraid to discuss, with moderation and sound judgment, the miracles that abound in this book, not excluding the one of Ajalon. And he can afford to laugh at the discordant neological guesses as to the authorship of Joshua by Ewald, Knobel, and Herwerden.

Compared with Mr. Espin, the Bishop of Bath and Wells (who is responsible for Judges, Ruth, and Samuel in this volume) seems to us a far less trustworthy commentator. His notes are for the most part dull and tasteless, and singularly unappreciative. For instance, he scarcely seems alive to the exquisite poetry of the Song of Deborah or of the Book of Ruth; and in general his view never goes beyond the bare letter of the text. Where he does see the beauty of the imagery, as in David's lament over Saul, he seems wholly to miss the political sagacity so conspicuous in that threnody. Unlike Mr. Espin, he generally ignores miracles, though in one place he seems to go out of his way to suggest a thunderstorm as a possible explanation of the water stricken from the rock of Horeb. Many of the Bishop's notes, as we said before, seem to be little more than the crude jottings down of his first reading. They are often provokingly useless. Imagine commenting on the impassioned outburst of the Song of Deborah—"Hear, O ye kings; give ear, O ye princes"—in these tame words:—"A moral lesson is addressed to the kings and princes of the earth"! Again, on the words "The Lord shall sell Sisera into the hands of a woman" our commentator gravely writes, "viz., Jael." On the words "Orpah kissed her mother-in-law," we are told "The kiss at meeting and parting is the customary friendly and respectful salutation in the East." Again, when Boaz says to Ruth "My daughter," we are instructed that it is "A kind phrase, indicating at the same time Boaz's mature age." When Eli addresses the fugitive from the rout of Eben-Ezer as "My son," the note tells us that it is "the paternal address of an old man and one in authority to a young one," and adds a half-score of references to the same expression in other parts of the Old Testament. It is, if possible, still more comical to have Eglon's words "Keep silence" explained thus—"or, in one word, hush! an intimation to his attendant that he wished to be left alone." We could multiply these examples by the score. What can be more profitless than referring to all the examples of the phrase "provoked the Lord to anger"? or, again, than telling his readers that "until thou come to" is a phrase "very frequent in geographical descriptions and might be paraphrased by 'the road'." We noticed in one place at least (on Judges xiii. 16) one of those tedious diluted paraphrases which used to do duty, in earlier commentaries than this, for true explanations, but which are creditably rare in this series. When information is really wanted, it may be looked for, too often, in vain. Thus Gideon's "ephod" is not satisfactorily explained. Nor are we told what precisely to understand about the Personal Presence in 1 Samuel iii. 10. Nor is the "stump" of Dagon, when the idol was overthrown before the Ark, described as the fishy tail of that sea-god. Nor, in treating of divination and witchcraft, does the Bishop seem to know anything of Dr. Samuel Maitland's most learned discussion of these subjects. Again, the "prophesying" of Saul on more than one occasion is not explained, although unlearned persons are notoriously puzzled by this expression in the New Testament as well as the Old, from the erroneous idea that the word necessarily implies a prediction of future events. We think it doubtful whether the writer of the note on 1 Samuel xviii. 10 has any clear notion what the word there means. Canon Rawlinson, however, on 1 Kings xviii. 29, well explains the phrase as expressing "the utterance of words by persons in a state of religious ecstasy." After these animadversions it is a more pleasant task to point to instances of satisfactory interpretation. Such seem to us to be the Bishop's explanation of the "blind and the lame hated of David's soul" at the taking of Jebus; his description of Naioth in Ramah as the collegiate house of prophets established in that place by Samuel; his comment on the statement in 1 Sam. ii. 15 that Hophni and Phinehas "hearkened not" to the voice of Eli, "because the Lord would slay them"; and his observations on libations, suggested by the account of Gideon's sacrifice.

We defer to a future occasion some further remarks on Mr. Rawlinson's commentary on the First Book of Kings, which concludes the volume before us. They will come more conveniently in a notice of the third volume, which contains the Second Book of Kings, together with the Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther, all annotated by the same competent and experienced scholar.

CROOKED PLACES.*

"I THINK we mostly read too fast," says one of Mr. Garrett's chief characters at the very close of his third volume. As the old lady who made this utterance was given to "crooning" hymns, and did not read novels, she was not, we maintain, a very

good judge. We, for our part, should have thought that people are given rather to writing too fast than to reading too fast what is written. It is but a very few months since we noticed Mr. Garrett's *Seen and Heard*, and here he is again with another novel in three volumes. When one single author compels his unfortunate critics to read six of his volumes in less than six months, he is as unreasonable surely in complaining of rapidity of reading as the governor of a gaol would be in complaining of the rapidity with which a convict got through his daily course on the treadmill or his daily picking of oakum. We read Mr. Garrett quickly for the same reason as we travel through a very flat country quickly, or would, if only it could be managed, listen to a dull sermon quickly. We have a high respect for Mr. Garrett's qualities as a moralist and a man. No one could be worse for reading Mr. Garrett's novels—unless perchance, like an impatient traveller who had got into a Parliamentary train, he took to swearing. Many people indeed might be made much better if only they could be kept awake long enough to see how the good are rewarded and the bad are converted. They form an admirable series of reading for a serious family of evangelical and teetotal tendencies, and must tend to keep the spirits at that calm and even flow which is so often noticed in those who are habitual readers of tracts and drinkers of ginger-beer. If the celebrated Bank forgers had only sat at Mr. Garrett's feet, they would doubtless find that they still had a life of hard labour before them; but they would have its monotony relieved by tea-meetings, a pudding for supper, an occasional visit to the Zoological Gardens or to Epping Forest, and a cheerful Sabbath in the best room. If only they had come across Mr. Garrett's books, or Mr. Garrett's heroines, they might every Sunday be sitting, not in prison, but, like a converted dustman in the story before us, "with oiled hair on a back seat in Zion Chapel." Whether, by the way, the dustman oiled his hair symbolically, or out of regard to the requirements of society, we are not told. A certain unctuous appearance is doubtless given to a congregation by the fashion that generally exists of this Sunday oiling. Nevertheless, however pious an appearance the dustman presented at Zion Chapel, he must have found his oiled head grow unusually heavy as he followed his trade on the Monday. We are quite ready to admit that there are a great many worse stories written than Mr. Garrett's. They are not duller than the so-called sensational novels, and, unlike these novels, they are eminently fit for family reading. Though they are religious stories, as the name goes, they are not bigoted; and though Mr. Garrett clearly favours the Dissenting chapel, he allows that salvation may be found also in the Established Church. When his exemplary characters indeed have a backsliding, and no longer "find comfort in sermons," their case then, we notice, is sure to be beyond a vicar or a rector, and a Zion Chapel and an aged minister, like a *deus ex machina*, have to be brought in.

While we so readily allow that there is merit in Mr. Garrett, we regret that he has taken so much to heart the remarks which reviewers have made on his former works. As for ourselves, though we have laughed over his tediousness and the fine language in which he bestows it all on his readers, we have at the same time had the satisfaction of feeling that, while we amused ourselves, we did not hurt him. The carnal-minded readers of the *Saturday Review* care but little, we fear, for the Sunday oiled head of a dustman, and would as soon think of sitting with oiled hair in a back seat in Zion Chapel as of reading Mr. Garrett's novels. But there is always a chance, too, he should remember, that some miserable sinner who, like one of the greatest sinners of the story, keeps "always a clay-pipe on the mantel-shelves and likes to drink his ale, at all hours, out of a pewter-pot," may remain to pray where he has come to scold, and, moved by some quotation we have given from one of Mr. Garrett's novels, may throw away his *Saturday Review* and hurry off with oiled hair to sit beside the dustman. Of him Mr. Garrett would be able to boast that, owing to his agency, he has, like another converted character in the story before us, "left off smoking in the best room, and put his pipe away altogether on Sundays." Mr. Garrett then should satisfy himself with the comfortable feeling that out of evil good may come, and that a *Review* that is published indeed on Saturday, but too often read on Sunday, may be made the means of saving a soul that "treads the slimy paths of sin." We are not far wrong, we think, in identifying the author with his hero George, who publishes a book called *Talks and Meditations*, and whose books, according to one of the characters, seem "written by some of the wise professors and poets whose works I used to read in my young days." Books so wise can surely stand a little laughter, and there is no need for the author to follow the advice which an enthusiastic admirer thus gives him:—

"If I was George, next time I wrote a book, I'd put on the title-page, that 'no one need trouble himself to review it, that didn't believe in God, read the Bible, live with one wife, and pay his debts.' Let wicked infidels get their living by reviewing wicked infidel books—and a precious poor living they'd get."

Mr. Garrett complains that reviewers "condemn the author's ignorance for a printer's typographical blunder," and, curiously enough, in this very paragraph we read of "the reviewer who professed" (*sic*). But for the chief errors which we find in Mr. Garrett's books he, and he alone, is answerable. We are glad to notice that in the book before us he is far freer from a use of fine words of which he does not understand the meaning than he has ever been before. If he makes equal progress in his next work or two

* *Crooked Places: a Family Chronicle*. By the Author of "Premiums Paid to Experience," "The Crumb and the Cake," "The Occupation of a Retired Life," "Seen and Heard," &c., &c. 3 vols. London: Strahan & Co. 1873.

he will shortly be able to use with a considerable degree of certainty all words of Greek derivation, even if they are five syllables long. We should be curious to know, however, what he means by "bravado parallels," or by "a halo of trustful confidence that rose like an incense," or by "spiritual salt which became a savourless formula," or by "a metaphysical gymnasium." We should be glad to know what is the meaning of the following question, which he coolly enough places in the mouth of his reader:—

Askest thou, what is the use of the secretaries and euphemisms behind which grow up only fair flowers of endurance and sacrifice?

Mr. Garrett should learn, moreover, greater caution in the use of the metaphor and the simile, of both of which he is very fond. In one passage he tells us that

some of the fairest points in a man's character might be but treacherous peat mooses, unfit to bear the tread of daily life and companionship.

In another passage he writes:—

Folks make excuses for the man who slips into the slough of his worst nature, but cannot endure him who struggles out of it so hardly, that he cannot sit gracefully on its edge!

At all events, if he will write such passages as these, he should give us some accompanying engraving, so as to bring the meaning more clearly before us. We should like to see the picture of a man who could sit gracefully on the edge of any slough, let alone a slough of his own worst nature. Mr. Garrett makes some curious errors in chronology, which can scarcely be set down to the printer. His hero George, when in his boyhood he takes to writing poems, has "set his boyish heart on buying a bound and ruled book wherein to copy his poetical efforts. These things," Mr. Garrett goes on to remark, "were not so cheap sixty years ago as they are now." Within a few pages of this paragraph he introduces the police cell and the temperance pledge; while a very few years later a local newspaper, the *Hackney Mercury*, has a whole chapter to itself. Much about the same date one of his characters says, "It is something like Robert Owen's theories. And yet they did (sic) not work well." Again, at a period which from the course of the story cannot be less than thirty years ago, we have the electric telegraph playing its part.

Mr. Garrett's plots are always very simple. He has studied Hogarth, and he gets together a sufficient number of good and bad apprentices. He is more moderate, however, in his distribution of rewards and punishments. He rewards the virtuous with "an old red house, with old brown rooms, and an old green garden," at Hackney or at Tottenham; while the wicked he either converts and allows to share in all the happiness of a house that has a best room, or else leaves them alive at the close of the third volume in the hope that they may yet be converted. He is strong on the inward and spiritual grace. He tells us how one of his characters, who was already to our mind a most virtuous and religious lady, "found her spiritual speech" when she lost her child, just as "science (sic) tells us that the dumb have sometimes articulated under the pressure of anxiety and alarm about their darlings." But he is scarcely less strong on the outward and visible sign. Sunday with him is a day when the best room is used, when converted dustmen oil their hair, when pipes are laid aside and the coat of the Sunday pipe is put into the Bible Society's box, and when gloves must be worn. "It takes a great struggle," he says, "for a delicately-bred lady to accept that it is her duty to God and man to go out bareheaded, and store her one pair of gloves for Sunday wear." He likes to get his people from "a genteel chapel-of-ease"—a chapel-of-ease means, he doubtless thinks, a chapel where people worship at their ease—on to the back and cushionless seats where they will find "a more faithful and devout ministry." And then he leads them, through privations no doubt, and hardships, to all the bliss that a well-ordered suburban residence can afford. His sinners for a time live in "a splendid saloon," and, as they to all outward appearance prosper, make it "still more resplendent with satin and gilding"; but then they have "never reflected that even a marble palace, with all its beauty, is not a desirable residence, unless its foundations are sound and right." How very far from sound and right are the foundations of the marble palace in which the chief among his sinners, Fergus Laurie, lives, may be inferred from the following passage:—

But Fergus thought this calmness augured patience, and superbly took no notice, till one day he found that legal proceedings were commenced, and next, that that sort of domestic harlequinade was necessary, which so often begins among ornula and choice wines, to be set up again and again till at last there is nothing behind it but a pawn-ticket and a corpse!

Such a knave as this Fergus the moralists of the last century would never have parted with till they had seen him fairly hanged. Mr. Garrett can scarcely make up his mind to leave him even unconverted. He evidently longs to call back this stray sheep into his suburban fold, and to let him enjoy to the full all the pigsty and all the peace which Zion Chapel and Hackney can give. But his story, he feels, must have some variety, and of converted sinners his readers may possibly have had enough. As it is, he gives us at least two who get not only converted, but also married, besides the pious dustman who, being already married, merely oils his hair. Fergus, therefore, cannot be allowed to repent, and so withstands his best friend, who beseeches him not to "defile the immortal with the mire of a stormy hour." Out of this Fergus Mr. Garrett gets some of his most impressive writing. In no passage is he more impressive than in the following, where he contrives to improve Shakespeare and the young reader at the same time:—

Oh, Fergus,—poor Fergus, there is another chance in life for you yet! Young reader, fearful lest there be no bright possibilities in your own path, take this fact from one who has seen much. For one life that is dwarfed for want of "a chance," a thousand are ruined by the waste of scores of chances. Shakespeare himself tells us of the tide in the affairs of men, and of the disastrous consequences of losing it. Is it presumption for me to add that the tide seldom fails to return again and again, only that the loss of it is likely to be repeated? If pride, or indolence, or anger, kept us prisoner ashore when the last flood of fortune came in, we may lament its ebb how we like, but unless we set about building our harbour, we shall be no better off next tide.

We would not part with Mr. Garrett in an unfriendly spirit. We find him dull, very dull, but then we are of that unconverted order of men who "find no comfort in sermons," and who never oil their hair on Sundays. The day may arrive when, in a peaceful retreat in Hackney or in Tottenham, we shall, with Mr. Garrett's converted sinners, have seen the error of our ways, and have laid aside our pewter-pot, and put our pipe out not only on Sundays, but also on week-days. When that time comes, we shall no doubt as eagerly read his writings as one of his heroes in his last story read Newton's *Cardiphonia*. Meanwhile we beg to assure all our readers that they can with a safe conscience recommend their friends and their children to read *Crooked Places*.

We have been requested to state that the accident to a goods train between Burton and Crewe, mentioned in the SATURDAY REVIEW of last week, occurred, not on the London and North-Western, but on the North Staffordshire, Railway. The London and North-Western Company have, "we are informed, no wedge-motion engines.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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MR. BRIGHT IN OFFICE.

MR. BRIGHT has attended at Balmoral and received the seals of office. He is now once more a Minister of the Crown, and one of the most important parts of the scheme of Ministerial reconstruction has been carried out. His resumption of office is by no means palatable to the more extreme section of Liberals, and there are journals in which sneers at "JOHN BRIGHT in plush" are thought witty, and even conclusive. But Mr. BRIGHT has sense enough to know that an English politician, when duly called on to serve the Crown, owes it to himself and the country not to refuse, and that the position of a reformer who is always proposing vague schemes, which he has neither the ability nor the wish to embody in practical measures, becomes after a time a very poor one. Nor is it at all a characteristic of Mr. BRIGHT's mind to dis sever himself from the current politics of the day. He has always wanted changes which it was possible to conceive Parliament accepting, and the intemperance to which he used to give way was probably much more an intemperance of language than of design. His acceptance of office now that his health is fortunately restored is in every way natural and proper, and, as he failed altogether as an administrator when previously in office, it is highly convenient that he should return as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and be saved, by having no duties to perform, from the risk of performing his duties ill. But it is impossible to suppose that he comes back to take his place in the Cabinet merely because he happens to be well enough to take it. His colleagues, and especially his chief, must have given him to understand that he could be of use to them, and he must have responded to the appeal because he was willing to be of use to them in an emergency, if this was their view. And, if all exaggeration is carefully avoided, it may be taken as probable that the accession of Mr. BRIGHT will do something to strengthen the Ministry. He will not conciliate the support of ardent and advanced democrats, for they look on him as a man whose day is past, and who is the ally of the tyrannous owners of capital. He will be able to do nothing, or scarcely anything, to gratify the special fancies of those who think him their champion. He will not stop the Ashantee war, or interfere with Mr. GLADSTONE's Budget, or recast the Education Act. But then those who wish that he should do one or more of these things will be gratified by reflecting that they have a friend of their way of thinking in a high position. They will be soothed by the hope that the most that can be done for them is being done, and they will find comfort in the belief that a Cabinet which contains one leading member of the right sort cannot go altogether wrong. The ordinary provincial politician also is largely guided by names, and local organizers of the Liberal party who have heard and who dread the taunt that the Government has, on one or two recent occasions, basely sought the aid of the Conservatives, will feel inspired by the power of replying that it is nonsense to say such things now that Mr. BRIGHT is there to guarantee that Liberals will always do as they ought to do.

By accepting office Mr. BRIGHT vacates his seat, and one of his first duties will be to address his Birmingham constituents. It is no difficult for him to say much at the present time without saying too much, that he may think it discreet, when framing his address, to say as little as possible. But it may happen, on the other hand, that he and his colleagues will consider this a good opportunity of revealing something of the future policy of the Government. The recapitulation of the services rendered by Mr. GLADSTONE's

Ministry, and of the great measures it has passed, may become so stale and wearisome that, if Mr. BRIGHT is to do the Government any good by his address, he must begin with reference to the future rather than the past. But it is scarcely credible that in this direction Mr. BRIGHT should do very much to help his bewildered colleagues. It is a very well for a minor unofficial member like Mr. LEANES to say that Liberals must always advance, and that they are now to go for a free Church, free land, and free labour. Language of this sort is out of the scope of Mr. BRIGHT. In the first place, he will know that phrases of this sort are utterly unmeaning, and that he must be taken to mean something before his utterances can be of any value. He will write and speak, too, as a Minister of the Crown, and he will have to consider what can practically be proposed and carried. Then, again, one of the causes of that unpopularity of the Ministry which he is to redeem, if he can, is the general perception that they are inclined to do too much, and want to urge the country forward faster than it likes to go. Far from helping the Ministry, Mr. BRIGHT would give it its deathblow if he increased the vague sense of "Conservative" which now possesses so many constituencies. In avoiding generals, by confining himself to particulars, he will for the most part have to speak of measures such as the readjustment of local taxation, and the simplification of transfers of land, which lie out of his range, and will be in the hands of colleagues over whom he will have no practical control. It is, however, never safe to predict that a man with so much vigour of thought and so great a command of language as Mr. BRIGHT will be tame and insignificant when he is called on to do his best. If the Cabinet has in contemplation a measure which is not unpractical, and yet is of a kind to waken Mr. BRIGHT's enthusiasm, he may prepare the way for it more effectually than any one else could. The extension of the county franchise may serve as an example. No one doubts Mr. GLADSTONE's sincerity, but he is apt to take up schemes of change on a sudden, and as if under the influence of a strange inspiration or caprice. If Mr. CARDWELL or Mr. LOWE proposed to give votes to farm-labourers, every one would suspect that they were making a mere party move. But this extension of the suffrage is quite within the order of Mr. BRIGHT's ideas. He would believe in it, bestir himself to promote it, and advocate it from his heart. This might possibly be a real help to the Government. If they want a Liberal cry for the next election, and cannot think of any other than the extension of the county suffrage, it would be immensely convenient to have the cry started by a Minister who firmly believed that it was the cry of justice and wisdom.

Mr. BRIGHT will be just in time to take part in the series of Cabinet Councils which are being held at present, and to aid in settling the Ministerial programme. It must be owned that a Ministry in the position now occupied by that of Mr. GLADSTONE is in a very uncomfortable position. It is sure to be abused whatever course it may take. If it does as little as possible, and tries to be safe and conciliatory, it is pronounced to be used up, effete, and good for nothing; a sham stalking-horse sort of Ministry, which had better get to its limbo as soon as it can. If it tries to show itself active, zealous, and enterprising, it is set down as the cause of needless trouble, as wearying every one with its constant fussing, and driving the country wild with over-legislation. There is only one way for the Ministry to escape from this stream of criticism or misconstruction, and that is to go out of office. But the difficulty is how a Ministry with a majority still amounting to something like seventy is to get out of office. The Conservatives had the oppor-

tunity last spring of taking office and dissolving, and they wisely judged that the time for their triumph had not come. Since then they have gained a few seats, but a Minister with a large majority, and who has given his opponents an opportunity of appealing to the country, is not bound to dismiss a House of Commons that supports him because a few seats are lost. It is for Mr. GLADSTONE to decide whether he can carry on business for another Session with a fair prospect of doing good and not losing self-respect, and with the tacit concurrence of the country. If he decides on making the experiment, Mr. BRIGHT will be of some use to him. The gain will not be very great, for Mr. BRIGHT has no turn for upholding in debate Ministerial measures simply because they are Ministerial. The subject on which he speaks must be congenial and familiar to him, if his great oratorical power is to produce any effect. But it can scarcely happen that a Session should go by without opportunities arising where Mr. BRIGHT will be able to bring his eloquence, if his physical strength permits, to the aid of his friends. There are several reasons why the aid he might thus give would be considerable. It is not only that a first-rate speech is a credit to the party to which the speaker belongs, but a long time has elapsed since the House has heard or the public has read a speech from Mr. BRIGHT; and novelty, as every one knows, has its charm. Besides, Mr. BRIGHT is not unpopular in the House even among his opponents, and the Conservatives, not unmoved perhaps by a wish to mark by contrast their feelings towards Mr. GLADSTONE, are apt to show a sort of good-humoured tenderness towards Mr. BRIGHT. After the history of last Session, it is needless to say how great a gain to the Ministry must be the accession of a colleague who has name and weight, and yet is not personally unpopular. Thus, from whatever point of view Mr. BRIGHT's resumption of office is regarded, it may be expected that, though he cannot do very much to help the Ministry, he will in all probability do something, and that he will be of service amply sufficient to justify his holding in these costly and extravagant times a Ministerial sinecure.

SPAIN.

THE Government of Madrid and loyal Spaniards in general have reason to be well pleased that the Admirals of the neutral Powers declined to interfere for the protection of Alicante against a bombardment. It was much better that the criminal attack of the rebel ironclad vessels should be repelled than that it should be prevented by foreign interference; but it is not easy to understand why a powerful English squadron should have remained in the neighbourhood of the combatants if it had no active duty to discharge. It is fair to assume that the English Government will be able to justify conduct which certainly requires explanation. In this, as in many other cases, the existence of the electric telegraph shifts the burden of responsibility from military or naval officers to the authorities at home. There can be no doubt that Admiral YELVERTON obeyed his instructions when he detained and when he surrendered the *Vittoria* and *Almansa*, when he insisted on a delay of the bombardment of Alicante, and when he afterwards allowed it to proceed. It may be conjectured that the atrocious project of an attack on an unoffending and unfortified town furnished an excuse for renouncing the further custody of a troublesome deposit. The Government of Madrid may perhaps have alleged that it was impossible to provide for the defence of the coast while some of its ships were in possession of the enemy, and while others were detained by neutrals. It is evident that the restoration of the captured vessels, combined with the original seizure, constitutes a violation of strict neutrality; but the Carthagena insurgents, with their convict crews, may think themselves fortunate in profiting by any fraction of the ordinary conditions of war. It is not known whether the Government of Madrid, which was represented at Alicante by a member of the Cabinet, wished that the neutral squadrons should prohibit an attack upon the town. General MARTINEZ CAMPOS, commanding the besieging force at Carthagena, on his arrival at Alicante objected to the delay which had been imposed by the foreign commanders, on the ground that it was desirable at once to recommence the action with the rebel cruisers. The municipality of the town took an opposite view of the expediency of immediate fighting, and ultimately Admiral YELVERTON attempted to please all parties by the compromise of redacting

the additional delay which he had required by two days. The defeat of the assailants seems to confirm the soundness of the Spanish General's judgment; but, as MARTINEZ CAMPOS has since resigned, it may be conjectured that the Government of Madrid disapproved of his proposals. It is not easy to understand why the Republican authorities should complain of an interpretation of neutral duties which has been highly favourable to their own interests. They owe their possession of the *Vittoria* and *Almansa* exclusively to the questionable interference of the English squadron with the insurgents. The arrogant injustice with which the American Government repaid the loyal neutrality of England during the Civil War proves the difficulty of satisfying belligerents. It is in the highest degree desirable that naval commanders should henceforth limit themselves strictly to the duty of protecting English subjects.

The failure of the enterprise against Alicante may perhaps induce the insurgent leaders to negotiate before their cause becomes absolutely and immediately desperate. Although they have now maintained their resistance for several weeks, no sign of friendly diversion on their behalf appears in any part of Spain. When Carthagena first declared its independence, PI Y MARGALL directed the Central Government with the aid of colleagues some of whom were strongly suspected of complicity with treason. Even after the accession of SALMERON to office, a minority in the Cortes still defended the cause of the rebels; and the Ministers were unwilling or afraid to enforce military discipline by the only effective means. The insurgents had reason to hope for aid from Barcelona, from Cadiz, and from other towns; and the power of the Carlists in the North was rapidly increasing. The tide has now, at least temporarily, turned. An honest and patriotic Minister is invested with dictatorial power; the Cortes are dispersed with little chance of re-assembling; seditious newspapers will be suppressed; mutineers will be summarily shot; and the artillery officers who had been necessarily driven to resign their commissions are restored to their rank. Although it is possible that the more desperate ruffians among the rebel chiefs may prolong the insurrection, the bulk of the population of Carthagena would willingly relinquish a useless and hopeless struggle. The superiority of the rebels at sea is probably at an end, now that the Central Government is once more in possession of the two captured vessels. It is true that the besieging force has thus far confined its operations to a blockade; but, on the other hand, the insurgents utterly failed in their attempt to break through the besiegers' lines. It is said that the reserves are at last responding to the appeal of the Government, and some successes appear to have been obtained against the Carlists. If CASTELAR is fortunate enough to obtain the submission of Carthagena, he will have been more successful than any preceding Minister since the proclamation of the Republic; and, with the support of the respectable part of the community, he may perhaps ultimately repair some of the mischief which he and his party originally caused. The vigorous decrees which he issued as soon as he had got rid of the Cortes indicate his tardy apprehension of the principles on which a turbulent population may be reduced to obedience and order. It matters little that the doctrines which he is applying in practice are the same which he has spent his life in denouncing.

In the final debate on the prorogation of the Cortes, CASTELAR amused himself by expatiating on the advantages which Spain has already derived from the last revolution. Some of the greatest States in Europe are, he said, still suffering under the institution of monarchy, while Spain enjoys the blessings of a Republic, of universal suffrage, and of theoretical freedom of person and of the press. Civil war, almost universal anarchy, threatened social revolution, and general uneasiness and alarm, are drawbacks to the general felicity which it would not have suited the orator's purpose to notice. There was a whimsical inconsistency in the complacent enumeration of privileges which were, with the exception of the name of a Republic, to be withdrawn as soon as the eloquence of the speaker should have been acknowledged by the assenting vote of the majority. The eulogy on constitutional freedom was used as an argument for the concession of dictatorial power; and as soon as the demands of the Minister were granted, he proceeded to suspend the nominal guarantees of personal liberty, to impose on all Spaniards the necessity of carrying passports, and to warn the newspapers that the publication of prohibited news or of seditious appeals will be punished by fine, and eventually by suspension or sup-

pression. It was hardly worth while to arrive at so simple a form of government by the roundabout road of a Federal Republic. PARR and his predecessors maintained the existence of society as often as it was menaced by precisely similar means; and if CASTELAR and his political allies would have aided the efforts of PARR or of King AMADRO to establish a regular Government, it might not now have been necessary to rule by force alone. Even a Spanish orator might have been expected to moderate his enthusiasm for universal suffrage at the moment when he was persuading its nominees that their presence and activity formed an insuperable obstacle to the restoration of order. The members of the Cortes who were exclusively elected by the Republican majority of the constituencies deserve credit for acknowledging the force of CASTELAR's appeal to their patriotic self-abnegation. The leaders of the Opposition insisted in vain that a Constitution should be voted before the Cortes separated. As it was universally understood that all constitutional guarantees were to be immediately suspended, the Cortes probably thought that a new edition of the Spanish Rights of Man was not urgently required.

In the same debate PI Y MARGALL professed his inability to comprehend how the Minister and his friends could reconcile their actual conduct with their former principles. He was shocked to hear one plain-spoken member of the Cortes declare that what the country wanted was not Republic or Federation, but peace and quiet. Finally, he asserted, with a suspicious excess of liberality, that even the Cantonal insurgents desired nothing more than to consolidate the Government of the Spanish Republic. As far as CASTELAR's inconsistency is concerned, Señor PI Y MARGALL has learned little in his long familiarity with public affairs if he is surprised to find that fine words are not always translated into corresponding acts. It is more natural that he should be puzzled by the honesty which avows in plain language an indisputable truth. The best proof that Spain cares comparatively little for a Republic or a Federation is that absolute power is almost unanimously delegated to a Minister for the exclusive purpose of enabling him to restore peace and order. It is scarcely patriotic to attribute to the insurgents of Carthage a laudable desire to maintain the Republican Government of Spain. It may be true that ROQUES BARCIA and his accomplices have drawn in practice a strictly legitimate inference from the empty phrases of Federalist declaimers; but in political matters rigorous logic sometimes approximates to treason. It matters little whether CASTELAR has in former speeches justified by anticipation the rebellion of Carthage. He is now determined that Spain shall not, in accordance with any theory, however plausible, be split up into fragments. For the moment he is doing his utmost to counteract the bad effects of the Republic. Once before within living memory a country agitated and alarmed by a causeless revolution has reposed its confidence in an orator who was deemed less reckless than his coarser Republican associates. The vanity and levity of LAMARTINE forfeited the confidence which had been inspired by his professions; but there is no reason why brilliant men of letters should always be incapable cockcombs. CASTELAR is right in silencing the demagogues, in restoring the discipline of the army, and in preparing for a vigorous prosecution of the war. When he has accomplished his task, he may be allowed to explain away at his leisure the most creditable portion of his career.

COMING ELECTIONS.

THE contest at Taunton is naturally regarded as one of considerable importance. It is the SOLICITOR-GENERAL who seeks re-election; and it is, to say the least, highly inconvenient when a Government finds one of its Law Officers rejected. Mr. HENRY JAMES has fairly won his promotion. He is a lively speaker, and his speeches are full of good matter, as well as pleasant to hear. He has not attempted to win professional advancement by tame subservience to the Government, and has shown sufficient independence to make himself respected; while his general support of the party to which he belongs has been unwavering. In ordinary times, when a lawyer so prominent in his profession obtains promotion in an unobjectionable and honourable manner, there is a natural disinclination on the part of his political opponents to impeach him. But when his opponents are pained with the thought that he is a man who has done so well, and who has so much influence on the policy of the Government, it is not surprising that they are perfectly justified in trying to win a seat at Taunton if they can. The only object of the rule which makes a seat vacant when a member accepts office is to allow the constituency he represents to intimate whether they approve of the general character and conduct of the Government he joins. Mr. JAMES is opposed at Taunton, not because he is made Solicitor-General, but because he is going to act as Solicitor-General under the Ministry of Mr. GLADSTONE. Fortunately for Mr. JAMES, it appears that he is not likely to be defeated on any of those side issues which are fatal to so many Liberals. Either his tact and good sense, or the wisdom and public spirit of his supporters, have saved him from the danger of overthrow on the slippery and treacherous questions of beer and the 5th Clause. Publicans and Dissenters are going to vote on general political grounds, and while this must be very satisfactory to the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, it will of course make the victory of the Conservatives, if they win a victory, more complete and decisive. They will have persuaded a constituency to reject a popular and able man, not because a portion of his supporters fell away from him from thinking the interests of drink or religious education imperilled, but simply because he has joined a Government of which the constituency disapproves. It must, however, be remembered that at the last general election Mr. JAMES was in a minority. He was eighteen below his Conservative opponent, but he demanded a scrutiny, and enough votes were struck off his opponent's list to give him the seat. It is evident that, under these circumstances, a very small change of opinion may now give the Conservatives a victory. The Conservative candidate is reported to have stated that, if all promises made to him are kept, he shall have a majority of seventy. A candidate of course makes the best of his own case, and this may be taken to show that the struggle will be very close. If a dozen Liberals who five years ago thought they liked Mr. GLADSTONE now fancy they dislike him, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL may lose his seat. If this is so, it will be very inconvenient to the SOLICITOR-GENERAL to be out of Parliament, and very inconvenient to the Government to let him remain out of Parliament or to find him a seat by some contrivance; but it would be absurd to seek any important indication of the general feelings of the nation towards the Government in the shifting humours of a dozen Taunton voters.

At Bath the contest is in many respects unimportant, except that it will be a very considerable success to the Conservatives if they can show themselves able to win both seats in an important city which at the last general election returned two Liberals by an incontestable majority. Both Mr. FORSYTH and Captain HAYTER are eminently respectable candidates, and both are perfectly fit to sit in Parliament if they can but get there. Both are moderate, sensible men, and if they met privately and honestly compared their political views, they would probably find that their single point of disagreement is that each wishes his friends to be in office. But Captain HAYTER is not so fortunate as the SOLICITOR-GENERAL. He is opposed by a small section of the Liberal party, utterly insignificant in itself, but able probably by its defection to seat the Conservative candidate. The candidate of this section, Mr. THOMPSON, is the representative of every mischievous crotchet which at present bewilders feeble minds. He is, of course, for the Permissive Bill, the extension of the franchise to women, and the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts. He has no hope of winning, and frankly says so in his address; but he hopes, by getting Captain HAYTER defeated, to bring the Liberal party to a sense of its duty. It is perhaps as well that the Liberal party should be brought to a sense of its duty; and its duty is to pass into the shade of Opposition rather than give any countenance to the pernicious theories of ignorant philanthropists. If the Liberal party in any constituency is in a minority unless it receives the support of men who in their ardent support of special whims entirely overlook the general interests of the nation, an honest and sensible candidate has nothing to do but to own that he is in a minority, and to abide by the consequences as cheerfully as he can. It will be better for Captain HAYTER himself, and infinitely better for his party and for the nation at large, that he should be defeated at Bath rather than be returned by humoring the fagades of Mr. THOMPSON's allies. On such points as those suggested in Mr. THOMPSON's address a man of character and courage is not likely to be swayed, and to stick to it. We observe that Mr. THOMPSON is a man of no small talents, and that he is a man who has done so well, and who has so much influence on the policy of the Government, that it is not surprising that he is perfectly justified in trying to win a seat at Taunton if he can.

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he refers to the Home Rule movement, and declares that if a large number of Home Rulers are returned for Irish seats at the next election, England ought to consider how far she can meet their wishes. This is a very poor way of trying to make friends with Home Rulers without absolutely going against the views of those to whom the idea of setting up a separate Parliament in Ireland is obnoxious. On such a subject a man fit to sit in Parliament ought to have an opinion. To concede the claims of the Home Rulers would be to make the gravest possible change in the constitution, character, and destinies of the British Empire. If Mr. Serjeant SIMON, after exercising his judgment as far as possible, has arrived at the conclusion that such a change is desirable, he is quite entitled to hold, avow, and advocate this opinion. But nothing can be more mischievous than that men should be returned for English constituencies who treat such a question lightly, and indicate that they are perfectly ready to take either side on it, and are only waiting to see which way the wind blows before they decide which side to take.

It seems not improbable that the Conservatives may win a seat at Hull. At any rate there appears to be a significant difficulty in finding a Liberal candidate with a fair prospect of winning. Mr. CLAY, the deceased member, had a majority of nearly five hundred at the last election, and the Conservatives may well be elated if in so important a constituency so large a majority is now to be reversed, or a Conservative candidate left unopposed. At Taunton, at Bath, and at Hull the prospects of the Conservatives are so good that the inquiry naturally suggests itself, what is to be the consequence if in one constituency after another Liberals continue to be defeated? A Ministerial journal has very imprudently attempted to make the Taunton election a sort of test contest, and has pointed out that the Government will be in a new position if one of its members is defeated. The history of the last election at Taunton ought to have been taken into account, and attention paid to the nice balance of parties there, before the Ministry was made to seem to associate its fortunes with the success of its new Law Officer. But if the seats at Bath and Hull are also lost, and if his SOLICITOR-GENERAL is looking about in vain for a seat, Mr. GLADSTONE may naturally ask himself what is his real position. A Minister cannot act with the necessary sense of self-respect and confidence who, in spite of his having a majority in the existing Parliament, feels convinced that the majority of the electoral body is against him, and wishes him out of office. If any man would feel this keenly it is Mr. GLADSTONE, among whose faults a tendency to cling meanly to office is certainly not one. But, however sensitive a Minister may be, and however willing he may be to resign office, or to test the real feelings of the country by a general election, he must always find it a matter of great difficulty to decide what conclusion he ought to draw from any given number of isolated elections. The feeling of the country may be sufficiently against him to reduce his majority, but not sufficiently against him to cut away his majority altogether. Mr. GLADSTONE may also reasonably doubt whether isolated elections held a few months before a general election must take place are really a true guide. Liberal inaction is one great cause of Conservative triumphs, and it is one thing for a Liberal elector to show his displeasure at the blunders of the Ministry by letting a Conservative sit for a few months, and quite another thing to let the representation of a borough pass to the opposite party for five or six years. That most people think that the Conservatives will gain largely at the next election is not a reason why Mr. GLADSTONE should be bound to dissolve now. It may be observed that, while some of the more eager Conservative journals and minor Conservative politicians keep calling on Mr. GLADSTONE to dissolve, and inveighing against him for holding office contrary to the real wishes of the country, the Conservative leaders maintain a discreet silence, and never hint that they or the nation are being injured by an election being deferred. There seems to be no general opinion that Parliament should be dissolved at an early date, and reasonable people of all parties are content at present to leave Mr. GLADSTONE to decide whether he will meet the present Parliament next February or not.

PARTIES IN AMERICA.

THE grave financial crisis in America will probably relieve embarrassed journalists from the necessity of discussing General GRANT's schemes for making himself

an absolute Sovereign. The causes of the money difficulty are clearly understood in England, and it will be matter for regret if the Government of the United States has resorted to any empirical attempt to relieve the pressure. But for the existence of an inconvertible paper currency, the arrival of gold from Europe would probably soon have enabled the banks to meet their liabilities. The amount of legal tender notes is necessarily restricted, and the payment of debts in gold is impracticable, because it would involve a bonus of ten or twelve per cent. to the creditor. Before the failure of Messrs. JAY COOKE and Co. public attention had been divided between the defeat of General BUTLER in Massachusetts and the combination of the farmers in some of the Western States against the Railroad Companies. The decision of the Massachusetts Convention was in the highest degree encouraging to those Americans who still retain their faith in the national institutions. No more scandalous result of popular suffrage has occurred than the attainment of high political position by one of the most discreditable demagogues in the United States. BUTLER's warmest admirers can never have supposed that he was either personally respectable or politically honest; yet he has for several years been returned to Congress by a district in the State which claims to be the most enlightened in the Union; and when he was on one occasion opposed, he defeated his adversary by an overwhelming majority. Notwithstanding the general distrust which he inspires, he may be considered the leader of the majority in the House of Congress; and since he has condoned the contumacious language in which General GRANT described his military character he has enjoyed the PRESIDENT's entire confidence and support. As the dispenser of Federal patronage in his own State he became candidate for the office of Governor, and at first it was generally expected that he would succeed; but it would seem that in Massachusetts there is a reaction against the lax principles and practices which have lately prevailed in the Republican party. The disreputable character of the Presidential candidate has at last tended to his disadvantage; and he finally found it expedient to withdraw his claims before the nominating Convention arrived at a formal vote. The skill which he is said to have displayed in covering his retreat can scarcely be appreciated without a minute knowledge of the machinery of American State elections.

As usually happens in similar cases, the immediate occasion of the decline in BUTLER's popularity was not the worst of his political acts. He had been the principal promoter of the measure for increasing the pay of the PRESIDENT and of the members of both Houses of Congress; and of the more questionable enactment by which the addition was made retrospective. In the elegant polemical language of the day, the proceeding is known as "the back pay salary grab"; and it is certainly open to criticism. There is no doubt that the salary of the PRESIDENT was previously insufficient; but a considerable grant on account of back pay seems to have been thought unjustifiable, and the active support given by the PRESIDENT to the principal author of the measure raised a suspicion of a corrupt understanding. Much graver imputations might have been suggested by BUTLER's previous political career, if the Republicans had not as a party been liable to the same charges. Six or seven years ago BUTLER was one of the most zealous advocates of repudiation, which was at that time approved by a large majority of the House of Representatives. He deserves credit for the adroitness with which he has now anticipated defeat, and avoided a rupture with his party. He may perhaps retain his seat in Congress; and he probably believes that his accession to the highest office in his State is only postponed. His intimate relations with the PRESIDENT prove that he is still regarded as a valuable ally; and, if it is true that General GRANT desires a second re-election, the management of the transaction may probably be entrusted to BUTLER. That a third term of office is not inconsistent with the text of the Constitution was probably a new discovery to many foreign observers of American politics. The refusal of WASHINGTON to be elected for the third time established a custom which had been supposed almost to acquire the force of law. Nevertheless the people of the United States can at their pleasure re-elect General GRANT, who has for the present no known competitor in the ranks of the Republican party. If the experiment is tried, it will be only surprising that an unprecedented honour should have been conferred on a candidate who certainly commands but little enthusiasm.

The agitation against railways which has recently arisen

in Illinois and other wheat-producing States probably explains the PRESIDENT's earnest recommendation to Congress of measures for improving the internal navigation. If the PRESIDENT could persuade the Western farmers that he was the promoter of a system of cheap freight, constitutional traditions would probably not be allowed to interfere with their support of his re-election. Unfortunately the relief which might be obtained by the construction of ship canals is remote, while a reduction of railway charges offers an earlier prospect of relief. The elections in many States are likely to be determined with reference to the sudden demand for cheap carriage. The battle will be fought with similar weapons on both sides; for if the railway corporations have comparatively little hold on popular feeling, they and their agents are accustomed to the management of State and Federal Legislatures, and they possess facility of combination and command of capital. One of the chief disadvantages to which they are exposed arises from the fact that the stock is chiefly held by Eastern capitalists, while the insurgent freighters command the votes of the West. A similar local distribution of debtors and of creditors seemed a few years ago likely to facilitate the repudiation of the National Debt. It was thought that the Western taxpayers might perhaps refuse to pay dividends to fundholders who for the most part resided on the Atlantic seaboard. The railway shareholders have no reason to rely on the moderation of the Western farmers, nor even on the inactivity of their political supporters. The railways have been constructed on certain terms under State legislation, and the corporations are only restricted in their charges by any tariff which may be included in their Acts. If the terms allowed to the promoters were liberal, it may be presumed that the railways would not have been constructed except in the hope of considerable profit to counterbalance obvious risks. The proposal of some of the advocates of the farmers, that the corporations shall only be entitled to earn ordinary interest on their capital, is utterly inequitable; but the constituencies which have already elected judges for the avowed purpose of deciding suits against railways will not fail to return Legislative Assemblies pledged to the same policy.

Happily economical obstacles are likely to thwart partial legislation. Unless the several States are disposed arbitrarily to take possession of the railways, they will scarcely be able to force the corporations to carry their produce at unremunerative rates. It may be possible to impose a limit on railway charges; but it will be almost impossible to compel the Companies to provide the accommodation which will be required. America is not a country in which the public wants can be supplied by forced labour. If it happens not to suit the purpose of any Company to run a train, those who wish to forward their produce at the particular time will inevitably be disappointed. The proposed remedy of making new and competing lines is absurdly impracticable; for an additional outlay of capital, even if it could be provided, would render necessary increased fares as the only mode of securing the necessary return. The capitalists as a body will ultimately control the action of communities which, as a general rule, are insufficiently provided with means of communication. On existing railways the owners have the power, by withholding facilities, of retaliating on the promoters of any unjust scheme of legislation. On the construction of new lines railway projectors can exercise an absolute veto. The States themselves have no means of competing with private projectors, for the prevalence of corruption and dishonesty would be fatal to any large scheme of public works. It is found impossible to prevent the members of a Legislature from deriving personal profit from public expenditure; and unfortunately the scandal of the Pacific Railway in Canada proves that the evil is inseparable from the social and political condition of the American Continent. It is for this reason that the best American politicians refuse even to consider General GRANT's proposal of a great scheme of internal navigation. It therefore becomes necessary to rely on private enterprise for material improvements; and capitalists will not embark in expensive undertakings unless they are secured against vexatious interference.

PROSPECTS OF THE FUSION.

THE Count of CHAMBORD has incidentally replied to the challenges so frequently addressed to him. We are all familiar with the convenient rhetorical artifice which

evades an inconvenient question by assuming that it must be unnecessary to answer it. The letter published in the *Union nationale* is very much of this character. "To be reduced," the Count of CHAMBORD says, "in 1873 to evoking the phantom of tithe, of feudal rights, of religious intolerance, of the persecution of our separated brethren, of a war madly undertaken under impossible conditions, of a government of priests, of the ascendancy of privileged classes"; and then, by way of predicate, he inserts a note of admiration, and adds that "things so little serious cannot be seriously answered." If the Count of CHAMBORD does not hold these charges to be worth a serious answer, it is a pity that he cannot prevent certain of his followers from giving constant occasion for their being brought against him. It is probably true that neither tithe nor feudal rights would come back with a Restoration—the Restoration which attempted to reimpose them would at all events be of very short duration; but then what is the meaning of the "social reconstruction" which the Count himself talks of in this very letter? To the imagination of the peasantry the principal difference between the state of France before and after 1789 consists in the presence at the former period, and the absence at the latter period, of these very burdens. If a social reconstruction is to be associated with a dynastic restoration, they will take it to mean that the old system is to be substituted for the new. It may be conceded that when the Legitimist journals dwell on the changes which are to follow upon the return of the BOURBONS to the Throne, they are thinking merely of political changes; but to the peasantry politics are only interesting in so far as they are connected with their land, and they are certain to interpret these aspirations after the past as implying a desire to subject them to all the burdens which they threw off eighty years ago. So too it is probably true that the Count of CHAMBORD has no inclination to undertake a war under impossible conditions; but what are the views of the Archbishop of PARIS upon this point? If his recent Pastoral was not meant to suggest to every good Catholic that, in going to war with Italy for the restoration of the Pope's temporal power, France would be carrying out the will of God, and consulting her own interests into the bargain, what was it meant for? There is no need to attribute any project of persecution to the Count of CHAMBORD; but when M. VEUILLOT says that France belongs to CHRIST by right of primogeniture, and that it is not made for people who don't like masses—that is, he adds, by way of explanation, for Liberals of all shades—he evidently wishes to see the people he has in view subjected to treatment which they might think hardly distinguishable from persecution. The reactionary writers who throw about these statements so recklessly are the writers who are most eager to see the Count of CHAMBORD seated upon the Throne. It may be that they have altogether mistaken their man, or at all events that they have under-estimated the influence which circumstances will exert upon him. But it is unreasonable to expect that the ordinary Frenchman who cares nothing about a Restoration will judge the Count of CHAMBORD more accurately than his own followers. He may well think it absurd to be reduced in 1873 to proving that these rumours are only phantoms; but it is his friends, not his foes, that have imposed this absurdity upon him.

At a time when encouraging symptoms are not too numerous, it is satisfactory that the attempt to form an alliance between the Radicals and the Bonapartists has altogether failed. The invitation addressed to Prince NAPOLEON by the Editor of the *Avenir national* has been universally repudiated by the Republican party, while Prince NAPOLEON's acceptance of it has been repudiated by the accredited Imperialist organs. There was reason to fear that the presence of imminent danger might have disposed the Republicans to catch at any weapon that offered itself, and this was evidently the expectation of Prince NAPOLEON. His letter to M. PORTALIS might have been written by the late EMPEROR when a candidate for the Presidency of the Republic. He is, he says, equally with the Radicals, a believer in the sovereignty of the people. There may be differences of opinion how this sovereignty is to be brought into action; but this difference need not interfere with the acceptance of the abstract principle. The attainment of true liberty based on the reforms which are essential to the welfare of France should be the common object of all citizens of modern society. Experience has shown that this agreement as to the end to be pursued is not incompatible with a very radical divergence

as to the means of pursuing it. Probably Prince NAPOLEON so far resembles his family that he would take the shortest way to rid himself of his Republican auxiliaries as soon as a favourable opportunity offered itself. Some time ago he was alleged to have said that there were no "Égalités" in the BONAPARTE family. We may be permitted, however, to doubt whether, if the Republican party had followed M. PORTALES's lead, the Prince would have been scrupulous in reserving the whole profits of the transaction for the PRINCE IMPÉRIAL. He may reasonably argue that the fortunes of the family ought not to be sacrificed because its head is too young to take charge of them. Some modification of hereditary right may be permitted in a dynasty which claims to rest upon universal suffrage; and if this be conceded, what modification can be so natural as the devolution of the succession upon the worthiest male? It would not have been surprising if a genuine difference of opinion had shown itself among the Imperialists as to the relative merits of Prince NAPOLEON and the PRINCE IMPÉRIAL as a party leader. The former has the advantage of being ready to take the command at any moment, and of being entirely free from any suspicion of clericalism. The latter is not yet of age, and for the present his opinions and actions would virtually be dictated by his mother, who is by no means free from this suspicion. On the other hand, if any magic still attaches itself to the name of NAPOLEON, it belongs to the ex-EMPEROR's son, not to his cousin; and in the present position of affairs it is in some respects an advantage for the party to have a good excuse for inaction. The traditional part of the NAPOLEONS is to restore order after a revolution; and if the Restoration of HENRY V. is really effected, there is every chance that the revolution which is required to provide this part for the third time will not be long wanting.

According to present appearances, if the Fusion breaks down, it will be not so much upon what the Count of CHAMBORED is to do as upon when he is to do it. If the Right Centre will consent to a Restoration without conditions, it is probable that the King would grant a not very illiberal Charter by way of reward for their unquestioning submission. But the notion of putting themselves absolutely at their Sovereign's mercy is not very palatable to men who have till lately been sworn upholders of Constitutional government, and they may at the last moment insist upon coming to some kind of understanding with the Count of CHAMBORED before making him King. A demand of this kind would probably be offensive to the Count, while it would certainly be offensive to an influential section of his adherents. It is of great importance to Royalists like M. VEUILLOT that the King of France should be fettered by as few engagements as possible. He is only valuable to his Ultramontane supporters for the ecclesiastical uses to which they hope to turn him, and for this purpose it is essential that his natural piety should be allowed its free course. A Sovereign who felt himself obliged, when the interests of the Church were at stake, to be guided by the counsels of his Ministers or the votes of his Parliament, would be a Sovereign who might fail them at the critical moment. When a pretender who dislikes giving pledges has at his back a party to whose designs it is essential that he should give none, there is a fair probability that the negotiations introductory to a restoration will not be carried through without a good many hitches. When the Assembly is again in session there will not be wanting skilful strategists to take advantage of each hitch as it occurs. During the recess the Fusionists have had everything their own way; but though the Government can suppress Republican newspapers, and throw difficulties in the way of Republican meetings, it can hardly silence Republican deputies, or prevent the circulation of the journals which report the debates in which they take part.

THE MAYORS AT YORK.

THE entertainment lately given at York to the Lord Mayor of LONDON was more interesting to the municipal constituencies which were represented than to the more ambitious class of politicians. Even theorists admit that local government is important; and if they would condescend to inquire and to observe, they would find that the display of municipal pageantry is almost universally popular. Several Corporations, immediately after their reformation five-and-thirty years ago, expressed their dislike and contempt for the close bodies which they had superseded by selling their maces, their chains, and their other outward symbols

of municipal splendour; but after a short interval the local dignitaries returned to the wiser conclusion that they were themselves not less worthy of outward decoration than their usurping predecessors. The custom by which the Mayor of a town presides on all public occasions of pleasure as well as of business has the indirect effect of limiting the choice of the constituencies to the principal inhabitants of the borough. Any chief magistrate who appeared to be ashamed of his robe and his badge of office would give just offence to his colleagues and his fellow-townsmen, who unconsciously feel that their corporate sense of importance is encouraged by external aids to the imagination. Several Lord Mayors of London have of late years judiciously assembled their provincial brethren at the table which is the recognized centre and type of municipal hospitality; and it was highly proper and becoming that the compliment should be returned. York, as the seat of what may be considered a Northern municipal primacy, with a Lord Mayor of its own, was fitly selected as the place of celebration, and the long list of Mayors who assembled to do honour to their chief sufficiently proved their general approval of the solemnity. The Lord Mayor of LONDON, knowing that philosophers had long since failed in the attempt to conceive him as a merely abstract being, sent his stato carriages and his other emblems of office before him, that he might proceed from the railway station to the local Mansion House as befitting his rank. The procession of municipal authorities extended for a mile, and they were attended in their progress by an enthusiasm which might perhaps not have been excited by as many members of Parliament. Burgesses and citizens are quite right in thinking that their immediate rulers ought to be regarded as conspicuous personages.

SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW dilated, as might have been expected, on the advantages of municipal government. A few days before, in supporting the candidature of Mr. FORBES at Dover, he had perhaps carried too far his natural preference of local interest to public expediency; but the affairs of towns, like those of private persons, are on the whole most efficiently managed when every one concentrates his attention on his own business. The Lord Mayor was fully justified in his complaint of the cumbrous enactments of the Borough Funds Bill, which has provided an awkward and insufficient remedy for a flagrant grievance. It had been decided by the Courts that, under the clauses of the Municipal Reform Act, Corporations could not apply the Borough Fund, as far as it consisted of rates, to the purpose of prosecuting, or even of opposing, any Bill in Parliament, or of engaging in the most necessary litigation. The Sheffield Corporation had, in the obvious interest of their constituents, opposed before the justices certain regulations proposed by the Water Company; they had appeared in opposition to Gas and Water Bills of vital importance to the borough; and on one occasion they had sought to acquire the gas and water by compulsory purchase. In all these cases the Gas and Water Companies had employed on their own side funds in which the ratepayers had a reversionary interest; and nevertheless they succeeded in throwing the whole expense of the various proceedings on those members of the Corporation who had taken an active part in protecting the rights of the community. The scandalous victory of the Companies induced Parliament in the Session of 1872 to pass a Bill for the application of municipal funds to the protection or improvement of the corporate property; but the Borough Funds Bill was mutilated in the House of Lords in such a manner that it is sometimes difficult and always troublesome to comply with its provisions. The desire expressed by the Lord Mayor to enlarge the powers of governing bodies was the more creditable because his own Corporation, having ample revenues independent of taxation, is exempt from the disabilities imposed on ordinary boroughs by the careless wording of the Reform Act.

A few years ago Lord GREY's Committee, appointed with reference to pending schemes of Parliamentary reform, reported unfavourably on the operation of the municipal franchise. There can be no doubt that in some boroughs the town-councillors have not represented the highest class of the community; and, as in more important elections, there has been some recklessness and occasional corruption; but, on the whole, the Municipal Bill has worked well, and Corporations have contrived to avoid in practice some of the most serious evils which might have been expected to result from household suffrage. In all but a few boroughs the constituencies have been guided in their

choice by local and practical motives rather than by political sympathies, and consequently the Corporations have attended to their proper business, instead of making themselves the instruments of demagogues or factions. As every Corporation, with two or three exceptions, discharges the functions of Local Board of Health, the control of the sewers, of the highways, of the lighting, and sometimes of the gas and water supply, provides sufficient opportunities of employment for active members of the governing body. The parsimonious tendencies which would naturally influence the ratepayers become wholesomely corrected and diluted by the delegation of authority to the Corporations. A Mayor or a leading Town-Councillor is not less anxious to signalize his term of office by some public improvement than to acquire the reputation of a strict economist. Nearly all the great commercial and manufacturing towns have, under the existing municipal system, erected convenient and often sumptuous buildings for the public use, and they are constantly extending their enterprises in the form of baths, of libraries, and of public parks and gardens. If it cannot be said of English traders as of early Romans that their private incomes are scanty, their common funds are large, and the purposes to which they are applied are liberal and sometimes splendid. The administrative system of Liverpool, of Manchester, of Leeds, or of Bradford, is comprehensive and efficient, nor is there reason to suspect in a single instance the existence of malversation, or even of culpable extravagance. The Mayors of English boroughs have a perfect right when they dine together to cultivate feelings of complacency. The Corporations, like all human institutions, may be capable of improvement, but they might be much worse than they are.

Sir SYDNEY WATERLOW would have deviated from English instinct and tradition to an extent wholly unworthy of a Lord Mayor if he had not placed his imaginary or fictitious privileges on the same level with his practical duties. He was, as he forcibly observed, Chief Judge, or first in the Commission of the Central Criminal Court, although he would be summarily restrained if he attempted to sentence a pickpocket, or even to put a question to a witness. In the same manner ordinary Corporations feel a just pride in their right to hold Quarter Sessions, where their Recorder administers justice on behalf of the Crown, from which he derives his appointment. Even in those departments where the Corporations exercise substantial power, the success of their administration is largely owing to the necessary confidence which they repose in professional agents. The surveyor or the engineer of a borough takes more interest in the works which he executes or superintends than in general or local politics. It is certain that he will to the utmost of his power cause the sewers or the pavements to answer the purposes for which they are constructed; and his authority shelters his employers from the censures of ratepayers impatient of taxation. The main reason of the general success of the government of Mayors is that, as constitutional monarchs, they have responsible Ministers in their Town-Clerks. The legal advisers of Corporations are for the most part men of sagacity and experience; and, having probably attained the height of their professional ambition, they have no interest which conflicts with their care for the welfare and credit of the borough. Any irregularity which may possibly exist in municipal elections, though it ought if possible to be corrected, is of secondary importance as long as the corporate affairs are uprightly and prudently administered. The rates, though they are sometimes high, represent for the most part a beneficial expenditure; and the debts of the municipalities have always been incurred under the provisions of general or special Acts for purposes which are useful, and not unfrequently remunerative. It was natural that the assembled Mayors at York should demand the concession of additional powers to bodies which have in the discharge of their proper functions deserved well of the country. They have done their work on the whole so creditably that it would be a wanton experiment to enlarge the sphere of municipal activity. Household suffrage has thus far disappointed unfavourable anticipations; but it is capable of being converted, like universal suffrage in American cities, into an instrument of oppression and fraud. Corporations invested with larger powers might perhaps deteriorate in character. The disreputable Aldermen of New York squander or appropriate to themselves ten times the amount of revenue which provides infinitely better administration for Manchester.

THE RAILWAYS AGAIN.

THERE is a peculiar significance which ought not to be overlooked, not only in the regularity with which railway accidents continue to occur, but in the circumstances under which they happen. There is no reason to suppose that railway managers have condescended to adopt any of the innovations which have lately been pressed on their notice by Board of Trade Inspectors and others. Facing-points are as numerous as ever, shunting on the main-line is steadily kept up, expresses dash through crowded and complicated junctions at the old dare-devil pace, and goods trains and passenger trains are still delightfully mixed up together. These are all parts of the great railway system which it would be sacrilegious to touch. It may be presumed, however, that railway managers, in clinging to this system, are at least trying to do what they can to make the best of it, and to present it in as favourable a light as possible. They must be well aware that they themselves, as well as their pet system, are now upon trial, and that public opinion is rapidly ripening for decisive action on the subject. Even if they did not know this otherwise, they must have learned it from the recent speech of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD OF TRADE. Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE has not hitherto borne the reputation of a rash and precipitate statesman, nor is the atmosphere of his department violently stimulating. It can hardly be doubted that it was under the pressure of public opinion that he took upon himself the other day to address the Railway Companies in language to which they have certainly not been accustomed from the lips of Presidents of the Board of Trade, and which a former President who has just rejoined the Government will, we fear, be apt to think unmannerly. Mr. FORTESCUE asserted that the public had a right to call on Railway Companies, in cases in which human life was seriously endangered, not to spare outlay even at the risk of some diminution of their dividends. He even went so far as to declare that "the safety of the people" in the most literal sense of the word was a supreme consideration, and that if Companies showed themselves to be slow and niggardly in providing improved means of safety, Parliament would find it its duty to interfere for the protection of the public. He therefore warned the Companies that it would depend on themselves whether they would be left to make their lines safe at their own discretion, or whether Parliament would confer on the new Railway Commission, or on some other department of the State, the duty of enforcing measures for the safety of travellers. It is possible that, if Presidents of the Board of Trade had been more in the habit of speaking out in this style—some people may think it after all quite mild enough, considering all the circumstances—their appeals to the Railway Companies would have proved more effectual than has usually been the case. It is satisfactory, however, to find that one of them has at last caught the right tone, and it is to be hoped that the warning will not be without its effect. Anyhow we are bound to suppose that at such a time as this railway managers must be doing all they can to give their favourite system a fair chance, and that the whole of their staffs have been cautioned to be particularly attentive and alert in the discharge of their duties. And yet what is the result? Accidents every day, and sometimes even two and three in a day. The conclusion would seem to be inevitable that these incessant disasters are due, not to mere casual negligence and carelessness, but to the system on which the lines are worked. They are the necessary result of fixed and permanent causes, and they are regular in their recurrence because the causes are always in operation. Nor is it difficult to discover what these causes are. The Railway Companies are simply endeavouring to carry on an increasing business with inadequate machinery, which is kept in very indifferent repair, and with a still more insufficient staff of men.

This week there has of course been the usual series of so-called accidents. That unlucky Scotch tourist train has again come to grief—this time not on the North-Western, but on the Caledonian part of the route. It ran into a mineral break-van which was about to be shunted into a siding, and the fireman was killed. Happily no other lives were lost. The driver of the mineral train took it for granted that the tourist train was late, but it had on this occasion deviated into something like punctuality. On Friday week there were three collisions on different railways, besides one or two other accidents. On Saturday the

Irish mail, half an hour late, was run into at Crewe by a goods train. On Wednesday an express went off the rails between Liverpool and Southport, and next day there was a collision between goods trains near Sheffield. Some remarkable evidence has been given in regard to an accident on the London and North-Western. An engine-driver stated that he left Burton at half-past ten on Thursday night, and did not reach Crewe, about forty miles distant, until noon next day. There were many delays on the way, and he was kept waiting outside Crewe for six hours. The guard of this train, who was killed, had previously been on duty for seventeen hours at a stretch, with an interval of five and a half hours between the two turns; and he had complained that he was so sleepy that he could not keep his eyes open. One of the superintendents had, indeed, found him fast asleep in his van. A fireman stated that he himself also was so exhausted that he could not help sleeping on the engine. It appears that ten or fourteen wedge-motion engines are in use on the Burton line, the peculiarity of this description of engine being that it frequently refuses to answer the steam until a crowbar has been applied to the wheels. The drivers have to carry crowbars for this purpose, and one of them said that his engine sometimes stuck so fast that two men with crowbars were required to start it. It will be remembered that the North-Western officials who were examined at the Wigan inquiry asserted that their railway was kept up regardless of expense, and that everything was done which could be done to secure safe travelling. The overcrowded condition of Crewe station may be gathered from the fact that an engine-driver had to wait for six hours outside before he had a chance of getting in. Colonel TYLER'S official Report on the Wigan catastrophe attributes it to the excessive speed of the train when passing through a dangerous junction. It is remarked that in all cases where the highest speed is employed the highest conditions of security in construction and maintenance should also be provided; but it would appear that these conditions were not to be found at Wigan.

An examination of the circumstances of railway accidents shows that they are almost invariably caused by the reluctance of the Companies to pay for keeping their lines in good order. The enlargement of stations so as to diminish the necessity for facing-points and to prevent main-lines from being turned into goods-yards, the provision of continuous brakes, the employment of an efficient and not over-worked staff, and so on, are all mere questions of money, and it is simply because the Companies will not spend the money that accidents happen. The traffic on the railways has increased enormously within the last ten or twelve years, but the accommodation provided for it has remained almost stationary. The rise in the cost of coals, iron, and other materials and in wages has made the Companies extremely anxious to retrench in other directions; and competition has taken the form of rivalry in reduction of expenditure. All repairs that are not absolutely indispensable are postponed indefinitely, while repairs which cannot be postponed are patched up anyhow. At the same time that the lines are starved, they are overburdened with rapidly increasing traffic. Goods and passengers are worked over the same rails in glorious confusion, while excursion trains supply an additional element of bewilderment and peril. The Companies appear to be under the impression that they can extend their trade while curtailing their expenses; but the experience of the present year will probably convince them of the hopelessness of the attempt. Money which is saved in one way is lost in another, and damages for accidents will absorb the economies which produced them. The statistics of railway accidents show a sudden increase since 1868. Although the number of passengers killed by causes admitted to be beyond their control was last year only about half the number of those in 1870, yet it was double that of 1871. An attempt has been made to persuade the public that there is a very trifling average of disaster, not worth making a fuss about. A daring statistician read a paper at the recent meeting of the British Association to show that the chance of a railway passenger being killed is almost infinitesimal, he being forty-seven times safer than an ordinary passenger in the streets of London. The comparison is obviously fallacious, inasmuch as it leaves out of view the difference between the amount of time spent in the streets and that spent in occasional journeys by railway. But even if it were sound, it would be worthless as an argument in favour of the reckless management of railways. The question is not how many people the railways should be al-

lowed to kill in a year, but how many they can avoid killing. Every death which is due to causes which might have been prevented by a little more care or by more liberal expenditure must be reckoned as a manslaughter against the Companies; and there can be no question that the great majority of railway accidents are preventable, if proper precautions are observed. All this has of course been demonstrated many hundred and thousand times already. The only use of repeating the remark is to prevent the public from lapsing into apathetic resignation.

THE UNSEAWORTHY SHIPS COMMISSION.

THE preliminary Report of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the alleged unseaworthiness of British Registered Ships is by no means an encouraging document; but, although it will produce disappointment, it will hardly surprise those who bear in mind the circumstances under which the Commission was appointed, and the manner in which its investigations have been conducted. The Commissioners were directed to inquire generally into the subject of unseaworthiness, whether arising from the faulty construction of ships, decay, overloading, undermanning, or any other cause, and to suggest any amendments in the law which might remedy or lessen such evils as might be ascertained to exist. At the same time an official intimation was given that the Commissioners, in investigating the loss of life at sea in consequence of ships being sent out in an unseaworthy condition, were expected to be careful not to wound the feelings of shipowners who might be guilty of such practices by going into personal questions. As the Commissioners sat with closed doors, and as the evidence which they have taken has not yet been published, it is impossible to say how far they have acted on Mr. FORTESCLE'S suggestion; but shipowners have certainly no reason to complain of the tone of their preliminary Report. It is difficult to understand why it should have been thought indispensable to the success of this inquiry that it should be conducted in absolute secrecy. It is probable that many persons will read the Commissioners' Report who will not have either the opportunity or inclination to read the bulky volumes of evidence which will hereafter be published; but if the Commissioners had sat in open Court, and if the evidence had been reported in the ordinary way from day to day, the public would have been able to form an independent opinion on the subject. There is another disadvantage, and it is a serious one, connected with the concealment of the progress of the inquiry. If the examination of witnesses had been conducted in public, other witnesses might have been induced to come forward in order to clear up any doubtful points, or to confirm or contradict statements which had been made. In this way the Commissioners themselves would have had the benefit of having the whole evidence thoroughly scanned and sifted before attempting to form their own conclusions for the guidance of the public. The secret examination of a limited number of selected witnesses is obviously an imperfect substitute for an exhaustive inquiry. The Commissioners explain that, owing to the number and extent of the subjects included in their inquiry, they are not yet prepared to make a final Report; but they believe that their researches, as far as they have been carried, will show the difficulties by which the inquiry is surrounded, and will prepare the way for the legislation which may be necessary. It would perhaps be a more correct description of the preliminary Report to say that it is apparently intended, not to prepare the way for legislation, but to discourage and discredit any effort to legislate in any way upon the subject. The Commissioners do not attempt to deny that unseaworthy ships are sent to sea, and that there is a large annual loss of life in the merchant service. They even admit that this loss of life might be diminished if certain precautions were enforced; but all their energy is expended in showing that precautions would be very troublesome, and might not invariably yield the results anticipated from them, and that therefore it would be better just to leave things as they are. The whole Report, in fact, breathes a spirit of helpless resignation. The Commissioners are obliged to acknowledge that there is a limit beyond which no sea-going vessel can be safely immersed, and they also refer to the rule of the Salvage Associations of London and Liverpool, of three inches of freeboard per foot of hold, as having been found practically convenient. But then there would be difficulties in the way, first, of laying down a fixed and universal rule,

and next of enforcing it, and so the Commissioners report against attempting to establish one. Next we are told "that it is confidently asserted that many hundred old wooden ships, which their owners will not repair, and which are unseaworthy, are habitually sent to sea." We are also informed that "competent witnesses state that many merchant ships are built with bad iron, that they are ill put together, and sent to sea in a defective condition," and that "they are lengthened without additional strength, and are thus weak ships"; and the Commissioners themselves think it "probable that, in the race of competition among shipbuilders, inferior materials and bad workmanship are admitted into ships." The Commissioners also express the opinion that, if LLOYD'S system of survey and classification were made compulsory on all merchant vessels, many unseaworthy ships would be stopped; and they quote the evidence of the Surveyor who examines vessels taken up on account of the Indian Government—an officer of great experience, who has been in the habit of despatching two hundred vessels a year—to the effect that vessels well built and equipped, with the amount of freeboard and the carriage of dead weight regulated, and deck cargoes prohibited, can perform the voyage to India in almost perfect safety. Moreover, the establishment of Registry Societies and Salvage Associations is referred to as a proof that, in the judgment of prudent shippers and shipowners, some inspection of ships is required; "such an extensive system of survey would not have been organized except from a well-founded conviction that many ships are unseaworthy from faulty construction, insufficient repair, or reckless overloading." All this, it might be thought, would lead up to a recommendation in favour of a survey of ships in some shape or other. But no; there are difficulties in the way, and so the Commissioners shrink back dismayed. Again, "witnesses are unanimous in testifying to the danger of deck cargoes across the Atlantic in winter, shipowners admit the desirability of their prohibition, if it could be generally enforced," and "the Canadian Parliament has lately regulated deck-loads from Dominion ports during the winter months." Still the Commissioners cannot muster up courage to advise the prohibition of deck-loads. The net result of the inquiry up to the present moment is simply that the Commissioners are as yet unable "to offer with any confidence any recommendations on this subject"—that is, the means of preventing unseaworthy ships from being sent to sea. All that they can do is to direct "public attention" to it. It will be thought that this is a somewhat imbecile and abortive conclusion.

It will be observed that the Commissioners call this a "preliminary Report," and that they reserve various points to be dealt with in a final Report; but there is no apparent reason why a preliminary Report should be published at all. If the opinions of the Commissioners are not matured, it would have been better for them to wait another month or two before saying anything. The only theory on which we can account for the curious document just issued is that the Commissioners were anxious to prepare the public for a proposal to shirk the whole question, and thought it would be convenient to have a final Report to fall back upon. They do indeed hint at the expediency of punishing shipowners through whose negligence lives are lost; but in the same breath it is suggested that a law of this kind would probably not be enforced. To some extent we are disposed to agree with the Commissioners in their objections to a compulsory survey and fixed load-line; but for very different reasons from those which have influenced their judgment. They intimate that, while keeping in view as their great object the preservation of life at sea, they deem it important to interfere as little as possible with "the freedom of British enterprise, the inventive genius of the British shipbuilder, and the property of British shipowners." Most persons who read the Report would, without this assurance, have been in danger of arriving at just the opposite conclusion. Every proposal for saving life at sea is met by the prompt rejoinder, "Oh yes, that might save life, but it would be very bad for trade; and therefore it is not to be thought of." The load-line is disposed of on the ground that "a shipowner of great experience considered that a fixed load-line would compel the British owner to sell his ships or put them under a foreign flag; and owners of small coasters unanimously declare that such a law would ruin their trade and send them to the workhouse." The Commissioners are also opposed, on similar grounds, to the prohibition of deck cargoes. In their eyes saving life

is as nothing compared with the profits of shipowners. It is a strange and melancholy example of the demoralizing idolatry of commercial interests to find a body of distinguished Commissioners gravely propounding the theory that nothing must be done to prevent sailors from being drowned in leaky or overloaded ships if it interferes in any way with the current rate of trading profits. This line of argument is not indeed a new one; it has been repeatedly employed against the various extensions of the Factory Acts, and happily without effect. Restrictions have been imposed on a great number of trades with a view to the protection of life and limb, and there is no reason why similar restrictions should not be imposed on the shipping trade as well, if it can only be shown that they would be effectual for the purpose in view. It is impossible to imagine anything more monstrous than the suggestion that, because other nations send out crews to perish in rotten ships, English shipowners must also be permitted to enter freely into this homicidal competition. The only solid objection to the various reforms which have been proposed by Mr. PLIMSOLL and others is, not that they would diminish trading profits—that must be utterly set aside—but that they are impracticable. Ships vary so much in size, build, equipment, stowage, and in other respects, that it would be very difficult to lay down a fixed code of rules which could be applied with equal justice all round, while it would be comparatively easy for shipbuilders to build really dangerous ships while complying with the letter of the law. It cannot be said that a system of surveying which is practised by several large and important associations, and also by various branches of the Government, is impracticable, but no doubt difficulties would arise if, from being purely voluntary, it were to be made compulsory. It will probably be found to be more convenient to apply compulsion indirectly, by fastening upon every shipowner the responsibility for the safety of his ships, and coming down on him severely whenever one of them is lost. In that case a certificate by a competent surveyor would naturally be an important element in the case for the defence, while the absence of a certificate would tell in a corresponding degree against an owner on his trial. A shipowner who is guilty of deliberate recklessness should of course be liable to criminal punishment. Instead of a fixed load-line, a mark might be painted on the side of the vessel as a guide in calculating the extent to which she is loaded. In endeavouring to save the seaman's life the great object should be to enlist his services in his own defence, and to supply him with the means of securing summary redress. The Commissioners are of opinion that the present system of inquiry into wrecks is defective, but they wish to take more evidence before making any suggestions. It is to be hoped that they will also take into consideration the tribunals by which disputes between seamen and their employers are adjusted, and which until lately almost invariably decided against the men. Indeed it was only last year that several seamen were sent to prison for deserting from a ship where they were drenched with water and kicked and beaten by the officers.

QUANTITY AND QUALITY IN EDUCATION.

IN the conflict with popular ignorance, the one thing needful is union among the friends of education. With this, ultimate victory would be certain, though a great deal of hard fighting might still be required to secure it. Without this, even the issue of the struggle is doubtful—doubtful, that is, in the sense of its being uncertain whether universal education will come in time to prevent the occurrence of disasters against which it is the only adequate safeguard. The charge which we have most often brought against the Education League is that they have adopted a policy which creates disunion where union is so much wanted. On all sides the question how every child in the country is to get an elementary education which shall be worth having is in danger of being forgotten. The Denominationalists are in arms for the maintenance of State aid to voluntary schools. The Secularists are in arms for the withdrawal of State aid from voluntary schools, and the creation everywhere of School Boards and School Board schools. Instead of considering how to get every child into a school of some sort, and to ensure that, whatever the sort be, the secular education given there shall be sound and sufficient, the time of both parties is largely spent in calling each other atheists or obscurantists, and in debating how the number of this or that sort of schools can be kept down. In this unhappy

rivalry the Secularists, as it seems to us, were the first offenders. We have never been ardent admirers of Denominationalism in elementary education, and we are very far from sharing the views of the National Society in regard to the Education Act. But the quarrel, in itself so infinitely petty, about the 25th Clause, was originated by the Education League; and it is to this, and to the theological passions that have grown out of this, that the present attitude of the clergy is mainly attributable. Those, however, who reproach the Secularists with postponing educational to controversial considerations need to be especially on their guard against erring in a similar way. We have said nothing about Mr. MORLEY's first two articles in the *Fortnightly Review*, because they dealt with matters about which it seemed useless to argue further. But the third article touches upon ground which is in some measure common to us both. If we differ from his conclusions, we agree with some at least of his premises. We can accept all he says of the urgent need of education. We are as convinced as he can be that it would be a substantial gain if English labourers "could all talk as articulately, as rationally, and as instructedly, and could take 'care of their interests as acutely,'" as the Scotch labourers. We admit that ordinary skill in reading and counting would go some way towards making the English peasant more independent of the village shopkeeper, more competent to set up a co-operative store, or to supervise the accounts of a benefit society, and less obliged to take every representation made to him on trust. We admit that the political changes already made, and the further changes impending, make it more than ever important that the labouring class should possess these advantages. We do not "forget that these ignorant 'multitudes are now what they never were before—the 'political masters of the realm.'" We know that the votes of those who cannot read a newspaper "can carry elections, 'change administrations, decide policies.'" We are well aware that "the same classes who are now believed to be 'on the point of following the publicans and the clergy to the polls, to the strangely compounded cry of an open 'Bible and a flowing barrel, are one day very likely to 'invent cries of their own.'" And, further, we agree with Mr. MORLEY as to the worthlessness of much that now goes by the name of education. We have no more love than he has for a system under which a large percentage of the children qualified for examination by attendance are not considered fit to be examined, while, of those actually examined, more than half a million were last year presented in the three lower standards, and only fifteen thousand in the highest standard. An education which stands for ability to read a short paragraph from a reading-book, to write a sentence slowly dictated by a few words at a time from the same reading-book, and to work sums in long division and in the compound rules so far as they deal with money, is in our judgment, as much as in Mr. MORLEY's, hardly an education at all. Where there is so much agreement there is a possibility at all events of further agreement. When it is so long before we part company, it is worth while to inquire why we need part company at all.

It is when Mr. MORLEY comes to explain why much that now goes by the name of education is worthless that we think him altogether in the wrong. His simple theory is that it is all the fault of the clergy. Education is bad because it is not the object of school managers to give education. They are only anxious about children's souls, and the sole motive which leads them to trouble themselves about their minds is the hope of getting at their souls through their minds. The material for these strictures is almost all drawn from the reports of School Inspectors. These reports are to all appearance exceedingly frank in their statements, and it is difficult to believe that, if the writers had suspected that the failures they deplore were traceable to the want of any desire on the part of school managers to give the children in their schools a good education, some of them would not have given expression to their suspicions. These Inspectors however, without, we believe, a single exception, account for the failures under the present system in one of two ways—the absence of compulsion, and the proscription of too low a minimum of proficiency by the Education Department. They admit that it is a disgraceful thing that so few children should be presented in the higher standards; but they ask what else can be expected so long as children are taken away from school at ten if they are meant for a trade in which the half-time rule is not in force, or not sent until they are ten if they are meant for a trade in which the half-time rule is in force?

Mr. MORLEY will hardly say that the hatred of the clergy to education goes so far as to make them positively anxious to see their school benches empty, or that their object is to have the children's souls under their influence for as short a time as possible. He does say, however, that the clergy are not zealous for education because, while admitting compulsion to be indispensable, they dislike the machinery which the Education Act has provided for the application of compulsion. In other words, though they wish for compulsion, they dislike School Boards. But whose fault is it that they dislike them? Mainly the fault of those who have presented School Boards, not as engines of compulsion, but as engines for the destruction of voluntary schools. If it had been clearly understood that School Boards might be created, and were intended to be created, purely for the purpose of bringing compulsion to bear on the parents, and not for the purpose of setting up new schools where new schools could only be filled by emptying those already in possession of the field, the clergy would have viewed them with very different feelings. Besides this, a clergyman has no guarantee that a School Board will resort to compulsion. It is not obliged to do so, and many of the Boards already elected have not done so. The way to improve this state of things is not to call upon the clergy to welcome a machinery which, instead of filling the empty benches in their schools, may content itself with creating additional empty benches to be filled, but to pass a law to enforce school attendance everywhere. Not at all, answers Mr. MORLEY; there can be no more gross illusion than "to leave quality as it is, and devote all 'our efforts to augmenting quantity.'" If a choice had to be made between the two ends, we might perhaps assent to this statement. But, as a matter of fact, the road to quality lies through quantity. As regards quality, the Education Department has the managers of voluntary schools under its thumb. It can raise its standard as often as it likes, and to any height it likes, and its annual Reports show how profoundly it is dissatisfied with the level at which the standard at present stands. Why, then, does it not raise it more rapidly? Simply because, with the existing infrequency and irregularity of attendance, to raise it, except by very slow degrees, would be to demand impossibilities. Once ensure that all children between five and thirteen shall be at school, and shall attend school regularly, and the Education Department will no longer have its hands tied. The new Code has introduced the principle that the results for which the State pays shall be proportionate to the age of the children. As yet the application of this principle is extremely gentle. The Department has only gone the length of giving notice that, after the 31st of December, 1875, no day scholar above nine years of age will be examined in the Second Standard. But the Inspector from whose Report Mr. MORLEY quotes the seemingly damning statement that "at present 'vast sums of public money are granted on the examination of children who, by reason of the disproportion 'between their age and attainments, offer little or no 'promise that their so-called education will be of any 'lasting benefit either to themselves or to the State,'" admits that this new regulation, and *à fortiori* any more stringent regulations, "presupposes compulsory attendance 'to have been some time enforced.'" At present it is impossible to insist that school managers shall make fair scholars of the children who attend their schools, because there is no saying how long or how regularly they attend them. Until the raw material on which the teacher has to work is brought and kept within his reach, it is idle to expect him to make much out of it. Compulsory attendance and the exaction of an adequate standard of instruction as a condition of a share in the Parliamentary grant are reforms which must go hand in hand. The second is impossible without the first; the first is practically worthless without the second.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

WE hardly know whether we should or should not congratulate the Social Science Association upon their choice of a President for this year's Congress. Nobody indeed will deny that Lord Houghton has some rare qualifications for such an office. The first duty of a President on such occasions is to make things pleasant. Courtesy to all men, even to bores, and a happy turn for soothing silly susceptibilities and encouraging modest merit are excellent qualities in all cases; and nowhere more excellent than in a meeting of fretful would-be philosophers, male and female, each bursting with a sense of the extreme value of his or her own nostrum, and anxious to force it upon the notice of the

mimic Parliament. So far, the Association could not have made a better choice; but then, it must be added that Lord Houghton has one conspicuous defect to set against his general merits. It is, indeed, a defect so glaring that we do not understand how it can have been overlooked, and still less how, if not overlooked, it could have been pardoned. Doubtless he will listen patiently to an intolerable discharge of blue-book; he will soothe, as far as it can be soothed, the restless vanity of the vainest of mankind—of those people, namely, who have a secret for the instantaneous reform of the world; and more than this, he has proved that he can treat reasonably of the vast series of topics upon which men of social science delight to pour themselves forth. But granting all this, and more, how could it be forgotten that Lord Houghton is guilty of a weakness so radically opposed to the very essence of the Association's principles, that it must make all the philosophers uncomfortable whenever they look at him? In short, Lord Houghton has a sense of humour. Now humour is to that kind of discussion which forms the staple of Social Science oratory what a certain powder is to parasitical insects, or Loly water to the agents of diabolic power upon earth. The very first condition of listening patiently to the harangues of the amiable enthusiasts of Norwich is an incapacity for smiling; and if an heroic sense of duty should enable Lord Houghton, as we have no doubt that it will, to maintain his features in their usual repose, is it right to expose an innocent fellow-creature to the torment of forcibly suppressing throughout many days his natural impulse to obey his perception of the ludicrous? Everybody knows by sad experience the tortures undergone even by a person of reverent mind who is suddenly overtaken by a disposition to laugh in church. The poorest little absurdity seems to be more laughter-moving in such a position than the keenest wit under ordinary circumstances. The victim who contrives forcibly to suppress his convulsions says to himself, I must laugh or burst; and, if it is bad enough for a humble member of the congregation, the trial, we should suppose, must be tenfold greater when it happens to the clergyman in his pulpit. Moreover, if one is unfortunate enough to laugh during Divine Service, no great harm is done except to the criminal himself. The solemnity of the performance rests upon too deep a foundation to be disturbed by any little spasm of hilarity. But in debating societies of all kinds—and the Social Science Association is of course nothing but a big debating society—everything depends upon its members preserving their gravity. If they do not take their own rules seriously, there is no external power to give them support. When once one augur begins to laugh in his neighbour's face the augur's profession is ruined; which fact, as we may incidentally observe, explains how it is that augurs keep their faces so successfully. And therefore poor Lord Houghton must feel that he is not merely bound by a sense of courtesy to be grave, but that the very vital principle of the Association depends on his success. He must often think of Pope's touching lines:—

To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish and an aching head.

And doubtless he wishes that he could "whisper in unwilling ears the saving counsel" to his tormentors to keep their papers locked up at least until the next meeting of the Congress.

Lord Houghton is a human being; and therefore we are not surprised that under these conditions he should have indulged in a little quiet humour at the expense of the Association. This, at least, is the interpretation which we venture to place upon his inaugural address. After the ex-President had confessed with touching simplicity that "during the period of his incumbency there had not been any very great practical and accomplished results in the field of social science," and that it had been rather a period of "preparation and discussion than of realization"—or, in plain words, that all the talk had so far ended in smoke—Lord Houghton gave the simple explanation of this not very surprising phenomenon. He said, in substance, that there was at present no such thing as social science; he added that very probably there never would be any such thing, and observed that, if there ever was, it was very doubtful whether it would be of any use. These remarks were excellent in themselves, and we hope that the philosophers were edified. After this exordium, Lord Houghton went through a long and clear exposition of what has been done or left undone during the last year in most of the departments of practical life upon which the discussions of the Social Science Association are supposed to exercise an influence. Though Lord Houghton did not himself make the comment, it must have suggested itself to many of his hearers that the natural and social machinery had in all these cases worked pretty much as if the Social Science Association had never existed. Whether this address, upon which of course we have put our own interpretation, was calculated to please the philosophers, is more than we know, but that it was in itself very edifying we have no manner of doubt; and we hope that some of them may draw from it the inferences which Lord Houghton, even if they were present to his mind, could not have openly expressed. Covert satire, however, is apt to be lost upon the people who seriously believe that they are reforming the world by attending these gatherings of amateur reformers of mankind; and therefore we will venture to express a little more openly the reflections which occur to every man of ordinary sense when he sees some half-dozen columns of the *Times* filled with reports of such proceedings.

When the wicked—by which we mean ourselves and the outside world generally—say to the Social Science enthusiasts, You are bories; the enthusiasts reply, You are cynics. There is very little advantage to be gained, as a general rule, by bandying such names backwards and forwards. "Cynic" is a word which is used vaguely enough, and seems to be thought applicable to anybody who does not sympathize with any other person's nonsense. If, however, it is meant to imply that we do not care for the Social Science Association because we do not care for the objects which it is intended to promote, we repudiate the accusation altogether. We admit that the Association discusses many matters of the highest importance to mankind. The improvement of the law, the diminution of drunkenness, the spread of education—these and fifty other subjects must be interesting to every one who wishes to see our children a little better off than ourselves. We complain of the Social Science Association not because it discusses grave questions gravely, but because it often tends to make grave discussion more difficult. We fully admit that here and there it brings out useful ideas, increases our knowledge of facts, and brings together people who may co-operate in advancing needed reforms. Like some other things, it has its uses, and we do not wish to deny it any amount of gratitude which it may fairly claim. But we must add that the claims which it puts forward and the general spirit of the proceedings are to our mind unfortunate. The very title of the thing is an objection. To talk about science where there is undoubtedly no science may be regarded as a bit of harmless vanity, but in fact it encourages a mischievous confusion of ideas, of which we constantly see the results. Political economists, who have more right than the students of other of the so-called moral sciences to dignify their pursuits by the name of scientific, have done much mischief by the exaggerated form in which they have put forward their claims. We need not illustrate so familiar a fact, but we may add that their example has encouraged everybody else who has got hold of some little nostrum for the improvement of society to give himself the airs of a scientific observer. In old days much mischief was done to genuine religious feeling by fanatical pretenders to inspiration. At the present time, pretensions almost equally obnoxious are sheltered, in compliance with modern tastes, under the convenient cloak of a pseudo-scientific jargon. It is plainly desirable that, as we are at the present moment in a pre-scientific stage in all that regards social phenomena, we should begin by confessing our ignorance. A recognition of the empirical nature of our knowledge is the first condition towards its sound extension. The evil is not confined to this, but many people are encouraged to talk very pompously about matters which they do not in the least understand. The worst of it is, that they tend to discourage those who have better means of knowledge. As we have not yet established any general principles deserving the name of scientific from which we might deduce their application to particular cases, we ought to give attention to persons who at least have accumulated a considerable store of empirical knowledge. To take a particular case, nobody can determine from any general theory of human nature what is the proper course to be adopted in regard to criminals. If this were really a scientific question, we might apply to some closet philosopher who had analysed human nature into its elements, and ask him to explain by what chemical process we could arrest the progress of decay in the moral tissues. As this is impossible, we can only judge of the best means of cure by listening to people who have had really wide practical experience in the matter. The Prison Congress which assembled some time ago consisted chiefly of men who had a right to speak about questions the practical solution of which had been the employment of their lives; and, though perhaps they did not throw any very great light upon the subject, they at least brought to each other's knowledge what was being done, and with what success, in different countries. On all such points, in short, it is a condition of useful inquiry that respect should be paid to experts rather than to general speculators. It is earnestly to be hoped that such questions as the propriety of capital or corporal punishment should be decided by people who know the criminal classes, and not by people who have learnt a few platitudes from theoretical philanthropists.

Now the natural tendency of the Social Science Association is to lower the authority of the expert as compared with that of the fluent gabbler. It is an immense advantage possessed by the British Association that, as a rule, due respect is paid to eminence in special branches of inquiry, because the eminence can be easily tested. No mere dabbler in mathematics would dare to pooh-pooh Professor Maxwell, nor would a popular phrenologist venture to meet Professor Ferrier. But the members of the Social Science Association are all more or less omniscient. Anybody can talk passable nonsense about school reform or the social evil; and the orator who can talk the fastest and bore his hearers with the smallest infusion of facts and statistics is likely to receive the most attention. A volunteer Parliament, the members of which have not been taught to know who are the really competent leaders, becomes a perfectly chaotic body in which the nonsense is most likely to come to the surface. A meeting of doctors might usefully discuss sanitary questions, or a meeting of schoolmasters the prospects of education. But the very object of the Social Science Association is to bring together an unorganized mass of debaters upon so vast a variety of subjects that it is impossible for any human being to be more than a scatterer in some of them. If a man of real authority has got

anything to say, the chances are that he will get a hearing in some less distracted collection of universal discussion. He will try to speak to an audience more or less fitted to appreciate his special arguments. If, by some strange infelicity, he chooses to disburden himself to the Social Science Association, he will be jostled by a crowd of smatterers, each with as good a right as himself to speak and as good a chance of being heard; and the probability is that the audience will rush off to a room where some more popular and racy topic is under discussion, and leave him discoursing to bare benches. In short, the very idea of the Social Science Association is almost fatal to any satisfactory discussion of serious subjects which require special qualifications. It offers a premium to proficients in the art of talking twaddle about matters which they don't understand; and unluckily that art has already been brought to such perfection that it is one of the most serious evils of the day. The difficulty of getting Parliament to attend to important reforms when they do not happen to be matters of popular interest has long been acknowledged, and is not likely at present to be diminished. It is only one branch of an evil which exists on a larger scale throughout the country, and which the Social Science Association seems especially intended to encourage. It tends unconsciously to become a machinery for advertising every kind of social and political quackery, and helping the quacks to drown the voices of the sensible men. Fortunately there is the remedy that its proceedings have become too dreary to attract much attention; and that nobody who can get a paper into a second-rate magazine need care to read it before a section at Norwich.

THE LESSON OF CONTINENTAL LEISURE.

MANY wise men, both before and since Lord Bacon, have counselled travellers to observe the ways of the divers conditions of men amongst whom their path lies, and to profit by the examples and warnings to be gathered from them. It is perhaps a drawback to the increased facilities of travel in modern times that they reduce to a minimum the necessary points of contact with one's fellow-men of other lands. Indeed in the most frequented resorts of the Continent it needs a positive effort for an Englishman to detach himself from the regular stream of his countrymen, and to see things with his own eyes, and not through a medium of English guide-books, English-speaking attendants of colourless nationality, and generally Anglicized arrangements. However, there are one or two points of difference between English and Continental life, lying somewhat deeper than the obvious diversities of habits, furniture, and the like, which even in the most desultory journeying come out distinctly enough to impress themselves on the mind and afford some matter for reflection.

Perhaps the most conspicuous of these is the superabundance of leisure, as it seems if judged by the standard of English working life, which meets one at every turn, and manifests itself in innumerable ways great and small. In most parts beyond our four seas time has not yet become such a precious commodity as it is with us. In England the only time that costs nothing is past time, when astronomers, geologists, or students of pre-historic humanity take a few odd thousands or millions of years of it to construct their world in; and even that is occasionally grudgingly given. One is hardly out of England, and the conditions are changed; both present and future time seem at once to have become more plentiful. It is the difference between having to buy water by the jar and taking it freely out of a running stream; and the consciousness, not always prominent but never wholly absent, of being in a land where people are not in a hurry is perhaps no small part of the charm of Continental travel. The fact scarcely needs illustration; it is one of those notorious truths of which the most familiar instances are the best. Do we travel by railway? Except at great centres of traffic, there is nothing like the bustling stir of an English station. We are expected to be (according to our notions) absurdly beforehand with our tickets and luggage. We may have a little friendly conversation with two or three officials on the value of outlandish coins (say the proper equivalent of an Austrian guilder in North German groschen) or other incidental matters. The train waits till it is all done, as a friend going to walk with us might wait for us to fetch our gloves and umbrella; and at last we move off placidly, after repeated warnings which cannot have failed to reach the latest or dullest straggler, with a delicious sense of completeness and contentment, and a splendid disregard of earthly measures of time. Perhaps a South German express train is the most placid and soothing of human institutions. There is something innocent and idyllic in its constant unpunctuality, which becomes awkward only when you foolishly tempt the Fates by expecting to correspond according to the tables with a comparatively punctual North German conveyance. Even South Germany is surpassed in one point by the manner in which a train is started from some small Swiss stations. The exercise is performed in four motions. First one man blows a whistle; then another cries "Fertig!" then the engine whistles; then another blows a horn, and then the train moves. We believe that a bell is sometimes added after the horn, but we do not vouch for this in general.

Again, do we take up a newspaper—especially a German newspaper? The first thing that strikes us is that it is not written for readers who are in any hurry to learn the latest news. The telegraphic despatches have not any well-marked place assigned to them, and are not distinguished by any spacious print or conspicuous

headings. On the other hand, it is clear that very deliberate reading is expected. The letters of correspondents are far more discursive and meditative than would in general be acceptable in our own daily press; and moreover one finds elaborate essays and discussions on special subjects which in England would be considered out of place except in an artistic or scientific journal. Side by side with a political letter from Carthage there may be an equally long essay on the genius of Schumann, revelling in metaphysical word-coinage and refined distinctions. And the advertisements, too, show an amplitude and serenity unknown to English journalism. The announcements of births, deaths, and marriages take a good square inch a-piece; the forms in use (except those for marriages, which are shorter) are more prolix than ours, and give room for little touches of individual sentiment and family history. But why dwell on details, when every line bears witness by its type to the patient leisure of the readers? It is all but impossible to read German print rapidly; a crucial experiment, if needed, is supplied by any bilingual French and German placard of moderate length, in which the German part is printed in the old-fashioned type. It is worth noticing that the mercantile column is usually in Roman characters. The fact that the rest of the paper is not so can be accounted for only by the spare time on the hands of the non-mercantile readers, and we presume also of the printers. A public notice posted on a wall in small German handwriting (of which examples are to be found) is the extreme case of this genus.

It is the same with endless other little incidents of daily life. A South German attendant will let the traveller wait an indefinite time for his food, his bill, or what not; and will produce the thing sought, when he does produce it, in perfect order and with perfect good-nature. His delay is the fruit of no ill-will, or even negligence; it is simply inconceivable to him that a quarter of an hour more or less should make any difference. A like conclusion is forced upon us if we compare the talk of our different fellow-travellers as it falls upon our ears. When they are not English it is continuous and expansive beyond what we are accustomed to. A party of German tourists will overflow in rounded and voluble sentences where Englishmen would confine themselves to a half-articulated phrase and a nod. They have no need to measure their words or converse in the kind of verbal shorthand which we so readily fall into; they can afford the luxury of having their talk out—which, though it is our habit in England to consider it a luxury, is indeed no such thing to them—and they enjoy it to the full extent. Other illustrations may be found in still smaller matters. It is perhaps not too fanciful to hold that the continued prevalence of inferior lucifer-matches, notwithstanding the invention of wax vestas and other improvements, argues an abundance of patience and leisure in the consumer, who contentedly ekes out the defects of his sulphur-tipped wooden shaving with cunning of hollowed lands, or evades the necessity by communication of sociable fire from his neighbour's cigar. There is indeed something friendly and human in this last custom of giving and taking fire, and we should be loth to see it fall into disuse. But these little traits are such as every traveller must observe and judge for himself.

We are apt to look upon this state of things with a certain self-complacent superiority, thinking in our hearts that a world in which there is plenty of time may be a very agreeable place for an English tourist to take his holiday in, but can have nothing to say for itself on a serious comparison of advantages. We assume that the people to whom time is most precious are doing the best for themselves; "to make the most of one's time" is a common form of speech in the praise of industry, and we look on leisure with an almost suspicious eye as next of kin to idleness. And yet, by a natural counterpoise of sentiment, we show at least as openly and without reserve as any other nation, both by word and deed, our belief that some persons have a right to be idle at all times, and that there are some times at which all or most persons have a right to be idle. It seems to us doubtful whether this professed opinion is so wholly reasonable, or the sentiment and practice which qualify it so unreasonable, as they may appear at first sight. By this we do not mean to raise the aesthetic question whether it can ever be really worth while to pay the price of having no leisure for the advantages supposed to be gained; a question to which it is about as easy to find a definite or generally true answer as if it were asked whether a loaf is better than a tune. Apart from such questions, the abundance of leisure among a people is the token of certain positive advantages, and the want of it indicates at least a possibility of danger. This is apparent as soon as we try to realize what is meant by leisure.

We do not understand by leisure the interval of rest which is indispensable to keep us fit to do our work, but a time over and above this with which we can do as we please. Nobody counts the necessary hours of meals, sleep, or even exercise, as spare time. Economists say that a certain margin of waste in ordinary household consumption is not to be condemned, inasmuch as it secures a reserve to fall back upon in emergencies. That which goes to waste and is not missed in time of plenty can be utilized in time of want. May not something of the same kind be true of the consumption of time? The man who has time to spare has a reserve of force unknown to his busier neighbour to whom every moment brings its appointed task. More than this, if he uses his leisure with even moderate intelligence, he cannot fail to accumulate almost unconsciously stores of knowledge and observation lying somewhat outside the scope of his regular occupation, by possessing which he is the better fitted to adapt himself to unforeseen circumstances. His advantage is like that of a

trader who lays by something every year over one who lives from hand to mouth. Both may prosper in the end, but there is no doubt which must be considered the safer against the uncertain future. If two individuals or two nations are otherwise tolerably equal in ability and industry, the balance of probabilities in favour of continued success will be on that side on which the greater amount of leisure is found. This consideration may lead us to be somewhat cautious in giving ear to any general and unqualified declamations against the existence of idle classes in the community. It may indeed be worth reflecting on whether that more even diffusion of spare time among all sorts of people which we observe in foreign parts does not conduce more to the general happiness than our own extreme carrying out of the principle of the division of labour, by which some have more work than they can do in their time, and others have more time than they know what to do with. Probably it would be best if no class were too much occupied; but certainly it is better that some classes should be too much and others too little occupied than that all should be over-occupied. If the well-wishers of humanity who would fain abolish our so-called idle classes could have their wishes granted, they would soon be astonished to find how much excellent activity of diverse kinds—literary, scientific, administrative, and political—had been suppressed by their improvements. The leisure of well-to-do Englishmen bears fruit in an immense quantity of work which they are in no way bound to do, and which, but for their voluntary exertions, would to a great extent have to be provided for at the public expense. It may be that in some departments the result is less satisfactory than if the work were compelled and paid for; but in most cases it is probably quite as good, and in not a few considerably better. Whatever may be thought of the many vexed questions arising out of unpaid magistracy and local government, there is no doubt that art, scholarship, and science owe much to the labour of love performed by men who have been free to devote themselves to favourite pursuits without troubling themselves about the market value of their productions. In the case of literature there exists indeed a demand large and constant enough to secure by purely commercial means a supply ample in quantity; but if literature were entirely in the hands of writers supporting themselves by it as a profession, we venture to think that there would be some danger of hasty writing, of which there is already too much, becoming the only kind of writing. The presence among us of distinguished authors who write as amateurs—using the word to signify, not that they are unskilled in their craft, but that their object in writing is not to gain their living—is useful, if not indispensable, in preserving a standard of accuracy and elegance. Not only in this, but in almost every walk of life, there are very strong temptations to do something below one's best work for the sake of immediate gain; and it is well that happy accidents should place clearly above them a certain number of persons who can make a worthy use of their opportunities, even if it be at the cost of much waste and idleness on the part of others on whom such opportunities are thrown away. And even in these last we have, to recur to our former phrase, a certain reserve of force which is not to be despised in estimating our national resources, although no exact account can be taken of it. All this human energy that overflows in tours round the world, in athletics, in field sports, in the diversions of society, will in one way and another reinforce our ordinary working powers in time of need.

Let us by all means wish the day to be hastened when every Englishman may have spare time in which to make himself a more perfect man and increase his possibilities of being useful; and let us not fail to profit by any lessons which our neighbours can teach us in this respect. In the meantime let us be thankful that we are not all living from hand to mouth and engrossed by the day's care, and remember that the true use of haste is to win leisure.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

A GREAT artist has died in a ripe age, full of honours. Whatever differences of opinion may have arisen, especially as to the later manner of Sir Edwin Landseer, it remains beyond controversy that no artist in our time has attained to a more widespread popularity. For well nigh half a century the works of the chief of our animal painters have been a leading attraction in the Academy, and there is scarcely a house, however humble, in the land that does not cherish some engraving of a dog, a horse, or a stag, which, through the magic of the painter's pencil has become almost as well known as the foremost men of the day. It has long indeed been said, not without some intention of censure, that Landseer's animals share the intelligence and emotions of humanity, that they think and almost speak, that they are beings endowed with fine sensibilities, and capable of becoming the companions of man. This insight into the inner life and consciousness of the brute creation was, we take it, one secret of the unsurpassed power of appeal in the painter's pictures. It has been happily said that Landseer was "the Shakespeare of the world of dogs."

The incidents in the painter's life are few. Sir Edwin was of a family of artists; his father was in 1807 elected Associate Engraver in the Royal Academy, his eldest brother Thomas is also Associate Engraver, and his brother Charles became an Academician as long ago as 1845. Edwin, the youngest son, was born in 1802, and, with the precocity which usually belongs to art,

drew animals when five years of age. He owed his first training to his father, and we find that in his thirteenth year he was already an exhibitor in the Academy. A year later he entered as student in the Academy; subsequently we find him under the guidance of B. R. Haydon, at the time when the apostle of high art was intent on anatomical dissections and wild in enthusiasm for the Elgin Marbles. In 1818 the young artist excited great attention by the exhibition of "Fighting Dogs Getting Wind," and Sir David Wilkie, writing to Haydon, remarks that "Young Landseer's jackasses are good." In 1822 the British Institution awarded a premium of 150*l.* to a further success, "The Larder Invaded." Landseer's career became each year more assured. As early as was possible under the rules of the Academy—that is, immediately on attaining the age of four-and-twenty—he was elected an Associate; a distinction shared only by Sir Thomas Lawrence and Mr. Millais. In 1831 he became full Academician, and in 1850 received the honour of knighthood. On the death of Sir Charles Eastlake he was offered the Presidency of the Royal Academy, a position which for more reasons than one he declined. His industry is not less remarkable than his talents; from the year 1815 down to the present time his name is absent only seven times from the Academy. As lately as 1870 he exhibited five pictures; his more recent contributions were not only avowedly unfinished, but gave signs of waning power and painful malady.

The genius of Sir Edwin Landseer lay sufficiently on the surface to be easily understood. Few men have had a more happy faculty of seizing on a subject in its simplicity, its breadth, and its dramatic action. Few artists have told upon canvas stories so perspicuous, pleasing, or persuasive. Whoso ran could always read; indeed the compositions which charmed the multitude had sometimes the fault of being too obvious; they were adjusted as by a trick and executed with *legerdemain*. Landseer was sufficiently a man of the world to know the public by which he lived, and, like his fellow-Academicians generally, he did not care to expend more thought or labour than the exigencies of the moment demanded. His success, indeed, within the sphere of his art greatly depended on his *savoir-faire*. We have never known a painter who could tell so well what to do with his subject; he distributed his materials almost with the certainty of geometric law; concentration and subordination were with him such paramount considerations that to be scattered in composition became an impossibility. In the choice of his subjects he was most felicitous, and though we have never happened to hear that, in common with some of his brethren, he united literary with artistic talent, yet the thoughts he has embodied, and even the titles he has hit upon, imply that ready invention, that facile and neat power of expression, that play of fancy and of wit which in the world of letters go to the making of a successful story. The names given often in themselves carry the imagination to the before and the after, so that the composition suggests as it were an introduction and a conclusion stretching beyond the narrow limits of the canvas. As instances of happily suggestive titles may be named "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," "There's Life in the Old Dog yet," "Laying Down the Law," "Alexander and Diogenes," "Dignity and Impudence," "The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner," &c. The National Gallery and the South Kensington Museum happily are in the possession of master works which alone are sufficient tribute to the artist's memory. In the latter may be seen one of the many incidents which never failed to seize on public sympathy. Opposed to the horrors of "War" are the pastoral pleasures of "Peace." Useless guns lie on the green sward, and a little lamb gathers its meal from the herbage which has grown around the cannon's mouth. Such ideas are essentially poetical.

But the brightest picture is not without shadow, nor the most illustrious career without its reverse side. Certain it is that of late years Sir Edwin Landseer has suffered disparagement, not perhaps from the general public, who are mostly content to worship great names even to the last, so much as from the younger generation of painters, who may imagine that they have found for themselves a more excellent way. It must be confessed that Sir Edwin Landseer was somewhat spoilt by success, and as age advanced he fell into the almost inevitable habit of repenting, with variations, certain favourite themes; and yet we can scarcely recall a picture which has not some charm peculiarly its own. Perhaps the artist himself, as often happens, became his own most formidable competitor, inasmuch as sometimes the worst that could be urged against a picture was that the painter had done better. But now, when life's fitful fever has ebbed away, history will judge of the illustrious dead by those works only which the world would not willingly let die.

Sir Edwin Landseer, in common with other artists who have left a mark upon the century in which they lived, is distinguished scarcely less by his handling than by his conceptions. His first manner as usual is careful, his last careless; when at his prime few men have shown greater mastery over the brush and the pallet, not to say the pallet-knife. He had a supremely dexterous way of laying on pigments almost in solid relief, and then when half dry, he would glaze transparent colours over the rough surface, and finally rub or scratch out high lights with a rag or a knife. As a shrewd artist he never scrupled to use whatever expedient might best suit his immediate purpose; indeed the secret of his art seemed to be the knowing what to do and the power of doing it. It must be conceded, however, that this matchless power he sometimes used recklessly. It is true that a painter proves mastery when rapid and random strokes of the brush fall into form on being

viewed from the right distance; still, if an artist tosses off his works under pressure of time, and with impatience of study, his reputation must suffer. It cannot be denied that some of the most successful of Landseer's compositions illustrate what in trade is known as "economy of manufacture;" the animals have exquisite texture in hair or wool, but are inarticulate in form; the modelling has a broad generalization which is defiant of detail. But this clever manipulator was wise in his generation; he knew that at any rate in the hands of the engraver the defects would be disguised. Landseer, it has been often objected, was no colourist; his pigments were of the earth earthy; and yet, though chalky, they are seldom unpleasant. His picture in the end seldom failed to come right; and the colour, chiaroscuro, and composition were ultimately in fair agreement.

Sir Edwin Landseer, when he passed from painting to sculpture, may be supposed to have given proof of the universality of genius peculiar to the old masters. He had indeed special qualifications for the modelling of the lions which are now at the base of the Nelson Column. While yet in his teens he assisted, under the direction of B. R. Haydon, in the dissection of a lion, and the studies which he then and subsequently made enabled him throughout life to treat the noble beast with unusual knowledge. Landseer certainly had the advantage over Thorwaldsen, who, when modelling in the clay the lion now at Lucerne, had never seen a live lion. And yet the lions in Trafalgar Square are manifestly the work, not of a sculptor, but of a painter. They are deficient in sharpness and detail, and the touch is rather that of the brush than of the chisel. Nevertheless this plastic art, like the painter's pictorial art, is finely conceived, the creatures are well posed, they have calmness and dignity.

It may be rather early to speak of the position which Sir Edwin Landseer will ultimately occupy in the history of art. He will have to hold his own, not only in competition with Paul Potter, but in rivalry with contemporaries such as M. Troyon and Mlle. Rosa Bonheur in France, and M. Joseph Stevens in Belgium. We should incline to place M. Troyon as the first of animal painters in the nineteenth century; to name the second may not be so easy, but when the "Horse Fair" was seen in London certain critics at once assigned to Mlle. Rosa Bonheur a position above any of our native artists. If we may venture to anticipate the calmer judgment of posterity, we should say that the great painter whose loss we cannot too deeply deplore will, in comparison with his predecessors and contemporaries, be found wanting in a stern view and strong transcript of nature. Like Murillo, the most popular of painters with the multitude, he sometimes falls into sentimentality, and his latest style degenerates into the lachrymose and the vaporous. On the other hand, it must be conceded that no other painter has endowed animals with equal refinement and sensibility; and the dogs of Landseer are not merely domesticated, they are civilized and humanized.

THE PANEGYRISTS.

LORD MACAULAY, in one of his Essays, says of some moral reflections of Lord Stanhope's, the truth of which he does not doubt, that they may probably have been new in the court of Chedorlaomer. The political experience of Chedorlaomer can hardly have been large, but one would think that, even in his days, men may have begun to find out that the truth is not always told to princes, especially about matters in which princes themselves are concerned. Perhaps indeed it would not be going too far to say that the sin of flattering princes can hardly fail to be as old as the existence of princes at all. But there are some times and places in which the art of flattery, whether of princes or of others from whom there was anything to be gained by flattering, has been more thoroughly reduced to a system than at other times, and has been practised in a more open and formal way. Perhaps few people think how much of what once was gross flattery lurks in many of the commonest formulas and courtesies of everyday life. Forms which could have sprung only from the most cringing baseness in those who first used them gradually came to be used as matters of course, without any thought of their meaning, and at last dried up into the merest survivals. A man puts "Sir" at the beginning of a letter, and signs himself "your obedient servant" at the end, without a thought that in the literal sense the beginning of the letter binds him to vassalage, and the end of it to something lower than vassalage. Nowadays each rank has its stereotyped description; its substantive—Majesty, Grace, or Lordship; its adjective—Gracious, Noble, Honourable, or Reverend. All these are now fixed, and they therefore mean nothing; but they are all traces of times when men vied with one another in crowning a powerful man with the stateliest substantives and the most flattering adjectives that they could think of. Nay, when the old Quakers took up their parable against the use of the second person plural to express a single person, they had more to say for themselves than may seem to us nowadays. We now habitually say "you are" for "thou art"; the thing is done thoroughly as a matter of course, without any thought whether the person spoken to be higher or lower in rank than the speaker. It amounts in fact to a grammatical change in the language. For all purposes of ordinary speech, for all purposes but those of prayer and poetry, "you are" has become the second person singular of "I am." But as long as people said "you are" to one class of people and "thou art" to another, the Quaker had a perfectly good case according to his own

principles. The way of speaking against which he protested was one which had really begun as a piece of flattery. To speak to a single man as if he were greater than one man, as if he were two or more, really came into use as a flattering form of speech. It is a fashion of which there is no trace among the free-spoken republicans of old Greece. No such sacrifices of grammar to adulation were known when the meanest Athenian could not call Pericles anything but Pericles, or Agariste anything but Agariste. It was equally unknown in the republican days of Rome, and in those earlier days of the Empire when men did not yet openly confess that the Republic had come to an end. The use of the *pluralis excellentie* comes in about the same time as the use of the diadem and the other badges of Eastern sovereignty which proclaimed openly that Rome had ceased to be a Commonwealth. The respectful periphrasis is as old as Homer. The fashion of calling the man to whom one speaks one's Lord, and oneself his servant or his dog, seems to be immemorial in the East. But it was in the days of the later Emperors that the fashion first began in Europe of speaking of one man as if he were two.

This brings us at once round to the class of writers whom we have immediately before our eyes, the Panegyrists of the fourth century. They form a class by themselves; they show the art of flattery in its most perfect and systematic form. The practice did not begin with them; poets had flattered as soon as there was anything to flatter, and flattered perhaps more grossly than any prose panegyrist. We do not think that any of the orators of the fourth century pray Constantine to take care in what part of the heavens he seats himself, lest, if he does not hit the exact middle, his weight should send the universe awry. Pliny too addressed a prose panegyric to Trajan, but between Pliny and Trajan there were still some traces of decency. There were differences too in the form of the thing. The Consul of the moment makes a speech in the Senate, and, though his speech is in praise of the Emperor, though he presently turns round and addresses the Emperor in the second person, yet he begins, as Cato the Censor might have done, by addressing the Conscript Fathers. Also of the writings of the age of Trajan, of the writings of the younger Pliny himself, the Panegyric forms but a small part. But in the times of which we speak the Panegyrics really form a large part of the Latin literature of the age, and they are the work of professional rhetoricians who seem to have had nothing to do except to tell the reigning Emperors how far they surpassed everybody who had gone before them. The thing is of a piece with all the innovations of the age of Diocletian. It is the putting forth in its full and naked shape of something which had hitherto been perhaps only half grown, and which certainly was half hidden. We are thinking mainly of the Latin panegyrists, though we must not forget that there were panegyrists in Greek, Eusebius the Bishop, and Julian the Cæsar, who at any rate did something beside make panegyrics. But the Greek tongue had for ages been used for mere rhetorical display; and it was rather in this age that, alike among the Christian writers and the enemies of Christianity, a more solid Greek literature began again to arise. But in the West the voice of the great lawyers had not died out so very long when the earliest Panegyrists began; and Ammianus, as vigorous and independent in his thoughts as he is detestable in his style, is the contemporary of the later Panegyrists. As for their style, we never know exactly what the word "classical" means, or where and why the "classical" period is supposed to end. But at any rate, though it has changed a good deal from that of the days of Augustus, or even of the days of Trajan, the style of the Panegyrists is by no means so queer and hard to make out as the style of Cassiodorus or even of Ammianus himself. We are, however, more concerned with their matter than with their style. It is well known that for a large part of the history of those times, especially for the earlier, the Western, reign of Constantine, we are driven to make use of the Panegyrists as one of our chief sources. Now what is the value of such writers as these as historical authorities? How far can we believe men who are haranguing a prince in praise of himself? Such a form of composition has its peculiar temptations to falsehood, but they are not quite the same temptations as those which belong to some other forms of composition which are at least as little to be trusted. For instance, the panegyrist who, as a rhetorical exercise, extols the prince to his face, is not in exactly the same position as the prince himself, when he puts forth documents of various kinds for the information or the deception either of his own subjects or of other princes. Both will probably lie, but they will not lie in exactly the same way. The panegyrist at all events in addressing princes, some of whom were certainly very far from fools, is not likely to venture upon much in the way of mere invention. He will leave out a great deal, he will colour a great deal, he will exaggerate a great deal, he will pervert his own moral sense to praise a great deal which ought to be blamed, but the main facts which he asserts are pretty sure to have happened much as he states them. A panegyrist may talk of an insignificant skirmish as if it had been a wonderful battle; but he will hardly venture to tell a prince to his face that he won a victory where he really suffered a defeat; because so to do would be no longer panegyric but satire. It is indeed just possible that some very foolish prince might like to be consoled for want of success by mere lying of this kind. But it would not have gone down with men at all on the level of the elder Constantine, of Constantine, Theodosius, or even the Herculean Maximian. We must be on our guard for the things which they are likely to leave out; we must look out for any involuntary admissions of the dark side of the picture. But for the main facts of the

history they are good positive authorities, though to prove a negative they are worth nothing at all.

In one case indeed the Panegyrist is fully worthy of belief; that is, when they glorify their patrons for acts which only a flatterer would speak of as other than crimes. There is a most remarkable instance of this in the way in which the Panegyrist of Constantine with one voice pick out to celebrate, as one of his most glorious actions, the frightful cruelty of exposing captive Frankish kings, and, according to their account, thousands of their subjects, to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre of Trier. Now the emphatic way in which this is dwelt upon by one flatterer after another, and the inflated language in which the glory of the act is magnified, seem to point to one or two conclusions which are worth thinking of. It would certainly seem to imply that the act went, in some way or another, beyond the ordinary measure even of Roman cruelty. Eumenius indeed distinctly speaks of Constantine as having revived the ancient practice of putting conquered enemies to death:—

Renovasti, Imperator, veterum illam Romani imperii fiduciam, quæ de captis hostium ducibus vindictam morte sumebat.

The triumphs of Pompeius and Aurelian were certainly bloodless, and Cæsar himself did not throw Vercingetorix to the lions. The treatment of Jewish captives under Titus stands on a somewhat different ground; they were not enemies, but rebels. And again the inflated language used on this subject, and the number of times that it is spoken of, would almost seem to show either that Constantine's own conscience was uneasy about the matter, or else that murmurings had been heard in some quarter or other. The language of the Panegyrist has in it something of the nature of bravado, something of that strut and swagger which men put on when they are defending some favourite practice about which they do not feel quite easy in their own minds. At all events, one hardly ever read anything more horrible than the following words of one of the anonymous orators:—

Quid hoc triumpho pulchrum? quo cadibus hostium utitur etiam ad nostrum omnium voluptatem, et pompam munerum de reliquiis barbarie cladis exaggerat. Tantum captivorum multitudinem bestis obijcit, ut ingrati et perfidi non minus doloris ex ludibrio sui, quam ex ipsa morte patientur.

Another point to be mentioned is, that in the orations addressed to Constantine, and even to Theodosius and Gratian, there is not a word of Christianity. In the case of Constantine we are not surprised at this; the panegyrics are spoken at Trier, not at Byzantium. But Latinus Placitus, in addressing two of the most orthodox of princes, has not a word to say about the faith for which they were so zealous; he shows as little consciousness as Claudian himself of the great change which had come over the world. On the other hand, besides a few trifling mythological allusions, there is nothing distinctly pagan. The key to this singular state of mind, or at least of speech, one so characteristic of that strange time, is doubtless to be found in the place where this panegyric was spoken. It was spoken in the Old Rome; it was spoken to a Christian Emperor in his still pagan capital; it was only by speaking in this colourless kind of way that the orator could avoid giving offence either to the prince or to the great mass of his other hearers. Eumenius, on the other hand, uses a different kind of language, a kind of language which we may suppose would exactly suit the state of Constantine's own mind at that stage of his life, and which we may quote as an example of that influence on paganism itself which was not the least among the effects of Christianity. Eumenius talks about the Immortal Gods, but this would seem to be only in a conventional kind of way; where he really speaks his own mind or adapts himself to the mind of his Imperial hearer, he speaks of "Deus" in the singular in a style unmistakably monotheistic, though in no way distinctively Christian. This probably would fairly express the state of Constantine's own mind, when he was still wavering between, if not actually combining, solar worship and Christianity. On the other hand, in a somewhat earlier anonymous panegyric addressed to Maximian and Constantine, we have the Gods spoken of in a way which reminds us of Elijah and the prophets of Baal. Misfortunes happen to men not by the will of the Gods, but while the Gods are looking after something else. It is really a case of "when the cat is away the mice will play," only unluckily the Panegyrist does not explain his creed so fully as to let us know what kind of Ahirman plays the part of the mice. The passage runs thus:—

Aliquid enim Dii ipsi, quod plerumque humanas res negligant, dum querunt, igneant, quibus aliud fortasse curantibus grandines ruant, terre desiccat, arides hauriuntur, quæ non illis hauriuntur volentibus, sed aut aliorum aspicientibus, aut fatali rerum cursu urgente videntur accidere.

DUAL GOVERNMENT IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

WE recently brought to notice the startling fact that the division of authority in the French army which, although a mere source of irritation in time of peace, proved fatal to its efficiency when tested by war, was no accident or modern invention, but the growth of the practice of centuries. It dated, as the Duke Pasquier's Report has proved beyond dispute, from those evil days of the dead *ancien régime* when a practically despotic Minister and a theoretically despotic Monarch had their separate representatives at each army's headquarters; the former in the Intendant, the creature of the central administration, the latter in the commander, whom the Intendant was placed near, nominally to

assist, but in reality to check. Considering the singular relations of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. to the able but unscrupulous Ministers through whom they governed—the entire dependence of offices of the latter, according to the theory of absolute government, on the will of their sovereign, with the very real power which they framed for themselves out of their mastery of his business—it is not so surprising as it at first sight seems that this singular plan of double government should have become a permanent part of the system of the French army, where the Revolution found it engrafted firmly, and used it naturally enough in order that the Committee of Public Safety might domineer over the generals whom it sent forth to conquest or the guillotine. What the Revolution strengthened Napoleon spared, because his personal mastery of details was so great and his power so unchecked as to make him careless as to the forms he used, sure that his will would pervade them all. Thus the dual government came down with all the prescription of past authority in its favour until the Second Empire arose. Here there was but little prospect that it would be interfered with. Louis Napoleon's chief army reforms, such as they were, were all directed to restoring the form, if he could not restore the spirit, of the Grand Army that had triumphed under his uncle; and when the Italian successes were over which placed him at the zenith of his power and made him for the time seem to be the dictator of Europe, it was little likely that so mediocre a genius as his would discern beneath this apparently brilliant display of military strength the rottenness of the system on which he relied. The new Report of the French Committee logically shows that the so-called Legend of 1793—the effects of which on Gambetta's heated brain the first Report fully exposed—was not more fatal to the efforts of the Government of Defence than the false prestige of Solferino to that of the Empire. It is plainly proved that it was not till Marshal Le Boeuf found himself at Strasburg, holding vain councils of war to supply the needs too late admitted, that he discovered that the improvidence and delays which the slow policy and defective military system of Austria had permitted to succeed eleven years before were about to ruin himself and his master when brought face to face with the well-prepared organization devised and carried out by Roon and Moltke. Up to that fatal hour when the challenge was flung down, the Solferino tradition effectually blinded the eyes of French administrators, though there were not wanting some keen critics besides Trochu and Stoffel who knew on what illusions it was based.

What Frenchmen did not discover about themselves Englishmen could hardly be expected to know; and hence, if we have blundered extravagantly in imitating that Intendance system which is now so distasteful in France, there is good excuse for the mistake of our organizers. What is not so easily excusable is the want of courage which attempted to evade the real difficulties of organization with ourselves by introducing a servile imitation of a model which now proves to be a deception. For no one who knows its history but is aware that our Control Department is but the French Intendance imported into our army. We are not here about to criticize it in detail. Our object is to look at the subject more broadly, and to show that in its introduction the measure most unfortunately provided for carrying out piecemeal that halting system of divided government and responsibility which the good sense of the nation had resolved to reject at headquarters and in the grass.

Our dual military system, mistakenly spoken of as extinct, in one sense is modern, though in another sense it is very old. It existed in the rude form of Parliamentary inquiry and supervision over Royal mismanagement long before Lord Palmerston's strong character cleared the way for the civilian War Ministers who have followed him. It was not possible that the jobbery which confided the Netherlands army of 1793 to a scapegrace Royal Duke whose boyish follies, when he first assumed his functions of command, had driven his best friends almost to despair, which gave the Walcheren army and its mighty project to a raw courtier general, and which neglected Wellesley's genius till politics brought him into place; could have been always tolerated by the House of Commons. There was a constant irregular control in fact exercised by Parliament over the service in which the Crown was in theory supreme; but the century had well advanced before there grew out of Lord Palmerston's magnifying of his office of Secretary-at-War, and its enlargement in the haste of national indignation over the Crimean breakdown, that curious system of an admitted division of responsibility between the civilian Minister and the military Commander-in-Chief under which and its inherent evils we lately groaned. At no point were their respective powers or functions fairly defined. Every paper that was submitted served to give an opening for recrimination and rejoinder. The two governors of the army wrote long letters at and to each other, as though each were the dissident member of some joint Committee which he never attended. The War Office grasped the purse-strings, and made its financial control visible at every point. The Horse Guards took up the position of advocate and defender of the soldiers' rights against civilian oppression. And such a chaos finally arose as it is probable no great department has ever suffered from in time of peace, and as would inevitably have brought serious disaster in the event of war.

Out of this vicious state of things it was Mr. Cardwell's task to bring the army. Unfortunately he found himself face to face with a prescriptive power in the Horse Guards which he had not the courage to force his way through. From the night when his project of army reform was announced, and the listening galleries

heard that the head of the Horse Guards, the General Commanding-in-Chief (known popularly as the Commander-in-Chief, a title abandoned as unconstitutional since Wellington resigned it), was to be practically irremovable, and an unpopular Military Secretary sacrificed in his stead, it was certain that dualism was not slain. Feeling himself apparently unable to do away with it absolutely within his own Office, where the change in this direction—as will presently appear—has been more nominal than real, the Minister caught at the notion of carrying out his own authority in detail through the Control Department, a too faithful copy of the Intendance which Louvois established in his day for not very dissimilar reasons. We need not enter here into the discussion which has arisen on its merits or demerits, for they are beside our main question. What we are concerned to show is proved for us at a word by the ablest of the disputants who lately addressed the *Times*, when he said in his defence of the Control, with truth, that the jealousy against it arose from the simple fact that it was “the special representative of the Minister of War,” and was viewed as such. In innocently uttering this, he was not apparently aware, nor were his opponents, that it was impossible to go further in condemnation of the system which has given birth to such a creation. For the Minister who does not govern the army through those placed immediately over it, either because mistrusting them as a body or deeming it hopeless to attempt to choose the right officers for high authority, and who seeks instead of this to govern the generals by side-strings as it were, through a set of officials placed near them “to represent himself,” is lending his weight to a system inherently so vicious that it only needs to be tested to break down in practice. Happily amid the exigencies of war the co-ordinate authority thus raised up may disappear, and “the system,” with its false show of check, be dropped for the time. Still this does not excuse those who maintain what is of necessity in its principle either unworkable or else dangerous at every strain. An army so administered would in fact be under two heads. Those who devise or defend such a thing do not understand what it would mean when prompt action is needed. And yet Napoleon’s maxim is founded on no secret philosophy, but on a patent moral truth, such as he who runs may read. It is as easy to understand as it is good for all time:—“Better by far in the field one ordinary commander than two men, be they ever so good, who divide the command.”

As we before indicated, this local dualism set up at every petty headquarters, fruitful of wrangling in time of peace, certain to be fatal or else to disappear—as under a strong general well backed like Sir Garnet Wolseley, for instance, it will at once—when the army goes to its work of war, has been evidently endeared to the War Office by the supposed impossibility of the Minister’s ruling through the generals themselves. For it is not to be lightly believed that Mr. Cardwell really mistrusts these officers as his representatives. It is rather that he not only has little to do with their selection, but finds himself unable to get directly at them. There is, in fact, a screen constantly intervening between him and them which he has not been able to remove. Though Minutes have taken the place of letters between the civil and military branches of the War Office, and personal conference of references, the dualism which we hoped had been dead flourishes still. Of late indeed the antagonism of the still co-ordinate power has been apparent at every turn. Mr. Cardwell abolishes the foolish and antiquated distinction between the adjutant-general and quartermaster-general’s branches by official circular; “the Horse Guards” prefers to maintain it, and the two departments still exist side by side. Mr. Cardwell openly desires to have one Chief of Staff, as in all other armies; “the Horse Guards” objects, on the ground that its head is his own Chief of Staff, and this objection is allowed to outweigh the theory and practice which alike condemn it. Mr. Cardwell would establish a genuine working Intelligence Department; “the Horse Guards” only admit it under conditions which make its practical usefulness impossible, and so add but a few more well-paid functionaries to an already overpaid and overcrowded headquarter staff. In all these and many minor differences, it is but right to say, though the matter seems a personal one, the civil administration appears as the reforming element, the military as opposed to wholesome change. Indeed the War Office is found proposing improvements in discipline, improvements in education, even improvements in drill, only to find that its efforts are at every turn thwarted because interfering with prescription or with the patronage for which “the Horse Guards” seems to think that Great Britain maintains her army.

We have told our story; we will add but a brief parallel. Our own example of the division of authority between the Minister and the General Commanding-in-Chief was recently imitated by a great nation dashing hastily into military reform under the sting of sudden and disastrous defeat. It was felt to be necessary in Austria, after her misfortunes in 1866, to take the charge of the army out of the hands of the Imperial Camera which, under the Emperor’s name, had used it for personal and family jobbery, made hateful to the nation by the collapse at Sadowa; but it was naturally enough attempted to soften the abrupt transfer of power from the hands of Francis Joseph by creating the same office which our Horse Guards here represents, and putting at the head of it the one member of the Imperial family of whom all could be sure that he would do nothing to disgrace the House of Hapsburg and the fair fame of Austria. The Archduke Albert had every claim which could make his division of authority with the new Minister for War grateful to the nation and the army.

Popular himself, he came of an illustrious stock; for his father, the great Archduke, had triumphed over every enemy he met save Napoleon himself, and had retired with honour from his contest with the conqueror of Europe. He was himself a successful General-in-Chief, and fresh from the great victory of Custoza. He showed himself, in his world-famous pamphlet on Responsibility in War, thorough master of the highest philosophy of his profession. Yet the experiment proved an admitted failure, and that for one simple reason; no one was ever able to define the exact limits of the respective powers and duties of the General-in-Chief and the Minister for War; so, after two years’ deliberate trial, it was abandoned for ever. Not that Austria has got rid of her best soldier, or ceased to utilize his powers for the good of the service which honours him, as it is honoured by his presidency over it. What has been done is simply this. The Archduke Albert has ceased to be General-in-Chief, or to have any connexion with the indoor economy of the War Office. He retains, however, all those parts of his former functions which relate to visitation, inspection, and report, under his new title of Inspector-General of the Austrian Army; and thus he fills a position in which usefulness and dignity are happily combined with freedom from all complication with the administration of the forces, over whom he still presides and watches, though no one but the responsible Minister commands them. To such plain teaching as this example offers it would be superfluous to add a moral.

AN AMERICAN CHESTERFIELD.

AN American schoolmaster, who has at least no lack of courage, has undertaken in a concise manual to teach his countrymen good manners. This is known to be a somewhat delicate subject on the other side of the Atlantic, and perhaps it is as well that anything that may require to be said about it should be said by a native rather than by a foreigner. Mr. Gow appears to be anxious at the outset to clear himself from the suspicion that, in suggesting the possibility of his countrymen being better behaved, he is engaged in an underhand attack on Republican institutions. In a sort of declaration of faith which he has prefixed to his work he states that “he believes religiously in the fundamental principles of our American system of government”; but perhaps he forgot at the moment the unwritten principle by which the free citizen of a great Republic is held to be naturally endowed with all the virtues and graces which it is good for anybody to possess. It is impossible to deny that Mr. Gow betrays an imperfect sympathy with the child of nature who does “as he dam please,” and a touch of Caesarism may perhaps be detected in his ostentatious preference for fastidious refinements and conventional formalities. Mr. Gow’s book, which bears the title of *Good Morals and Gentle Manners for Schools and Families*, is addressed to the rising generation, possibly because he fears that their elders would derive little profit from his admonitions. It is obvious that instruction of this kind, to be of any value, should be thorough, and this merit may be claimed for the publication before us. Mr. Gow goes to the very roots of things, and includes everything. He discusses homicide as well as table-napkins. The various degrees of homicide, from excusable homicide to murder, are enumerated, but all are deprecated as incompatible with gentle manners. “It is,” Mr. Gow observes, “not an uncommon thing for young men and boys to carry knives, pistols, slung-shots, and other death-dealing instruments,” and he points out, for the guidance of persons who wish to avoid committing murder, that it is difficult to murder anybody if you have nothing to do it with. There can be no doubt, as the writer remarks, that the happiness of the world depends to a great extent on the terms on which people live together, and the duty of restraining homicidal instincts is therefore one of the first principles of politeness. It will be seen that Mr. Gow does not fail to begin at the beginning; and in this he shows his practical sagacity, for there would obviously be little use in teaching a youth how to conduct himself nicely at table until some progress had been made in persuading him to abandon the promiscuous use of slung-shots. Mr. Gow deprecates not only murder, but profane language, which, he says, is “contrary to the law of God and the usages of good society”; so that if the first reason is not enough, he has another in reserve. Mr. Gow is enthusiastic in his advocacy of charity and good will between nations as well as between individuals, and in order to inculcate this lesson he inserts an historical narrative under the heading, of “National Apology.” “The following incident,” he says, “is worthy of notice, as it illustrates the application of the moral law in the government of nations.” And then he goes on to tell how during the American Civil War Great Britain permitted “ships to be furnished in her harbour with arms and men, to prey upon our commerce, contrary to the law of nations.” But afterwards Great Britain humbly apologized for the wrong she had done; and he inserts “the language of the national apology,” which, he adds, was accompanied by an agreement to pay for the losses sustained by American citizens. There is an impression on this side of the Atlantic that the story is not quite so simple as is here represented for the edification of American schoolboys, and there are one or two important passages which Mr. Gow has somehow forgotten. For example, the wrongs of which the Americans complained as contrary to the law of nations were things which the Americans had themselves always claimed the right to do when it suited them, and were contrary, not to the law of nations, but only to certain new rules manufactured for a special purpose, which

rules have not as yet been recognized as permanently binding by any nation in the world. These are no doubt details which did not concern the moral purpose of Mr. Gow's work; but it might have been as well if he had recollected the application of the moral law to historical veracity. Mr. Gow is very strong in his condemnation of "plagiarism or literary theft." "To use an author's works," he says, "and to derive a benefit from them without his consent, is grossly dishonest"; but this remark appears to be limited to the works of American authors. Mr. Gow does not allude to the treatment to which foreign authors are subjected by his countrymen.

Having settled the great principles of social morality, Mr. Gow descends into the familiar sphere of daily life. He has observed "a great propensity in some to cut and deface even painted and polished surfaces, such as those of chairs, tables, doors, and window frames," and he thinks it "a shame that no public building is safe from injury and abuse without the intervention of the police." Court-houses, public halls, hotels, and even churches and cemeteries are all despoiled in this way. An anecdote is related which would seem to suggest a summary mode of dealing with whittlers. A shopkeeper finding a man hacking away at his counter cut off one of the tails of his coat, which we suppose may be regarded as an application of the moral law to the protection of property. Mr. Gow thinks that a few hints on cleanliness "may not be unreasonable to those who aspire to be gentlemen and ladies." The hands, face, neck, and ears should be thoroughly washed every morning, and then dried with a towel, and it is possible that, if the hands get very dirty, they may even require to be washed twice a day. A tub of cold water is also recommended as a "simple luxury." All linen and cotton clothing should be frequently changed and washed. Spots of grease upon the clothes indicate a great lack of neatness in the wearer. Every young gentleman and lady should be provided with a handkerchief, which should be so frequently changed—here is the lurking *Cæsarism* we hinted at—as to be disagreeable neither to themselves nor to their neighbours. Mr. Gow even insists that every person should use his own hairbrush, toothbrush, toothpick, and handkerchief. Again, true politeness would suggest that people should not be perfumed with Cologne or musk, onions or tobacco, the odour of the hen-house or the barn. Some persons, it seems, have so little regard for the proprieties of the table as to clear the throat and cough and spit upon the floor before beginning to eat, but "such thoughtlessness is deserving of the severest censure." It is also very rude to spit anything out upon the plate. No one should be so unpolite as to help himself to sauce with his own spoon, or to pick his teeth with a fork. When persons have finished eating, it is very ungraceful to tip the chair back upon two legs, or place the feet upon the rungs of the chair. Nor does Mr. Gow approve of guests carrying off apples, nuts, or sweetmeats from the table, unless at the request of the host; "it might be supposed that you are not accustomed to such delicacies, and thought it necessary to lay by a supply for future use." We are further informed that politeness requires that gentlemen should not come to the table without their coats, especially if covered with perspiration. "The propriety of this rule is very obvious." Mr. Gow, however, is disposed to retaliate on the other sex for this infringement of manly freedom. "If," he says, "it be considered impolite, as it is, for a gentleman to enter ladies' society or to sit at table with his coat off, even on a very warm day, it may for similar reasons be a question whether a lady may appear in a gentleman's presence with no covering upon her neck and shoulders, and no sleeves at all." We are glad to find, however, that Mr. Gow does not think it necessary for ladies to talk of the limbs of the table or the bosom of a chicken. A young woman was hurt in a railway accident and taken to the hospital, when the doctor asked what was the matter with her. One of her limbs, she said, was injured. Well, he returned, but which limb? "Oh, I can't tell you, doctor, but it's one of my limbs." "Oh, nonsense," cried the doctor, out of all patience; "which is it—the limb you thread a needle with?" "No, sir," she answered with a sigh, "the limb I wear a garter on." Mr. Gow thinks, and we agree with him, that she might as well have said leg at once. We gather from some observations in this book that young men as well as young women in America are victims of the mania for tight-lacing. There are, we are told, a great many young men and boys who seem desirous of emulating their sisters in this absurdity. Ladies are warned that they should not appear in elaborate dress for breakfast, nor should they be so negligent as to excite remarks at the impropriety of their appearance. Mr. Gow rebukes his countrywomen for dressing extravagantly in high colours, with laces and jewels, for church, and relates an incident to show that tawdry finery and the display of jewels are not consistent with the ideas of good society in Europe. The incident was a visit of a party of Americans to Odessa, where they saw the Imperial family, and were apparently astonished to find that the Emperor "sporting no jewelry or insignia of any kind." The Empress and the little Grand Duchess wore simple suits of foulard silk, with a small blue spot on it. "Both ladies wore broad blue sashes about their waists; linen collars and clerical ties of muslin; low-crowned straw hats, trimmed with blue velvet; parasols and flesh-coloured gloves." But this is not all. "The Grand Duchess had no heels upon her shoes!" And she also wore her own hair—that is, as far as the American visitors could find out. Shoddy might answer that it is all very well for Emperors and Empresses to go about in this simple way, but that it cannot dispense with high heels, or otherwise it would be lost in the general mob.

Mr. Gow lays much stress on what he calls "the educated mouth." The educated mouth does not gape or splutter. He points out that "it is not in good taste to see persons in public places with their mouths full of gum or wax, and apparently in laborious exercise." This habit is especially objectionable in a lady. Gracefulness should be studied in all our actions. Therefore it is not advisable in company to sit astride of a chair, or to tilt it back against the wall or the furniture. Young people should not lean on each other when standing together. "A boy may with great propriety entertain himself by whistling when he is alone, but to do it in the house or in company, without a special invitation, is intolerable." If the hair is not satisfactorily arranged, people should retire to a suitable place to attend to it. "To comb the hair, or scratch the head, or pick the face or nose or ears, or clean the nails, indicates a want of proper respect for the company. Such actions are not in good taste." According to Mr. Gow's strict code of manners, "gentlemen do not spit in company, particularly upon the carpets or on the stove." "Nor should we blow the nose without using the handkerchief." In conversation it is not desirable to question the company as to what they paid for their clothes or jewelry. Slang is also condemned, and such expressions as "I'll bet," "Dry up," "You've barked up the wrong tree," "He forked over," "He made tracks," are excluded from Mr. Gow's polite vocabulary. He is also of opinion that it is going too far for a young gentleman to be so familiar with a young lady as to toy with her hands or to play with her rings, to handle her curls or to encircle her waist with his arm. In calling on friends, visitors should always enter by the front door, but never until after giving a warning by the knocker or door-bell. "The degree of intimacy which would justify the violation of this rule, and especially an entrance without the use of the knocker or bell, should be very clearly established." It must be admitted that some of Mr. Gow's instructions are painfully elementary, and do not convey a very high idea of the delicacy and refinement of the society for whose benefit he writes. It would, however, be unfair to take this book as a fair sample of the social habits of Americans generally. Mr. Gow dates from Indiana, where, it is well known, marriage is very free, and perhaps manners are as free as morals.

THE GAME-LAWS IN ENGLAND.

THE Committee of the House of Commons which sat during the last two Sessions recommended that the protection given to rabbits by the Game-laws should be withdrawn, except in warrens or other enclosed places. But they qualified this recommendation by noticing the objection to it, that annoyance would be likely to be caused to occupiers by the intrusion of strangers in pursuit of rabbits, and that those strangers would not too scrupulously abstain from taking winged game if they saw a convenient opportunity. "The question," say the Committee, "is beset with difficulties"; but these difficulties would be mitigated by the application to this question of practical good sense by those classes who are affected by it. The recommendations of the Committee ought to have great weight with game-preservers when the constitution of the Committee is considered. The Chairman was Mr. Ward Hunt, who has been, and may be again, a leading member of a Conservative Administration, and in the draft Report which he proposed occurs the passage:—

Your Committee cannot too strongly reprobate the practice of some landlords and their shooting tenants of keeping up a large stock of hares and rabbits on cultivated lands to the injury of the crops of the farming tenants.

This paragraph was adopted by the Committee without a division, and it appears in the Report. It is to be hoped that the landlords and shooting tenants to whom it refers will accept the warning thereby conveyed. They cannot without culpable folly pursue a practice which a Committee selected from all sides of the House of Commons has unanimously condemned. They will do well to observe that the recommendation to take rabbits out of the Game-laws was proposed in Committee by Mr. Pell, and carried by eleven votes to seven. A similar proposal as to hares was made by Mr. Clare Reed, and only rejected by ten votes to eight. Mr. Pell and Mr. Clare Reed are Conservatives, but they are also farmers. Among the supporters of Mr. Pell's proposal were Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Mr. Cowper, Sir George Grey, and Viscount Mahon. The concurrence of such men in a proposal to which some of them see serious objections proves that they are strongly impressed with the gravity of the mischief for which they try to find a remedy. Their condemnation of the practice of excessive preservation of ground game ought to suffice without legislative interference, if those to whom it applies are guided by prudence and common sense. We believe that an invitation by Parliament to "all and sundry" to come and kill rabbits on a farm would cause worse evils than it would cure. It would almost compel preservers of winged game to resort to force for its protection, and it would thus be likely to produce breaches of the peace, which would be the cause of fresh and dangerous agitation. Those landlords and shooting tenants whose practice is reprobated by the Committee should remember that they do not exculpate themselves by showing, as frequently they can show, that allowance is made to the farming tenant in his rent. The sight of a field of wheat spoiled by rabbits is offensive to the majority of mankind. Such waste of food is condemned without entering into the question whether landlord or tenant bears the loss. The tenant perhaps receives compensation which is really adequate to the

damage; but he or his friends will always allege that he has been injured, and agitators will probably take up his case, and ventilate it with enormous exaggeration in towns where bread and meat are inconveniently dear.

The landowners who sat upon this Committee have done good service to their class and to the country by thoroughly examining the whole subject of the Game-laws. They conclude that the principle of these laws must be maintained, but that the practice under them is capable of considerable improvement. The Report was mainly the work of the Chairman, and it is a good example of the sort of Conservatism which would be possible in a Government. A sufficient proof of the vitality of the principle of the Game-laws is afforded by the fact that recent legislation has extended the application of the same principle in the case of fish. This legislation has gone beyond the existing moral sense of the community. Fish-poaching is regarded with even more indulgence than game-poaching, and both are viewed quite differently from the appropriation of a fowl or duck. The Chief Constable of Dumfriesshire described to the Committee a state of feeling which doubtless exists on both sides of the Solway Frith. It had, he says, been the practice in Dumfriesshire for very respectable persons indeed to fish from time immemorial, and it was not until the passing of the Acts of 1862 and 1868, which made the penalties very severe, that the fish were protected. The feeling exists in the minds of some very respectable tradesmen and farmers that there is no harm in going to take a fish, and that it is very good sport; and they sympathize very much with the poachers, and think that it is wrong for them to be prosecuted and punished. "I have even known," says the Chief Constable, "a public subscription got up for the purpose of defending a set of poachers and of afterwards paying their fines if they were convicted." Scott has vividly described in a novel the sport of salmon-spearing in the Solway, and the feeling of the sportsmen towards laws or persons that would interfere with it. The feeling seems to have continued to the present time, and it causes serious difficulty in enforcing any law for the protection either of the breed of fish in general or of proprietary rights in fishing. Yet laws for both these purposes have been enacted in the last few years, and there is a general concurrence of opinion that such laws are necessary. The only difference between the case of fish and that of game is, that fish cost nothing to feed, whereas it is alleged, with more or less truth, that game are fed at the expense of the farmer, while his landlord profits by them. Putting aside, however, for the moment the question who feeds hares and rabbits, the worst that can be said against these animals is that they are among the luxuries in which a wealthy nation chooses to indulge. The opponents of the Game-laws may denounce this form of luxury as much as they please, but nobody, and least of all the dwellers in towns, will listen to them.

The evidence as to the production and consumption of rabbits seems to have surprised the Committee who heard it. The number of hares and rabbits produced in the United Kingdom annually is stated to be thirty millions, supplying about forty thousand tons of food; and the collection and manufacture of the skins of these animals furnish employment to many thousands of people. It may be said that, if rabbits are necessary or desirable as food, they may be bred in enclosed warrens, where they would devour no crops that are not specially planted for them. Experiments of this kind are likely to become numerous, but they will always be made under the drawback that the collection of a large number of animals of the same kind in one place seems to invite disease. The rabbit which ranges freely over the fields adjacent to his burrow is said to be more prolific than the rabbit which is confined in a warren, and thus he makes some return for his keep, but not enough to justify his existence in the view of severe economy. In proportion as agriculture becomes more scientific the rabbit is found to be a greater nuisance, but nevertheless we do not expect to see him abolished. No amount of agitation can get rid of the fact that rabbit-shooting is a sport to which many persons are strongly addicted. The hare holds in coursing counties an unassailable position, and if landlords resolved to extirpate him, tenants would interfere for his protection. The whole result of the inquiry by this Committee is that, with good sense and moderation among landowners and shooting tenants, agitation against the Game-laws will not be dangerous. The class of game-preservers is perpetually recruited by men who have made money in trade, and our popular novelists, who reflect the manners of the time, agree in sending their wealthy people to the Highlands in autumn.

The practical question, therefore, confines itself to improvement in the existing law and its administration. Many complaints were urged before the Committee against the Poaching Prevention Act of 1862; but if that Act be what its name implies, the complaints may be supposed to proceed from those who do not desire that poaching should be prevented. It was said by a witness who had good opportunity for observing, that since this Act passed fowl-stealing had become less common. The Act empowers a constable "in any highway, street, or public place, to search any person whom he may have good cause to suspect of coming from any land where he shall have been unlawfully in search or pursuit of game." Mr. Joseph Arch, who stated to the Committee his objections to the Game-laws, complained that his brother-in-law coming home from Warwick rather late at night, with groceries bought for family use, was stopped and searched by a policeman. It was explained to Mr. Arch by the Committee that a policeman stopping and searching a person without reasonable cause would be liable to an action in the County Court. It might

have been added that, if the aggrieved person happened to be destitute of the means of litigation, he would easily find some benevolent society or individual to supply it. If policemen abuse their powers under this or any other Game Act, we have small expectation that they will escape punishment. The strongest objection to the existing system is one that applies not so much to the law as to its administration. Mr. W. S. Walpole, an attorney who has had much experience in cases under the Game-laws, put this objection fairly to the Committee when he said that he thought that, "in administering the law, it is administered with stronger inferences against a poacher than against another man." The Committee saw no reason to believe that there was just ground for dissatisfaction with the administration of the Game-laws by magistrates generally, but they at the same time admit that any considerable amount of distrust in a tribunal tends to impair the authority of the law which it administers. The Committee recommend that day-poaching cases be taken out of the category of criminal offences, and that the option of trial by jury be given to persons accused of night-poaching; and they think that these recommendations would remove whatever ground may exist for complaint against the administration of the law. There may perhaps be differences of opinion as to the exact terms of the law which should be adopted to restrain day-poaching; but it is clear that, whether this law be called a Game-law or a law of trespass, a law of some kind is necessary. Mr. Walpole, who stated strong objections either to the Game-laws or their administration, declared his opinion that, if the Game-laws were to be repealed, a stringent law of trespass must be substituted. Mr. Bartlett, a tenant-farmer of Norfolk, would prefer to make game property; but if that were not done, a stringent law of trespass must be, in his judgment, the alternative. It may not be superfluous to remark that a stringent law of trespass might be worked to the annoyance of pedestrians and excursionists whom recent legislation has inclined to favour. This conclusion, that the only choice lies between a Game-law and a trespass-law will, we believe, be adopted by any candid and careful reader of this Report. The Committee, and particularly the Chairman, deserve credit for having so fully and fairly done their work.

ART AT THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

VI.

ONCE more evidence is afforded of how greatly the revivals in European art have been aided and accelerated by skilled industries and art manufactures. Of the three leading arts—painting, sculpture, and architecture—painting owes the least and architecture the most to comparatively recent decorative developments. At the same time sculpture, without the surrender of her individual dignity or independence, has deigned, when required, to serve as the handmaid of her elder sister, and thus architecture not only gains surface decoration, but is ennobled by the presence of the human figure. In no way have International Exhibitions proved of more use than in the wide publicity given to whatever tends to the common brotherhood of the arts. Here, in Vienna, we see that the time of isolation is past, that no art presumes to stand alone, that, on the contrary, each seeks aid from the other, all combining together with the one purpose of adding refined enjoyment to human life. Thus the world's arts are the measure of the world's civilization. The city, the church, and the private dwelling are the several spheres of co-operation; and accordingly in the "Welt-Ausstellung" at Vienna are seen the utmost developments now possible to municipal, ecclesiastical, and domestic arts. The topics thus indicated might appear alarmingly large and complex were it not that the ground has been often traversed before. Indeed some disappointment is felt that there is so little new, and that the best of what is new is but the revival of what is old. In fact, the present Exhibition tells the same story as its predecessors; modern art is purest and highest when closest to ancient art. Even that reciprocity between all the arts which is the best hope of the present century is as old as the times of Giotto, the Pisani, Della Robbia, and Cellini.

We have found Austria behind the rest of Europe in painting and in sculpture. By way of compensation she has distinguished herself in architecture. Accordingly, as might be expected, Vienna is foremost in all that pertains to architectural decoration and to the internal adorning and furnishing of private dwellings. The cabinet-work, the glass fabrics, the ornamental leather-work and book-bindings, with other elegancies for the drawing-room and the boudoir, are of an excellence and richness which might naturally be expected in a capital which has long been among the most luxurious in Europe. The taste displayed in these luxuries of life is not always pure; in fact, the Viennese are too lavish of ornament to care for strict style. It must, however, be admitted that no people manage to throw into interiors such sumptuous effect of colour and design—as witness the new Opera House, the Music Verein, and the Arsenal. Moreover, we find in the Exhibition, as well as within the city itself, how much has been done of late years in the way of constructional materials. The large brick edifices which form a striking and novel feature in the city panorama owe their enrichment to terra-cottas and moulded bricks. In the neighbourhood of Vienna are valuable and extensive beds of clay, which were worked even in the time of the Romans. And here, by way of parenthesis, we may observe that all along the Danube, and especially about Pesth, which had the attraction of hot mineral springs, the Romans have made their presence known by arts some of which survive to the present day.

Among these is the art of moulding in clay which, on the banks of the two great rivers of Central Europe—the Danube and the Rhine—never fell into extinction either under Roman or German Emperors. And now, in accordance with the commercial spirit of the age, this important manufacture is in the hands of a commercial company which has its seat of operations in the neighbourhood of Vienna. This immense factory is in itself a colony; between six and seven thousand hands are employed, pensions are granted to the aged and the infirm, a Kinder-garten is maintained for the young, and doctors and a hospital are provided for the sick. It is not often that art and humanity show themselves thus akin. This establishment, which is said to be the largest of its kind in the world, has not only supplied the moulded clay needed for the signal revival of brick architecture within Vienna, but has also made consignments to Italy, Athens, and indeed to all quarters of the globe. It is hard to over-estimate the influence of these art designs, multiplied a thousandfold by mechanism, upon the architecture of modern Europe. The triumphal arch raised as a trophy by Austria is one of the most noteworthy works in the Exhibition, not less memorable than Minton's majolica fountain in the London Exhibition of 1862. This arch, in its polychrome, its low and high relief, and its statues in the round, may be taken as a compendium of all that has been done or can be done in the way of burnt clay. Perhaps it were too much to lay claim for it to any novelty of invention; the value of the products is in their exhaustive character. For instance, as to play of colour, here is a variety ranging from creamy white to yellow, and so through intermediate shades to red, and thence down to shadow colours and emphatic darks. On either side of the arch rise pilasters decorated with arabesques and medallions, and illumined with green and gold. The composition also comprises painted plaques with angels and emblematic figures in relief on a gold ground, and at the summit against the sky are terra-cotta life-size figures in the round. It will thus be seen that an architect is more than sufficiently supplied with structural and decorative materials by which he may carry out the most ornate design without the aid of stone or the intrusion of stucco or paint. We are here reminded of one of the many synchronous revivals in England and on the Continent. Numerous buildings in London and the country prove that our English makers of ornamental bricks and terra cottas are not behind their Continental rivals. The manufacture, in fact, both at home and abroad, has reached the point at which the limit to invention is chiefly economic. In the long run, even in the arts, what pays best prospers best. Unfortunately the published account of the Vienna firm now before us does not include a price list.

Painted windows make but a poor show in Vienna. Were we to judge indeed from the display in the Exhibition, we might infer that the art of painting on glass is on the decline, which certainly would be a false conclusion as to England, and possibly also as to France. In an outlying territory beyond the terra-cotta arch above described is a building placed among beer-halls, especially erected for the advantageous display of painted glass. The collection confirms the belief that Germany lags behind the most favoured nations—a conclusion which will not be called in question by those who do not approve the picture-making process of Munich. A ton among the cathedrals of Germany, beginning with Cologne and ending with Vienna, would not be rewarded by modern glass comparable to that in the Sainte Chapelle, Paris.

In porcelain and ceramics generally there will be little new for people familiar with stalls which have always been the most attractive in International Exhibitions. France again distances all competitors; indeed she is foremost as heretofore both in porcelain and bronzes, just as she is chief in sculpture and the pictorial arts; the reason for this wide-stretching supremacy being her mastery over the human figure and her command of decorative design. England of late years is known to have made in porcelain and earthenware an approach to France; but it is not possible for private enterprise to compete with Sévres, sustained by State subsidy. Once more Italy is conspicuous for Venetian glass as revived by Messrs. Salviati; also for the "Manifattura Ginori," consisting of ceramic figures somewhat after the manner of Capo di Monte. This last revival is praiseworthy rather than perfect. Italian artists with their usual fertility and facility extemporize small groups in clay, but their modelling lacks sharpness, precision, and pluck. A nation, like an individual, is the same in small things as in great—a law illustrated by the great and the minor arts of France, of England, and of Italy.

The collection of Photographs merits a word from its extent and its exceptional character. Here the art of photography may be said to make the circuit of the globe. Not only do the States of Europe, including even Russia, Norway, Sweden, Greece, Spain, and Portugal, send what they deem best worth showing, but North and South America, New Zealand, Algiers, and India serve to make the art commensurate with the civilized world. The collection deserves all the more serious consideration inasmuch as a large proportion of the plates produced are from art works or historic monuments of which photography affords the most trustworthy records. The value of such faithful transcripts is specially proved in the architectural remains of India, Greece, and Italy. One service of International Exhibitions is that they stimulate the production of works of a magnitude which cannot possibly be remunerative.

Mosaics, notwithstanding that they are in less favour than formerly, have not been yet abandoned by England, Italy, and Russia. England in the Potteries still persists in producing earthenware, as distinguished from glass, tesserae; the surface of the finished picture is consequently "matt" or dead, instead of lustrous. It

may be admitted that such a material is a near approach to the stone mosaics of the Romans; indeed this ceramic mosaic is perhaps more fitted for pavements than for walls. Messrs. Salviati, as contrasted with Messrs. Minton, as glass manufacturers, are naturally identified with vitreous mosaics; they have thus sought to revive the compositions in use in Italy in the middle ages, and hence the authorities entrusted with the restoration of St. Mark's have employed materials from the factory in Murano. The rival establishment is that of the Pope in the Vatican; but one of the many consequences of the present position of the Papal dominions, made evident within the Exhibition and elsewhere, is that mosaics from the Roman manufactory are not shown; hence no comparison can be instituted between modern Venetian and modern Roman mosaics. But the two establishments are so much of the same school that in the restorations at Ravenna we have found tesserae from Venice and from Rome used indiscriminately; yet preference is given to the latter. In truth, Roman mosaics from the Vatican are the finer of the two. To this Roman school belong the elaborate figure-pictures which in successive International Exhibitions have come from St. Petersburg. Indeed the Russian Government, at the time when the exigencies of the Church called for extended mosaic decoration, at once set up in Rome an infant manufactory, wherein students from the Imperial Academy on the banks of the Neva were instructed in the technical processes of mosaic-making. The results are now patent in Vienna in the group "Jesus Blessing Little Children," and in the single figures of "St. Catherine" and "St. Anastasia," severely executed for the Cathedral of St. Isaac from the designs of Professor Neff. It is an old story that Professor Neff is best known by certain naked nymphs which in the Hermitage are more often copied than any other pictures. And it is the misfortune of Russia, in her manufacture of mosaics and in her revival of other arts, that she severed herself wholly from local and historic styles such as the Byzantine, and plunged headlong into meretricious modernism. Thus it has been the fatal fault of the mosaics which from time to time she has exhibited in Western or Southern Europe that they are of the nature of pleasing easel pictures rather than severe monumental works fitted to hold a place in noble architectural structures. And yet some of these mosaics are far too ponderous to serve as pretty playthings. For example, we have seen in the Imperial manufactory in St. Petersburg a "Last Supper" which, before it reaches its destination in the Cathedral of St. Isaac, will have cost four years' labour, will have needed three hundred thousand tesserae, and will have reached a total weight of ten tons. We could wish that space permitted us to recount the efforts made by Russia in other directions for the development of the arts within her vast empire. In Vienna we were disappointed not to find more products from the Ecole Stroganoff, Moscow; the works exhibited in St. Petersburg three years ago gave proof that in the art schools of Russia national styles handed down through many centuries serve as the basis of instruction. The motives by which these movements have been actuated are set forth in two pamphlets published in St. Petersburg—the one a statement respecting "the Society for the Encouragement of the Arts," the other an eloquent dissertation by M. Boutovsky, Director of the Stroganoff School at Moscow, on "Education applied to Industry in Europe, and particularly in Russia." At Vienna other signs are not wanting of approaching developments within the Russian Empire.

In fine, in Vienna we are once more led to the conclusion that of recent years progress has been chiefly in the direction of the subsidiary arts. While sculpture and painting have been stationary, if not in actual retrogression, those arts of decoration which bring to a nation pomp and to private life luxury and refined enjoyment have throughout the length and the breadth of Europe found unexampled development. This power of art production, this capacity for art progress, have been mainly promoted through improved mechanism and a more highly educated taste. Each successive Exhibition proves how close is the race for pre-eminence among all civilized nations. And it is satisfactory to find that England, who at the first start was lamentably in the rear, is now found among the foremost ranks in the arena of art.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

MIEFEVRE and Fordham, according to their wont, opened the autumn campaign at Newmarket, Tourbillon winning the Trial Stakes after a pretty race with Dalmacardoch, an old handicap acquaintance, Cedric the Saxon, being beaten off. As Tourbillon was entered to be sold for one thousand sovereigns, and Dalmacardoch for three hundred only, the two horses met at nearly even weights, Dalmacardoch thus having the advantage of two years' seniority without any corresponding penalty. A far greater triumph was in store for the French colours in the next race but one, the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, in which Doncaster essayed to give Flageolet 7 lbs. Considering that Flageolet has twice beaten Doncaster this year at even weights, we are at a loss to know why it was looked on as a certainty that on this occasion Mr. Merry's horse would be able to give weight away. Perhaps it was the fine race he run with Marie Stuart for the St. Leger which inspired his supporters with confidence; and possibly the course—across the flat—may not have been thought long enough for Flageolet. Anyhow the confidence reposed in Doncaster never wavered, particularly as he appeared to be in the best possible condition. The antagonists of the pair were Andreu, Cobham, and

Laird of Holywell; but their chances of success could hardly be seriously entertained. Laird of Holywell was started to make the running for his stable companion Flageolet; and he performed this office to the best of his ability for three-quarters of a mile, when Flageolet had to take up the running for himself. Even before this, however, Doncaster, it had been observed, was in difficulties, and at the Bushes, to every one's astonishment, he was not only in difficulties, but hopelessly beaten. From that point Flageolet strode away at his leisure, and won ultimately in a canter by six lengths. If Doncaster's defeat by Flageolet was only in accordance with the previous running of the pair, what can be said of the inability of Mr. Merry's horse to get in front of animals like Andred and Cobham? It may be that Doncaster is a weak-constituted horse, who can only show to advantage now and then; or it may be that his punishing race at Doncaster with Mario Stuart took the steel out of him; but in any case it cannot be supposed that this is Doncaster's real form. The miniature Cambridgeshire, as the Great Eastern Handicap may perhaps be termed, attracted as usual a large field of twenty-one, the starters including Modena, Roquefort, Sister Helen, Miss Stockwell, Landmark, Glaucus, and other speedy animals. A pretty finish between three of the light weights, Day Dream, Sister to Eltham, and Delay, resulted in the victory of the first named by a short head, while Sister to Eltham beat Delay for second place by a neck. The winner, a four-year-old, with 6 st. on her back—was leniently treated, considering that she has won several races. Last year she ran five times, and was victorious on three occasions. The Great Eastern Handicap is now decided on the Bretby Stakes course, instead of the T.Y.C., and therefore it is not quite such a scurry as it used to be. Whatever got the best of the start on the T.Y.C. was pretty sure to win; but the finish of the Bretby Stakes course takes some doing.

The Buckingham Stakes met with the common fate of the few rich sweepstakes which still remain, and ended in a walk over. Neither Mr. Crawford, Mr. Merry, Mr. Savile, nor Mr. T. E. Welker cared to send one of their representatives to the post, and so Lord Falkmouth had all the forfeits to himself with the moderate Atlantic. The Boscawen Stakes, however, did attract three out of the five entered; but it was a mere canter for the rapidly improving George Frederick, who disposed of Tripavay and Juvenia with the greatest ease. And then, over the easy last half of the Abingdon mile, Couronne de Fer secured the Hopeful Stakes from Mr. Winkle, Regal, Kidbrooke, and Lady Mary. It was a field of winners, and every one of the five was penalized, Couronne de Fer and Lady May carrying 6 lbs. extra, and the other three 3 lbs. extra each. Though a small, it was as select a company as has met in a two-year-old race this year; but the extreme ease and shortness of the course prevent this race from ranking in importance with the Champagne or Woodcote Stakes, or with the other principal two-year-old races of the season. The Middle Park Plate, of course, stands by itself without any rival. Couronne de Fer won, as we have said, but was hard pressed by Mr. Winkle, whose form throughout the season would only entitle him to rank in the second class; so that the winner's reputation must rest on his two victories at Stockbridge, which were undoubtedly great performances. It will be remembered that at the Hampshire Meeting Couronne de Fer first beat Napoleon III.—who subsequently won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster—and a large field for the Hurstbourne Stakes, and then, about an hour and a half afterwards, won the Stockbridge Cup, carrying a heavy penalty, from Suleiman, Hirbeck, and four others. Both these races also were won in a canter, and when mentioning a few weeks ago that Marsworth and Écossais stood considerably above the other two-year-olds, we were perhaps wrong in not associating Couronne de Fer with them in the supremacy. His narrow victory in the Hopeful Stakes goes for little in our estimation, on account of the nature of the course. The Twenty-fourth Triennial for four-year-olds, over the trying course from the Ditch in, was walked over for by Ullin, not one of the thirty-four entered caring to oppose Mr. Savile's hardy son of Ranger. And with this the first day's racing was brought to a conclusion.

The sport on the second day was of a much less interesting description. We had a sight of Kaiser at the commencement of the proceedings; but his opponents, Tambour, His Grace, and Marquis Townshend, were too moderate to give him much trouble in carrying off the Newmarket St. Leger, run, like the last race on the preceding day, from the Ditch in. He carried a 5 lbs. penalty, but beat Tambour easily by five lengths. Nor do we think that M. Lefèvre succeeded in gaining much line for his Cesarewitch horses; for, though it was said that Kaiser tired very much towards the finish and swerved suspiciously, yet Tambour most certainly never got on terms with him during the last quarter of a mile; and if Kaiser was tiring, there was all the more chance for Tambour to make up some of his lost ground. We do not consider Kaiser by any means a first-class horse; but he is quite good enough to win a race of this description, without enabling his opponents to take his measure. A Welter Handicap, over the T.Y.C., fell to the top weight Blenheim, who was giving two stones to The Knight, a five-year-old like himself, and almost the same weight to Ringwood and Bordeaux, also five-year-olds. And Wild Myrtle won the Twenty-fifth Triennial, across the flat, though only by half a length from Princess Christian, who might have got even still nearer had she not been disappointed at the moment of making her effort.

Thursday's racing began with the Rutland Stakes, which brought out Blantyre, one of Mr. Merry's dark two-year-olds. He

was opposed by Beaconsfield, Periwig, Sweet Note, and four more, and just managed to make a dead heat with the first-named in the last stride. It was the general opinion that Beaconsfield ought to have won, and that he would be certain to win the deciding heat; however, a division of the stakes was agreed upon, and Baron Rothschild's horse walked over. Blantyre will have to improve very much on this form, or his pretensions must have been vastly overrated. Again in the succeeding race, a Two-year-old Sweepstakes over the T.Y.C., we had a field of winners, five out of the six runners being penalized for previous successes; and Eve, with 4 lbs. the better of the long-suffering Mr. Winkle, for whom there is apparently no rest in this world, pulled through by a neck, Mr. Winkle beating all the remainder easily. The growing reputation of George Frederick was still further strengthened by his clever victory in the Triennial on the T.Y.C. over a large field, including Folengo, Regal, and Beaconsfield. Mr. Cartwright's Brother to Albert Victor only won by a neck, but he ran with great gameness, and is deservedly a prominent favourite for the Middle Park Plate, which will be decided next week. There was a very poor field for the Cesarewitch Trial Handicap, over the Cesarewitch course, which could not by any possibility have thrown light on the great handicap of next week, unless indeed M. Lefèvre's representative, Manille, had won in a canter. As it was, he was beaten in a canter by Mr. Crawford's Royal George, while Baron Rothschild's Hippia filly never showed prominently in the race. Yet the position of Moissonneur and Corisande in the Cesarewitch market was not affected in the slightest degree. Far better was the Queen's Plate—also run over the Cesarewitch course—which furnished a very fine struggle between Eole II., Shannon, and Lilian. M. Lefèvre's horse winning by a neck, and Shannon defeating Lilian for second place by half a length. The pace, however, was very indifferent till just towards the latter part of the race, there being no second string to force the running; but it is something to see a contest of any kind for a Queen's Plate, and they did gallop all the way, although not very fast.

A quiet day's racing on the Friday wound up an interesting if not specially eventful week. Sixteen ran for the October Handicap, including Laburnum, Proto-martyr, Enfield, Lord Gough, Nobleman, Barnston, and Androcles—winner of the French Cesarewitch last Sunday week. The winner, however, turned up in Tielborne, who had been nowhere in the Great Eastern Handicap, but had run second to Blenheim in the Welter Handicap on the subsequent day. The victory was easily accomplished by three lengths, and Lord Gough was second; while the old horses, light as were their imposts—Nobleman, 6 years, 7 st. 2 lbs.; Barnston, 5 years, 6 st. 8 lbs.; and Enfield, 6 years, 7 st. 5 lbs. for example—could never get near the front. M. Lefèvre and Fordham appropriately wound up the week, as they began it, with a second victory of Tourbillon, over Maid of Perth, Auricomus, Lincoln, and five more, and the finish between Tourbillon and Maid of Perth was one of the finest things of the meeting. The winner was conceding to Mr. Long's filly the year and 4 lbs., and just beat her by a head.

At the meeting of the Jockey Club held during the week Lord Coventry brought forward the motion of which he had given notice, that for the future three-year-olds and upwards should not be allowed to run in any race of a shorter distance than a mile; but he must have well known that he had little chance of support. We were rather surprised to find that he succeeded in obtaining a seconder; but he did accomplish that and no more; the whole meeting of, we think, twenty-four members, with the exception of the proposer and seconder, uniting to insist on things being left as they are, and on the country being inundated with worthless racing stock, unsound, infirm, roasters, and such like, that find a mile very much too far for them. So far from the Jockey Club showing any disposition to move forward in the direction pointed out by those who are anxious to preserve a national sport in such a way that it may be beneficial instead of detrimental, as it now is, to the country at large, we are quite prepared to see them before long take more than one retrograde step. It is currently reported that a strong effort will shortly be made to obtain the repeal of the law not long ago passed, prohibiting two-year-old racing before the 1st of May. Clerks of courses are all up in arms against that law; and it is believed that there is a strong party in the Jockey Club bent on seeing it rescinded. The Jockey Club has never showed any effectual zeal for the reform of the Turf; such reforms as have been made have been secured by chance divisions more than by any active co-operation on the part of the Club. And now that some of the best supporters of racing are abandoning it, and the places of others in the council of the Turf are vacant, it is but too likely that what little good has been done will be undone.

REVIEWS.

TWO SCHOOL HISTORIES OF ROME.*

WE must again do our duty by clearing off a few of the books of this kind which gather on our table by heaps. And the

* *Analysis of Roman History. A Text-book for the College, the School, and the Private Student.* By William C. Pearce. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

* *A Catechism of Roman History.* Edited by Elizabeth M. Sewall. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

duty is rendered one degree less irksome when we can discern any good thing in any one among the crowd. Now, though we do not see that Mr. Pearce had any particular call to meddle with Roman History, yet we do not feel any such distinct call to warn him off the subject as we often do in such cases. He has got a long way beyond Goldsmith and Lompière, which we take to be the great authorities for many of his brother-compilers. Mr. Pearce does not seem to be much of a scholar; indeed a good many passages seem to show that he does not understand the Latin tongue at all. But he has, at least during the central part of his History, read and made very fair use of some of the best modern books on his subject. His chief guide seems to be Dr. Ihno, but he has also laid a good many other writers, from Niebuhr to Mommsen, under contribution. By this means he has got a very respectable notion of the Roman Commonwealth and its changes, and during a good part of the book he distinctly rises above the level of cram. Some of Mr. Pearce's general sketches of particular periods are much above the level of books of the kind. It may be that the standard of this sort of thing is so very low that we value the least glimmering of sense more than it deserves. Still, where the standard is so low, it is something when we light upon anything from which we do not turn away at the first glimpse. Of course these small books can never be really well done except when real scholars stoop to take them in hand. But as long as they are done by persons of Mr. Pearce's class, it is only fair to point out one who, like Mr. Pearce, does much better than the mass of his class; and this we can honestly say of the central part of his book, the history of the Commonwealth. At the beginning and ending he breaks down. It is of course the very hardest thing to know how to treat the mythical part of the story. It cannot be left out altogether. The world would hardly stand a History of Rome without any Romulus and Remus at all; and though the story of Romulus and Remus is not history, yet the fact that such a story arose is undoubtedly part of the history; and when from Remus we get on to Tattius, we get to something which, though certainly not history, is we may be quite sure the legendary expression of a real prehistoric state of things. Besides, simply as stories, the legends are so famous and often so beautiful in themselves that no one could wish to get rid of them altogether. We must then keep our legends, and the only thing to be done with them seems to be to tell them as stories, at the same time clearly explaining that they are merely stories. But this at once needs a good deal of room, and it needs a power of telling a story which all people have not. But in any case the stories must not be told as if the writer really believed in them, and above all they must not be told in the high-polite style. You may tell the story of Numa and Egeria as the fairy tale which it is, and explain that nobody is to believe it, and all will be well. But if you talk about Numa and Egeria in exactly the same tone in which you talk about Pompeius and Caesar, though you do put a note to say that the story is legend and not history, this effect is not gained. In this Mr. Pearce breaks down. He breaks down at both ends, by failing to connect the history of Rome with that general history of the world of which it is the central act. This, the great lesson of Roman history, is of course what a crammer and compiler, even if really intelligent, cannot attain to. To put the history of Rome into its right place at both ends, it needs one who has really read and thought for himself, and who has learned to grasp that general view of history into which the history of Rome fits in as only a part, though by far the greatest part.

In this point of view the history of the Commonwealth and the history of the Empire are equally important, though their importance is of different kinds. The Commonwealth is greatest as a political study, as the piece of history which gives us the widest field for comparison with other Commonwealths before and since. The importance of the Empire is owing to its being the dominion out of which the nations and states of modern Europe have risen. It is owing to the duration of the laws and tongue of Rome and of the creed whose range has been co-extensive with the range of Roman influences. This is the real Roman history, and by one who really has general history at his fingers' ends it may be put into a very small space and into very plain words. But all this is beyond the compiler. Ho may, as Mr. Pearce has done, get a fair notion of the wars and revolutions of the Roman Commonwealth, because that may be got by reading a few of the best books specially devoted to Roman subjects. But to teach the real lesson of Roman history, to put Roman history into its proper place at both ends, is quite another matter; and here Mr. Pearce breaks down, as any compiler must break down. Besides this, Mr. Pearce does not seem to have given the same kind of care to the history of the Empire which he has given to that of the Commonwealth. We do not see the same signs of the influence of good modern books. Of all ages of the world, the centuries from Augustus to Charles the Great—and Arnold was undoubtedly right in fixing the coronation of Charles the Great as the point at which a History of Rome ought to stop—most need grouping into periods. To learn the names of a succession of Emperors, and to do nothing more, is simply useless. Or rather it is impossible; the mind refuses to remember them, and it might in truth as well be asked to remember the *Consular fasti*. Mr. Pearce, who gives each Emperor or pair of Emperors a separate paragraph and heading, is misled by the example of Histories like those of England and France, where the reigns of the Kings do make a convenient arrangement and something more. But the mere difference between the average length of

their reigns and that of the reigns of the momentary Emperors of the third century is a most practical difference in the matter of learning and remembering. The great Illyrian Emperors of that date are most important as a class, and they mark a stage in the history of the Empire which cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind. Many a reader will be able to carry off a very useful notion of their general historical position without keeping their exact succession in his head; but an attempt to remember their names and order without a clear idea of their position in universal history is altogether vain. Of course we do not expect writers of this class to understand the continuance of the Roman Empire after the time conventionally fixed for its end. They are one and all, Mr. Pearce included, in the state of mind which cannot be so well set forth as by their own formulas, which of course make Augustulus the last Emperor and turn the Patrician Odoacer into a King of Italy.

We have run on at this length mainly because Mr. Pearce is in a marked way better than most of his class, so that his failures show better than a worse example how worthless the whole class of thing is. As for style, Mr. Pearce of course writes in the grand style, though not in a very offensive variety of it. But the most curious thing is what we have already hinted at, his seemingly total ignorance of the Latin language. It is funny when we are told that the slaves who were set free by Sulla were called "the Cornelia." But this, if it stood alone, might possibly be a misprint; and anyhow it would not be worse than when Mr. W. O. Hazlitt talked about "Manuel Comnena." But when we come to a "lex frumentum," we see that we have got into the same region as the argument that "brum" meant a stick, because "candelabrum" meant a candlestick and "candela" a candle. "Lex frumentum" must be Latin for a corn-law, because "lex" is law and "frumentum" is corn. Mr. Pearce of course had often enough seen a "lex Julia" or "Cornelia" referred to, to know that "lex" should come before "frumentum," and not the other way. But the odd thing of all is that a man who has really picked up a very fair notion of what the Roman "plebs" was, should fancy that the name is the plural of the singular "pleb." We can at least hit on no other explanation than Mr. Pearce's practice of calling any particular plebeian a "pleb."

The other little book which we have before us sets us against itself, perhaps unjustly, by being in the form of question and answer. Miss Sewell gives a defence of catechisms in her Preface, from which we learn that they are "useful adjuncts, but nothing more"; and also that "in the use of a catechism it is well to make the pupil learn the question as well as the answer." We infer then that there is somewhere or other a class of beings so ill-fated as to be set to learn this kind of thing by heart. Now we know perfectly well what this means. With the mass of teachers it has simply to be said by heart, and the change of a word, which may really show intelligence and thought, is dealt with as a mistake quite as deadly as to go utterly wrong in the facts. And the time of which we have just been speaking at some length seems of all times the least suited for this kind of treatment. It must be hard indeed to get any clear general view of the great transitional period in the form of question and answer, and no good that we know of can possibly come of learning by heart little stiff statements about Constantine, Valentinian, Alaric, and the rest, winding up of course with Odoacer, King of Italy. We must however say for Miss Sewell that she makes a successful effort to be fair, and does not make out Constantine to be a saint and Julian to be a monster. At the other end Miss Sewell attempts something more than Mr. Pearce; she seems not to have reached the Aryan stage, but she has reached the Indo-European stage. But the reason for the latter name strikes us as rather funny. We must however give the first two questions and answers in full, as a curious specimen of one of the halting-places on the road between utter darkness and perfect light:—

What is known as to the primitive inhabitants of a great part of Italy, Greece, and the Islands of the Ægean Sea?

Very little is known with certainty. They are commonly termed Pelasgi, and it is thought that they belonged to a branch of the great Indo-European family of mankind, which derived its descent from Japhet, the youngest son of Noah.

Why is this division of the human race called Indo-European?

Because a portion of the family migrated to the east, towards the river Indus, and a portion settled in Europe.

We will venture only two remarks—that if they are commonly called Pelasgi, it would be well to leave off calling them so; and that, on behalf at least of the Nether-Dutch branch of the family, we must decline the descent from Japhet and dispute the position of Japhet being the youngest son of Noah. We need hardly say that the descent of Woden from Noah is at least as clearly made out as the descent of the Marquis of Westminster from Hugh of Avranches. But then the pedigree is not traced up through Japhet, but through Noah's yet younger son, Scaaf, who was born in the Ark.

It is hardly worth while to go through the Catechism at any length; it seems fair enough as things go, but we want to know what is meant by saying that the two great divisions in the Roman State were "the patricians, or full citizens, and the plebeians, or subject people, who were unattached as clients to the patrician families." Does this mean that the plebeians were the same as the clients or that they were not? As both views have been held, it would be as well to make it more clear which is meant. And at a further stage we should like to know what is meant by saying that when the younger Cæsar received his title of Augustus and his various special honours and commissions, "the office of Consul

ceased to exist." We need hardly say that the office, as all other offices, went on as before, only a new power arose which overshadowed them all. We mark this the more because Miss Sewell has taken evident pains to point out what the nature of the Imperial power in its first stage really was.

DRUMMOND'S LIFE OF ERASMUS.*

MR. DRUMMOND, as a biographer of Erasmus, has proposed to himself a definite plan, and carried it out consistently. Avoiding generalities and historical digressions, he has kept as close as possible to the correspondence and works of Erasmus. Nothing could be more proper than such a course; for Erasmus, if anything, was a writer. He might have used of himself by anticipation the words of the late Mr. Buckle—"I live merely for literature, and my works are my only actions." The one great practical effort he made was to extricate himself from the monastic system in which he became entangled when young; and, this accomplished, his only continuous care, apart from literary matters, was to find the means of life, and to continue free. In both of these aims he succeeded, as a man of his extraordinary power had a right to do. He was superior to the sordid mysteries of mere economy; when he wanted money, or thought he was in danger of wanting it, he begged, he sought out patrons, he made parade of his poverty to his friends, but he never tied down his genius to mechanical and distasteful work. He was one of the most industrious of men, but his industry must flow in its own channel; he could not submit to teaching if it stood seriously in the way of his learning, or accept permanently a professorship which would keep him from running away from the plague. In fact, he took just the course which, if he had been an inferior man, would have ruined him. His delicate health and fastidious tastes, together with his frequent journeys, made his mode of life decidedly expensive; but while his expenses were regular, his way of meeting them was irregular. We know what are the prospects of an artist without private fortune, who will not paint portraits, who is fond of travelling, and believes that good French wine is necessary for his constitution. He registers himself beforehand for failure; but Erasmus did not fail. When old age was coming on he found himself a comparatively rich man. He could buy a house and alter it, and sell it again, without being at all impoverished. He had rings in abundance, and gold and silver plate, and plenty of money, yet he had not parted with his liberty. He was on terms of respectful freedom with Popes; he was courted by kings; he was an Imperial councillor, and was recognized both by reformers and adherents of the old faith as a distinct power in the world of opinion. In those difficult times he could not maintain his independence without occasionally playing his friends as well as his enemies against each other, but to the very last he was independent of each, if not of all. He carried out the policy of the *bascule* as cleverly as M. Thiers, and longer. The very circumstances of his death have an ironical propriety which may have consoled him in his agonies. When the Mass was abolished by public authority at Basle, he left the place, much as he loved it, to live at Freiburg in close and not unfriendly proximity to monks and canons. But he ultimately returned to Basle and died among his Protestant friends, declaring indeed to the last that, as he did not agree with them in doctrine, he would rather end his life elsewhere, but nevertheless preferring their company to that of more orthodox folk.

A writer so acute, so ingenious, so elastic as Erasmus, becomes an object of some suspicion when an endeavour is made to interpret his life and character by means of his letters. It may be said that his letters need rather to be interpreted by his life; he was too clever to be caught tripping in words, or to be safely taken at the estimate which he himself suggests. But, in the first place, Erasmus, as we have already observed, did very little except write; and, in the second place, his letters are so varied that they must exhibit most phases of his character. Their very number is some security against unfair selection and manipulation. Eighteen hundred of them are published, including some contributions of his correspondents, and he said that he sometimes wrote them at the rate of forty a day. Reserve and disguise were not his foibles; he was an incautious talker and a tolerably open writer. He had no scruple about committing his real thoughts to paper, provided always he committed them in a graceful and scholarlike style. There were some correspondents, of course, who required a peculiar treatment, and there were some doctrines and opinions which Erasmus, both in his books and his letters, found it prudent to respect. But he had a pleasure like that of a good pilot in keeping just clear of the rocks; and the irony in which he indulged is at once visible and transparent. When we know that he could ask favours perseveringly, and be liberal, though not fulsome, in flattery; that he could evade unpleasant controversies which he could not directly decline; that he formed many real friendships, and, though not exactly a good hater, could allow himself to be tolerably spiteful if he was ingenious at the same time; that, notwithstanding occasional expressions of humility, he valued himself at his true value—in other words, very highly; that he was incapable of either the virtues or the vices of a genuine monk, and believed, in common with a great many moderns, wine and good cheer to be necessary for brain-work,

we really know a good deal about him. His letters are often only variations on familiar themes, and we are obliged to Mr. Drummond for interpreting these variations so pleasantly. In the hands of his translator, as in the original Latin, Erasmus is a smooth and copious writer, wearing his learning gracefully, and showing no disposition to pedantry. Mr. Drummond's translations are often free, but they are seldom really inaccurate, and are sometimes very happy. The only mistake of importance on which we have hit occurs at the close of the first letter of Erasmus to Luther, where he is made to say, "When I wrote this your letter had not reached me." Now, as Erasmus begins by acknowledging that Luther's letter shows both a truly Christian spirit and great abilities, he could scarcely conclude by saying that he had not received it. His words are—"cum hæc scriberem, tua epistola ad manum non erat"; that is, "I have written this without having your letter at hand." Here is a good example of the kind of caution which Erasmus exercised. After writing in a friendly tone to Luther, and giving him some excellent advice, he guards his remarks by hinting that, after all, they may not be much to the purpose. He tells Luther, as he often told Luther's opponents, that he had not read his books, and he wishes it further to be understood that no very precise reply is given to his letter.

Mr. Drummond's biography loses much of its placid interest, and becomes rather intricate and perplexed, when, at the beginning of the second volume, it reaches Luther and the Reformation. We cannot blame it on this account, for it is so far quite true to the life of Erasmus. The elegant scholar, who disliked the coarseness of the monks quite as much as any errors in their doctrine, was sadly perplexed when a monk who had escaped from the cloister appeared in the character of a violent reformer, and made culture merely an instrument instead of an end. When Erasmus substantially agreed with Luther, he disagreed with Luther's manner of putting things; and indeed the points on which the two men were of one mind, though not unimportant, were comparatively superficial. Luther opposed the whole Roman system; Erasmus liked the system well enough if only he could remove its abuses. To Luther the Pope was Antichrist; to Erasmus he was a high ecclesiastic with whom, personally, it was convenient to be on good terms, and whose somewhat indefinite supremacy might be useful, if not pressed too far. Erasmus edited the Fathers, Luther reviled them. Luther clung, with a passion not far removed from despair, to every text of the Bible that told of Christ, and gave him hope and comfort; Erasmus was curious in various readings, and calmly paraphrased the New Testament book by book. Erasmus, in defending free-will, was, in his own opinion, defending common sense; in Luther's, he was attacking grace. Luther's favourite doctrine of justification by faith was simply unintelligible to Erasmus, as it is to most persons whose notion of personal religion is a quiet growth in grace, and not a new creation which is liable to be attended by convulsions. The following remarks of Mr. Drummond are a fair statement of the case for the defence when Erasmus is charged with timidity and vacillation:—

Whatever inconsistency Erasmus may justly be chargeable with for remaining a member of the Church of Rome, it was simply impossible for him to join the party of Luther; and the best answer that can be made to any charge of dishonesty or cowardice that may be brought against him on this ground is simply this—that he never concealed his sympathy with the Reformation as long as it only went his own length, but the moment it went farther he declined to follow it. From the beginning to the end of his career he remained true to the great purpose of his life, which was to fight the battle of sound learning and plain common sense against the powers of ignorance and superstition; and, amid all the convulsions of that period, he never once lost his mental balance. It is no small thing to be able to say of any one that his mind was never hurried into excess, and never suffered reaction. But that is the simple truth as regards Erasmus. When his friend Sir Thomas More had abandoned the generous principles laid down in his "Utopia," and was writing in no gentle language against Tyndale and others of the reformed school, Erasmus quietly continued his work, scarcely moved by the changes around him. What he had been at the first he continued to be at the last. He had always declared that he desired to teach nothing that was at variance with the doctrines of the Church, and that, if any such proposition could be pointed out in his works, he was ready to retract it. He never ceased to attack and ridicule the corruptions of the Church, and to labour for the reform of its manners and discipline.

It is not so easy to find any modern parallel that is tolerably precise for the position of Erasmus in his day. Mr. Drummond compares it to that of our own Broad Churchmen; but, as a rule, Broad Churchmen do not content themselves with being practical reformers. They aim at speculative width, and rejoice, or try to rejoice, in an enlargement of the intellectual horizon which would have struck Erasmus and Luther alike as portentous. Erasmus died some years before the first session of the Council of Trent; and even if he had lived long enough to witness that new outburst of the dogmatic spirit, there was no earlier body of doctrine to which he could turn back, as the Old Catholics in our day have done to the Council of Trent itself, and make it the basis of resistance. It was not doctrine he sought in the New Testament, but edification and a field of congenial labour. The collectors of manuscripts and writers of notes are no longer, *ipso facto*, dangerous persons. They will be as often found on the side of moderate orthodoxy as on any other side; but Erasmus, to suspicious eyes, was not even moderately orthodox. His classical culture made him decidedly sceptical; and with him, as with Mr. Matthew Arnold, literature and dogma were antagonistic. Of course his conclusions fell far short of Mr. Arnold's, but then he began by being a monk, and never ceased to be an ecclesiastic.

Mr. Drummond, who is copious on the relations of Erasmus to

* Erasmus; his Life and Character as shown in his Correspondence and Works. By Robert Blackley Drummond, B.A. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

other learned men, says but little of his relations to artists; yet the point is one which will bear some working out. With Holbein Erasmus was on familiar terms, and one of the few pieces of evidence which are extant with regard to the character of Holbein's private life occurs in connexion with "The Prize of Folly." Among the humorous illustrations made by Holbein to that work, and still preserved at Basle, is a picture of Erasmus himself sitting at his writing-desk; and against this picture, as Mr. Drummond tells us, Erasmus wrote in Latin:—"Ah, if Erasmus were still like that, he would certainly marry!" But this is not all. Under another illustration, representing an ugly, sensual fellow drinking out of a bottle which he holds in his left hand, and clasping with his right arm a woman round the neck, Erasmus wrote the name of Holbein. The drawing is one of the coarsest of the series; and in the engravings of the Leyden edition of Erasmus it has been thought better, probably from respect to the great man, to leave out the woman and modify the toper. This certainly looks as if Erasmus, who was not himself always above the suspicion of conviviality, was on terms of familiarity with Holbein, whose tastes were probably more pronounced in the same way. It was by Erasmus that Holbein was introduced to Sir Thomas More, and a beginning was thus made to his career as a portrait-painter in England. Erasmus was acquainted with another great painter, Albert Dürer; and the two eminent men were brought nearer to each other by having a friend, Billibald Pirkheimer, in common. But when brought together they did not coalesce. Erasmus told Pirkheimer that Dürer began to take his portrait at Brussels, but did not finish it; the sitting was broken off by a quarrel, which Erasmus says was about some trifle. The picture seems to have been painted at last, and sent to Erasmus, who was not pleased with it. "If it is not like," he observed, "that is not surprising, for I am not the same man that I was five years ago." Though the quarrel may have begun about some small matter, a difference of opinion about the Reformation probably lay at the bottom of it. Erasmus could not follow Dürer in his strong admiration for Luther; and Dürer, in a famous passage in his journal, written when Luther was hidden in the Wartburg, and was supposed to have been carried off by his enemies, calls on Erasmus to take the side of Christ, but in rather a despondent manner. Erasmus, he says, may yet win the martyr's crown, although he is old and a mannikin.

We have here stepped a little beyond the letters of Erasmus, which mark for the most part the circuit within which Mr. Drummond confines himself. He quotes the letters largely, and writes in a style which harmonizes with them. He has thus attained an equable flow and a studied moderation of purpose which make his volumes very pleasant.

THE EGYPTIAN SKETCHBOOK.*

MR. LELAND, as our readers probably know, is the author of the *Britannia Ballads*. There is, we believe, some difference of opinion as to the merits of that peculiar specimen of American humour. Some readers obstinately refused to see that there was anything funny in them at all, except the very poor fun which depends upon eccentric spelling. Our own opinion was that they contained a genuine, though not a very profound, vein of humour; which moreover had the merit of being the humour of a cultivated man. Be this as it may, Mr. Leland evidently considers himself entitled to indulge in the vagaries of a professed humorist. Nobody can say, whatever other criticism he may be disposed to make, that the *Egyptian Sketchbook* does not contain a large number of unequivocal jokes. Of their quality we will speak directly; but at least they are unmistakably facetious in intention. He tells good stories, derived from all kinds of sources; he makes puns, and he throws the reins upon the neck of his fancy, and carvers away in search of oddities much as Southey did in the *Doctor*. There are a good many descriptions of Egyptian life and manners in these pages; and they are not, we are happy to add, descriptions of those objects of conventional admiration which have been described and redescribed until we are almost sick of their names. But a large, probably the largest, part of the book is deliberately intended to be simply amusing; and we are not a little startled when in the last page he informs us that his real desire was to "grapple with the tremendous social and industrial problems which this wonderful country presents." By way of giving a colour to this statement he adds that the great practical problem of Egypt is the "want of fuel," and he states that there is a good deal of fuel in America. Probably this is intended as a ponderous joke; inasmuch as the problems have been chiefly conspicuous by their absence up to the last moment, with the exception of a few rambling remarks upon the social and national characteristics of the different Egyptian races. At any rate we shall not enter upon the field of speculation thus suggested, but confine ourselves to the attempt to give some notion of Mr. Leland's merits as a writer.

And, first, of his facetiousness. Are his jokes really good or bad? We confess that we must answer this question with some diffidence. The most difficult task that a critic can have is to pronounce upon the merits of a new poet. Innumerable failures are before his eyes, and he has an uncomfortable feeling that he may be pool-poohing an immortal Keats or puffing an ephemeral

Alexander Smith. But next in difficulty is the task of discriminating between genuine and counterfeited humour. A very large proportion of what passes for humour in the present day is probably mere slang and vulgarity, fitted to make ignorant people laugh for the moment, but soon, it is devoutly to be hoped, to be shovelled on to the dust-heap, where are decaying vestiges of the nonsense by which our ancestors condescended to be amused in their day. On the other hand, we know that it was a long time before the rich and delicate humour of Charles Lamb met with any adequate appreciation; and possibly we may condemn as mere eccentricity work that has in it genuine pathos and vivacity. The appreciation of humorous writing depends so much on the accidental moods of the reader, it looks so different as the light falls upon it from different angles, that we should not express an offhand opinion without some misgiving. Making this reservation, however, we will venture to give our estimate of Mr. Leland's performance. And, in the first place, we may say unhesitatingly that, however funny he may be, he thinks himself funnier than he is. He makes a great many jokes which are simply failures, and others which we are afraid are simply vulgar. Indeed it would be easy enough to make quotations from his pages which would apparently justify a summary condemnation of his "Sketchbook" as hopelessly and irredeemably bad. Mr. Leland himself, when speaking of the manner adopted by some Englishmen, and, as he confesses, by more Americans, in presence of Orientals, speaks very sensibly of the "silly men who cannot conceive the possibility of addressing anybody, high or low, save in a bristly, free and easy, 'funny' way." We are too often tempted to retort that this is just the style in which Mr. Leland likes to address his readers. There is, to our taste at least, no genuine fun in the use of that peculiar slang which has become the staple of would-be American humorists. We are not really amused when Mr. Leland says "as followethly," instead of "as follows"; though it may be regarded as a simple-minded way of hanging out a signal to indicate that he is about to be funny. We even decline to laugh at such fun as is contained in the following sentence:—

If a thing of beauty be a jaw for ever, as the American husband said of his handsome scolding wife, then the donkey boys of Cairo are the most jaw-yous and beautiful creatures on the face of the earth; for the sound of their voices dryeth not up, and wheresoever thou goest they go, and their ways are thy ways, and thy people their people—if they can get hold of them;

and so on to the end of the paragraph. True humorists sometimes make bad puns and are flippant; but bad puns and flippancy are not always truly humorous. The flippancy comes out still more offensively in many of Mr. Leland's pages; and we beg leave to say, once for all (would that we could impress the doctrine upon the regular purveyors of fun for humorous journalism), that it is not really a proof of humour, but, on the contrary, a proof that you can only supply a mechanical substitute for humour, to indulge to excess in burlesque writing. For example, we consider that the following passage is in the worst possible taste, even though Mr. Leland subsequently makes a half apology for his ludicrous treatment of the Jews:—

Alexander Historicus [he says] declares the Egyptians got all they know from the Jews by way of Abraham, who set up an office for fortune-telling in Heliopolis, and gave lessons in astrology to the chief priests; being, I suppose, little cards on which was inscribed, "Predicts marriages, shows the face of your future husband, recovers stolen goods by the planets. Gentlemen, one dollar; second story, back building. N.B.—Ring at the gate."

When a man tries to pass off such dreary facetiousness upon us and expects us to laugh, our impression is simply that he is utterly devoid of any true sense of humour. How else could he expect us to be taken in by his Brummagem substitute for the genuine article, which might be manufactured in lengths according to order? The secret of this literary trick, if it deserves to be called literary, has been made familiar by the scribblers who used to write Comic Blackstones, Comic Histories of England, and travesties of classical authors. The very memory of their ponderous contortions makes us yawn, and, in fact, they resemble nothing but a dull clown who goes through the conventional grimaces, which, having once been produced by people of exuberant animal spirits, are supposed to indicate exuberance of spirits ever afterwards. The adult spectator knows that the poor clown is tired to death of his own pranks, and we cannot doubt that Mr. Leland, when he looks again at his witticism in cold blood, will be astonished that he could ever have mistaken it for genuine fun. It is wonderful how speedily the spirit of a mild joke evaporates when it is committed to paper; and it looks still worse when it is extracted by an unkind reviewer from the pages where it was first made public.

Had Mr. Leland's writing been generally at the level indicated by this stuff about Abraham, we should not have taken any notice of his book. The peculiarity of his case is that, mixed with such twaddle, there is a great deal of writing which shows that he is a man of reading, of intelligence, and even of cultivated taste. For example, the chapter from which we have selected this flower of wit is devoted to a number of legends, recalled to him by Egyptian superstition, as to amatory relations between human beings and spirits. It proves that Mr. Leland has rambled in many bypaths of literature, rarely trodden at the present day, and has studied legendary lore in an intelligent spirit. Unluckily, however, he is in his worst humour throughout the chapter, and thinks that he will make it amusing by such artifices as calling Apollonius of Tyana "old Poll," and imagining him to say to Manippus, "Nip, my boy, don't be in a hurry; that young lady is one of the *Le Muses*."

* *The Egyptian Sketchbook*. By Charles G. Leland. London: Strahan & Co. and Trübner & Co. 1873.

(facetious for lemur), "bad family, my dear fellow, a very bad family." This unseasonable attempt at fun fairly sets our teeth on edge. We can compare it with nothing but some parallel passages in De Quincey, who addresses Josephus, for example, in much the same style. And, in short, we are inclined to say to Mr. Leland, as we should have said to De Quincey, You are a man of talent, and you even possess a vein of humour. But then your humour is not abundant and spontaneous enough to be allowed to flow at this pace. You should treat it more carefully, and use it to lubricate your writings, not to be a substantial part of the dish you set before us. When he is not in such desperate eagerness to be funny, Mr. Leland can not only show that he has read and thought, but he can describe well what he has seen. Innumerable travellers have treated us to pictures of dancing dervishes, of singing girls, and of native marriages; but we do not often find more graphic descriptions than those of Mr. Leland. When he is in his right mind, he is at once a man of culture and a shrewd American. He sees things with his own eyes; he refuses to be prejudiced either by the contempt of the vulgar traveller for all that is strange to him, or by the sentimental colouring which a natural reaction has induced some writer such as "dear old Lady Duff-Gordon" (as he rather offensively describes that lady) to throw over the subject. Indeed he has that kind of obstinate desire to approve of modern civilization even in its vulgar forms which one may not unfrequently observe in the more cultivated Americans. It is a point of patriotism with them to believe in the advantages of railways and telegraphs, even though enlightened taste has shown them the beauty of much of what their rougher countrymen would set down as antiquated lumber. And so Mr. Leland is constantly protesting that it will be better for the people when they have left the *Arabian Nights* further behind them, and he declines, with some recent Liberals, to regard the Eastern Mahomedan as altogether a superior being to the native Christian. At the same time he looks with a kindly eye upon such parts of the Oriental character as commend themselves to his judgment; and talks soundly and sensibly even about Egyptian art, endeavouring with some success to be appreciative without being rhapsodical. In short, but for his occasional freaks of would-be facetiousness, we could accompany him with perfect good temper throughout, and we even admit that his humour, when confined to its natural limits, is agreeable enough. Moreover, we are grateful to him for not insisting upon taking us up the Nile, and for giving us but a very moderate dose of the Sphinx and the Pyramids. He preferred to see more than usual of the people, and especially of the Copts, of whose intelligence and honesty and good temper he speaks in much higher terms than most travellers. Altogether we wish that we could have spoken of him in terms of unmixed eulogy; but, alas! that story about Abraham is one of the things which stir the bile of every reviewer; and indeed criticism would be of little use if it did not aim at repressing such offences against literary good manners.

SIR EDWARD CODRINGTON.*

A LIFE of Admiral Sir Edward Codrington in two bulky volumes may perhaps more than satisfy the demand which undoubtedly exists for biographies of military and naval officers. The subject of these volumes served in three general actions of the French war, and he commanded the combined British, French, and Russian squadrons which transacted the "untoward event" of Navarino. He was born in 1770, went from Harrow School to sea at thirteen, and was nine years a midshipman, during which period he never was invited to open a book, nor received a word of advice or instruction, except professional, from any one. He had the good fortune to be chosen as signal lieutenant to Lord Howe in 1793, and he served on board the *Queen Charlotte* both in the cruise of that year and in the battles of May 29 and June 1, 1794. He has left a very striking picture of the arduous nature of the winter service of the Channel Fleet at that period. The fleet, consisting of between thirty and forty sail of the line, were in constant danger from a succession of S.W. gales of wind and thick weather, cruising between the rocks of Scilly on one side and the French coast on the other. Under these circumstances, and the main object of keeping the sea being over, it was desirable to get the fleet into port. Four days had elapsed since the sun had been visible to enable an observation to be taken to ascertain the latitude, when on the morning of December 10, 1793, a consultation took place between Lord Howe and Sir Roger Curtis (Captain of the Fleet) and Captain Christian as to trying to get the fleet into Torbay. The two latter urged the great danger of the experiment, and the certain loss of the fleet if a mistake were made in making the land. The fears of these two officers would have kept the fleet at sea, but Bowen the master, hearing the conversation, went up to Lord Howe and said abruptly, "My Lord, I can take the fleet safely into Torbay." Lord Howe, after a little consideration, answered, "You shall try it, sir." Both Sir Roger Curtis and Captain Christian pressed on Bowen the impossibility of his knowing exactly where they were, and the probability of his losing the whole fleet in Whitsand Bay. Bowen's answer was, "We shan't make any mistake." This was about 10 A.M. Bowen then directed the course for Start Point. The *Phaeton* frigate,

commanded by that able and excellent seaman, Sir Andrew Douglas, and noted for bearing a press of sail, was directed to keep on the lee bow of the *Queen Charlotte*, as far forward as she could go, without losing sight of her. The *Black Joke* lugger was directed to do the same for the *Phaeton*. In this way the *Queen Charlotte*, under all the sail she could bear, led the fleet, until about 4 o'clock P.M. The *Black Joke* was seen to haul short up on the starboard tack, having run very close to the breakers of the Start, and the *Phaeton* followed her example. The *Queen Charlotte* kept steadily on her course, by which she just cleared the Start Point, so as to keep away for Bury Head; and thus the whole of the fleet, with the exception of two ships, was conducted into a snug anchorage in Torbay. Such confidence and skill was not unusual among Bowen's class, and it was deemed to be handsomely rewarded by promotion, late in life, to a lieutenantancy. This was, in fact, Bowen's reward for "conning" the flag-ship in the battles of the next year.

During the anxious month of May 1794 Codrington, who was long-sighted and much practised in observing signals, was kept almost constantly at the masthead looking out for the French fleet. In conversation Lord Howe had told him that, speaking generally, he would choose to engage the enemy at night, relying on the superior discipline and experience of a British fleet. Codrington asked his lordship whether he would apply that principle in present circumstances. "No," answered Lord Howe, "I require daylight to see how my own captains conduct themselves." In fact, some of these captains did not behave well, and they prevented by their slackness a more complete victory being gained. Almost the only fault of Lord Howe was that he was too easy with those captains; as to whose conduct the lieutenants on the quarter-deck spoke their mind freely, until Lord Howe told Codrington that he desired him to hold his tongue, but did not desire him to shut his eyes. The *Queen Charlotte* passed through the enemy's line. "On going through the smoke," says Codrington, who was on the lower deck, "I hauled up apart, and could just see it was a French ship we were passing, and I successively hauled up the ports and myself fired the whole of my seven weather guns into her; then ran to leeward and fired the lee guns into the other ship." He says also—in reference really to the battle of June 1, but the account is placed under date of May 29—that in passing under the stern of the French flagship *Montagne* he waited at the bow port till he saw the rudder, "the same sea splashing us both, the fly of her ensign brushed our shrouds." The captain of the next gun asked Codrington to fire it, and on his declining, took him up in his arms and carried him, and putting him down at his gun, made him do so. Lord Howe liked close, but not too close, action. He told Bowen that he did not wish the ships to be bilge and bilge, but if he could lock the yard arms, so much the better.

Towards the close of the action of June 1 Lord Howe observed the *Queen* far down to leeward and in danger of being cut off by the enemy. He bade Sir Roger Curtis "Go down to the *Queen*." The answer was, "We can't; we're a mere wreck; the ship won't steer." Bowen burst out with, "She will steer, my Lord," and he made her steer; "watching with a seaman's eye the moment of her falling off, and getting the spritsail well filled to assist her, he got her before the wind with her head to the enemy." This, says Codrington, was her position in the picture, and he gave it himself to the painter. Lord Howe was sixty-nine years of age. He did not go to bed during the whole of the three days' chase, but went to bed completely done up after the action of June 1. Codrington was sent to London by Lord Howe with his despatch announcing the safe arrival of the fleet and six prizes off the Isle of Wight.

In April 1795 Codrington, who had become post-captain, commanded the *Babet* frigate in Lord Bridport's action. The *Queen Charlotte* was then merely a private ship, as Lord Howe was on shore indisposed; but she took the foremost part in the action; and the energetic Bowen, now her first lieutenant, and Sir Andrew Douglas, her captain, doubtless concurred with Codrington in the opinion that Lord Bridport, if he had been rather less cautious, might have captured or destroyed all the French ships, instead of allowing all but three to enter L'Orient. Yet it is difficult to hit the mean between boldness and temerity. After the action the weather became very thick and threatening, with every appearance of a gale or storm. Judging, by the conduct of the ships in charge of prizes, that they were not aware of their situation, Codrington at the close of day ran down and warned them. Afterwards he met Lord Bridport's flag-captain, Domett, at Plymouth, and told him what he had done; and Domett said that he had eased his mind of a heavy load, for when he gave the account of the battle at the Admiralty, he feared that the next news would be, not only that the prizes, but the ships in charge of them, had been lost.

After this commission Codrington was unemployed for some years. In 1802 he married, and when next he went to sea he began a series of letters to his wife which furnish interesting, but almost too copious, material for these volumes. While unemployed he rode a long distance to a ball at Windsor, carrying with him a bouquet which had a very particular destination. Arrived at Windsor he had his hair dressed, having probably to take an early turn of the only available artist or none at all, and he placed his bouquet in water and sat down in an armchair to await the time of going to the ball. Of course he had nothing to do, but nobody had anything to do, or expected to have anything to do, in those days. Unfortunately he fell asleep, and when he awoke it was broad daylight, the flowers were blooming sweetly on the table, and the ball was over. In May 1805 Captain Codrington

* *Memoir of the Life of Admiral Sir Edward Codrington; with Selections from his Public and Private Correspondence.* Edited by his Daughter, Lady Bouchier. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1873.

ton was appointed to the *Orion* of 74 guns, and proceeded to the Mediterranean, where Collingwood, and afterwards Nelson, commanded the fleet. He calls Collingwood a "stay-on-board admiral," who never communicated with anybody but on service, and he regretted the departure of Sir Robert Calder, who was fond of asking people to dinner. Soon afterwards he writes, "Lord Nelson is arrived. A sort of general joy has been the consequence." He handed to Codrington a letter from his wife, and said that, being entrusted with it by a lady, he made a point of delivering it himself. On September 30 Codrington writes, "The signal was made this morning for all of us who did not dine on board the *Victory* yesterday to go there to-day. What our late chief will think of this I don't know; but I well know what the fleet think of the difference; and even you, our good wives, who have some causes of disapprobation, will allow the superiority of Lord Nelson in all those social arrangements which bind his captains to their admiral." Speaking of Calder's action and the clamour that arose against him, he says, "Had he written well, they would have made it a great victory." The Admiralty ordered Calder home in a frigate, but Lord Nelson, "like an officer and a gentleman," gave him his own flag-ship, although he thus reduced his own fighting strength. The great battle was now close at hand, and everybody was in good humour with their chief. "Lord Nelson had just hoisted his dinner flag to several captains at nine o'clock this morning" (19th October), "when, to my great astonishment, he wore ship and made the signal for a general chase to windward." The *Orion* came rather late into the battle of the 21st, but Codrington justified his reputation as a skilful officer by his handling of her. He made his men reserve their fire until it could be effectual, and the captain of a ship which he passed near hailed him, and "hoped he would make a better flat of it" than another ship which was also near. He says that the battle was nothing to the fatigue, anxiety, and distress of mind which succeeded, particularly in such horrible weather as they encountered. He had 500 prisoners on board, and 120 men of other ships, besides his own crew, so that he victualled close upon 1,200 men. He shows in various ways his dislike of Collingwood, and grumbles at the dull blockading days which followed Trafalgar, when the only relief was a social dinner of captains, following a court-martial. Speaking of Sir Samuel Hood, who had lost his arm, he says that Nelson without his arm was worth all our other admirals, and he hopes Hood may imitate him. But Nelson only rose to eminence by an exclusive devotion to his profession which Codrington did not desire to imitate:—

Putting his great abilities, his unremitting attention and employment in the service, and the much greater experience he had had long before he was my age, quite out of the question, so-called honour, glory, and distinction were the sole objects of his life, and that dear domestic happiness—my only boon—never abstracted his attention.

Nelson had not, or did not acknowledge, any incumbrances; and his rule was that "every man became a bachelor after he passed the Rock of Gibraltar." Mrs. Codrington was doubtless content that her husband should not become a Nelson on these terms. But indeed Nelson's work was done, and henceforth the contest with Napoleon was to be waged on land, where Nelson could not serve his country. Amid the mud of Walcheren, which was neither land nor water, even Nelson could not have done much good. Codrington returned from the Mediterranean, paid off the *Orion*, and commanded the *Blake* at Walcheren, where he had the largest part of the little fighting that there was. His letters to his wife give a vivid picture of the imbecility of the combined action of a fleet and army which, separate, could win Trafalgar and Waterloo. He was afterwards employed in the *Blake* on the coast of Spain, co-operating with our army and the Spaniards. His ship being paid off in 1813, he remained for rather more than a year on shore. In May 1814 Lord Cochrane, who was to have sailed in the *Tonnant* as flag-captain to his uncle Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, became involved in a charge of Stock Exchange fraud, and Codrington was appointed in his place. Thus he bore an active part in the war with the United States, and was present at the disastrous attack on New Orleans. "By exertion which is beyond belief," he and the seamen placed Colonel Thornton in a position to make a flank attack which succeeded. But in the meanwhile the main attack had been made and failed. Like other competent observers, he thought that success under good management was possible, and he censured our generals for rash exposure of their own lives. After the peace he remained on shore until 1827, when he hoisted his flag as Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean. The diplomatic complications which deprived him of the well-earned honour of Navarino cannot be unravelled at the close of an article, but they deserve attention.

YONGE'S THREE CENTURIES OF MODERN HISTORY.

THERE is, we think, some ground for fearing that "the youthful student," for whose benefit the work before us is designed, may on perusal begin to question the assertion in the first page that "there can be no more interesting study than that of History." Undoubtedly the three centuries from the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. of France to the overthrow of Napoleon are not dull or uneventful times; it is the style rather than the sub-

ject-matter that is at fault. The author's love for sentences of inordinate length has already been remarked upon, and we need only add that it has not diminished. Every now and then his pen fairly runs away with him, leaving the reader to toil after him through the turns and winds of some sixteen or twenty lines, and bewilder himself amid a maze of pronouns. Take the following sentence, not by any means one of the longest, as a specimen:—

Not only did Henry of England enter the lists against him [Luther] as an author, and thus apparently bind himself, as it were, by his own vanity, for ever to the maintenance of the old belief and practice; while Francis, in the very same year in which he disowned the Pope at Wittenburg [sic], committed more than one of his parliamentarians to the flames; but the supreme authority in his own country, Charles, in his newly acquired character of Emperor of Germany, convened a Diet of the Empire at Worms in the summer of the next year, 1521, which, when he refused to retract his opinions, published a sentence of outlawry against him, and offered a large reward for his arrest, which would unquestionably have been followed by his instant execution.

The youthful student may be pardoned if he understands this passage to convey a charge against the Most Christian King that not only did he disown the Pope at Wittenburg, but that he even carried his audacity the length of burning more than one Papist. It may further be gathered that Charles was called upon to retract his opinions before the Diet which he had himself convened, and that his refusal exposed him to the risk of meeting the fate afterwards incurred by his namesake of England, and dying by the hands of the executioner. Not that the author is by any means indifferent to the charms and graces of style. He loves to enliven his narrative with small quotations from ancient or modern poets. Thus, having occasion to mention that fortune baffled somebody's schemes in a particularly provoking manner, he takes the trouble to append a footnote for the purpose of quoting

Fortuna, sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,

together with its translation by Dryden. It is rather hard upon a conscientious student who is trying to master the intricacies of the Spanish Partition treaties to call off his attention to a not very apposite classical quotation, which, instead of throwing any fresh light on the matter in hand, only informs him that Fortune is of a malignant and perverse disposition. The retreat from Moscow, we are told, was "the greatest disaster which ever befel the commander of an army, since a single ship, the sole relic of the host which he had led to Salamis, bore Xerxes back to the Hellespont"; and another footnote is devoted to an appropriate quotation from Juvenal and its translation. The "Spanish Fury" at Antwerp gives an opportunity for introducing the sack of Troy, as described by Virgil, together with the following comment:—

But, furious as was Neoptolemus, avenging the death of his sire, and fierce as were his followers (as men might well be who believed that some of their gods delighted in slaughter), no heathen warriors ever perpetrated, nor did any heathen poet ever conceive, such savage barbarities as the Spaniards now inflicted on the very citizens whom they had been appointed to defend.

Charles V. is paralleled with Diocletian, and Diocletian, as a man given to gardening, is again likened to the old Corycian on the banks of the Calesus, and the footnote with its quotation follows. Happily at this point the author is content, and does not go on to liken the old Corycian to anybody else. English literature is, we need not say, also familiar to Professor Yonge. Of *Alva* we are told that few could fathom his "remorseless ferocity," and this Byronic phrase serves to usher in the four lines of the *Corsair* beginning "There was a laughing devil in his sneer." The blood-tinged draught of water which a soldier brings in his helmet to King Francis I. of France, athirst with his exertions in the first day's fight of Marignano, suggests four lines from the closing scene of *Marmion*:—

She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew; &c.

When Marie Antoinette stands firm before a revolutionary mob, we are told that they quailed before

Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face;

and the author does not seem conscious of the incongruity of the implied comparison with Queen Elizabeth at the height of her power. It would be easy to fit almost every event in history with quotations from ancient and modern poets at least as appropriate as many of these.

The same character of—shall we say, priggishness?—which shows itself in these poetical ornaments runs throughout the book. We sympathize with the Professor in his antipathy to those representatives of the ancient glories of France, Francis I. and Louis XIV., and have no desire to undertake their defence against him. But all the same we could wish that he was briefer in expressing his disapprobation, and that he would not say the same things twice over. King John of France and his fine sentiment, authentic or the reverse, that if truth were banished from the rest of the world, it ought ever to find a home in the bosoms of princes, do duty first in contrast with the bad faith of Francis I. and then with that of Louis XIV. With the last-named monarch the writer deals—to borrow a simile from Scott's wicked Lord Etherington—"as a boy does with the first hare he shoots, which he never thinks dead till he has fired the second barrel into her." After giving a death-wound to Louis's dignity by roundly calling him "a notorious coward," it is superfluous to deliver a second shot by describing him, many pages later, as "so far from being animated with the spirit of chivalrous enterprise, that he was devoid even of

* *Three Centuries of Modern History*. By Charles Duke Yonge, Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast; Author of "A School History of England," "Three Centuries of English Literature," &c. London: Longmans & Co.

that animal courage which is an especial attribute of his countrymen in general." When it has once been said that a man is a notorious thief, there is nothing gained by adding that he is so far from being animated by a high sense of duty that he is devoid even of common honesty. In one place we are informed that "for many years Louis had scandalized the world with a greater shamelessness of profligacy than even the most licentious of his predecessors"; in another, that "in his private life he was profligate and licentious beyond even the foulest traditions of his ancestors." As Henry IV. has already been characterized as "dissolute and licentious even beyond the example of the most profligate of his predecessors," and Francis I. had already set his people "a constant example of the most scandalous licentiousness such as had never before been witnessed on a throne," one desires a little more variation of phrase and idea. The abuse heaped upon Francis runs at last into exaggeration:—

It was his conduct [says the author], shameless alike in falsehood, in profligacy, and barbarity, vices not to be atoned for by picking up Leonardo da Vinci's paint-brush, or by inviting Erasmus to preside over a college which was never founded, his open derision of all restraint, of all decency, of everything that had ever been held honourable or respectable among men, that first sowed the seeds of that general demoralization of the whole French people of which they are to this day reaping the bitter fruit.

It may be noted that Louise of Savoy, the mother of Francis, has already been charged with corrupting the French Court, whose evil example "bred that universal demoralization which developed itself in the horrors of the first Revolution, and of which the nation is still reaping the bitter fruit"; and later on we find that to the example set by Louis XIV. "is to be traced the steady growth of gambling, extravagance, licentiousness, and shamelessness continuing and inflaming the demoralization of the whole people which had been so long in progress." Nay, the author is so impressed with the baneful influence of Louis that he returns to the charge, and again taxes him with "accelerating the demoralization of all classes, which had indeed been long at work, but which had never proceeded with such giant strides as during this reign." After all has been said, there will remain the question whether a king demoralizes his people or they demoralize him. However, to return to Francis and his share in this ever-increasing demoralization—as to restraint and decency, there is not a word to be said for him; but we doubt whether he can with justice be accused of openly deriding everything that had ever been held in honour and respect. Religion would come under this head, and Francis, despite his relations with the Turks, was not a scoffer or a blasphemer, being indeed a devout person after his fashion. Courage and honour are likewise held in respect among men, and Francis was a gallant knight, as far as fighting went; and though good faith was not his strong point, he could at least asseverate *par le feu de gentilhomme* with an air and a grace, and resent an imputation upon his honour. He was in short a tinsel hero, but he at any rate set up for a hero.

About the intellectual character of Louis XIV. the author is not quite so certain as he is about the moral; for in one place he lays down that Louis "was scantily endowed by nature," and appends a note giving his authority—St. Simon—for this opinion, and intimating that Macaulay over-rated the Great King's statesmanship; while later on he is so far mollified as to say, "It may be admitted that he was endowed by nature with fair abilities." As a general rule, however, there is about the author no lack of decision. Junius and the Man in the Iron Mask have alike ceased to be mysteries for him. "He who doubts that Francis was the one, and Matthioli the other, may equally be pronounced incapable of estimating evidence." Necker is "imbecile"; Lafayette is either imbecile or treacherous or both, "utterly devoid of any sort of ability, civil or military," and "as incapable as he was disloyal." The account of the French Revolution is indeed written on the Royalist side, and avowedly dwells chiefly upon the fortunes of the King, as might be expected from a writer who speaks of our own Civil Wars by the old Royalist name of the "great English Rebellion."

We note an obscurity, if not an inaccuracy, with regard to the period of Voltaire's visit to England. The author says that Voltaire was thrown into prison on a charge of having published a satire against the late King Louis XIV., adding, some sentences later, that "after he was released from the Bastille he visited England." Now the release here intended was from a second imprisonment, the result of his quarrel with the Chevalier de Rohan. As the author, by confusing the two imprisonments, cuts eight years out of Voltaire's life, so in his account of the sack of Rome in 1527 he sends Philibert of Châlons, Prince of Orange, to the shades full three years before his time. After recounting the fall of the Constable Bourbon and the storming of the city, he says, "Before evening Philibert, Prince of Orange, assumed the command; but he, too, was killed in some of the subsequent operations, and, even while he lived, he was utterly unable to curb the ferocious lawlessness of his soldiers"; and the narrative then goes on to describe the prolonged horrors of the sack and occupation of Rome. Now Philibert, so far from being killed at Rome, lived to lead the remnant of his army out of the city, making that successful retreat to Naples commemorated by Brantôme in the *Belles retraites d'Armées*. Professor Yonge reckons Brantôme, Guicciardini, and Robertson among his authorities, and from any of them he might have learnt that it was during the siege of Florence in 1530, that Philibert fell, while combating valiantly, in hopes, according to Brantôme, to win his promised bride, Catharine de' Medici. Neither is Professor Yonge accurate in his statement that "as

early as 1525 a woolcomber of Meaux, named Jean de Clere, was burnt alive for breaking an image of the Virgin in that city." Le Clere had already won the honours of a confessor at Meaux; but it was at Metz, whither he had retired from France, that his zeal led him to make that violent protest against image-worship for which he was tortured and burnt.

We will wind up by quoting Professor Yonge's view on the uses of history. Not only is it an interesting study, even if regarded merely as an intellectual employment, but,

if considered with a view to its practical usefulness as the great lesson-book of statesmen, it can hardly be superfluous occasionally to remind its students that nations cannot stand alone any more than individuals; that, like individuals, they too have responsibilities; that in them also misconduct in one age is nearly sure to entail suffering in another, and that the most magnanimous, humane, and unselfish policy towards others is the wisest, not only for their reputation, but for their material interests.

It is well that a book intended for young people should inculcate good moral sentiments; but the studious statesman may perhaps ask what nation has pursued a "magnanimous, humane, and unselfish policy" with sufficient persistence to enable him to form any conclusion as to its effect.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHINA AND ITS PEOPLE.*

IN the present volume Mr. Thomson takes up his parable from the point at which he left us in the previous part (see *Saturday Review*, July 19, 1873), and launches us at once among the bamboos, the semi-civilized tribes, and the mountain scenery of Formosa. Belonging to China, and yet not by any means entirely Chinese, this island presents many points of interest. In the year 1634 it was taken possession of by the Dutch, who held it until 1661, when it was snatched from their grasp by the Chinese General Koxinga. Since that time Chinese colonists have established themselves at every available spot round the coast, driving the aborigines slowly back into the forests and fastnesses of the mountains. Of four out of the five tribes which now occupy the highlands we know but little, except that in many cases they have proved themselves to be wreckers of the worst description, and that they live in a chronic state of rebellion against their foreign masters. News recently brought from China informs us that an expedition is about to be sent to the island to punish the natives of a certain district for the brutal murder of a shipwrecked crew of Loochoons who were cast by a tempest on their inhospitable shore; and if this correction should be judiciously administered, it may possibly be the means of saving the life of many a half-drowned sailor, who, as matters now stand, had far better yield himself a victim to the fury of the typhoon than struggle into the relentless grasp of the Formosans. One tribe only, the Papohans, or "Foreigners of the Plain," are on terms of intimacy and friendship with the Chinese. They submit to their authority, and are linked with them by ties of commerce, and often of blood. They imitate their dress, and affect to despise their highland brethren in virtue of their traditional descent from the original Dutch settlers on the island. Their claim to this superiority, as far as it has yet been investigated, appears to rest on a very slight foundation, and to be based principally on the possession of some old coats which they profess to have inherited from their forefathers, and of some manuscripts which have no real pretensions to authenticity. In appearance they bear no trace of European blood, but in a most marked manner resemble the Malays. The form and colour of their eyes, their general figure, and the dialect they speak all point to this affinity of race. A comparison between the photographs Nos. 9-12 and Nos. 20-25 in Mr. Thomson's present volume will at least show at a glance the wide gulf which separates them from the Chinese and Tatar races. Mr. Thomson is of opinion that they are also allied to the Burmese, the Laos, and the Shans; and some of their customs as described by recent travellers certainly help to bear out this idea, at least as far as the Laos and Shans are concerned. For instance, in the matter of marriage, both in Formosa and in some parts of Burmah, the husband for a given time has no recognized claim to his wife's society, and only visits her at her father's house by stealth at night, escaping by the window at dawn of day. The *al fresco* feasts and merry-makings also of these peoples are almost identical.

From Formosa Mr. Thomson takes us to Swatow and the neighbouring city of Chao-chow Fu, both places where some few years ago much hostility was shown to foreigners. The clause in the treaty giving our Consul right of entry into Chao-chow Fu was for years a dead letter, and our merchants and sailors seldom ventured far beyond the confines of the settlement at Swatow without being either attacked or insulted. For these, as for many other evils which have afflicted us in the South of China, the Coolie traffic is mainly answerable; and when we recollect the atrocities committed by the kidnappers, the desolated homes, the violence used in the capture, sometimes even amounting to murder, the cruelties practised in the barracoons and on the voyage, and the horrors of the slavery which awaited the sufferers on arriving in distant lands, we stand astonished at the moderation of the villagers at a time when they were too ignorant to recognize any distinction between the swartly scoundrels who prowled about their bays and rivers intent on evil, and the hundreds of men of honour and fairer complexion whose lot was cast among

* *Illustrations of China and its People: a Series of Two Hundred Photographs, with Letterpress descriptive of the Places and People represented.* By J. Thomson, F.R.G.S. 4 vols. Vol. 2. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

them. Time having enlightened them on this as on other subjects, and public opinion in Europe having been strong enough to put a check on the kidnapper's trade, the relations between the foreign residents and the natives have much improved. Mr. Thomson found the inhabitants civil and obliging until he aroused their superstitious fears by attempting to photograph the quaint old city bridge, which, like old London Bridge, is lined with shops and places of business:—

When taking the illustration [he tells us] I endeavoured to avoid the crowd by starting to work at daylight; but the people were astir, and seeing my strange instrument pointed cannonwise towards their shanty dwellings, they at once decided that I was practising some outlandish witchcraft against the old bridge and its inhabitants. The market stalls were abandoned, and for aught I know the shops were shut, that the barbarian who had come to brew mischief for them all might be properly pelted. The roughs and market people came heart and soul to the task, armed with mud and missiles which were soon flying in a shower about my head. I made a plunge for the boat, which was fortunately close at hand, and, once on board, it told to my advantage, when I charged a ruffian with the pointed tripod as he attempted to stop my progress. My camera lost its cap, and received a black eye of mud in exchange. For myself I sustained but little damage, while it may fairly be said that the bridge was taken at the point of the tripod.

The views Mr. Thomson gives us of Amoy—the first port in China visited by foreigners—and of Foochow, are well chosen, and present us with the leading characteristics of each place. In Plate XVII. we have a specimen of the splendid scenery which borders on the river Min. The Buddhist priests in China appear to have a very keen appreciation of the beauties of nature. Unlike their secular brethren, who invariably build their dwellings on low ground, the priests, whenever it is possible, plant their monasteries high up among the hills, and delight to choose for their sites the spots where the rocks and glens are toned down by the luxuriance of almost tropical foliage. The founder of the Yuenfu monastery, in the neighbourhood of Foochow, has been more than ordinarily happy in his choice of a site. Perched in a cavern which has been formed by the fall of a great mass of rock into the ravine beneath, where it has been overgrown with trees probably centuries old, this monastery commands a view which for richness and variety can scarcely be surpassed. The pathway leading up to it, long and precipitous, passes through a natural tunnel under the fallen rock, and higher up twists and turns through a rocky chasm roofed over with gigantic ferns. The relief of exchanging the heat of the plains for such a cool and refreshing retreat can easily be imagined, and we are not surprised to hear that troops of pilgrims weary with their importunities for lodgings the three priests who are possessed of this goodly inheritance. Very different is the aspect of the Franco-Chinese arsenal at Foochow. The long, low, ugly buildings, the tall chimneys vomiting forth smoke, the steam-pipes, and the tramways, are all so many signs of the presence of the practical, businesslike foreigner, and of the desire of the Chinese authorities to possess themselves of certain of the applied sciences of Europe. The arsenal was established in 1867 by M. Giquel, a French naval officer, and the success he has attained is a fitting commentary on his fitness and ability for the work. Already three or four large steam transports carrying guns, and as many gunboats, have been successfully built and launched. Three hundred young Chinamen are in daily attendance at the schools of nautical and mathematical science, and fifteen hundred artisans are employed upon the works, under the superintendence of between fifty and sixty foreign employes, most of whom are French. Mr. Thomson visited the arsenal in 1870, and thus describes what he saw:—

In front of the engineering shops there was a tramway, and trucks to facilitate the transit of materials and work from one shop to another. These workshops were fitted up with every modern appliance; great steam hammers, planing and drilling machines, and lathes of every variety. I felt most interested in the optical department, where the men were engaged in constructing portions of chronometers, ships' compasses and telescopes. Some were busy at brass work, and others at grinding and polishing lenses. They had not, however, got to the length of making the achromatic object-glasses used for telescopes; but nevertheless they were doing work which took me by surprise. In front of the arsenal there was a patent slip for raising vessels broadside on to be repaired. This slip is capable of lifting ships of 3,000 tons. The monthly expenditure at this arsenal is reported to be about 17,000*l.*

Similar institutions under English or French superintendence have been established at Tientsin, Shanghai, and Nanking, and one result of the improved condition of the army arising therefrom may be seen in the ease with which, in the recent campaign in Yunnan, the Imperial forces crushed the Mahomedan rebellion, which for fifteen years had defied all the armies of the Empire.

In common with all Eastern countries, the cities of China abound with beggars, who pursue their calling with the assurance of men occupying a recognized position. The law, far from making any attempt to suppress them, affords them a quasi-protection, and allows them to expose their filth and deformities in the streets, to shout and yell for alms, and to levy black-mail on the householders, without lifting even so much as a finger against them. On the Trade Union principle they find it to the advantage of their class to act in a compact body; and in every town in China, therefore, they have established regularly organized societies, with a chief, subordinate officers, and a recognized code of laws. Combining the functions of a parish surveyor with those of the chairman of a Trade Union, each chief assesses the rate to be paid to himself by every householder in the district over which he has control, and woe to the unhappy wight who dares to refuse to contribute his quota. Mr. Thomson mentions a case where a silk merchant was foolhardy enough to object

to pay his rate, upon which a member of the fraternity was sent to his shop having his body smeared over with mud, and bearing in his hand a bowl slung with cords, and filled to the brim with foul water. Thus armed, he began to swing the bowl round his head without spilling a drop of its contents; but had any one attempted to stay his hand, the water would have been distributed in a filthy shower over the silks and satins piled upon the shelves and counter. The demonstration had the desired effect, and the rate was thenceforth paid with due regularity. The incomes derived in this way by the beggar chiefs are often considerable; and in Photograph No. 53 Mr. Thomson gives us a portrait of one of these gentlemen, dressed in the height of fashion, in strange contrast to two of his miserable slaves, whom he seems to be admonishing.

One great charm in the present as in the former volume is the great variety of subjects chosen for illustration. Every kind of scenery, from the rough rocks off the Amoy harbour to a most exquisitely pretty corner of a bamboo grove, which ornaments the opening page, is to be found; while portraits of men, women, and children of all ages, and of every condition of life, are scattered throughout the pages. The photographs themselves are excellent, and we observe that Mr. Thomson has given us twelve more than the number originally announced.

SHE AND I.*

WE believe it is sound philosophy to suppose that everything has its "reason why"; but it is difficult to understand the exact meaning of certain odd growths and developments; and among them the aim or purpose of such a book as *She and I* is one. We are sincerely sorry for the ill luck that pursued Mr. Frank Lorton, who tells his own story. We wish for his sake that his beloved "Min" had lived to become Mrs. Frank Lorton, and the comfortable mother of many little Lortons; and we have no doubt it was a severe shock to him when he came home from America expecting to make her his wife, to find that she had died of a cold only the week before; but why need he tell all this to the world in two volumes of bad English? The legitimate reason why a novel should be written at all is to amuse; the illegitimate, to instruct. Still this latter, if out of the absolutely right line, has a line of its kind; but *She and I* neither amuses nor instructs, and is thus without a *raison d'être* of even the second degree, unless we allow for "the good of trade" and the employment of our friend the British workman.

We have often had occasion to speak severely of some of our lady authors; but we do not know the weakest sister among them who could have put forth such miserable slipslop as this feeble book. Method, manner, dramatic action, and artistic presentation—it fails in all alike. It has no plot in the gradual unravelling of which our curiosity is excited; no vividness of personation to call out our sympathies or admiration; the story is a mere thimbleful of dust out of which Mr. Hutcherson has imagined he has constructed a statue; and though the title is a plagiarism, unfortunately the characters are not. Had they been drawn from any other author's *répertoire* they might have had a chance of looking like flesh and blood. As it is, they get no nearer humanity than the men and women of the barber's window and the milliner's fashion-book.

Of Mr. Frank Lorton himself we have only the haziest kind of idea. We learn that when he offers himself to Mrs. Clyde as the husband of her peerless "Min," the pet name of Minnie, he is three-and-twenty, but looks younger; that he has two hundred and fifty pounds a year without working, and that his work "on the press" is not of a kind to count for much more. We learn, too, that he lives in a London suburb given up to lawns and market-gardens; that he goes to church like a good boy, though he does not always employ his time profitably when he is there—witness his frantic falling in love with his unknown goddess "at sight"—and that he admires poetry, and has bad manners and a worse temper. More than this we cannot grasp, save the fact, patent to every reader of *She and I*, that he has not mastered the first rules of composition, and that he evidently believes in himself more than we imagine he will find the public ready to do. Of his style a few phrases will suffice as bricks from his Babylon. He is given to the curt, spasmodic, ejaculatory method. "Dear old church!" "Can I?" "I will!" "It was quite vexatious." "It was now full." "I trembled in my boots." These are only a few of the startling single lines which break up the longer paragraphs; while certain of the passages are in this style:—"Which way did we go?" "Can you not guess, or must I have to tell?" "How very obtuse some persons are!" The "you" here is the reader; and a little lower down the page the author still further molests that unfortunate person, when, after telling him how he went up the steps and spoke to "Min," he turns round on him with the taunt, "You would have proceeded on your way with a passing bow! Oh! yes!" This is an exceedingly favourite method of expressing his feelings with Mr. Frank Lorton. Kind old Miss Pinpernell invites him to tea, to meet among other friends *Miss Clyde*, underlined—the "Min" in question—"if that would be any further inducement for me." On which he breaks out with "Oh Miss Pinpernell, you Macchiavellian old lady! I would not have thought you could have practised such great dissimulation—would Min's presence be any further

* *She and I: a Love Story; a Life History.* By John C. Hutcherson, 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1873.

inducement to me! Wouldn't it? Oh dear no; certainly not." Are we indiscreet in asking where are Mr. Hutcheson's friends?

If the style of this book is odd, the incidents and characters follow suit. We have said that Mr. Lorton began his love affair in church, rushing down the incline at such headlong speed that by the time service is over, and he has offered to restore to his St. Cecilia a piece of mignonette she has left on the seat, and she has smiled, shaken her head, and refused, he is able to say, "My fate was sealed; and as the organ pealed forth the grand prayer from *Mosè in Egitto* for the exodus of the congregation, and I slowly passed down the aisle after my enchantress, my soul expanded into a very heaven of adoration and love!" In the churchyard he loses his goddess with the grey eyes and dimpled chin; on which he addresses himself to one Mr. Horner—"Jack Horner" to his friends—a ridiculous effigy intended to personate a Government clerk, whose income is spent on smart attire, and whose Sunday delight it is to leave the church "immediately after the doxology," and who, "planting himself easily and gracefully in a studied attitude some short distance from the doors, would, from that commanding position, proceed to stare at and minutely observe the congregation, collectively and severally, as they came tripping forth from the porch after him." The "ladies in half mourning," however, are not to be found; and Frank Lorton remains constant in love, miserable, and more imbecile than usual, until the winter. And then, in the week before Christmas, as he is in the school-room helping in the preparations for the Christmas decorations, his "lost Madonna" comes in with a "scarlet and white sontag, of soft wool knitting, crossed over her bosom, and clasped round her dainty, dainty waist." We confess that we ought to be omniscient, and to own to ignorance is to put a whip into the hands of our enemies; but which of the many devices in soft wool knitting which women cross over their bosoms and clasp round their dainty, dainty waists is that particular device called a sontag? Has Mr. Hutcheson been undergoing a course of *Le Follet* or the *Queen* before he wrote this wonderfully silly book?

When the business part of the meeting is over, they all have a game at blind-man's-buff in the school-room, the vicar and his elderly maiden sister, Miss Pimpernell, joining; and then Frank Lorton conducts the Madonna to her house. Because of these church decorations the young people meet every evening for a week; and at the end of that time, on Christmas Day, Frank takes "Min" a bunch of violets, and says, "Good-bye, my darling." After which he goes home "as joyous as a bird and as hungry as a hunter," and takes occasion to assure the reader that "happy lovers are always hungry, and have great appetites." So it seems have happy lovers' dogs; for Frank's dog Catch, whom "Min" has just said she "loved," as she "loved" violets, "galloped into his oatmeal porridge after his walk," or rather "the oatmeal porridge galloped into him" in a way to make the young gentleman, his master, exclaim to the reader, "You should have only seen him, that's all!" On their next meeting these innocent young people call each other "Min" and "Frank," though all this time neither Mrs. Clyde nor the old Lortons have had a word to say to the acquaintance. But presently Frank is introduced to Mrs. Clyde, and asked to her house on a certain Wednesday evening. As he is going, he is attacked by a "singular sensation of nervousness, shyness—'mauvaise honte'—just as if a cold key had been put down my back," and when he arrives at the house the cold key process is complete; for he is the first of the guests, and Mrs. Clyde is disgusted. During the evening he shows his temper, and acts in a manner which would have justified Mr. Jack Horner, or Mr. Mawley the curate, or any able-bodied young man in the room, in ejecting him summarily from the premises. But "Min" only coaxes him with "Frank!" and bewitching smiles, which, however, fail in producing any good effect, and he remains to the end the insolent young animal Mr. Hutcheson has depicted, apparently under the impression that he was painting a character and manners possible in rational society.

The next day, to make up for his boorishness, Mr. Lorton takes Miss Clyde a certain bullfinch, by name Dicky Chips, "the funniest, quaintest, most intelligent, and most amusing little bullfinch you ever clapped eyes on." He begins the interview by an apology for his rudeness last night; to which she answers, "What made you so naughty, sir?"—this is to be read playfully, not formally—with "a dancing light in the clear gray eyes, and a smile on her pretty little mouth." After which they go on with "Frank" and "Min," and silvery laughs and more confessions, till he "pulls the little chap, cage and all," out of his pocket, and gives her Dicky Chips:—

"Oh, Frank!" she exclaimed, in her sweet, earnest accents, with a ring of emotion in them. "He's such a little pet of yours; and you have had him so long! I would not take him from you for the world!"

"Then," said I, just as earnestly, "you have not forgiven me. Oh, Min! when you promised to do so!" And I took up my hat as if to go away.

We argued the point; but, the end of the matter was, that Dicky Chips was made over to his new mistress, with all his goods, chattels, and appurtenances. A happy bird he might consider himself henceforth, I knew. He would be idolised—a very nice situation, indeed, for a bullfinch!

By-and-by I got closer to Min, as we were standing up, talking together and making Dicky go through a few of his tricks on the drawing-room table.

"Min," said I, softly, bending over her and looking down into her honest, truth-telling gray eyes—"my darling!"

But, at that precise moment, the door opened; and, in walked Mrs. Clyde.

The next chapter is headed "Breakers Ahead," and Mr. Tennyson has to answer for the motto:—

Oh, I see thee, old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little board of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the feelings—she herself was not exempt—Truly she herself had suffered"—perish in thy self-contempt!

But really we think our author is somewhat hard on that well-abused person, the mother who interests herself in her daughter's marriage. Unless it is to be understood that the mere fact of love between two impecunious young people, devoid of experience, sense, and means in about equal proportion, is sufficient basis on which to construct a marriage, we cannot see what a mother has to do but to "break down her daughter's heart" when she has given it in defiance of the rules of rational living. Blisses and kisses make a rhyme that comes only too easily, and love in a cottage has been painted with many a "juicy" brush; but there always remains that one stern prosaic fact of the circulating medium, and even idiotic lovers and Madonnas with gray eyes have to be fed. There are few things so utterly insignificant as to be unable to do harm. *She and I* is about one of the most insignificant of its tribe—the absolutely worthless novel; but still it has its little poison-bag like other weak, small creatures. Girls are generally silly enough by nature; and when they are in love they are at their silliest. Anything, then, which helps them to withstand the rational advice of their friends, and gives their folly an extra strain, is decidedly pernicious; and Mr. Hutcheson's diatribes against Mrs. Clyde—representing reason and common sense—are mischievous just so far as this. On the whole, such a book as *She and I* can only be regarded as a weed to be dug up and carted away out of the field as soon as possible. Common sense, reason, and good grammar need their "Index Expurgatorius" as much as Roman Catholicism.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

BEFORE the fine weather disappears completely and the travelling season may be said to have come to an end, let us notice a few volumes belonging to M. Ad. Joanne's excellent collection of Guides. Of course the International Exhibition at Vienna gives particular interest to the tiny but elegant duodecimo lately included amongst the *Guides-diamant*.* The whole route from Paris to the capital of the Austrian Empire is accurately described; all places which deserve the notice of tourists are made the subject of distinct paragraphs, and the letterpress is illustrated by numerous woodcuts, maps, and plans.

In the case of a country like Italy, so full of historical recollections and of artistic and natural beauties, it is obvious that the three hundred and ninety-two pages of the *Guide-diamant*† cannot take the place of a more detailed handbook. At the same time it will be found extremely useful as a remembrancer, and it brings together in a pithy and concise manner subjects which the traveller will be able to muster more in detail when leisure allows him to do so. M. du Pays, who is the writer of the Italian part of M. Joanne's series, has greatly facilitated the labours of tourists by giving them sketches of excursions so contrived that in a very short time they can explore systematically and usefully all the places of note throughout the Peninsula.

M. Joanne himself has taken under his special care the volume referring to France.‡ Notwithstanding its brevity, this little book is a model of completeness; and although we must not look to it for picturesque descriptions and detailed archaeological notices, it leaves nothing unmentioned which deserves to be intelligently and carefully studied.

The volume which M. Isambert has devoted to the East § is of greater pretensions; the route which it embraces covers a large tract of country, for it includes not only Turkey in Europe and Greece, but the Danubian provinces, Albania, Servia, and even the plains of Troy. Our author begins by a few practical directions to tourists, such as hints about the clothes they should wear, the hygienic precautions they should take, the cheapest way of travelling, &c. The first part of the book is taken up by Greece, and we doubt whether a better description of that country has ever been written in so few pages. Not only does M. Isambert sketch the geography of Greece, and give a summary of its political history; he also enters into details concerning the development of the fine arts from the classical period to the Byzantine age; he then speaks of the government of the country as it is carried on at present, and describes the formation and character of modern Greek. The part of the volume treating of Turkey introduces us to a society with which the majority of readers are as yet very little acquainted. The Turkish vocabulary, consisting of expressions likely to be constantly used by tourists, is an excellent feature in this publication; but what must we think of our old friend Covielle's rash statement that *la langue turque dit beaucoup de choses en peu de mots*, when we find the following sentence given as the equivalent of "Please remember the waiter":—"Kizimdim itchin bir chei kirem edin"! Eleven maps and twenty-three plans complete the volume.

The materials accumulated by generations of scholars and enthusiasts have been carefully gathered together, elaborated, and presented in a readable form by M. E. Despois in his new edition

* *Guides-diamant. De Paris à Vienne.* Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Guides-diamant. Italie.* Par A. J. du Pays. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Guides-diamant. France.* Par A. Joanne. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *Guides Joanne. Orient.* Par Émile Isambert. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

of Molière*, which forms the most recent instalment of M. Régnier's admirable collection entitled *Les grands écrivains de la France*. It is a matter for regret that so few materials of a really trustworthy character exist from which we can construct a biography of the author of *Tartuffe*. Racine and Corneille were fortunate enough to find historians in their respective families. Fontenelle's brief sketch of his uncle, and Louis Racine's touching memoirs of his father, are documents which only need comment and illustration; but in the case of Molière we have nothing of the kind to help us. He has left no correspondence, and he wrote very few prefaces to his plays. Those of his contemporaries who took the trouble of noticing him were his avowed enemies, and, in short, the only piece of biography which we possess about him is Grimaire's, which is full of errors, and which has nevertheless become the indispensable accompaniment of all editions of Molière, for want of something better. The memoir prepared by M. Despois for this edition will appear subsequently; the present volume contains two farces, *Le médecin volant* and *La jalousie du barbouille*, which are supposed to be the work of Molière; we have next *L'étourdi* and *Le dépit amoureux*, together with an Italian comedy by Beltramo, entitled *L'Inavvertito*, generally considered as having suggested the former of the two plays last mentioned. Finally, the editor has added a list of all the performances of Molière's plays down to the present day. His notes, prefaces, &c., are exhaustive, and the text is irreproachably correct.

A report was circulated some time ago in certain French papers that M. Dauban's new work † had been seized by the police, chiefly on account of the curious engraving which appears at the beginning of the volume, and which is the reproduction of a German print. This extraordinary composition is certainly not very flattering to France, and the artist, who is no respecter of persons, has managed to turn into ridicule with equally unsparing rigour the Bonapartists and the Republicans, M. Gambetta and M. Rouher, M. Ollivier and M. Victor Hugo; but his impartiality must be his excuse, and the downfall of the French Empire is a catastrophe which all parties (including Napoleon himself) hastened on as much as they could. M. Dauban's idea, however, is to expose the true character of the *nouvelles couches sociales*, and to give us the real history of the Commune. With that view he has thought it well to allow M. Raoul Rigault and his colleagues to speak for themselves, and his book may be described as a collection of official documents emanating from the revolutionary Council which during the month of May 1871 renewed in Paris the scenes of the Reign of Terror. M. Dauban introduces his *recueil* by a curious and at the same time melancholy essay on the state of French society under the Second Empire. A number of autographs illustrate the volume.

M. Wallon, member of the Institute, and author of several valuable historical works, had reviewed in the *Correspondant* ‡ the *Histoire de la Terreur* by M. Mortimer Ternaux, and several other books written on the events of the first French Revolution. These articles, originally published between March 1870 and August 1872, have been since completed by the addition of entirely new matter, and the two volumes which now contain them give a very interesting and satisfactory account of the events of the years 1792 and 1793. M. Wallon remarks in his introduction that the political system known by the name of "Terrorism" was only waiting for a favourable moment to continue and carry out the old traditions of the *Comité de salut public*. As soon as a stupendous war had paralysed the forces of the nation, the successors of Marat, Danton, and Collot d'Herbois came forward and faithfully worked out the programme of 1793—with this only difference, that the discoveries of modern chemistry enabled them to destroy more thoroughly than their predecessors had done seventy years ago. M. Wallon wishes that the perusal of his book may encourage honest men to preserve among themselves a union without which the events of 1793 and 1871 must infallibly be once more repeated.

Among other instructive documents on the late political history of France we must mention the Report drawn up by M. Saint-Marc Girardin in the name of the Committee of investigation appointed to examine the acts of the *Gouvernement de la défense nationale*.§ It is a valuable sketch of the last days of the Second Empire, from the events immediately preceding the declaration of war against Prussia to the capitulation of Sedan and the reported death of Marshal MacMahon.

M. Reynald dedicates to Don Emilio Castelar his *History of Spain* || from the death of Charles III.; and in the introductory letter which he inscribes to the Republican leader he gives a short summary of the merits and defects of the Spaniards, considered as politicians. The local institutions in the Peninsula are, he says, excellent, but the central administrations, in most cases, are detestable; the Government has to bear the consequences of a century of misrule, and every one is to blame for the deplorable situation in which Spain is just now. The people slumber in idleness and ignorance, while their leaders squander to no purpose

the resources of the country, and extend centralization to all the provinces, only with the result of increasing disorder and anarchy. M. Reynald would fain hope that the Spaniards will find in the lessons of contemporary history a caution against misgovernment, and he accordingly endeavours to place before them a faithful picture of their recent revolution. The volume is accompanied by two maps.

As we are speaking of Spain, we may here notice the second series of Calderon's plays*, translated into French by M. Antoine de Latour. We must not be misled, he says, by the name "comedy" which we find applied to these productions. Whether the subject is humorous or serious, whether the catastrophe is tragic or comic, all dramatic works in Spain are *comedias fúneas*. M. de Latour gives us here seven of Calderon's plays, together with prefatory notices which form a series of excellent contributions to the history of Spanish literature.

Messrs. Maisonneuve have published several interesting volumes on points of Oriental lore. The first which we have to mention is a treatise on the Life and Sentences of the philosopher Secundus †, well known to students whose attention has been directed to the history of Gnosticism. Schier, Lucas Holstenius, and Orelli have published the Greek text of the work bearing the philosopher's name; Latin translations of it may be found in the *Speculum historie* of Vincent de Beauvais and the *Adversaria* of Bartius; but all these pieces, as M. Revillout observes, are not calculated to give us a very high idea either of Secundus or of his philosophy. On the other hand, it is certain that in the Eastern world a treatise bearing the same name was for a very long time read, copied, and translated with the utmost eagerness by Christians, as being a work of edification. We are thus led to conjecture that, notwithstanding their common title, the two texts were different works; and this fact M. Revillout has ascertained by studying an Arabic MS. preserved in the Paris National Library, and comparing it with an Ethiopic version and a few fragments of a Syriac one. He further maintains that the Greek work is a production of much more recent origin than the Oriental texts, and that it was taken from an Eastern original, which is now unfortunately lost. M. Revillout discusses in a very able manner the literary qualities of the several versions of the Sentences ascribed to Secundus, and gives an interesting summary of the religious and metaphysical views they contain. Whether Secundus himself was a real or a fictitious personage seems doubtful; at any rate his collection of Sentences is nothing else but a philosophical novel composed for the purpose of popularizing the Gnostic theories so fashionable during the second century of the Christian era. Whilst developing this argument, M. Revillout is incidentally led to give us many interesting particulars respecting the various sects grafted upon the luxuriant tree of Gnosticism, especially the Valentinians, and their relation to Christianity.

We are also indebted to M. Revillout for the publication of some most interesting documents ‡ relative to the Council of Nicea. Towards the beginning of the present century the celebrated archaeologist Zoëga had discovered, in a Coptic MS. belonging to the Borgias Museum, a few fragments attributed to the Fathers assembled at that Council; he gave in his catalogue a brief notice of them, but without entering into the details which so important a subject would have justified. Even the complete translations added by him were insufficient, and much remained to be done by subsequent students in the event of fresh texts being brought to light. M. Revillout has been fortunate enough to make this discovery, and, whilst exploring the treasures contained in the Turin collection, he has found two long Coptic fragments which are evidently a portion of the Nicene Acts. One of these, and one only, is mentioned by Amédée Peyron in the preface to his Dictionary, but they are both equally worthy of attention. They give us, first, the Nicene Creed, followed by glosses, explanations, anathemas, &c.; secondly, a treatise of ethics for the use of the Christian Church. Doctrine and practice are thus equally illustrated, and passages have been now published which were not previously known to exist. M. Revillout deserves the thanks of all theological students for the care he has displayed in editing these two texts, supplementing them with a French translation, and illustrating them with a preface and notes.

The work jointly issued by MM. Sauteyra and Cherbonneau § is valuable both as an illustration of Mohammedan law and as a text-book for practical purposes in the colony of Algeria. By a decree issued last month the French National Assembly has decided that the preservation and transmission of landed property shall be for the future settled in Algeria exactly according to the legislation in force in France. This new measure is not considered likely to meet with any difficulty in its application, because the law which it abrogates formed part neither of the Koran nor of the Sunna, and was consequently destitute of the religious character necessary to impose it upon the conscience of the Mohammedans. On the other hand, as the laws applying to persons and to succession have that character, it has been deemed advisable not to alter them, just now at least. Such is the

* *Les grands écrivains de la France. Molière.* Par E. Despois. Vol. 1. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Le fond de la société sous la Commune.* Par C. A. Dauban. Paris: Plon.

‡ *La Terreur: études critiques sur l'histoire de la Révolution française.* Par H. Wallon. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *La chute du Second Empire.* Par M. Saint-Marc Girardin. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

|| *Histoire de l'Espagne, depuis la mort de Charles III jusqu'à nos jours.* Par H. Reynald. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

* *Œuvres dramatiques de Calderon.* Traduction de M. Antoine de Latour. Paris: Didier.

† *Vie et sentences de Secundus, d'après divers manuscrits orientaux.* Par M. Revillout. Paris: Maisonneuve.

‡ *Le concile de Nicée d'après les textes coptes.* Par M. E. Revillout. Paris: Maisonneuve.

§ *Droit musulman. Du statut personnel et des successions.* Par MM. Sauteyra et Cherbonneau. Vol. 1. Paris: Maisonneuve.

reason which has induced MM. Sauteyra and Cherbonneau to publish the work of which the first volume is now before us. The text is taken from the Koran, and chiefly from the well-known law treatise of Sidi Khalil, adopted as an authority throughout Northern Africa, and sanctioned by the French Government. The commentary is based upon the Koran, the old Arabian customs, the Mosaic law, as the Mishna and the Talmud have defined it, the Sunna, and the decisions given at various times by the Imams and other magistrates. In order to facilitate references and comparisons, the authors have thought it advisable to follow the system observed in the French *code civil*.

The concluding instalment of the late Baron Rogét de Belloguet's *Ethnographie gauloise* has lately been published.* It treats of the Keynmoi, and discusses fully all the solutions proposed with the view of settling the origin of that people. A biographical notice of the author introduces the pamphlet.

The title which Professor Marcy has given to his book† sufficiently explains the subject of which it treats. He has here condensed, in a very agreeable and useful manner, the lectures given by him at the Collège de France, and the text is illustrated by upwards of a hundred woodcuts.

It is obvious that railway engineering must henceforth be a very important question in modern warfare. Both as means of conveyance and as strategical lines, railways cannot fail to engage the serious attention of military commanders. What are the best means either of destroying them or of constructing them with the utmost rapidity? How can they be laid down with the resources at the disposition of an army on the march? How shall we raise, train, and organize the new branch of the service which altered circumstances require? Captain Isselme does not attempt to answer these questions in detail, but he has put together in his suggestive little volume the facts which it is most necessary to know respecting the construction and working of railways, and the hints he gives can be easily carried out and applied by experienced officers.

The development of industry and of the arts connected with it is one of the most satisfactory results of the progress made by chemistry, and works treating of that subject must always be welcome. We are not acquainted with any scientific work that adequately describes the distillation of wood, and the various substances which that distillation produces. We therefore thank M. Camille Vincent for having endeavoured to supply this desideratum. Twelve years' experience enables him to speak authoritatively on this important branch of practical chemistry, and the monograph in which he has given the results of his experience is exhaustive. It is prefaced with a brief notice of Philippe Lebon d'Amunbersin, who was the first to distil wood for the purpose of utilizing the combustible gases thus produced, and giving to industry the benefit of the acids and tarry elements obtained from the same source.

Dr. Haeckel is one of the most distinguished German representatives of the evolution theory, and his lectures on the natural history of creation are considered to be one of the best summaries that have been published of that often-discussed subject. M. Léon Dumont originally intended to give a French version of Dr. Haeckel's work, but afterwards he considered that an analytical sketch would answer every purpose; and accordingly he has merely contributed a small essay to the *Bibliothèque de philosophie contemporaine*, instead of an elaborate work in four volumes. The preface of the French translator is an eloquent apology for Darwinism, and we are rather startled at finding M. Dumont asserting that the doctrines of the Communist and Socialist agitators are the legitimate result of spiritualism. We persist, he says, in looking upon man as consisting of a body and a soul; hence, as he oddly infers, all our political calamities.

We have two more volumes of Saint-Simon's Memoirs; the reign of Louis XIV. is coming to a close amidst the curses of an oppressed nation, and the War of the Spanish Succession exposes the deplorable nullity of the *grand monarque's* generals and Ministers. It is amusing to see how the incapable Villeroi is handled by Saint-Simon: his portrait of that commander seems overdrawn, but contemporary evidence proves that it was only an expression of the sober truth. Imagine the destinies of France placed in the hands of a man respecting whom it is said, "He was cut out on purpose to preside over a ball, to be the nuptial at a tournament, and to sing at the opera the parts of kings and heroes, if only he had voice enough. He was likewise admirably qualified to set the fashion; but in every other respect he was absolutely null." It seems incredible that Louis XIV. should have been so thoroughly infatuated as he was by a man who on the field of battle exhibited the utmost presumption with total want of skill; whilst at the council board he rendered himself equally conspicuous by his pride, his cringing disposition, and his ignorance.

M. Alfred Assollant was very near meeting with the same fate as Madame de Staël when she published her book on Ger-

* *Ethnographie gauloise*. Par Rogét, baron de Belloguet. 2e partie. Paris: Maisonneuve.

† *La machine animale. Locomotion, terrestre et aérienne*. Par J. Marcy. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *Manuel pratique militaire des chemins de fer*. Par M. Étienne Isselme. Paris: Gauthier-Villars.

§ *Charbonnement des bois en vases clos, et utilisation des produits driers*. Par Camille Vincent. Paris: Gauthier-Villars.

|| *Haeckel et la théorie de l'évolution en Allemagne*. Par Léon Dumont. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

¶ *Mémoires du duc de Saint-Simon*. Vols. 5, 6. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

many. The preface he has added to the new edition of *Marcomir** sufficiently proves that the traditions of despotism never undergo much variation, and that Count Serrurier, who twelve years ago presided over the *commission de colportage*, faithfully followed in the wake of the Duke de Rovigo. Whilst, however, the gifted daughter of M. Necker saw an entire edition of her work destroyed, M. Assollant fared considerably better. M. de Persigny not only revoked the decree issued by Count Serrurier, and which absolutely prohibited book-hawkers from selling *Marcomir*; he went so far as to offer to M. Assollant the post of *rédauteur en chef* of a Government newspaper. If our readers will take the trouble to peruse the keen satire which makes up the *Histoire d'un étudiant*, they will see at once why, in the first place, the circulation of the volume was imperilled, and, in the next, why M. de Persigny was anxious to win over to the cause of Bonapartism so clever a writer as M. Assollant.

The *Impressions et souvenirs*† of George Sand, the *Lettres d'une honnête femme*‡ published under the name of Madeleine, and the *Mémoires d'un coiffeur*§, by M. Ernest Feydeau, are three interesting volumes. Madeleine is a keen politician, very enthusiastic for M. Thiers, and fully justifying by her common sense and her uprightness the epithet which appears on the title of her book. The letters she now publishes are reprints from the *feuilleton* of a Paris newspaper; and we have remarked especially an excellent critique of the *Enchantements de Prudence*, which we reviewed a little while ago. This extraordinary book was issued, the reader may remember, with an introductory recommendation from George Sand, who has reprinted her preface in her *Impressions et souvenirs*. M. Feydeau discourses about stockjobbers with a sincerity which ought to deter young men from rushing unadvisedly into money transactions.

M. Stapfer has brought to a conclusion in the *Revue suisse*|| his sketch of Beaumarchais; M. Maurice Vernes gives us likewise the last part of his essay on experimental psychology; and M. Amédée Rogét contributes a chapter to the religious history of our own times, by describing the campaign lately carried on at Geneva against the Ultramontanists.

* *Marcomir; histoire d'un étudiant*. Par Alfred Assollant. Paris: Charpentier.

† *Impressions et souvenirs*. Par George Sand. Paris: Lavy.

‡ *Lettres d'une honnête femme*. Par Madeleine. Paris: Lavy.

§ *Mémoires d'un coiffeur*. Par Ernest Feydeau. Paris: Lavy.

|| *Bibliothèque universelle et revue suisse*. Septembre 1873. Lausanne: Bodel.

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MR. BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM.

IT is a long time since so much enthusiasm has been excited by any political event as by Mr. BRIGHT's speech on his re-election for Birmingham. He has been silent for some years, and a natural regret and pity for the cause of his silence combined with the novelty of hearing him to give an accidental interest to everything he might say. His speech was also regarded as an occasion when the wounds of discontented Liberals might be healed, and comfort and confidence imparted to them after they have been, in their opinion, somewhat badly treated by a back-sliding Ministry. The fact, too, that Mr. BRIGHT was to speak as a Minister of the Crown opened the delightful prospect of hearing what the Ministry intended to do for the future, or at least of hearing what Mr. BRIGHT would try to make them do. We should suppose that very few of those who came with high expectations went away disappointed. They listened to a speech full of animation, choicely worded, admirably arranged. Mr. BRIGHT candidly owned that he had no secrets to tell, and he took care so to speak as not to pledge his colleagues. But he spoke like a man occupying a great position, and knowing that he occupied it. He appeared as the kind critic and wise friend of the Government quite as much as a member of it. He meant to make a great party speech, and he made it. He praised the Liberals, and he ridiculed the Conservatives, but he managed to avoid the customary mode of handling the subject. He spoke of the great things done by the GLADSTONE Government; but he claimed approbation for them, not as isolated measures of legislation, but as expositions and recognitions of great principles. He combated the Conservatives not only as the opponents of all useful reforms during forty years; and as now sitting at power without having any notion of what to do with power if they attained it, but as specially unworthy to be trusted with the wide measures of electoral reform which he suggested the next Parliament will have to deal with. Nor was the future programme of the Ministry passed over; and Mr. BRIGHT hinted, vaguely perhaps, but still pointedly enough to make delightful hopes spring in the breasts of some of his hearers, that the claims of free land and a free breakfast-table could not and would not be forgotten. But then his audience wished Mr. BRIGHT to do something more than exalt the Ministry and reveal its principles and its plans. They came to hear not only a member of the Government, but Mr. BRIGHT, and there was plenty in the speech to satisfy them. His personal element never disappeared from the speaker's utterance. He offered as his personal opinion the suggestion that England had better quit the Gold Coast altogether. He informed his audience that he knew nothing of the Education Bill before it was proposed or while it was being discussed, and that he heartily disapproved it, although, with a tender recollection of what was due to a colleague, he protested that he did not believe Mr. Forster understood at the time the mischief he was doing. Mr. BRIGHT even allowed it to be known that he had a scheme of his own, which he did not explain, whereby all the evils which he attributed to the working of the 25th Clause might be removed without any one of any party being harmed. And then, finally, he constantly let his hearers understand, that he was after all a remarkably safe and reasonable man, one to whose gentle reforms, not violent revolutions, he drew, and inspired the agreeable persuasion that to walk in his steps was to tread the path of patience and wisdom.

Mr. BRIGHT's speech, therefore, deserves the highest praise if it is considered merely with reference to the general

diate purposes for which it was spoken. But if we turn to look at it as a manifesto of the more advanced section of the Government, addressed to the nation at large, there is much in it to suggest serious misgivings. Mr. BRIGHT laughed at the Conservatives for not having a policy, but he may possibly have done much towards helping them to have a policy. His new theory of the principal measures of the Government being embodiments of great general principles is full of danger to the electioneering prospects of the Liberal party. He sees in the disestablishment of the Irish Church an embodiment of the great general principle that Congress may be conveniently disestablished. This does not at all correspond with the language held by the Ministry while the Irish Church Act was under discussion. Then we were told that the case of the Irish Church was a purely exceptional one. It was because it was not in any proper sense an established Church, but a Church forced by a minority on a majority as a symbol of conquest, that Parliament was asked to interfere. In the same way Mr. BRIGHT regards the Irish Land Act as a typical instance of the realization of the great and general truth that Parliament is to attend, not only to the interests of the landowners, but to the interests of the lower orders. Mr. GLADSTONE gave an entirely different account of his measure when he introduced and defended it. Irish land was, according to his view, to be dealt with in an extraordinary manner simply because the history and fortunes of Irish land were altogether extraordinary because everything relating to it was so confused, and Irishmen were so incapable of understanding or acting by their ordinary legal rights and duties, that Parliament must step in, cut the knot, and give all parties a fresh start. Mr. BRIGHT's new version of the history of these two measures is as likely to help the Conservatives as anything could be. These Irish Acts have been their great difficulty. They opposed them while the country at large was enthusiastic for them, and the memory of this opposition has weighed heavily both on them and on the country. They cannot think of proposing to repeal the Acts that have been passed; they are obliged to wander into deserts of controverted statistics if they wish to show that the Acts have not done all the good which it was prophesied they would do. But now they may ask that their opposition to these measures shall be regarded in a new light. They may fairly say that what they protest against is that measures shall be presented to Parliament as exceptional, and then, when carried, shall be assumed to have established general principles. In this way, they may urge, the nation is betrayed into sanctioning what it does not mean to sanction, and their policy will be to try to prevent anything of the same kind happening for the future. This is certainly only a negative policy; but it is a negative policy of a specific and telling kind. It aims at putting a stop to a particular mode of conducting public affairs which the party consider dangerous and unworthy of the country. It draws a distinct line between men who conduct public business in one way and men who conduct it in another, and this is exactly the issue which the Conservatives want to have raised at the next general election.

Mr. BRIGHT's speech is also very unsatisfactory in another way. He told his hearers that the Education Act had failed because Parliament and the Ministry had taken up the subject before it had been sufficiently under the discussion of the country at large. Whether this is a true account of the history of that Act is another matter; but every one will agree that it is dangerous when a Ministry and Parliament seem to say to themselves that they will do something grand with regard to such a matter as national education without having any real mastery of the problem

to be solved. But this is unfortunately exactly the way in which Mr. BRIGHT seems to approach those political questions which he tells us are ripe for settlement. He entirely declined to go into speculative politics; he would only notice matters on which speedy legislation was desirable and possible. The direction in which of all others he thinks it easy and practicable to legislate is that of enabling poor men to better themselves by becoming owners of land. He thought that the present system under which big landholders and big farmers exclusively flourish does not give the labourer a fair chance, and at the same time he carefully guarded himself against seeming to wish unfairly to sacrifice existing interests. But he gave no sort of hint as to what measures could be devised to give the labourer a chance of bettering himself by becoming the owner of land. He seemed to desire to get the credit, or at least to afford himself the pleasing prospect, of doing something grand for the labourer, without having first discussed with himself how this is to be done. His views on the Game-laws were equally hazy. He asked whether it was not monstrous that game should not be the absolute property of the tenant. Game is not the absolute property of any one, and Mr. BRIGHT would perhaps not be very much inclined to help to pass a law making it so; but the tenant has by law the right of killing it on the land he hires, and he usually sells this right to the landlord. If Mr. BRIGHT had put his question accurately, he would have asked whether it was not monstrous that a tenant should forego for a pecuniary consideration his right of killing game found on his land. But then the question would have been rather bald and tame. It is impossible not to see that in all the part of his speech which referred to the programme of the Ministry Mr. BRIGHT allowed himself to fall into the dangerous practice, too common among advanced Liberals, but distressing and offensive to moderate men, of treating questions calculated to excite the hopes and passions of humble men in a broad general way, so as to leap at once to an imaginary goal of good government without any sign being given that the real difficulties of the subject have been considered and surmounted. There is something hollow and pretentious in the proposal so to legislate as to make the condition of the labourer better by enabling him to become on easy terms the owner of land, unless we find that the author of the proposal has thought out the preliminary question whether any laws, not spoliatory, can effect this, and whether, if they could, the position of the labourer would be bettered. What we want a speaker on the Game-laws to do is not to ask whether facts inaccurately stated are not monstrous, but to show us that the stringent laws of trespass which must replace the Game-laws would not be a greater practical inconvenience. Those who want this kind of enlightenment before they are attracted by schemes of reform will find nothing in Mr. BRIGHT's utterances to satisfy them; and one consequence will be, that however much they may admire Mr. BRIGHT's speech in many ways, they will be obliged to confess with regret that no signs are to be gathered from it that the Government has before it a programme of wise and defensible improvements.

THE PARLIAMENTARY COUP D'ÉTAT.

THE Count of CHAMBORD has been caught at Salzburg, and has given such satisfactory assurances to his pursuers that the restoration of the Monarchy is to be proposed as soon as the Assembly meets. This is not the time to examine the nature and value of the concessions which have thus at the eleventh hour been extracted from the heir of the Bourbons. It may be assumed for the sake of argument that they are all that the most constitutionally minded Orleanist can desire. No virtue that can be attributed to them will avail to make the action of the Royalists anything else than a conspiracy. It will in all probability be a conspiracy carried out under Parliamentary forms. The resolution declaring France an hereditary, national, and constitutional Monarchy will be introduced, debated, and voted on in a strictly regular way, and the proposed Restoration will not be attempted unless the division list shows a majority in its favour. Here no doubt are all the technicalities of Parliamentary procedure, and though the devotion of the army to Marshal MACMAHON is beginning to be paraded with unnecessary and suspicious frequency, we will concede that they will be rigidly adhered to. But the

spirit and substance of Parliamentary procedure will be wanting all the same. The Monarchy will be imposed upon France by the vote of an Assembly which, judging from the recent elections, does not represent France.

It is so important to a clear appreciation of the morality of the Royalist policy to keep this fact in view, that we shall set out the proof of it, even at the cost of some repetition. In the first place, there is the steady drift of the partial elections since 1871. That the majority of the candidates returned while M. THIERS was in power were favourable to the Government meant nothing so long as there had been no election under his successor. It used to be said that in France the Government for the time being always carries the electors with it, and though M. THIERS gave the constituencies much more liberty than they were accustomed to look for, the habit of obedience was supposed to be strong enough to secure the accustomed result. The elections of the 12th of October have placed the partial elections that preceded them in a new aspect. French constituencies do not, it appears, always support the Government of the day. The principal quarrel the Conservatives had with M. THIERS was that he allowed improper candidates to be returned. They refused to believe his assurances that he had no part or voice in the matter; he might, they insisted, have had a determining voice in it had he chosen. This is pretty good evidence that when the Conservatives came into power they did not neglect the instrument which they had accused M. THIERS of neglecting. There can be no doubt that ever since the 24th of May the Prefects have been working their hardest to bring the voters in their several departments to look at public affairs from the Ministerial point of view. The elections of Sunday week show how entirely they have failed in this, and their failure has further shown that the Republican character of so many previous elections had a significance which at the time was not attributed to it. The second proof that the Assembly does not represent France is the determination of the Royalist party not to put the question to the test. It is not to be supposed that men like the Duke of BROGLIE or Count D'ARL—men who have been Constitutional Liberals from the time they first cared for politics down to the 24th of May last—would not gladly assure themselves that they have the country at their back if such an assurance could by any means be obtained. Even the thoroughgoing Legitimists, though they care nothing about the feeling of the electors and might like to see Parliaments altogether abolished, would still be glad to throw the consent of the nation at their adversaries if they thought that it was theirs to throw. Indeed the importance which, at the time of the change of Government the Conservatives attached to the management of the elections, and the volley of circulars to Prefects with which M. BERTHÉ celebrated his entrance upon office, seem to show that the original intention of the party was to bring the electors to a right frame of mind, and then to dissolve in the certainty of obtaining a large Royalist majority. Now that they have had time to survey the ground, they see that such a consummation is beyond their reach, and they have consequently made up their minds to do their best with the Assembly that they have. But we may be sure that nothing but the doubt whether a new Assembly would serve their purpose could have led them to take this course. M. JOHN LEMOINNE argues that there is nothing in the plea that the Assembly does not represent France, because it was never raised when the late Government proposed that the Assembly should consolidate the Republic. This argument is disposed of by the fact that the Republicans were at all times willing to abide by the issue of a general election. If they recognized the competence of the present Assembly to make the Republic, it was because the Conservative party objected to entrusting the task to another Assembly.

A Parliamentary Restoration the promoters of which are perfectly aware that the Legislature to which they appeal does not represent the constituencies is nothing better than a Parliamentary *coup d'état*. The prostitution of Parliamentary forms to secure a result which is known to be opposed to the wishes of those by whom the Parliament has been returned only makes the manoeuvre more indecent. When NAPOLEON packed the deputies off to Mazas, he had two excuses which are wanting to the present Conservative majority. He was an avowed disbeliever in the virtue of Parliamentary government, and he intended to appeal to the nation in a way which, irregular and unreal as it was, was still preferable to the present scheme of silencing the nation

altogether. If the Assembly had really represented France, and had thereupon been sent about its business by the Royalists, the insult to the nation would have been no greater than it is when the Royalists use an Assembly which does not represent France as a convenient instrument for the accomplishment of their plans. The condemnation incurred by those who lend themselves to this conspiracy must be unequally distributed among the three factions which make up the Royalist party. In this apportionment of blame the Legitimists come off easily. To be sure they are prepared to become themselves and to make their countrymen the slaves of HENRY V., but much may be forgiven to men who honestly believe that such a servitude is really the noblest freedom. They at least have falsified no past professions; and if they condescend to work out their purposes through the agency of an Assembly which is representative only in name, they can plead that, as their principles do not bind them to consult anything but their Sovereign's pleasure, all that they do over and above is a matter of grace, and as such not to be criticized. The Orleanists have no such excuse to offer. They claim to be Constitutional Royalists—Royalists, that is, who regard the consent of the governed as an element of equal importance with the will of the governor. The founders and supporters of the Monarchy of July must be acquitted of cherishing any special reverence for legitimacy or hereditary succession. Their natural chiefs have for many years been understood to entertain no ambition beyond that of holding themselves at the disposal of France, if France should ever call for their services. There was nothing in these antecedents to justify an expectation that either Princes or followers would become accomplices in an attempt to make France once more a Monarchy through the agency of a fortuitous concurrence of deputies who know that they would lose their seats if any unforeseen ill fortune should force them to face their constituents. The Conservatives have been accustomed to say, with some reason, that the late Government of National Defence was founded by men whose sole title to be makers of governments was the accident that they happened on the 4th of September to be loitering near the Hôtel de Ville instead of on the Boulevards or in the Champs Élysées. The hereditary national and constitutional Monarchy will be founded, if founded at all, by men whose only title to be makers of governments is the accident that they were elected in February 1871 to conclude a peace with the Germans. This is the sort of Restoration which the apostles of constitutional liberty in France have brought themselves to consent to, or rather to further. The Legitimists alone could never have raised the Count of CHAMBERS to the throne. If he wears the crown at all, it will be the hand of the Count of PARIS that has placed it on his head. If the grandson of LOUIS PHILIPPE will not reign over unwilling subjects, he has seemingly no objection to help another pretender to reign over unwilling subjects. "Qui facit per alium facit per se" is a maxim which has no meaning in his eyes. If the Orleanists carry off the prize for self-stultification in this singular competition, the prize for folly pure and simple must be assigned to those Conservatives who, caring nothing for Monarchy, but a great deal for their own security, think that they will find it under the shelter of a throne which will have no better foundation than a strict party vote in an Assembly which does not even reproduce the distribution of parties out of doors. A Restoration of this kind is an undesigned invitation to future adventurers to try whether a throne so easily founded may not be as easily overthrown. If any respect is paid to the idol which the Assembly will soon be asked to set up, it will be paid, not to the decree of the Legislature, but to the bayonets which the Executive that controls the Legislature is known to hold in reserve. To-day the troops obey Marshal MACMAHON, and Marshal MACMAHON obeys the Assembly. To-morrow they may obey some other commander, and that other commander may obey his own ambition. This is the contingency upon a contingency to which the Monarchical Conservatives are prepared to trust the future of France.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW ON LIBERAL POLICY.

A POWERFUL writer in the *Quarterly Review* has undertaken to answer the challenge addressed by Liberal speakers to the Conservative party to declare their policy. The reply is rather a counter attack than a defensive statement. The writer is distinctly and habitually

ally distrusts proposals of political change can scarcely be expected to announce large and comprehensive reforms. Sir ROBERT PEEL indeed remodelled the finances and the commercial policy of the country; but the greater part of the work which he commenced is already accomplished; and his acknowledged successor in the direction of fiscal policy is the chief of the present Government. As long as Mr. GLADSTONE continues to regulate taxation for the general interest without political preference of one class to another, no other financier will command equal confidence. The essay in the *Quarterly* perhaps scarcely represents the opinions or wishes of the Opposition; for the writer would apparently be perfectly contented that the present Ministers should remain in office, if only they would repudiate the policy of their extreme Liberal allies. Of the particular blunders and the personal scandals which have from time to time thrown temporary discredit on some of the Ministers, the Reviewer speaks with commendable indifference. He perhaps underestimates the effect of the reflected unpopularity of some members of the Government; but it is certainly not a reason for a great political change that the subordinates in one or two departments dislike the head of the office, or that deputations have been received with insufficient courtesy. The constituencies care little or nothing for the faults of manner or of temper which sometimes alienate supporters and encourage opponents in the House of Commons. Lord PALMERSTON during his first term of office as Prime Minister was tempted by the elation of success to assume a careless and supercilious demeanour which was the principal cause of his defeat in 1858. On his return to power in the following year he had the good sense to avoid a repetition of his former blunder; and from that time to the end of his life he was as popular in Parliament as in the country. If some of his successors are not equally capable of profiting by experience, they may feel confident that the result of a general election will never be determined by personal considerations. The majority in the House of Commons likes Mr. DISRAELI, but it declines to give him its vote.

The most sagacious observer would at the present moment be the first to acknowledge the impossibility of anticipating the result of the next appeal to the constituencies. It may be conjectured from the Ministerial victories at Bath and Taunton that the licensed victuallers are no longer implacable, having indeed sufficiently proved to their former assailants that they are not to be disturbed with impunity. At both places the successful candidates were moderate in their professions, and perhaps they may be still more moderate in their political tendencies. Neither Mr. HAYTER nor the SOLICITOR-GENERAL desires to subvert the institutions of the country; but the average elector draws no nice distinctions among members who bear a common designation. Mr. JAMES and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN are both nominally Liberals, although their opinions differ far more widely than those of the majority and minority in the House of Commons. As it was necessary for the interpretation of NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S dream that the dream itself should be first known, the significance of the next general election will depend on the questions raised between the contending parties; and it rests with Mr. GLADSTONE to settle the issues. It may be taken for granted, notwithstanding the injudicious bid which was lately made for the suffrages of Whitby, that no direct attack on the Established Church is at present in contemplation. Notwithstanding unauthorized disclaimers by private Secretaries and junior Lords of the Treasury, Mr. GLADSTONE'S answer to Mr. MIALl was evidently sincere as well as vigorous. It is far more likely that the Government may select as the occasion for dissolving Parliament some measure which will injuriously affect landowners. As the writer in the *Quarterly* justly remarks, a limitation of the power of devise and settlement would be less likely to attract popular favour than an interference between landlords and tenants. No measure which fell short of the introduction of the French rule of compulsory distribution would materially affect the devolution of land, nor is any special class interested in preventing the settlement of real or personal property on unborn children. Theorists only appreciate the public advantage of bringing land more frequently into the market, and they are not agreed among themselves as to the operation of the present law or custom. Tenant-farmers, on the other hand, form a definite and powerful body; and if they were offered, like the small Irish occupiers, a share in the

property of the landlords, they would probably not refuse the boon; yet the agitation of Mr. AECH and his condutors will render the farmers suspicious of even plausible innovations. Fixity of tenure, as it is advocated by Mr. J. HOWARD and others, could only be established by an act of legislative spoliation; and when the principle of transferring property for the public benefit was once admitted, the labourers would have equally plausible claims to prefer against the farmers. Another mode of attack upon landowners might be a proposal for the readjustment, to their injury, of local or general taxation. In dealing with schemes for the arbitrary exemption of certain kinds of property from national imposts, Mr. GLADSTONE's sense of justice would be reinforced by his scientific conscience as a master of economy and finance. Even if he were in some unexplained manner to become careless of right and wrong, he would still retain a sense of symmetry and a repugnance to fiscal anomalies. It is more probable that he will make an effort to throw the burden of local taxation on landlords than that he will make them pay Income-tax for brewers and bankers as well as for themselves. Mr. GOSCHEN's unjust measure of 1871 was introduced with the sanction of the PRIME MINISTER; and Mr. GLADSTONE, as well as Mr. GOSCHEN himself, has often referred to the subject in a tone of taunt and menace.

The general election will perhaps turn rather on the political alliances which the Minister may contract and proclaim than on any special measure. If he bids for the support of Mr. LEATHAM and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, he will be held to have virtually pledged himself to all the subversive doctrines which are embodied in their favourite formula. Free Church, which means the abolition of the Church; free land, in the sense of expropriation of landowners; free schools, with compulsory secular education; and free labour, which has at present no definite meaning, may possibly find favour with the constituencies created in 1867 and voting by ballot; but no extreme Liberal has for some time past been returned for any vacant seat; and it is scarcely probable that the Government will pledge itself to a series of revolutionary measures. The extension of the household franchise to counties, though, in accordance with Mr. DISRAELI's policy, it has been but faintly resisted by the Conservatives, would be in the highest degree distasteful, and even alarming, to the tenant-farmers; nor could the tradesmen in the towns regard with complacency a large increase in the electoral power of the working classes. It will be difficult for the Government to propose any considerable change which will not offend some of its former supporters. A year or two ago one of the present Ministers candidly declared that it was essential to the Liberal party to devise new measures for the purpose of justifying its own existence. Later experience has perhaps suggested a doubt whether it is prudent, in default of definite schemes, to create a general feeling of uneasiness among those who have anything to lose. It was said, perhaps with some exaggeration, that one careless speech in which Mr. GOSCHEN wantonly denounced corporate endowments alienated from the cause of the Government large numbers of its most intelligent supporters. The apparent object of the writer in the *Quarterly* is to persuade the moderate Liberals that it is their duty to impress their own policy on the leaders of the party; but the appeal to their reason and their interests is made in a sarcastic tone which indicates little hope of success. In Parliament the large body of Ministerial supporters which detests free land and all the other newfangled phrases about freedom may take many opportunities of applying to the Government a pressure which is not perhaps always unwelcome. At a general election, unfortunately, a candidate must, in spite of conventional professions of independence, echo the party cry, on pain of being regarded as a deserter. It is perhaps hard on conscientious electors that they should have to choose between the followers of Mr. DISRAELI, whom they perhaps profoundly distrust, and the pledged supporters of any policy which it may please Mr. GLADSTONE to adopt on the spur of the moment; but the embarrassing dilemma could only be avoided by a change in the characters of political leaders. It was long since said of Sir ROBERT PEEL that he had conferred on his adherents an incalculable benefit by teaching them how to remain Tories without being fools. Lord PALMERSTON at a later period performed a not dissimilar service to Liberals who sincerely cared for freedom and were exempt from bigoted attachment to abuses, while

at the same time they utterly objected to political or social revolution. The House of Lords contains two statesmen, either of whom might fitly represent and guide rational Conservatives or temperate Liberals; but it unluckily happens that peers are removed from the political centre of gravity.

GREECE.

THE veteran friend and censor of the Greeks, who has long been accustomed to record their miscarriages in the hope of correcting their political errors, has lately published in the columns of the *Times* an instructive summary of Greek history since the attainment of independence. It is doubtful whether any alternative system of government could in the circumstances of the case have been established or maintained; but a centralized democracy, alternating with despotism founded on corruption, has produced unsatisfactory and inglorious results. In other fields of activity the modern Greeks have given ample proof of ability and versatile energy. Before and since the War of Independence Greeks have held high positions in the Ottoman Empire; the race has long been distinguished in maritime enterprise, and their merchants compete on equal terms in Manchester and London with the most successful native capitalists. It is only at home that the Greeks fail in producing the prosperity of which their country is capable; and yet they cannot be accused of deficiency in patriotic aspirations. The so-called Great Idea, or dream of creating a Greek Empire in South-Eastern Europe, might have been thought a proof of laudable ambition if it had only been justified by the preliminary condition of political superiority to all neighbouring races. The wonderful civilization of ancient Greece, appropriated and used by a conqueror of surpassing genius, rendered possible the establishment of the Macedonian kingdoms which maintained themselves for centuries in Asia and Egypt. At a later period the Byzantine Empire, notwithstanding its Roman origin, became after some generations essentially and exclusively Greek. Of the two dominant nations of the ancient world the more brilliant and intellectual was only second to Rome in the faculty of political organization. The small city of Athens produced a succession of statesmen who might have governed the world; and the later rulers of the East inherited their supremacy from the fellow-citizens of THEMISTOCLES, of PERICLES, and of DEMOSTHENES. The Greeks of the present day come too late to revive the primitive tradition; but, like their remote ancestors, they are surrounded by less cultivated nations to which they might furnish an example of orderly and efficient administration. It was not by talking about great ideas that ALEXANDER undertook and partially accomplished the fusion of Greeks and Asiatics into one political community.

Every spot which was selected for the foundation of an ancient Greek colony was an encroachment on the region of barbarism. The cities which studded the coasts of Thrace, of Asia Minor, of Northern Africa, and of Italy were, under numerous varieties of political constitution and in spite of intestine feuds, centres of culture to their respective districts. The only territory which has in recent times been added to the kingdom of Greece has lost the good government and prosperity which it enjoyed down to the date of the cession. There were plausible arguments, and also sound reasons, for the retirement of England from the Protectorate of the Ionian Islands. The Government probably recognized the advantage of being relieved from an onerous duty; but the reluctant consent of the English nation was only obtained on the suggestion that the union of the islands with the continental kingdom would satisfy the longings and promote the welfare of the Greek nation. It is difficult not to regard with complacency the poetical justice of the retribution which has fallen on the respectable classes of Corfu and the other islands. The merchants and landowners had long attempted to combine the benefits derived from just and regular administration with the popularity which was cheaply won by affected assent to the doctrines of separatist demagogues. The sheep protested in concert with the wolves against the usurpation of intrusive watchdogs, and the flock now experiences the results which follow from the withdrawal of the guardians of the fold. The decay of the Ionian Islands might still be arrested if the Greeks had sufficient wisdom and courage to establish a vigorous Government. Instead of attempting to preserve the sound and beneficent admini-

nistration which was left them by the English, the Greeks thought fit to concentrate their energies on a project for the further extension of their territory by piratical attacks on the Turkish dominions. To a certain extent they can play at aggressive war without danger of retaliation, because the European Powers would, as they know, not permit the reconquest by a Mahometan Power of any portion of Greece. In Epirus or in Crete the Turks are forced, notwithstanding their military and maritime superiority, to content themselves with the suppression of the insurrections which are periodically fomented by their potty and troublesome neighbour.

The advice which is once more offered to the Greeks by one of their best and most judicious friends is the same which they have neglected for the last half-century. Before they aim at national aggrandizement, they ought to suppress brigandage, to make roads and bridges, to discontinue or moderate, if possible, the incessant struggle for place, and to abolish the oppressive system of taxation which hampers agriculture without producing equivalent advantage to the treasury. The obsolete practice of levying taxes on farm produce in kind involves still graver inconvenience than the discouragement of enterprise. To prevent frauds on the revenue, it is thought necessary to place all harvest operations under the control of Government officers, as the simpler processes of a distillery are in this country subjected to the inspection of excisemen. A farmer who pays a higher tax in proportion to the goodness of his crop, and who cannot reap or carry without official permission, is not likely to undertake profitable experiments, or to make the most of his land. When the crop is secured, it must either be consumed in the immediate neighbourhood, or taken to market on the backs of beasts of burden; and perhaps it may also be necessary for the owner to pay a portion of the proceeds to some robber chief who pursues his trade with ease and convenience in a trackless region. A few of the members of the profession were a few years ago happily expended in the civil war in Crete, but since that time some of the most notorious outrages, including the tragic affair of Marathon, have been perpetrated with impunity. For the moment the virulence of the social plague has diminished, and it seems that some branches of industry, such as the cultivation of the currant vine, are pursued with success in the neighbourhood of towns. The vicious nature of the system of rural taxation has been curiously illustrated by a recent reduction of fifty per cent., which afforded no practical relief to the farmers. The vexatious interference of the tax-gatherer was still indispensable, and ultimately the former rate was re-established without serious opposition or remonstrance. Although money payments are unwillingly made in Greece, as in other Eastern countries, it can scarcely be impracticable to substitute fixed imposts for tithes or proportions of produce.

The most creditable part of the administrative policy of Greece has been the encouragement of education, which must have developed the natural intelligence of the people. The same cause has unfortunately created a large body of political adventurers who are incessantly contending with one another for office and power. As there is no aristocracy in Greece, the Constitution is necessarily founded on the assumption of universal equality; but the secret of establishing a really representative Assembly has not yet been discovered. The KING, who has now attained full maturity, possesses larger prerogatives than ordinary constitutional sovereigns; and he would be supported by national opinion in any well-considered exertion of his power for the public advantage. When the Greeks succeeded in learning and practising the art of government, they may still hope to influence the future destinies of the East, if the decay of the Ottoman Empire should end in its collapse and disruption. For the present their ambitious schemes are checked by the effects of an ecclesiastical schism. The people of Greece are neither fanatical nor priest-ridden, but historical causes have to a certain extent identified the interests of the Church and the nation. In consequence of jealousies which it is unnecessary to examine minutely, the Bulgarians have lately discarded their religious allegiance to the Greek Patriarch; and the sectarian dispute may perhaps be part of a Slavonic movement which would be hostile to Greek pretensions. It can no longer be assumed even by orators and political agitators that the Greeks would be the necessary successors of the present rulers of the old Byzantine dominions. The Russians have of late years directed their efforts to a union

under their own supremacy of the Slavonic tribes in the Turkish and in the Austro-Hungarian dominions. Patriotic Greeks can have no desire to see their traditional capital absorbed in the Russian Empire, nor will they be inclined to promote disturbances in Turkey for the benefit of their Slavonic rivals. An interval of tranquillity may perhaps induce them to employ themselves in domestic reforms.

THE OXFORD UNION.

EVERY body of men in these days finds some occasion to celebrate its doings and advertise its existence; and as an undergraduate Debating Society has now gone on for fifty years at Oxford, it is natural that this should be considered as entitling it to hold what is termed a Jubilee. Eton led the way in cultivating the art or amusement of debating, and when clever Eton debaters got to Oxford, they missed their customary pleasure, and organized a Society where they might go on talking with the increased experience and enthusiasm of early manhood. This infant Society started with some disadvantages and some striking advantages. Its founders or early members had difficulty in securing a place of meeting; they were frowned on by the University authorities, they had no very clear conception of their own purposes, and they quarrelled bitterly among themselves. On the other hand, they happened to be a set of young men of extraordinary promise, and many of them were born in a position which ensured future distinction. At a time when the Society had been rather less than ten years in existence, the happy fortune of the Union gathered together a set of youths who were exceptionally distinguished as undergraduates, and who have since made their names known to every Englishman. As forty years have elapsed, these young orators are now between sixty and seventy, and have therefore attained the age when fame and reputation are most firmly established. Two of the most conspicuous of them, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE, were not present at the Jubilee meeting, and so little, even in a debating society, are the claims of brilliant debaters thought paramount, that when the LORD CHANCELLOR regretted the absence of the PRIME MINISTER, his expressions of regret were received with some marks of disapprobation. But the heroic period of the Union was well represented by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, the CHANCELLOR, Archbishop MANNING, and Mr. CARDWELL. The Union never at any subsequent period rivalled the splendours of those early days; but it has always gone on sometimes rising and sometimes falling in the success of its debates. By degrees the Society established itself in a position which made it secure of a comfortable existence independent of the fluctuations of rhetorical success. It was transformed into a well-managed club with an excellent library, the treasures of which were made available by the permission to members to take books to their colleges. Most of its members enjoyed the privileges of reading in comfort every conceivable newspaper and periodical, of writing on gorgeous note-paper letters which the Society stamped for them, and borrowing some useful and many entertaining books, without giving more than a passing thought to the debates which had once been the keystone of the Union. Still the debates went on, and, as they offered practice of no inconsiderable value for speakers who wished subsequently to shine in Parliament or at the Bar, there was never wanting a series of torchbearers to hand on the lamp of oratory; and the Society at its gathering was able to see in the presence of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, Lord SALISBURY, and Mr. GOSCHEN a sign that it had continued to supply from among its own most distinguished members men who had subsequently shown that they could distinguish themselves in the higher arenas of real debate.

An instructive and pleasantly written paper in *Macmillan's Magazine* has lately given an opportune history of the Union in its early days of greatness; and some amusement is naturally awakened when we read in its pages the fierce Tory utterances of speakers who have since become famous as Liberals. But the opinions of young men fresh from public schools are necessarily of little value, and are based on imagination, or home sympathies, or traditions. Until recently the vast majority of undergraduates were the sons of clergymen and landowners, and the members of the Union came to hear or make speeches hot with the affections and prepossessions of the classes to which they belonged by birth. Those who opposed the current of undergraduate

opinion were animated by the opposition they excited, and cheered by the reflection that the public outside the body they were addressing was generally on their side. Hence the Union has enjoyed the possession of one of the cardinal elements of a good debating society—the interest of the audience in the subjects discussed, and its admiration and detestation of opposite principles. Lord SALISBURY referred with some pathos to the different experience of his later life, and pitied the CHANCELLOR, who was one of the most fiery and outrageous politicians of the Union, for having now to preside over an assembly where no one takes any interest in anything. The reputation of the Union speakers of that great time has always stimulated the debaters of succeeding generations, and thus the Union speakers have enjoyed the double advantage of addressing an audience that wished to see an ancient fame maintained, and that could be readily transported with the facile enthusiasm of prejudice. The bulk of undergraduates have generally kept away from the debates either because they found the process of listening dreary beyond endurance, or because they regarded discussions as idle which were to be closed by the voting of youthful partisans. Study or amusement, too, occupies a large portion of the thoughts and time of young men, and it is only in a very limited sense that study can be said to be fostered or amusement provided by the Union debates. Those, however, who, from a natural aptitude for speaking, or with a private view to their own subsequent advancement, took a leading part in the debates were amply rewarded. They were training themselves in a school of public speaking, and in many respects the school was a very good one. They had to get up a subject with some care; they had to face a hostile or captivate an approving audience; they acquired fluency, and they attained some knowledge of the chief secret of oratory—the art of expanding, for the sake of an audience, a proposition or sentiment which the speaker knows might be compressed in a very few words. They also, as Mr. CARDWELL in his speech justly pointed out, learnt to command their tempers, and control themselves into a precarious and fugitive civility towards rivals or adversaries. But the greatest of all the gains which accrued to them was that they thus acquired in early life the habit of listening with patience to the speeches of other people. The great drawback to all forms of life in which public speaking plays a principal part is the intolerable weariness of having to listen hour after hour to speeches when the hearer foresees throughout exactly what the speaker is going to say and how he is going to say it. To overcome the weariness and dislike which this fatal foresight engenders is one of the first conditions of success in public life. The lawyer or member of Parliament who desires to shine finds the acquisition of this power of endurance as indispensable as the noble savage finds the acquisition of the art of wearing trousers and a tall hat if he wishes to share in the blessings of civilization. And it cannot be denied that the Union offers an excellent school in this respect. The young gentlemen who speak are generally the same, and their fancies, their principles, and their delivery are perfectly familiar to all around them, while the impatient orator can, as a rule, speak but once in an evening, and the pains of a listener rather than the pleasures of a speaker fill up the bulk of his time.

The speakers at the Jubilee meeting found much to say about Oxford, but not much to say about the Union. There was in fact very little to say about it, except to recount the glories which gave it lustre forty years ago, and to insist that it helped young men to speak in public. Its advantages appear most obvious to those who feel sure that they will get an opportunity of speaking in public, and young men to whom birth or wealth gives a reasonable certainty of entering Parliament at an early age see the rewards of a Union training most distinctly before them. It is not therefore wonderful that among old Union speakers there should be many whom the chances of life have wafted into early distinction or notoriety; and the fact that what was sure to happen had happened afforded a pleasant theme to most of the Jubilee speakers who cared to touch on the Union at all. Not but that some of the speakers did their utmost to bring in the Union at any hazard, and Mr. GOSCHEN, more especially, in returning thanks for the navy, managed to connect his remote subject with the debating society of which he felt bound to speak, by dwelling on the interesting fact that during the fifty years celebrated by the Jubilee the Union had never once taken the navy as a subject of

discussion. Some of the remarks made during the course of the evening on Oxford as apart from its debating society were not without interest, and especially those of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and Lord SALISBURY. But the simple thought that seems to have occurred to most of the speakers was that, just as the best Union speakers had in many instances become distinguished public speakers, so too many Oxford undergraduates of all kinds had been distinguished in various ways; and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL made a very successful speech while proving in graceful and spirited language the truth of a proposition so gratifying to his hearers. If the Cambridge Union in its turn thinks fit to hold a Jubilee or any festival to which it likes to give a name, a Cambridge speaker will find it equally easy to show that many distinguished men of recent days have been educated at Cambridge. To make the most natural things seem wonderful when an audience feels pleasure in believing them to be extraordinary is a legitimate stroke of after-dinner oratory. But if there is anything wonderful in the matter at all, it is not that many of the leading men of the day should have been trained at Universities which offer enormous rewards for intellectual excellence, for which all the public schools are nurseries, and which have been for centuries connected with the learned and aristocratic classes. It is that there should be so many leading men of the day who have not been trained in these favoured institutions. Lord SALISBURY, in attempting to account for the fact that Mr. GATHORNE HARDY, an old Oxford man, has established a reputation as a public speaker although he never took part in the Union debates, playfully suggested that it must be Mr. GATHORNE HARDY's "innate genius" that had done it. Perhaps this may be the explanation of the success of non-University men; and the nation at large may feel satisfaction at thinking that, apart from its two old Universities, it has seen several schools of training produce men of as much innate genius as Mr. HARDY.

MR. BRIGHT AND THE EDUCATION ACT.

MR. BRIGHT'S speech at Birmingham is the speech of a man who is accustomed to be frank, and is accustomed at the same time to measure his words. It is in this double light that what he said upon the Education question must be read. The disposition both of the avowed opponents of the Government and of its discontented supporters will be to make a great deal of Mr. BRIGHT's condemnation of the Act of 1870. And certainly there is something strange in hearing a Cabinet Minister speaking of a measure framed by his colleagues as giving just offence to the Nonconformists, as embodying an evil principle and one that should not be continued, as making an attempt at educating the people in a way which it is not possible to render truly national or truly good. But the peculiar relation in which Mr. BRIGHT stands to the Education Act must be considered before the force of these phrases can be accurately estimated. Had he now entered the Cabinet for the first time, we do not think that he would have thought it necessary to be so open in his censure of the Education Act. A man who joins a Ministry is naturally disposed to dwell on his present agreement with it rather than on past disagreements. But Mr. BRIGHT was nominally a Minister when the Education Act was before Parliament, and he has been charged with inconsistency because he has condemned a measure in which it was assumed he must have had a hand. From this charge Mr. BRIGHT was anxious to clear himself. The fact that during the Session of 1870 he was not only too ill to take his place in the House of Commons or in Cabinet Councils, but also too ill to read the reports of the debates, or even to hear them read to him, enables him to do so completely. Whether under these circumstances he was well advised in remaining a member of the Government is another question, though in answering it it must be remembered that he did so to please his colleagues, not himself; but, whatever may be thought upon this point, it is impossible to fix him with any real responsibility for a statute the contents of which he never knew till after it had been passed. This natural anxiety to dissociate himself from the Education Act was just the feeling which would lead him to say all the harm of it that he could; and now that this harm has been said, it is equally natural that politicians who wish to see the education policy of the Government reversed, and politicians who wish to make the Government

suspected of an intention to reverse its educational policy, should quote Mr. BRIGHT as a witness on their side.

Those who really care to forecast what is likely to be the Ministerial line on the question will prefer to consider, not what meaning they would like Mr. BRIGHT's words to bear, but what meaning they necessarily must bear. Speaking where and to whom he did, he would be sure to go as far as possible in the direction which his hearers wished him to take. Speaking when and in the character he did, he would be sure to have weighed his words, and to intend them to convey nothing more than the minimum of significance which they will fairly carry. Mr. BRIGHT described the Education Act quite fairly when he called it "a Bill to encourage Denominational education, and, where that was impossible, to establish Board schools." This he holds to have been a wrong order of effort. It ought, in his opinion, "to have been a Bill to establish Board schools, and to offer inducements to those who were connected with Denominational schools to bring them under the control of the Board." This declaration shows, no doubt, that Mr. BRIGHT is opposed to the leading principle of the Act. But even if he had said nothing further, it would by no means follow that he wishes to see this principle reversed. Even Conservatives who object to Liberal legislation do not usually propose to abrogate it. They say that such or such a Bill did such or such a thing in such or such a way, whereas it ought to have done something else in a different way; but they do not insist upon undoing what has been done. A responsibility which does not fall upon a Conservative Minister with respect to the former measures of his opponents cannot be laid upon a Liberal Minister with respect to the former measures of his colleagues. No opposition could be more determined than that offered by Mr. GLADSTONE to the Ecclesiastical Titles Act or to the Divorce Act. But he has not attempted to repeal the latter, or refused to sit in the same Cabinet with the statesman who defended the former. In this case, however, we are not left to mere inference as the foundation of our opinion as to Mr. BRIGHT's meaning. He said distinctly that the question "whether we are on the right track for a general sound public education for our children under the Denominational system or not must be left to further proof." Mr. BRIGHT thinks we are on the wrong track, and that experience will prove that we are on the wrong track. There are multitudes, he admits, who think we are on the right track, and that experience will prove that we are on the right track. Only time can show which of these two views is the true one. This is not the language of a man who intends to propose, much less to insist, that the educational policy of the Government shall be reversed. On the contrary, it is the language of a man who, while regretting that the experiment should have taken a particular shape, yet recognizes that the trial must be carried through now it has once been begun, and is willing to abide by the result. What he says comes after all to nothing more than this—that he thinks the Government took up the subject by the wrong end, and that "further experience and something like failure will before long force on Parliament a general reconsideration of the question." No reasonable advocate of the Education Act will quarrel with this way of stating the case. The Government had to make their choice in 1870 between, on the one hand, taking the existing system as their starting point and making provision for new schools where the voluntary schools failed to do the work, and, on the other hand, creating new schools universally and leaving the voluntary schools to get along as they best could. There was much to be said in favour of each alternative; and even those who hold that the Government were right in adopting the former may admit that the question was not free from doubt, and that, if it should turn out that the solution preferred was not the best, the ground will have to be gone over again. The strongest conviction that a particular policy will succeed is quite compatible with a confession that if it should fail it must be changed. Mr. BRIGHT leaves it to be decided by "further proof" whether his view or that of the multitudes who differ from him is the true one; and it will imply some secret distrust of their own conclusion if any of those multitudes quarrel with the test he proposes.

Upon the particular question what is to be done with the 25th Clause Mr. BRIGHT is exceedingly guarded. He says, in fact, two things, with one of which every friend of education will agree, while with the other every friend of education would be glad to agree. The first is, that it is desirable for

every party that something rather more like harmony should be introduced into the public action on the Education question. That is a statement not to be disputed. There is no one who really cares about elementary education but must be sick of the controversy about the 25th Clause. It turns up on every possible occasion, and absorbs the attention which ought to be given to more important subjects. Instead of discussing how all the children in the country are to be educated, half our time is spent in discussing who is to pay for the education of a certain small fraction of these children. Here and there local politicians who have talked themselves into a passion upon this question may close their ears to every suggestion of compromise, but Mr. BRIGHT is altogether in the right when he says that there are many "worthy and honourable men" on the Conservative side of the House of Commons, and, we believe, in the Conservative party out of doors, "who would be very glad to have some arrangement come to with respect to the clause." Unfortunately Mr. BRIGHT's other point is surrounded with more uncertainty. "I believe," he says, "there is a mode, and a simple and just mode, by which everything may be done—doing harm to nobody—that is now proposed to be done by the 25th Clause, and that clause might be absolutely repealed." As to this, all that need be said is that, if Mr. BRIGHT has a suggestion of this kind to make, he need not fear that either the Cabinet or Parliament or the country will be slow to welcome it. So many people before Mr. BRIGHT have thought the same thing, and found their proposal unacceptable to some section or other of those interested in the controversy, that we are not sanguine as to his success proving equal to his own expectations. But if he can point out a way in which the 25th Clause can be banished from the Act without either bearing hardly on indigent parents, or subjecting voluntary schools to a special tax, or saddling the ratepayers with a burden greater than they can bear, or at all events than they are likely to submit to, he will have earned the gratitude of all parties.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING ON THE POPE'S LETTER.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING'S defence of the POPE'S letter to the German EMPEROR will have much the same effect as the original document. His argument will be conclusive to those who are already convinced; and it will have no influence on opponents or on neutrals. The present policy of the German Government by no means commands universal assent in England; and if it had not been adopted by a Minister reputed to be the most sagacious of living statesmen, it would be generally condemned as impolitic. More than one generation has passed since it was thought prudent or justifiable for an English Government to engage in a serious conflict with any religious body; and the capricious exception to the established rule which was constituted by the absurd Ecclesiastical Titles Bill resulted in immediate failure and final retraction. It is commonly held that all lay and clerical bodies are entitled to cultivate any religious opinions which they may prefer; and experience has at least proved that it is judicious to tolerate heresies which cannot be suppressed. It is true that the doctrines which have of late years been associated in the United Kingdom with disaffection have been held by communities voluntarily organized. Prince BISMARCK, on the other hand, is engaged in a contest with an Established Church which holds its privileges and possessions on certain understood conditions. That the EMPEROR disclaims any possessive relation to the POPE is a fact which has no bearing on the position of the Roman Catholic Church in the kingdom of Prussia. In the Rhine provinces and in Prussian Poland the Church retains by law, or sometimes by treaty, the position which it held when those provinces were originally annexed to the monarchy. Although there have been occasional disputes, the Prussian Government has for the most part been on friendly terms with the POPE, who indeed recalls with regret the tone of the letters which he formerly received from the KING. The legislative and administrative measures which have lately been directed against the Roman Catholic clergy are founded on the assumption that they have themselves violated their express or implied contract with the State. The prosecution of SACHEVERELL offers a nearer analogy to the recent proceedings than the enactment or enforcement of the penal laws. The House of Commons was then defeated; and the early Hanoverian Kings were too weak or too indifferent to pursue a policy of interference with the Jacobite clergy, even if it had been pos-

sible to allege or to prove that their antipathy to the Whigs was connected with any heterodox theory.

If Archbishop MANNING desired to enlist English feelings or prejudices on the side of the persecuted German Church, he ought to have relied on the commonplaces of Liberalism, and to have contended that the points in dispute belong exclusively to the theological domain. The infallibility of the POPE, whether it is a divine dogma or an impudent fiction, is a proposition of the supernatural or supermundane order; nor has it ever been apparent to impartial Protestants why the doctrine should trouble or concern any but those who are required to profess to believe it. If the Prussian Government denies that the Church which it has recognized held the new doctrine, the Roman Catholic clergy may reply that anything which a General Council may at any time pronounce is implicitly a part of the creed of the Church. It would be highly imprudent for a secular Government to engage in the controversy, with which divines may legitimately amuse their leisure, whether the Council of the Vatican was regular and Ecumenical. The real question is, whether the Church has lost its identity by adding one more straw to the load of the orthodox camel. Since every bishop in the Roman communion, with ninety-nine hundredths of the clergy and the vast majority of the laity, have, for reasons of their own, accepted the Vatican decrees, it is a waste of time for schismatic politicians to inquire into the soundness of their judgment. A protest against novelties introduced by successive Popes is tacitly involved in the denomination of Protestants. The dislike of the POPE and his clergy to the consolidation of the German Empire has no connexion with the dogma of infallibility, except by accidental coincidence in time. It is well known that zealous Roman Catholics in all parts of Europe, except in Germany itself, would have approved of the French declaration of war in 1870 if only it had been justified by success. It was nothing to the POPE or to the clergy that a wicked and wanton aggression had been committed against a heretic Government which was rapidly extending its power over Catholic populations. Prussian and German statesmen have every right to resent the unpatriotic policy of the clergy; but infallibility is out of their sphere. If Prince BISMARCK ultimately prevails, he may possibly have conferred a benefit on the Church as well as on the State; but it is doubtful whether he is consistent in prosecuting bishops for issuing excommunications without the consent of the civil power. It is the duty of the Government to take care that exclusion from the Church shall involve no civil disability; but the cases in which spiritual censures can conflict with temporal laws, though not inconceivable, are necessarily rare. Whether excommunication is justified in any particular case is a question beyond the competence of unassisted reason. No Southern intellect has ever comprehended the niceties of discipline which in Scotland separate religious bodies notwithstanding perfect unity of doctrine. Whether the sacraments ought to be refused to a penitent who thinks the POPE capable of error can only be known to theologians.

Archbishop MANNING ventures on uncertain ground when he affirms the absolute right of bishops to conduct the entire education of students destined for the priesthood. Every Catholic, as he mysteriously asserts, knows that a priest cannot without imminent danger be trained amongst laymen. In the days when the Church really controlled society the Catholic hierarchy was less squeamish. To the majority of Englishmen it seems that a distinct and secluded education is inherently vicious, and that no man can be fit to be a clergyman unless he has lived amongst laymen. A Roman Catholic prelate is of course at liberty to hold the modern doctrine, and in England, as in Ireland, he may enforce his principles without interference. It is not equally obvious that a Government is not entitled to require from the functionaries of an Established Church the possession of a certain amount of secular knowledge, and the guarantee which is furnished by a course of rational training. In spite of Liberal generalizations, no prudent Government will tolerate systematic disaffection on the part of an established hierarchy. It is fitting and proper that clerical students should learn, by intercourse with their equals, to be good subjects and German patriots before they are cooped up in seminaries to be fed with orthodox dogmas. In a country where the humblest servant of the State is required to undergo a special education, it seems reasonable that some similar condition should be imposed on the assumption of the clerical office. Where the clergy are

charged with the duty of registration, it is still more necessary that they should be subject to the supervision of secular authority. The indefeasible right of appealing to the POPE has always been largely modified in practice; but as long as the supreme judgment is, except for spiritual purposes, wholly inoperative, it seems inexpedient to restrict the communications between the bishops and the POPE. In the past ages of faith Englishmen almost unanimously opposed all direct exercise of Papal jurisdiction in their own country; but Archbishop MANNING addresses votaries who are infinitely more remote than Protestants from the faith of Englishmen under the PLANTAGENET Kings. It is true that he delicately compares the Emperor WILLIAM to the founder of the dynasty, although Prince BISMARCK and his sovereign are extremely unlikely either to murder the Archbishop of POSEN in his cathedral, or to submit to the subsequent penance which was inflicted on HENRY II. It was not necessary to vindicate before a sympathetic audience the sanctimonious acrimony of the POPE's letter, or the affronts to his august correspondent which probably formed the main purpose of the communication. In this instance PIUS IX. has condescended to borrow a form of insult from his own subordinates in Austria. Some years ago the Austrian prelates petitioned the EMPEROR to disregard a law which had been regularly passed by the Council of the Empire. The affectation of regarding an erring Monarch as an unwilling victim of his Parliament or his Ministers has been eagerly adopted by the POPE. To Englishmen the constitutional unity of a Government is at least as familiar a doctrine as any dogma can appear to a Roman Catholic divine. It is natural that the POPE, bred under a despotism, and himself a despot, should be incapable of understanding the conditions of political organization; but Archbishop MANNING can scarcely assume the existence of similar ignorance among his countrymen. His speech was probably intended rather to furnish his own co-religionists with plausible grounds of apology for the POPE than to influence the judgment of Protestants. English public opinion, even if it were wholly favourable to the German prelacy, would have no effect on the policy of Prussia. In this conflict, even more than in ordinary political struggles, it will be found that nothing succeeds like success. If Prince BISMARCK should ultimately be defeated, or if the Roman Catholics of the Kingdom and of the Empire became permanently disaffected, his present policy will be condemned by posterity on other grounds than those which are assumed by the POPE and the Archbishop.

POLITICAL PORTENTS.

NOW that the spell of defeat which seemed to lie on the Ministerialists has been broken by the Bath and Taunton elections, the return of a Conservative in the place of a Liberal for Hull has lost much of the significance which it might otherwise have possessed. What made things look so black for the Ministry was, not so much that they were losing votes, as that they seemed to be repudiated with one consent all over the country. With such a majority as Mr. GLADSTONE still possesses, the losses of isolated elections count for little in themselves. It is only as an indication of the feeling of the country at large, as a forecast of a general election, that they are important. Nothing could be more absurd than the resolution attributed to the Government of staking a dissolution on the result of the Taunton election; but a defeat at Bath or Taunton would certainly have given a more serious aspect to the defeat at Hull. There would have been something ominous in the unbroken continuity of disaster, and the Ministry could not have ignored the apparent agreement of constituencies in uniformly rejecting Ministerial candidates wherever they appeared. It is true that what are called the Liberal victories are victories of a negative character. A general is hardly entitled to assume a very triumphant air merely because his guns and baggage have not been captured by the enemy; and the Liberals may be thankful that they have not lost a couple of seats which they already held without being too boastful about it. If the Bath and Taunton elections show that there was no general reaction against the Government, the Hull election would seem to show that, on the other hand, there has been no general reaction in its favour. A good deal probably turned on local influence at Hull, and in this respect the Conservatives had much the stronger candidate. Mr. FRANK is the head of an old and highly-

esteemed banking-house in the town. Mr. REED, although he is the manager of a shipbuilding Company which has lately been established there, is a comparative stranger to the constituency. Besides, Mr. REED is not exactly the sort of candidate whom the Liberals, or any political party, could be expected to feel very enthusiastic about. Before the vacancy occurred at Hull he had been courting Pembroke, with promises of shipbuilding enterprise; and he has been at little pains to conceal that he thinks it a pity that a professional critic of the Admiralty should not be at liberty to take sides in the House of Commons just as may happen to suit the particular line of naval policy in which he is interested at the moment. Mr. REED has views about shipbuilding which he is naturally anxious to enforce, and hitherto those views have identified him rather with the Opposition than with the Government. It is just possible, too, that Mr. REED's advocacy of high freeboard may have been distasteful to a shipping community which would seem to be anxious to dispense, as regards its own ships, with freeboard altogether, except in the form of deck loads.

There is a pathetic dramatic interest in the announcement that Sir GEORGE GREY does not intend to contest Morpeth at the next election, and that Mr. BURT, the Secretary of the Northumberland Miners' Association, will probably be his successor. The last of the Whigs disappears in order to make way for the first so-called working-man member. Mr. BURT is said to have been originally a working pitman. He is "a Temperance reformer, a co-operator," and the leader of the Trade-Unionists of the district. The latest Reform Act is understood to have given the miners an overwhelming majority in Morpeth, and political harmony has been secured among them by the discipline of the Union. It is probable, therefore, that Mr. BURT will be returned; but the fact that he began life as a labouring man will not make him an unprecedented phenomenon in the House of Commons. Although he is called a working-man candidate, he has really ceased to be a working-man; and he will find in Parliament others there who have similarly raised themselves from a humble position. Sir GEORGE GREY pleads ill-health as a reason for not continuing to undertake duties which are now beyond his strength; but it may perhaps be not uncharitably conjectured that he is also reluctant to expose himself to a defeat, and especially at the hands of such an opponent. Family ties and hereditary temperament rendered it impossible that Sir GEORGE GREY should be other than a Whig of the purest type—an aristocrat in spirit, but with a logical prepossession in favour of a select number of democratic principles in a qualified form. In the sect into which he was born domestic affection has always been as strong as political sympathy; and as soon as Sir GEORGE GREY entered public life he seemed to have an hereditary place in every Liberal Administration. He has always been one of the most consistent and characteristic of the Whigs, though he has never distinguished himself either as a speaker or administrator. He has been twice Colonial Secretary and thrice Home Secretary; but his most appropriate office was probably the Duchy of Lancaster. At the Home Office, in which for many years he seemed to be almost domesticated, he was a master of technical routine, and a prompt and industrious man of business; but he wanted breadth and decision of character for the larger functions of the department. Since the death of Lord PALMERSTON, Sir GEORGE GREY has been gradually passing into the background of politics. It must have been a continual and painful struggle for him to keep pace with the heroic moods of an inspired leader, and for some time he has been visibly lagging in the rear. He has none of the impulsive elasticity which enabled Mr. Lowe to head the attack on the Reform Bill, and then to take his place in the Government which it carried into power. In what may be called the private life of the House of Commons Sir GEORGE GREY has always occupied an honourable and useful place. His wide Ministerial experience and long service in the House made him an authority on questions of precedent and procedure, and when he retires from Parliament the SPEAKER will lose a valuable adviser. The revival of the rumour that Mr. BOUVIER is to have an office or a peerage, or both, would seem to be another mark of the effacement of the Whigs. If a third party had been possible, Mr. BOUVIER would naturally have been found among its leaders; but if it is true—and a speech that he made at the close of last Session might seem to countenance the supposition—that Mr. BOUVIER is about to become a colleague of Mr. GLADSTONE, it must be assumed

that the immediate prospects of a moderate balancing party are not thought to be very encouraging.

There has of late been a remarkable fatality among members of the House of Commons or peers whose eldest sons have seats in it, but it is probable that there may not be so many vacancies to be filled up during the next few months. In any case such elections as may occur will not be likely to excite so much interest as those which have recently taken place. There is no longer any question for the present either of an early meeting of Parliament or of a dissolution. It may be assumed that the next Session will not begin before the usual time, and that the dissolution will not take place before next autumn, or possibly even the year after, unless the Government is compelled to appeal to the country by being placed in a decisive minority. All this tends to calm political feeling and to allay party zeal. Isolated elections really prove very little either one way or the other, and they also go for little in making up a majority. The result of the general election, whenever it comes, will depend very little on the number of seats which may in the meanwhile be snatched from the Liberals by their opponents, but will depend a great deal on the behaviour of the Government and the proposals which it has to offer as a reason for keeping it in office. Just now the irritation which was felt at the astounding administrative blundering of the Ministry, and the tensing character of much of their policy, has been smoothed down; but it would take very little to revive it. A repetition of the same causes would produce the same results; and the important question is whether the Government will fall into a repetition of this kind, or will be able to strike out a new and happier course for itself. But, as Mr. BRIGHT said, there are no Cabinet secrets till November, and it may even be some time before the Cabinet knows its own secrets. The assumption that Mr. BRIGHT's declarations on the Education and other questions will attach the Radical and Nonconformist mutineers in permanent loyalty to the body of the party is probably somewhat hasty, and based on an imperfect appreciation of the real origin of the recent schism. The peculiarity of the advanced politicians below the gangway is that they are all deeply impressed with their own qualifications for taking a prominent part in guiding the destinies of the country. It is a regiment of generals, each of whom claims to be commander-in-chief on a particular question. If Mr. FORSTER had yielded in the first instance to the dictation of the Nonconformists, Mr. DIXON would have lost an opportunity of distinguishing himself as the leader of a party; and it is just possible that Mr. DIXON may not be disposed to subside into the ranks merely because Mr. BRIGHT has returned to the Cabinet. Human nature cannot be left altogether out of account in political speculation, and the position which has already been taken up by this section of Mr. GLADSTONE's followers is sufficiently indicative of their personal aspirations, and of the difficulty which may be found in steadying their allegiance. If, after what has been said, the Government hesitates to adopt the programme which they have sketched out for it, they will naturally be indignant; and, on the other hand, if the Government accepts their guidance, it will be thought ungrateful if it does not reward their services.

THE EMOTIONAL LANGUAGE OF THE FUTURE.

MR. SPENCER recently called attention, in a very interesting passage of his *Psychology*, to those secondary signs of a feeling which are to be found in abortive attempts to conceal it. "A state of *mauvaise honte*," he well says, "otherwise tolerably well concealed, is indicated by an obvious difficulty in finding fit positions for the hands." A great mental agitation, though prevented from breaking out into violent expression, is pretty certain to betray itself in the awkward, shuffling movements which are made to curb and suppress it. Such indirect signs of emotion Mr. Spencer calls its secondary natural language.

The fact that many of our emotions now betray themselves only through the incompleteness of the effort of will to disguise them is not a little curious, and offers several lines of interesting inquiry. It at once suggests how very little play for emotional expression the conditions of modern society appear to allow. For it seems tolerably certain that the voluntary hiding of feeling is a late attainment in human development, and is forced on us simply by the needs of advancing civilization. Savages for the most part know little of concealing their passions, and this makes them so good a psychological study. Children, too, who may be supposed to represent the earlier acquisitions of the race, are proverbially unfettered in the expression of their sentiments. In like manner, in the various ranks of our civilized society we see that, while a cultivated lady appears to

all distant onlookers to have a mind dispassionate and undisturbed by agitating feelings, a West-country maid reveals her curiosity and wonder, her alternations of joy and misery, with scarcely a trace of compunction. If we go low enough down the social scale we find the freest utterance of feelings, and it is only when, in retracing our steps, we arrive at a certain stage of culture that we discover signs of an active emotional restraint. Where this self-control is defective we have Mr. Spencer's secondary emotional signs. Higher up, among a few specially cultivated persons, the acquisition of this power of concealment appears to be complete, and we have a type of mind capable of a prolonged external serenity unruffled by a gust of passionate impulse. The survey of these facts at once prompts the question whether the expression of our feelings by smile, vocal changes, and so on, is destined to disappear with a farther advance of social organization. To attempt to answer such a question directly and briefly would perhaps betray too much confidence. We may, however, seek to define the various paths of inquiry to be pursued before a final answer can be arrived at, and to hint at the probabilities of the problem under its various aspects.

First of all, then, with respect to the distinctly unsocial feelings, the answer seems to be tolerably clear. It being generally allowed by biologists that the looks and gestures accompanying anger, jealousy, and pride are simply survivals of hostile actions, the nascent removal of an attitude preliminary to attack, it is natural that they should appear only in transitions of society from a barbaric to a civilized condition. When the age of destructive conflict, individual and racial, shall have become the curious research of antiquaries, it may be presumed that any bodily movements known to have grown out of these struggles will cease from sheer desuetude. Indeed one may perhaps, without too optimistic a bias, refer to the fact that all the stronger manifestations of anger and malice have already become unfamiliar in real life, so that when we see their imitations on the stage they are apt to appear ridiculously forced. The better part of modern society has put such a ban on the ugly signs of rage that our only means of discovering traces of this passion in a man is some incompletely suppressed emotional movement, or some too violent effort to command the muscles of expression. After many more generations shall have practised the difficult art of noiselessly crushing out with the foot an incipient wrath, it will be hard if such offences to the eye as frowning brow and scornful mouth do not entirely disappear.

But the progress of social refinement probably affects other expressions than those of the distinctly hostile sentiments. It tends to confine within ever narrower limits all manifestations of unpleasant feeling. Since it is a grateful thing to witness pleasurable feeling, and painful to see the expression of suffering in another, a polite form of society does all it can to encourage the one and to suppress the other. A man is for the most part supposed to be able to obtain all needed sympathy in his troubles from his family and his intimate friends. Before the rest of the world he is expected to hide his grief and maintain a cheerful aspect. It is one of the delicate forms of sensibility produced by a high culture to be fearful of obtruding one's feelings on unconcerned onlookers. This growing perception of the vulgar aspects of uncontrolled emotional display appears to have much to do with the partial concealments of feeling of which Mr. Spencer speaks. But comparatively few persons are completely able to hide a sharp and sudden vexation, however public the occasion of experiencing it. An annoying piece of intelligence, affecting it may be one's matrimonial chances or equally dear ambitions, will very likely call up a momentary expression of dismay even in presence of a fashionable company. We wonder to how many persons it is still a necessity under the smart of a sudden disappointment to flee as soon as possible from all spectators, and relieve the pressure of emotion by a few energetic expletives, if not a sparse shower of tears. We do not know how many ages it may require to discipline our species in a perfect concealment of painful feeling; but at present it looks as though we were passing through the hardest stages of this schooling.

One other influence which probably contributes to make emotion more and more private and invisible is the partial revival of the Stoical doctrine that all sentiment is a moral weakness. This idea appears to hold most sway in our own country, and especially among those classes who are most concerned to maintain a not too obvious gentility. A common supposition among young aspirants to social rank seems to be that lofty breeding is best seen in a uniformly passionless and vacuous arrangement of the facial muscles. To appear interested in any object in his environment strikes the pseudo-aristocrat as a pitiable infirmity of vulgar minds. The ways in which this curious self-imposed check acts are at times very funny. We remember hearing Macready give a series of readings to a fashionably dressed assembly in a small provincial town, and we were much struck by the almost heroic efforts which many of the company made to conceal the emotion so powerfully aroused by the tragedian's art. Possibly English people are less impressible by scenic display and music than Continental nations. Whether this be so or not, it is very curious to contrast the perfectly apathetic aspect of an assembly at Covent Garden with the lively demonstrations of an audience at a Paris opera, or the deep earnest absorption of the worshippers of Wagner at Berlin or Munich. This notion that it is the final attainment of civilization to appear impassively indifferent to everything about one, and constantly to preserve the serenity of an equanimity which knows nothing of the agitation of pleasure or pain, may be expected to give the last touch of refinement to emotional expression.

If these were all the facts bearing on the future of our emotional life, we might well inquire what effect the habitual suppression of emotional expression is likely to have on the quality of the emotions themselves. It is probably clear to everybody that our feelings are very much affected by the range of free expression accorded them. At least the violent intensity of a passion is destroyed by successful control of all the muscles, and, even if a slow smouldering fire of hate or jealousy may coexist with a comparatively quiet exterior, the emotional force is in this case robbed of its glory. It would thus appear that with social progress, as men are thrown more and more in each other's society, their feelings will undergo a very considerable transformation; some types of emotion disappearing it may be altogether, the rest being so mollified as to be scarcely recognizable as the venerable forms of human love, terror, and joy. But, oddly enough, we find another set of influences, due to the very same social conditions as the first, which tends to counteract these, fostering and deepening feeling, and encouraging its manifestations. Mr. Spencer thinks that the habit of expressing pleasure and pain arose as animals became gregarious. This condition exposed the members of the same flock to common experiences of danger, &c.; and in this way, from uttering the sounds of terror under like circumstances and at the same times, they would come to interpret them when given forth by their companions. At the same time the gregarious mode of life clearly made animals able to assist one another in a large variety of ways. Now on this supposition, which seems extremely plausible, the habit of expressing feeling is an attainment of social life, and, so far from disappearing with the advance of this life, it should, one would think, go on developing. In point of fact, we see in a number of ways how social progress serves to enlarge the area of sympathetic feeling. As a man becomes more of a citizen, he is probably more and more desirous to be in unison of feeling and intention with his fellow-citizens, at least with that section of them whom he most respects. The sympathy he looks for presupposes, it is clear, some expression of his own feelings, and a responsive expression on the part of his neighbours. In this way, then, there are two tendencies of social culture curiously conflicting in their results. By virtue of the one a man seeks to repress feeling and not to obtrude it unnecessarily on his fellow-citizens. By force of the other he is ever craving with more and more vigour for a lively interchange of sentiments with others. What resultant, it may be asked, do these opposite forces produce?

Without trying to determine the precise direction of this compound effect, it may be just suggested that a kind of compromise between the opposing forces is frequently effected by means of language. By this medium we may convey most minutely and accurately the fact of a feeling and define its nature, without bringing it forward as a vivid and naked reality. It is highly disagreeable to see a look of disgust in another's face, but we do not quite so strongly object to a man's telling us the cause of such a feeling and leaving us to imagine by inference the nature of the emotion itself. Language, while defining the precise variety of sentiment, contains also in its ever-varying modulation of voice, its changes of pitch, intensity, and *timbre*, a large apparatus of proper emotional expression. Moreover it seems fully allowable to accompany speech with a variety of other emotional signs which are looked on as silly and weak if presented independently. We rather expect conversation to be brightened by the many subtle changes of the facial muscles and the refined and subdued gestures peculiar to our nation. If a person habitually wears a half giggle, we are probably struck by the imbecility of this meaningless display. So too when a man meets us in the street looking evidently soured and retaliative, we rather wish he would reserve these unamiable exhibitions for his sympathetic friends. We have, in a word, grown intellectual much faster than we have become emotional, and we cannot suffer feeling to exhibit itself without some explanation of its nature and causes being offered at the same time. If a man will unbosom to us his sorrow or his joy fully and intelligibly, we profess ourselves willing, provided he is not too wearisome and exacting, to lend him a patient ear and to endeavour to enter into his peculiar experiences; but without this explanatory recital, the evidences of feeling are apt to appear unmeaning, if not actually offensive.

We may just point to another influence which still further complicates this question of emotional expression--namely, the growing demands made by social refinement on the expression of kindly interest in other people's concerns. While a man is judged to be inconsiderate if he is frequently intruding his personal feelings in social intercourse, rigid politeness requires us for the most part to lend an appreciative ear to the tale of woe, however dull it may happen to prove. This law calls into existence a very curious group of half-artificial expressions. The degree to which polite persons have nowadays to assume feeling may well alarm any one who cares much for the honesty of social intercourse. We all know probably the drawing-room smile of some of our lady friends. It is something quite unique, never appearing in other places and at other times, but presenting itself at the right moment with all the certainty of an astronomical phenomenon. So too we know persons whose voices undergo a most curious change when called on to converse with a stranger, especially one of the opposite sex. No doubt some slight part of the display may be set down to an unavoidable excitement, but the main features of it would seem to be deliberately assumed. In this way it appears that, owing to the requirements of modern society, our volitions are called upon now to check feeling, now to force it into play. The studied graces of smile, dilating eye, and mellifluous

voice, make up a perfectly new order of quasi-expressions, which might perhaps in a highly artificial state of society gradually supplant many of the older and familiar forms of emotional utterance. Whether the agencies which tend to sustain genuine emotional expression will prove to have more vitality than those which go to suppress it, and how far, supposing spontaneous utterances of emotion to grow out of date, artificial limitations of them will continue in fashion, are points which we do not attempt to determine. Enough has been said perhaps to show how curiously complex are the conditions of the problem.

THE VIENNESE AND THEIR VISITORS.

NOW that the Vienna Exhibition is drawing to a close, the Viennese are beginning to take stock of the results of the season, as the hosts of an evening discuss their party before retiring, when their guests are gone. As for the Court and the politicians, we do not imagine that they attach to the Royal visits and the Court receptions any more importance than they deserve. If some of them had their significance, it was rather as regards the nation whose representative was entertained; as when the Italians were eager that their King should make a progress in Germany, by way of response to the menaces of the French Ultramontanes. The Emperor issued invitations indiscriminately to his brothers and sisters in the purple. His invitations were accepted in every instance, either by the ruling potentates or their heirs-apparent; or else they were declined with a frank courtesy which left nothing to suspect. The visits all "went off well." The Emperor received every one of his guests with the ease of a high-bred gentleman. Although he may have been most pleased to greet such intimate friends of his own as the Crown Prince of Saxony, yet his tact avoided any suspicious excess of politeness in his cordial intercourse with the victor of Sadowa or with the master of the formidable legions of Russia. On their part the guests came determined to be pleased, and prepared, it may be presumed, to endure with complacency the ceaseless round of entertainments that awaited them. Except the unfortunate Czar, who was haunted with the fear of assassination, their faces were always wreathed in smiles when they made their appearances in public. Except the Shah, whose knowledge of European languages was naturally limited, they were to be seen chatting in the most amicable manner with their Imperial host and the Archdukes. They proposed in the neatest and most appropriate turns the healths of their respective Houses at family dinners at the palaces. They wrung each other's hands warmly when they exchanged farewells, and national anthems on the departure platforms; and they ought to have carried away and left behind them impressions as agreeable as could reasonably be expected. No thoughtful man on the one side or the other could ever have hoped for anything more; and when there is a difficulty next time about the Danubian provinces, or the Poles, or the frontier in Schleswick, recollections of "those pleasant days we passed at Vienna" may be trusted to do at least as much as any one could have hoped for.

But the citizens of Vienna had a more direct interest in the season being a successful one than the Sovereign who had so zealously promoted the Exhibition. Their new capital had been run up so recently that strangers had hardly had time to find it out, and, indeed, some of its most imposing quarters were only then in course of construction. They had invested large sums in building and decorating, and were impatient to draw their dividends on the capital they had been sinking. What was even more serious, they had pledged their credit far more deeply than outsiders suspected, and their speculations must be made to pay pretty quickly if the bills were to be met that had been drawn so freely on the future. To these worthy people the Exhibition came as a godsend. They were profoundly impressed themselves with the dazzling magnificence of their new city. They felt that it only required to be known to be appreciated, and the International Exhibition would advertise it with the necessary *clat* to the admiration of the world. The strangers who swarmed to it would give to these vast now thoroughfares the animation in which they might possibly be somewhat deficient, when contrasted with the cheerful bustle of the older streets. And when strangers had once discovered the existence of this newly-planned paradise, of course they would return to it in subsequent years. Its happy situation on the confines of the West and the East would assure it a piquancy of its own by combining the attractions of an old world and a new one; and if all went as well as they anticipated, it would be premature to define the limits of its destinies. They showed their faith in these fond ideas of theirs by the extent of their preparations for sheltering and feeding their visitors. Hotel rose after hotel, each bigger and grander than its predecessors. Great new eating-houses and beer-cellars of showy exterior sprang up along the lines of the boulevards, to say nothing of those innumerable restaurants which were swarming their customers in the fascinating grounds of the Exhibition itself. Although the new arrivals might search in vain for accommodation that was at once cheap and comfortable, there were apartments to be let in many of the very biggest of the new houses. Whole floors had been rented on speculation, while the tenants, who withdrew to closets in their back premises, prepared to enrich themselves at the expense of their lodgers. And if the Viennese have been reckoning without their hosts, they have not been altogether the victims of circumstances and their own short-sighted covetousness. It is true that the weather as well as the inexperience of the Exhibition authorities must have told very greatly

against them. It is certain that they frightened away many of their intending visitors by plucking the earliest arrivals with suspicious indiscretion. But had the weather been everything that the devoted female lodging-house keepers who frequented the churches may have prayed for, had the citizens had self-restraint enough to show some conscience in their charges, in spite of the keen rivalry and other temptations to the contrary, still we greatly question whether the world of their visitors would have been persuaded to stall in love with their city. And if Vienna was not made attractive in the Exhibition year, it would scarcely be very popular in ordinary times.

The truth is, that the Austrian capital is little more than an overgrown provincial town which took to giving itself on a sudden the airs of a Paris. Arriving in it, you feel yourself very much in the position of the man of the world who has dropped in upon a quiet family party. He is made to feel that he is not wanted there, and he knows that he is bored. The talk about matters of general interest is hushed when he is there to listen, and there is no place for him in the innocent round-games that afford to the family all the amusement they care about. They do not even order supper up while he is there; not that they are inhospitable, but because they are afraid of inviting him to be a witness of their simple habits. Even if they have just moved into a handsome new house, it adds rather than otherwise to their embarrassment. They are oppressed themselves by the unaccustomed grandeur, painfully conscious of the contrast to their old primitive habits, and perpetually apprehensive of committing solecisms. So at Vienna the citizens led a life of their own, and outsiders were condemned to amuse themselves as they could among strangers like themselves. A solitary traveller is landed at his hotel in Paris, and whenever he steps over his threshold he finds himself at once in the full swing of Parisian life. He easily goes with the stream on the broad pavement of the brilliantly lighted boulevards that are covered with the gay crowds who are flowing over into the lively cafés. Sparkling comedies are being acted in any theatre he may drop into, and it is impossible to help laughing in sympathy with the audience, even if he should not understand a word of the language. In Paris you are welcomed into cheerful restaurants by waiters who have the air of being ready to depart in peace now that they have tasted of the exceeding felicity of attending on you. In short, whatever the influence of Paris on your moral tone, there can be no question about the effect on your spirits and impressions. Whether you confine yourself to the part of onlooker or abandon yourself to the humours of the place, you seldom find your time hang heavy. At Vienna it is just the reverse, and the comparisons you draw are all to its disadvantage. You go out of an evening to find the magnificent Ringstrasse as much of a blank as the Parisian boulevards are a bustle. The cafés in the Ring are all the creations of yesterday, and very few of the natives are to be found making themselves at home in them. The theatres are acting ponderous tragedies, or their comedy is in a patois that defies your knowledge of the language. Go into a restaurant with the idea of dining, and, except for a solitary smoker or two, belated after their early meal, you probably find yourself its only occupant. The waiters eye you resentfully as an intruder, and only consent to serve the dishes you have ordered after repeated entreaties and reiterated remonstrances. Your hours are not the hours of the place, nor in the way of amusement have you much in common with the people. Were you to dine at noon instead of seven in the evening, and make your way to one of the dark dining-rooms in the old town, you would find abundance of food being served, although for all except *habitués* the strangle is a desperate one. Should your taste incline that way, you might swallow beer till late in the night to an accompaniment of very admirable music. But although Viennese beer is the best in the world, a quart or two goes a very long way with any one but a German; and after a few weeks of doing like the Viennese, one's liver is likely to become euphonic in its remonstrances. A visitor who falls into the fashions of the city, and soaks and smokes through the livelong day, generally ends with a *détour* to the healing waters of Carlsbad. If you mix with the gay world in the Prater, you must go thither at the hour when you would naturally be sitting down to dinner. The aristocracy have disposed of their hurried repast ages before, and now they are driving and riding to get up an appetite for heavy suppers. Were you sojourning in Paris, you might live in hope of making friends with an occasional Frenchman, because there is something in common between your tastes and theirs, and nothing absolutely antipathetic in your habits. But, as a preliminary to swearing friendship with a Viennese, it would be necessary to stipulate for sacrifices on either side which no amount of mutual liking could make supportable.

This season the visitors have had more in their favour than they are likely soon to find again. Foreign enterers for amusement had preceded them—men who knew their tastes and tried their best to gratify them. The Viennese, officially and otherwise, made considerable exertions to render their stay pleasant, and got up various entertainments in their honour. When other distinctions failed, there was always the Exhibition itself to fall back upon. Although far fewer people had come to see it than had been anticipated, there was generally a chance of meeting acquaintances there. Yet, in spite of it all, the stranger never took kindly to the place. Killing the day was always more or less of an effort, and hunting about for society was a hopeless enterprise. There is no fashionable centre in the city towards which its idlers gravitate naturally; no Park, no Bois, no Boulevards, and no Place.

dilly. Coming in contact with congenial spirits in the Ring was always much more than problematical. Friends who had settled in distant hotels rarely saw each other except by accident or arrangement. If you caught a German acquaintance while out on the quest, you were sure to find that your plans for the day were at cross-purposes with his. From the hour when you arrived to the moment of your departure, effort and exertion were the rule, and *laissez-aller* altogether the exception. You had "done" the place, and you took your leave of it with little desire to return. All this may change gradually as the new city fills up from the old one, and as the natives are broken in to the fashions that are universal in capitals of the same pretensions. But it will be a work of time in any case, and in the meanwhile the inhabitants are likely to have their city almost as much to themselves as in the days before they had had the idea of rebuilding it. We suspect that the experience of the past summer has brought them to that very disagreeable conclusion, and a very black look-out it must be for those who have been speculating confidently on the contrary.

TWELVE HUNDRED YEARS OF ELY.

CONTENDING, as we always have done, that cathedrals in their original and legitimate conception are eminently practical and useful institutions, we are glad to recognize the increased popularity which is incontestably following the exertions which many of them have been making to live up to their true theory. No more significant evidence has probably been given of the hold which the cathedrals have during this generation been taking of the popular affections and imagination than that of which Ely has been witness during the last few days. It happens that exactly twelve hundred years have elapsed since a pious lady named Etheldreda, royal by birth and marriage, abandoned the rude pomps which were no doubt as precious in the eyes of an English Queen in the seventh century as our more refined luxuries are in our own, in order more efficiently to help the cause of that newly preached Gospel which was struggling all over the surface of early England against the fierce opposition of Teutonic heathendom. Etheldreda founded, under herself as abbess, a religious house for men and women on that which was then literally the Isle of Ely (Elge, as Bede calls it), a hill abruptly rising out of the dreary fens of East Anglia. This foundation, after nearly two centuries of quiet existence, was in 870 totally destroyed by the Danes, and after a while restored, first as a community of secular priests, and then, in 970, exactly a hundred years after the havoc, as a Benedictine Abbey by Athelwold, Bishop of Winchester. After the Conquest a relation of William's, Simeon, was, in his extreme old age, appointed abbot, and began with great energy the rebuilding of the church which—having been continued at various intervals all through the Middle Ages, first in Romanesque and then in the various phases of the Pointed style—has placed the Minster of Ely (especially since the noble restoration daringly undertaken by Dean Peacock, and very ably carried out by Sir Gilbert Scott) in the very first class of the most magnificent churches of Europe. Not long after the commencement of Simeon's work, the accident of the Abbey having fallen under the government of a refugee Bishop of Bangor, brought about the division of the unwieldy diocese of Lincoln and the conversion of the Abbey into a Cathedral, of which the bishop, in memory of the circumstances which led to the creation of the see, has ever since—instead of sitting, like all his compeers, on a throne—occupied the stall elsewhere devoted to the head—abbot, prior, dean, or master, as it may be—of the Abbey, Collegiate Church, or College Chapel. In the meanwhile, as at Canterbury, Durham, Winchester, and the other cathedral abbeys, the monks continued to form the governing body; and as in those cases Henry VIII. transformed the corporation into a secular chapter of the "new" foundation. These few leading facts of the long history of Ely show that, while the actual foundation as well as the actual buildings of Etheldreda passed away more than a thousand years ago, her moral work no less than her local fame has still survived with an undisputed continuity. Her object was to found an institution—church, and workers in that church—as the bulwark of religion among the Eastern English; and still among those Eastern English a church uniquely grand, and an ecclesiastical body of very illustrious heritage, from the names of which may be read on its records, have endured and seem to give the assurance that those twelve centuries find Ely Minster only in the mature vigour of strong middle life. But the church and corporation of Ely are not the only growth—we can hardly even say the only direct growth—of St. Etheldreda's forethought. Bede has a picturesque story, that when her sister and successor Soxburga wished to transfer the body of the foundress of Ely to a more fitting tomb, she sent some of the brothers of the Abbey on an expedition to find a stone larger than any which Ely could provide to make the coffin—"qui ascensu navi (ipsa enim regio Elge undique est aquis et paludibus circumdata neque lapides majores habet), venerunt ad civitatum quondam desolatam, que lingua Anglorum Grantacaestir vocatur; et mox invenerunt juxta muros civitatis locellum de marmore albo pulcherrime factum, operculo quoque similia lapidia aptissime tectum." The disciples of Etheldreda, thus finding out and turning to practical use, to the honour of their foundress, this relic of old Roman civilization and classic art hidden away in the ruins of that which is now Cambridge, reads like an unconscious prophecy. It cannot be doubted that,

whatever may have been the formal origin of the University of Cambridge, the proximity of the great house of Ely was for ages a most powerful succour to the growing school of learning. The earliest college—Peterhouse—was founded in the middle of the thirteenth century by Hugh of Balsham, Bishop of Ely, and his successors have constantly appeared among the most generous benefactors of the University, out of which they have for many centuries been most properly selected. A Cambridge man might indeed not inexcusably exclaim of Etheldreda's enterprise, when he looks from the one huge minster of Ely to the many towers of his University,

Sic fortis Etruria crevit

Selicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.

The incidents of the Ely Bissexcentenary are no less picturesque when it is viewed as a portion of wider history. Tested merely by arithmetical and prosaic considerations, an antiquity of twelve centuries is less remarkable than one of a longer time of odd years. But as Dean Merivale eloquently pointed out in his sermon, there is a roundness and completeness in that number which strangely appeals to the imagination. It was something for him to have been able to frame the couplet in which, with his fine scholarship, he recapitulated the event upon the model of that quaint but grimly grand old prophecy of the downfall of Imperial Rome—

Bissexcenteni sunt nec plus vel minus anni

Augusto augurio postquam inclita condita Roma est—

by the substitution of a second line of cheerful hope for the gloomy intimation of coming decay conveyed in the original composition. In truth, a very memorable chapter of the world's history is traversed in those twelve centuries. The theologian will note that not only was the schism between Eastern and Western Christendom an event of the unknown future in Etheldreda's days, but that not even had the sixth of those undisputed Councils, to which in turn every branch of the Christian community appeals, yet been assembled. The historian will record that about a hundred and fifty years of petty struggles had yet to be fought out before the foundation of that still existing kingdom which the official style of "Great Britain" has never prevented the world from calling England had been laid by the hard-won supremacy of Wessex, while more than a century and a quarter had to be numbered before the Christmas Day of 800 saw the Imperial dignity attaching to Rome restored to Western Europe by the crowning of the great German Charles; and a still later date had to be reached before France began to care for that family at which the administrators of a demoralized people are, in the spasms of long despair, again clutching, as the fancied talisman against chronic revolution.

But all appeals to imagination, all references to history, all theoretical gratitude to Etheldreda or Simeon or Hugh of Balsham, could not have succeeded in making a Bissexcentenary at Ely, or any other place, more than an archaeological masquerade, if the savour of life were not strong in the body which ventured on so bold a commemoration. We do not talk of the magnificent rendering of the choral services; these might have been as artistically perfect if the nave had been a sparsely sprinkled solitude. We do not dwell on the fact that a Metropolitan of Canterbury has condescended to emerge from the princely grandeur of Lambeth to lead the worship in the Cathedral of a suffragan, creditable as this is to Archbishop Tait himself. The incident to which we desire to call attention is the crowded and enthusiastic attendance which the people, of all sorts and descriptions, spontaneously contributed during the five days of the commemoration. Materially Ely Cathedral is better suited than any other of our mediæval minsters for a great popular function. The expansive central octagon, opening into transepts and nave, which the illustrious architect of the fourteenth century, Alan of Walsingham, raised on the ruins of a fallen tower, though not so spacious as the dome of St. Paul's, is even more practical for unusual gatherings; while the fact that there is no difference in level between the eastern and western branches of the church, though an architectural drawback (shared by the way by cathedrals such as Milan, Le Mans, and Chartres) is eminently conducive to the effective working of the Anglican ritual. The restoration, too, of Ely Cathedral, resolved upon and entered on about thirty years ago, when to restore a cathedral was to struggle against, and not, as now, to float with the stream, by that man of nobly simple genius, Dean Peacock, unflinchingly carried on by his accomplished successor, the present Bishop of Carlisle, and brought to a fitting conclusion by the distinguished scholar who now fills the decanal seat, and all along directed by the rare capacity of Sir Gilbert Scott, had attuned the popular mind to the appropriate use of a building so magnificently composed and so artistically renovated. Still against these material advantages had to be set the fact that Ely Minster stands in a country town of only a few thousand inhabitants, while the contingent which Cambridge—sixteen miles off—could be expected to send was one more likely to be remarkable for quality than quantity. In spite, however, of this drawback, the nave, the octagon, and the transepts (not to mention the triforium) of Ely Cathedral were without exaggeration crammed from end to end on the greater occasions by a congregation instinct all through with interest and respect for the circumstances which brought them together, and obviously including a more decided proportion of real worshippers than might have been anticipated by critical bystanders. It was popularly estimated that on Sunday evening, when the Bishop of Peterborough preached, there was a congregation of from four to five thousand persons. The numbers could not have been much less.

during the morning and afternoon repetitions of the diocesan choral festival with which on Tuesday the Bissexcenary services concluded. The spectacle of the long procession of surpliced choirs from many parishes, filling up the whole nave, with their frequent banners, and accompanied in their chant by a military band, which marched unseen on a parallel line up the triforium, was peculiarly impressive. A few years since such a ceremonial would have been simply inconceivable; now it was the offshoot of an event which Churchmen of widely different schools combined to carry out. The conclusion which we draw from the circumstance is that the cultivation of external beauty as the accessory of, and incentive to, spiritual worship is not uncongenial to the English temperament, provided only the process be carried out with that reasonable consideration for common sense, and that tactical appreciation of things as they are, which usually influence the managers of the respectable enterprises of ordinary life.

We must not forget that an additional interest was imported into the events of the Ely festivity by the fact that since its conception the sudden death of Bishop Wilberforce led to the selection of the earnest and greatly honoured Bishop Harold Browne as his successor. It accordingly added to its original scope the further characteristic of being the leave-taking between the prelate and his former diocese. We could have much to say as to this side of the ceremonial, which was equally gratifying to the Bishop who had earned the love of his flock, and of that flock who came forward to testify their affection. But we have purposely confined ourselves to the original and more general object of the Bissexcenary as a timely and successful appeal of the Cathedral system to the sympathies of the people of England, as not only one of the oldest, but in reality one of the most useful and most truly practical, of the many institutions of our complex social system. The exceptional conditions of the Ely Commemoration cannot be repeated in other cathedrals, but the lesson which these five days has brought them may well bear fruit in the more energetic, the warmer, and the more confiding co-operation of bishop and Chapter, country clergy and laity of the diocese, in the great work of Christian improvement which every cathedral, even more than every parish church, exists to accomplish. Such a demonstration as that of Ely would have been impossible at a cathedral town in which the bishop was not a resident citizen.

THE EVIDENCE ON UNSEAWORTHY SHIPS.

THE evidence which has been taken by the Royal Commission on Unseaworthy Ships has now been published in a bulky blue-book, along with their preliminary Report. The Commissioners promise another Report when they can see their way through the darkness in which they are at present enveloped; and it may be presumed that they have still a great many other witnesses to examine. Their inquiries are very interesting and instructive as far as they have gone; but they can hardly be regarded as exhaustive. If the Commission, instead of sitting in state at the Palace of Westminster, were to pay a visit to some of the seaports, and take evidence on the spot, they might possibly obtain some useful information which is otherwise not very likely to reach them. During the present year, from January to June, 128 ships, of which fifteen were steamers, have been lost; and the public will naturally expect to find that the Commissioners have instituted a rigid and searching investigation into the causes of every one of these disasters. We have here official evidence in abundance, evidence from the different surveying Associations, and shipowners' evidence; but as yet no working seaman has been examined. A lieutenant and gunner of the Royal Navy, both stationed in the Tyne, have spoken to the apparently disgracefully overloaded condition of ships in that river; but of course they could only convey general impressions. It is impossible to attempt to make a digest of this evidence offhand; but we will string together a few passages which have struck us as remarkable.

As to the dangerous character of many of the ships which are now in use there is a strong concurrence of testimony. Mr. W. W. Randell, Secretary to the Underwriters' Association, Liverpool, stated that there are certain vessels which, in the opinion of the Liverpool surveyors, are so bad that a particular mark is put against them. "They are a sort of black sheep, and the underwriters will not insure them." As many as 225 vessels have been marked in this way during eleven years—an average of twenty a year. Of these ships thirteen were wrecked, eleven abandoned at sea, eight foundered, six were condemned, and three never heard of. Those that were condemned were either broken up or sold to foreign owners. "It may be that a condemned vessel may be condemned at a foreign port, and sold there, and again sent to sea under a different flag." As to the rest of these black ships, they have not been traced out; but one at least is known to be still in existence after having been on the black list for eight years.

Mr. B. Martell, Chief Surveyor of Lloyds' Register, had no hesitation in saying that a large number of mercantile ships daily go to sea in a very unsatisfactory and defective condition, not only as regards the hull, but likewise as regards the outfit, sails, spars, rigging, and suchlike, which are of great importance as well as the hull. There are above seven hundred ships on Lloyds' Register which originally had a character, and which are twenty, thirty, or forty years of age, but which have now no character; and it is known that a large number of them are in a defective condition, and perhaps there are as many more whose names have been omitted in reprinting the Register Book. Mr. Martell

mentioned a case in which a ship was re-examined, and certain defects found in her which the owners would not put right; her character was therefore expunged. She went to the Baltic, and foundered. When the character of a vessel is taken away, the owner probably tries to sell her, and she goes on sailing until she is either wrecked, or, if she is off the shore in a storm, and making water, the captain runs her on shore to try to save the lives on board, or she eventually founders, and nothing more is heard of her. "During one storm there were, I remember, seventy vessels on shore on the North-East coast at one time, and doubtless many of them were run on shore as being the only means of saving life." Here is a Report which Mr. Martell had sent in a few days before:—"On examination I found the hold beam-roads working considerably amidsips—that is, loose—and the iron bolts in the throats of knees and riders in an unsatisfactory and leaky state. Four bolts, or parts of bolts, were got out with great difficulty, being in a very wasted state." The owner refused to have these defects repaired, and the ship's character has been expunged. "Now," said Mr. Martell, "it is disgraceful that the ship should be allowed to go to sea in that state." In another case, a vessel was reported to be defective, and the owner refused repairs. The crew, when she was going out, refused to go to sea in her, and were imprisoned. The ship foundered. "These," said Mr. Martell, "are cases illustrative of what comes under our notice as surveyors, and these are not isolated cases. We could find a number of similar cases in our records."

Mr. Stephenson, the Secretary to Lloyds', stated that there were shipowners who could not get insured there on account of their evil reputation. He had known a slip of marine insurance with a guarantee at the top of it that the goods should not be placed in a ship belonging to a particular owner, and this owner possessed numerous vessels. In his opinion, there was not sufficient inquiry into the causes of losses at sea. If every case were gone into thoroughly, there would be some singular disclosures. Mr. Stephenson read the following letter from the mate of a ship to his sweetheart:—

DEAR LIZZIE,—We sail to-night, and I wish she was going without me, for I don't like the look of her; she is so deep in the water; but I won't show the white feather to any one. If she can carry a captain, she can carry a mate too. But it's a great pity that the Board of Trade doesn't appoint some universal lead water-mark, and surveyors to see that ships are not sent to sea to become coffins for their crews. But don't torment yourself about me. I dare say I shall get through it as well as anybody else. Hoping you may continue well,

I remain yours fondly,

TOM.

The ship went to the bottom. That, said the witness, was an instance of a vessel going to sea with competent persons on board who knew she was going to the bottom. He had received many letters of this kind.

One of the witnesses examined before the Commission was Mr. William James Fernie, managing director of the Merchants' Trading Company, Liverpool, who gave a remarkable account of the operations of this Company. "The Company owns ships, and sails them—that," he said, "is the principal business of the Company." It was established in 1866, but before that Mr. Fernie had been engaged in shipping business, and he explained that the Merchants' Trading Company was practically himself and his family. Mr. Fernie has been exceedingly unfortunate in his shipping business, as will be seen from the following list of the vessels he has lost during the last ten years or so:—

- 1863.—*John Linn*, wooden sailing-vessel, abandoned at sea coming home from Bombay. No lives lost.
- 1863.—*General Simpson*, wooden sailing-vessel, lost at the Laccadive Islands, coming home from Bombay. Eight lives lost.
- 1863.—*Damen of Hope*, wooden sailing-vessel, started from Bombay and was never heard of. All hands (28) lost.
- 1864.—*Royal Victoria*, new iron ship, foundered off Scotch coast on her way to Calcutta. Fourteen lives lost.
- 1866.—*Royal Albert*, iron ship, homeward bound from Calcutta, lost off Cornwall. All hands drowned.
- 1866.—*Unica*, wooden ship, run down in the Channel. No lives lost.
- 1868.—*Vicery*, wooden ship, from Liverpool to San Francisco, cargo coals; lost through spontaneous combustion. No lives lost.
- 1868.—*Madarn*, wooden ship, cargo coals; lost through spontaneous combustion.
- 1869.—*Great Northern*, wooden ship, lost off Bombay. Sixteen hands lost.
- 1869.—*Windor Castle* (formerly *Emilie St. Pierre*), wooden ship, lost off coast of France; cargo coals; all hands save one perished (21). Mr. Fernie never saw the survivor. He was told the vessel heeled over.
- 1869.—*Golden Fleete*, steamer, made water and sank off Barry Island. There were two trials, and in both the jury found for the underwriters against Mr. Fernie, on the ground that the vessel was unseaworthy. One life lost.
- 1870.—*Widurn Abbey* (formerly *Bellwood*); run ashore off Pernambuco. No lives lost.
- 1871.—*Dramark* (formerly *Greek Republic*), wooden ship, lost in ballast coming from Rio to St. John. She made water and was abandoned. No lives lost. Cargo of coals insured. Mr. Cohen. Was she not well known to be a very rotten ship?—*Widurn*. With all ships fifteen years old you would not find every timber sound in them. I have every assurance that the vessel was perfectly fitted for the work she undertook. Captain Edgell, one of the Commissioners, read a Report he made on the vessel in 1870, showing that she was then in very bad condition. "She was trussed with transverse bars of iron screwed up amidsips, like an old barn, or church, before she started on this last voyage. That is to say, that the whole of the fastenings at the beam ends and knees were so rotten that there was no junction on the sides of the ship, and the only way of fastening the ship together was to introduce these enormous amounts of iron." Mr. Fernie at first said she was surveyed by an American surveyor, whose name he did not know, but afterwards stated that the only surveyor was Captain Rindolf, one of his

own partners. The *Denmark* was purchased for 3,500*l.*, or about one pound a ton.

1871.—*Royal Arthur*, iron vessel, homeward bound from Victoria; lost near Waterford; no lives lost. Mr. Fernie blamed the captain for mismanagement.

1872.—*Royal Adelaide*, iron vessel, outward bound for Sydney; lost near Portland; seven lives lost. Mr. Fernie blamed the captain for carelessness.

1872.—*Florine*; foundered off Bourbon. All on board drowned.

1872.—*Great Australia*, from Rangoon; got ashore and was lost. No lives lost.

1872.—*Henry Fernie*, sprung leak coming from Rangoon, and sailors refused to come home in her. Vessel sold at St. Helena.

1873.—*Dunkeld*, from Calcutta to Havre; lost on the Sand Heads.

In reply to questions by Mr. Cohen, Mr. Fernie explained that the Company partially insured their iron vessels, but not the wooden ones, and that they insured the freights. They had never tried to insure a wooden vessel. The opinions of a gentleman who has had such wide and varied experience in almost every kind of marine disaster naturally deserve attention. "Looking," said Mr. Denny to the witness, "at the heavy losses you have sustained in the last ten years, and to the very few losses that shipowners like Messrs. Smith and Sons and Rathbones of Liverpool have had compared to you, the public naturally may come to the conclusion that, these ships of Smiths' being all of the highest class at Lloyd's, whereas yours are under the American register, these losses occur from your vessels being of an inferior quality; and they may demand some security in the nature of a certificate." Mr. Fernie, however, sees no good in a certificate. "We have all that a certificate would ensure already in the care we take in having the vessels right." Mr. Fernie is opposed to a compulsory survey, on the ground of the "very great inconvenience" which it would occasion to shipowners. He took "a very decided objection" to anything of the kind. If it were insisted upon, he "would consider whether other countries did not take a more proper view of commerce generally, and would see whether or not they could not benefit themselves in that way." Mr. Fernie is apparently in temperament a person of greater buoyancy than some of his vessels. So far from being discouraged and depressed by the steady succession of misfortunes of which he has been the victim, he seems to bear the fatalities of his business with cheerful fortitude. "There are," he says, "certain contingencies attending going to sea which will ever remain. At the present time the death-rate through the country is 23 per thousand, whereas the death-rate in the men employed by me has been about 12 per thousand." It is impossible to put a stop altogether to losses at sea, and Mr. Fernie is of opinion that the best security is to be found in the fact that "it is the interest of every shipowner, irrespectively altogether of propriety, to run his ships safely." It will be observed, however, that in Mr. Fernie's case this security did not prevent the loss of eighteen, or, counting the *Henry Fernie*, nineteen vessels in ten years. It appears from Mr. Fernie's evidence that most of his ships were of colonial origin, and registered in the American Lloyd's.

SEINE-FISHING.

FEW braver or hardier men are to be found in England than the Cornish fishermen. Their business, at all times hazardous, is doubly so on a coast so dangerous as theirs, where the charm of the scenery is bought at the expense of security. Isolated rocks set up like teeth round the jagged cliffs and standing far out from shore, cropping up at intervals anywhere between Penzance and Scilly; sunken rocks which are more perilous because more treacherous; strong currents which on the calmest day keep the sea where they flow in perpetual turmoil; a singularly tumultuous and changeable sea, where the ground-swell of the Atlantic sweeps on in long waves which break into a surf that would swamp any boat put out, even when there is not a breath of surface-wind stirring; for the most part a very narrow channel to their coves, a mere footpath as one may call it, beset by rocks that would break their boats to splinters if they were thrown against them—all these circumstances make the trade of the Cornish fishermen exceptionally dangerous, but they also make the men themselves exceptionally resolute and daring. They are the true fighters with nature for food, and, like the miners, feel when they set out to their work that they may never come back from it alive. No man can predict what the sea will be an hour or two hence. Its character changes with every fluctuation of the tide; and a calm and halcyon lake may have become fierce and angry and tempest-tossed when the ebb turns and the flow sets in. There are times too when a boat caught by the wind and drifted into a current would be as helpless as a cork in a mill-race; and when a whole fleet of fishing-boats might be blown out to sea, with perhaps half their number capsized. But, as a rule, having learnt caution with their hardihood from the very magnitude of the dangers that surround them, these Cornish men suffer as little by shipwreck as the fishermen of safer bays; and though every cove has its own sad story, and every rock its victim, the worst cases of wreck have been those of larger vessels which have mistaken lights, or steered too close in shore, or been lost in the fogs that are so frequent about the Land's End. Or they may have been caught by the wind and the tide, and driven dead on a lee shore, as so often happens in the bay between Hartland and Padstow Points.

But the more cautious the men are the less money they make; and though life is certainly more than meat, life without meat at all, or with only an insufficient quantity, is rather a miserable affair. The material well-being of the poor fellows who live in these pic-

turesque little coves which are the delight and the despair of artists is not in a very satisfactory condition. By the law of aggregation, unification, whatever we like to call it—the law of the present day by which individuals are absorbed into bodies that work for wages for one master, instead of each man working for himself for his own hand—the independent fishermen are daily becoming fewer. Save at Whitesand Bay, where there is a "poor man's seine" and "a rich man's seine," almost all the seine nets belong now to companies or partnerships of rich men; and in very few have the men themselves any share. Fishermen's seines are not well regarded by the wealthy leaseholders of the cove and foreshore; and the leaseholder has very large legal rights and powers, which it would be idle to blame him for exercising. The cove is his, and the capstan is his, and the right of landing is his; so he can put on the screw when he wants to have things his own way, and can threaten evictions, and the withdrawal of the right to the capstan and to the landing-place, if the men will not go on his seine, but choose either a united one of their own or independent drift or trawl nets. Some, it is said, even object to the men fishing at all, at any rate during the seine season; some have raised the annual rent per boat for cove rights to three or four times its old rate; and some go through a round of early suspicion and irritating supervision during the "bulking" days, and huddle jealously over the small share allowed to the hands in the catch. So that, on the whole, the Cornish fisherman of the smaller coves has not much to boast of beside his courage and good heart, and a sturdy independence and honesty specially noticeable.

We know of no more animated scene than seine-fishing. From the first act to the last there is a quaint old-world flavour about the proceeding inexpressibly charming to people used to the prosaic life of modern cities. The "huers" who stand on the hills watching for the first appearance of the "school," and who make known what they see either by signals or calling through a huge metal trumpet, the sound of which no one who has once heard it can ever forget; the smartness of the men dressing the seine-boats which carry the huge net with all its appurtenances; their quiet but eager watching for the school to come within practicable distance—that is, into sufficiently shoal water, and where the bottom is fairly level (else the fish all escape from under the net); the casting or shooting of the seine enclosing the school, and then the "tucking" or lifting the fish from the sea to the boats—every stage is full of interest; but this last is the prettiest of all. Imagine a moonlight night; low water at midnight; when the tucking begins. The boat cannot come up to the ordinary landing, which is only a roughly-paved causeway dipping by a gradual descent into the sea; so those who would share in the sport are fain to take the fisherman's path along the cliff and drop into the boat off the rocks. These rocks are never very safe. Even the men themselves, trained to them as they are from boyhood, sometimes slip on their slanting, broken, seaweed-covered surfaces, when, if they cannot swim and are not helped, all is over for them in this life; and for strangers they are difficult at the best of times. But on an obscurely lighted night, and after heavy rain, they are doubly risky. The incoming wave lifts the boat a few inches higher and nearer; and you must catch the exact moment and make a spring before she drifts off again with the ebb. The row across the little bay is beautiful. The grey cliffs look solemn and majestic in the pale light of the moon; the shadows are deep and unfathomable; everywhere you see black rocks standing out from the steely sea, and little lines of breakers mark the place of the sunken rocks. In the distance shine the magnificent Lizard Lights, and the red and white revolving light of the terrible Wolf Rock flashes on the horizon; the moon touches the sea with silver, and the waves as they rise and fall seem like molten metal in the heavy sluggish rhythm of their flow. Only round the foot of the cliffs and about the rocks they break into spray that serves as "high lights" against the sombre grey and black of the landscape. You pull across to the opposite point, and then round into another smaller bay where the cliffs rise sheer, and the seine net is cast. You come into a little fleet of fishing-boats set round on the outside of a circle of corks, within which is the master-boat, where all hands are assembled pulling at the net, to draw it closer. It is a stirring sight. Some dozen or more stalwart fellows are hauling on the lines with the sailors' cheery cry and the sailors' exuberant good-will. Every now and then the master's voice cries out "Break! break my sons!" when they shorten hold and go over to the other side of the boat, pulling themselves gradually ashore again, till the same order of "Break! break!" shows that their purchase is too slack. At last the net is hauled up close enough, and then the fun begins.

All the boats engaged form a close circle round the inner line of corks, which is now a little sea of silver where the imprisoned pilchards beat and flutter, producing a sound for which we have no satisfactory onomatopoeic word. In moonlight this little sea is silver; in torchlight it is of fire with varied colours flashing through the redder gloams; and in the dark it is a sea of phosphorescent light, each mesh of the net, each fish, each seaweed illuminated as if traced in flame. Every one is now busy. The men dip in baskets, or maunds, expressly made for this purpose, and ladle out the quivering fish by hundreds into the boats. In a few moments they are standing leg-deep in pilchards. Every one on the spot is pressed into the service, and even a boat manned by nothing more stalwart than one or two half-sick and half-frightened women receives their orders; and "Hold on ladies! all hands hold on to the boat!" serves to keep one of the busiest of the tucking-boats in equilibrium. The men, for all their hearty

work, are like a party of schoolboys at play. Their humour may be rough, but it is never meant to be rude; their goodwill is sincere, for they have a share, however small, in the success of the catch; and the more they tuck, the more they will have for their wives and families to live on through the winter. It is their harvest-time, and they are as jocund as harvesters proverbially are. There is no stint of volunteer labour either. Men who have been working hard all day on their own account go out at midnight to lend a hand to their mates at the seine. Even though the take is for a hard-fisted master who would count fms if he could, and who would refuse his men a head apiece if he thought his orders would be carried out, they are all honestly glad. They remember the time when a rich school was the wealth of the whole cove, and when a string of fresh pilchards would be given freely to any one coming to the cove at the time of bulking, or, as we should call it, storing. Still, whatever of economic value there may be in this exploitation of labour, it has its mournful side in the loss of individual value which it includes. And no one can help feeling this who listens to the talk of the older fishermen sorrowfully comparing the old days of personal independence and generous lordship with the present ones of wages and a wide-awake leaseholdship, conscious of its legal rights and determined to act on them.

When all the fish have been tuck, there is nothing for it but to row home again in the freshening morning air. The tide is rising now, and the moon is waning; the rocks look blacker, the grey moss-grown cliffs more solemn, more mysterious; the white surf breaking about them is higher and sharper than when you set out; and the boom of the sea thundering through cave and channel has a sound in it that makes you feel as if land and your own bod would be preferable to an open boat at the mercy of the Atlantic surges. The tide has so far risen that you can land nearer to the paved causeway than before; but even now you have to wait for the flow of the wave, then make a spring on to the black and slimy rocks, which would be creditable to even trained gymnastic powers. So you go home, under the first streaks of dawn, wet through and scaly, and smelling abominably of fish, dashed with a streak of tar for a compound. The whole place, however, will smell of fish to-morrow, and for many to-morrows. When the tucking-boats are brought in, then the women take their turn, and pack the pilchards in the fish-cellars or salting-houses. Here they are said to be in "bulk," all laid on their sides with their noses pointing outwards; layers of salt alternating with layers of fish. Their great market is Italy, where they serve as favourite Lenten fare. The Italians believe them to be smoked, and hence call them *fumados*. This word the dear thick-headed British sailor has caught up, according to his wont, and translated into "fair maids"; and "fair maids"—pronounced *fumados*—is the popular name of salted pilchards all through Cornwall.

The pilchard fishery begins as early as June or July, but then further out to sea, sometimes twenty miles out. According to the old saying,

When the corn is in the shock
The fish are at the rock;

harvest-time, which means from August to the end of October, being the main season for pilchard-fishing in shoul water close at home. There are some choice bits of picturesque life still left to us in far-away places where the ordinary tourist has not penetrated; but nothing is more picturesque than seine-fishing in one of the wilder Cornish coves, when the tucking goes on at midnight, either by moonlight or torchlight, or only by the phosphorescent illumination of the sea itself. No artist that we can remember at this moment has yet painted it, but it is a subject which would well repay careful and loving handling.

KIDDERMINSTER.

THE name which we have placed at the head of this article will be familiar to most persons as that of a small, but energetic and prosperous, manufacturing town in the north of Worcestershire. By its position it is somewhat isolated, as it lies apart from any of the chief lines of communication across England, and perhaps for the same reason it has occupied no important place in the events of English history. The antiquaries of the last century had not much to say about it beyond what was to be gathered from the Domesday Survey, and only amused themselves now and then by an interchange of learned correspondence between some distant Deanery and the Bodleian Library as to the derivation of its singular name. But the modern scientific archaeologist is apt to go a little deeper into things than was the habit of the antiquary his great-grandfather. The good man who drained his bumper of heavy port to the health of King George saw a little further into the past than the schoolboy learner of English history, and did not exactly fix the date

When Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main

in the year 1066; but even to him the preceding historical period appeared very much as if peopled by a mixed multitude consisting of Romans, Danes, Picts, Scots, Druids, Celts, and the like, from which came somehow forth a race known to him as Anglo-Saxons, concerning whom he knew little, and cared less. Of researches into the buried evidence of prehistoric times, such as are now familiar to his descendants, he knew nothing at all. It is therefore to regret the lost opportunities for preserving records of the life

and civilization of a past age which the earlier advances of scientific knowledge might have avoided; but it is very desirable that no indications of any such opportunities which may now come to light should be neglected for want either of knowledge of the subject or of interest in it on the part of those under whose notice they may fall. For this reason we wish to call attention to some traces of past history at Kidderminster which are said to have been found at different depths below the present level of habitation in the town. Of these the uppermost, at a depth of about seven feet, seems to belong to a civilized settlement of some importance; while the lower, at a considerably greater depth, presents traces of human habitation under different circumstances, and of a much earlier period. The facts have been reported by members of one of the principal building firms in the town. It appears that some five or six years ago excavations were being made at the lower or southern end of the town, near the bank and at the level of the river Stour, for the foundations of a factory chimney, and had reached a depth of fourteen or fifteen feet, when the ground is described as having "domed" and blown up or given way, discovering beneath it a quantity of horns and bones, with vegetable and other refuse. On examination these were found to be in the middle of a quantity of piles, standing from four to five feet out of a bed of gravel, through which they were driven to the sandstone rock below. One of these piles was preserved, the rest having been thrown aside or destroyed. It was about seven feet long, and was apparently an oak sapling with the bark still upon it, roughly sharpened at the lower end, very hard and almost black. The surface into which these piles had been driven was said to be about twenty feet below the existing level. Somewhat lower down the stream a similar discovery was made at nearly the same time, but in this instance without the piles. The horns and bones were mixed with vegetable matter, including berries of the alder, which still fringes the banks of the Stour, and rooted stumps of trees which had been growing at the same depth. As it was necessary to complete the building works then in progress, the sites of these discoveries were filled up after examination; but it was mentioned in conversation at the time that the remains of an ancient pavement had not long before been found in the bed of the river at some feet below its present bottom. Such a pavement has within the past month been reached in the progress of some works in Mill Street, which is one of the principal and oldest thoroughfares of the town. A system of sewerage now in course of construction has required cuttings of considerable depth, and in making a connexion with the Mill Street sewer the building firm to which reference has already been made state that "we came upon an old stone pavement about seven feet deep. We also found the old masonry of such a solid description that we had to tunnel under it for the new drains." They add that they "have found much that was interesting in excavating for the new works." The houses beneath which this pavement has been found are two-storied brick buildings, belonging apparently to the early part of the last century, and have been in the continuous occupation of the same family, either as dwelling-houses or offices, from at least that date. The existing ground-floor rooms are scarcely, if at all, above the level of the occasional high floods of the river Stour, so that a street or house level at the depth described would seem of necessity to involve a corresponding depression of the bed of the stream. No record is known to exist which makes any reference to such an alteration of surface, or throws any light on the history of the discovered pavement. But in order to ascertain the nature of the ground through which the Stour passes as it enters the town, an examination was made three or four years ago in the meadows lying at the back of Mill Street, where the soil was found to consist in great proportion of woody and other vegetable matter mixed with clay, to a depth of nine or ten feet, leading to the inference that the whole mass had been deposit washed down by the river.

The existing town of Kidderminster is entirely the creation of its trade. In the early years of the sixteenth century the ancient borough would appear to have so far decayed as to have been little more than a small country village. The population at that date is estimated by Nash, the county historian of Worcestershire, whose volumes were published in the year 1781, and whose estimate is based on the Register of Burials, at 1150 for the whole parish, including the Borough and Foreign of Kidderminster, with all its hamlets, except that of Lower Milton (now better known as Stourport) on the bank of the Severn. The annual burial rate is taken by Nash as one in forty-five, or about twenty-two per thousand; and allowing for the agricultural inhabitants of the hamlets in the Foreign, he thinks that the Borough can have contained a population of little more than three hundred. But it had been a more considerable place in earlier days. At the time of the Norman Conquest Kidderminster was the King's property, and it remained with the Crown till the reign of Henry II., who granted it to one Manser de Bisset, a courtier holding the office of "Despiter" to the King. This Manser founded the Priory or Lazar-house of Maiden Bradley, in Wiltshire, which subsequently became possessed of a portion of his lands in Kidderminster, and in the year 1335 obtained the rectory and advowson. At the dissolution of the religious houses the advowson passed, in 1546, to a "yeoman" of the parish, "ex concessione," as usual, "ante dissolutionem facta"; and the right of presentation was exercised in 1550. It has been conjectured that many of the brothers of the house at Maiden Bradley may have taken refuge at Kidderminster, as the names of several persons bearing the then customary prefix of "Sir" appear in the burial registers of succeeding years. A charter was

granted to the town by Henry II., followed by other charters from Richard II. and Henry VI., and in 23 Edward I. (1295) Walter Oardigan and Walter Lightfrod represented the borough in Parliament. A woollen manufacture appears to have been carried on in the town for a considerable period previously to 1533, in which year a statute was passed for the protection and encouragement of the trade in certain towns in Worcestershire, of which Kidderminster was one. But, without accepting Nash's estimate of three hundred for the population of the borough at the time, which probably allows too large a proportion for the outlying hamlets, it may be taken for granted that, by the middle of the sixteenth century, the town had decayed to a great extent, and had sunk considerably in importance since "a mandate of Henry III." quoted by "Walpole in his History of Painting" (Nash) was "dated from Kidderminster, June 3, 1233." The history of the town previously to the Domesday Survey is, so far as we are aware, entirely lost. The buried pavement in Mill Street, and the still more singular discovery of pile foundations with animal remains among them at a much greater depth, alone point to the site as one of civilized habitation in historical, and of settlement in prehistoric times. The evidence which is thus afforded suggests the question whether the physical geography of the site and its neighbourhood throws any light on the probability of its having been a place of ancient habitation. This probability will be found quite worth being taken into account. The valley of the Avon, crossing Worcestershire from east to west, divides the high ground to the south which forms the watershed of the Thames and Severn from the hills and tableland to the north-east of the county, where the watershed is that of the Severn and Trent. From the Avon northward the only affluent of the Severn on its eastern bank which is of any importance is the small river Stour, the Salwarpe, which brings the water from the Bromsgrove hills and Droitwich, being little more than a brook. Above the Stour the eastern bank of the Severn is shut in from Bewdley upwards by a line of high ground as far as the Wrekin and Wroxeter. The Stour Valley thus gives the only opening from the Severn into Staffordshire, and it has been followed accordingly as the line of the Staffordshire and Worcestershire Canal, by means of which, before the time of railways, the traffic between Bristol and the North-West was carried on.

The course of the Stour from the Severn upwards is by a narrow and somewhat winding meadow valley shut in on both sides by sandstone hills. The general direction of the stream is from north to south; but at Kidderminster there is a sharp bend to the eastward, and the sandstone heights are drawn very near to each other, shutting in the valley by steep rocks where the river passes through the town. The present town lies along the course of the stream and on the slope of its eastern bank; and the position of the church on a high rock overhanging the Stour is popularly supposed to have originated the name of Kidderminster, or Mill-water Church. If our description has conveyed any clear idea of the site, it will be seen that the bend or elbow of the Stour Valley, upon which the town is situated, has formed a natural key to the pass from the Severn; and the earliest traces of habitation which the pile-buildings have indicated are in the narrowest part of this opening, to the southward.

An examination of the lines of communication formerly, as still, existing from the country on the west of the Severn will show Kidderminster to be the point upon which they converge. Between Bridgnorth and Worcester there are now three bridges across the Severn, the lowest of which, at Holt, is of comparatively recent date, is little used, and represents no ancient road. The two other bridges, at Stourport and Bewdley, cross the Severn into the parish of Kidderminster at the two points where the hamlets of Mitton and Wribbenhall lie on its eastern bank. Stourport Bridge was built just a century ago, a little way above the point where the ancient road from Herefordshire and South Wales came down to the Severn, nearly opposite to the mouth of the Stour, and crossed the river at a place called Redstone Ferry, where there still remain cut out in the rock on the west bank the chambers and chapel of a small religious community probably connected with the alien Priory of Astley, who subsisted by the alms of the faithful "as they passed by in their barges," according to an aged informant of Mr. Habington "long since dead" when he wrote, or as they crossed the river, which is perhaps more likely. A farm near this ferry bears the name of Larford, probably the "lower ford," and indicates that the river was fordable where the road crossed it to Mitton (Metune in Domesday), passing thence to Kidderminster by the valley of the Stour. The upper ford, at Bewdley, is still preserved by name in Ribbesford, the parish west of the Severn, of which Bewdley is a chapelry. Two farms, each called "Ribbesford" in Domesday, assign the name to the eastern bank also, where the Kidderminster hamlet is now known as Wribbenhall, and where across Bewdley Bridge the main road from South Shropshire still passes to Kidderminster. As Leland makes no mention of this bridge, it is supposed not to have existed in his time. It is worth notice that at Ribbesford also there remain excavations in the rock, consisting of a chapel and chambers, still known as the Hermitage. These are in Blackstone Rock, on the eastern bank of the Severn, and in the parish of Kidderminster. The only two roads across the Severn between Bridgnorth and Worcester are thus shown to have met at Kidderminster, where they were joined by the main road running from Worcester northward on the eastern side of the Severn, and whence two roads struck to the north-west and north-east, leading respectively over the high lands to Bridgnorth and Shrewsbury, and by the Stour Valley into Staffordshire and the

North Midland district. A strong probability seems thus to be established that one of the minor centres of communication in civilized times would be found in Kidderminster, and the buried pavement which has recently been discovered may perhaps be the first of a series of proofs that underneath the busy power-looms of to-day there lie the remains of an ancient town whose existence has been hitherto unknown and unsuspected. The inhabitants of Kidderminster have never been wanting in skilful and persevering enterprise; and we do not doubt that if a case should be made out for investigation, they will apply in the pursuit of historical science the same interest which they have shown in the improvement of decorative art.

SCOTCH PREACHERS.

IT is known that the people of Scotland are keenly theological, and very particular as to the quality of the sermons which are preached for their edification. The sermon occupies the chief place in the services, and is regarded as their most attractive and important feature. Indeed, the prayers also are often sermons in disguise. Although formally addressed to the Deity, they are intended for the instruction and entertainment of the congregation; and a well-known Scotch clergyman is said to have added to a quotation from Scripture "For that, O Lord, is the correct translation of the passage." Prayers and sermons equally receive the judicial attention of the audience, both from a literary and doctrinal point of view. The democratic spirit and constitution of the Presbyterian Church probably encourage this sort of popular supervision. It appears to be assumed that anybody who hears a sermon is perfectly capable of sitting in judgment either on its orthodoxy or its literary style; and respect for the Church as an institution is thought to be quite compatible with the utmost freedom of personal criticism in regard to individual ministers. Every preacher is closely watched by his congregation and his Presbytery, and an elaborate machinery of a first court and double appeal is provided, in order to test any charges which may be brought against him. Two ecclesiastical suits which have been going on for some time in Scotland, and have just been decided, illustrate in a striking way some of the peculiarities of this ecclesiastical discipline.

The first of these cases was an objection to the settlement of the Rev. W. Mackersy as minister of a parish called Chapel of Garrioch, in the north of Scotland. The grounds of the objection were that Mr. Mackersy's preaching and exposition of Scripture were "cold, dry, shallow, and not well calculated to arouse the attention"; and further, that they were "lifeless, almost destitute of the doctrine of the Gospel, and unintelligible to a large extent." Witnesses were called in support of these charges. The parish schoolmaster, Mr. Selbie, led the way. There was, he said, nothing in Mr. Mackersy's manner "to arrest and fix the eye by a fine, earnest, holy demeanour," "nothing, as it were, to build up in the mind a holy frame." What Mr. Selbie wanted, it appeared, was "burning zeal," and "a warmth beaming from the eye, the face, and, above all, from the intonation of the voice." "You know," he remarked, "what a sleepy preacher does to a sleepy congregation"; upon which some one suggested that "Dr. Kidd threw a book at them." The presentee was also said to be undignified in bearing, expression, and carriage—"a good old Saxon word," added the schoolmaster, "for behaviour." The next witness objected to the presentee's hands, which he thought were very much in his way. "At one time they were in his pockets; then he was keeping the line of the sermon with his finger; and, again, he was ficherin' ficherin', the same as if there had been something annoying him." A farmer thought he was a "cauld, dry, sleepe body," but he may have judged by his own difficulty in keeping awake. Another farmer wanted more "forey" preaching, while a third could not endure the presentee's "silver-grey sort of eyelashes." A witness said he did not observe anything objectionable in "presentee's use of body, hands, and eyes," but he did not finish his sermons properly. "He proposed several courses, but never followed them, saying he hadn't time or couldn't dwell on them." It was also objected to the presentee that there was no love looming from his eye, and that, in preaching, he did not show "any sympathy in the concern." The presentee preached a sermon about Naaman the Syrian, but a farmer said he saw little meaning in it; "it was just a about wash and be clean." In support of the charge of unintelligibility, it was urged that the presentee used such puzzling expressions as "a series of unhappy coincidences" and "a concourse of circumstances." If it is true, as alleged, that such expressions are utterly unintelligible to the ordinary hearer in that region, there must surely be something the matter with the parish school, and the presentee might have retorted upon Mr. Selbie, that it was the schoolmaster's fault if the people could not understand him when he spoke English. One of the most frequent objections to the presentee was that he was not "lively," and it was asked whether he was expected to jump about in the pulpit.

Witnesses were also called on the other side. One thought the presentee's voice very pleasant, and added candidly, "If he didn't offend me, it was my fault, not his." Several said they carried home what the preacher said, though in some cases it turned out upon inquiry that whatever had been carried home had since been lost. A railway labourer said he thought all ministers were very much alike in their preaching, and that the presentee was just like the rest. It was suggested that, if the presentee was not so spirited as he might have been in preaching his first

person, it was no wonder, seeing "he had a lot of hungry dogs looking down on him, to tak' a bite of him gin they could." Another witness, who took a comprehensive view of the subject, remarked that he was pleased with his preaching, but "there's a battle o' ither things in the parish besides preaching." A great deal of attention was given in the course of this inquiry to the presentee's eye. Some liked it and some did not; others didn't seem to care about it one way or the other. One of the problems for the Presbytery was whether anybody had caught it. A member of the congregation said he had caught the preacher's eye, but he could not say whether the preacher's eye had caught his. Much "intercourse of the eye" appears to be demanded at Chapel of Garioch. Everybody knows the sort of intimate, confidential glance which a clever actress sometimes casts at the audience, giving a vast number of admirers in all parts of the house an impression that the look is expressly intended for each of them in particular. Something of this kind would seem to be wanted at Chapel of Garioch. Each member of the congregation is anxious to suppose that the minister's eye rests on him in an especial manner; and the next presentee would perhaps do well to take a few lessons from Madlle. Lucca or Miss Nellie Farren. It came out in the evidence that there was reason to suppose that the presentee was objected to, not so much on account of his personal qualities as on other grounds. An Elder had been heard to say that "Mrs. Sprott" (the retiring incumbent's wife) "was owre proof for a minister's wife, but a proodier was coming." And political opposition to Sir J. Elphinstone, the patron, was also hinted at as a motive for rejecting his nominee. Some of the parishioners were offended because they had not been consulted, and thought they ought to assert their independence. The decision of the Presbytery was against the presentee. The mover of the resolution condemning him admitted that his discourses were "rich in religious truth," but then "the different topics treated of were not separated in that marked and unmistakable manner which some hearers need who are unaccustomed to effort in thinking." The seconder observed that no doubt the presentee's manner was refined and cultivated, and his style polished: but, from what he knew of the parish, this was not the manner or the style to suit this particular parish. It would appear, therefore, that the chief grounds upon which the presentee in this case was declared to be unfit for his place were that he did not divide his sermons into heads, and that his style was polished and his manner cultivated and refined. The Presbytery do not seem to have come to a formal decision about his eye. For some time past it has been becoming tolerably clear that Lord Aberdeen's compromise in regard to the law of patronage was practically a surrender of the patron's position. In the present instance it may be conjectured that the Presbytery pronounced against the presentee simply because they saw that a busy and energetic section of the congregation had made up their minds not to accept "Sir James's man."

The other case to which we referred is one of greater moment. A year or two since Dr. Wallace of Edinburgh wrote an essay on "Church Tendercies in Scotland," in which he said that "the equanimity with which attacks on the standards and contradictions of its doctrines are listened to by the Church, and the leniency with which cases of what is undoubted heresy in the eye of the law are dealt with by all the churches," showed that the hold of the orthodox propositions of the Westminster Confession of Faith on the mind of the people had been weakened. He also suggested that a new and living theology might be built up in the mind of the nation by the free action of the Christian intellect on its appropriate objects, and that unless this was attempted—in other words, unless the restrictions of the old standards were got rid of—there would soon be nothing left but an artificial and lifeless orthodoxy fit only for stolid peasants and superstitious women. It must be confessed that this reads very much like a challenge to the Church, especially when taken in conjunction with the sort of sermons which Dr. Wallace was in the habit of preaching. The Presbytery of Edinburgh therefore felt bound to call upon Dr. Wallace for some explanation. The charges against him were that he had used irreverent expressions, as when he ridiculed the idea of praying to a "fidgetty God" who did not know His own mind and was always shifting from one course to another, and that he had also spoken in such a way as to raise doubts as to the reality of the resurrection of Christ. It is difficult to see how the Presbytery could avoid taking notice of language which was certainly strange and unusual, and which, from the orthodox point of view, must be considered extremely dangerous. It would seem, however, that they were by no means anxious to push matters to an extremity, for they have at once accepted Dr. Wallace's assurance that he believes his statements can be reconciled with the law of the Church, and, warning him to be more cautious in future, have dropped the subject. Here again the Presbytery were probably aware that it would be awkward to resist the opinions of the congregation, who appeared to be quite satisfied with Dr. Wallace's preaching, and were no doubt prepared to stand by him.

The acquittal of Dr. Wallace may possibly have an unexpected effect on the ecclesiastical unity of the rival Church. Mr. Knight, a Free Church minister at Dundee, has resolved to quit the Church rather than submit to a prosecution for heresy before the Synod, after having been tried and acquitted by the Presbytery. Mr. Knight's congregation are prepared to keep him company in his secession, and it is said that they will endeavour to attract themselves to the Established Church as being more liberal, or at least more latitudinarian.

MR. COLE C.B. AT HANLEY.

AN address by Mr. Cole C.B. on the origin and work of the Department of Science and Art is necessarily interesting. A lecturer on a subject which he understands better than anybody else is almost certainly successful, and Mr. Cole is the highest authority upon both the past and the future of the South Kensington Museum. It appears that the noble and beneficent design of which the Prince Consort was the author, and Mr. Cole a principal executor, has sustained a temporary check. The weakness of Ministers could not be supported even by the energetic spirit of Mr. Cole. "The Department has hitherto flourished under a management which ensured individual Parliamentary responsibility." Mr. Cole, who knows all about the Department, tells us this, and we must believe him; but otherwise we should have continued under the impression that Mr. Cole managed the Department just as he pleased, and that Parliamentary responsibility was a delusion. Indeed when Mr. Cole says that the Department had had the "sympathetic support" of statesmen of all political parties, it strikes us that perhaps this is Mr. Cole's way of putting the fact that Parliament let him do as he liked. But recently there has been a change. The Marquis of Ripon "succumbed to a malevolent influence" before he resigned office; which means, we suppose, that he was brought to the conclusion that matters at South Kensington could no longer go on as they had done. However, he has been succeeded by Lord Aberdare, who "took an intelligent interest" in the South Kensington Museum when he was Vice-President of the Council. We like Mr. Cole's way of speaking of a Cabinet Minister as if he were a slightly superior navvy whose mind during the intervals of labour was not wholly dominated by beer. Mr. Cole entreats Lord Aberdare to continue to be the friend of the Department, and we fear that it must be weak indeed if Lord Aberdare is its only friend. Mr. Cole appealed to the experience of the manufacturers whom he addressed, and asked them to tell him whether "muddle and bankruptcy" did not follow when there was no individual responsibility. Of course a public department which commands the "sympathetic support" of politicians of all parties is not likely to be bankrupt; but we had thought that a recent inquiry discovered at South Kensington a pretty considerable capacity for muddle, financial and otherwise, co-existent with individual responsibility. However, the burden of Mr. Cole's complaint is that the South Kensington Museum is to be dis severed from the Department of Science and Art, and is thus to be deprived of the benefit of being represented, or supposed to be represented, in the House of Commons by the Vice-President of the Council. The Museum is to be placed under a Commission of great men who will all be too busy to attend to it. We do not ourselves approve of such a system, but we should have thought Mr. Cole about the last person who would have objected to it, seeing that it is the system under which Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 have been made the obedient servants of Mr. Cole. It is indeed wonderful to observe the belief of this country in Commissions. Every high functionary is supposed to be capable of doing the work of several days in one day. As a barrister in large practice said, "Some of the work you do, some does itself, and some is not done at all." We should think that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chancellor would be likely to leave the Secretary and Manager of the South Kensington Museum to himself, and if he has only the enterprising genius of Mr. Cole, we shall see what we shall see. There was for many years a Statute Law Commission, which comprised all the judges and other legal dignitaries as commissioners, and a working barrister as secretary. This Commission did quite as much towards consolidating the Statute Law as could have been reasonably expected from its constitution. But it is evident that if that work is to be seriously taken in hand, it will call for the employment of more than one working barrister. There can be no objection to putting big names into a Commission so long as it is understood that they are merely ornamental.

Mr. Cole, however, goes on to indicate that the body which is to take charge of the South Kensington Museum is the Trustees of the British Museum; and there is of course a great difference between an existing body, however theoretically imperfect, and a body which has to be created for the purpose. Probably no member of the House of Commons has so little wisdom as to pick out the fifty busiest men in that and the Upper House and put them into a Commission to decide whether a cup or dish should be lent as a pattern by the South Kensington Museum to the Hanley School of Art. The necessary effect must be that the management would fall into the hands of the permanent officers of the Museum, who, if they have ability, discretion, and perseverance, will do exactly as they please. Mr. Cole states a pretty strong case against the slow-coaches, as he probably considers them, in Great Russell Street. But after all there is only one Cole, and mere men cannot rival the achievement of divinely-inspired genius. It is not, however, the fault of the Lord Chancellor or the Archbishop of Canterbury that there is no railway station adjoining the British Museum. But perhaps a Hanley student of art might remember what Mr. Cole appears to have forgotten, that Euston Square is much nearer to Great Russell Street than to South Kensington. It would of course be idle to contend that the British Museum is fitted up in accordance with modern ideas of comfort, and we fear it cannot be denied that the Museum is occasionally closed for cleaning and repairs. Mr. Cole says that the South Kensington Museum is never closed for these purposes, "and if His Grace the Archbishop really desired to do the work, he would tell him the secret of it." We do not under-

stand that there is any particular mystery in the cleaning of a building which is kept open all day and every day. Even an Archbishop may have heard when he was young a song which teaches

The best of all ways
To lengthen our days

The student at South Kensington can eat when he pleases, and finds on every object exhibited a label informing him what it is and what the nation has paid for it. We entirely approve the Kensingtonian provision for refreshment, but as regards the money spent by the nation on the Museum perhaps the less said the better. It is rather a depressing subject, and we had rather dwell on the facilities for hand-washing and the ventilation. Mr. Cole says that the student "can breathe freely and get no headache." It is rather hard upon the Archbishop and the Chancellor to lie under the imputation that dirt, discomfort, stuffiness, and starvation are the consequences of their management. We have even heard that the old Reading Room at the Museum maintained a special kind of flea of unusual size and ferocity, and the dignitaries in Church and State who form the body of Trustees would doubtless be responsible for the existence of such an animal upon their premises. Indeed, if they assume the government of South Kensington, it will behoove them to take care that there is no immigration of the subjects of their old dominion.

Mr. Cole and his allies always and on all occasions begin and end with the Prince Consort. He asks the Hanley students whether they will permit the work of the Prince Consort, matured and organized with great care and by the labour of years, to be destroyed, and this insult to his memory to be perpetrated. "Would they suffer the means of their own instruction to be taken away or muddled with old-world decaying notions?" Really this is rather hard upon the "fifty persons of the highest distinction who are well worked with other business." Mr. Cole offers to the art students of Hanley his services during the remainder of his life "to preserve from the hands of the ignorant spoiler their privileges and the institution which the Prince Consort founded." "The ignorant spoiler" is doubtless merely a figurative expression for the Archbishop of Canterbury and his fellow-Trustees, who are, we should think, fully sensible that they have already as much upon their hands as they can well manage. Nobody denies that the Prince Consort founded the Department of Science and Art at South Kensington; but it is not altogether certain that he would have approved of all the developments of his original idea. But the memory of the dead helps little in the conduct of the present business of the world. We should think that even an Archbishop, while alive and with the assistance of his chaplain, could manage the dusting and sweeping business and the refreshments better than a dead Prince. Mr. Cole should, we think, have regard to the risk of bringing absurdity on an illustrious name. The services of the Prince Consort to science and art will soon become as tedious as the Irish Church and Land Bills, and the other legislative achievements of the present Government. The idea of International Exhibitions has been done to death; and probably the impression is widely prevalent that art teaching is something different from perpetual fuss and clutter and shopkeepers' puffery, and that the results attained under Mr. Cole's guidance, although valuable, have been costly. To place the new Museum under the management of the Trustees of the old Museum does not strike us as the most hopeful way of going to work, but those who have proposed it must be strongly sensible of the necessity of putting on the drag. "The beneficent spirit of the aims and labours of the Prince Consort" has led us far enough, if indeed it be his spirit that we have followed, and not an emanation from the brain of Mr. Cole. On the whole we are inclined to take a turn with the Archbishop. Let us see whether somebody cannot be found to manage the South Kensington Museum quietly, efficiently, and unobtrusively. It would be at any rate a relief to hear a little less about that institution, and we are not sure that there might not be at once less noise and more work.

CAPTAIN JACK.

THE execution of Captain Jack and the other Modoc Indians for the murder of General Canby and Dr. Thomas has furnished the American newspapers with a delightfully thrilling topic. As might be expected, a Correspondent of the *New York Herald* went to Fort Klamath, Oregon, where the prisoners were lying under sentence of death, and had an interview with Captain Jack. The Modoc chief asserted that his tribe were encouraged to fight with the whites by the Klamath Indians, who supplied his men with powder and lead. This ammunition was supplied to the Klamaths by order of the Indian agent, so that in fact an officer of the United States Government provided the means of fighting with its troops. When the Correspondent arrived no order had been received from Washington to carry out the sentence, and the settlers were very much agitated on the question, as, if the law were not carried out, the Indians would infallibly be lynched if the settlers could get hold of them. However, it must have been a comfort to the minds of those agitated settlers to observe the business-like proceedings of the "post-carpenter" in making a "six-foot drop." It certainly cannot be said that the American Government does not do its best to civilize the Indians when it builds such a handsome gallows for their gratification. "The erection of a gallows to hang six at a time is rather an under-

taking, but Mr. Field has erected a framework that will probably prove equal to the occasion." It is a pity that an exhibition of the gallows of all nations cannot be organized as part of the Educational Department at South Kensington. The machine used in executing Captain Jack and his associates might be exhibited in work, and we do not believe that even a lecture on cooking would be so attractive to the ladies. "The uprights stand about seventeen feet high, surmounted by a cross-beam thirty feet in length. The platform, set on pine spiles, is eight feet below the beam, solid at the back, and with a hinged front, on which the criminals will be placed standing. The cutting of a single rope will upset the three supports of the front of the platform, and give the six murderers a six-foot drop." We should think that Mr. Field, the post-carpenter at Fort Klamath, would be likely to obtain a medal for this ingenious arrangement, of which the working might be shown by lay figures on half-crown days.

The author of *Life among the Modocs* quotes an Indian saying that "it does not take many words to tell the truth." But if we may judge from the conversations reported in the *New York Herald*, the vocabulary of the Modocs is sufficiently copious for a large amount of lying. Captain Jack alleged, and probably with truth, that he was urged on to the murder by two Indians more bloodthirsty than himself, called Sconchin and the Curly-headed Doctor. Jack's sister, whom the writer calls Princess Mary, told him that it was only through the persistent and determined action of these two Indians in haranguing and otherwise writing blood in the minds of the tribe that Jack, in order to retain his ascendancy as chief, was obliged to take the lead in the execution of their designs. Sconchin had been by general agreement foremost in every deed of blood, and had used his influence with the younger men of the tribe to incite them to further atrocities. In November he led the murderers on Lost River; in February he endeavoured to incite the tribe to murder the visitors to his camp in the lava beds (among whom, as we understand, was the Correspondent); and, lastly, he was the instigator and main conspirator in the plot to murder General Canby and the Peace Commissioners. As a native informant put it, "Klamath Indian tell us bad tale; say Boston people kill you all; I no believe him; say he tell lie; Sconchin believe him; he say he speak truth." It must be gratifying to the enlightened citizens of Boston to hear that the Indian mind contemplates their city as a type of Eastern civilization, and the giver of all good gifts, including a magnificent gallows constructed regardless of expense for the benighted West. The Correspondent opened his talk by saying, "I have travelled eleven days from the East from Boston." Sconchin and other Indians who had killed settlers were afraid to make peace; "he talk fight in council; he say I kill Canby." Then Captain Jack was obliged to say, "I am chief; I kill Canby. I want no one to come with me." It is probable that this is a true account. The more guilty led on the others, until all became involved in the same condemnation. "Captain Jack no like to see Sconchin chief of Modocs." Perhaps we might say that Captain Jack's reason for killing General Canby was almost as good as the French Emperor's reason for going to war with Germany. Captain Jack had traded at Yreka for twenty years, and he appreciated the comforts of civilization. "Captain Jack not afraid of Boston people—want peace. Sconchin he kill many; he afraid; no let Captain Jack make peace." It appears that among the other developments of Eastern civilization an "embalmer" had found his way to California, with the prospect of preserving and exhibiting the remains of Captain Jack. But Mr. Sherwood, the embalmer, had been obliged to abandon this promising idea in consequence of an order from General Schofield prohibiting the mutilation of the bodies of the Modocs. The Indians, or what is left of them, must have a queer idea of that city of Boston which sends them so many and various examples of its civilization. There is first the trader, then the missionary, then the soldier, then the newspaper Correspondent, then the hangman, and, lastly, the embalmer. The project of embalming was not actually carried out, but still it might have been. The United States Government performs an act of stern but necessary justice. Captain Jack and his associates are hanged in punishment of treachery, and for the satisfaction of the aggrieved settlers of the Lost River basin, and it is actually contemplated by a citizen of the United States to make money by exhibiting the embalmed body of Captain Jack. We are bound to confess that the exhibitor would have made a fortune in London, particularly if he added a model of the gallows to the identical body of the criminal who was hanged upon it. Indeed Madame Tussaud and her room of horrors would have been temporarily nowhere; for wax models are a poor and tame affair when we have the opportunity of seeing real human flesh. It was expected that the Modocs would burn the bodies of their warriors, and hold various savage ceremonies; and we hope that the Correspondent will remain at Fort Klamath as long as there is anything for him to describe. But still we feel that a mere description, however graphic, of burning bodies and other savage rites, would not produce in our mind a sensation equal to that of seeing the embalmed body of a murderer.

Such an opportunity for big type as the hanging of four out of six condemned Indians does not happen often; and we find more than a side of large print in the *New York Herald*, headed by the word "Retribution," in letters more than half-an-inch high. It is a pity that the much-afflicted reporters of the Tichborne case do not have recourse to the American plan of large type sub-

headings. Dr. Kenealy could not complain that his own illness was conspicuously notified. "Terrific grief of the squaws and papooses." This style, which our newspapers only use upon the placards of the newsvendors, forms in America an important part of the newspaper itself. We have no doubt the readers like it, and, as a literary article, it is not expensive. Another of these sub-headings is "Address to the Captives by the Post-Chaplain," who, like the post-carpenter, appears to have done everything he could to make the sufferers comfortable. Seonchin, who by general agreement was the greatest ruffian of the lot, expressed his belief that the Great Chief of Washington had been misled by false evidence, but that the Great Spirit who looks from above would see Seonchin in chains and know that his heart was good. It must be owned that Seonchin, with the help of two interpreters and the reporter, made an exceedingly good speech, and there was truth as well as dignity in his concluding words:—"I would like," he said, "to see the Big Chief face to face and talk with him; but he is a long distance off, like the top of a high hill, with me at the bottom, and I can't go to him; but he has made his decision, made his law, and I say let me die." Equally atrocious criminals happening to be not quite so far from the top of the hill have managed to reach it by the help of influential friends, and have escaped the extreme penalty of their crimes. The lawyers, however, could do nothing for Seonchin, as he was tried under a military Commission, which would take little heed of legal technicalities even if it had been possible to invent any in so plain a case. Besides listening to the orations of the prisoners and the lamentations of the squaws, the reporter made a little excursion from the fort to see Mr. Field's patent drop tested, and "it worked like a charm, letting down the trap every time without fail." A party of citizens stood around the scaffold and appeared highly interested with the device of Mr. Field's plan to lower the drop. It strikes us that the style of our playbills must have been formed on that of the sensational columns of American journals—"The Exhortations by the Post-Chaplain, the Mechanical Effects by the Post-Carpenter," &c. The reporter, with a just appreciation of his countrymen's taste, calls this hanging a "social gathering," and adds that Oregon is specially sociable in this way. Among other arrivals, Bob Whittle and his wife and daughter had come with the intention of seeing Jack and party hang, and also of paying a visit to Hooker Jim with a six-shooter, which the reporter thinks would be a convenient supplement to the operation of the law. Several Indians not included in the ingenious arrangements of Mr. Field were "wanted" by the Sheriff of Jackson County for murders on Lost River, and on the whole it would appear that the pacification of the country was proceeding satisfactorily. Two of the condemned Indians were reprieved by the President, on the ground that they had only obeyed the order of their chiefs. The reprieve arrived several days beforehand, but was kept secret until the morning of execution, "in order not to excite any jealous feeling among those not so kindly dealt with." This was certainly very considerate towards the men that were to be hanged, but perhaps less so towards the men who were to be spared. These two men would be imprisoned for life at Alcatraz, the prison of San Francisco, where the reporter thinks they are likely to pass "a pretty dull season." It may be hoped that they were duly impressed by the chaplain's discourse, which was addressed to them under the supposition that they were to be hanged next day. The reporter of course took full notes of this address, which is printed in the same type as his description of the fatal drop. The whole thing is treated as what the reporter himself calls it, "the Last Act of the Tragedy." The Indian spectators would probably understand that the President of the Union and the Governor of Oregon were executing justice. The murder of General Canby and Mr. Thomas would be condemned even by their own moral code; the military judges, the chaplain, and the hangman would fit into their scheme of things, but they must have been puzzled to account for the reporter. Probably they would think that if the city of Boston takes so much interest in hanging, it would be easy, and not expensive, to have a performance nearer home.

REVIEWS.

M. LITTRÉ'S DICTIONARY.*

NO language that we have ever studied, or attempted to study, possesses a Dictionary so rich in the history of words as this great work which M. Littré has fortunately lived long enough to complete. To the love of order, system, and clearness which belongs to the French mind, he has joined a degree of patience in research, and scientific thoroughness in comparison, which we have been accustomed to associate with German rather than with French erudition. The courage which could undertake such a task as this might have been considered mere uncalculating rashness if the workman had not lived to complete his colossal performance; but as the edifice stands here before us, absolutely finished even to the smallest detail, to the tiniest leaflet of its all but infinite detail, and nothing is left to the future but the simple duty of preservation, whilst the builder of it is still alive and still intellectually active, we are compelled to

admit that the courage which undertook it was neither rashness nor self-conceit, but a noble consciousness of gigantic power that were fit for gigantic toils.

Let us make an attempt, in the first place, to convey an accurate idea of what the work really is. The printing is so close, and the paper necessarily so thin, that without arithmetic we are sure to suppose a work of this nature to be far less considerable than it is in reality. The entire work contains 4,708 pages, each page consisting of three columns, and each of these columns (as we have ascertained by counting letters and spaces) contains as much matter as three pages of the foolscap octavo edition of Scott's novels. We have, therefore, 14,124 columns, which are equivalent to 21,187 pages of the novels. But the whole series of Scott's novels only occupies forty-eight volumes in the foolscap edition, and, taking them at an average of 390 pages each, which is a liberal estimate, we have a total which does not reach 19,000. So that M. Littré's Dictionary contains twice as much printed matter as the whole of the *Waverley Novels*, with a few thousands of novel-pages into the bargain. It is only after some study and calculation that this prodigious performance begins to appear in its full grandeur. The mind cannot grasp it without effort and reflection. It occupies amongst intellectual things a place like that of a whale amongst the mammalia, or a Wellingtonia amongst plants, and we have to take measurements and make comparisons before we can become thoroughly aware of its importance. Mere bigness is, however, one of the least of its many claims to attention. M. Littré is not the first man who has made a big Dictionary, and we all know that in labours of this kind the author whose name is on the title-page avails himself of the services of others. The wonder is that so vast an undertaking should have been carried through from beginning to end without the slightest hitch or flaw, and in perfect obedience to one great governing idea. The conditions needed for this completeness in execution are in their combination of the utmost rarity. No one could begin such a work without the certainty of subsequent alterations in method, if he were not already in the fullest maturity of his powers, and provided with stores of erudition such as it takes an ordinary lifetime to accumulate. Every literary workman is aware of the changes of tone and style which come over every work that has extended over a series of years, and of the strong temptation to alter the original plan as the mind slowly passes out of the state in which the plan was first conceived. What a nation does with a building that requires several generations to complete, the individual does with a piece of labour that costs him several years. The old cathedrals are often heterogeneous, out of keeping, wanting in strict harmony, because it took too many generations to erect them, and the art of the nation had had time to change its temper and its taste; and so there are big books, such as Mr. Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, which are wanting in unity and proportion because the execution of them has been spread over too large a space in the lifetime of the author, and he was not the same man in the last volume as in the first. To carry out such a plan as M. Littré's with perfect consistency, the enterprise ought not to be begun before the age of fifty, and the health and energy of the author ought to remain unimpaired for at least twenty years longer. It is unnecessary to add that age is not the only needful qualification, that the workman must have been prepared for his task by a lifelong exercise of the faculty of criticism, and by an immense erudition, and that he ought to take a passionate interest in the history of language, especially of the language he designs to illustrate.

M. Littré appears to have been gradually led towards the greatest undertaking of his life by studies in old French. Those led him to pursue the history of words, and to conceive the idea of a Dictionary in which the history of words should have a very important place. It is probable that at the time, now more than twenty years ago, when M. Littré first undertook his Dictionary, there was not another philologist in France so well prepared for such a task. It is scarcely too much to say that his whole previous life had been an education for this one object, since even his scientific studies and early medical training have given greater thoroughness to the scientific vocabularies which are included in the Dictionary, whilst his labours in other languages have given him a command of etymological resources which is not to be paralleled even in works undertaken for etymology alone. Evidently twenty years would be too short a time for a work containing more than twice the matter of all the *Waverley Novels*—and matter, too, requiring most careful reference, classification, and verification—if the author had not been aided by competent coadjutors. M. Littré mentions five of these—MM. Brant, Hurd, Pommier, Peyronnet, and Leblais—especially M. Leblais, a professor of mathematics, who worked long and assiduously at the Dictionary. In the correction of the press, which in itself was a prodigious piece of work; M. Beaujeu, a University professor, helped M. Littré by correcting the first and the last proof of every sheet. Two other friends, MM. Sommer and Jullien, both good servants of the cause of learning, and known by other labours, placed all their knowledge at M. Littré's disposal. M. Humbert, of Geneva, when he heard that the great work was in progress, sent a rich collection of literary notes which proved useful, and a few other voluntary auxiliaries supplied technical explanations or practical suggestions. Two labourers in the same field, long since dead, have also aided M. Littré by the materials they left behind them. Lacurne de Sainte-Palaye, who lived in the last century, had prepared a Dictionary of old French, of which only the first volume was published; the materials that he collected fill thirty folio volumes of manuscript, which are preserved in the National Library; these materials consist of examples

* *Dictionnaire de la langue française*. Par M. Littré, de l'Académie française. Paris: Hachette.

taken from old authors, and M. Littré has constantly had them before him. Pougens also, who lived in the earlier half of our century, had a project for publishing a *Trésor des origines de la langue française*, of which a specimen was published in 1819, and from which also two volumes were extracted, under the title of *Archéologie française*. As a preparation for this work M. Pougens had made extracts from many authors of all ages, and this to such an extent that they fill a hundred folio volumes, now in the library of the Institute. Whilst the Dictionary was passing through the press M. Littré continually referred to this collection, and by its help was enabled to fortify and enrich his articles, and to fill in what he felt to be incomplete.

After giving us these details M. Littré closes his preface (written before the completion of the work, which came out in parts) with the following words, not unworthy to be meditated by all who undertake great labours, whether, like Pougens and Lacurne de Sainte-Pelaye, they are destined to be interrupted by death after having done no more than collect great masses of material for an edifice never to be built, or whether, like the more fortunate author of the *magnan opus* before us, they are of the happy few who live to see mighty conceptions realized:—

Ici se clôt mon compte de débiteur. On le voit, mon entreprise est œuvre particulière et d'un seul esprit, en tant du moins que conception et direction. Telle qu'elle est, elle a été conduite au point où la voilà par un travail assidu, et, pour me servir des expressions du fabuliste, par *patience et longueur de temps*. Il sera besoin encore de plusieurs années pour terminer l'impression et la publication du tout. Quel est le sexagénaire qui peut compter sur plusieurs années de vie, de santé, de travail? *Il ne faut pas se les promettre, mais il faut agir comme si on les promettait, et pousser activement l'entreprise commencée.*

The words we have italicized are a jewel of intellectual wisdom. Who could undertake anything considerable if he suffered himself to be deterred by lugubrious reflections on the uncertain tenure of human life? What general could plan a campaign if he stopped short in his calculations at the thought of possible death in the first battle? If Death comes in his character of Interrupter, that character in which he always appeared to Nathaniel Hawthorne, then the work, like Macaulay's History, must remain a fragment, or else be carried forward by the labours of another; but this is not a reason why the first projector should work less actively whilst health and strength remain to him. In M. Littré's case the completion of the Dictionary was not certain; it was scarcely even probable; but by working heartily as if it were probable, and keeping steadily to his task without permitting himself to be discouraged by the immensity of the material to be handled or by the brevity of an old man's life, he made the work, if not a probability, at least an actual fact. His hopeful courage communicated itself to his auxiliaries, and to the head of that great publishing house which has already such substantial claims on the gratitude of Frenchmen—claims which are largely increased by the present noble publication.

A simple transcript of the title is of itself enough to give a comprehensive idea of the plan; but it is only after carefully reading the whole of the long preface that we really begin to understand the difficulties of the undertaking. According to the title, the Dictionary contains, first, in the way of nomenclature, all the words in the Dictionary of the French Academy, and all the terms commonly used in the sciences, the arts, trades, and practical life. Secondly, as to grammar, the pronunciation of every word is figured and discussed whenever necessary; expressions, idioms, exceptions, and sometimes also the present state of orthography, are examined, and all the irregularities of the language are critically observed upon. Thirdly, for the signification of words, definitions are given, and different meanings arranged in logical order, with numerous examples taken from classical and other writers, synonyms being chiefly considered with reference to the definitions. Fourthly, for the historical portion of the plan we have a collection of phrases belonging to old writers from the beginnings of the French language down to the sixteenth century, in chronological order after the words they illustrate. Lastly, as to etymology, the author either determines or discusses the origin of every word by a comparison of the same forms in French, in the different patois, in Spanish, in Italian, and in Provençal. These are the promises on the cover of the volumes, but the work itself goes considerably beyond them. For example, we observe that all the irregular verbs are conjugated (a great help to foreigners, and to many natives also), and that, although the first comparison of forms may be made between the languages and dialects just enumerated, the author gives the parent word whenever possible in Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, English, &c., as the case may be.

The preface contains thirty-nine pages of large type, and the "complement" to the preface, a most instructive essay on the history of the French language, in much smaller type and in double columns, occupies about twenty-seven pages. We propose first to give an analysis of the preface, and afterwards some examples from the body of the work to show how the idea has been carried out.

M. Littré begins by telling us that, as such an enterprise is always a very long and heavy undertaking, he would not have left for it the ordinary studies of his life, knowing that it must cost him twenty years of labour, had he not been seduced by the charms of his "plan." Like all men who have indulged in plans, and had the courage to carry them into execution, M. Littré has experienced the great difference which exists between the first intoxication of contemplating or perfecting the "plan" and the subsequent toil and drudgery which have to be gone through before it can become a reality. He tells us that

when a plan first appears to the mind it seduces and captivates, being all light, order, and novelty; but afterwards, when the hour is come for practical execution, when it is necessary to arrange in the framework of the plan the formless mass of material that has been heaped together, then is the decisive trial. "Rien de plus laborieux," he says, "que le passage d'une conception abstraite à une œuvre effective." Still the delightfulness of the plan, and that alone, sustained M. Littré's resolution. He worked on because the plan had changed the ordinary point of view, and raised the level of lexicography.

The first conception of the Dictionary was suggested by the author's studies in the old French language, or *langue d'oïl*. He was struck by the connexion between old and modern French, and by the quantity of instances in which modern expressions and meanings could only be explained by the meanings and expressions of the past, as well as by so many examples in which the modern form of words is unintelligible until we know the forms which preceded them; so that the history of the language seemed to him the only substantial basis for the understanding of it. Then came the parent idea of the Dictionary, the *idée-mère*, as the lexicographer himself calls it—the idea of a Dictionary which should include and combine the present use of the language with its past use, in order to give to the present use all the fullness and sureness possible. Just as in politics it is impossible to understand the feelings of actual parties without knowing the history of the ideas which have preceded modern ideas, so in philosophy we cannot understand the words that are used to-day without knowing the forms and meanings which belonged to those words or their substitutes in the generations that preceded ours. The difference between this conception and the ordinary notion that governs the compilation of etymological dictionaries is the difference between a scientific investigation of successive changes and mere guessing in complete ignorance of them. The difference in cost of labour between the two methods is great indeed, but there can be no doubt which of the two is the more satisfactory to any serious student.

M. Littré is much too intelligent a man to be seduced by the common French superstition that a language can be fixed for ever. He sees that language is always in motion, always slowly submitting to the inevitable law of modification, and he does not believe that either classic authors or scientific dictionary-makers can resist the endless change:—

Sans parler des altérations et des corruptions qui proviennent de la négligence des hommes, et de la méconnaissance des vraies formes ou des vraies significations, il est impossible, on doit en convenir, qu'une langue parvenue à un point quelconque y demeure et s'y fixe. En effet, l'état social change; des institutions s'en vont, d'autres viennent, les sciences font des découvertes; les peuples, se mêlant leurs idiomes; de là l'inévitable création d'une foule de termes. D'autre part, tandis que le fond même se modifie, arrivant à la désuétude de certains mots par la désuétude de certaines choses, et gagnant de nouveaux mots pour satisfaire à des choses nouvelles, le sens authentique, qui ne fait défaut à aucune génération d'âge en âge, sollicite de son côté l'esprit à des combinaisons qui n'ont pas encore été essayées. Les belles expressions, les tournures élégantes, les locutions marquées à fleur de coin, tout cela qui fut trouvé par nos devanciers s'use promptement, ou du moins ne peut pas être répété sans s'user rapidement et fatiguer celui qui redit et celui qui entend. *L'aurore aux doigts de rose* fut une image gracieuse que le riant esprit de la poésie primitive rencontra et que la Grèce accueillit; mais hors de ces chants antiques, ce n'est plus qu'une banalité. Il faut donc, par une juste nécessité, que les poètes et les prosateurs innoverent.

To counteract the tendency to innovation we have the spirit of archaism, from which M. Littré hopes more than we should have been inclined to hope. It is true that, as he argues, the mass of what is now used as current language has been transmitted to us from the past, and much of it from a remote past; but although the French have a great respect for the traditions of what they call their classic time, which are authoritative, though not authoritative enough to preserve all the forms of that epoch, they are quite remarkable amongst modern nations for the facility with which they have allowed their language to become impoverished by the disuse of words and forms which modern taste has rejected, or lost from mere carelessness, without providing efficient substitutes. If we compare French with English, we cannot fail to be struck with the greater prevalence of archaism in our own language, whilst at the same time we give greater liberty to innovators who add to the stock already existing. The fact is that the French yield much too easily to the forbidding power of present custom in these things. A French writer dares not introduce a new word or revive an old one, when an English writer would do either without hesitation, and it may be especially observed of French poets that they venture much less boldly in the direction of archaism than English poets do. Almost all the celebrated English poets of this century have indulged very freely in archaism, and the tendency to it is as strong now in the days of Morris and Rossetti as it was in *Childe Harold* and the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. We heartily agree with M. Littré in the value he attaches to archaism; for without it there would be little chance of preserving, and none whatever of reviving after temporary disuse, what is best and most precious in the language of other ages; indeed without it the noble tongue of the English poets could never have been used in the poetry of to-day. M. Littré himself may have rendered a great service in this direction, and his Dictionary may do much to preserve the memory of old French, and even something perhaps, though this is more doubtful, towards a judicious revival of words and phrases which ought never to have been abandoned. He regrets their loss, and believes that a right spirit of archaism would have prevented it. No one is likely to have a better influence in bringing about the prevalence of such a spirit than the

lexicographer who translated the First Book of the *Iliad* into the French of the *trouvères*.

It is not to be inferred, however, from this strong historical tendency that M. Littré has included the old French tongue in the work before us otherwise than as it was found to be necessary or useful as an illustration of the French of to-day. He has not included obsolete words in the alphabet of his Dictionary. Dead French would be the object, he considers, of labours different from his own, and he recommends it to the attention of the learned. Every student of old French would feel grateful for such a dictionary of the obsolete language as M. Littré would be able to construct if time and strength were spared to him, and it is to be regretted that French erudition has not yet created such a work. The Dictionary before us is indirectly a help to the study of old French, and a rich glossary of old French might be culled from it; yet its object is not to cast light upon the past, but on the present. It is "a register of the uses of the language, a register which along with the present includes the past wherever the past throws light upon the present as to words, their meanings, or their employment." The author is too modest to imagine that the register can be complete, for, to make it so, it "would be necessary to have read everything pen in hand, and he has not read everything; it would be necessary also not to be the first in such a labour, and M. Littré is the first who has brought together the materials and tried to make them serve in a systematic way for the study of the language."

We have not had space in this paper for much more than a general outline of M. Littré's intentions, and we intend at a future time to show how he has put his design into execution.

AT NIGHTFALL AND MIDNIGHT.*

MR. JACOX, author of *Cues from All Quarters* and other works, continues to empty his commonplace-book for the amusement of the public. The string upon which his pearls are arranged in the present instance gives a little more unity to his work than usual. If the literary merits of the book were equal to his design, Mr. Jacox might have put together a really pleasing collection of essays upon the thoughts naturally suggested to us by darkness. As it is, there are some chapters which are interesting to the critic as bringing together the numerous variations which authors have played upon some familiar theme. The comparison of parallel passages by the leaders of literature is in many ways instructive. It is interesting, for example, to see how writers differing so widely from each other as Hawthorne, Dickens, Scott, Leigh Hunt, Longfellow, Béranger, Victor Hugo, and Mr. Trollope have treated the same text of "fire-gazing"; and some practical moral might perhaps be deduced from the long list of writers who have indulged in the fascinating, but, as it is generally thought, deleterious practice of converting night into their time of study. Mr. Jacox, however, is content to give us the raw materials, and to allow us to draw our moral for ourselves. Perhaps we have no right to complain of the limitation of his ambition, though we confess that we have a certain prejudice against books composed exclusively by the help of paste and scissors. We have another complaint of a rather more serious character against Mr. Jacox. His literary studies have been tolerably extensive, but we cannot share his apparent predilection for second-rate authors of the present century. He has been a diligent student of Wordsworth and Byron, of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray; and so far his labours have been well spent. But we could willingly have spared his elaborate quotations from inferior novelists and poets, obsolete before they are old, in consideration of more frequent excursions into literature of the highest class. He is a rather indiscriminate reader, in short, and appears, if we may judge from the quality of his extracts, to enjoy *Lady Audley's Secret* as heartily as *Old Mortality*. However we will not be severe upon a gentleman who is at any rate not arrogant or offensive. We will take what Mr. Jacox has given us with such gratitude as we may, simply venturing to remark that perhaps it would have been as well had he entrusted the materials so carefully collected to some one better able than himself to turn them to account. A critic should, as a rule, content himself with distributing praise or blame, and not venture upon the more difficult task of showing how the faults which he indicates might have been amended. For once, however, we will commit a rash action. We will write a chapter from the materials provided by Mr. Jacox. Of course, whilst thus changing places with the author, we do not pretend to say that our own performance would pass muster with a severe critic. We shall merely make a rough attempt to show what might have been done with Mr. Jacox's facts; but we only aim at indicating a possibility, not at effectually supplying his place. If we had been at the pains of collecting the illustrations as well as of combining them, thoughts would probably have occurred to us which might have made our essay more valuable.

The chapter which we select is one entitled "Last Words." Mr. Jacox considers himself entitled to take night in its metaphorical as well as in its direct significance. The first remark which occurs to one about recorded last words is the obvious one that most likely they were never really spoken. Mr. Jacox, indeed, rather naïvely remarks that we can generally trust in the authenticity of last words pronounced by men who were executed in public. Certainly there are, in such cases, plenty of witnesses; but, on the other

hand, they are in a great state of excitement. Some of them regard the sufferer as a martyr to a good cause, and others regard him as a criminal undeserving of sympathy; and, in fact, an atmosphere of legendary exaggeration grows up in such cases quite as easily as round the death-bed of a great man, whose last moments may be passed in a tranquillity which leaves room for quiet observation. The real peculiarity of the last words attributed to the victims of public justice is that the sufferer is generally more or less acting; we do not mean that he is acting in the sense of being insincere, but that he feels himself to be playing a part in a most exciting drama. The dying speech will, consequently, be less spontaneous and more consciously intended for public consumption. The most interesting last words, therefore, are those which we can believe to express the most intimate sentiment of a man passing consciously into eternity. Considered as a species of literary composition, they should be a kind of anticipatory epitaph; they should be sufficiently characteristic to express the idiosyncrasy of the speaker, and at the same time should express some pathetic sentiment common to all mankind; for, at the last solemn moment, the petty interests of the individual should disappear. Pope speaks of dying words as exhibiting the "ruling passion strong in death"; and the phrase which he gives to Cobham, "Oh, save my country, heaven!" is an excellent example of what a dying speech ought to be. The authenticity of the very similar words attributed to Pitt has been disputed; though it seems that he really said something of the kind. The only criticism which occurs to one is whether even patriotism is not too narrow a passion to occupy the mind in the presence of death. Death should elevate us above ties to any special country. We incline to prefer, therefore, the dying words of Nelson:—"Thank God, I have done my duty." They are thoroughly characteristic; and though the duty which Nelson had accomplished, involving the destruction of a large number of his fellow-creatures, was perhaps scarcely quite fit for a dying congratulation, yet the general sense of accomplished duty is undoubtedly amongst the noblest of consolations.

Let us expose to a similar test a few of the earlier dying words mentioned by Mr. Jacox. Martin of Tours said to the devil as he was dying, "Thou hast no part in me; I go to Abraham's bosom." Here there is not much that is specially characteristic, and the sentiment may perhaps be considered as savouring too much of what has been called other-worldliness. Joy at escaping the devil is after all rather a selfish sentiment. Bede expired whilst repeating the Doxology. Such an end is edifying; but there is a want of special applicability. To turn to Pagan philosophers, Marcus Aurelius said to the centurion of the watch, "Turn to the rising sun, for I am setting." Here we may feel that the touch of sarcasm which mingles with the melancholy is a little out of place. A nobler sentiment is attributed to Antoninus Pius, who gave to the tribune asking for the watchword the last word "*Aquanimitas*." If authentic, this is one of the noblest of dying words; being at once highly characteristic and conveying the best teaching of philosophical morality. The chief objection that can be made to it is that it savours a little of a lesson learnt by rote. This fault is a very fatal one, for we naturally lose nearly all interest in a dying speech when we feel that it is merely an attempt to catch at an accustomed formula, and therefore betrays less the genuine feeling of the man than an instinctive disposition to do what is expected of him. The last words attributed to Michel Angelo, "In your passage through life, remember the sufferings of Jesus Christ," are really impressive; because we can believe that such a thought occurred to a religious mind with unusual force at the last solemn moment. But we are not much interested by Cranmer's repetition of the dying words of St. Stephen; for words, however impressive in the mouth of the first man who used them, lose their force by the very fact of being a repetition. What Cranmer really meant to say was simply, I am a martyr on the pattern of the first; and the sentiment, though certainly not unbecoming, was not sufficiently individual to be impressive. The wish about his hand is far more pathetic; though our judgment of its value will be necessarily biased by the view which we may take of his previous life. Another dying phrase is characteristic in the mouth of the speaker, but has not sufficient interest in itself to make it pathetic. "I die like a good Catholic," said Philip II., "in faith and obedience to the Holy Roman Church." Hooker's last words are to us a more impressive embodiment of a similar thought:—"I could wish to live to do the Church more service, but cannot hope it; for my days are past as a shadow that returns not." Here we feel another slight quail; the sentence is a little too elaborate for a dying man. Last words should be epigrammatic without being flippant. We are perhaps more moved therefore by the utterance of De Quadra, dying at a time when his long labours seemed to have a chance of fulfilment:—"No *puedo mas*; I can do no more." There, though the sentiment is exceedingly simple, we feel the pathos of a strong man breaking down, but struggling to the last; and, whatever be the objects to which he devotes himself, there is always something impressive in such a spectacle. With this phrase we may compare the pathetic exclamation of Baxter, "Almost well"—a phrase which is striking by its incompleteness and its consequent breadth of possible significance.

Coming to sufferers of a different class, we have a model of the way in which the dying ought not to speak in the last words of the grandmother of Frederick the Great:—"I am now going to satisfy my curiosity about matters which Leibnitz has never been able to explain to me—about Space, the Infinite, Being, and

* *At Nightfall and Midnight: Mottos after Dark.* By Francis Jacox. London: Rodd & Morgan. 1873.

Nothing; and for the King my consort I prepare a funeral pageant which will afford him a new occasion for the display of his magnificence." One hopes that the poor lady was wandering; but there is something characteristic of the period in this view of the next world, as a region where we should be able to solve problems just too hard for Leibnitz, and where at the same time the pomps and vanities of the Prussian Court would still be worthy objects of consideration. The last words of Frederick himself belong to a different class. They are simply trifling, and become pathetic only by force of contrast. He told his attendants to throw a quilt over one of his dogs who was shivering on a stool. Somewhat resembling this are Chesterfield's often-quoted words, "Give Dayrolles a chair"; they are generally said to be characteristic, though in an unpleasant sense. They are, however, merely characteristic by accident, if we may say so; for any other man might have accidentally used such a phrase at his last moment, and we do not suppose that even in Chesterfield, a man of genuine ability, though a coxcomb and a profligate, the desire to be courteous was really a ruling passion. We put into the words more than they will fairly bear. A similar misgiving, though in a very different case, besets us about Goethe's celebrated "More light." We have here an odd coincidence, not a great man's conscious expression of his strongest emotions. Another celebrated dying speech is offensive because too conscious. Mirabeau's "Si ce n'est pas là Dieu, c'est du moins son cousin-germain," is a melancholy bit of false bombast at a solemn moment. We prefer, on the whole, some dying speeches which, if not very dignified or pathetic, have at least the merit of being genuinely characteristic. James Brindley's phrase, for example, "Puddle and puddle it again and again," in reference to a leaky canal, has a certain racy flavour; and, though morally objectionable, the last words of Thurlow, "I'm damned if I don't think I'm dying," are as good a specimen of the coarse grotesque as can easily be found.

Passing in review these and a good many other instances collected by Mr. Jacob, most of which are tolerably familiar, we are inclined to repeat, How hard it is to die; at least to die gracefully and affectingly. Some touching phrases have been uttered by dying men, and some good ones have been invented for them; but it is seldom that we can quote any such expression with entire satisfaction. We are inclined to doubt whether the best remark upon the subject is not that made by Whitefield a short time before his death. One of his disciples—a charming creature he must have been—was anticipating from him "a special testimony for Christ which should be borne on his deathbed." Whitefield, we may guess, was a little disgusted by this anticipatory gloating over his dying emotions, and replied, "I shall die silent." He died as he had said; and we are glad that there was one less opportunity for an unctuous deathbed tract. When we think of death, and reflect upon the possibility of being surrounded by hungry biographers anxious for a pretty concluding paragraph, we are tempted to wish that every great man would follow Whitefield's example.

GRAZEBROOK'S HERALDRY OF WORCESTERSHIRE.*

WE feel that we should be doing wrong to a herald or genealogist, just as we should be doing wrong to a freemason, if we cut short one word of his title-page, seeing that every word of it doubtless contains for the initiated some meaning beyond what appears at first sight to ordinary eyes. We might perhaps raise a cavil whether *Heraldry* Dictionaries or even "ancient manuscripts," without further description, are necessarily "trustworthy sources." But we are not just now inclined to cavil. Mr. Grazebrook, as further appears from his title-page, is the author of the *Heraldry of Smith*. Now, if a man must write about heraldry at all, how much better it is to write about English Smith, that most ancient of Teutonic names, which loses itself among legends of Woden and Thunder, than to go floundering about among the doubtful generations of such outlandish and modern-sounding people as Percy, Plantagenet, or De Vere. An enthusiastic genealogist once lamented the hard fate of Adam, in that he could not possibly have employed himself with his own favourite study. Now if we might be allowed to put together certain signs and certain interpretations of Genesis, we are not at all clear that Adam might not have studied the genealogy of Smith. The Smiths, we are glad to see, fill a considerable space among what Mr. Grazebrook calls the "armigerous families" of Worcestershire, and we are further glad to see that all the Worcestershire Smiths have the sense to remain Smiths, with the primeval sound and spelling. Not one of them has degraded himself into any such grotesque guise as Smyth, Smythe, or Smith; not even into High-Dutch Schmidt or Mr. Kingsley's hybrid *Smid*. As for "armigerous families," we should have thought that every Smith was in his own nature "armigerous"; at all events it is certain that, without the help of Smith, there could be no "armigerous" families at all. And besides all this it is plain that Mr. Grazebrook's researches among the bearers of the great Teutonic name have done him good now that he has

come down to deal with the names, arms, and pedigrees of smaller people. Genealogy in the hands of Mr. Grazebrook is very different from genealogy in the hands of Sir Bernard Burke. Even when under the spell of the pursuit which doth most gender to falsehood, Mr. Grazebrook never stoops to be what our forefathers called a *Leasbrend* or *Leasagol*, what, if they had not had too much respect for the formula, they might have called a *Leasmið*. We never saw a book of the kind which had so few mythical statements, and those few Mr. Grazebrook always contrives to put into the mouths of other people. The very choicest themes for romance are sternly passed by. Worcestershire contains a Bulstrode; but the Worcestershire Bulstrode did not come to meet William the Conqueror riding on a bull. Worcestershire contains a Grosvenor; but Mr. Grazebrook knows too well what he is about to trace him up to any imaginary nephews or nieces of him whom Bulstrode rode to meet. Worcestershire does not contain a Coulthard; but Mr. Grazebrook does not fail to make a remark in his Preface which shows that, if such a one had been found within his borders, no mercy would have been shown to any pretensions to descent from any one recorded in any of the writings of Tacitus.

Perhaps the ordinary student, to whom heraldry and genealogy as such offer no attractions, but who is perfectly ready to make use of either, as of anything else, whenever they explain or illustrate greater matters, will be most struck by the small amount of such help which they really give. Mr. Grazebrook steadily gets rid of the fables; only, when he has got rid of the fables, there is so very little left. The names and arms and pedigrees of families most of which cannot be traced back more than two or three hundred years, and few of whose members ever did anything of the slightest general importance, do not seem to be in themselves an attractive subject. The facts, like all facts, doubtless have a certain value; but their value would seem to be simply that of a branch of statistics. To know the succession and marriages of the obscure lords of an obscure manor would seem to be knowledge of exactly the same kind as knowing the number of pigs which fattened in their sties, and the kind of crop which grew on every acre of their estates. To the student of statistics all these facts are worth knowing; so is every birth, death, and marriage that is entered in the parish register. What we do not understand is in what way the births, deaths, and marriages of the "armigerous families," so long as they are simply "armigerous" and not in any other way remarkable, call forth any special interest beyond the births, deaths, and marriages of the families which are not "armigerous." As for "old" families, in strictness one family is as old as another; and the forefathers of the labourer have, as a rule, lived longer on the land where they now live than the forefathers of the squire or the duke.

We do not know whether it is wholly owing to Mr. Grazebrook's care in getting rid of fabulous matter, or whether the armigerous families of Worcestershire have really had the good sense to keep themselves more clear of absurd fictions than their fellows in some other counties; but certainly there is an unusual absence of absurdity in these Worcestershire pedigrees. We find very few cases indeed where Howard or Tomkins came over with the Conqueror, or of those more mysterious cases where Sir John Ashburnham, with his full turn-out of surname and French title, is in full possession before the Conqueror comes. Mr. Grazebrook sets aside the claim of the house of Cokes—which, as one of its members founded Worcester College, is something more than merely armigerous—to have "come over with the Conqueror." It is so stated by Sir Bernard Burke, to whom proofs do not much matter; but to Mr. Grazebrook it is "not proven." That is just the state of the case. When King William came into England, he brought his cooks with him, as any settler, whether Conqueror or otherwise, from those parts would most likely do now. The holdings of these cooks are entered in several places of Domesday, but there does not happen to be a single cook settled in Worcestershire. But there are some hard by in Gloucestershire, so that the migration of a Gloucestershire cook, and the descent of Cokes of Bentloy from King William's *chef*, is, unlike most genealogical boasts, neither impossible nor unlikely. Still, as Mr. Grazebrook says, it is "not proven." But we may use stronger language when, "says Mr. Shirley"—not "says Mr. Grazebrook"—the family of Lechmere is "said to have migrated from the Low Countries, and to have received a grant of land, called 'Lechmere's Field,' in Hanley, from William the Conqueror." Mr. Shirley—not of course the late Professor of Ecclesiastical History—or anybody else may of course say what they please, but there is no "Lechmere's Field" in Domesday; and though Lechmere or any other family may be descended from certain "servi" and "porcarii" or even from "unus francigena," all of whom are recorded at one or other Hanley, none of these people are at all likely to have migrated from the Low Countries. Mr. Grazebrook however does trace back Lechmere by that name to the seventeenth century, when they already had a "descent." Marry, this is somewhat; for the metamorphosis of Russell into Pakington belongs to contemporary history, and we find from Mr. Grazebrook that Lyttelton is really Westcote, and that Lygon is really Pynder—not a Theban poet, but a useful parish officer disguised under a grotesque spelling. At the very beginning of the book, it is some comfort to find that the line of Urse of Abbotot has been extinct for some centuries, so that the curses of Archbishop Baldred did not go for nothing. But when Hugh Nash says—"again it is not Mr. Grazebrook that says—"that Urse was a brother of Hugh, Earl of Montgomery," we get a little puzzled, for who is Hugh, Earl of Montgomery? Possibly Hugh of Mont-

* *The Heraldry of Worcestershire*. Being a Roll of the Arms borne by the several noble, knightly, and gentle families, which have had Property or Residence in that County from the earliest Period to the present Time; with Genealogical Notes. Collected from the Herald's Visitations, ancient Manuscripts, Heraldic Dictionaries, Church Monuments, personal Seals, and other trustworthy Sources. By H. Sydney Grazebrook, Esq. London: J. R. Smith. 1873.

gomery, Earl of Shrewsbury. But if Urse was his brother, he must needs have been a son of Earl Roger and of the famous Mabel, which at once confounds all our notions. We are told also from the same Nash that "Urse's badge was a couchant bear; it is carved in stone on every corner of the steeple of Naunton Church, which was probably built by him." Unluckily we never were at Naunton, but we are filled with a strong desire to go there, as this badge-carving in the eleventh century would be something curious, if not unique. Directly after, we come to "Acton of Acton Hall, Ombersley, a family which, according to Habington"—again not according to Mr. Grazebrook—"existed in Worcestershire at a period anterior to the Norman Conquest." The one Worcestershire Acton that we can find in Domesday had belonged to the church of Evesham, but was then held by the Sheriff Urse under Bishop Odo. There were there "unus villanus, ix bordarii, et xii servi." Their descendants, when surnames came into fashion, would not unlikely take the name of Acton, and from them may very possibly spring "the various families of Acton formerly resident in this county." If so, their stock is at least English, and so far better than if they had come of Urse of Abbetot. Thus far we are in the region of possibilities, but we get out of them when Mr. Grazebrook quotes a certain Penn as affirming that certain Attwoods are descended from Simon of Montfort, on the strength of a lion with two tails. The Earl undoubtedly did bear a lion with two tails; but how came any Attwoods to be descended from him? In p. 47 we get the curious metamorphosis by which the Rev. Richard Tompkins in 1832 got changed into Berkeley. Mr. Grazebrook here throws the legend of the Danish Harding into a note, with a reference to somebody's manuscripts. So when he cites Nash as citing Habington for the statement that the "family of Blundell"—a family unknown to Domesday, as "Blundus" is more likely to be Blunt—"came in with the Conqueror and is mentioned in the roll of Battle Abbey," Mr. Grazebrook again warns his readers that "the roll of Battle Abbey is a very questionable authority." When Mr. Grazebrook comes to the alleged arms of William FitzAusculf, a real Domesday man, who was really lord of Dudley, he knows too well to commit himself to the doctrine that any man bore hereditary arms in the eleventh century, but leaves the fable to rest on the authority of Berry. So it is throughout; Mr. Grazebrook never pledges himself to any of the received nonsense, though he does not cast it aside—perhaps we cannot expect him to cast it aside—quite so merrily as we do. It is enough if Nash or Berry or Penn says some impossible thing; Mr. Grazebrook takes care never to make himself responsible for it.

At the end of the book are some lists of families, landowners, &c., in Worcestershire at different times, which have their statistical value; and some other lists which come more nearly to the nature of contributions to history. Such are the lists of the gentlemen who were fined for not receiving knighthood at the coronation of Charles I.; of "those gentry which are to find horse in Worcestershire" in the same reign; "of the lords, knights, and gentlemen that have compounded for their estates" when that reign was over; of the "knights of the Royal Oak," who never became such; and, lastly, "the names of Roman Catholics, non-jurors, and others who refused to take the oath of allegiance to George I."

VILLEMMAIN'S LIFE OF GREGORY VII.

THIS work of M. Villenmain's, though it comes before us as a posthumous publication, is so far from having been left in an incomplete state that it seems to have received his careful and sustained revision through many years. The Life itself was finished in 1834, but the author, regarding the pontificate of Hildebrand as—what in one sense it certainly is—the culminating point in the history of the Papacy, wished to prefix a dissertation on the rise and gradual development of that central power in the Church. This also he had completed in 1845, and from that time till his death, in 1870, he was constantly engaged in correcting, and to a large extent rewriting, the work which he had destined as his contribution to the study of history, and left after all in manuscript at his death. More than half the first volume is occupied with the preliminary sketch of Church history up to the middle of the eleventh century, and it is not till near its close that we reach Hildebrand's election to the Papacy.

Without committing ourselves to agreement with all M. Villenmain's views, we shall best consult the convenience of our readers by following the order of his lucid narrative; and this leads us, in the first place, to notice briefly the salient points in that marvellous course of providential development, or successful usurpation, or both together, according to the various estimates formed of it, which marks the growth of the Papal power. For, regard it as we may, a growth it assuredly was, and a very slow one too. Even in the fourth century, as the author justly observes, the See of Milan seemed more important than the See of Rome; and it was the Bishop of Hippo, not the Pope, who dominated the great African Councils of that period. Indeed the very circumstance which afterwards contributed so much to the aggrandisement of the Roman Church was, in the first Christian centuries, a cause of its obscurity. The Christians were lost in that vast metropolis of the world-wide Empire; and,

for whatever reason, very few men of mark appeared among the rulers or members of the infant community. No Church as yet made any pretence to authority over the rest, for the manifold letters and decrees subsequently fethered on the early Popes are now universally acknowledged to be spurious. Nearly all the Fathers and Apologists—and several, we may add, of the Popes of that date—were Easterns; and Tertullian, who was a Western theologian, but of Africa, not of Italy, simply ranks the Roman among the other "Apostolic Churches"—i.e. Churches founded by an Apostle—and, like many other Fathers, interprets the prerogatives conferred on St. Peter as personal, and not intended to pass to his successors. Two centuries later St. Jerome insisted on the equality of all bishops. The threat of Pope Victor to excommunicate the Asian (M. Villenmain says the African) Churches, if it proved his arrogance, also proved in the event his impotence. And, in fact, as our author rightly observes, every Church equally possessed at that day the power of excommunication, which only meant the power of declaring that it had itself broken off communion with some other diocese or province of the Christian Church. On the other hand, the comparative absence of the speculative spirit, which left the Western Church free from philosophical attacks and internal heresies, helped to consolidate its administrative and judicial power. "The heresies nurtured in Greece found their judges at Rome." And with the close of the era of persecution a new source of influence was opened to the Roman See. Within eight years of Diocletian's lying inscription which announced "the universal extinction of the Christian superstition," Christianity had become the religion of the Empire; and the first Christian Emperor removed his Court from Rome to Constantinople, not certainly from any desire to favour Papal pretensions, but as certainly with that result. The Pope became in fact, though not yet in name, the ruler of Rome. Then came the great Arian controversy, and Athanasius, as well as other orthodox bishops of the East who were oppressed by the Imperial Court, sought redress at Rome, till at last a sort of modified right of hearing appeals was conferred on the Pope by the Council of Sardica. But of Papal infallibility there was not the faintest notion. Athanasius and Hilary speak with indignant contempt of the apostasy of Liberius. The power of the Popes was administrative and practical, and they were habitually labouring to increase it.

What M. Villenmain says of Damasus is true of the great majority of the Popes; they showed a tenacity and active ambition of character which they seem to have inherited from the old Rome of the Republic and the Cæsars. Pope Siricius, the successor of Damasus, at the end of the fourth century, who censured clerical marriage in the first genuine Papal decree still extant, may in some sense be considered the precursor of Hildebrand; but when he summoned Flavian, Bishop of Antioch, to appear before him, his assumption of superior authority was contemptuously repudiated. To other, and sometimes questionable, means of increasing their influence, the Popes and Papal theologians of the fifth century began to add the more unquestionably illegitimate weapon of forgery, though it is probable that Innocent I. and Zosimus were not (as our author assumes) guilty of conscious imposture in confounding the Sardican and Nicene Canons. Gregory the Great was incapable of such crooked devices, but he did not shrink from using the services of the Emperor Phocas, who had gained his throne by the assassination of his predecessor, for the aggrandisement of the Roman Church, which however he also promoted, like many of his successors, by the nobler method of missionary enterprise. England and Germany were won over at once to Christianity and to the obedience of Rome. By that time the Papal power was so strongly consolidated in the West that even the notorious heresy of Honorius in the seventh century, and his public condemnation as a heretic by his successors and by three Œcumenical Councils, scarcely checked its advance. The real gifts of Pepin and Louis the Pious, and the fabulous "donation" and actual public coronation of Charlemagne by the Pope, all tended in the same direction.

By the middle of the ninth century Nicholas I. had established an absolute spiritual monarchy over the West, and had all but hopelessly alienated the Eastern Church. We need not follow our author through the dreary and too familiar tale of the dark period of corruption which set in soon afterwards. That the Papacy survived the age of Theodora and Marozia, if not with untarnished lustre, yet with undiminished power, has often been urged by Catholic apologists as a proof of its divine commission. Yet strong protests were heard even then, nor could any more sweeping denunciation of Papal arrogance be uttered than fell from the lips of Gerbert, afterwards Sylvester II., at the Council of Rheims, where the fallibility of the Pope was loudly asserted and his right to judge bishops as strenuously denied. He was actually described as Antichrist sitting in the Temple of God, and directly charged—the Syllabus not having then appeared—with the responsibility of the separation of the Eastern Churches. Of course Gerbert used different language when he became Pope; but Ultramontane writers did not easily forgive his inconvenient plainness of speech, and for centuries his memory lay under the reproach of an adept in the black art who had attained the supreme dignity in the Church through a compact with the Devil. With Benedict IX. in the next century, a boy Pope of ten years old, the worst excesses of the Theodora régime returned for a while, but it was the depth of darkness which comes before the dawn. In 1044 Benedict sold his triple

* *Histoire de Grégoire VII. Préface d'un discours sur l'histoire de la Papauté jusqu'à XI^e siècle.* Par M. Villenmain. 2 vols. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1873.

tians to the archpriest Gratian, for an annual payment of 2,000 silver lbs., and retired into private life; and when, four years later, Leo IX. mounted the Papal throne, the subdeacon Hildebrand became the actual master of its policy, though a quarter of a century had yet to elapse before his own election.

Hildebrand, then, the flower of his age, had attached himself for a time to the service of the anti-Pope Gratian, who took the name of Gregory VI., but after his deposition joined the next legitimate Pope, Leo IX.; who already began, under his guidance, to attack the two crying abuses of the Church in that day, clerical incontinence and simony. And while he thus endeavoured by disciplinary reforms to rehabilitate the moral power of the Church, which had been shaken by a century and a half of gross corruption in high places, he was no less vigilant in the cause of dogmatic orthodoxy. Berengar, a sort of mediæval Zwinglius, was first condemned for his denial of the Real Presence by a Council held at Rome under Leo IX. in 1050. Though sprung, like so many of those who have risen to the highest eminence in the Church, from humble origin, and not yet in priest's orders, Hildebrand exercised a dominant influence over the election and policy of the next four Popes. But when his own name was proposed on the death of Victor II., in 1057, he declined the honour, as his biographer says, "ne s'avançant que par degrés aux merveilles de sa vie, n'était pas mûr pour cette élévation." By his advice Nicholas II. introduced the famous change in the method of Papal elections which transferred the suffrage from the Roman clergy and people to the College of Cardinals—an important change, no doubt, but hardly what M. Villenain calls it, "the greatest revolution in the hierarchy since the time of the Apostles." The people, however, were still allowed to signify their assent, and the decree contained a rather vague reservation of the rights of the Emperor, which has sometimes been quoted, absurdly enough, as the origin of the veto exercised in Conclave during the last two centuries by certain Catholic Courts. Nicholas, who fully appreciated the commanding genius of Hildebrand, made him archdeacon of the Roman Church. It was he who secured the election and recognition of the next Pope, Alexander II., against the nominee of the Emperor, Henry II., then a boy of twelve, and, through his counsels, Alexander seized the opportunity of extending the temporal claims of the Holy See by excommunicating Harold, and solemnly conferring on William the Conqueror the Crown of England. In return for these services, and for his ready compliance in deposing the Archbishop of Canterbury and other Saxon bishops whom the Conqueror wished to replace by Normans, the Pope obtained a grant of what he termed "the ancient tax" of Peter's Pence from England. Alexander's last act was to summon the youthful Emperor to appear before his tribunal at Rome. On his death Hildebrand no longer opposed the unanimous desire of the clergy and people of Rome, who declared that "St. Peter had elected him," but he had the discretion to await the formal consent of the Emperor before receiving consecration, which had in his case to be preceded by ordination to the priesthood. And thus we are brought at length to the commencement of his own reign, which lasted only twelve years, but affected, more vitally perhaps than any single pontificate before or since, the future fortunes of the Western Church.

It would of course be impossible within our present limits to follow out the history of that eventful reign, which is well described by M. Villenain, and with the main incidents of which English readers are familiar in the brilliant essay of the late Sir James Stephen. Reference has already been made to the two leading objects of the Hildebrandine policy. Gregory was resolved to reform the morals of the clergy—marriage and concubinage being confounded under the common term "fornication"—and to put down simony; in other words, to enforce the rule of clerical celibacy and the prohibition of lay investiture. At the very first of the annual Councils held at Rome during his reign, at which, however, no German or Lombardic bishops were present, he not only pronounced the absolute suspension of all married and simoniacal priests, but took the decisive and wholly unprecedented step of publicly exhorting the laity to reject their authority and refuse the sacraments at their hands. His letter on this subject, addressed to the people of Franconia, and preserved in contemporary chronicles—it has been prudently omitted in the pontifical registers—is so remarkable that it deserves to be put on record here:—

Audivimus quod quidam Episcoporum apud vos commorantium, aut sacerdotum, et diaconum, et subdiaconum mulieribus miscerentur aut consentiant aut negligant. His præcipimus vos nullo modo obedire, vel illorum præceptis consentire, sicut ipsi apostolicæ sedis præceptis non obediunt neque auctoritati sanctorum patrum consentiunt. Testante divinâ scripturâ, facientes et consentientes par peccata complectitur. Sciunt namque Archiepiscopi et Episcopi terræ vestre, quod omnibus fidelibus notum esse debet, quoniam in sacris canonibus prohibitum est ut hi qui per simoniacam hæresin, hoc est, interventu pretii, ad aliquid sacrorum ordinum gradum vel officium promoti sunt, nullum in sanctâ ecclesiâ ulterius ministrandi locum habeant, nec illi, qui in crimine fornicationis jacent, missas celebrare aut secundum inferiorem ordinem ministrare altari debeant. Et infra: Quapropter ad omnes de quorum fide et devotione confidimus nunc convenimus, rogantes vos et apostolicâ auctoritate admonentes ut quidquid Episcopi dehinc loquantur aut taceant, vos officium eorum quos aut simoniaci promotos et ordinatos aut in crimine fornicationis jacentes cognoveritis, nullatenus recipiatis. (*Balz, Miscellanea*, t. VII, p. 125.)

The new law was strenuously resisted in Germany and other European countries, including England, where clerical marriage was the ordinary practice; at a Council held at Mayence so loud an outcry was raised that the Papal Legate confessed himself con-

vinced of the impossibility of suppressing a custom so ancient and so deeply rooted. The clergy were especially indignant at a method of procedure which, as they complained, by a reversal of all ecclesiastical order, made the people their judges; and where Gregory's commands were carried out scandalous scenes frequently took place in churches, the Eucharist, consecrated by married priests, being scattered over the pavement. But popular sympathy and, it is fair to add, the higher moral sentiment of the age were with him. And in both his great objects Hildebrand ultimately triumphed, though the triumph was a partial one, and in one case at least he might perhaps himself have admitted, could he have foreseen all, that it was too dearly purchased. The investiture controversy, raised at the second Roman Synod he held in 1075, was settled half a century after his death, at the first Lateran Council, by a compromise favourable on the whole to the claims of the hierarchy. Clerical marriage was eventually suppressed; but concubinage—to say nothing of worse vices said to have been almost universal at the time among the Italian priesthood—was not so easily disposed of. From that day to this we have an unbroken chain of evidence, resting on the most unimpeachably orthodox authority, of the wide prevalence of concubinage among the Catholic clergy, which is indeed only too notorious in South America and in some parts of Europe at the present day.

It would be a curious speculation, but one which we cannot pause to enter upon here, what Hildebrand would think, were he living now, of the net result of his policy with the light which an experience of eight centuries has shed upon it. In making the Roman Catholic priesthood into a caste, separated from the laity by a rigid line of demarcation unknown to any other communion in East or West, his success has been complete, and it has proved a source of enormous spiritual power. But the question, even viewed from the strictly Catholic standpoint, must be admitted to have two sides to it, and the moral cost of the achievement has been unquestionably tremendous. On that point we cannot enlarge now. Nor can we linger here over the details of the long quarrel with the Emperor Henry, which occupied and embittered the whole course of Gregory's pontificate to its very close, and found expression in his dying words:—"I have loved justice and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile." The familiar but romantic story of Henry's humiliation at Canossa in January 1077, in the midst of "the longest and severest winter of the eleventh century," is told with elaborate minuteness by M. Villenain. We can only find room for a small part of his graphic description:—

Henri, qui tant de lenteurs désespérait et qui craignait d'être absent trop tard, sans attendre une dernière réponse du pape, s'était avancé jusque sous les murs de Canossa, vêtu de deuil, avec les excommuniés de sa suite; et, frappant humblement à la porte de la citadelle, il demandait qu'on lui en permit l'entrée. Admis seul dans la seconde enceinte, au dehors du château, il y demeura les pieds nus sur la neige, attendant jusqu'au soir par le froid rigoureux de ce mois de janvier. Il revint, les deux jours suivants, faire au même lieu la même pénitence, et attendant la grâce du pardon apostolique, il était là pleurant. Las, enfin, de cette rude épreuve, il voulait se retirer; mais auparavant il entra, près de là, dans la chapelle de Saint-Nicolas, et, les larmes aux yeux, il supplia pour la dernière fois l'abbé Hugues d'être son garant: "Cela ne se peut," répondit l'abbé. Mathilde, présente à cet entretien, parut touchée de l'humiliation d'un prince, son parent, et, comme lui, elle pria l'abbé. Mais celui-ci répondit: "Personne, si ce n'est vous, comtesse, ne pourra réussir à cela." Le roi, fléchissant le genou devant elle, lui dit alors: "Si tu ne viens à mon secours, je ne briserai plus jamais de boucliers, car le pape m'a frappé et mon bras est mort. Ma cousine, fais qu'il me bénisse, va." Mathilde se levant donna sa parole au roi et remonta dans le château, près du pontife. Là, elle le supplia de finir la dure pénitence du roi. Les seigneurs italiens qui entouraient Grégoire VII étaient émus de pitié, et, malgré leur pieuse admiration pour le pape, ils accusaient hautement sa rigueur. Enfin, après beaucoup de discussions et de prières, il parut se laisser vaincre, et déclara que si Henri venait, résolu de confirmer avec serment, par lui-même et par les garants qui lui seraient désignés, toutes les clauses d'obéissance et de satisfaction que le pontife de Rome pourrait lui imposer pour l'utilité et la maintien de la sainte Église; que si, de plus, il promettait de renouveler dans la suite la foi de ce serment entre les mains des garants déjà réunis, de l'impératrice encore absente, il ne refuserait pas de le recevoir dans la communion chrétienne seulement. Du reste, se réservant de juger le roi dans une diète, il voulait que jusqu'au jour de cette sentence suprême Henri ne gardât aucun appareil, aucune marque de dignité, qu'il ne se mêlât point des affaires publiques, et, hormis la levée des taxes royales nécessaires pour sa subsistance et celle des siens, ne fit aucun acte de pouvoir et de royauté. Il exigeait, de plus, que tous ceux qui avaient jadis prêté foi et hommage au roi demeuraissent déchargés de leurs serments, et que le prince continuât d'éloigner de sa personne Rupert, évêque de Bamberg, Cric de Cusheim et les autres dont le commerce lui avait été interdit. Enfin, pour dernière condition, si le roi manquait à quelque-une de ses promesses, cette absolution demandée avec tant d'instance deviendrait nulle, il serait tenu pour condamné par son propre aveu, n'obtiendrait plus audience pour se justifier, et les princes, libres de toute entrave, éliraient un autre roi.

These terms, hard as they were, had to be accepted with some slight modification:—

Ces préliminaires une fois solennellement scellés, le quatrième jour de la pénitence, le 25 janvier au matin, le pape permit que le roi parût en sa présence. Il entra, la plante des pieds nue et encore glacée par le froid, avec les autres excommuniés qui pleuraient comme lui, et, se jetant le corps étendu en croix, il s'écria: "Pardonne, bienheureux père, pardonne!" On dit qu'au milieu de ce spectacle d'humiliation, Grégoire VII versait lui-même des larmes abondantes, soit qu'étant homme il ne pût se défendre d'un sentiment de pitié pour un si grand abaissement de fortune, soit que, prêtre convaincu dans l'ardeur de foi mêlée à ses passions, il fût touché du retour de ces âmes naguère perdues, que son pieux orgueil croyait sauvées par le pardon qu'elles obtenaient de lui.

The truce, however, was of very short duration. Henry was soon again at open war with the Pope, who in 1080 solemnly excommunicated and deposed him for the second time, and set up Rudolph of Swabia as Emperor. But Rudolph was conquered and slain

in battle, and Henry had himself publicly crowned in the Lateran Cathedral by Guibert of Ravenna, whom he had established at Rome as anti-Pope under the name of Clement III.

Gregory died a voluntary exile at Salerno, May 4, 1085; but he hardly needed the proud assurance of one of his attendant prelates that "the Vicar of Christ can never really be in exile, who has received the nations for his inheritance and the whole world for his possession." He knew that his cause had triumphed. And, as he had in fact chosen his four predecessors, so with almost dying breath he named his two next successors in the Papacy, Victor III. and Urban II., the latter of whom ten years later preached the first crusade at Clermont, and thus roused all Europe to carry out another great design which Hildebrand had planned, though he did not live to execute it.

M. Villemain has not, as his table of contents had led us to expect, attempted any final summary of the character and influence of this grandest of the long line of Roman pontiffs. Perhaps he is wise to let his readers draw their own conclusions; at all events, want of space compels us to follow his example. The best epitaph of Gregory VII. may be read in the fact that he found the Papacy the cat's-paw of schemers and courtesans, and left it in all but name a theocracy.

UPS AND DOWNS.*

WE are glad to come across a book like *Ups and Downs* which reminds us, by its quiet story of domestic life in America, how on the other side of the Atlantic there are thousands and tens of thousands of homes of which the telegraph tells us nothing and of which newspapers never write. We are too apt to think of the United States as of a country of Erie Rings and Tammany Halls, of "six-shooters" and bowie-knives; where steam-boat-boilers are always bursting, and railway bridges always breaking down; where rogues, instead of standing at the bar, sit on the Bench; where swindlers, if only on a big scale, are financiers, and where blustering bullies, if only engaged in an international arbitration, are jurists and patriots. We are too apt to think of New York and the *New York Herald*, of Congress and General Butler, of Bennett, Fisk, Jay Gould, Hamilton Fish, and Calch Cushing. We call to our mind too often the vulgarity which disgusts the traveller, and we forget the home life of which often enough the traveller sees nothing. Such a book as this reminds us that beneath all this froth—and very foul froth too—that is tossing about on the surface, there is ever running a deep stream as pure as it is quiet. We find in it a set of steady middle-class folks who, for all that we are told, are as indifferent towards England as the ordinary Englishman is towards America, who are too much engaged in making love, in making their way in life, and in making the two ends meet, to have time to think of the British Lion and the American Eagle. We find, instead of the rash fierce blaze of riot in which the New York shoddy world so much delights, a life as homely and as picturesque as any that Mrs. Gaskell or George Eliot has described. Indeed we do not know whether the American provincial life is not more picturesque and more quaint than any we can find even with all the advantages of an old country. Mingled with the sober Puritanism of New England, which Hawthorne has so well described, there is to be found, from the constant and varied streams of emigration that set to its shores, the light-heartedness of the Celt, the homely simplicity of the German, and the still homelier simplicity of the Norwegian and the Swede. With all this there is the absence of grinding, depressing poverty, and the presence of nature still wild and untamed. To simple descriptions of such a simple life as this we gladly turn away from the extravagant novels of the present day. As we read such a book as *Ups and Downs*, we get a kindlier feeling towards the honest folk of the North-Eastern and North-Western States, and feel ready to pity them rather than to condemn them for having at the head of their country so unprincipled a crew.

The plot of *Ups and Downs* is after that good old fashion of which so many of us never get tired. We have an honest young fellow pushing his way in life, up one time, down another, but always with a steadfast cheerful mind, hating everything that is mean, and loving everything that is good in general, and a very pretty heroine in particular. We have, no doubt, a good deal of that bread-and-butter love which Bocky Sharp so much despised; but then, to our taste, after the highly seasoned food which the novelists serve up to us in all the wearisome sameness of their three courses, this kind of love is still fresh. We have incidents enough to keep us interested, without troubling us to be excited, and we have a certain quiet humour into the bargain. We would not be understood to say that there is any wonderful merit in this story. We read it indeed all through without caring to skip, but then, on the other hand, we should never dream of reading it a second time. It gives us a lively description of a kind of life which is known to us only through books, but which in itself, unlike so many of the kinds of life that books tell us of, is natural enough. The hero of the story, Jasper Rising, is a young graduate of the American Cambridge. The story opens the evening before the Commencement at which he was to take his degree, and to bid farewell to his old University. The short description given here of College life and College customs is interesting

enough, and truer, we hope, to nature than those which are so often given of our own University life. But over this description we cannot linger, for we must hurry to introduce the hero, and our readers at the same time, to the heroine. This same evening he has to drive into Boston, and there, having the good luck to find a boy lying in the street with a broken leg, is at once secure of a sweetheart. For boys who publicly break their legs have sisters, and young heroes who pick up boys with publicly broken legs have a knack of falling in love with sisters. But Jasper did not fall in love at once; for, to quote our author's words:—

This fearful, brown-faced Bertha, who had hardly made out his German, and hardly made him understand hers—this girl of the heavy shoes, the loaf of bread, the freckled face, and the wounded brother, was to be the woman to whom Jasper was one day to give the whole treasure of a man's love, and who was to give him the whole treasure of a woman's. Neither of them dreamed of this, this evening, nor thought of the other for a moment. But, after many up and downs, this was to come. And to tell the progress of these ups and downs is the business of this story.

The next day, after the triumph of his speech at the Commencement, he learnt, just when all the world was young and all lay open before him, that his fine prospects had been shattered at a blow. One of the great American fires had killed his uncle who had adopted him, and swept away all his property at the same time. He hurries off to his desolate home, and going by New York catches a second glimpse of Bertha. She was the daughter of a poor German music-master, whose love for music never let him know that he was poor, and who had but lately come to live in America. He had in New York a wealthy brother-in-law, and Bertha, her brother, and her mother were going to his house by the same train that took Jasper. Now we must protest, whatever may be the exigencies of a hero and a heroine, against a lad with a broken leg being sent, two days after his accident, a long railway journey by the doctor's orders. It surely does not require so severe an accident as a broken leg to bring lovers to each other's knowledge. A sprained ankle has been known to suffice. Jasper renders all the help he can, and then sets off to Michigan, where his uncle had lived, to look after his own affairs. He finds scarcely any property left, and has soon to consider what a gentleman must turn his hand to "who has received the best education his country could give." After making all sorts of trials to get gentlemanly employment, he at last gives up the attempt in despair, and earns an honest penny by cleaning down railway carriages. "As he brought to light the hideous arabesques of the car-paint from beneath the charcoal dust and mud which a smart shower had plastered on them, he knew indeed that his lowest descent was over, and that he was beginning to rise again." He rose so well that at last he found himself one of three partners in a small carriage-factory in Detroit. Things were going on prosperously with him, when cholera swept through the city, carried off his two partners, and brought his business to an end. But meanwhile Bertha had passed from childhood to maidenhood, and from New York to Michigan. Her wealthy uncle and aunt would willingly have brought her up as their own child, but she—with a feeling which, if as common as Mr. Hale describes, is most honourable to America—wished to work for her own livelihood. But here our author shall speak for himself.

And so it happened—of course, for these people lived in America—that Bertha began to occupy herself with thoughts as to what she could do to earn her own bread and butter, her cotton, woollen and linen, and withal her shelter over her head. That is to say, she began to think that she must not live at her father's charge any longer, nor at her uncle's, and to look with an inquiring look upon the shop-girls who sold her tape and needles, and to wonder how they got their places, and who hired them. She looked with a supreme admiration upon the school-mistresses, called "teachers," in the public school where her brothers went. But she did not aspire to a destiny so ennobled as theirs. To her father and mother she knew she should never dare to speak or to write of these day-dreams. But none the less did she dream them; and she was soon resolved that they should not be always dreams, but should become realities.

Her aunt in her girlhood had had the same longings, and so, though loth to part with her niece, willingly helped her to find a governess's place. Mrs. Rosenstein, who engages her, is a cleverly-drawn character, and in point of vulgar insolence shows, if indeed any further evidence were wanting, that the New World fully equals the Old. Jasper and Bertha before long meet at a party to which the whole city is asked, and Jasper begins to think of other things besides carriage-building. Some months before this, while he was still engaged in car-paint cleaning, he had won the friendship of a young Norwegian lad named Oscar, who, like himself, was all adrift in the world. The friendship of these two is very prettily described; and so is Oscar's friendship, of another, though scarcely of a deeper kind, for a very sweet young village school-mistress—a school-ma'am, as the name goes in America—who before long is introduced. Oscar is struck down by the cholera; but among the hospital nurses is found Bertha, who had left Mrs. Rosenstein, and was on her way home when the illness burst on the town. She and Jasper nursed the boy through; and when the time comes for giving him plenty of change and outdoor air, they find room at the same time for some of the good old-fashioned love-making. Jasper is on the point of owning his love when she receives a letter from her father, telling her that his only brother had died in the East Indies, and that he was heir to his large fortune:—

At this moment, indeed, he made one of the great mistakes in his life by keeping silence. And as he thought of it afterwards, and repented of it bitterly, he was afraid that it was a mistake which came from reading artificial novels, and seeing artificial plays; for he had done just as the paper hero has to do. He had refrained from telling Bertha how he loved her, from the stupid fear that she would think he was mercenary and mean.

* *Ups and Downs: an Every-Day Novel.* By Edward E. Hale, Author of "The Man Without a Country," "Ten Times One is Ten," "How to Do It," &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

Mr. Hale goes on to add:—

Let the American boy or girl remember that it is not safe to take the illustrations in English or French novels for the guidance of our simple American life.

The English boy and girl, we are quite sure, need to be reminded as much of the same thing, if they would make their lives simple and natural. The old music-master, who is indifferent to money, is annoyed to find that he must go to Europe to establish his rights, but, when rumours come that there are some claimants as children to his brother's property, he flatly refuses to go to the East Indies for all the money in the world. His brother-in-law in Germany was indignant at seeing the calumny with which he looked on the whole matter, and "when the old music-master called God to witness most seriously and reverently that it was only for the children that he cared for it, or thought of it, that Margaret did not care, and that surely he did not care," Friedrich Baum

interrupted the sentiment by his protestations of his convictions that the William Schwarz was a liar and a cheat; that he was in league with Jellaby & Jellaby; and that they were in a league with him; nay, he went so far as to imply that the English courts were no better than they should be; and that, not till justice was administered in Singapore as it was administered in the southern provinces of Denmark, or in the free city of Hamburg, and by the same forms, would he, Friedrich Baum, believe that this William Schwarz was anything but the vilest of impostors.

It seemed at last to be clearly proved that the deceased brother had left children, and that therefore his brother Max had no claim even to a dollar. "The pastor," who had helped him very much in the measures he had to take, "was sympathetic, but even a sympathetic pastor cannot by his unaided good wishes kill three nephews on the other side of the world, far less can he cancel their past existence when they have been in operation twenty years and more." Bertha and her father return to America as poor as they left, and Jasper, who manages to meet her again, at last summons up courage to propose to her. He tells her how he had loved her all along, and had been on the point of asking for her hand when the letter came saying that she was an heiress. He cannot at first get her to speak, and still goes on pleading his suit. But

Bertha still said nothing. They walked a hundred paces, and she said nothing. And Jasper fully trembled in his terror. But he forced himself to say—

"You are trying to spare me great pain."

"No, no," she faltered; "but, Jasper, why did not you speak then?"

They of course soon get married, for Jasper is in rising in the world, having become the editor and part proprietor of a newspaper. When he ventured to stand away for two or three days from his paper to go a-courting, he bound over the sub-editor under a solemn oath to discuss only "domestic service, and the independence of the judiciary, and religious toleration, and the other safe subjects, and not to launch out into those forbidden themes which, between ourselves, no one living understood as Jasper Rising thought he did." And, when he took a whole week to get married in, he bound him over under an equally solemn oath, "not to say 'commence' for 'begin,' nor 'in our midst' for 'among us,' nor 'we nibbled our pen,' nor 'we laughed in our sleeve.' We wish, before Mr. Hale turns author again, we could bind him over under a solemn oath to spell "honour," "parlour," "colour," "labour," "humour," and the rest, as all English-speaking people ought to spell them. A publican who pays so much a letter for all inscriptions may perhaps be excused if he cuts down "parlour" to "parlor." But who can believe that love can be made in a "parlor"? Who but a rogue would cheat "honour" of one-sixth part of its belongings, and who that has an eye for anything has "an eye for color"? Mr. Hale writes too pleasantly and too picturesquely to follow in the lead of those ignorant writers who have learnt just enough Latin to enable them to blunder in the spelling of their own language.

ENGLISH MATRONS, AND THEIR PROFESSION.*

MOST books owe a vast deal to chance. As the reader, on first taking a volume into his hands, happens to light on what engages or repels him, he addresses himself to a more serious perusal attracted or prejudiced, and is very apt never to shake off the first impression. Obviously this must be the case where the writer is unequal, and does not know the measure of his own powers; and especially where a limited experience is made the basis for the widest generalizations. Real experience, honestly stated, is a power which tells at once on every candid mind. The inferences drawn from it are altogether another matter, depending on a great many other things than trust in the veracity and good intention of the narrator. Nor is it only that fact and experience are in themselves more weighty than are, in most hands, deductions from them; they impress their superiority by the very different style in which they are delivered. Experience is, as it were, a witness on oath, and expresses itself with caution and gravity; deductions and assumptions set tongue and pen at liberty, and open the door to fancy, temper, and bias. The book before us, *English Matrons*, which has grown out of two lectures delivered in 1871 at the meeting of the Social Science Association, is made up in very unequal portions of experience and argument; and the reader—at any rate the male reader—estimate is very likely to be formed precisely as he finds himself engaged

on one or the other. If he opens where the authoress expatiates on the steady growth of injustice in man, and on the wrongs which woman suffers at his hands, and finds himself addressed as her sovereign and subjugator in a tone avowedly that of the Impertunate Widow, but tinged with a modern dash of flirty querulousness which does not add to its dignity—for surely the widow of old would never have apostrophized the unjust judge as one of that "amazing sex"—if he lights on the threat that, unless he treats his subject better, man as such "must become the object of woman's distrust and dislike," or on the warning to women who "venture to marry" in the present state of the law, "that their condition will be more unsafe than ever," or on the prophecy that women who cannot or will not resist man their oppressor "must become more and more helpless, cunning, and slavish, and must bring forth more and more abundantly the immoral fruits of slavery"—he will think that he has heard all this before, and will see nothing in the new way of telling either to recommend or enforce it. He finds the writer resenting the powerlessness of woman:—"They who are placed by the State in a condition of perpetual pupillage and subjection cannot, as a rule, exert much moral influence over those that are free"; and he doubts whether woman emancipated under her training would exercise over himself personally a more persuasive power.

It is part of the policy of social revolutionists to alter the meaning of words. Certain words cannot be done without, but they may be made to convey new and even contrary ideas, and in a manner be turned against themselves. Thus an idea of privacy attaches to woman's work and office, which the words Matron, Mother, and Home in their familiar meaning all encourage. All these are now invested with a new and enlarged significance and are constituted public offices. "By matrons," we read, "we do not understand married or elderly women only—we mean all women of whatever age who accomplish any part of the home creating or maintaining work. . . from the princess who makes a home for our future king . . . down to the little maiden in the scullery, who, without knowing it, is helping to maintain order, &c." By the term mother we are not allowed to suppose any necessary connexion with maternity; the house-mother is independent of such material relations. By home "we are not to understand merely, or even mainly, a man's private house; we are not thinking only of the individual home of the private family." Especially we must learn that the ideal home is not subservient to a masculine head, graced by the title House-Despot; and that while Home in its largest and fullest sense may exist without man, no home is possible without woman. Nay, the very term Man is shorn of its strength, and "mannish writers" are sneered at; by which phrase we are to understand, not women who affect a manly tone, but men who write like men because they are imbued with the weaknesses and stupidities of their sex. It is very important to arguments carried on in this Amazonian spirit to extend the crowning titles of womanhood—to enlarge the franchise, as it were; for wives come off but poorly. They have "ventured," and given in; some of them openly and selfishly declare themselves satisfied with things as they are, and are called drawing-room toys for their pains; while we are led to suppose that the sex as a whole groans through all its ranks, that women feel their intellects deliberately dwarfed—lest culture should awaken power—that a weight of unjust laws grinds them down on the one hand, and neglects and throws them over on the other. If a class our authoress among social revolutionists, her means rather than her ends for the most part justify the classification. She is no subverter of ranks and degrees, nor does her subject lead her to discuss the loftier pretensions of the movement; indeed we read long before we find a definite purpose, or anything more than vague, though violent, general charges; till suddenly, from a talk of woman's right to equal laws and equal opportunities, we come upon a demand for a monopoly of the most startling character. It is nothing short of exacting for woman as her right the whole teaching of the nation—high and low, boys and girls—up to the age of eleven. It is granted that she is incapable of this charge at present, because men refuse to educate her; but the privilege belongs to her in the nature of things, and it is men's business to fit her for it, and then to hand it over in implicit deference to her superior qualifications:—

Our next question must be, What is the proper educational province of these women educators and teachers? Besides that share in the education of our young nation which, whether we wish it or not, is and must practically be given to our matrons, I want to claim for women, first, far the greatest part of the education, and all the teaching, of all our children up to eleven years at least. After that has been provided for, considering the share women must of necessity have in the education of all, and that the teaching of our girls must be chiefly left to women, and will be always under their control—it is not too much to say that, in the work which remains to be done, women do and must share equally with men.

Proof of fitness to warrant this comprehensive demand is not necessary under the author's view; but the fact that a lady who has had great success in preparing children for public schools thinks with her is given as conclusive. It is her opinion that woman alone can ground thoroughly, that she alone can impart an exact thorough teaching of the first elements of knowledge, and lay a sound foundation in the habits of a child's mind. With such fundamental gifts, it certainly may surprise "the amazing sex" that women should develop into beings so utterly inaccurate, ignorant, and helpless as she describes them to be for the want of the privilege of man's preliminary training.

It is where our author, leaving theory and speculation on what her sex might be and do under wholly altered conditions, descends to her personal experience, that she becomes an authority.

* *English Matrons, and their Profession.* By L. E. M. London: Sampson Low & Co.

She has visited hospitals and workhouses, has nursed and has superintended nurses; and here we must say that our own limited knowledge of facts supports many of her statements of neglect and mismanagement, and disposes us to receive her suggestions with deference. Under the common hospital system, it would seem as if boards, subscribers, and patrons can do everything but secure to the patient the essential ministrations on which his recovery mainly depends. Doctors will differ in character as well as opinion; but it is not of the doctor that the patient complains in confidence; it is of the nurse—rough, rude, negligent, impatient, often defiant of the doctor's orders and contemptuous of his authority. The authorized presence of a trained and educated woman would be as welcome to the patient as it would be troublesome to officials of this class, and perhaps to the whole staff, who like things to go smoothly, and—encouraged in their objection to complaints by the fact that patients who bring them are commonly of the class who grumble because it is their nature to grumble, not from any good reasonable ground—make a principle of turning a deaf ear to them. It is not so easy to do so to a lady less dependent on their favours, though complainants will always be a nuisance, and suggest unfavourable comparisons with non-complainants—“We don't have these complaints from other wards.”

A whimsical application of this stereotyped answer was once made to myself. I had orders to feed up a patient, whose main support was eggs, with milk and brandy. The eggs applied to the hospital at the time were often bad, and, according to laws in such cases made and provided, I had to go down to the steward's office with my bin of bad eggs and get others in exchange. The clerk on duty bore this in silence for a couple of days; then, with a visible effort to control his displeasure, he exclaimed, “Really Mr. —, it's a most extraordinary circumstance that there are no bad eggs in any ward but yours.”

Certain it is that this lady's experience shows at once the usefulness of an educated woman of superior social position in the hospital ward, and her want of welcome with all but the patient; but the reader of some of these chapters may possibly see some reason for this less damaging to the parties reflected on than she may be cognizant of. There is an excellent passage on the training of the hand as an essential part of woman's education; though we believe that strength will always give to man's trained hand a dexterity of touch unattainable by woman. For this purpose she finds the piano perhaps the best training power, but sewing and knitting the most available for the masses. The part she gives to the needle in the education of the matron would satisfy the most old-fashioned requirements; it leads, however, to a demand for female inspectorships for schools and workhouses; all her powers of surcein being called into exercise on the fact of Government leaving this branch of supervision in the hands of men.

The whole book, so far as it is practical, involves an altogether new mode of training for old-fashioned duties. In the first place, funds must be raised for their adequate teaching, without which woman's mission stands still. Instruction is to be the first step, cultivation the next—forming between them the perfect matron, who is to be the source of that part of civilization which women are to supply. “Before we can secure any of it, we must have a generation of women who have themselves been civilized.” This is for the mother. The ideal scholar, educating herself for matronhood, is to have as exact a technical training for her profession as her brother has for his of soldier or engineer. This must begin at the age of twenty or twenty-one; her three subjects being household management, children and their primary instruction, and the laws of health in nursing the sick. The method of acquiring these looks all very well upon paper, but would certainly be found difficult in practice. Thus the young student is to take the temporary management of her mother's household, and to train the maidens to habits of economy, &c., forgetful of the fact that no servants will serve two masters, and that authority is not a thing transferable. In preparation for the family in the future, she is not to trust to instinct as though she were a sagacious cat, but to attend regularly and for a considerable time at a good infant school, extending her study to the German Kindergarten. This will take two years; a third year is to be spent in one of our great nursing schools. This course “will qualify her equally for superintending a great public institution or becoming on marrying a centre of civilization and moral culture.” Until women have educated men, perhaps such a centre of civilization will be beyond even their aspirations. Men's stomachs—that is, the stomach of their sense—are, as the good woman says, so comical in their present rude state, that they may like more private training, with all its shortcomings, under the notion of indoctrinating their wives with their own tastes, views, or pursuits.

We are not sure that a very narrow field of experience is not worse than general ignorance as the foundation for wide exhaustive theories. A little knowledge so soon embraces the whole field of inquiry. Thus the author's acquaintance with London poor leads her to misjudge all poor, a smattering of political economy induces her to decide in favour of gambling and horse-racing in men over female extravagance in silk gowns and ices at Garter's; newspaper philippics on modern servants lead her to denounce our present race of women servants as exceptionally incompetent and inferior in trustworthiness to men in the same calling. On all such points the reader will find himself with equal materials for judging with his author, and is very likely to have arrived at different conclusions. But where he differs he will still recognize an ardent zeal for the true interests of women, guided, we will add, by earnest religious and Christian principle.

SIR EDWARD CODRINGTON.*

(Second Notice)

IT had been agreed between Admiral Codrington and his Russian and French colleagues that the combined squadrons should come into the port of Navarino “in order to induce Ibrahim Pacha to discontinue the brutal war of extermination which he had been carrying on” against the insurgent Greeks. Accordingly on the 20th of October, 1827, Admiral Codrington's flag-ship, the *Asia*, of 84 guns, led into the harbour, and anchored close alongside a ship of the line bearing the flag of the Capitana Bey. Two other English line-of-battle-ships followed, and found “proper opponents” in the front line of the Turkish fleet. The Russian and French ships also placed themselves in suitable positions for effective action. The Admiral gave orders “that no gun should be fired unless guns were first fired by the Turks, and these orders were strictly observed.” The three English ships were accordingly permitted to pass the batteries, and to manoeuvre, as they did with great rapidity, without any act of open hostility, although there was evident preparation for it in all the Turkish ships. Upon the *Dartmouth* sending a boat to a Turkish fire-vessel, a lieutenant and several of her crew were shot with musketry. “This produced a defensive fire of musketry from the *Dartmouth* and the *Sydney*, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral de Rigny; that was succeeded by a cannon-shot at the Rear-Admiral from one of the Egyptian ships, which of course brought on a return; and thus very shortly afterwards the battle became general.” The *Asia*, although placed alongside the ship of the Capitana Bey, was even nearer to that of Moharem Bey, the commander of the Egyptian ships; “and since his ship did not fire at the *Asia*, neither did the *Asia* fire at her.” The latter indeed sent a message “that he would not fire at all,” and therefore no hostility took place between the two ships for some time after the *Asia* had returned the fire of the Capitana Bey. In the meantime, however, the pilot of the *Asia*, who went to interpret to Moharem Bey the Admiral's desire to avoid bloodshed, was killed by his people in a boat alongside. His ship—whether with or without his orders is not known—soon afterwards fired into the *Asia*, and was consequently effectually destroyed by the *Asia*'s fire, sharing the same fate as his brother admiral on the starboard side, and falling to leeward a mere wreck. This account of the proceedings of the *Asia* would be equally applicable to the other ships of the fleet. “This bloody and destructive battle was continued with unabated fury for four hours,” and the scene of wreck and devastation at its close was such as has been seldom seen. The conduct of the Russian and French commanders was “admirable and highly exemplary,” and Admiral Codrington derived “able and zealous assistance” from his own officers. In fact everybody behaved as well as possible all round. The loss was severe, but the Admiral consoled himself with the reflection “that the measure which produced the battle was absolutely necessary for obtaining the results contemplated by the Treaty, and that it was brought on entirely by our opponents.” The whole story reminds us of the Irishman who could not expostulate because the poker was bent; but there is this difference, that the poker was not bent, and Admiral Codrington did expostulate.

Such is the substance of Admiral Codrington's official report of the battle of Navarino. In a private letter to the Lord High Admiral he says that it would have done his Royal Highness's heart good to have seen the tremendous effect of the *Asia*'s guns. Some idea of the severity of the action may be formed from the fact that the *Hind*, tender to the *Asia*, having taken a very warm place, was struck by twenty-three round shot, and her surgeon, when about to perform an amputation, was unbidden on deck by the call “All hands to repel boarders!” Thus the *Hind* got the name of “the line of battle cutter.” A general order issued by Admiral Codrington after the action stated that “the allied commanders promised to destroy the Turkish and Egyptian fleets if a single gun were fired at either of their flags, and with the assistance of the brave men whom they had the satisfaction of commanding, they have performed their promise to the very letter.” It might indeed have been expected that a Russian admiral would zealously co-operate with a British admiral in destroying a Turkish fleet “in the cause of suffering humanity.” Such an opportunity was not likely to recur. The *Gazette* announced that Admiral Codrington had been promoted from K.C.B. to G.C.B., and that all his captains and commanders had been made C.B. The Lord High Admiral officially congratulated Sir Edward Codrington on the splendid victory he had obtained, and rejoiced that he was quite well. “I admire,” he said, “your perfect conduct on the day of battle, and most highly appreciate the exertions of all ranks under your orders.” The Duke of Clarence's letter was to be delivered to Sir Edward by their common friend Admiral Sir John Gore, who proceeded, “with the approbation and perfect knowledge of the Cabinet, to obtain a complete and satisfactory explanation to certain questions which His Majesty's confidential servants have thought it their duty to put respecting the cause of going into Navarino Bay, and the commencement of the firing.” The Duke sent at the same time the insignia and crosses of the Bath, and a sword from himself, “which,” he said, “I trust you will accept as a small token of my admiration of your conduct in Navarino Bay.” In another letter the Duke says that, not being in the Cabinet, he can only look at the business as a sea officer, and from the bottom of his heart he congratulates

* *Memoir of the Life of Admiral Sir Edward Codrington: with Selections from his Public and Private Correspondence.* Edited by his Daughter, Lady Bouchier. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1873.

the Admiral on the event. The Duke of Clarence was, happily for himself, exempt from sharing the political perplexities which Codrington's straightforward interpretation of ambiguous orders had produced. This perplexity was well described by a friend who wrote to Codrington that everybody at home admired his pluck and skill, but some doubted whether he had not knocked down the wrong man. Between sympathy with Greek independence on the one hand and suspicion of Russian designs on Turkey on the other, it was difficult for the English Government either to fix their own course or to give intelligible instructions to their Admiral. They might usefully have remembered a favourite saying of the first Napoleon, that you cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs. By the Treaty of London of July 6, 1827, Great Britain, France, and Russia agreed to propose and, if necessary, enforce an armistice by sea between Turkey and the Greeks. The naval commanders of the three Powers were instructed, in enforcing this armistice, "at the same time that they do all in their power to prevent collision between the two belligerents, to avoid on their part collision with either." The original edition of *Pickwick* contains a picture of the benevolent hero interfering to prevent collision between the rival editors of *Estanswill*, and thereby producing collision of his own person with a carpet-bug and hearth-brush. A British admiral could hardly be expected to imitate the meekness of Mr. Pickwick. Sir Edward Codrington entered Navarino to enforce the armistice on Ibrahim Pacha; his fleet was fired on and he returned the fire. A change of Government produced a modification of feeling; and although Ministers could not deny that Codrington had done his duty at Navarino, they removed him from his command on the pretext that he had not done his duty afterwards. His real fault was that he had done too much; but he was charged with having done too little. An attempt was made to propitiate the Turks by explaining to them that Codrington had been removed. The Reis Effendi could not make it out. "The notion that the Admiral had been remiss in the execution of measures of severity seemed to him incredible." We, like the Reis Effendi, cannot make it out. If Ministers had said plainly, We are going to conciliate the Turks, and we think that Admiral Codrington's presence in the Mediterranean may tend to keep alive unpleasant memories, their course would have been justifiable. It was for them to judge of political expediency, and, we should say, that it would have been the Admiral's duty to bow to that judgment even if he doubted its soundness.

The Duke of Wellington was the author of the resolution to recall Codrington. The letter of recall bears the signature of Lord Aberdeen, and we are obliged to say that it is not a creditable composition. The main charge was that the Admiral "ought to have prevented the transmission of Greek slaves to Egypt" after the battle of Navarino, and that, in failing to do this, he had neglected written instructions sent to him by Government. By one clause of these instructions he was directed "to hold out every inducement to the Pacha of Egypt to withdraw the Egyptian ships and land forces altogether from Greece, and to assure them that every facility and protection would be given for their safe return to Alexandria, but on no account to enter into any stipulation for allowing the ships to return without the troops to Alexandria." Lord Aberdeen argues that this instruction "necessarily authorized" the Admiral "to ascertain what the ships about to return contained." The fact was that some of the ships which had been severely battered at Navarino floated, and barely floated, across to Alexandria. The Admiral was required not only to permit, but to give "facility and protection," to their voyage; but he was not to "stipulate" for permission for this voyage unless the ships carried troops. But if the Admiral merely looked another way when ships came out of Navarino, it seems to us that he was within his orders. He allowed the voyage and he did not "stipulate" anything at all. He would, indeed, have encountered formidable difficulties if he had. There might easily have been, and probably were, many more Egyptian troops in Greece than the ships which put to sea could carry, even if they had been seaworthy, which they were not. Was the Admiral to superintend the packing of these troops into the ships, and ascertain the exact number which they could carry in ordinary weather without sinking? Lord Aberdeen argues that the Admiral ought to have searched the ships to see that they did carry troops, and that, if he had done this, he would have found Greek slaves on board, and could have taken them out. The deportation of these slaves to Egypt caused a great outcry in England, and the Government alleged that this order imposed on the Admiral a duty to prevent it. As regards the general duty of checking Turkish barbarity towards the Greeks, supposing such a duty existed, the task of discharging it, and at the same time avoiding any collision with the Turks, was almost impossible. We are not, however, concerned to maintain that Admiral Codrington did always the very best that could be done in circumstances of extreme difficulty. But we say that these difficulties ought not to have been aggravated by sending orders framed in ambiguous terms, and then censuring him for not interpreting these orders in a sense which, to say the least, is not obvious.

The battle of Navarino was fought on the 20th October, 1827, and in the December following the Ministry of Lord Goderich resigned, and was succeeded by that of the Duke of Wellington. The King in his speech to Parliament of the 29th January, 1828, was made to say that, notwithstanding the valour displayed by the combined fleet, he lamented that this conflict should have occurred with the naval force of his ancient ally; and he hoped that this "untoward event" would not be followed by further hostilities. The Duke of Wellington explained that by "unto-

ward" was meant "unexpected, unfortunate," and that no imputation was intended upon the gallant officer who commanded at Navarino. The Duke of Clarence had secured promotions and decorations for the Admiral and his officers before the political storm broke. But no thanks were voted by Parliament to the men who fought at Navarino. The letter of recall reached the Admiral in July following, and he returned to England. In January 1829 he called upon the Duke of Wellington, who assured him that he had the highest esteem for his conduct and services, but discreetly declined to argue the question of construction of the orders. During the remainder of a long life Sir Edward Codrington was treated with the consideration due to his brilliant services, and it may be taken as admitted by all parties that he was sacrificed to political expediency. A naval officer cannot take a lawyer to sea with him to interpret difficult instructions. But if he will do his duty faithfully to the best of his understanding, he may be sure that in the long run his country will do him justice.

TWO RECENT TREATISES ON ART.*

WE couple together Mr. Jackson's treatise on *Modern Gothic Architecture* and Mr. Moody's *Lectures on Art*, not because they have anything in common in their treatment, but because they arrive, by different paths, at the same result. They both represent the craving of the more advanced artistic thinkers of our time for some definite principles which shall give vitality and consistency and unity to the art of this nineteenth century. They both agree in a very low estimate of the eclectic and imitative schools of the day. They both look to the more perfect training of the individual artist as the only possible remedy for existing evils. Mr. Moody, as one of the South Kensington staff engaged in tuition, speaks with a practical as well as theoretical knowledge of the subject.

Mr. Jackson, whose name is not known to us in connexion with any architectural work in actual execution, avows himself a firm believer in the Pointed or Gothic school of art. But he is absolutely dissatisfied with the present state and prospects of the Revival. There is little that is new in his arguments, and his style is somewhat cumbersome and heavy. But it is a good sign that any of our young architects should take so earnest a view as he does of the responsibilities and capabilities of their profession. Starting from the assumptions that all good architectural art falls naturally into styles, and that all good styles are in some peculiar manner suitable to the country and age which gave them birth, he argues that the climate of England requires some variety of the Gothic style, and that the architecture of the future must be no servile reproduction of that of the middle ages, but rather a style which shall meet and embody the actual conditions of the civilization of our own days. Arguing from the precedents afforded by the revival of Roman architecture north of the Alps by Charles the Great, and by the revival of classical literature by Petrarch, he declares that as the one developed into Gothic and the other into the rich literature of modern Italy, so ought the revival of Gothic to have given place by this time to the birth of a new derivative style suitable to our own age. In other words, the revival of Gothic among ourselves, right and necessary as it was, ought never to have been regarded as an end in itself, but only as a means to some further end beyond. The question arises, What are the causes of the failure of this revival to give birth to a vigorous new style? Mr. Jackson finds the first answer to his question in the formalism and purism of the chief leaders of the school. He compares them to *littérateurs* who might devote themselves to reproduce Ciceronian diction rather than develop a verbal style of their own. He thinks they have mistaken the letter of the old Gothic for its spirit, and contends that they ought to have concerned themselves not with the forms, but with the principles, of the style. He concludes therefore that our best modern Pointed buildings are really pseudo-Gothic, and declares that the imitation of archaic drawing and sculpture is a senseless caricature, and generally that antiquarianism, as such, has been inimical among ourselves to the best interests of the art. English architecture, if it is ever to revive, must be Gothic, but Gothic without mediævalism. There is nothing new, as we have said, in these opinions. But they cannot be expressed too often. Mr. Jackson next contends that the growth, if ever it is to begin, must be spontaneous and natural. So that those architects are to be blamed who imagine that they can forward it by affecting a deliberate originality in their works. His condemnation of the extravagance and eccentricity of many modern designs, the overcrowding of incongruous architectural features, and the utter absence of repose or sense of harmony and beauty, is one of the most vigorous parts of his book. Our author goes on to argue that the key to the new style will most probably be found in the loyal attempt to supply in Gothic any modern wants which ancient precedents may fail to provide for. This is a new and valuable suggestion. It follows that the use of Gothic ought to be universal if this idea is to be carried out into practice. The man who foregoes any profitable occasion of applying the Pointed style to some new and difficult emergency is so far a traitor to the

* *Modern Gothic Architecture*. By T. G. Jackson, Architect, Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

Lectures and Lessons on Art; being an Introduction to a Practical and Comprehensive Scheme. By F. W. Moody, Instructor in Decorative Art at South Kensington Museum. London: Bell & Daldy. 1873.

style. We welcome Mr. Jackson's indignant protest against Gothic being considered as suitable for none but ecclesiastical buildings. We do not know, however, that we agree with him in thinking that purism is the besetting danger of a universal adoption of the style. He is more right, as it seems to us, in hinting that the early Renaissance will probably supply many invaluable hints and suggestions for such developments of the earlier Gothic as are wanted in our own days. But still more valuable are his concluding remarks that the *via salutis* will most probably be found, if found at all, in the restoration of the subsidiary decorative arts of sculpture and painting to their proper relation to the mistress-art of architecture. Here Mr. Jackson becomes almost eloquent in his description of Greek sculpture and of the paintings in the Campo Santo of Pisa. He finds his best illustration of the utter want of harmony in our own days between architecture and the subordinate arts in the following description of a well-known London church:—

Let us take, as an instance of modern work, a church which was built not many years ago in London, which is well known and deservedly admired by all who are interested in the progress of architecture, and which, on account of its costliness and splendour, and the talent that has been expended on its design, is one of the most famous of our modern buildings. The architect and the painter to whom the principal part of the decoration was entrusted were both in the first rank of modern artists, and were selected probably because they belonged to the same school of religious thought, and were influenced by common sympathies and principles. It would perhaps have been difficult at the time when this church was built to have associated together an architect and a painter from whose united work a more harmonious result might have been expected. And what is the result? Simply contrast and discord. The part of the decoration which was designed by the architect himself is hard, dry, severe, and abstract; the design is sharp, trenchant, and in parts even spotty. In that part which was decorated by the painter the colouring is soft and flowing, the treatment broad, and the general effect warm and subdued. So far as concerns unity and harmony of effect, the result is a failure.

Mr. Jackson finds a still more notorious failure in the Houses of Parliament. The remedy is to be found in the more perfect training of the architect. The architect of the future is not merely to design the fabric, but to be responsible for all the sculpture and painting employed in its decoration. This again is no new idea. But is there any hope, we ask, of its being realized? No doubt it used to be so in old times. But then the subdivision of labour was not carried to the point to which the exigencies of our modern life have driven it. And the ancient artists were not compelled, by want of money or of fame, to undertake—as so many of our contemporaries persist in doing—very many more commissions than they can satisfactorily, or personally, fulfil. Mr. Jackson is perfectly right, therefore, in calling upon his fellow-architects to devote themselves to the study of pure art in all its applications, and more particularly in sculpture and painting. Undoubtedly an architect ought to know how his constructions are to be decorated. Whether he is to carve with his own chisel, or paint with his own brush, or stain glass with his own hands, is another thing. But at any rate he ought to be able to comprehend the whole, if he is to work in harmony with the artists associated with him in his task. It is a hopeful thing that some of our architects begin to understand this necessity, and some few at least have begun to practise it. The study of art in general, and of the nude in sculptural art in particular, is no longer a thing unknown among the architectural profession. It is now acknowledged that an architect must learn his business not only at the drawing-board in his employer's office, but in the life-school and in the picture gallery. Mr. Jackson deserves our best thanks for recommending this course to his brother architects. We hope that he follows his own prescription in his own practice. We are very glad to welcome him among the number of the lettered students of art. Many of his illustrations show reading and culture. The following is a happy description of the unintelligent imitation of ancient forms which characterizes certain modern designers:—

Our work will be like those strange copies of the religious woodcuts that were common in Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which were made by Chinese artists for the Jesuit missionaries in China, which have not the merit either of European or of Oriental art, and are evidently done by men working, as it were, in the dark, scarcely conscious of the meaning and intention of the lines and figures they were transcribing.

We have not left ourselves much space to speak of Mr. Moody's lectures. This volume contains the substance of a course which he delivered at the South Kensington Museum, as introductory to future courses on architecture, ornament, and the human figure. They are illustrated, in a rough way, by transcriptions of the lecturer's sketches on the black-board, each sketch being briefly described in letterpress. What he has not been able, however, to reproduce for his readers is the magnificent collection of actual examples of the highest art which the Museum afforded him for oral illustration to his hearers. We have often laughed at the charlatanism which has been so conspicuous in the management of the South Kensington Museum, but we are willing to admit that a more magnificent or valuable collection of treasures of art has never been accumulated. And it is with pleasure that we see in Mr. Moody's volume a proof that some of the professorial teaching delivered at South Kensington is altogether excellent. A tone of complaint, indeed, runs through the lectures, as though the students addressed were not very numerous or attentive. We hope that the teachers have no just ground for such complaint. At any rate there is no excuse for the neglect of such opportunities of study among the younger members of the architectural profes-

sion settled in London. Mr. Moody does not exaggerate the value of the Museum when he thus describes its contents:—

We have here under one roof treasures of such surpassing interest and in such profusion, that nothing comparable could have existed in the palaces of the Medicis or the Popes. The catalogue seems inexhaustible. Every material the earth produces is here to be seen—carved, turned, bored, twisted, melted, punched, blown, or beaten into every conceivable form of beauty that the taste, skill, or patience of man could invent or execute. What centuries of labour and experience are here stored for our use!

Nevertheless the lecturer insists most truly that nature, and not art, must be the chief educator of the artist. His address at the conclusion of the session, in which he deals with this point, is the best of the whole series. It is interesting, if the two books noticed in this paper are read together, to see how closely the writers agree in their idea of the only possible remedy for the low state of art among us. Surely this is a good sign for the future. How thoroughly Mr. Moody makes nature the inexhaustible fountain of all artistic inspiration can be best judged of by an examination of his illustrative plates. Nearly all of these are reproductions of natural form, and more particularly of the human figure. So thoroughly is he persuaded that the life-school is the nursery of the highest art, that he assumes a competent knowledge of anatomy in his hearers. We are sure, as we have said, that this is the right direction in which we have to look for real progress in English art.

HOME, SWEET HOME.*

MRS. RIDDELL has in her last novel made an advance, but at the same time she has retrograded. She has made an advance, inasmuch as she has taken the advice which was tendered to her long ago, and modified her habit of interlarding her narrative with those apostrophes to sacred names which recur with such distressing frequency in *A Life's Annals* and others of her works, and has expended more time and pains than is customary with her in the analysis of character. She has not, however, been able to refrain altogether from religious padding; a tablet to the memory of some drowned seamen afforded an opportunity for a bit of pious sentimentality too tempting to be passed by. In the matter of construction Mrs. Riddell has not in any way improved, and as regards originality she has fallen off. The plot is of the feeblest, if indeed it can be admitted that *Home, Sweet Home* contains a plot at all; and surely a less hackneyed subject might have been found for a story than the very commonplace one of an obscure girl with a lovely voice and the true genius for music taken up and trained by one of those ponderous fat, dirty, magnanimous, yet most small-minded, Germans, who are becoming as inevitable in our works of fiction as are Italian organ-boys in the streets of the metropolis. In short, this novel gives us the idea of an attempt to imitate George Eliot and Wilkie Collins simultaneously; while a strain of the genuine Mrs. Riddell is perceptible through the whole, and somewhat tones down its incongruities.

Home, Sweet Home is written autobiographically; and as the heroine who tells the story is, when we take leave of her, the mother of several children, we find that its action has extended over some thirty years. It is evident that we are intended to fancy the earliest events in it as taking place some forty or fifty years ago, for it must be quite as long as that since people in any part of England lived in such a quaint old-world fashion. Annie begins by describing a certain white house standing upon a steep green hill with a background of dark fir trees, extending into belts of plantation and sloping lawns; which house, having been for years the focus of all her dreams and speculations, "the Great House," the grandest habitation within her ken, has photographed itself upon her brain. As, however, she eventually comes to live in that very house, having married into the family of the Wiffordes of Lovedale, it is not surprising that she should know it well. Annie's relations are only farmers, tenants of the ladies who inherit the Great House; and the descriptions of her life with her grandmother, who considers that sailors and soldiers and restless idle vagabonds are the only people who go to outlandish places, and who never talks of anything out of "Fairshire," if a little spun out, are at any rate very natural, as also are the ways of the whole Motfield family, among whom Annie, the ugly duckling, is the cause of much heartburning, jealousy, and trouble. Annie's father has been a ne'er do weel artist, with whom her mother, a beauty, had, contrary to all Motfield traditions, eloped, and both had died after a few years of love and misery, leaving Annie to inherit unacknowledged genius—which is only a burden to her—three hundred pounds, a silver tea-service, an old spinet, some paintings, books, and brocades, all of which are objects of envy to her aunts and cousins. It is by these farmers' wives and daughters that we are reminded in a sort of way of George Eliot, just as one is sometimes conscious of, as it were, the echo of a perfume without being exactly able to define what essence has given it birth. These portraits are very deficient in the delicate handling by means of which the author of *Adam Bede* makes her people live and breathe; yet there is a rough truthfulness about them which bears a certain resemblance to the creations of that wonderful limner. Annie, vaguely aware that she has music in her soul, learns for the first time the power of sweet sounds when staying at Fairport with her uncle; for she by a fortunate chance is taken to the theatre, and hears some

* *Home, Sweet Home*. By Mrs. Riddell, Author of "George Geth," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1873.

wandering stars, of whom Serlini, the prima donna of that day, is the queen. After a tumultuous encore, the Diva sings a plaintive well-known ballad, "Home, Sweet Home," and sings it so that the child artist is moved to tears. Afterwards Annie sings it for herself, wandering away where she thinks she is alone, and carolling forth her song so that the very thrush is forced to stop and listen to her. She has chosen rather an inconvenient spot for her concert-room, a boulder in the middle of the river Love; yet here she is joined by another water sprite, no less a personage than the young lady from "the Great House"—a hoydenish, fast, and flighty damsel, who, being wearied with the dullness of her stately home, and very glad to discover a congenial companion in the farmer's daughter, makes the preternaturally sagacious observation that "genius has its own rank," and forthwith proceeds to patronize and to bully Annie. The one-sided friendship which arises between the girls being displeasing to the antiquated spinsters whose aim in life is to keep up the dignity of the Wilford name, Mrs. Motfield and Annie leave Lovedale, and make a new home in Annie's own cottage at little Alford, where the heroine attends a school of local celebrity, and makes acquaintance with a certain Dr. Packman, the stereotyped amiable country physician we know so well, and with his old-maid sister. At their house she is introduced to Herr Droigel, the before-mentioned German professor, who becomes the arbiter of her fate.

Undoubtedly the Droigel family are the best drawn characters in Mrs. Riddell's book, and have had most pains bestowed upon them. Annie is merely an amiable nonentity with a voice; Miss Cleves is a rough young person who, in affecting singularity, does not mind wounding other people; the Motfields are sketchy, but tolerably faithful, presentations of individuals of their class; and Serlini and the other musical people have been merely thrown in to fill up the canvas; but upon Droigel, his wife and daughter, the authoress has expended all her strength, and we are bound to say that she has not expended it in vain. Droigel, with his immense untidy person, his acreage of fat cheek innocent of whisker, huge dirty hands, and divine voice, cooking his fearfully composed messes to the great discomfiture of any servant who may have been inveigled into accepting for a brief period an engagement in the family, which delighted to live "in a hurricane of disorder," and bellowing from the fireplace an entreaty to his pupil to mind what she is about, or a malediction upon her for some vocal misdemeanour, is a very graphic portrait; nor are his mental characteristics less well delineated. His love of money, love of ease, love of good eating and drinking, and passion for diplomacy, his good-nature, his tyranny, his truly Teutonic sentimentality, and all his various little pretences, are brought out capitally; while Madame Droigel, "extracted from a depth of insufficiency which no pure German could hope to fathom or understand," and the beautiful, shrewd, kindly, yet worldly-minded Gretchen, who manages at last so to establish herself in life that she is able to carry out the desire of her heart and do nothing for the remainder of her days, are equally good in their way. The Professor's reasons for preferring England to his "win country" are potent and clearly expressed; and found to be all-powerful by personages of many nationalities:—

"Mine own child," said the Professor, "when the frosty weather nips you up to the neck!"—and he convulsed his mighty frame with a stage shudder—"which do you love best, a full grate or an empty? When you are hungry—but hunger I suppose is a sensation unknown to Annie, who nibbles, nibbles, unlike Droigel, who eats plates upheaped—but put it that you felt hunger, should you not prefer a larder well garnished to one empty, and sweet clean? The royal sultan, the substantial side of bacon, the appetizing sausage, and the useful loaf would recommend their presence. Good; so far you follow me. This England of yours, cursed in its climate and—well, in nothing else, we will say—blessed in its soil and its wealth and its position, its blazing coals, its bread and meat to me. I find not here ethereal blessings—I find no appreciative public, no wreaths, no garlands, no medals; but in lieu thereof the cakes and ale which in my own land of poetry and romance might well be forgotten."

"Setting aside the fact of its being poisonous, a man cannot live on laurel. He needs the fat bees, he delights in the fine wheaten bread with which London can supply him. It is true, and pity it is, that as regards art, the English are outer barbarians; but what matter? They know how to live, they know how to let live. There, Annie, much beloved, is the case in a nutshell, as your adage has it."

So Droigel abjures Vaterland, and contrives even to baffle the British tradesmen whom his soul abhors, to whom he gives no promises "but that which their souls love not, cash"—since, as he wisely says, "across the counter is the antidote for cheating." His management of the gardener who, prevented from stealing his vegetables, complains to the landlord of his eccentric but not dishonest tenant, is very amusing; indeed the Herr, whether in his public or private capacity, is seldom at fault. We wish we could say as much for the heroine. Never were such tame love affairs before introduced into a novel. Indeed, we should never have known that Annie was in love but that she suddenly informs us that during her first appearance on the stage, when one would have thought that she would have been wholly occupied with her success, her heart at last understood its own mystery. This must be taken to mean that she had been unconsciously in love with Sylvester Birwood, the destined husband of Miss Cleves, who it seems had also long been attached to Annie, and desired to prevent her from becoming an actress. It is needless to say that she eventually marries him. There is another love episode, short and uninteresting; Annie is wooed by an Honourable Mr. Florence, a man of the vulgar, fast type, described as "handsome, with dark hair, a high forehead inclined to premature baldness" (we did not know that the forehead was usually covered with hair), "well-cut aristocratic features, a firm, hard, cruel mouth, and eyes that never softened or changed." As Annie feared him more than a tiger or

a leopard, although he does not seem to be a very ferocious personage, she naturally does not encourage his intentions, and indeed goes the length of running down a cliff into the sea, than remain in his company. As she has to limp home, her boots sudden and torn, with her wet skirts clinging round her, and her bonnet a mass of straw pulp, she is rather afraid she may have done something unfeminine, although she probably believes she is acting with that firmness which she had a short time before discovered to be a necessary element in goodness—a fact of which she says that "threescore years and ten oftentimes find men and women ignorant."

Mrs. Riddell is, as we have stated more than once, very superior to the ordinary novelist who spins out so many random pages for a certain stated remuneration; but she has much to learn ere she can be ranked with the masters of the art of fiction; although we are far from saying that she may not yet attain to a considerable likeness to them if she but possesses courage and perseverance to go through the necessary amount of study.

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OR

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THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR.

IN the early part of last August the POPE took it into his head to write a letter to the German EMPEROR on the subject of the recent measures directed in Prussia, and in a less degree in Germany, against the Romish priests. It was a letter eminently characteristic, the real honest overflow of the inmost feelings of the aged and venerable writer. The POPE, credulous and enthusiastic, blinded by the prejudices of a clique, full of love and of spite, of blessing and of cursing, shows in every line of it. The POPE has heard a thing, and chooses to think it is true; therefore to him it is true, as true as that the sun shines in a clear sky at midday. He has been informed that the EMPEROR is a poor deluded creature, led on by dark spirits to do things of which he is ashamed and repents. This unfortunate vacillating heretic has got into bad hands, and the POPE's heart bleeds for him; and urges him to gather together as much courage as he can, and change his course while it may yet be time. And then this EMPEROR who is now so bad was once so good, and used to write to the POPE such beautiful letters, and do everything she was bid. Even if there were not these affectionate memories to stir his mind, the POPE would still let the EMPEROR know the real state of things, and give him good counsel; for the EMPEROR WILLIAM has been baptized, and so belongs "in some way or other, which to define more precisely would "be out of place," to the POPE; and it must be owned that most baptized people who do not comply with the POPE's wishes have been so far recognized as belonging to him that they have never failed to learn from him how damnably he thinks they behave. But in addressing the Protestant EMPEROR the POPE condescends to take somewhat lower ground than satisfies him when he is addressing an erring sheep like VICTOR EMMANUEL. It is no use whitening the lily or damning a heretic. But a heretic is open to fears of temporal penalties, and so the POPE asks whether the EMPEROR is not sharp enough to see that, by permitting the wicked measures of his Government to be carried out, he is really undermining his own throne, and causing his new fine Empire to crumble to pieces. If anything could frighten the EMPEROR, this stroke of clerical art might be relied on to do it. What makes the POPE's letter interesting is that he so evidently thought it a matchless piece of composition. The letter had got everything in it that it could have. The grounds on which it was written were shown: the good behaviour of the EMPEROR in old days, and the duty of the POPE to preach the truth to one belonging to him in an indefinable manner by baptism; the heinous nature of the offence, allowing measures to be taken against the religion of Jesus CHRIST; the mode in which the EMPEROR had fallen, by becoming the silly tool of bad men; and the sad consequences, the undermining of his throne—all were put perfectly clearly; and then the letter ends with kind, gentle words of love. Surely the EMPEROR who could read unmoved such a perfect model of ecclesiastical letter-writing must have a heart as hard as the nether millstone.

The EMPEROR's reply bears date in September, so that time was taken to answer the POPE's letter; enough time, it may be suspected, for one of those bad men at whose influence the POPE hinted to have had something to do with the framing of the answer. But if PRINCE BISMARCK helped his Royal Master with the matter of the letter sent from Berlin, he was far too wise to interfere with the manner. It is written in the peculiar vein of thought due to the EMPEROR WILLIAM. It takes quite as high ground as

that taken by the POPE, and the EMPEROR lets the POPE know that he too has a mission, that of keeping the peace and upholding the laws in the States entrusted to his care. As to the special contents of the POPE's letter, all that the EMPEROR cares to say is that, whereas the POPE avowedly wrote to him on information the POPE had received, this information was entirely wrong. His Holiness is entreated to observe that he is writing about matters of which he knows nothing whatever. The POPE has been told, and in his easy credulity believed, that the EMPEROR did not approve of the measures of his Government. The fact is that the EMPEROR entirely approves of them. The POPE has been so ill-guided as to believe that the cause of religion and of truth is at stake, whereas all that the EMPEROR and his Government had been doing is to protect his country against intrigues with which neither religion nor truth has anything to do. The POPE chooses to assume that it is the EMPEROR and his Government who are irreligious; whereas, on the contrary, it is the Catholic priests who are transgressing a clear Christian duty and rebelling against those who are set over them. So much for the POPE's information; and as for his belief that the EMPEROR in some subtle way belongs to him, the EMPEROR can only set against this his belief that he does not belong to the POPE at all. The EMPEROR's letter is a very good letter in its way, and there is in it something personal and peculiar to the writer, which saves it from being a mere exposition of one mode of regarding an important political question. But just as it is impossible that the POPE's letter should make any impression whatever on any one who does not recognize the Papal pretensions, so is it impossible that the EMPEROR's letter should make any impression on any one who does heartily recognize them. The POPE says that he is commissioned to put the Church above the State, and the EMPEROR replies that he is commissioned to keep the State above the Church. Those who think the POPE is right will like the POPE's letter; and those who think the EMPEROR is right will like the EMPEROR's letter; but no party of either side will be in any way affected by the letter which the chief of the other side has written.

These letters are not, however, wholly destitute of political importance. The POPE's letter shows that those who inform the POPE have constantly in their minds the connexion between the clerical agitation in Germany and the undermining of the throne of the KING and EMPEROR. The reply from BERLIN can scarcely fail to put an end to the rumour which has often been current, that the KING of PRUSSIA did not more than half like the violent measures into which PRINCE BISMARCK was drawing him. It will also have the effect of putting to Prussian subjects the alternative between loyalty and disloyalty; and in all issues such as that now raised sentiment decides so many minds, that the KING's appeal to the loyalty of his subjects will not perhaps be unproductive of results. At any rate the vigour with which the Prussian Government is carrying out its constitutional policy has been in no way mitigated since the POPE's letter was received. The episcopal authorities who appoint incumbents in contravention of the new laws are fined; the incumbents illegally appointed are forcibly prevented from officiating. Educational establishments not furnishing the information or declining the inspection which the Government is authorized by law to require are closed. It may be observed that the measures of the Government against the priests are of two different characters. Up to a certain point the Government is dealing with the Romish Church

as with an Established Church. It gives money to bishops, and tells them that they shall lose this money, or pay money to the State, if they appoint dangerous persons to be incumbents. It gives money to incumbents, and tells them that they shall not begin to receive this money without the Government being satisfied that they are not dangerous. The incumbent is also a State official, so far as giving baptismal and marriage certificates for civil purposes is concerned, and the State says that he shall not act as one of its officials unless he shows that he is a loyal subject. So far the State gives a temporal position on its own conditions, and every Established Church which quarrels with the State can be attacked in this way simply because it is an Established Church. But when the State, as now in Prussia, prevents all foreign priests from having the cure of souls, breaks up institutions belonging to the Jesuits and other bodies which it thinks dangerous, and insists that all priests officiating in Prussia shall have received a lay as well as a theological education, it is not fixing its own conditions for the enjoyment of temporal benefits—it is endeavouring to prevent the propagation of a set of opinions the effects of which it considers dangerous to itself. The set of opinions to suppress which the Prussian Government aims are really those embodied in the Syllabus, and the Pope naturally considers the contents of the Syllabus and the religion of Jesus Christ to be exactly the same thing. For those who reject the Syllabus altogether, or who hold its theories vaguely in solution with the contradictory theory that their own temporal Government must be upheld against all Powers whatever, the question is not whether the State may not take extreme precautions to avoid extreme dangers, but what is the real amount of danger at any given moment. If the Clerical and Legitimist party miss the great prize in France for which they have been so fiercely striving, the Prussian Government may discover that there is no immediate reason for exacting a very strict compliance with the new ecclesiastical laws; and when HENRY V. is comfortably established for life as the Count of CHAMBORE, the Emperor WILLIAM may some day, if their lives are prolonged, once more write to the Pope letters like those with which in former days the Pope was so much pleased.

SPAIN.

THE prospects of the Spanish Government seem on the whole to be improving. It is difficult or impossible to ascertain the actual results of the engagements which occur from time to time between the Government forces and the Carlists or the Carthagena rebels; but it is something that there is a regular army in the field, and that the insurgents have at least no longer the undisputed command of the sea. For the moment, indeed, the blockade of Carthagena has been raised by the extraordinary conduct of Admiral LORO, who, after once defeating the insurgents, suddenly fled without firing a shot when a second engagement was impending. The Government has shown, however, that it does not approve his pusillanimous retreat by instantly recalling him and by despatching the MINISTER of MARINE to take command of the fleet and renew the conflict. The bungling sea-fight in which Admiral LORO obtained a temporary advantage ought to convince the Ministers and their supporters that their complaints of the conduct of the English Government are unfounded. But for a breach of neutrality in the seizure and subsequent transfer of the *Vittoria* and *Almansa*, the insurgents would have possessed uncontested superiority at sea; nor is it certain that in that case the whole course of the civil war might not have been altered. It would be difficult to defend the conduct of the English Government, except on the ground that it was dictated by entire good faith. The insurgents would have a perfect right to object to interference if only they had secured a position which gave them an opportunity of remonstrating. Even with the aid of the two ironclad vessels which have been restored, the Madrid fleet would scarcely be a match for the insurgents if they had the good fortune to possess disciplined crews or capable commanders. Few stranger episodes have occurred in history than the maritime tournaments which are now celebrated at Carthagena in the presence of critical spectators belonging to three or four neutral nations. During an exchange of broadsides which seems to have been less awkwardly managed than the rest of the operations, the crew of an English ship paid both parties the compliment of a round of cheers. The conflict was

happily almost bloodless; and it may be hoped that in a short time a purposeless and ridiculous war may terminate in submission and amnesty. With commendable inconsistency, the insurgents who undertook to establish anarchy have maintained a kind of order in Carthagena; and it is said that even the convicts who were released and armed have discontinued their habits of rapine and murder. There is no apparent pretext for further resistance; but it is impossible to understand the motives of Spanish soldiers or politicians. If the Carthagena fleet should obtain a victory, it may perhaps be thought worth while to continue the rebellion for the purpose of levying contributions on the neighbouring maritime towns. Neither party seems for the present disposed to attempt serious operations by land.

In the late battle between ORO and MORIONES, it would seem that the Carlists remained in possession of the field; but on the following day they were compelled by want of ammunition to retreat to Estella. In the present state of the contest an indecisive battle is probably more disadvantageous to the Royalists than to the Republicans. The inhabitants of the Carlist provinces are reasonably discontented with the policy or strategy of the generals who make their country the permanent seat of war; and it is becoming evident that in other parts of Spain the cause of Legitimacy is hopeless. In a short time the Ministry at Madrid will derive from their new levies the means of reinforcing their armies in the North; and the despondency which had been produced by a rapid succession of disasters is checked by a growing confidence in the ability and fortune of CASTELAR. Even the prolonged resistance of Carthagena has proved the weakness of the cautious insurrection, since no other town or district has created a diversion by proclaiming its own separate independence. The inaction of the besieging army is perhaps caused by an expectation that the rebels may submit when they despair of ultimate success. The contest in the meantime proceeds in a singularly amicable spirit, and the Republican General addresses his rebel opponent in the most affectionate and deferential language. It is perfectly natural that in a country which has long been ruled by adventurers, and distracted with unprincipled factions, the sense of moral indignation which depends on political principle should give way to polite impartiality. The rebels of Carthagena are only illustrating by exaggeration the doctrines which were long consistently maintained by the members of the present Government. When it is admitted that obedience to constituted authority depends on agreement with the political opinions of the Government, no rebellion can be regarded as culpable, except when it involves a miscalculation of forces.

The leaders of the Conservative party who have returned to Madrid concur in the expediency of supporting the present Government; and although during the convenient suspension of the sittings of the Cortes it is not easy to understand how they can influence the course of public affairs, the absence of political opposition, and of the plots into which it ordinarily degenerates in Spain, will relieve CASTELAR from anxiety and perhaps from danger. If SERRANO still retains any portion of his former influence with the army, he may perhaps render effective aid in the suppression of the different rebellions, although he is not himself prepared to accept any military command. He is on sufficiently confidential terms with CASTELAR to have advised him to appoint one of the two Generals CONCHA as Captain-General in Cuba, and the other as Commander-in-Chief in the North; but the choice of the Government cannot be determined by exclusively professional considerations. The leader of a victorious army necessarily exercises political power in Spain; and none of SERRANO's friends and former comrades have heretofore approved of the Republic, except as a provisional arrangement. At a late meeting of the chiefs of the Conservative party there was a unanimous feeling that the present Ministers ought to be assisted in their efforts to suppress anarchy and civil war, but a wide difference of opinion prevailed as to the expediency of accepting the Republic. Admiral TOSTES indeed declared in favour of a Unitarian Republic, for the singular reason that there was no other security against the triumph of the partisans of DON ALFONSO, although they have of late not even ventured to announce their pretensions. It is strange that an honest politician who has hitherto been a consistent advocate of Monarchy should entertain an insuperable objection to the accession of the only possible candidate for the throne. The errors of Queen ISABELLA can scarcely be held to be fatal to the claims of her son; and

the Duke of MONTPENSIER, who was formerly preferred by Admiral TORETE, no longer advances pretensions which would in any case be inadmissible. After the treatment which King AMADEO received from the nation which had invited him to ascend the throne, no foreign prince will be ambitious of a thankless and dangerous promotion. The Republic has at present no active opponents except among the jarring Republican factions; but if royalty is at any time restored, Don ALFONSO has the best chance of succeeding.

An overture of alliance made by Señor MARTOS on behalf of the old Radical or Progressist party has been courteously declined by the Conservatives, who for the most part belonged to the former Liberal Union. In the rapid changes of Spanish politics, distinctions of party have often been effaced, or even reversed; and the so-called Radicals were driven out of the first Republican Cabinet as reactionary supporters of the Monarchy. ZORRILLA, who in office and in opposition was the acknowledged leader of the Radicals, maintains almost alone complete abstinence from public affairs. There appears to be no sufficient reason for the refusal of SAGASTA or SERRANO to co-operate with ZORRILLA's political friends; and perhaps the postponement of a closer connexion may be explained by a prudent fear of embarrassing the present Government. The only Republic to which either Conservatives or Radicals could offer their adhesion would be founded on the assumption of the absolute unity of Spain. CASTELAR, though he is actively engaged in counteracting the tendency of the provinces to secede, is encumbered by his former professions of Federalist doctrines. It would be highly impolitic to force him either to repudiate or to reassert principles which he is willing from patriotic motives practically to disavow. If Federalism only means administrative decentralization, there is no reason why it should be more attainable under a Republic than under a Monarchy. Like all other theories which have become the watchword of political factions, the phrase had acquired in Spain a secondary or accidental interpretation. The Federal Republicanism of CASTELAR was probably a vague expression signifying extreme democracy; and the anarchists through the country understood that under a Federal system they were themselves to exercise absolute power over the persons and property of their neighbours. The Unitarian Republic which approves itself to the judgment of TORETE and other Conservative politicians is more moderate and more reasonable than any imaginary Federation, but it has the disadvantage of not commanding the genuine support of any section of the community. The Progressists and Radicals only accept the Republic in any form as a compromise; and the Republicans, until they derived instruction from recent experience, were almost universally pledged to the Federal doctrine. It is nevertheless possible that all parties may for a time agree on a form of Government which none of them really prefer. The result may perhaps be affected by the course of events in France. The maintenance of the Republic in that country has become more probable, in consequence of the precipitancy of the Legitimists, of the abdication of the ORLEANS Princes, and of the obstinacy of the Count of CHAMBORD. The influence of French example has always been great in Spain.

THE TAUNTON CONTEST.

THE success of the SOLICITOR-GENERAL at Taunton must be very gratifying to the Government, and is very encouraging to the Liberal party. Most moderate and impartial men, too, will be glad that a law officer who was clearly entitled to promotion, who had not intrigued for his office or purchased it by subserviency, who conducted himself in a sharp electoral contest with courage and good sense, and who was subjected to some amount of not over-scrupulous opposition, has carried the day. How it happened that he not only won, but won by a majority of 87, is not to be explained, except by those possessing a very intricate knowledge of the local politics of Taunton. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL polled nine votes, and nine votes only, more than he polled in 1868, which shows that the Liberal party kept well together and did its best for him, but not that it had received any great accession of strength. What gave him on Monday so considerable a majority was that the Conservative candidate received much fewer votes than his predecessor received in 1868. Then Serjeant Cox polled 918, and now Sir ALFRED SLADE has only polled 822. The votes given to Serjeant Cox were reduced on a scrutiny to

889; and as the object of a scrutiny is attained if either party has a bare majority, there may have been more votes that could have been struck off, and it is not, therefore, quite certain that 889 Conservatives with unassailable votes polled in 1868; but at any rate a much larger number of such voters supported their candidate five years ago than have supported his successor now. The cheering news of the Liberal victory at Bath, and the stimulating effects of Mr. DISRAELI's letter, may have given strength, spirit, and coherence to the Liberal force, but they can hardly have made any large number of Conservatives abstain from voting. The election was, in short, won by Conservative inaction, and Liberals who have been going through so long a period of Liberal inaction must be delighted to think that at last their opponents are suffering from the same malady. It is perfectly futile to attempt to invent any reasons to account for this amount of Conservative inaction in a small Somersetshire town. The Conservatives may not have thought much of their candidate, who generally employed a gentleman to talk for him, and got into wild language when he tried to speak for himself. They may not have relished the facility with which he seemed inclined to fall in with any crutches which might gain him a few votes. They may possibly have had some scruples about interfering with the re-election of an honourable opponent whose career has been in every way a credit to the borough he represents. But these are all guesses, and all we know is that the Conservatives did not poll nearly so many votes as they did five years ago, and that the SOLICITOR-GENERAL has been elected. His re-election by a decisive majority, the Liberal victory at Bath, and Mr. DISRAELI's letter have in a very considerable degree changed the position of the Government. It will be satisfactory to them if they can retain the Liberal seat at Hull, but it will not much damage them if they cannot. They have gained breathing-time and peace, and have now a fair opportunity of trying whether, in a fresh Session, they can do anything to revive their reputation, and show that painful experience has taught them to avoid gross blunders.

Sir ALFRED SLADE was much disappointed at the result, and very naturally, for he had received promises from one hundred and fifty persons who did not vote for him. What pained him particularly was that he could not, under the Ballot, know who were the voters who kept their promises and who were the voters who broke them. All he could do was to leave the memory of the election to the consciences of all his nominal supporters—to the happy consciences of those who had been faithful, and to the remorseful consciences of those who had been treacherous. How far the consciences of those who under the Ballot make promises and break them are likely to be remorseful, is a curious question of some practical interest. It is obvious that in a small constituency where every one is known, and where influence of all kinds can be brought to bear without any infraction of the law, the thought must come into many minds that to promise a vote is much the easiest way of escaping solicitation. The voter can promise not one side only but both, and so make friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness all round, and yet remain as free as air, and able to express his principles or gratify his caprices at the polling-booth without the slightest regard to the promises he has made. It was, indeed, one favourite argument with the ardent supporters of the Ballot while the measure was under discussion that coercion would be found useless; because, although those who were under subjection were sure to promise to vote as they were asked, no one would believe that they would keep their word simply because they had given it; and if every one open to coercion kept his promise, it is difficult to see how the Ballot would interfere with coercion at all. The same may be said as to the system introduced by the Conservatives, which consists in requesting all Conservative voters who have voted for the party candidate to give up a card to the agents of the party. This giving up a card amounts to an assertion that the voter has voted in a particular way; and if the system could be rigidly carried out, if voters who had promised to vote for the Conservatives were subjected to annoyance if they did not give up their card, and only gave it up when, in point of fact, they had voted as they promised to vote, the whole scheme of the Ballot would be made nugatory; or, if it fulfilled its aim, the voter would be gently led on to a double deception, in order that he might avail himself of his legal rights. He would first promise without performing, and then assert

that he had kept his promise when he had not. Fortunately there is as yet no reason to suppose that the Conservative agents have made the device of requesting cards to be given up an instrument of any kind of oppression; but it is obvious that it might easily become so, and as it seems to fail as a means of learning from time to time the state of the poll, it will be satisfactory to hear that it is likely to be abandoned before long. The broken promises given at Taunton were probably due to nothing that can be called coercion. They were rather the fruits of too ready a wish to please. If, however, canvassing only results in obtaining promises which are not meant to be kept, and are only on a level with the polite assurances of a Spanish host that his house and everything in it are at your disposal, canvassing, it may be thought, can be of no use, and will soon be looked on as a very troublesome and antiquated usage. This would be a very pleasant result for candidates, but in real life there is no chance of it. Every constituency wishes to be canvassed according to the system of canvassing that is possible in it; and in boroughs small enough to make personal canvassing possible, a candidate must undertake it and work very hard at it if he wishes to succeed. Those who are indifferent cease to be indifferent if only one of the two gentlemen who wish to get into Parliament comes to see them, and those who believe themselves to have some political prepossessions think that there is something due on both sides, and that if they vote for their man, he at least ought to take the trouble to come to see them. But it certainly adds to the pains and terrors of canvassing to know that now the utmost success it can produce may be illusory, and that the civil voter who seems to yield so pleasantly to reason or blandishment may be thinking how secretly and safely he can follow his own fancy on the day of election.

The Taunton election also suggests another operation of the Ballot. Mr. JAMES showed the utmost resolution in refusing to ally himself with any of the small cliques that attempt to make an election turn on the adoption by candidates of some trumpery crotchet which these cliques are pleased to consider all important. More especially he stood firmly aloof from the lady agitators in favour of female suffrage. The Conservatives were not so high-minded, but even they were obliged to draw the line. Their candidate permitted these ladies to hope that his vote in Parliament would be on their side; but when they asked to be allowed to stand by his side and address a Conservative mob, their modest request was refused. Wives are recognized as entitled to do all they can for their husbands, and the persevering efforts of Mrs. BARNETT and Mrs. HATTEY extorted general admiration at Dover and Bath; but when a man is asked to stand on a balcony in company with a "social failure" who is an entire stranger to him, the sense of the ridiculous overpowers him. The publicans, too, of Taunton, or at least a large number of them, held a meeting to decide whether the interests of beer ought not to prevail over every other consideration, and a slender majority decided that the whole vote of the trade should be given to the Conservative candidate. The minority protested, and it is obvious that under the Ballot a protesting minority can vote exactly as they please. The Ballot may, in fact, do much to interfere with the success of candidates who sell themselves to cliques, and much to aid the success of candidates who resist them. A great many voters heartily dislike and resent the dictation which these cliques attempt to exercise, and may easily come to the conclusion that they will punish the candidate who yields to this dictation, although he is the candidate of their own party. They will not openly separate from their party, for that would cause them much annoyance, and subject them to many reproaches. But when the day of election comes they will vote against their own side. It is quite conceivable that, in such a place as Dewsbury, Liberals who found their representative coquetting with a faction that seeks to break up the Empire might say very little against him, but, when the day of election came, might help to bring in his opponent. This consideration no doubt brings a candidate to look at elections from a low point of view, and there is nothing grand or admirable in the conduct of electors who affect to support their party, and yet secretly vote against it. But candidates who are ready to buy the support of cliques start with a willingness to look at elections from a low point of view. The only way of instilling into them sufficient firmness to resist the dictation of cliques is to induce them to believe that they will be making a bad bargain if they yield; and one of the most

valuable results of the Taunton election will be to make timid time-serving candidates suspect that such a bargain may probably be a very bad one.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

A GENERAL election could hardly have been more significant of the feeling of the French people towards the Fusion than the four elections which were held last Sunday. The Republican victories have not been won in the great cities which cherish a fanatical hatred to Monarchy. The field of battle has been those rural districts which French Conservatism has especially made its own. Nor were the defeated candidates men of strong Monarchical professions. On the contrary, they carefully avoided all reference to the Fusion in their addresses, and presented themselves simply as friends of peace and order. A year ago they might have been ranked among Conservative Republicans, and in that character would very probably have been returned. If there had been any sneaking kindness for Monarchy in the hearts of the electors, they might easily have voted for them without avowing any desire for a Restoration. But so far were they from feeling anything of the kind, that even the suspicion of being a Royalist was enough to discredit a candidate in their opinion. All they asked in their representative was that he should be a Republican. If he were a moderate Republican, Radical Republicans voted for him as enthusiastically as though he had been a man of their own way of thinking. If he were a Radical Republican, moderate Republicans were equally ready to give him their support. The differences which separate the two sections of the party—differences at other times so vital and far-reaching—have for the time disappeared. There is a matter on which they are agreed, and which, as long as it is unsettled, reduces their differences to nothing. To this united Republican party has been joined a vast concourse of allies who till now scarcely knew that they were Republicans. They were Conservatives and nothing more, and if the Fusion had never been effected, they would have remained Conservatives and nothing more. Indeed, it is their very Conservatism that has suddenly made them Republicans. They find the name appropriated by a party in whose mouths Conservatism means a change backwards. The French peasant does not wish to return to some former state, he only wants to be let alone in the state in which he is. The Government which he thinks will best ensure him this is the Government which he is determined to support. It was the great triumph of M. THIERS that he was able, during the two years he was in power, to present the Republic in this light. It is now proposed to substitute for this Republic a Monarchy with which the peasant has no associations but such as to him are worse than any number of revolutions. The Count of CHAMBORD may be misunderstood and misrepresented; though, if so, he is misunderstood and misrepresented by those who claim to know him best. But where the chances of a Restoration are concerned, the important point is not what he is, but what he is thought to be; and, judged by this standard, his name is the symbol of political and ecclesiastical reaction. The *Journal de Paris*, the leading Orleanist organ, frankly admits this. A great part of the electorate, it says, is persuaded that the restoration of the Monarchy would be equivalent to a restoration of ecclesiastical supremacy, and against the political domination of the clergy the French peasant cherishes a hatred which has become hereditary. Upon this point he will listen to no arguments. You may lead him where you will in any other direction; but in this direction, or in what he suspects to be this direction, he will not move an inch. The Duke of BROGLIE has said that a clerical restoration is impossible; the Count of CHAMBORD has said that he does not desire such a restoration. But the peasant is obstinate; his suspicions have not been shaken, and the elections of Sunday last are his answer to the Royalist summons.

This account of the matter is beyond all question the true one. The moral which the *Journal de Paris* draws from it is, that it is no good waiting till these prejudices are removed. The Monarchy must be restored, and then, when the peasants see that this restoration is not attended by the consequences they dread, they will by degrees come to regard it with more favour. Those Frenchmen who are first Royalists and then Conservatives will think this the most natural order of proceeding. Those who are before all things Conservative will be inclined to ask themselves what good is to follow from thus running counter to the

wishes of the great mass of the nation. In what respect, they will say, can the Government of the King be better able to maintain order than the Government of the Republic? It will not unite the Conservatives more closely among themselves, for the late elections have made it clear that some of the most Conservative elements in the nation are heartily opposed to it. It cannot hope to put down insurrection more decidedly, for the most formidable insurrection which ever confronted a French Government was put down by the Republic. Granting that the notions of the peasantry about the Count of CHAMBORD and his relations with the Church have no foundation in fact, why should we risk our fortunes in the keeping of a ruler about whom such notions are commonly entertained? Granting, again, that the Radicals are as dangerous as the Royalists make them out to be, the Republic is better able to control them than a King will be. If France once more becomes a legitimate and hereditary Monarchy, the Radicals will secure a great deal of sympathy, and even of co-operation, which, if they had been conspiring against a President instead of against a King, would have been entirely withheld from them. A throne will add no real strength to French Conservatism; it will be merely an additional position to be defended. All this would be true if the Count of CHAMBORD's repudiation of clerical sympathies could be accepted as satisfactory. But is there any reason why it should be thus accepted? It may be admitted to be sincere, as far as it goes; but then to ascertain its meaning it must be read in common with his own former declaration and with the language of his most consistent supporters. The *Journal de Paris* confesses that the impolitic language of certain religious newspapers is a weapon in the hands of their adversaries; but what ground is there for believing that the language of those newspapers does not represent the Count's views more accurately than the language of the more secular journals which support his cause? How should men who have all their lives been partisans of a rebel dynasty, and whose repentance is not yet three months old, presume to be more intimate with HENRY V. than the men who have been Legitimists from the moment they were old enough to take any part in politics? Ecclesiastical reaction is a question of degree. The most ignorant peasant does not suppose that the Count of CHAMBORD will set up the Inquisition, and the *Univers* itself has graciously announced that the Eldest Son of the Church will not compel his subjects to go to mass. But the *Univers* would not be so ardently Royalist if it did not believe that the Church would profit by the Count of CHAMBORD's return; and the French peasant has no mind that the clergy should have any more power than they have now.

The Ministry have in some measure themselves to thank for the importance which will be attached to the recent contests. They allowed it to be understood that one main reason why the Right was resolved to drive M. THIERS from power was, that it distrusted his management of the elections. Their theory was that Frenchmen usually vote as the Government for the time being wishes them to vote, and they complained that M. THIERS, instead of turning this disposition to good account, allowed the electors to think that anybody who called himself a Republican was a friend to the Republican Government. It cannot be pleaded that the present Administration has erred in this way. The Duke of BROGLIE has again and again declared that he will use every legal means to put down Radicalism, and the MINISTER of the INTERIOR showed by his famous Circular to the Prefects what a liberal interpretation he was prepared to put upon the term legal means. The Right has been completely beaten upon a ground which it had itself chosen. It assumed the control of the elections on the plea that, if they were properly conducted, the real feeling of the country would be unmistakably manifested, and would be found to be in complete harmony with that of the majority in the Assembly. The real feeling of the country has been unmistakably manifested, but before it can be described as in harmony with that of the majority in the Assembly, the work of the 24th of May must be undone, and the majority must again become Republican. The Government has committed another blunder in not filling up all the vacant seats at the same time. If fourteen elections, instead of four, had been held last Sunday, the impression made on the country would not have been much more marked, while the process of forgetting it might have begun at once. As it is, another election must be held this very month, and two or three more in the course of November. In this way public excitement will be

kept up by the spectacle of one Republican victory after another, and wavering deputies will have full time to reflect upon their chances of re-election if they go against the wishes of their constituents in the decisive division. The prospect that they will be consoled, if they do so, by finding themselves in the majority grows steadily less. M. ROUVIER's letter is conclusive as to the action of the Bonapartists in the Assembly. The Imperialists have as little to hope from a general election as the partisans of the Count of CHAMBORD, but what chances they have depend upon the Republic being allowed sufficient rope to hang itself. It is quite certain that the Government which follows the Government of HENRY V. will be Republican, and in this way the possibility of any realization of Bonapartist hopes would be indefinitely postponed. The belief that the Republic cannot succeed in keeping the Radicals under control leads them to the same practical conclusion as the belief of the Left Centre that the Republic can alone succeed in keeping the Radicals under control. In a Parliamentary struggle votes count more than motives; and though the Bonapartists will again be enemies of the Republic the moment the Republic is secured against a Royalist Restoration, they may be useful auxiliaries in the interval.

INTERNATIONAL JURISTS.

MR. DUDLEY FIELD, as appeared from his address to the Social Science Association at Norwich, agreed seven years ago with other ambitious jurists to produce by their combined efforts a code of international law, including provisions for arbitration. His partners in the undertaking either directed their energies into other channels, or satisfied themselves by reflection, and perhaps by experiment, that the enterprise was intrinsically impracticable. The old want of a fulcrum from which the material universe was to be moved reappears with every attempt to escape from the actual conditions of life. The problem proposed to themselves by international legislators is to obtain from independent nations the same obedience which would be rendered to authority by the subjects of a single Government. It is not impossible to construct a code of moral obligation, and to assume that it has obtained some kind of legal sanction; but, even if Mr. DUDLEY FIELD could persuade all civilized States to acquiesce in his proposed enactments, the executive force which is essential to the very existence of law cannot be provided except by the abolition of independence. It has often been remarked that the notion of international law was originally rendered credible by the practice of the Holy Roman Empire, where potentates, in other respects practically independent, were to a certain extent subject to coercive jurisdiction. In the feudal kingdoms of the middle ages, the superior lord exercised, when he was strong enough, a similar control over powerful vassals; and the Popes, when they were at the height of their power, claimed a kind of censorial authority, which was enforced sometimes by means of spiritual censures, and more often by the arm of secular allies. The early writers on international law scarcely attempt to distinguish between moral duty and legal obligation. Courts of Admiralty have applied rules which had previously obtained more or less general acceptance to persons and property within their own municipal jurisdiction; and between particular States a kind of statutory law has in some cases been established by treaties. It is desirable that public law, as far as it has been defined, should be generally respected; but the whole fabric is founded on voluntary and continuous contract.

It is of course impossible to judge of the merits of Mr. FIELD's code from his general explanation of his purpose, or even from his summary of its contents. His plan appears to be comprehensive, and it may possibly be exhaustive; nor can it be doubted that an elaborate treatise on private and public rights which may be connected with international law is likely to be useful. Questions of domicile, of allegiance, of disposition by will, of maritime collision, and many other subjects or incidents of litigation, involve much uncertainty and complication. In the great majority of cases which occur in time of peace the municipal court determines without dispute the extent of its own jurisdiction. When the rights of sovereigns are involved, the question is sometimes discussed between the respective Governments; but nothing is rarer than a national dispute arising from the ordinary proceedings of courts of law. The occasional seizure of foreign smuggling vessels on the high seas

approaches, as an exercise of force, more nearly to one of the acts which constantly cause misunderstanding between belligerents and neutrals; but in all the wide range which Mr. DUDLEY FIELD appears to have traversed in his recent labours, the subject-matter lies within the province rather of lawyers than of Social Science reformers. The principle that aliens are liable in common with subjects to municipal jurisdiction solves in principle a large part of the difficulties which from time to time occur, although complicated questions may arise on its application to the facts of a particular case. The ancient and barbarous custom by which the goods of foreigners dying in France were formerly liable to forfeiture, however repugnant to common sense and to national equity, could not be regarded as a violation of international law. It might perhaps be convenient that civilized States should as far as possible adopt the same rules of jurisprudence on all points in which the subjects of any Government are liable to the jurisdiction of foreign Courts; but the matter is not one of urgent necessity; and the two greatest commercial nations acknowledge by a happy accident precisely the same maxims of jurisprudence. In all that relates to private rights it is unnecessary to devise a new code for England and the United States. In both countries the doctrine of indefeasible allegiance was until lately maintained, and the differences of opinion which afterwards arose have now been settled by treaty. The courts of both countries administer the same law in all questions of property.

Other methods for promoting cosmopolitan unity or uniformity lie outside the domain of law. Identity of coinage and of money, of account, of weights and measures, and of other instruments of exchange, would produce more or less convenience to that portion of every community which either travels abroad or engages in foreign commerce. It is generally thought that the Germans have made a mistake in allowing a fractional difference of value between their principal gold coin and the English sovereign; and, on the other hand, some theorists would assimilate the English coinage to the French. The domestic transactions of every community are so greatly more numerous and more important than international dealings that no increased facility to travellers would compensate for the substitution in England of francs for shillings. Not one person in ten thousand has occasion in the course of his life to reduce cubic yards into metres; but legislators of the Social Science order have amused themselves with the harmless triumph of hanging up tables of metrical measurement on the walls of elementary schools. The most ambitious and sanguine of living advocates of uniformity is the President of the UNITED STATES who not long since anticipated in his Message to Congress the universal adoption throughout the world of the American Constitution and the English language. That national differences tend to the full and vigorous development of human faculties, and that it would scarcely be expedient to abolish the literature of France, of Italy, and of Germany, are considerations too remote for the apprehension of General GRANT, or perhaps of the Social Science Association. Mr. FIELD as a practical lawyer has reason to know that the possession of the same coinage and a common language has not been found inconsistent with the perpetration of outrageous frauds in New York or in other parts of the world. Even if his proposed Code were universally adopted, there would still be room for the devices of an international FISK or a cosmopolitan GOULD.

The only part of Mr. DUDLEY FIELD's project which can have possessed any special interest for the Social Science Association was the chimerical project of international arbitration. As an independent investigator of metaphysical problems arrives in a few steps at the puzzles which have perplexed his predecessors since the dawn of philosophy, modern philanthropists immediately stumble on the inherent impossibility of controlling force by any means except the employment of superior force. There is not, and there never was, any difficulty in settling by agreement or under arbitration a national dispute which is not regarded by either party as a sufficient cause for war. In the most turbulent parts of the middle ages territorial controversies were often composed by the award either of a feudal superior or of an arbitrator voluntarily chosen. The only difficulty is to substitute arbitration for war; and Mr. DUDLEY FIELD has, as might have been expected, contributed nothing to the discovery of an impossible solution. Although the process and the result of the Geneva Arbitration may

have thrown temporary or permanent discredit on the system, it is probable that in future cases Governments which prefer unqualified concession to resistance will again cover their abandonment of former pretensions by the form of reference to arbitration. It is much more certain that none of the great wars of recent times would have admitted of any similar mode of adjustment. The determination of the Northern States of America to re-establish the Union, of BISMARCK to expel Austria from the German Federation, of NAPOLEON III. to try the experiment of strengthening his dynasty by an attack on Prussia, contained no element on which a judicial decision could have been given, even if there had been a tribunal competent to entertain the litigation. The analogy which Mr. FIELD attempted to suggest between the quarrels of independent nations and the differences which arose among the American States before the establishment of the Union was unsound, because the relations of enemies and those of confederates are not only distinct, but antagonistic. Five-and-twenty years ago, at a Peace Congress held in Paris, M. VICTOR HUGO quoted an equally irrelevant precedent for the proposed settlement of national disputes, by contrasting the wars which were formerly waged with one another by the great feudatories of the old French Monarchy with the prevalence of a single code of laws enforced by recognized tribunals in modern France. M. HUGO probably thought that the establishment of French supremacy over Europe furnished the simplest and most natural method of removing the inconveniences which follow from national independence. Mr. FIELD, as becomes an American and a lawyer, is less extravagant in his expectations; but, like all theorists on the subject, he founds his scheme for abolishing war on the assumption that the task is already accomplished. It is difficult to understand how a rational projector can seriously insist on the necessity of general disarmament as long as no Power can be compelled to disband a single regiment. It might have been hoped that the Congress at Brussels would occupy itself with more serious and more useful investigations; and its members were evidently aware of the difficulty of providing for the execution of any rule that could be devised. At last, with an ingenuity which ought to excite the envy of the Social Science Association, they passed a resolution to the effect that arbitration ought to be made obligatory on nations. The proposition that independent Governments must obey the behests of the Brussels Congress is worthy of the most advanced professors of social science. The reconciliation of freedom with necessity would long since have been accomplished by philosophers if they had been contented to make compulsion exclusively figurative or verbal. At the dinner which closed the sittings of the Congress Dr. BLUNTSCHLI, as representing Germany, supplied an instructive commentary on the previous proceedings by reserving to his own country the right to vindicate the cause of intellectual freedom "even by the sword."

FIFTY YEARS OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

MR. HAMMOND, who has resigned the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs, has assisted during his fifty years' service at one of the most complete revolutions which have occurred in English and European diplomacy. Inheriting from his father, who preceded him in the same office, an experience reaching back beyond his own personal recollection, he was familiar with the almost forgotten theory of a Council of Great Powers in which his own country held a principal place. At the moment indeed when he first entered the Office a rupture had already taken place in the union which had been formed after the overthrow of NAPOLEON. CANNING, who had then recently succeeded Lord LONDONDERRY as Foreign Secretary, was distrusted by the absolute Governments of the Continent, which were principally concerned with the suppression of revolutionary and constitutional agitation. In 1823 France, under the guidance of one of the men of literary genius who have in that country often proved themselves to be political charlatans, had engaged in the task of restoring absolute Monarchy in Spain. The English Minister took every occasion of protesting against the dangerous caprice of CHATEAUBRIAND, who was the mere tool of the astute politicians assembled in Congress at Verona. At the same time, with a curious miscalculation of future probabilities, CANNING urged the American President to resist the supposed designs of the European Monarchies against the revolted colonies of Spain. It was on this suggestion, followed by

the ready assent of President MONROE, that the United States founded the so-called MONROE Doctrine of their own right to prohibit all European interference in the Western hemisphere. As the claim would have been in some other form preferred and maintained when the United States attained their present height of power, it matters little that an English Minister commenced the policy which was long afterwards conspicuously exemplified in the expulsion of the French from Mexico. When Mr. CANNING told the House of Commons that he had called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old, he little knew that he had only sanctioned the inevitable aggrandizement of a rival and often friendly Power. Mr. HAMMOND, who was then a young Foreign Office clerk, lived to take part in the Washington Treaty and the Geneva Arbitration.

The superintendence of European affairs by the Five Great Powers, if it was unfavourable to constitutional and democratic aspirations, secured more effectually than any previous or subsequent arrangement the peace of the world. With a few occasional interruptions the organic legislation of the Congress of Vienna was enforced and supported without resort to arms for a period of forty years. A similar, but shorter, interval of peace had in the previous century intervened between the Treaty of Utrecht and the war of the Austrian Succession. In both cases the result was partly due to exhaustion; but the fear of encountering the united opposition of Europe did much to restrain the ambition of more than one Continental Power. Popular opinion has scarcely done justice to the foresight of the statesmen who determined the distribution of territory at Vienna. It is true that they acted on the old tradition that the rights of kings and the arrangement of the balance of power were more worthy of regard than ethnological aspirations, and even than the legitimate wishes of the population; but at that time Italy was, as METTERNICH long afterwards called it when the phrase had ceased to correspond to the fact, little more than a geographical expression. The dawning consciousness of national unity in Germany was not unfittedly represented by the Federal Constitution, which formed a somewhat closer bond of union than the decayed Empire before its dissolution a few years before. The wisest and most thoughtful combination devised at Vienna was unfortunately doomed to early failure. The formation of a powerful State in the North-West of Europe had in former times been more than once unsuccessfully attempted, and the incessant disturbance of the peace of Europe during the supremacy of France sometimes caused historical students to regret the final failure of the enterprise of CHARLES of Burgundy. When the fall of NAPOLEON became imminent, many statesmen recognized the expediency of creating an independent State in the Low Countries; and the renewal of the ancient connexion between Holland and Flanders offered a natural method of effecting the object. It is probably now a cause of regret to thoughtful Belgian politicians that the free and intelligent community to which they belong is not part of a larger State. The separation of Belgium and Holland in 1830 was precipitated by the injudicious policy of the Dutch dynasty; and it has in some sense been subsequently justified by the prosperity and good government of the new kingdom; but the united Monarchy would, if it had lasted, have afforded a surer guarantee for permanent independence.

Mr. HAMMOND had the advantage of learning his duties under a succession of able masters. He was probably too young to have had any confidential intercourse with Mr. CANNING; and Lord DUDLEY only held office for a few months while Mr. HAMMOND was still a subaltern. The Duke of WELLINGTON and Lord ABERDEEN at that time were supposed to incline to the policy of the Holy Alliance, not from any preference of absolute government, but in the belief that with the outbreak of revolution the cycle of war and conquest might probably recommence. The Duke of WELLINGTON incurred the enmity of Russia by his disapproval of aggression on Turkey; but at the same time, in concert with Lord ABERDEEN, he discountenanced for a long time the establishment of an independent kingdom in Greece. Lord ABERDEEN frequently stated that his assent was finally given in the erroneous belief that the disruption of Turkey was imminent, and that it was desirable to rescue part of the dominions of the Sultan from the sovereignty of Russia. The Duke of WELLINGTON, in his apprehension of the progress of revolution, had encouraged CHARLES X. to form the POLIGNAC Ministry; but, when the folly of the King and his Minis-

ter had overthrown the Monarchy, the English Government prudently recognized the new dynasty, and even acquiesced in the separation of Belgium from Holland. The precedent of 1830 was at the time almost new, although it has since become the fixed rule that every existing Government of a foreign country shall be held to represent the nation. Mr. HAMMOND had the advantage of being young enough to accustom himself to the modern ways of thought which were then gradually superseding the former traditions of diplomacy. The domestic changes which were partly caused by the French Revolution of 1830 introduced into the Foreign Office the most active and vigorous of its modern directors. For eleven years Lord PALMERSTON managed without interruption the foreign policy of England; and, after the retirement of Lord GREY in 1834, he acted almost independently of his colleagues. During the greater part of that time he was occupied in baffling the intrigues of Louis PHILIPPE and his Ministers for the acquisition of Belgium, and for the separation of Egypt from the Turkish Empire. As Secretary of State and afterwards as Prime Minister, Lord PALMERSTON was virtually Foreign Minister for nearly a quarter of a century. At the same time he organized his department so carefully that it has since been the most efficient of the public offices; and Mr. HAMMOND, who rose under Lord PALMERSTON to the highest rank among the permanent functionaries, is entitled to a portion of the credit.

In his later years the UNDER-SECRETARY, like most official veterans, was disinclined to innovation; and the schemes of modern reformers excused the contemptuous tone of the evidence which he occasionally gave before Parliamentary Committees. In matters of detail the permanent head of a public office is practically supreme; and it was natural that Mr. HAMMOND should be held responsible for some of the disappointments and vexations which inevitably occur in the distribution of employment and promotion. His unlucky announcement of settled tranquillity when Lord GRANVILLE became Foreign Minister on the death of Lord CLARENDON ought not seriously to impair his well-earned reputation for political sagacity. The prophecy was within a few days falsified by the commencement of the greatest war of modern times; but it was wholly impossible to foresee an extravagant and causeless act of folly. If Mr. HAMMOND had at that time been in the confidence of M. OLIVIER, or even of the EMPEROR himself, he might probably have been not less confident in the maintenance of peace. A statesman is justified in assuming that Governments will consult their own obvious interests; and in the summer of 1870 the Imperial Government of France had every motive for maintaining peace. As the mistake in no degree affected the policy of England, it illustrated rather the uncertainty of human affairs than the blindness of official politicians. Mr. HAMMOND's successor will not be troubled with the anxieties which beset a former generation for the extension of English influence, or for the restoration of the lost balance of power. It seems probable that he and his superiors will rather have to deal with the unforeseen collisions of belligerent pretensions and neutral rights; and perhaps they will have occasion to reconsider the rules of international law. It may be worth while to remark that the appointment of Lord TENTERDEN involves a serious innovation, if not a constitutional anomaly. No peer has a theoretical right to decline or suspend the discharge of his Parliamentary duties; and yet it is impossible for a permanent Civil Servant to take part in the proceedings of the House of Lords. If the precedent is once established, the Ministry of the day will have a new mode of rewarding friends and buying off opponents.

THE FUSION AND THE ULTRAMONTANES.

THE most remarkable feature in the movement in favour of a Restoration in France is its relation to religion. It has all along been guided by the clergy and associated with pilgrimages and miracles. At first it seemed impossible that an agitation could derive anything but weakness from such auxiliaries. The scepticism of the national character had been regarded as established beyond the possibility of contradiction. In their dread of Radicalism Frenchmen might, it was thought, descend to any depths of political reaction, but, however intense might be their Conservatism, they would remain the disciples of VOLTAIRE. Those who thus reasoned forgot the singular vitality of the Roman Catholic Church.

Again and again she has found the secret of victory to lie in the resolution never to accept defeat. If she has sometimes suffered from her reluctance to abandon an object she has once proposed to herself, the loss has been made up to her by the habit which this training has given her of being always ready to turn unexpected opportunities to account. The Second Empire provided such an opportunity in two ways. No doubt the complicity of the clergy in the Napoleonic usurpation added intensity to the hatred felt towards them by the extreme Republicans. But after the conversion of Pius IX. from Liberalism, the Church had given up the hope of winning over the Extreme Republicans, so that in this respect her fate was no worse than she had expected it to be. The policy of NAPOLEON III. was not one of subjection to the clergy; but the very means which he took to maintain his supremacy had the effect, as was very well explained some weeks since by a French Correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of strengthening clerical influence. He made the priests the almoners of the State in the expectation that, if the money they dispensed in charity was all provided by the State, the State, and not the Church, would get the credit of it. What actually happened was the precise reverse of this. The poor saw that all the help that came to them came through the clergy, and they did not look beyond the actual giver. The Church came to be regarded as the only friend they had, and the clergy furthered this belief by extending its network of charitable organization throughout the length and breadth of France. Fortunately for the Church, a coolness between her and the Government had grown up some time before the fall of the Empire. The devotion to NAPOLEON III. which the clergy had shown before 1866 cooled very much after he had found himself unable to preserve the integrity of the Pope's dominions. In this way the Church was saved from the discredit which came upon the whole Imperial system after the capitulation of Sedan, and was left free to profit by the change in public feeling produced by that and subsequent disasters. There seems little doubt that adversity has caused a real reaction in favour of religion in the minds of many Frenchmen. Year after year they had been told by the priests that unbelief and want of devotion to the Church would bring temporal retribution upon their heads. Year after year their temporal prosperity had gone on increasing, and the predictions of the clergy had seemed less and less likely to be fulfilled. When they turned out to be true prophets after all, and Frenchmen found themselves suffering under an unexampled load of misfortune, it is no wonder that the men who had foretold the fact were assumed to be equally accurate in accounting for it. France had been punished as the priests had said she would be; was it not likely that she had been punished for the cause which the priests had assigned as certain to bring the penalty upon her? When the Church found herself in possession of the influence thus created, there could not be much question as to which of the rival claimants to power she should favour. The Republic was hateful to her on two grounds; first, because she distrusted M. THIERS's ability to keep it really Conservative; secondly, because she distrusted M. THIERS's inclination to make it clerical. She had no love for the Orleanists; for the French *bourgeoisie*, of whose opinions the party was the special reflex, has always been proof against ecclesiastical persuasion. The Empire was for the time an impossibility; and for some years previously to the war it had not been conducting itself as an obedient son. There remained the legitimate Monarchy in the person of the Count of CHAMBORD. Everything combined to make him the best candidate for ecclesiastical purposes. He was thoroughly submissive to the clergy, supremely devoted to the Pope, surrounded by a crowd of good Catholics, who would furnish candidates for every vacant office, opposed even more than Pius IX. himself to any compromise with modern ideas. The choice of the clergy was soon made. New and old miracles were alike pressed into the service of the Legitimist pretender, and hymns to the Sacred Heart, or to Our Lady of La Salette, were carefully loaded with a monarchical moral. If the Count of CHAMBORD can be placed upon the throne without making any damaging recantation of his former declarations, the Roman Catholic Church will possess what she has long wanted—a temporal monarch firmly devoted to her cause.

The writer of a recent article in the *Kölnische Zeitung* says truly that the accession of the Count of CHAMBORD "will be regarded as a declaration of war not only against modern France and her dearly-bought liberties, but also against

"modern Europe, whose recent re-arrangements can have no more determined enemy than he." As regards the most "recent re-arrangement," the Count shares this hostility with every possible ruler of France. Neither Monarchy nor Republic would be endured for an instant by Frenchmen if it required from them the abnegation of their determination to get back Alsace and Lorraine. It is doubtful, however, whether in other respects this hostility to recent re-arrangements of territory does not tend to damage Royalist prospects in France. Among the little group of fanatics who have the direction of the Count of CHAMBORD's conscience, the dismemberment of France is probably regarded only as a minor incident among these re-arrangements. The addition of two provinces to Germany is to be regretted as helping to aggrandize an overgrown Protestant Power at the expense of one which it is hoped is about to be reconverted to Catholicism. But the real vice of the recent changes in the distribution of power is the transfer of the Papal territory to Italy; all other changes are viewed as they are calculated to affect the permanence of this one. Had it not been for this, the Church would never have provoked a quarrel with the German Empire. Prince BISMARCK had no desire to make an enemy of the German clergy and no theological attraction towards the Old Catholics. But he was not disposed to undertake a crusade against Italy for the purpose of restoring the Pope to his temporal throne, and for this reason the Roman Church determined to cast him aside as an instrument not available for her purposes. If the Count of CHAMBORD is restored, the King's advisers will be willing enough to fan the national hatred of Germany, but they will not be equally willing to take any means that may present themselves in order to gratify it. The French have learnt the lesson of the late war with unexpected accuracy. They know that they are weak, and they know that the two main duties which their weakness imposes upon them are readiness to welcome every ally, and the patient concentration of their whole strength and purpose upon one object. The victory of Ultramontanism is unfavourable to the discharge of both these duties. Before an ally can be accepted by HENRY V., he must have shown that he is a friend to the Pope as well as a friend to France. With good management, for example, the alliance just effected between Italy and Germany might probably have been prevented, and the King's known leaning towards France have been gradually warmed into something like effective life. But not even to regain Alsace and Lorraine would the Roman Catholic Church approve an alliance with the sacrilegious Power that has wrested Rome from its rightful sovereign. The one object which she is set upon is the restoration of the Pope, and the restoration of HENRY V. is only valuable to her in so far as it promises to help on this paramount end. When the French people come to understand clearly that in the eyes of their King and his most trusted councillors the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine is only a secondary object, and that alliances which might further the attainment of it are wantonly sacrificed because they do not square with the designs of the Pope, it may be doubted whether political Catholicism will not lose any charms that it now possesses for them. They will in all probability be equally irritated by the discovery that the rigid abstinence from all share in European politics which is absolutely essential to the recovery of the military strength of France may at any moment be departed from, not in the interest of France, but in the interest of the Pope. It is true that the Count of CHAMBORD disclaims all notion of waging an imprudent war. But, even supposing his judgment on what constitutes a prudent war to be absolutely unerring, this will not constitute any guarantee against the strength of France being wasted in wars which only indirectly concern her. It is quite conceivable that a war with Italy in which France should be the victor might leave her so crippled in resources that she would be forced to lie quiet for a considerable interval. During that interval an opportunity of fighting Germany at an advantage might occur, and might have to be foregone by reason of the dissipation of her strength caused by a short-sighted, though successful, contest with Italy. It does not need very great keenness of vision to foresee these possibilities; and unless Frenchmen are altogether blind to them, their very anger against Germany may render them suspicious of political Catholicism.

POLITICAL FALSETTO.

MR. DISRAELI has perhaps some reason to complain of the obtuseness of the critics of his recent manifesto. They have failed to appreciate the peculiar nature of the performance, and have set to work to construe a string of epigrams as if it were an invoice. When CHARLES LAMB, in a company of Scotchmen who were all praising BURNS, expressed a wish that BURNS were present, he was gravely informed that BURNS had been dead for many years. Mr. DISRAELI must feel that the spirit of his remarks upon the Government has been equally misunderstood. He has certainly a right to appeal to his antecedents, and to ask whether he has ever said or done anything to warrant his being taken for a serious statesman. Mr. DISRAELI, it should be remembered, is an artist as well as a politician, and he has always appeared to regard politics as an art rather than as a science. It is therefore from an artistic point of view that his political efforts should be judged; and it is also necessary to bear in mind that in art there are two schools, the idealists and the realists, and that it is to the former that Mr. DISRAELI belongs. He has a political dialect of his own, in which words stand for very different values from those which they bear in common use. It might be supposed, however, that the key to this artificial tongue would by this time be pretty well known, and that the necessary allowance would be made for its ornamental extravagance. The picture of the civil war now raging in England is only a counterpart to the famous picture of the cabal of scheming English politicians and foreign intriguers which was represented some years ago as planning the ruin of the country.

The explanation of Mr. DISRAELI's peculiar eloquence may be found in the principles of a kindred art. Prosaic people have sometimes derided operatic performances on account of their absurd dissimilarity from real life. In real life, it is said, a pair of lovers who have met for a clandestine interview do not usually rouse the neighbourhood by singing a duet at the top of their voices, nor does an assassin remain after stabbing his victim to warble an air over the body. All this is very true. Ordinary conversation is not conducted in recitative, and the obdurate parent who orders his daughter's lover out of doors certainly does not do so in musical strains, with the disconsolate soprano and tenor joining sweetly in the choros. From a realistic point of view, an opera is undoubtedly about as absurd as anything that can possibly be imagined. But then admirers of opera would say that it is not intended to be realistic; it is an idealized form of art, and looks at results rather than means. The object is to produce certain impressions and emotions in the audience by a combination of acting and melody, and as long as these impressions and emotions are produced, it does not in the least matter that the representation should be utterly unlike anything in real life. Mr. DISRAELI might plead the same excuse for his manifesto, and for the sort of eloquence to which he has been training the more susceptible and imitative of his disciples. It is operatic politics in which airs and recitative are substituted for common talk. An effect is intended to be produced, not by sense, but by sound, and the charm of such a jingle as "plundering and blundering" is quite independent of any meaning that can be attached to it. It is supposed that it will comfort the Conservatives just as that "blessed word Mesopotamia" did the old woman at church. This sort of talk has, in fact, no more relation to realities than an operatic trio, or the elang of a stage sailor or stage Irishman. It is a conventional, symbolical, idealized way of putting things. When Sir F. SLADE denounces the Solicitor-General as a professional slave and political adventurer, and accuses the Liberals of seeking to bring up the young as atheists and devils; when Mr. DISRAELI describes party differences as civil warfare; or when a clergyman declares that he would not like to see Mr. GLADSTONE cut up into mince-meat, because he would make such an unsavoury pie—they are no more in earnest than the tipsy coalheaver when he curses his own eyes or invokes damnation on his neighbours. They are merely relieving themselves by a discharge of expletives.

It is impossible to suppose that orators and journalists who talk or write in this style really believe what they say, or expect the people to whom it is addressed to believe it; indeed they would probably be very much amazed to find that there was anybody weak enough to accept such fastian seriously. They are only blowing off steam,

and giving it to be understood that they do not altogether like the way in which things are being managed, and that in any case they have a natural and innocent desire to see their own side in office. My opponent, said a French writer, accuses me of theft, forgery, murder, and every kind of iniquity, but he only means that there is a difference between us on a point of grammar. The eloquence of the speakers who form themselves upon Mr. DISRAELI similarly requires to be brought down to the level of intelligible commonplace. It is, in fact, a purely artificial and conventional production, as artificial and conventional as a barrister's wig, which does not pretend to be a man's real hair, but is only a symbolical covering so obviously unreal that there is no mistaking what it is. Except on the stage or in a novel, nobody ever says "Alas," and nobody in private life is ever heard talking the sort of wild rant which is to be found in the ordinary run of Conservative newspapers, and occasionally in the speeches of county members at agricultural dinners. This extravagance is put off in private life just as the lawyer puts off his wig, or as the actor washes the rouge off his face and strips his calves of padding. Of course we do not mean to suggest that Conservatism is all a sham and pretence, but only that a certain class of Conservatives have unfortunately got into a way of talking in public which is altogether artificial and unreal, and which might be called insincere if it were not that those who indulge in it apparently take it for granted that it will not be supposed that they mean all they say. In the case of all the great measures of the Government there was room for legitimate and reasonable opposition. Even if the principle of a measure was sound, it might be argued that the mode in which it was proposed to be carried out was inexpedient, or that the time was inopportune. But even the most credulous partisan can hardly have believed that the Throne would be overturned, as Mr. DISRAELI predicted, if the Irish Church were touched, or that the army would fall to pieces the instant the purchase of commissions was discontinued. No doubt this sort of exaggeration had its parallel on the other side, and the evils which were predicted as a consequence of the policy of the Government were the counterpart of the magical results which were promised by its supporters. But exaggeration does not justify exaggeration, and Conservatives should remember that, after all, their safest ground is common sense.

The mischief of this fanciful and artificial language is that it not only misrepresents the tone of the party at large, but tends to discredit it with that great body of sensible and moderate people who compose the majority of the nation, and who do not happen to be either Liberals or Conservatives, but are anxious only for steady and competent administration, avoiding excesses on either side. It is also injurious to the self-respect, and, in some degree, to the sincerity, of those who thus habitually speak with affected violence or fear. They cease after a time to have a sound appreciation of the relation between words and convictions; and when, under the pressure of circumstances, they find it necessary to draw back a little from the strong language they have used, they hardly know where to stop. They have accustomed themselves to live in a world of phantoms, and at last become confused as to the boundary line between truth and fiction. Nobody knows how far they are in earnest, and they hardly know themselves. This sort of acting is necessarily destructive to moral discretion and taste, and its worst effects may not be discovered until too late. Mr. DISRAELI has somewhere said that in the government of nations imagination is a quality not less important than reason, but reason can hardly be set aside; and it is also well to remember that imagination and artifice are not exactly the same thing. It may be hoped that the manner in which the peculiar style of eloquence of which we are speaking has lately been received will convince those who have been in the habit of using it that it is neither creditable nor successful. The really Conservative forces in the country are not those which are most blatant and violent, and they are more likely to be conciliated by plain, straightforward, candid speaking, in the way in which people speak face to face among themselves in real life, than by a political falsetto put on for the occasion.

SCHOOL BOARD ELECTIONS.

THE results of the approaching elections for School Boards will in some respects be even more interesting than those of the first elections three years ago. The

working of the Boards will to some extent have been tested, and the rush of enthusiasm in which many of the original members were returned will have had time to consolidate itself or to die out. The magnitude and the cost of the work which School Boards have before them are becoming better understood. If the ratepayers now elect energetic representatives it will prove, far more than it proved in 1870, that they mean that this work shall be done. But the special significance of these elections is that they will be the first (except as regards London) to be held under the Ballot; and the substitution of secret for open voting may produce as important a change in the character of School Board elections as it promises to produce in the election of members of the House of Commons. Very much the same causes will be at work in the two cases. In the election for a School Board religious questions are often more directly and avowedly involved than in Parliamentary elections, and it is abundantly evident that nothing stirs men's passions so surely as religion. If, under open voting, men were tempted to use bribery or coercion for political ends, they were quite as much tempted to use them for religious ends. Indeed there were probably a good number of persons who would have done without scruple in a School Board election things which they would have refused, or at all events have hesitated, to do in a merely political contest. Religious people have greatly improved upon DAVID's tactics against GOLIATH. Instead of rejecting the armour offered them, they are often willing to lay hands upon all the weapons they can beg, borrow, or steal. If the coming School Board elections were to take place under the old system, much social pressure would be exerted by many who do not usually take any active part in public affairs. Women, for example, are often keenly interested in ecclesiastical contests, and this kind of pressure is precisely that which women are best able to employ. The circles in which it is not considered gentlemanly, or even decent to be a Liberal, are growing fewer every day, but there are many to be found in which the identity of respectability and churchmanship is assumed as a matter of course. On the other side may be set the regard for consistency and party discipline which prevents men from voting against those with whom they have been accustomed to act. This motive may very well have had considerable influence in open voting for School Boards. The Education League has contrived to identify itself with the advanced section of the Liberals, and a man who has steadily voted for the Radical candidate at Parliamentary elections may entertain a natural dislike to being convicted of having deserted his friends in an election in which, according to the League, Radical principles are directly involved. Yet in his heart he may feel that the two cases are very different. He has been taught to associate Radicalism with economy and diminished taxation, but the victory of the League will necessarily bring with it universal School Boards, universal School Board schools, and universal school rates. If he had still to vote in public, he would probably swallow the contradiction with the best grace he could command; but now that he can vote in secret there is no need for him to make the sacrifice. He can vote against the League without compromising his political character, or finding that his old friends look coldly on him.

Either way, therefore, the coming School Board elections may be of a different complexion from what they were in 1870, or would have been without the Ballot in 1873. There is now a fair chance of ascertaining the real magnitude of the religious difficulty. The elections for School Boards will show whether any appreciable number of ratepayers really object to the payment of school fees on behalf of indigent children attending Denominational schools, and whether they are so anxious as they are said to be that secular and religious instruction shall be given, not only in the same building, but by the same teacher. We shall not be surprised if on both points they turn out to be less resolute than extreme partisans on either side have described them. The mental attitude of the ordinary ratepayer is probably something of this kind. He wishes to have good elementary schools, partly because in many cases his own children will attend them, partly because he has been a little impressed by all the prophecies that have been addressed to him with regard to the misfortunes which will come upon the country if Englishmen remain in their present state of ignorance. But though he wishes to have good elementary schools, he wishes that they should be provided at somebody else's expense, and he will probably

see in the maintenance of the voluntary system a means of thus providing them. The result of this mixed feeling will be to make him a severe but not an unfriendly critic of Denominational schools. He will not be very much impressed by their religious aspect, for there is a large body of evidence to show that a parent's choice of a school is almost invariably determined by considerations either of excellence or of convenience, and the great mass of the ratepayers belong to the classes which send their children to elementary schools. But he will have a keen sense that it is to his advantage to get all he can out of the Denominationalists, and that, if he consents to suspend the creation of School Boards, or School Board schools, in their favour, he will thereby earn a right to insist that these schools shall supply the best education that can be got. If this proves to be a true reading of the ratepayer's mind, the compromise established by the Act of 1870 is probably as good a settlement of the education difficulty as could be devised. Even Mr. MONTEY admits that it is better to have secular education *plus* theology than not to have it at all; and if the ratepayers are determined to make the attainment of a high level of secular excellence the condition of continuing the permission to surround it with theological adjuncts, the community will be benefited, while the Denominationalists will have no reason to complain. It is exceedingly improbable that the ratepayers will be led by Nonconformist or Secularist enthusiasm to withdraw from the Church of England or from the Roman Catholics the liberty to give religious instruction to children of their own creed under specially convenient conditions, in return for contributing towards the cost of their secular education. But it is equally improbable that they will be led by Denominationalist zeal to put up with a low standard of secular education rather than sacrifice the theological infusion which now accompanies it. They will be more inclined to say, Take your children and teach them as much religion as you please, provided that you teach them other things thoroughly well. This is not a challenge which the managers of voluntary schools can have any right to resent. It would be unjust and impolitic to drive them out of the field so long as they comply with the requirements of the State as regards the quality of the education given in their schools; but it would be an extremely short-sighted economy to put up with an inferior quality of education merely because the Denominationalists were willing to bear part of the cost.

The Ballot is in future to be extended to the voting on a proposed application by the ratepayers of any parish or borough for the creation of a School Board. Wherever, therefore, fifty ratepayers in any parish in which there are more than one hundred and fifty ratepayers, or one-third of the whole number in any parish in which there are less than one hundred and fifty, are anxious that a School Board shall be appointed, they can summon a meeting to discuss the question, and any ten of them can demand that a poll shall be taken to ascertain the wishes of the ratepayers. It cannot therefore be said that any possible predominance of the Denominational element in a parish can avail to prevent the creation of a School Board, unless there is a numerical majority of the ratepayers opposed to it. Even in the typical case of a small country parish in which the Church school provides ample accommodation for all the children of school age, and the clergyman and the squire are bent upon keeping the education of the poor in their own hands, it is very unlikely that, if a majority of the ratepayers wish for a School Board, one-third of them will not be in positions of sufficient independence to enable them to give their more dependent neighbours an opportunity of checking the parson under the safeguard of the Ballot. If this opportunity is not provided, or if, when created, the School Board turns out to be by no means disposed to take upon itself the burden of educating children who are now educated without any cost to the parish, the Education League will be driven to confess that, though the ratepayers may be blind to their duty, they are not prevented from discharging it by any fear of consequences. A change which thus helps to bring out the real views of classes of persons on whose behalf partisans on both sides are so ready to make large professions will contribute towards the solution of several educational problems. Probably the ratepayer, now that he is left absolutely free to paint his own portrait, will be found neither so keenly theological nor so ardently irreligious as he has been depicted by sensational artists on both sides.

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

THERE is no more generally accepted maxim amongst writers of sermons and moral essays than that which prescribes the duty of making the best of things. In one form or another it contains the pith of the consolation generally offered to us when suffering under any calamity. You have lost one of your dearest friends; you are exhorted to remember that if he had lived longer he would have suffered many more pangs; that if he had lived at Timbuctoo you would never have had the advantage of his acquaintance; and that if you had not paid him some proper attentions you would now have been bitterly reproaching yourself. In short, you are invited to send forth your imagination into the boundless regions of the might have been, and to take comfort in reflecting that beneath the actual abyss into which you have fallen yawns another conceivable abyss of which you have been lucky enough to stop short. From the most serious down to the most insignificant troubles of life the same kind of soothing ointment is applied to men's spiritual wounds. You have lost a fortune—rejoice that you have a pittance left to keep you out of the workhouse; you are suffering from toothache—be thankful that you have not also a pain in your stomach; a steady rain sets in just as you are about to take a holiday—congratulate yourself upon possessing an umbrella, and think of the beautiful lights and shades which might have been one monotonous breadth of sunshine. Everybody must have suffered at times under well-meant exhortations of this kind, whose conventional nature is indeed more or less carefully hidden, but whose substance is formed out of these old common-places. The general formula is painfully simple. However much you are suffering, the boundless fertility of human imagination will always enable you to picture some additional aggravation; it can hardly be said of anybody that all the avenues by which pain can approach him are so thronged that there is not room for some additional grief to force an entrance; and till that happens there is always room for applying this wearisome comfort. There are people who, if they saw a man being broken on the wheel, would remark to him that at any rate he had fine weather for the purpose.

Now to the unregenerate human being nothing is more vexatious than this mode of consolation. As a general rule, all comforters have been odious and disagreeable people since the days of Job. The difference between comforting a sufferer and triumphing over his misfortunes is occasionally imperceptible, and when the triumph takes the form of bombardment with moral platitudes it is especially offensive. The sophistry, moreover, is in this case so transparent that one feels that one's intellect is insulted at the same time that one's moral character is depreciated. The statement that "things might have been worse" is as universally applicable, and therefore has as little special application in any given case, as the statement that two and two make four. "Things might have been worse," said the man in a wise old popular legend, as the devil was carrying him off to hell. "How so?" asks his acquaintance. "Why the devil," he answers. "might have made me carry him." Fortunately, indeed, is the person who has not been irritated by friends acting in the spirit of this consistent optimism, and who take credit to themselves for so acting as though it were an indisputable proof of virtue. Of all the companions who ever drove an innocent man to the verge of distraction, probably Mark Tapley must have been the most intolerably offensive. He was of course a hollow impostor, though Dickens never found him out; for a man of genuine cheerfulness does not insist upon telling the world and himself that he is "jolly" every five minutes; but, apart from the question of sincerity, such a walking platitude, dashing his wretched little bit of morality in your face whenever you were out of spirits, would have justified his summary assassination—speaking of course from the point of view of the Western States. Mark Tapley, unfortunately, has become the prophet of a popular school. The fondness of his creator for him proves that Dickens took him to be really an admirable type of character; and accordingly he set to work proving in a hundred different ways that we ought to make the best of things, to look at the bright side of the world, and, so far as our own life is concerned, to ignore the fact that it is full of dark shadows and ominous forebodings. Although this school has fortunately declined in favour, its favourite dogma still retains a wide popularity, and few maxims are more irritating when retailed for private consumption, or more mischievous in their bearing upon public affairs. For the doctrine practically comes to this, that we are to reconcile ourselves to the inevitable hardships of life, not by accommodating ourselves to them as well as we can, but by making believe that they do not exist. It is well and right that human beings should retain as much cheerfulness as is compatible with the possession of anything like a soul. A thinking man cannot go through the battle of life in a state of rollicking exhilaration, but to get what happiness we can is plainly desirable. Everybody has to make up his mind, after a few years of experience, how he will aim at this end; and that man certainly makes the wisest choice whose provision for life includes the smallest amount of illusions. Most people arrange matters so as to put up with evils that might be remedied, and to attempt to meet the irremediable by blandly ignoring them. They run up a veil which serves pretty well for a time, and enables them to denounce as a cynic everybody who likes to look things in the face, but which of course disappears just when it is really wanted.

There was a time, as we know, when the doctrine was adopted by the philosophers, who undertook to prove mathematically that

"whatever is is right." They certainly did not succeed more than other philosophers in practically comforting mankind; and, on the whole, the world has not much missed poor Pangloss and the school whom he represented. When Pope tried to expound the same theory in verse, it took all the poetry out of his sparkling couplets. The essential discord showed itself when it was attempted to set the theory to music. A poet may be rapt into ecstacy by contemplating the beauties of the universe, or be plunged into despair at the horrors around him; but this placid optimism, which, without explicitly denying the existence of evil, proved that, in some way or other, it was very much the same thing as good, was totally alien to any true poetical mood. With the decay of the old schools both of poetry and metaphysics, this quiet fashion of skimming over the great problems of the universe went out of fashion. We are living in times when the wear and tear of life is far too great for any such flimsy armour of optimism. But the doctrine, though it is no longer current in the higher intellectual spheres, is as popular as ever at a lower altitude. We need not remark here upon the grave mischiefs which are worked by it in the sphere of politics or commerce. The evil results of saying peace when there is no peace are pretty generally recognized in theory. At the present moment we are content to put out of view the annoyances which it causes in private life. The propensity to make the best of things is generally found in combination with those smaller virtues which are more annoying to one's neighbours than most vices. The man who rises at five every morning, who always ties up his letters with red tape, and who is convinced of the great truth that it is better to be half an hour too early than half a minute too late, is frequently given to making the best of things. The duty of doing so is a moral maxim just big enough for him to understand. He probably reflects upon it in the early morning at the time when his cold bath is bringing out that glow, physical and moral, which makes him an offence to all weaker vessels during the rest of the day. The ruddy jovial person who gets himself up after the country gentleman type, or the more unctuous variety of popular preacher, is apt to be perspiring this doctrine at every pore. It is a pleasure to him to meet somebody in distress upon whom he may discharge boisterous comfort through his favourite aphorism as a fire-engine sends cold water through a hose. If he acquires some dim consciousness of the fact that his kind exhortations sound like a bitter mockery to his victims, it only increases his sense of virtue. They cannot comfort themselves under the loss of a wife by the reflection that they still have several first cousins and money enough to pay for a handsome monument. That only proves that they have not studied so well as he the great art of properly directing their sentiments. For of course he will deny in the most pathetic manner that he would ever advise anything like self-deceit. He does not avowedly ask a sufferer to profess that a toothache is rather a pleasant distraction than otherwise; he only recommends him to fix his attention upon his great toe or some other remote part of his body which may appear to be enjoying good health. And, in fact, there are some people so curiously constituted that a small pleasant object elevates them more than a great unpleasant object depresses them. They are people, so to speak, of small specific gravity, who cannot be submerged without a heavy burden of melancholy. The person who makes the best of things professes to be of this temperament. It is not, he would have you believe, that he does not sympathize with grief, but that his constitutional buoyancy makes sympathy in him compatible with exhilaration; he does not deny the existence of evils, but the smallest grain of good makes him happy, just as half a glass of wine makes some men drunk. There are, we say, such people as these—men, if we may coin a word, easily intoxicable. But we are inclined, as a rule, to a vehement suspicion in both cases. The man who is upset by the first glass has generally had a certain number of glasses before the first; and the man who makes the best of things is generally helped to be serene either by the absence of strong feeling or by the want of courage to look at the worst. There are of course a great many people who can make the best of their friends' misfortunes with surprising equanimity; but even a personal calamity, such as pecuniary ruin, often finds a man of this sort making the best of it. Before admiring we ought to know whether such calmness really indicates courage; it may signify just the reverse. A man who has never dared fairly to look into the state of his own affairs, and has thus got out of his depth without knowing it, is just the man to be cheerful, because he still does not look into the future, but calculates that on the whole his friends cannot still let him starve. To have a noble disregard for pre-dential considerations, to marry, for example, on general principles, and trust to your children being brought up by an enlightened public, is indeed generally regarded as a noble action; and it is certainly the legitimate consequence of making the best of things. Economists, however, have expressed some doubt whether such actions are beneficial either to the actor or to the nation; we are quite certain that they are anything but beneficial to his neighbours.

CHIVALRY.

DIFFERENT forms of the same word have often come, not only to bear quite different meanings, but to embody quite different sentiments. We do not mean such mere accidents as that which has happened to *cruen*, *quuen*, *quoon*, expressing, as it does, both the highest reverence and the deepest contempt, and

not being altogether in the primitive meaning from which it set out, that of *woman* in a purely colourless form, without expressing anything either way. This is a case of an accident within a language, and the same kind of accident happens between two cognate languages, when a word, starting from the same point in the two, rises in one language and falls in another, as in the familiar case of the English *knight* and the German *Knecht*. We are rather thinking of cases in which two words have been formed from the same root, at different stages of the same language, the meanings of which still remain in some degree connected, while the sentiment and train of thought which belong to the two respectively become quite different. Thus *chieftain* and *captain* are strictly the same word, meaning the man who is *caput* or *chief*, the literal translation of the old English *heafodman* and the modern German *Hauptmann*. Of these *chieftain* is strictly French, formed according to the regular laws by which French words are formed, while *captain* may be called either a later formation, or perhaps more accurately, a later importation, from the Italian; it belongs in either case to a later stage of the language. Of the two words it is clear that the older has the much wider and more general sense, while the use of the latter is much stricter and more technical. Yet among technical military terms it is plain that *captain* is the one which is least technical, and is most easily used in a more general sense. We can talk of the "great captain" of the age, but we cannot talk of the "great colonel" or the "great major"; that is to say, while the word *colonel* is a purely military word, invented for purely military purposes, and which has none but a purely technical military meaning, *captain* is a term of general meaning, which has settled down into a special technical use. But the kind of difference which we mean comes out most strongly in the two forms *chivalry* and *cavalry*. Each alike in its natural meaning implies riding on a horse and nothing more. *Chivalry* is the natural French word, formed according to the rules of the French language, while *cavalry* is the later form, analogous to *captain* as opposed to *chieftain*. The beast from which both words are formed, the *caballus*, who in later Latin turned out what had once been the nobler *equus*, shows himself in the one word in his French form and in the other in his Italian form. But the difference of meaning in the two words *chivalry* and *cavalry* has become yet wider than the difference between *chieftain* and *captain*. One has come to express merely the fact, while the other expresses the sentiment. *Cavalry* expresses simply the fact of riding horses for purposes of war, while *chivalry* has come to mean a certain state of mind which was once held to be the special attribute of those who rode horses for purposes of war. But it is not merely that one word expresses the fact and the other the sentiment; the parting off of meanings has gone much further than this. In the one word it is not merely that it expresses the sentiment as well as the fact. The notion of the sentiment has grown to such a pitch that the fact is altogether forgotten. When people talk about *chivalry*, chivalrous actions, and the like, they no longer think about horses. The word has got a meaning in which the horse is altogether forgotten. A chivalrous action is in strictness an action becoming one who rides on a horse, but in modern language it is quite possible that a chivalrous action might be done by a man who is always in the habit of walking on foot. Etymologically the word *chivalrous* could not be so strictly translated into English as by the word *horsey*, but it is plainly apparent that the two words have quite different meanings. *Horsey* of course is hardly a legitimate word at all; but it is a word which has been called into being, and its meaning is certainly not the same as the meaning of other words formed from other names of the same beast. *Horsey*, like *chivalrous*, expresses not a mere fact, but a sentiment, only the two sentiments are not the same. If we say that a man is in the cavalry, we simply express the fact that his military duties cause him to ride on a horse; he may be chivalrous, or he may be horsey, but the fact of his serving in the cavalry does not prove him to be either. Meanwhile the change in the constitution of modern armies has not only cut off chivalry from its connexion with cavalry, it has also cut off cavalry from its connexion with chivalry. In a Homeric, an Athenian, an early Roman, or a mediæval army, cavalry and chivalry were the same thing. All who served as cavalry belonged to the class from whom it is held that chivalrous actions are to be looked for; their serving in the cavalry was the outward badge of their belonging to that class. Nowadays, not the whole mass of the cavalry, but only its officers now belong to the class from whom we expect chivalry; or, if we are told that the common soldier is as much bound to be chivalrous as his officer, at all events a common soldier in a cavalry regiment is not expected to be chivalrous in any sense in which the common soldier in an infantry regiment is not expected to be chivalrous also. In short the difference between the two will be felt if we take Campbell's two lines:—

Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy *chivalry*.

If instead of this we were to say—

Charge with all thy *cavalry*,

we should be making no change from the point of a philologist; we should perhaps be equally correct as a matter of military history; but we should have come down from a sentiment to a fact; we should have wiped out all the poetry.

What then do we mean by chivalry? Strictly, as we have seen, it means the estate or class of people who ride on horses—that is to say, for purposes of war. Then comes the secondary meaning of a

turn of mind, a moral standard, whatever we please to call it, which is thought to be becoming in members of that class. Lastly, the notion of horses and riding quite passes out of sight, and a chivalrous temper, a chivalrous action, and the like, become words which are used with a certain meaning of their own, always perhaps with a certain latent reference to the standard of a certain class of society, always perhaps with a certain latent reference to warfare, but certainly without any remembrance of the strict etymological meaning of the word. That the original military associations of the word never quite leave it is, we think, clear. When we apply it to conduct which has no reference to warfare, it is by a kind of metaphor; it is somewhat like the words *hero* and *heroism*. The proper field both of heroic actions and of chivalrous actions is warfare; it is only by way of analogy that either heroism or chivalry can be predicated of actions done in lines of life other than the military. Now both heroism and chivalry imply conduct of a special kind, conduct which is not exactly expected of everybody, conduct which has something in common with the theological notions about works of supererogation and counsels of perfection. The hero acts in a way—primarily in warfare, by a figure in other lines of life—which we admire in him, but which we do not expect in everybody. We do not blame a man for not being a hero. But the difference between heroism and chivalry is considerable. We should hardly call conduct heroic, unless we can give it unreserved moral approval. It is part of the idea of a hero that he should be fighting in a good cause. We may call a particular action heroic, even though the man who does it is engaged in a warfare which we deem unjust, but we do not call it so unless we really look upon it as morally right at that particular time and place. Louis the Fourteenth and Buonaparte were not heroes, for several reasons, among others because their warfare was unjust; but it does not follow that many heroic actions may not have been done by particular men in their armies. But when we speak of chivalry, the word hardly carries with it the same hearty respect, the same genuine moral approbation, which is certainly implied in the word hero and its derivatives. There is a lurking notion of the ludicrous about it; we speak of an heroic action with the same gravity, the same unreserved admiration, with which we speak of a saintly action; but we hardly speak of a chivalrous action without a kind of half smile. A chivalrous action, as the word is now commonly used, cannot be a base or sordid action; it may be a generous and self-sacrificing action; but it may very easily be an extravagant and uncalled-for action, which cannot be defended on any principle of right reason, which we do in a kind of way admire, but on which we do not bestow real moral approbation. Burke made a piece of fine declamation about swords leaping from their scabbards in the cause of Marie Antoinette, her beauty, and so forth. That the swords did not so leap forth was a sign that the age of chivalry was past. Now the motive which he thus appealed to was a purely irrational one. To draw the sword on behalf of the French Monarchy might be a perfectly right thing to do; whether it was right or not is a question of political morality. But whether a particular Queen was young and beautiful or old and ugly could not really have anything to do with the moral right or wrong of such a course. A purely irrelevant motive is brought in; a motive which we half smile at, which we half morally condemn, but which we still in a certain sense admire, and in a certain sense sympathize with. We hear in mediæval warfare of men doing some extravagant exploit, which could in no way profit the cause for which they were fighting, for their honour, for their knighthood, for the love of their ladies, or something of that kind. This is a kind of folly to which we give a kind of half-sympathy, because there is nothing base or sordid about it; but it is not the less folly, and mischievous folly, and distinctly deserves moral disapprobation. If it be true that Buonaparte once ordered a certain military operation, involving risk to part of his army, merely that Josephine might see the show, this is still more distinctly blameworthy. Still we do not blame it in the same way as if he had done the same thing for money or other personal advantage. It was a breach of duty in every way; but still, if he himself shared the risk, there was something of the chivalrous feeling clinging to it. But all these chivalrous doings are quite foreign both to the calm discharge of duty on the part of the conscientious general and to the more irregular and enthusiastic character of the hero. To expose either himself or others to risk without an adequate motive is no part of the character of a Washington or a Wellington; neither is it any part of the character of a Kanarès or a Garibaldi.

The truth is that chivalry, so far as it is a virtue, is the virtue of a class. That is to say, it is no real virtue at all. It may sometimes lead men to do actions which are in themselves morally right; but it does not lead men to do them because they are morally right. The soldier who does his ordinary duty because it is his duty—the hero who does his extraordinary duty because, under his special circumstances, it is his duty—are both acting according to the rules of sound morality. But the chivalrous man who does something for his honour, or for the love of his lady, is not acting according to any moral rule at all. He acts according to the standard of a particular class, to win the esteem of that particular class. Beyond that class we can hardly conceive chivalry existing. A clown may be a hero; but we cannot fancy a chivalrous clown. So far as the clown becomes chivalrous, so far he ceases to be a clown. We come round again to the point from which we started; chivalry is something which does not belong to men in general as moral agents, but only to one class of men, to the class who anciently served in battle on horseback.

Of the historic aspect of chivalry it is hardly possible to say

anything. Like the "feudal system," with which chivalry is commonly said to have some connexion, the thing is so vague that it is hard to say what it was, when it began, or when it ended. When Burke said that the age of chivalry was past, he would have been a good deal puzzled to say when the age of chivalry began. Yet we can see that there were certain ages when ideas which we may fairly call chivalrous had a greater effect on men than they had earlier or later. The thing seems to come by fits and starts; there is a burst under Edward the Third, and there is another burst under Elizabeth. The chivalrous feeling is one of the many substitutes which men set up for the simple law of right and wrong. So far as such substitutes put a check on any kind of evil, we can only say that any check is better than no check. The law of honour is often useful for men who cannot rise to the law of duty. The question however is whether honour, chivalry, and the like, have not really done more harm than good. They enjoin the strict practice of certain virtues under certain circumstances and towards certain classes of people. The question is whether this does not really discourage right dealing under other circumstances and towards other classes of people; whether the excess of courtesy and respect shown to knights and ladies did not tend to make men yet more contemptuous and merciless towards people below those ranks than they would otherwise have been. William Rufus is one of the first princes in whose mouth we hear the jargon of chivalry, as Francis the First is one of the last. Chivalry certainly did not teach either of them to practise either general humanity or general faithfulness to engagements. The character of Rufus in this respect is well worthy of study. He is one of the first in whose mouth we hear the talk about the "probus miles," the "preux chevalier." He allows certain Angevin knights who had been taken prisoners to go free on parole; some of his own followers suggest to him that they may possibly break their parole; he indignantly casts away the suggestion; he will not believe that a good knight would ever do anything so shameful. A Rufus acted on his own principles. He troubled himself very little about breaking either his coronation oath or his special promises to his people, he troubled himself very little about breaking his treaties with other princes, he troubled himself even less about the misery caused either by his wars or by his exactions. But to his strictly military engagements, to the promises made by him in his character of "probus miles," he was strictly faithful. The same picture will serve for many chivalrous princes since. There is perhaps some truth in the harsh saying that the perfection of chivalry was seen at the massacre of Limoges, when the Black Prince spared the knights who fought against him and murdered the unarmed citizens without regard to age or sex. If we compare this with pre-chivalrous times, with the wars of the Conqueror for instance, the knights might very possibly have fared worse; the mass of the people would certainly have fared better. Edward at Limoges certainly does not shine by the side of William at Exeter. And lastly, if there was one thing above all others to which chivalry ought to have led, it should surely have been the strictest and most self-sacrificing discharge of military duty. Yet the Knight without Fear and without Reproach, when he was called on to enter the breach at Padua on foot, thought the lives of himself and his brother-gentlemen too precious to be risked alongside of the lives of churls. The chevalier, in short, was the cavalier, and it was below him to do anything without the help of the beast from which he took his name. In fact, many of the tales which are told, both of Bayard and others, as wonderful examples of chivalrous virtues, often come simply to this—that the good knight forbore to do some remarkably base act. When we get to the famous last words of Philip Sidney, we have got out of the region of chivalry into something better.

PERILS BY LAND.

THE future historian of the year 1873 will not find his task an easy one. There will be many things hard for him to reconcile in the course of his researches. Here and there he will stumble across what appear to be signs of a certain civilization; in trade and commerce he will perceive abundant activity and ingenuity; he will note the advance of luxury, the rise of a higher educational standard, the birth of associations for laudable ends, a more intimate sympathy between classes; and yet at the same time, in spite of the eulogies of the writers of the day, he will be obliged to admit the existence of a dreary fatalism. Documents will be in his hands which will show how far this belief affected the minds of the people, who daily ran the risks of mutilation and death, of poisoned life and ruined constitutions, without a complaint. What will be the inferences he will draw when some such diary as the following, written by the P'opys of to-day, comes into his possession?—

"Edinburgh, October 1, 1873.—I have this morning added a codicil to my will which, in the event of my not reaching London in safety, will increase the comfort of my dear wife. There have, it is true, been only thirty accidents during the last few weeks; but the opinion seems to be prevalent that this low rate is not likely to continue. As yet I have been mercifully spared.—Mum. to put on my old Inverness cape, which would receive but little damage from a collision. I have promised my wife to telegraph to her from every station on my way. Lord! such is the natural uneasiness felt by those at a distance, and yet

to what expense does it put us! Oh the selfishness of the upper classes! On my arrival at the station there was many a carriage occupied but by three persons, who told me the other three places were engaged, and the guards said they had orders to reserve them. I was thus kept fully ten minutes endeavouring to find a place, which I did at last, to the evident annoyance of an old lady, who had secured, as she thought, a compartment to herself. To the great surprise and pleasure of the officials, the express started but half an hour late, and by disregarding some of the ordinary precautions while descending gradients and running over facing-points, we may make up seven minutes during the first two hundred miles. The rate at which we are now travelling is terrific; the oscillation increases, and I can hardly jot down these few words. I can scarcely read the instructions which relate to the communication with the guard. My fellow-passenger tells me frequently that she is nervous, which indeed, poor soul! she may well be. We were only thirty-six minutes late at the first station, where I telegraphed to my wife my safe arrival, which will please her mightily. Owing to the train not having pulled up to the platform, an old lady fell down on getting out, and broke her leg, which greatly annoyed the station-master, who said these mishaps were continually occurring, and caused much inconvenience. Shortly after we had left this station we met a cow and a flock of sheep running with great speed along the up line. I pray this may not lead to a sad loss of life. Many of the newspapers have been lately urging the Railway Companies to provide themselves with a device to guard against accidents arising from the escape of cattle, but the directors would never sanction or adopt an improvement which required any outlay on their part. To think of the silly people who believe in the force of public opinion nowadays, and talk of the directors being amenable to it, as if a man would spend a farthing to save any man's life save his own. It should by this time be pretty well known that the object of a Company is to carry passengers to a profit, and not with safety, and that there can be no reason for ceasing to kill the public until they have been so far diminished that there shall be none left to travel, and therefore none to kill. Why such and such a man is made director, I never could understand. My wife's cousin tells me he can travel for nothing, and no one ever went to a station without seeing him on the platform. Yet, though he is a director, he is a very simple fellow, and I would venture has no knowledge of what is the motive power in an engine.

"Here, at the next station, is a sad business truly. Our train on approaching it has run over two children at a level crossing, and killed them both. I had often heard of the dangers here, and it was but last month that the Company was urged to build a bridge, and they went so far as to pass a resolution. A man should have eyes in the back of his head to go abroad now. The nerves of my fellow-passenger have been much affected by this incident, as she says it is the first time she has witnessed the destruction of human life, which indeed proves that she has been but an indifferent traveller. We have now reached our third stopping-place, and are an hour late, which would in old times have been thought unpunctual. I was sorely in need of a little rest, but the train waited but two minutes instead of ten. This station was a terrible sight; there was none to give information to those of the poorer sort, some of whom said they had been waiting for hours unable to proceed. Owing to the throng I could not telegraph to my poor wife, so went to the refreshment-room, where a very bold girl made no answer to the questions I asked, being engaged in laughing with a commercial traveller. Tried a cup of coffee, for which paid sixpence; but the coffee was so burnt and the milk so sour that I was forced to leave it. I have heard that on the Continent soup and an excellent dinner is served for a small sum, but I greatly doubt it; for surely our country is the greatest in the world, and yet there are but few starving men who would eat a refreshment-room bun. This station was in a great town, but the room was but a little tap-room, with a bar reeking with beer and spirits which moistened everything that was laid upon it. There was dirt on the seats and the windows, on the hair and hands of the waiters, on the table-cloth, and the knives; a pitiable place truly. After leaving it, our next stage was like to have been our last, for after bounding along at the rate of fifty-six miles an hour, the compartment began to fill with smoke. My fellow-passenger's fears could not be allayed, so I, thanking Providence for the foresight which had induced me to read the placard, let down the window, found and pulled the cord of communication. This I did for the space of half an hour without attracting any attention, and had we not been obliged to pull up at a small station owing to a luggage train having broken down in front of us, we must soon have been burnt to death. To so many modes of destruction does travelling by railway expose us! The accident we learnt had been but a slight one; twelve trucks had been thrown off the line, and the stoker broke his leg, the guard escaping with a few injuries. It is said the cause of this was that a director kept a passenger train waiting for him some fifteen minutes. I pray this may not be my wife's cousin, though indeed, unless the loss of life were very severe, I do not think any censure would be passed upon him. While the line was being cleared I left my carriage and ascended the embankment to view the scene of the disaster. It is a strange thing how such hard materials can be smashed to pieces so completely. Shall not enter more about this in my diary, for every public journal has daily accounts of something similar. At last we did arrive in London,

after a journey which, if not prosperous, may be counted as above the average. On the platform were my wife and children, who had been anxiously awaiting my arrival for three hours, and showed great joy at my safe return. I hear that a public dinner is talked of at the office to commemorate my expedition, the last I trust I shall undertake for many years. I was pleased to discover that my apprehension about my wife's cousin was unfounded, for I hear he has now been out of England these many weeks."

We hope no one will consider that what we have written has any semblance of levity about it. It is only by continually placing the statistics of railway accidents before the public in some form or another that the subject will not be allowed to sink into the oblivion which is the lot of most questions, however great may be the momentary interest they excite. To travel by an express and to volunteer to Ashantee may now be regarded in much the same light, while continued service in an excursion train might justly entitle a man to the possession of the Victoria Cross. The boldest man trembles when he has been locked up in a compartment to be half burnt, drowned, maimed, or killed. During the summer months the Companies are perfectly well aware that the trains will be crowded, that delay is inevitable, and yet, in order to compete with one another, they issue advertisements which they know to be misstatements, and run risks which it would be ridiculous to call accidental. "We will not be responsible for anything," they say; "you shall have no convenience, no attention, and if we destroy or damage what we undertake to convey, we will only pay you a fraction of the value of what you have lost." By and by, no doubt, a passenger when he takes his ticket will be required to assent to a graduated scale of compensation in the event of his own death or that of his children. Five pounds will be the maximum paid for a healthy man, two for a woman, one for a child, and half-a-crown for a member of either House of Legislature, for whom the directors may naturally entertain the most perfect contempt, seeing that they are entrusted with the government of the country and are utterly powerless to check the growth of abuses. What the last straw will be that will break the British camel's or ass's back is not to be conjectured. At present his complacency and patience are not to be disturbed. Interest in some things, he can show, it is true. To what extent the ravings of cataleptic fanatics should be regarded as inspired, whether the present definitions of sociology may be accepted as final, are matters of real importance and worthy of his attention. On the other hand, the street he crosses, the line he travels by, the air he breathes, and the water he drinks, are out of his jurisdiction, and are to be commented upon by professional inspectors alone.

To criticize the minor discomforts of railways seems superfluous. Our den of so-called refreshment have been immortalized by Dickens, and remain unchanged. All is degradation, from the slatterns with greasy curls to the skeleton of the ham covered by a wire shade, around which the heavy fly peculiar to the refreshment-room slowly gyrates when it has exhausted the sugar on the last bath-bun. Many of the stations are a disgrace to any line which pays a dividend. It is only very lately that Birmingham has been made tolerable. Stockport, Huddersfield, and Wellington vie in squalor and want of accommodation, the latter station being an important junction used by the Great Western and the North-Western. Perhaps, however, Staleybridge, "a busy cotton town of more than twenty-one thousand inhabitants," as Murray informs us, deserves the prize for dirt and misery. Here again we believe two Companies are interested, the Lancashire and Yorkshire and the North-Western; yet the wretched hovel which is called the station is hardly as large as a dog-kennel. Through the crevices of the platform an abyss is visible, down which it seems as if some day the whole structure might be precipitated by a high wind, when the public would learn with satisfaction that a "new erection had long been in course of contemplation."

We should like to enter upon another class of perils, if we had space to trace the course of such rivers as the Irwell and Calder, and tabulate the cases of typhoid fever generated by their polluted waters. No life exists in or near them; the black stream creeps slowly by pestilential banks of slimy ooze, past stag-headed trees destroyed by poisonous fumes, and under bridges across which the traveller runs to escape the sickening smells which pursue him. Accessions of refuse join the river from time to time; the neighbouring beck, charged with filth, blue in colour, from which a thick white steam rises, adds its contents. Near it, by some hideous irony, is a placard declaring that boys who bathe will be taken up. If such an event ever took place, the actors might have been mistaken for the *genti fignipoe* in the seventh circle of Dante's Hell. A naturalist would do well to take his station by it to test the truth of Lucretian theories, and see whether *loca Aterna* did not exist in England into which birds fell in the middle of their flight. The Calder, as is well known, is a very useful river. It supplies the inhabitants of Wakefield with excellent ink, and at the same time with three-fourths of their drinking water. Whether the Irwell is much used as a beverage we do not know; perhaps it is only in request for the adulteration of milk. The municipal elections will soon arrive, and an imperial election will follow at no very long interval. A candidate would deserve well of his country if he discovered the meaning of the word nuisance, or enabled it to comprehend something else besides the pigstye that abuts on the high road. From political parties, however, nothing can be expected; problems of deep moment have first to be solved; and it is absurd to look for an answer to a practical ques-

tion from a man who is wrapt in doubt as to whether, in the event of a Republic, the Duke of St. Albans and Lord Cork should retain their offices.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

WE have had occasion in former years to point out that the Church Congress has a merely superficial resemblance to those gatherings at which the votaries of science, archaeology, or "social science" gather together. The admission to these Congresses is at the good pleasure of any one who cares for their objects, while the world which each of them addresses is variably the whole human race or that particular section of mankind which cares to recognize its existence. The Church Congress restricts its membership to the members of an existing community, and exhibits the singularity of claiming to cover the whole ground of an old highly organized institution by a purely voluntary association of recent date. It is strictly within its own right in so doing. If the Church itself can healthily assimilate this new element of activity, no one inside of it has any right to caviil, and whether the assimilation be healthful or the reverse is absolutely no business at all of that portion of the community which has declined to share in the burdens or the benefits of the Church of England. So long as the Church itself is strong and important, and the Church Congress counts for something in it, public opinion, in newspapers and elsewhere, will continue to magnify the influence of the gathering by continuing to praise or to blame it; and we think that man must be a very glutton of notoriety who is not well content with the share of public attention which this annual incident has won for itself. Our own view is that the Church Congress does useful work in various ways. It must always be beneficial to a large and scattered body of men—every one of them inclined to move within the limited circle of his own opportunities and prejudices—to be wakened up to the fact that there is no question without at least two sides to it; while the very fact of voting being prohibited encourages freedom of debate by facilitating the free emission of probable opinions which do not involve any division list. The selection of subjects and of the orators to start the debates rests at each term of the Congress with a local Committee, which has to consider what topics are of present interest and importance to the Church with enough of novelty to arrest a lively attention, and withal enough of maturity to have been thought out by men whose opinions are worth obtaining, and at the same time just not explosive enough to ensure a row. For example, at the late Congress, Church rates would not have passed the first test; nor possible terms of intercommunion with the Old Catholics the second; nor confession the third. The theoretical arguments against such limitation are obvious; its practical utility in a purely voluntary assembly of only four days' duration is equally palpable.

We hardly think that the subject which stood first for discussion at Bath—the relation of the Church to labour and strikes—was strictly germane to the end of a Church Congress, although it led to a paper by the Bishop of Oxford, which was both sensible and manly, in spite of some vague theorizing as to the "natural equity" of labour sharing proportionately in the profits of agriculture, to which more importance has been attributed than it appears to have held in the speaker's own mind. With the best endeavours of most of the speakers to give a local colouring to their advice, the social aspects of the question always were uppermost, and the only conclusion really attained was that the Church as such had better be neutral. On the other hand it may be urged that it was good policy to risk a disensuring debate in order to meet the unjust taunt that the Church is indifferent or hostile to the cry of distress sent up by suffering labour. Perhaps the best specimen of the practical value of the Congress in putting forward the two sides of a question each in its naked force was given when "the supply and training of candidates for Holy Orders" came under discussion. The Dean of Chester, formerly head of a distinguished public school at Liverpool, Canon Ashwell and Prebendary Church, principals of diocesan colleges, and Canon King, who has stopped from that post to the Chair of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, had successively read papers, or made speeches, characterized by remarkable powers of thought, in which they exposed from their experience the existing shortcomings of our system of theological training, and proposed remedies, all of them ingenious, and many practicable. Then the Bishop of Peterborough got up, and after very heartily accepting the theories as well as the statements of the preceding speakers, proceeded to sum up the "enormous practical difficulties" which were in the way. The question, from a material point of view, was one of supply and demand. Some of the most devoted clergymen in the country were actually breaking down for want of help, and could a bishop see them die at their posts while he exacted an impossible standard of ideal perfection on the men whom he could otherwise send to their rescue? The Bishop, as he put it, was a recruiting-sergeant in a time of war, when the standard had to be reduced. Here were the two views of the question—the theoretical and the practical—the evil and its possible remedy on one side, and the obstacles which seemed to postpone a complete cure to a far-off day on the other, put forward with more than usual talent. Society must be the gainer by such bold speaking, while, as we know, the first step towards meeting a complaint is to analyse the apparently dis-

cordant symptoms. But the Bishop of Peterborough's contribution to the discussion was not a purely negative one. He had traversed schemes for improving the quality of the recruits with a demurrer. He was ready with his proposal for making the most economical use of the men whom he had succeeded in enlisting irrespectively of their training. The practical dearth of clergy, so he argued, arose from the immovability of those who were actually at work. A liberal system of retirement should be created by voluntary munificence in aid of the "makeshift" Benefices Resignation Act for worn-out incumbents, so as to hasten the promotion; and then, said the Bishop, the old-fashioned notion that a large town parish could be worked by the regulation staff of rector and curate was as absurd an idea as that it could be lighted by a pair of wax candles. A college of missionary clergy, under the Bishop's orders, to go here and there as they were wanted, and give the assistance which the variable wants of each place demanded, has, he contended, become a pressing desideratum of our Church organization. This statement of the Bishop of Peterborough, which was totally unexpected, formed a very appropriate introduction to the debates of a subsequent day, upon the "increase of the episcopate," in which happily the diocesan of the future was no longer treated as an isolated policeman, but as the head of a constitutional organization of chapter, synod, and multiplied societies; and upon the "proper work and influence of cathedrals and chapters," when Canon Selwyn, Mr. E. A. Freeman, and Canon Norris developed the ideal reformed cathedral of the "old foundation" in its manifold aspects of usefulness, while Mr. Beresford Lloyd showed how far his Cathedral Act of the last Session would enable private munificence to contribute to the realization of the picture. It was shown not only that the reformed cathedral must go *pari passu* with the increased episcopate, but that in this very cathedral was found the germ of that college of missionary clergymen which, as the Bishop of Peterborough urged, was one of the most pressing spiritual needs of the day; while it was equally clear that cathedrals in co-operation with the old Universities were the best centres of that higher clerical training for which Canon Ashwell and Canon King so forcibly pleaded. A very powerful argument for the necessity of corporate combination of work in another department of Church activity had on the previous day been offered by Sir Bartle Frere in speaking of missions to the heathen. He contrasted the isolated and ineffectual results of single English missionaries—both Churchmen and Dissenters—tied down by the abundant coils of red tape provided by home Societies, and limited to what their employers chose to consider direct spiritual work, with the more complete system, the more practical aims and larger performances, of missionary organizations provided by Roman Catholics and Moravians, in which the object is to build up a Christian and a civilized community in the midst of savage heathendom, and where, in accordance with the design, the missionaries carry on the operations of social life side by side with their direct religious teaching. Sir Bartle Frere declared, from his personal observation at Zanzibar, that the Oxford and Cambridge Mission to Central Africa, which was successively conducted on such common-sense principles by Bishop Mackenzie and Bishop Tozer, had, contrary to the assertions of its gainsayers, been decidedly successful.

We should not omit to notice the very eloquent sermon with which the Bishop of Derry commenced the proceedings of the Congress, which, if faulty in any respect, was principally so in being so remorselessly fair to and against all parties as to make it pretty sure that its author would have trodden upon a great many very tender corns. Canon Lightfoot's brilliant essay, in which he reconciled the stability of dogma with elasticity in the expression of it according to the wants of the age, is a contribution to theological literature from which all parties may draw useful lessons.

A meeting not included in the original programme of the Congress was called with the sanction of the genial President, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and under the Chairmanship of the Bishop of Dover, to hear a report of the Dean of Chester of the recent Old Catholic Congress at Constance, and generally to express sympathy with the movement. It would be not only wrong, but impossible, for English Churchmen at this stage of Old Catholicism to do more; but, considering the many affinities between that movement and the English Reformation, we think such expressions of friendly feeling desirable, now that the recognition of the Old Catholic organization by the Prussian Government has removed difficulties which might otherwise have occurred by the establishment of relations between the body which professes to maintain its identity with Roman Catholicism before June 1870 and a community which has long separated itself from Rome.

We could dilate on other interesting discussions to which the Bath gathering gave rise, including one on the relations of Church and State well argued out in a paper by Sir Stafford Northcote, and an animated evening spent in considering the duty of the Church to the masses of the people, at which Mr. MacLagan and the Bishop of Manchester spoke with much earnest gravity. But we have said enough to show that the value of Church Congresses is not to be tested by the well-reported and breezy quarters of an hour when it pleases Archdeacon Denison or some other jovial athlete to trail his casock. Exciting as such episodes may be, they no more gauge the real work of a Church Congress than a Whalley or an Ankerbon Herbert scene represents the habitual employments of the House of Commons.

GLASGOW.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, who was not a bad judge on such a subject, has said in one of his Note-books that he is inclined to think Glasgow, in spite of the sternness and grimness of its aspect, "the stateliest of cities"; but it may be doubted whether it leaves so favourable an impression upon most of its visitors. The streets are mostly wide and regular, and the general architecture of offices and dwelling-houses, as well as of the public buildings, is handsome and substantial. The whole city is built of a particular kind of dark grey granite, as if out of the same quarry; and though a granite house may be ugly, it can never be mean. There is a natural nobility about the material which is not to be effaced, and the long perspectives of massive stone, uniform and even monotonous in their plain solidity, are certainly imposing. Any one who has walked through the streets of Glasgow in the clear dawn of a summer morning, before the dark canopy of smoke has gathered overhead, will hardly be disposed to question the justice of Hawthorne's epithet. But then, how often is there a chance of seeing Glasgow by such a light? On most days of the year it is steeped in wet grey mist, or wrapped in yellow vapour, and in such an atmosphere the granite looks doubly cold and grim and comfortless. The dirty streets, the plashing of the sloppy crowd, the dark grey houses, the pervading gloom above and below—everything combines to make the scene dismal and depressing. One is struck by the poor and slatternly look of many of the people; haggard men in broad bonnets and ragged frieze; troops of mill-girls with naked feet, scanty petticoats, and a dingy shawl round the head. Towards the Trongate and Saltmarket the squalor and the swarming, filthy wretchedness are pitiful in the extreme. With the exception, however, of the low Irish, who have a sort of quarter to themselves, the working-folk of Glasgow are, on the whole, a prosperous body, and might say with Meg Merrilies, "It's no that we hevna braw claes, but we dinna care to pit them on." They prefer to keep their finery for special occasions, when the shoeless mill-girl expands like a grub into a butterfly. Altogether the general appearance of Glasgow is hardly prepossessing to a stranger. It is the very reverse of a show town. There is nothing striking or romantic in its situation or construction. It is a busy, hardworking community, intent on business, and it has no loungers of its own and nothing to attract idlers from elsewhere. Buchanan Street is a handsome street with some brilliant shops, but the showy part of it is soon exhausted, and there is scarcely anything else of the same kind in the city. The wet climate, the smoke, and the universal granite masonry, all combine to produce a sombre and chilling effect. Glasgow is, no doubt, a handsome and stately city, but it is sadly deficient in brightness and colour. It is all grey stone and grey sky. You look in vain for a green leaf or patch of grass, and are thankful to come upon a dead wall with a circus advertisement. The bill-sticker alone relieves the dismal monotony of dingy grey. Flackeray mentions an elderly gentleman who, when he went to a party, being unable to dance, and yet desiring to contribute to the entertainment of the company, wore a large red velvet waistcoat. A few philanthropists of this kind would be a great boon to Glasgow; but something might perhaps be done with the uniform of the police to break the chromatic gloom. Natives will seldom admit that it is raining, but they allow that the weather is occasionally "soft." The degree of softness is explained by meteorological observations. Cairndow, on the banks of Lochfyne, is the wettest place in Scotland, and perhaps in the world. Last year it was drenched with a hundred inches of rain. At Glasgow the rainfall was nearly sixty-two inches, and in June and July it was even greater than at Cairndow. Under these circumstances it is not perhaps surprising that the City Chamberlain should think it necessary to suggest to the Town Council in his annual Report the consolatory hope that in another world at least departed Glaswegians will "bask for ever in the eternal glories of a midsummer's sun."

Glasgow is now the third city in the kingdom in size and population, and one of the chief ports; and it has the greater reason to be satisfied with its progress because it has been owing entirely to its own enterprise and perseverance. It made the river which has made its fortune. At the end of the last century Glasgow was only a petty market town, with a small quay overgrown with broom. The Clyde was a narrow, tortuous streamlet, almost beyond reach of the tide. Its course, far below Dumbarton, was broken by shallow lagoons, interspersed with low islets and marshy swamps. The Clyde is now as navigable as the Thames. In the course of some sixty or seventy years it has been deepened from about three feet to twenty-three feet. The works necessary for this purpose have been carried out with great energy and at vast expense. Since 1770 more than five millions and a half have been spent on this object, while the annual expenditure in maintenance and dredging is still considerable. The operations cannot be suspended, as deposits from above and tidal influence below would otherwise quickly restore the channel to its primitive condition. Fifteen millions of cubic yards of material have been dredged up during the last twenty-eight years, and last year the quantity was nearly a million cubic yards. There is probably no part of the country in which such rapid and yet such steady progress has been made as in Glasgow. In 1810 there were on the register only twenty-four ships, with a tonnage of less than two thousand tons; there are now nearly a thousand ships, with a tonnage of half a million. Ships to the value of some seven millions were launched last year on the Clyde, the aggregate value of all the vessels built

during the last ten years being nearly thirty-six millions. The Customs duties of Glasgow now form a tenth of the whole Customs' receipts of the United Kingdom. The rental of the city has about doubled in fifteen years. Figures are dull things, but figures like these are the best proof of life. The steady prosperity of Glasgow is no doubt owing to the number of different industries upon which it rests. If one breaks down for a time, there are plenty of others to keep it going. It is not only a great port, but the centre of an important coal and iron region; and almost every process of manufacture is represented within its bounds. Shipbuilding, engineering, cotton and woollen goods, shawls and muslins, flax-spinning, silk-spinning, carpets, chemicals, pottery, and glass-making—there are scarcely any of the great manufactures in which Glasgow does not compete; nor does it despise the minor ones. It is thus a great producing as well as a great commercial community, and includes a large variety of interests which all help on each other and quicken the pace at which the city progresses. In these things Glasgow has certainly a reward for its public spirit and enterprise, and some compensation for its unfortunate climate. People who do not mind being damp have every chance of making their fortunes.

In former days there was a chronic feud between the peaceful inhabitants of Glasgow and the marauding Highlanders, although, as in Baillie Jarvie's case, there were sometimes relationships between them. The mountaineers have now, however, come to form a considerable element in the city population. Glasgow is the favourite settling ground of Highlanders who have made any progress towards civilization. They find themselves more at home there than among the Saxons of Edinburgh, and there is of course a better chance of advancement. Away from the actual Highlands, there are probably more people who can speak Gaelic in Glasgow than in any other part of Scotland; and society has a distinctly Celtic flavour. Half of the population go by the name of Campbell, and the rest are nearly all McGregors or McDonalds. Reference to the Directory for the address of any one whose Christian name you have forgotten is therefore rather bewildering. There are traces of the Celtic nature in a certain fervour and quickness of temper, and a peculiar sensitiveness on the subject of national dignity. Celtic clubs assemble weekly or monthly to worship the thistle with abundant libations of toddy. Gaelic songs are sung, and the more romantic Campbells or McGregors divest themselves of trousers as a mark of respect to their freebooting progenitors. It might be a curious subject for inquiry how far the climate is responsible for the liberal consumption of whisky which is usually attributed to Glasgow; but the zeal of Celtic patriotism has no doubt a good deal to do with it. Glasgow has always been distinguished by its profuse and hearty, though sometimes perhaps rather overwhelming, hospitalities; but it is no less remarkable for its piety than for its conviviality. The gloomy fanaticism of former years has been mitigated, and "conspurgators" no longer prowl about the streets on Sunday to capture ungodly persons who have neglected to go to church. Yet it is only a few years since passengers by the Sunday steamer on the Clyde were stoned on starting or returning by the Christians on the banks. The intense dreariness and desolation of a Sunday afternoon in Glasgow can hardly be described. The long, blank, bleak streets are deserted, except when the congregations—the males all *de rigueur* in black, as if at a funeral—are pouring into or out of church. There is a story of some Scotch drovers who thrashed a man for looking cheerful on the Sabbath-day, and it would require some courage to attempt any levity of this kind in Glasgow. Apart from the services at church, the day is mostly spent in strict seclusion within doors; but it is supposed to be understood that there is no Scriptural injunction against the use of hot water and whisky. It may be admitted that there is not much temptation to quit the house. The streets are grim and gloomy, and there is no green country within easy reach. It is true that at one end of the town there is the old Green, and at the other the New Park; but the one is far from attractive, and the other rather out of the way. It is not surprising that during the greater part of the year the inhabitants of Glasgow should make a point of endeavouring to live at a distance from it. About May there is a migration towards the Bridge of Allan, and the summer and autumn are passed "down the water," at some of the pleasant places on the Clyde. During these months the greater part of the city is an absolute desert; and the tendency would seem to be to leave it sooner every year, and to go back to it later. The higher order of mercantile grandees do not live in Glasgow at all; they are established in baronial castles in the surrounding country, where they cultivate patriarchal habits with an odd mingling of the clan chieftain and the country gentleman.

There is an old jealousy between the two chief cities of Scotland, which time has not abated. Glasgow rather resents the nominal supremacy of Edinburgh as the capital, while Edinburgh is perhaps somewhat jealous of the exuberant prosperity of its Western rival. While the ancient city accuses the modern one of vulgar ostentation and materialism, and hints that Glasgow ladies dress only to show how much they can afford to spend, Glasgow sneers at what it calls the stuck-up gentility and intellectual affectation of the Modern Athens. Glasgow is a self-made city and a city of self-made men. It is socially democratic, though it has lately been growing politically Conservative, and the tendency of material prosperity is naturally towards costly display. The ordinary pursuits of the inhabitants do not run exactly in the line of intellectual study; and they certainly cannot be accused of academical affectations. The flutter of red gowns has been transferred from the old

town to the new; but the University remains as before a sort of High School, without the discipline of masters. By an odd custom, however, eminent statesmen continue to deliver grave addresses to a rabble of noisy schoolboys who pass by the name of "nations." It has lately become fashionable among the upper classes to attend, or at least to subscribe to, a course of scientific or literary lectures; and all classes have a more genuine passion for good music. There are frequently cheap and excellent concerts in the public halls, while the local aristocracy enjoy their own exclusiveness at private residences or subscription concerts, which are kept very select, and are sometimes given in a church. The traditions of austere Presbyterianism are opposed to the stage, but, though the theatre is little frequented except by the lower classes, Italian operas, having the stamp of fashion, are assumed to be quite compatible with a severe piety. Social enjoyments are, indeed, chiefly of a domestic order. On the whole, Glasgow possesses the attributes of an energetic, thriving, and wealthy community, which, as its prosperity increases, will no doubt be more disposed to cultivate the amenities and refinements of life. In its lustiness and prosperity, however, it does not apparently forget that it is only a city of mortals, though no doubt mortals of a very superior order. The Roman Emperor kept an attendant to remind him occasionally that he was only a human being, and Glasgow is provided with a Chamberlain who does not neglect to convey a similar warning in his annual Report. There are, he says, only six bigger cities in Europe. "Yet if we boast, it should be very gently." Babylon, Troy, and Carthage have been swept from the face of the earth, and the site of Glasgow may some day be a problem for geographers. This is certainly a wholesome frame of mind for a rich city to cultivate.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ALLIANCE.

THE report of a breach in the Alliance was unfounded. The few comparatively sensible persons who thought that by its interference in public it was doing more harm than good have yielded to the fanatical majority, and the Alliance will continue to do its best to damage the chances of the Liberal party at elections. Conservatives who may be disappointed at their own failures at Bath and Taunton may take comfort from observing that they can lose nothing, and may probably gain much, by the activity of the Alliance. It was indeed rather discouraging to Conservatives to find that at Bath the Permissive Bill candidate polled only fifty-seven votes, because at that rate the apprehended division of the Liberal party on this question has almost no practical importance. But Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who never, under any circumstances, despairs, is able to derive particular comfort from the Bath election. "A gallant man went to Bath with no other object than to tell the truth." If this were so, it may be hoped that the gallant man was not disappointed. It was predicted a year ago that the policy of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends would destroy the Liberal party and break up the Alliance. Sir Wilfrid Lawson is obliged to confess that the Liberal party is at this moment "just a little shaky." So far, he says, the newspaper prophecy has been fulfilled; but with regard to the breaking up of the Alliance, he had only to look round the room where he was speaking to see that the second prophecy had not been fulfilled. The Alliance has not been destroyed; but it is at this moment more hearty, more healthy, more hopeful than ever it was. The wedge is still sticking in the timber, and a stout arm wields the mallet that will drive it home. The Alliance has been severely lectured for the course it took last year; but Sir Wilfrid Lawson thinks that the lecturing came from persons who hoped that the Alliance would support their views. In other words, certain Liberals fancied that the leaders of the Alliance still belonged to their party, and were amenable to its claims. But these Liberals were mistaken. The Alliance is for itself and nothing else. Surely Priam, and the sons of Priam, will rejoice to learn that there has been a secession from the Greek camp. There are, says Sir Wilfrid Lawson in effect, the Anti-Games-Law people, the Female Suffrage people, the Contagious Diseases people, and the Financial Reform people, all making themselves fools in their own particular ways, and we will make ourselves fools in our way. Surely a Conservative ought to remember every day with gratitude the divisions of his enemies. All these crotchets and many more have been contrived by perverse ingenuity for the torment of the Liberal Whip. Even the accession of Mr. Bright to the Cabinet, which has conciliated some varieties of fanatics, only increases the mischievous energy of the Alliance. They have been told by Mr. Bright that their proceedings show "a remarkable absence of wisdom," and they are anxious to justify his opinion. Mr. Bright is blamed for being ignorant that the Permissive Bill has been "in successful and beneficent operation" in the United States for the last twenty years. Mr. Bright, like other members of Parliament, is no doubt tolerably well acquainted with the course of American legislation on this subject. A Permissive Law certainly prevails in the sense that everybody does as he likes in New England. Sir Wilfrid Lawson remarks—we will not say complains, for he seems to like it—that after every Liberal defeat the newspapers lay the blame on the Alliance, and say that the only good it could do would be to commit suicide and get out of the way. But if the Liberal newspapers say this, we should expect that the Conservatives, on the other hand, would beg the Alliance and its worthy chief to take particular care of their precious health, and to avail themselves of the beneficial effect of change of air, by

attending all the contested elections of the kingdom. It must be rather discouraging to Liberals to hear the account which Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who at any rate is not a Conservative, gave of the present appearance of the Liberal party before constituencies. There are, says he, two parties, one of which is blue, and the other is trying to look blue. The admitted difficulty of distinguishing between a Liberal Conservative and a Conservative Liberal has been removed from many minds by the observation that the former is furthest removed from the possibility of being influenced by the Alliance. "The rival candidates wrote exactly the same things, and forthwith everybody rushed about the town and voted, not for any principle, but for a colour." This is Sir Wilfrid Lawson's description of recent elections. And he adds that, "as a rule lately, when this had taken place, the Tory had won, and very naturally." Borrowing a metaphor from the publicans, he says that people do not like adulteration, they like the real article. In short, they prefer blue to bluish red. As an observer of current politics, even Sir Wilfrid Lawson may have his value. Liberals, he says, have been trying to pass for Conservatives, and they succeeded pretty nearly, but not quite, and then they laid the blame of failure on the Alliance. Sometimes they say that the Alliance did too little, and sometimes that it did too much, but they always say that it has done mischief. We almost wonder that Mr. Disraeli does not write a handsome cheque, and send it to the Secretary of the Alliance as a donation from an anonymous admirer. He might be quite sure that he would make no mistake in doing that.

The Report of the Executive Committee of the Alliance shows that its members are well satisfied with their work, and if subscribers think that they have got value for their money, that is enough. In reference to the Bath election, the Report states that an earnest band of supporters of the Permissive Bill requested Mr. Thompson to become a candidate and accept their votes. In yielding to the earnest invitations of devoted friends—we observe that members of the Alliance are always earnest—the candidate did not contemplate the possibility that, by "organized ruffianism," all chance of propounding his principles would be hindered. Thus Mr. Thompson got no hearing and only very few votes, and all that seems to have resulted from his visit to Bath was an opportunity of protesting against the violence of "a band of men in party colours." The supposition that this band of men was organized to prevent Mr. Thompson going to the poll seems to us extravagant. If the enemies of the Alliance were judicious, they would hardly deny to its selected candidate the opportunity of receiving in a large constituency the votes of fifty-seven electors. We are quite willing to believe that these were earnest electors who declined to subordinate principles to party; but still, when you come to count noses the total of them was only fifty-seven. Still there is nothing like putting a good face upon one's failures. At Liverpool the managers of the Alliance felt confident that the candidature of Mr. Caine "would evoke considerable sympathy and active support." In this they say that they were not mistaken. The meetings held in his interest were "of a remarkable character as to moral tone as well as to political vigour." We think that all this is not much for the money; but then we are not subscribers to the Alliance. As regards the division in the House of Commons last Session, the Committee are aware that by some of the members of the Alliance the division was regarded with pain and disappointment, but the Committee are satisfied that everything is ordered for the best. They had calculated on a falling-off in their supporters as compared with previous years. The energy of their opponents, although it helped to defeat the Bill, was most gratifying to the Committee, as proof of their own progress in approaching the enemy's intrenchments. The Committee are at least able to comfort themselves by contemplating "that gallant band of ninety, unawed, fearlessly standing by sobriety, morality, and justice," in the face of a combination of Government Opposition and the publicans which commanded the votes of 330 members.

The Committee enter into a defence of their Resolution of last year, which comes in off to this—that the Alliance cannot be accused of interfering in politics because it is not political. The Council merely recommended constituencies to nominate candidates favourable to the Permissive Bill, and undertook to give these candidates "every possible support by deputations, lectures, and the distribution of publications." In the event of any constituency being unable to supply itself, the Council undertakes to find a "suitable candidate," and this is explained to mean suitable without regard to party. The Alliance may, for anything we know to the contrary, have had "suitable candidates in readiness," both Liberal and Conservative, and if both political parties have not equally availed themselves of the assistance offered to them, that has certainly not been the fault of those who offered it. We can easily believe that some supporters of the Alliance have been disturbed at the discovery that they would be expected to rejoice at the return of a Conservative if he pledged himself to the Permissive Bill. But still if these supporters have been reconciled to the policy of their leaders, that is enough. Money will doubtless be forthcoming to supply "deputations, lectures, and publications" to constituencies that desire them, and we may assume that, from a non-political point of view, the literary and oratorical efforts of the Alliance do not do much harm and may do a little good. The complaint of Liberal managers of elections is that the result of the operations of the Alliance, if there be any tangible result at all, is to divide the Liberal strength, and thus promote the return of Conservatives. But that complaint does not at this moment

concern us. The Committee think that their policy is not likely to be approved by opponents of the Alliance. We think, on the contrary, that opponents are likely to be well pleased at observing that an association, whose strength they may have feared, is wanting in discretion. It is almost an absurdity to suppose that the Alliance can supply, as it undertakes, candidates of either party, unless its leaders really go the length of saying that they themselves are ready to profess any principles, and support any Ministry, as long as they can get into Parliament, and vote for Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Bill. We can of course believe that a limited number of perfectly honest fanatics can be found to go this length, but we do not believe that an organization of such persons can permanently and strongly influence public opinion. The resolution of the Council "to develop an electoral department" is announced with the usual magniloquence of its authors. It has possibly received more attention than it deserves, and probably a little more experience will moderate the ardour of the promoters of the scheme. We must protest against the assumption of the Alliance that all the world is to be divided into the publican and the anti-publican parties. Many persons would say that they belong to their own party, and that they aim at preserving their own reasonable comfort and convenience.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

A LECTURE on the Sandwich Islands by Mark Twain is obviously intended less to convey information than to furnish opportunities for the display of the lecturer's peculiar humour. Yet the sketch given of the history and condition of those islands ought to be interesting to Englishmen even if it were not enlivened by Mark Twain's jokes. There is indeed a dreary uniformity in the accounts which reach us from all the islands of the Pacific Ocean. Christianity, strong drink, and complicated diseases have been operating simultaneously, and everywhere population dwindles, and in many islands it threatens to disappear. The mountains and volcanoes of those islands are still almost unexplored, and perhaps travellers who have "done" the Alps and Pyrenees may advantageously turn their attention to Mouna Kea, of which the height is 13,587 feet. We think that Mr. Cook ought to turn his particular attention to islands which were discovered by another bearer of the same great name.

James Cook, who died at Hawaii, was born in Yorkshire in 1728. He was son of an agricultural labourer and farm-bailiff; he was apprenticed to a haberdasher, but procured his discharge, and entered the service of a firm engaged in the coal trade at Whitby. It was stated a few years ago that the ship in which he made his first voyage had arrived in the Thames with a cargo of coal from the North. Having risen to be mate, he volunteered into the royal navy in 1755. He was soon distinguished as a skilful and trustworthy seaman, and became master of a sloop, in which he served at the capture of Quebec. He took soundings of the river opposite to the French fortified camp, preparatory to an attack thereon, and he performed so well this difficult and dangerous service that he was afterwards employed to lay down a chart of the river from Quebec to the sea. This chart was published, and for a long time was the only one in use. In following years he studied mathematics and had much practice in marine surveying in Newfoundland and Labrador. The credit which he acquired in these employments caused him to be selected in 1767 to conduct a voyage in the South Pacific Ocean for astronomical and geographical purposes. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, being then nearly forty years of age. This was the sort of stuff out of which the masters of the British navy were made at the beginning of the French war, and this was the training of the men to whom British admirals looked for help when practical seamanship was needed in the conduct of a fleet. Sailing in search of a supposed Southern continent, Cook sighted the mountains of New Zealand, which had not been visited by Europeans since it was discovered by Tasman in 1642. Thus it is little more than a hundred years since the present seat of populous colonies was first seen by English eyes. In the same voyage he explored the Eastern coast of New Holland, and gave it the name of New South Wales. In his second voyage he discovered New Caledonia, the largest island in the Pacific next to New Zealand, and he proved the possibility of keeping in check that terrible enemy of early navigators, scurvy. In this voyage he lost only four of his ship's company, and only one by sickness. In his third voyage he made for the Friendly Islands, of which Fiji is now the best known, and, shaping thence a north-easterly course, discovered the islands to which he gave the name of his patron the Earl of Sandwich. It is remarkable that these islands had escaped the notice of the Spaniards, for whose trade they would have furnished a convenient halting-place, and also of Anson, who sailed into the Pacific to interrupt that trade. They are nearly in the latitude of Jamaica, and about two thousand miles to the south-west of San Francisco. Cook sailed thence to seek a North-East passage to Europe, and was stopped by the ice in Behring's Strait. Returning to winter at the Sandwich Islands he met his death. A boat was stolen; he went on shore to recover it; a quarrel ensued with the natives, ending in a skirmish in which Cook was killed.

The race of great navigators has now become extinct because there are no seas, except around the Poles, left unexplored. It is almost impossible to realize the vague dread with which the

Pacific and its islands were regarded only a century ago. Transportation to New South Wales was to the timid or the feeble a dreadful punishment, but to the young, bold, and active convict it was the opening of a road to wealth, if he had the sense to use it. In 1740 Anson commenced that voyage of which the journal reads more like a particularly clever fiction than a narrative of actual facts. He doubled Cape Horn with an ill-fitted ship and a sickly crew, stopped at the island of Juan Fernandez for repair and refreshment, sailed thence to the Spanish coast of America, which he kept for eight months in continual alarm; then he crossed the Pacific to Macao, where he repaired his ship, and sailing again, he intercepted the galleon coming from Acapulco to Manila with a treasure on board of 313,000*l*. Anson, like Cook, discovered early an inclination for the sea. But he, being of a good family in Staffordshire, got a start in his career which ended with a peerage. In 1787 Bligh sailed to Otaheite in the *Bounty*, which was employed to transplant the bread-fruit tree to the West Indies. The mutiny of the crew, the captain's voyage of four thousand miles in an open boat with the few men whom the mutineers could not trust, the subsequent capture and punishment of some of the mutineers, and the settlement of others in an island where they lived in happy obscurity for many years—all this formed a story which neither poet nor novelist could improve. The place where the mutiny occurred is close to Fiji, which now enjoys all the advantages of civilization as fully as the Sandwich Islands, and publishes a newspaper, of which copies are frequently sent by post to England.

The three voyages of Cook in the Pacific were interspersed between the warlike expedition of Anson and the beneficent mission of Bligh. In the first voyage Cook was accompanied by Sir Joseph Banks, who promoted the second and third voyages, and also the voyage of Bligh, in the interest of science and economy. The record of the third voyage is a sumptuous book in three volumes quarto, of which the first two were written by Cook himself, and the last by another hand after his death. The Sandwich Islands were first seen by Cook on the 18th of January, 1778. He was struck with the eagerness of the natives to obtain iron, "which it was plain they had only heard of, or had known it in some small quantity, brought to them at some distant period." When they first came on board they endeavoured to steal everything they fancied, so that Mark Twain's observation as to the commercial instinct of the Kanakas is confirmed by Captain Cook. "One of the natives, having stolen the butcher's cleaver, leaped overboard, got into his canoe, and hastened to the shore, the boats pursuing him in vain." Such a valuable article as a cleaver was doubtless immediately appropriated by the King. Even an iron nail was a fortune to the possessor, who let it out for hire to his neighbours when they wanted to bore holes. Cook laboured with indifferent success to enforce on his crew certain "regulations dictated by humanity." "I had been equally attentive to the same object," he writes, "when I first visited the Friendly Islands; yet I afterwards found, with real concern, that I had not succeeded." Cook was reluctantly convinced that these islanders did, on special occasions, and as a great treat, eat human flesh. The practice was more reprehensible here than in New Zealand, because the Kanakas were so well supplied with pigs when Cook visited them, that he had in salt pork sufficient for a twelvemonth's voyage. He describes himself as questioning an old man whether he would eat a suspicious-looking piece of meat, and the old man laughed at the simplicity of the question, and said that it would be very nice. The death of Cook is believed to have been caused by unprovoked violence; but, being dead, the natives picked his bones as a matter of course. Indeed he wrote a passage which curiously anticipated his own fate. An islander who wanted to get on board was refused, and he asked whether, if he should come in, he would be killed and eaten. He used such expressive signs that there could be no doubt as to his meaning. This gave an opening to retort the question as to his own practice, and another native answered, that if the strangers were killed on shore, the natives would certainly eat them. "He spoke with so little emotion that it appeared plainly to be his meaning that they would not destroy us for that purpose, but that their eating us would be the consequence of our being at enmity with them."

Cook was greatly struck with the fact that "the same nation" had spread itself in so many detached islands, so widely disjoined from each other, in every quarter of the Pacific Ocean. He found it from New Zealand to the Sandwich Islands, and from Easter Island to the New Hebrides—that is, over twelve hundred leagues from north to south, and sixteen hundred and sixty leagues from east to west. He calls it, "though not the most numerous, the most extensive nation upon earth," and he was nearly right, for the Russian Empire, although extending much further from west to east, has less depth from north to south. The excellent situation of the Sandwich Islands was obvious to the practical eye of Cook. If they had been discovered earlier, he thought that the Spaniards would have made them a refreshing place to the ships that sailed annually from Acapulco for Manila. They lie almost midway between Acapulco and the Ladrones, "which is at present their only port in traversing this vast ocean," and it would not have been a week's sail out of their common route to have touched at them, nor would there have been any hazard of losing the passage, as the islands are sufficiently within the verge of the easterly trade wind. An acquaintance with these islands would have been equally favourable to our buccannery, who used sometimes to pass from the coast of America to the Ladrones with a stock of food and water scarcely sufficient

to preserve life. Here they might always have found plenty, and have been within a month's sail of the very part of California which the Manila ship is obliged to make. "How happy would Lord Anson have been, and what hardships would he have avoided, if he had known that there was a group of islands half way between America and Tinian, where all his wants could have been effectually supplied!"

It appears that Mark Twain went from San Francisco to the Sandwich Islands to supply himself with a fresh subject for humorous description. "The extensive continent of America to windward" has sent to these islands in the course of a century many things besides portions of floating wreck containing scraps of iron. Missionaries have carried on their work so successfully that the establishment of Christianity has anticipated by a considerable period the extinction of the native race. But that race is doomed all the same. American sugar-growers occupy the coast, and the interior is unknown alike to native and stranger as it was when Cook first touched there. The lecturer's description of the beauty of the scenery and the grandeur of the volcanic operations is fully confirmed by earlier visitors to the islands. In Cook's time the only quadrupeds on the islands were the pig, dog, and rat. The two former were used for food by the natives as they are now. Mark Twain confessed that he could not understand why these islands should have been put in such an out-of-the-way place, so that he had to sail two thousand miles to get to them. It is, we think, convenient that there should still be some places in the world not easily accessible. But as regards these islands, Cook the second will certainly complete before long the work of Cook the first.

THE PARIS THEATRES.

THE English public, like other publics, possesses a terrible power of generalization. Two years ago some of the best members of the Comédie Française, the best company of actors in the world, paid a visit to London, and opened their season with classical plays. At first they played to empty benches; gradually the houses began to fill, and presently they made the success they deserved. They were seen to unusual advantage; for, owing to the small number of the troupe, the most insignificant parts were often filled by the greatest actors, and we saw M. Delaunay, perhaps the most finished and perfect actor among them, coming on the stage merely to deliver a letter with a word of explanation. Upon this the critics began to generalize, and held it up as an example to English actors. We were told that this was the custom of the Comédie Française; that by this condescension of a great actor to the part of a servant the harmony of the whole performance was secured. But in Paris, where there are plenty of people trained to appear on the stage as servants, M. Delaunay would no more dream of doing such a thing than would Mr. Irving in England. No doubt the fact that such things were done because they were necessary did help the general effect, and gave the English public a better chance of seeing and understanding what the climax of dramatic art is. And in time they did understand it, and as soon as they had understood it they began to generalize, and to reason that, because the acting and system of the Français is nearly perfect, therefore all French acting and all French dramatic systems are nearly perfect. Whatever has appeared in London in the shape of a French company since that time has been sure of success, and we have always been hearing the evil system of long runs in London compared with the continual change of piece which obtains in Paris.

Those who have instituted this comparison forget that a continual change of pieces, all well acted, can only be secured where a theatre is supported by a subsidy, and enabled to maintain a large staff of competent actors, and that very few of the Paris theatres are subsidized. At this moment there are many pieces enjoying a long run in Paris; foremost among those which are not essentially musical is *Le Gascon* at the Gaîté, a drama in nine tableaux, which begins at a quarter-past seven and is scarcely ended at midnight. It is a piece of the kind which M. Fechter attempted to make popular in England, depending upon exciting situations, picturesque grouping, continual action, and plenty of limelight and swords. The Gascon, who is called Artaban de Puyecelan, is the typical Gascon who appears under the name of D'Artagnan in Dumas's well-known romance, and under many other names elsewhere—an adventurer with a light heart and purse, who makes his way to success by his audacity and his natural gifts, in spite of the obstacles which Fortune throws in his way, or appears to throw; for it is evident to the spectator that the goddess really looks upon him with a favourable eye, and is bent on assisting him, while she pretends to discourage him for fear of compromising herself too much. This hero arrives at Paris in a penniless and tattered condition, and instantly finds a servant who provides him with money, and a mistress who takes care of him when he is wounded in a duel. He assumes the part of an ambassador from Gascony at the Court of Marie Stuart, in order to introduce to her Châtelard, who has helped him out of a scrape; he is beloved by one of her attendants, Stella Roselli; obtains a ship to convey himself and a chosen band to Scotland for the purpose of watching over the Queen at the price of a boxing match with the captain; defeats the infamous plots of Lord Maxwell against the Queen, and, in short, does all that a Gascon who is the hero of a melodrama ought to do. The piece is good of its kind; it has much liveliness, much incident, and possesses

the great merit of never trenching on the boundaries of the possible. Its harmony of extravagance is so well preserved, that the spectator is not in the least surprised to find a troop of ballet-girls in remarkably short checked petticoats, which stand for kilts, performing a grand Scotch ballet, the music to which is supposed to be supplied by a bagpiper whose costume is a mixture of Malvolio's, an old woman's, and a Hussar's, in the grand hall at Holyrood. To historical accuracy the authors—for there are two—make little pretensions, but they compensate for this by putting in a great deal of "scandal about Queen Elizabeth" and "Sir Dudley, duc de Leicester." Some of the tableaux are finely conceived—notably one in which the Queen passes into Holyrood under an arch formed by the swords of the faithful adherents who have just rescued her from the fury of a mob, who surround her with cries, which sound comic to English ears, of "Vive Calvin!" The scenery is poor; the grouping and dresses are good, but woefully wanting in the attention to detail which is to be observed at the Français, and now also at one at least of the London theatres. For instance, Lord Darnley wears the garter, which he has probably filched from the English ambassador, who appears without it; and a boy who climbs a scaffolding to see the Queen off from the shores of France, appears to welcome her at Edinburgh in the same attitude and costume on another scaffolding. We hope that the strong sense of his vocation which alone could have led him to undertake such a voyage with such a purpose was not mistaken. The part of the Gascon is played by Lafontaine, sometime a member of the Français, where he appeared to great advantage in parts requiring a certain hardness; and his excellent impersonation of the stiff Colonel in the *Fils de famille* will be remembered by those who saw it at the St. James's Theatre. Such a part as that which he is now playing is not suited to his powers; he has no spontaneous gaiety and lightness, no real charm or grace of manner. Wherever a serious or declamatory passage occurs he is admirable, and with the rest of the part he does all that intelligence unaided by natural gifts can do, but he does not make it what it ought to be. Fechter in his best days could have played it, and possibly Mr. Emmett might now, so as to enlist the sympathy and admiration of the audience throughout, and to create a romantic interest in the man. As it is, we fail to find this, and can only admire the skill of an actor who plays with so much success a part which he should never have undertaken. Madame Lafontaine, who used to play *ingénue* parts to perfection at the Français, is as unsuited to the part of the Queen as is her husband to that of the Gascon, and, like him, is so good an artist that she cannot be said to play it otherwise than well. She makes the most of the scene in which she is shut up alone with Châteaufort, the doors guarded by Maxwell's followers, from which compromising situation she is of course saved by the address and courage of Puyecerdan; but she has not the dignity or presence which a stage queen should have. The piece is extremely popular, and cries of "Vive la Gasconne!" from patriotic Gascons may be heard in the gallery as the curtain falls. One detestable custom prevails at this theatre—that of employing an act drop covered with advertisements; so that when we have seen the hero left for dead in the snow, we are not allowed to see him revive in the next tableau until we have learnt that at the sign of the "Grey Riding-coat" one returns the money if the clothes do not fit.

At the Folies Dramatiques another long run is going on. There the *Fille de Madame Angot* has reached its four-hundredth night. The music is pretty and sparkling, but neither that nor the piece possesses any extraordinary merit. The manager is anxious to bring out a new piece, and has attempted to weary his audiences by substituting indifferent artists for those of the original cast; but, in spite of all his efforts, they flock every night in numbers to the small theatre, where they are packed far closer than any London manager would dare to pack them. Any one who wishes to form an approximate idea of the Black Hole at Calcutta had better go to the Folies Dramatiques while the *Fille de Madame Angot* is still in the tide of success.

London is not the only place where people will run like sheep, night after night, to see an indifferent piece which has by chance made a hit. Meanwhile at the Français, where there is, as always, much to see and study, M. Mounet-Sully continues to assure his claim to a high rank on the stage by his performance of Hippolyte in Racine's *Phèdre*. M. Mounet-Sully has the natural advantages of a fine presence and a smooth sonorous voice. He makes use of these to better effect in such plays as Racine's than in any other, because he has the imaginative faculty strongly developed, and is therefore more successful where some warmth and energy must be supplied by the actor to the poet's work than where the author has completely carried out his own idea and left nothing to be added by its interpreter. The passion which, infused by the actor into the measured diction of Racine, fills up what is wanting in the character as written, is out of place in such plays as Victor Hugo's, which are already full, even to overflowing, with emotion. Thus M. Mounet-Sully's performance of Didier in *Marion Delorme* degenerates sometimes into extravagance. A tendency to bursting too suddenly into violence of tone and action is indeed his great fault; but this has much diminished since his first appearance at the Français, and will no doubt in time vanish altogether. In *Phèdre* he has seized accurately the rugged untamed nobility of the character, to which a certain wildness in his appearance readily lends itself; and while his fine action and delivery give additional grandeur to the grand, if stilted, lines of the poet in passages of rhetoric and description, his interpretation of subtle phases of feeling is no less excellent. His finest scene is that in which he

listens to his father's unjust accusations, trying in vain every means except a counter-charge to refute them, and finally goes out in despairing silence to meet his death; and this is magnificently played with voice, face, and gesture. The passage in which he begins to break out into the truth, and stops himself with a cry of "Je me tais," is rendered with a terrible fidelity to nature; and the remainder of the scene up to the exit, daringly given with an inarticulate expression of grief, leaves the true tragic stamp on the mind of the audience. Equally good, though on a less grand scale, is the love scene with Aricie, where the fine simple nature of Hippolyte is brought out with great skill. M. Mounet-Sully's whole performance is full of thought and study, and full also of dramatic instinct. Madlle. Sarah Bernhardt, another late addition to the company, plays Aricie with much grace, and is especially remarkable for the excellence of her diction, while M. Maubant's force and dignity of style come out well in the part of Thésée. Madlle. Roussel is hardly up to the very trying part of *Phèdre*. She has all its traditions, and knows exactly how to play it without possessing the force required to play it. A third and yet newer recruit to the ranks of this theatre is M. Pierre Berton, who has for a long time enjoyed a success as first lover and romantic hero at the Odéon. So great indeed has been his reputation there, that he has been frequently spoken of as second only to Delaunay. If this be so, his translation to the Comédie only proves how wide is the gulf between first and second, and how much lower the standard of other theatres than that of the Français, on the boards of which M. Pierre Berton's want of grace and finish are, at present, painfully evident. Amongst his *débuts* the part of the Marquis de Presles in *Le gendre de M. Poirier*, long associated with the name of Bressant, has been chosen, and the contrast between that actor's noble and dignified bearing and the ungainly demeanour of the present representative of the part tells heavily against M. Pierre Berton.

M. Delaunay has been appearing principally in the *Nuit d'octobre* of Alfred de Musset and in the *Menteur* of Corneille—perhaps one of his best impersonations; the airy gaiety, the ringing voice and laugh, the reckless abandon, and the unstudied courtliness which M. Delaunay brings to the part carry the sympathy of the house with him from his first entrance to the fall of the curtain. Those who only know this play through Foote's vulgarized version and Mr. Charles Mathews's performance have no idea of the original. Mr. Mathews seldom fails to be amusing, but his Liar delivers his falsehoods as occasion arises with a dry volubility which could hardly fail to ensure detection. M. Delaunay's *Menteur* is entirely the creature of an overstrong imagination; you see that the crowd of gorgeous ideas in his mind must find a vent; and when once that is given, he follows upon lie as a natural result, until a harmonious structure of fiction is built up of such beautiful proportions and materials that it is an actual disappointment to see it destroyed. When it is so evident that the *Menteur* himself believes in his own lies as they flow from his fertile brain, it would be impossible for his listeners to refuse their credence. The climax of invention is reached in the story of the secret marriage and its results. The agony of confession and fervour of affectionate interest with which, kneeling at his father's feet, he reveals to him with horror the delicate situation of an imaginary wife, carry conviction irresistibly with them. The high comedy of this passage is enhanced by the admirable byplay of M. Got, who, as Cliton the valet, kisses the skirt of his master's cloak at this point with reverent admiration. Whether Corneille's play would be very amusing without the fine intelligence and brilliant execution of M. Delaunay is an open question; but, as it is, the very recollection of it provokes laughter. M. Delaunay's *Menteur* would be more properly called a romance than a liar; and this interpretation of the part saves the father, who, as rendered by M. Maubant, is a personage of considerable dignity and interest, from ever appearing ridiculous.

But it is in *La nuit d'octobre* that M. Delaunay is seen to the highest advantage. It is noteworthy that the announcement for performance of this poem—for it can hardly be called a play—which contains no incident and has no attraction of accessories, which is simply a dialogue in verse between a poet and the Muse to whom he confides the story of his blighted love, never fails to fill the theatre. It is indeed a beautiful poem, and new beauties which do not occur to the mind in reading it are brought out by the wonderful acting of M. Delaunay and Madlle. Favart. It is difficult to realize the fact that the poet—pale, jaded, exhausted with sleepless nights, brooding over bitter memories, bursting now into extravagant denunciations of the woman who has been faithless to him, now sinking into weary, silent grief, finally making the effort to which the Muse urges him with a persistent tenderness, and shaking off the old sorrow to take up his work again—is the same actor who appears as the gay, laughing *Menteur*. Madlle. Favart's statuesque, yet tender, impersonation of the Muse makes a fine contrast to the impulsive passion of the poet, and the whole scene leaves a deeper impression on the audience than do many tragedies which deal with wider interests.

A new and pretty one-act comedy, called *L'été de la Saint-Martin*, by MM. Meilhac and Halévy, has been played many times at this theatre. It is just one of those pieces which cannot be seen in perfection at any other theatre, and can scarcely be seen at all in England. The plot is extremely slight, and has no element of novelty to recommend it; the dialogue is easy and natural, and at times witty, without any laboured smartness and without any of that handying to and fro of rude repartee which passes for wit in some English comedies. But the success of the play depends in fact upon the delicacy of the acting, the burden of

which rests chiefly upon M. Thiron, who is as good and finished as ever in the character of an irritable and amorous old gentleman, and upon Madlle. Croizette, who has not long joined the company of the Français. She is a clever and graceful actress, with a great deal of playfulness, and will do very good service in high-comedy parts; her fault is one which is not often met with at this theatre—a rather indistinct and hurried utterance. The rest of the cast is filled up by Madame Joussain and M. Pierre Berton, who, fortunately, have very little to do.

Manuel's pathetic little piece *Les Ouvriers* continues to be successful, and to give M. Coquelin the opportunity of showing that he can do far higher things than low comedy, his performance in which has of late shown signs of degenerating into overdone byplay and grimace. One fact which ought to be mentioned in connexion with the Français is that M. Regnier, one of its most distinguished members, has returned to the scene of his former triumphs to give his valuable services as stage manager. At the Porte St.-Martin, *Maria Tudor*, to which the management were reduced for their opening piece by the prohibition of *Le roi s'amuse*, as it was the only other piece of Victor Hugo's which had not been lately represented, continues to drag on its somewhat weary length. It is chiefly remarkable, as far as acting goes, for the fire which M. Lemaître still manages to display in the small part of the Jew, and for Madame Marie Laurent's spirited performance of the Queen, which, however, bears so much of the mark of the boulevard that the words "*Je ne baisse pas la voix, il me semble*," produce an effect not altogether tragic. At the Grand Opéra Madlle. Fides-Devries has made an unaccountable success in *Paul*, and that great artist M. Faure continues to draw crowded houses with the *Coupe du roi de Thulé* and *Hamlet*. We may seem to have spoken at great length of the Comédie Française, to the exclusion of other theatres, but the fact is, as we have said above, that those who would find a temple of dramatic art where the system of "runs" and "stars" is unknown, where plays are mounted and characters interpreted with a study and finish that approach perfection, where the excellence of the individual is valuable for its part in the harmony of the whole, must seek it at the Français and not elsewhere.

ART AT THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

VIII.

IN this concluding article we shall continue and complete the account which we began in a previous paper of the old and historic works within the Exhibition. Two countries only remain to be noticed—Russia and Austria; we shall commence with the former.

Russia has not contributed to Vienna so liberally of her unexampled historic stores as she did six years since to Paris. Yet exceptional interest attaches to more than three hundred specimens of metal-work, distributed over twelve cases, and illustrating the history of Russian ornament from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century. It is well known that the old religious pictures in the churches of Moscow and elsewhere, of which a few copies are here shown, have no more art value than that which belongs to the debased form of the Byzantine style. But it is also a fact that the sacred paintings in the Russo-Greek Church are not only framed but covered with highly-wrought plates of silver and silver gilt, frequently enriched with jewels of great beauty and worth. We remember to have seen on the Ikonostas in the Cathedral of the Assumption in the Kremlin a picture of the Madonna, said almost as a matter of course to have been painted by St. Luke, which was encased with metal-work and loaded with jewels valued at 45,000*l*. And one of the many anomalies presented by the sacred arts in Russia is that, while the ancient Church pictures are low in style and corrupt in type of the human figure, the accessory art of surface ornament, comprising repoussé work, chasing, enamelling, and other inlays, together with the setting of precious stones, belongs to a true and a vital school. Many of the examples here exhibited—such as silver-gilt glories for the heads of saints and plaques which cover the whole surface of a picture save the faces, hands, and feet—are all but perfect pieces of surface decoration. The style in its historic basis is Byzantine—a style which, in its original habitat in the Eastern Empire, and even in its offshoots at Venice and Ravenna, maintains almost in perpetuity an exquisite sense of proportion and of symmetry, a true conception of conventional treatment, a happy compromise between nature and art, and a subtlety of detail and execution seldom equalled and never surpassed. The three hundred examples now before us—though in some instances not the best of their kind—prove that Russia in the decorative arts is heir to the Empire of the East. Her artisans through successive generations approach the Orientals, especially in the happy disposition of harmonious colour. In short, here in Vienna, Russia, standing as the most potent representative of Byzantium and of the Greek Church, has been, and in some measure still is, as greatly superior to Western Europe in the art of ornament as she is inferior in the treatment of the human figure. The collection here displayed, in common with many others, is for sale. The price asked is understood to be 3,000*l*; less might perhaps be taken. Any nation intent on forming a Museum of Historic Art would do well to enter into negotiations for the purchase.

Russia wisely makes known in Vienna the reproductions from her historic monuments; she also places on view books illustrative

of national ornament, and of the arts held sacred in the Russo-Greek Church. From Novgorod comes the celebrated Korsun or Khersonesus door of the Cathedral of St. Sophia. We incline to think, notwithstanding the name, that this art has nothing to do with Khersonesus; the style corresponds rather to that of the old bronze work found in Northern Germany. Indeed there is a tradition that this very door came from Magdeburg, and in support of its German origin we may quote the bronze doors we have recently seen in the Hildesheim Cathedral. The style and the date of the Hildesheim and of the Novgorod doors are not dissimilar; both are alike assigned to the tenth or eleventh century, which is also about the date of the old door of San Ranieri in the Duomo of Pisa. It so happens that the architectural styles of the cathedrals of Novgorod, of Hildesheim, and of Pisa are cognate; the stone-work, like the metal-work, shows an assimilation of Byzantine and Romanesque. There seems, in fact, but slight ground for the conjecture that the Novgorod doors are of Russian workmanship; they are, as we have shown, in all probability importations. This migration of the arts in Northern Europe is in many ways interesting; it corresponds naturally and almost of necessity with the migration of the peoples; the one in fact serves to illustrate the other. We have recently had the opportunity of tracing *in situ* in Germany works in bronze for ecclesiastical uses from the eleventh to the sixteenth century. This historic development is consecutive and complete, whereas in Russia the styles are either early or very late; thus the intermediate links are wanting. Russia has also sent to Vienna valuable reproductions of "architectural ornaments of the Cathedral of St. Demetrius in the ancient city of Vladimir." The date is the twelfth century; the style, which has been designated "Russo-Byzantine," may be compared to the Norman-Saracenic; the arches are stilted; the surface decorations embody animals, birds, &c. We have already pointed to recent architectural revivals in Russia and on the eastern frontier of Austria, which evidently are grounded on these and other like remains. In fact, as already remarked, the ancient Russo-Byzantine style, structurally as well as decoratively, affords the most legitimate basis for a national style. These invaluable reproductions have been secured for the "Germanisches Museum" at Nuremberg; no time should be lost in procuring duplicates for the South Kensington Museum.

Austria has certainly not impoverished any of her national collections in order to enrich her International Exhibition; the varied treasures scattered over Vienna remain, rightly, we think, untouched; and yet the Empire is not wanting in the rarest resources drawn from her great monasteries. The traveller who has tracked the course of the Danube over some hundreds of miles, who has sailed, for example, from Passau to Pesth, cannot fail to have been struck with the palatial monasteries which command the heights. The Rhine may be the region of feudal castles; the Danube, on the other hand, is the stronghold of convents. Klosterneuburg, Melk, Gran, and many others, stand as fortresses, as if planned as much for military as for monkish purposes; some of these richly endowed establishments are famous for their wine-cellar, while others are illustrious for their art treasures. The following are the chief establishments which serve to make, not so much in bulk as in rareness, an unexampled display in the Vienna Exhibition:—Klosterneuburg, the Bohemian Foundation of Strahow at Prague, the Upper Austrian Foundation at Lambach, the Presbytery of the parish church at Bruck in Styria, Kloster Putna, Szezewitz, and Dragomina, and the Cathedral Chapter at Ozerowitz, all in the province of Bukowina; the Cathedral Chapters of Tarnow and Salzburg, the Cathedral Church at Presburg, the Cathedral at Brünn in Moravia, and the Metropolitan Cathedral at Gran.

The large Augustino monastery of Klosterneuburg, one of the richest and oldest in Austria, contributes enamels, of which a remarkable triptych in *champlevé* is not surpassed in Europe. This *revoles*, consisting of a centre and two doors, is scarcely less than twenty feet in length. The plaques, fifty-one in number, are enclosed in an enamelled framework; the subjects are taken from the Old and New Testaments; the figures are gold—that is, the metal groundwork is left, and the surface of the figures has been graven with lines for draperies, &c., into which is rubbed the composition used in niello-work. The colouring of the enamelling is blue, red, and green; the addition of gold with dark niello details makes a rich and varied combination. We know of no work more imposing, whether for magnitude or magnificence. Its early date, too, together with its antecedent history, adds to its importance. The fabric is of the twelfth century, wrought by a certain Nicolas de Verdun; the style is that of the Rhine, as distinguished from the enamels of Limoges; a style identified with Romanesque movement, vigour, and rudeness, as compared with the more refined and debilitated manner of Byzantium. It appears that this rare product of the twelfth century was sent in the fourteenth century to a goldsmith in Vienna, to receive certain additions, and the alterations then made so nearly match the original work as to lead to the inference that Vienna possessed artisans who had inherited the old traditions. We have already had occasion to speak of Hungary as a land of enamels, and the treasures which the Austrian monasteries here turn out for exhibition prove, if not a distinct centre of production, at any rate a point of common meeting, where styles from the East and from the West, and possibly also from as far north as Central Russia, intermingled. The Vienna Exhibition is rich almost beyond precedent in enamels; China and Japan have never before been so fully represented.

The monasteries of Hungary exhibit art treasures which in

general character are naturally allied to the sacred works that come from sister institutions in Austria. Yet it is interesting to observe in the ecclesiastical products of this Eastern nationality that tendency to Orientalism which we have found in the arts of Hungary, even down to the present day. A chief contributor is the Archbishop of Gran, the seat of the Hungarian Primacy, at one time said to have been the richest in Europe. The noble church and monastery of Gran, standing within fortress walls in strong command of the Danube below, are, like the other ancient and opulent monastic establishments of the Empire, rich in church vestments, tapestries, and plate. The textile fabrics exhibited in Vienna approach the styles found in the Kremlin, especially as to the decorative use of pearls, and the embroidered relief given to the figures. Among such fabrics is conspicuous a composition comprising the Lamb, the emblems of the Passion, the figure of an angel, &c., all in high relief and enriched with pearls. From the same "Schatz Kammer" comes a rare piece of early metal-work with interlacing ornament allied to the Runic. We may here remark of these ecclesiastical collections generally that the anomalies of styles found on the frontier lands of Hungary, Turkey, and Russia, where the arts of diverse peoples meet and assimilate, become peculiarly perplexing. Chronologies are particularly difficult to determine because of the deceptive practice of reproducing at comparatively late periods early and archaic styles. This habit Austria has cherished in common with Russia, the Byzantine style in both nations being perniciously prolonged to perpetuity. But anything is preferable to the late Renaissance forms rampant in Western Europe. Some of the ecclesiastical products exhibited develop the decorative resource of Gothic design, but the works most strong in local character and colour are, as we have said, derived from Byzantine and Romanesque models. For the reason already given the antiquity of textile and other fabrics which come from Austrian, Hungarian, and Bohemian monasteries is not so great as would at first sight appear. Altogether these products present interesting problems.

Salzburg on the borders of the Austrian Tyrol, Brunn and Olmutz, chief towns of Moravia, and Prague, the capital of Bohemia, all contribute to their church treasures. Salzburg may be more distinguished for situation than for spiritual art, yet from her Domkirche comes a large and rich altar frontal nearly twelve feet long, bearing the Crucifixion and other sacred subjects; the actual date may be doubtful, but the style is that of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Moravia is distinguished by the art riches of her parish churches. Two establishments in Prague contribute of their art substance to Vienna. From the finely situated and richly stored monastery of Strahow, which still holds in seclusion one of the greatest but least known pictures of Albert Dürer, comes early metal-work. And from the Cathedral of Prague, which is a veritable museum specially of antique embroidery, has been sent a unique collection comprising chalices, caskets, mitres, &c. Here again, in the enrichments of enamels, precious stones, and pearls, we seem to be on a boundary line between West and East, where the Latin Church seeks to clothe herself in Oriental splendour.

A word may be added, not only on the variety, but on the wide and equal diffusion, of these church treasures. Here in Vienna are collected illuminated MSS., ornate book-covers, church plate, some of which we might have gladly spared, not to mention again tapestries and enamels. And yet what strikes us most is scarcely so much this rich variety as the impartial distribution of the treasure over places high and low, reaching from the richest cathedral to the humblest church. It would seem as if Austria, at least since the time when Turkish invaders were driven back, had escaped that wholesale pillage which has stripped the sacred arts from less favoured territories. Certain it is that in Vienna there are to be seen precious relics of the past from lowly parishes whose whereabouts can hardly be ascertained by atlas or guide-book. It is a thousand pities that these rare remains, of which we would gladly learn more, have not been catalogued. And in taking leave of the Vienna Exhibition, from which we have reaped both enjoyment and instruction, we would venture to express the hope that these treasures of historic art will not be scattered till some record is made which may remain as a lasting memorial.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

THE Second October Meeting was a genuine success because its established fixtures were well supported, and gave rise to interesting contests. The customary features of a Newmarket race week, plates and selling sweepstakes, were hardly to be seen, and the more the compilers of the programme endeavoured to invent over-weight races the more they did not fill. Such being the case, and the tide having for the moment apparently turned against the trumpety events which at Newmarket have so long wearied all but the most inveterate gamblers, it was decidedly *mal à propos* for an influential member of the Jockey Club to seize this opportunity for denouncing the Middle Park Plate and threatening its abolition. The Middle Park Plate is not only the chief event of a Second October week—far more interesting and more important than the Cesarewitch—but also one of the best races of the whole season. If it were abolished, there would be no earthly excuse for allowing the Second October Meeting to drag over five

days. As it is, Monday's racing is quite superfluous, and the meeting might easily be got over in four days; but without the Middle Park Plate it could hardly extend over more than three. What the reasons can be which have led to this assault on a race that, from the day of its establishment, has added fresh lustre to the fame of Newmarket, it would seem at first sight difficult to say; but some light may perhaps be thrown on them at the meeting of the Jockey Club in the Houghton week, at which, it is understood, the matter is to be decided. The more important question of rescinding the prohibition of two-year-old racing before the 1st of May will be entertained at the same time; and by the action which the Jockey Club may think fit to take we shall be able to judge how far the Turf legislature is disposed or indisposed to advance or retard the progress of racing reform.

Monday's racing is, as we have said, a most undesirable superfluity, and never was it felt to be more unnecessary than last week. There was not a single event of more than passing interest, and only the Welter Handicap brought out a field of any considerable size. A good race between Bordeaux and Trombone—the latter conceding two years and 18 lbs.—resulted in the victory of the former by a head, which was not a very striking performance. There was a fine struggle between La Couronne and Polyhymnia, for one of the old-fashioned rich sweepstakes that used to be so common at Newmarket, and Fordham's masterly handling of M. Lefèvre's filly just landed her the winner. But, for the rest, the day's sport mainly consisted of walks over and uninteresting matches. But if Monday's racing was not worth the trouble of journeying to see, Tuesday's card was just as much overcrowded; and the Cesarewitch, being placed sixth on the list, did not come off till a comparatively late hour in the afternoon, when, in the failing light, it was difficult to distinguish colours. The ways of the authorities at Newmarket, however, are inscrutable, and it is useless to complain. The Clearwell Stakes brought out a good field, including Feu d'Amour—second to Napoleon III. for the Champagne—Polyhymnia, Glen Ahuond, Packington, Aquilo, and five more. A good race between three ended in favour of Feu d'Amour, who beat Aquilo by a neck, Polyhymnia being only a head from the second. The Heath Stakes—a new race, over the Ditch mile—fell to Delay, Hlenheim, good horse as he is, being unable to concede 3 st.; and then came the great event of the day. Never has the Cesarewitch been a greater success. The entry was unusually large; the acceptances were unusually numerous; the field has in numbers been surpassed four times, and in quality has never been approached. The thirty-four runners included such famous celebrities among the older horses as Winslow, Uhlán, Shannon, Corisande, and Lilian; while Marie Stuart stood alone among the three-year-olds both in eminence and in weight, the other competitors of the same age, such as Suleiman, Oxford Mixture, Pirate—winner of the Great Yorkshire Handicap—and Castalia, all carrying from one to two stone less. There was of course the usual admixture of professed handicap horses, with whose names we are familiar—with some of them wearisomely so. Flurry, Falkland, Indian Ocean, Napolitain, and Moorlands may be cited as representatives of this class; but King Lud could hardly have been included in it. So large a field of necessity included a certain amount of rubbish; but, taken altogether, it presented a striking contrast to the fields of average years. A noticeable feature also was the number of heavy weights that came to the post, Winslow, 9 st. 8 lbs., the top weight of the handicap, heading the list, which included Corisande, 8 st. 10 lbs., Uhlán, 8 st. 12 lbs., Shannon, 8 st. 8 lbs., Lilian, 8 st. 5 lbs., and Marie Stuart, 8 st. 5 lbs. The reproach so often levelled at Admiral Rous, that he handicaps all the top weights out of the Cesarewitch, might have seemed to be satisfactorily answered on this occasion, especially as Corisande, Uhlán, Shannon, and Marie Stuart were to the last prominent favourites. Yet the result most strikingly confirmed the justice of the complaint; for, despite their superior class, not one of the heavy weights finished among the first six. As a piece of handicapping, indeed, this year's Cesarewitch was a most signal failure, for it was a runaway affair for one horse, and thirty-three out of the thirty-four runners were left, from start to finish, hopelessly in the rear. For the first time in the history of the race a horse jumped off with the lead, made the whole of the running, was never headed, and won in a canter. King Lud was the hero of this unprecedented achievement; but, in justice to the handicapper, it must be said that, judging from his previous performances, no one would have thought of laying a very heavy burden on King Lud's back. As a two-year-old his best performance was running neck and neck with Queen's Messenger for the third place in the Two Thousand Guineas; and, as a three-year-old, he was well beaten in every race in which he took part. When he was bought at Lord Zetland's sale for 1,650 guineas, it was generally thought that Lord Lonsdale had made a very dear purchase; and though 7 st. 5 lbs. is no very great impost for a four-year-old, it was thought quite as much as King Lud on his merits required. Yet he won the Cesarewitch in such hollow fashion as to give more than usually good grounds for the repetition of the statement, so habitually made after an easily won race, that the winner had a stone in hand. This was no recovery of lost form, but an exhibition of unknown and unsuspected excellence; and all we can say is that King Lud during the short time he has been at Newmarket must have made the most extraordinary improvement ever witnessed in a racehorse. By his great speed he effectually stopped all the heavy weights, even before half the distance had been traversed; and then by his staying ability he was enabled to maintain his advantage at the trying hill at the finish, instead of

coming back to his horses and giving a chance to one or two of the light weights, which would have been accepted at once. So far from tiring at the end of the race, King Lud finished full of running, and the barren honours of places fell to Royal George and Pirate. Royal George, it will be remembered, won the Cesarewitch Trial Handicap at the First October Meeting, and Pirate won the principal Handicap at Doncaster. The second best in the race, however, was not Royal George, the second, but Fève, a stable companion, we believe, of King Lud, who was pulled up when the victory of the son of King Tom was certain. We have said that not one of the heavy weights finished in the first six; but it is fair to mention that Marie Stuart did not disgrace her high reputation. She occupied a prominent position as far as the Abingdon Bottom, where her heavy weight stopped her, and she was not further persevered with. But she may fairly be considered as having been fourth best in the race. The last event of the day, the Royal Stakes, was a *finis*; for Andred, after having beaten Chivalrous in a trot, was disqualified for not having carried a 5 lbs. penalty as the winner of the Newmarket Stakes. The mistake was annoying, for the stake is of some value, and Andred could have given the 5 lbs., or 10 lbs. for the matter of that, to Chivalrous with the greatest ease.

On the Middle Park Plate day—the really great day of the week—the card was just as ill arranged as on the Cesarewitch day. The Middle Park Plate was set down sixth on the card, and it was nearly four o'clock much too late on an October afternoon—before the large field of twenty left the hands of the starter. The withdrawal of *Écosais* deprived the race of much of its interest, while a glance at the gigantic Marsworth was sufficient to show that another year must pass before he will be fit to display his powers to advantage, if indeed his legs will stand the necessary work for another year. The two great stars of this year's two-year-olds being thus obscured, there was only Couronne de Fer left to represent the first class, and he had incurred the full penalty of 7 lbs., which has hitherto proved an effectual bar to winning this great race; Marsworth and Sir William Wallace had to carry the minor penalty of 4 lbs., and the remainder were uppenalized, the unfashionably bred Newry, the high bred Lepore—own brother to Pero Gomez—Dukedom, Gemme—half brother to Sterling—and two or three were taking the allowance for maidens; while the field also included Spectator, George Frederick, Tomahawk, Furnsfield, and Exilé—the latter being the representative of M. Lefèvre's powerful stake. Thus all the strength, such as it is, of the two-year-olds was brought into requisition with the exception of *Écosais*; and Newry, being currently reported to have won a trial with Napoleon III., became a very strong favourite, despite his wretched performance at York, where he made his first appearance in public. There was hardly any delay at the post, and the race was in some sort a *repetition* of the Cesarewitch; for as soon as the flag fell Newry took the lead, made the running at a great pace, was never headed, and won by a length. Unlike the Cesarewitch, however, there was a grand struggle in the Middle Park Plate for places, and indeed for the mastery; for though Newry was never actually headed, he was vigorously challenged at the final ascent on both sides, and was undoubtedly saved from defeat by the advantage he possessed in the weights. Briefly we may say that Newry had all his field beaten in the Abingdon Bottom except Couronne de Fer, Spectator, and Marsworth. These three simultaneously attacked him as they rose the hill, and Couronne de Fer as nearly as possible caught him. Giving way, however, in the last fifty yards, he allowed Newry, though hard pressed, to hold his own to the end; while the three pursuers all but ran a dead heat for second place. Oddly enough there had been a dead heat between three earlier in the day; but in the Middle Park Plate the judge awarded the second place to Spectator by a short head, while Marsworth and Couronne de Fer ran a dead heat for the third place. Neither the winner, who is by *Lacydes* out of *Blanchette*, or Spectator, is in the Derby; and, as ever, the third in the Middle Park Plate appears to be the most formidable candidate for Derby honours. Or rather the pair that could not be separated for the third place; though of the two, Couronne de Fer looks by far the more likely to train on. Four lengths from the dead-heaters George Frederick finished fifth, and Sir William Wallace sixth; but the former, as well as Lepore, will see a better day. The hero of the race was unquestionably Couronne de Fer, who would have won but for his penalty; yet some of the subsequent two-year-old running of the week would lead to an unfavourable impression of the general quality of the Middle Park Plate field. On the remainder of Wednesday's racing we need only remark that the non-staying Trombone beat Hochstapler at even weights so easily over the Rowley mile that the German horse must have lost all his form.

Thursday brought a very quiet day's sport. Laburnum, in the humour for once, won the Cambridgeshire Trial Handicap, giving lumps of weight away to all his seven opponents, with such ridiculous ease as to show that his owner and trainer have had ample reason for placing confidence in him, sadly as that confidence has been disappointed. Marie Stuart, little the worse for her exertions on the Tuesday, gave 7 lbs. to Silver Ring and Wild Myrtle, and bent them over the Two Middle miles. Silver Ring pressed her rather hard at the finish, but the St. Leger victress answered the calls made on her with the greatest gallantry, and won—all things considered—easily at last. Miss Toto, one of the best of M. Lefèvre's two-year-olds, cantered away with the Brethby Stakes, and Minister, another of his lengthy string, beat Victory

easily in the last race of the day. Victory, having been entered for the Prendergast Stakes, was disqualified from running in the race under notice; but by some strange negligence the mistake was not found out till after the race was over. The last day of the meeting furnished some remarkable surprises. A brilliant field ran for the Newmarket Derby, over the last mile and a half of the Beacon course, Kaiser and Doncaster being each penalized 7 lbs., and Boiard, Andred, and Trombone being their opponents. Doncaster could hardly be trusted so soon after his sorry exhibition at the First October Meeting; but, according to all public running, Boiard ought to have beaten Kaiser, who seemed to have no pretensions whatever to be able to give him weight. It was tit for tat, however; for, if the English horses were beaten in June after crossing the Channel to France, so now the French horse was summarily beaten on his visit to English soil. Briefly, Kaiser won by four lengths from Boiard, Andred was third, Trombone fourth, and Doncaster, as at the last Newmarket meeting, fifth and last. The Derby winner is done for, for the present at any rate; and possibly he may never recover from his desperate race in the Leger against his stable companion. Kaiser, whatever people may say of his swerving and faintheartedness at the finish, again did all that a good horse could be expected to do; for, if winning by four lengths from a Derby and a Grand Prix winner is not enough, what is? The Prendergast Stakes produced another magnificent race; four of the Middle Park Plate runners, Spectator, Sir William Wallace, Exilé, and Lynette taking part in it. M. Lefèvre was, however, represented by Fen d'Amour (with a 6 lbs. penalty for winning the Clearwell, Sir William Wallace being also penalized to a like extent) as well as by Exilé, and fortunate it was for him that he had two strings to his bow; for, after a splendid struggle between Spectator and Fen d'Amour, the judge was unable to separate them, and a dead-heat was hoisted on the telegraph. The first reflection that occurred to one after this race was that Fen d'Amour could very nearly have won the Middle Park Plate; for Newry, who was receiving 3 lbs. from Spectator, did not give him more than a 7 lbs. beating, if so much. The second was that the two-year-olds must be moderate, inasmuch as they cannot get out of the way of one another; and this, perhaps, is the true solution of the difficulty. Anyhow, M. Lefèvre holds the key of the position, and can tell to an ounce what his chance is against all the best two-year-olds. After this fine race came a very sorry one. The Middle Park Plate winner was brought out in a two-year-old handicap, and jugged quietly along—in very moderate company—in the rear ranks. A brilliant meeting wound up with a match across the flat between King Lud and Kingcraft, the latter conceding a stone for the two years difference in age. The Derby winner of 1870 could not, however, break the spell of ill-luck that has since attended him; and King Lud won so easily that he might well have been asked to give weight instead of receiving it.

REVIEWS.

MORRIS AND SKEAT'S SPECIMENS OF EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

THERE are some practical advantages to be gained by publishing a book backwards. By the time a man has finished his second volume, he is sure to find out a good many things which want altering in his first. If, then, he has courage to put forth the second volume first, and keep the first till afterwards, it will no doubt come out in a better form than if it had come out at the beginning. If he keeps the first volume in manuscript till after the appearance of the third, it will most likely be better still. This is what Dr. Morris and Mr. Skeat seem practically to be doing with the works before us. We have here, first of all in point of date, what is in truth, though not in form, a third volume—namely, Mr. Skeat's *Specimens of English Literature*. Then comes the joint work of Mr. Skeat and Dr. Morris, which is avowedly a second volume. Lastly, the first volume of their joint work still looms in the future. These two last are indeed only the second and first volumes of a second edition, while Mr. Skeat's separate volume is in form a distinct work with a distinct title-page. Still all the three hang together, and they come in the reversed order of which we speak. First comes the time from 1394 to 1579, then the part from 1298 to 1393, and lastly the time before 1298 has not come at all. No doubt, when it does come, it will be all the better for waiting. Dr. Morris and Mr. Skeat, by the simple process of having carried on their work to a later time, cannot fail to know more about the earlier time now than they did when they began. Of this increased knowledge we shall get the benefit whenever the first volume comes, but, as it has not come yet, we think that we may just as well say something about those parts which we have got without waiting any longer for it. To judge from

* *Specimens of Early English*. A new and revised Edition, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index. By the Rev. Richard Morris, LL.D., and the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. Part II. From Robert of Gloucester to Gower. A.D. 1298—A.D. 1393. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1872.

Specimens of English Literature; from the "Ploughman's Creed" to the "Shepherd's Calendar." A.D. 1394—A.D. 1579. With Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index. By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1871.

the account of it given on a fly-leaf, it would seem to be undergoing a process of enlargement and improvement in every way. This first volume, when it comes, is to carry us back to the eleventh century. We shall not complain if, when Dr. Morris and Mr. Skeat have done this, they should wind up by giving us yet another volume before the first, for the times before the eleventh century. We have had a great deal published of our earliest English, both in the way of whole works and of selections; still we think that there is quite room for something of the kind treated in the way in which it would be sure to be treated by the present editors.

It is perhaps a natural result of this process of what we are tempted to call "progression by antagonism" that, attached to what we must be allowed to call the third volume—that is, Mr. Skeat's *Specimens of English Literature*—we have an Introduction, part of which would be quite in place at the very beginning of the whole thing. The general hints with which Mr. Skeat ends that Introduction have no special reference to the times between 1394 and 1579. They bear on the study of the English language at any date, and some of them on the study, not only of English, but of any language. Mr. Skeat has fully committed himself to the cause of showing that English is English, and nothing else. "The changes in the language," he tells us, "between the reigns of Ælfred and Victoria have been gradual, not violent, and our present speech differs from the oldest English (generally called 'Anglo-Saxon') chiefly by reason of the alterations which a long lapse of time naturally and imperceptibly introduces." Further on in his introduction comes a paragraph of much practical value:—

A real insight into English grammar can more easily be obtained by a week's study of Vernor's Anglo-Saxon Grammar, or some similar book, than by years spent in reading treatises which ignore the older forms of the language. Many students lose much solid advantage, and a sure basis on which to rest their grammatical knowledge, through an ill-judged anxiety to avoid the much-dreaded "Anglo-Saxon," the awe of which soon disappears, and is exchanged for interest, when once it is patiently encountered. The whole of English grammar is formed upon the Anglo-Saxon grammar as a basis. A knowledge of Latin grammar is sometimes a direct hindrance, as it is apt to make the student imagine that he has the key to idiomatic constructions, when he is all the while explaining them wrongly.

We ought to notice that Mr. Skeat tells us in a note that Dr. Morris's *Historical Outlines of English Accidence* is now in the press, which reminds us that his own work was published in 1871. Then he goes on to remind us of various facts in the history of our language which people are beginning to understand, though they still cannot be too often repeated for the benefit of both teachers and learners. Thus, for instance, he reminds us that "by far the greatest quantity of words introduced into English from the French were introduced in the fourteenth century." This is perfectly true, though a great many came in before and a great many have come in since. But we may perhaps make this distinction between those which came in then and those which came in before, that the earlier ones came in—each one for some particular reason—as the name of something which, either in itself or in its particular shape, was looked on as foreign, and which therefore kept its foreign name as a kind of technical term; while the later infusion of French which followed naturally on the adoption of English as the universal tongue of all classes, when those classes who had hitherto been more familiar with French began to speak only English, could hardly fail to bring many French words with them into English. Mr. Skeat here notes that for the French element in English we must look to Old-French and not to modern French, and of course the study of Old-French involves the study of the process by which French was formed out of Latin. But has not Mr. Skeat made a slip when he speaks of "French words derived from Latin"? There is of course a class of French words which are, strictly speaking, "derived from Latin"; but it is not these of which Mr. Skeat is now speaking. He is speaking, not of words consciously brought in from the Latin at a late stage of the French language, but of words which have gone through that process of change by which the French language itself was formed. Such words cannot be said to be derived from the Latin; they are the Latin words themselves. We are led to make this remark by Mr. Skeat's own caution against the misuse of the word *derived*, as when people talk of words being "derived" from Sanskrit, Latin, or any other Aryan tongue, when what is meant is that they are *cognate* with words in those tongues. But a man is no more derived from himself than he is derived from his brother or uncle. Neither the French *cheval* nor the Bret-Welsh *ceyl* is derived from the Latin *caballus*; the Bret-Welsh word is cognate with *caballus*, while the French word is *caballus* itself. But when a Frenchman talks about "equitation," the word is distinctly derived, consciously formed from *equus*, *equus*, *equitare*, *equitatio*, from a class of words which have left next to no traces in the genuine French vocabulary. Mr. Skeat also points out how some words, like *wise* and *guise*, have a double form in modern English—the natural English form and another which has come to us from the French, but which is itself part of the Teutonic infusion into French. On such cases Mr. Skeat says that "it might almost be said that the latter [form] is borrowed by the English language, through the medium of the French, from itself." The only objection to so saying is that historically these words came into the Romance of Gaul, not from the English, but from the Frankish, form of Teutonic.

The following remarks of Mr. Skeat are most important:—

The true dignity and originality of our own language seem to be very little understood and appreciated. An Englishman learning a little German soon

begins to think that a good many English words appear to be "derived" from the German. Accustomed to despise his own language, he seems to forget that there is at least an equal chance of the German being "derived" from the English. As a matter of fact, the languages are cognate or allied, and neither language has really borrowed much from the other. But it deserves to be remembered, that the oldest Teutonic remains are in Low German, not in High German; that the English epic poem of "Beowulf" is older than anything extant in High German; and that English ranks above German in the tables of letter-changes indicated in "Griffith's Law." It follows from this, that to look upon German, so to speak, as a subordinate form of English, is, although an error, an error of less magnitude than the unphilological and unpatriotic one of looking upon English as a subordinate form of German. German scholars are aware of this. It is reserved for Englishmen to be unaware, as a rule, of the dignity and importance of their own magnificent language.

The confusions against which Mr. Skeat has to fight come largely from the unlucky nomenclature which leads Englishmen to fancy that they have really no independent language at all, but only a jumble put together in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Then again the somewhat ambiguous use of the word *Deutsch* leads many people to fancy—often unconsciously—that modern High-Dutch is the one original Teutonic speech, instead of being merely one form of it out of many, and that a form, as Mr. Skeat shows, certainly not more ancient than our own. Some people may remember the rivalry of Messrs. Pike and Nicholas, and the notable attempts to prove that Englishmen are Welshmen because of the shape of some High-German's hat and of the difference of his tastes from those of some Englishman. Their one notion of Teutonic was modern High-Dutch; and, as Englishmen are certainly not that, they could not understand how Englishmen could be Teutonic at all. All this is just the same kind of confusion against which Mr. Skeat bears testimony.

Dr. Morris's Introduction is mainly a comparative grammar of the three chief forms of English at the stage to which his selections belong. One thing at once strikes us—how much more of inflexion the Southern, the strictly Saxon, dialect kept than the Midland and Northern tongues. But has not Dr. Morris been somewhat influenced by a geography a little too late for his purpose, when he places the boundary of the Southern dialect at the Thames? Or rather he directly after contradicts or corrects himself. He first says, "The Thames formed the Southern boundary of this region," that of the Midland dialect; and then says that the Southern dialect is spoken, besides the counties south of the Thames, "in Gloucestershire and portions of Herefordshire and Worcestershire." We should have thought that the Southern dialect ought to take in a still larger part of the lands north of the Thames; but, as it is, here is a very important admission of the existence of the Saxon speech far beyond the bounds of the later Wessex. We get so accustomed to the Wessex of Eggeberht, stretching as far to the West as it could go, but not stretching to the North at all, that we forget that the early West-Saxon conquests pushed more northwards than westwards, that at one time there was as much West-Saxon territory north of the Thames as south of it, that the West-Saxon conquerors aimed—though unsuccessfully—at Deva long before they aimed at Isca. When Dr. Morris finds the Southern or Saxon tongue spoken in a considerable district north of the Thames, this is an abiding vestige of this state of things. The northern dominion of the West-Saxon Kings came politically to an end in the eighth century; but the Saxon settlements of Cædwallin's day have left their stamp on local speech till now.

We have talked much more about the Introductions of Mr. Skeat and Dr. Morris than about the other parts of their books. They are both of them fellow-workers with ourselves in a common struggle against a particular form of error. As engaged in such a struggle, we think it our business to put on record every case that we come across where any ground is either gained or lost. Now the publication of such an Introduction as Mr. Skeat's is distinctly ground gained. Several important truths are put forth with singular force and clearness. Of the more purely editorial part of the volumes there is really no need to say more than that they are Dr. Morris's and Mr. Skeat's. Meanwhile we look forward to Dr. Morris's recasting of his first volume, and to the still earlier volume which must some day come before that.

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY.*

THE life of which these volumes give an account, though not in itself a very eventful, nor, according to the ordinary estimate of human affairs, a very happy one, was at least fortunate in the singular interest of its literary and artistic surroundings; an interest, too, which to a great extent was not the result of any chance, but came as a proper reward for the faithful performance of the troublesome and too often thankless functions of criticism, to which the best part of Mr. Chorley's life was devoted. The freedom he used in the exercise of his profession procured him some enemies, and a good many hard words; but the sincerity and readiness to perceive real excellence which were coupled with this freedom led in many instances to friendly relations, whose value infinitely outweighed all the resentment and abuse that had to be endured from pettier natures. A critic whose professional career bore fruit in intimacy with such persons as Mendelssohn, Moscheles, and Madame Viardot in the sphere of music, and

* Henry Fothergill Chorley; *Autobiography, Memoir, and Letters*. Compiled by Henry G. Hewlitt. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1873.

with Dickens, Hawthorne, and the Brownings in the sphere of letters, must be considered to have been uncommonly successful in overcoming the difficulties of his art. The biographer who now writes of Mr. Chorley in a strain of enthusiastic attachment was himself led to seek his acquaintance in consequence of a work of his own being reviewed by Mr. Chorley with "mingled severity and sympathy." We are indeed led to doubt whether the regrets for an incomplete life and an unsatisfied vocation which seem to have frequently embittered Mr. Chorley's thoughts had very much foundation in reality. It may be that, if his aptitude for music had been cultivated in due time, instead of being barely tolerated, his name would have been added to the list—a list which certainly has ample room for additions—of eminent English composers. But this is, after all, matter of conjecture, though Mr. Chorley's own feeling on the subject was strong, and the occupation of a critic is not necessarily less honourable than that of a producer. At any rate we are more in need of really good criticism than of indifferently good production. Nor can the fates be accused of assigning an unworthy part to one who so uses the station to which they have led him as to be respected, not only in his own country, but beyond it, by those whose respect is most worth having. Certain it is, however, whether we choose to ascribe it chiefly to natural temperament or external circumstances, that a sense of hindrance and disappointment did weigh upon Mr. Chorley through life, as appears from the journals and unfinished autobiography from which his literary executor has given considerable fragments.

The condition in which these materials were left has put the biographer at some disadvantage in point of form. They were too incomplete to stand by themselves, yet too copious and characteristic to be merely broken up and recast; and the result is a kind of cento in which the author, or compiler, appears sometimes as narrator, sometimes as editor, and in which an appearance of desultoriness and confusion was in some degree unavoidable.

We are first introduced to Henry Fothergill Chorley as a child in a North-country household scarcely emancipated from the strictness of the old Quaker ways, most of whose members appear to have been in different ways persons of some mark. One anecdote of an aunt of Mr. Chorley's in her young days argues a considerable vein of mother-wit in the family. She was at a country house where a party of guests came unexpectedly to dinner:—

The hostess went hither and thither in despair. Somehow or other the material of the entertainment was got together, or represented, one thing only wanting—the dessert. Nothing was to be found save a basket of hard, green pears, set aside for baking. For better for worse, however, by the whimsical girl's counsel, they were presented. When she saw them coming, she cleared her throat, and in an audible voice said to her hostess, at the head of the table, "Are not those the famous Cleopatra pears?" She used drily to add, in later years, when, mocking at herself, she told this anecdote, "My dears, after that no one thought of refusing them. The dish was cleared."

Then we have a rather sad account of an education in which the disciple and the masters were at cross purposes, and in which he learnt very little except that which he was not taught. With some occasional aid from friends, he picked up the elements of music in a curious irregular way during his schoolboy years; and the time spent by him later in a merchant's office in Liverpool was useless except so far as it gave him opportunities of extending his favourite knowledge by attending and taking part in musical performances. Early in 1834 he was established in London on the staff of the *Athenæum*. This was the beginning of more than thirty years' activity in the calling thus definitely chosen, through which Mr. Chorley was brought into relation with most of the persons eminent in literature and society during a period of no ordinary brilliancy. It is difficult to choose even from the reminiscences, probably themselves only a selection, which Mr. Hewlett has preserved. In some places the reticence due to living persons has an unfavourable effect on the literary value of the work; but this is a drawback which we must be prepared for, as the only alternative for more serious ones, so long as it continues to be the fashion to publish men's biographies almost before they are buried.

Perhaps the most complete and interesting episode in these memoirs is Mr. Chorley's friendship with Mendelssohn. They first met in 1839; but the musician seems to have already known so much of the critic's work that the usual preliminary stages of acquaintance were dispensed with, or very much shortened. Within a very short time we find letters from Mendelssohn to Mr. Chorley, written in a perfectly intimate and familiar tone. Mendelssohn's English, although he apologizes for it, is generally quite correct in form, and has only slight German turns of phraseology which are rather pleasant than otherwise. As might be expected, the letters are chiefly concerned with music, and there are several allusions to incomplete designs of Mendelssohn's which he had previously discussed in conversation with Mr. Chorley. In one place there are some curious remarks on the difficulties likely to attend the establishment of an academy for singing in England:—

The only drawback seems to me the difficulty for English ladies of moving alone (without servants, gentlemen, and other accompaniments *obligato*), which, however, is almost indispensable for such an undertaking; and (unless it is to be confined only to the inferior classes) I do not know how this obstacle in England, as well as in France, may be overcome. And then the second, that men of business should consider music, and the participating of it, as something *not* below their dignity, and that they should have indeed their hands free enough to count the pauses and the sharps and flats. With us, who shut up from twelve to two, as you know, and who have done in shops and counting-houses at seven, the thing is quite different; and then all our girls run about the streets by themselves the whole day

long; and then at night, if there are three or four of them, and an old spinster in the rear, they will roam and fear nothing; or the singing gentlemen will take them home, at which idea every Frenchman's morals would go into violent fits. [The formation overcomes in this extract is an all but solitary grammatical slip.]

Elsewhere Mendelssohn expresses surprise at Mr. Chorley's "extraordinary memory" for music which he had only heard once; and we may observe that, in another published letter of Mendelssohn's, not referred to in these memoirs, recommending Herr Joachim, then a boy of thirteen, to the good offices of a friend on the occasion of his first visit to London, Mr. Chorley is mentioned as one of the persons to whom he should be introduced. The correspondents met again in 1847 for the last time, and indeed in Mendelssohn's last days, at Interlaken. This friendship seems to have been one of the most deep and genuine in Mr. Chorley's life, and the loss was proportionately a severe one.

Besides that which is directly connected with music and literature, there is a considerable stock of social reminiscence and anecdote at which we can only glance. The figures of D'Ossay, Lady Blessington, and Sydney Smith come before us in rapid succession. One good thing of Lady Blessington's set down by Mr. Chorley is very perfect. On an occasion when Landor, being in company with an Ultramontane advocate of Christian art, thought fit to attack the Psalms (whether from an artistic or an ethical point of view does not appear), Lady Blessington came to the rescue thus—"Do write something better, Mr. Landor!" Nor are the lights of a graver society unrepresented; we find notices of George Grote and Mrs. Somerville. The impression made by Mr. Grote's personal qualities on Mr. Chorley was so remarkable that it is worth while to give some part of his estimate in his own words:—

Four men that I have known, the late Duc de Gramont, the Duke of Ossuna, the late Duke of Beaufort, and Mr. Grote, in their high breeding and deference to women, in their instinctive avoidance of any topic or expression which could possibly give pain, recur to me as unparagoned. But the three men first named had little beyond their manner by way of charming or influencing society. Mr. Grote, as a man holding those most advanced ideas which were at war with every aristocratic tradition and institution, a man with vigorous purposes, and ample and various stores of thought, might well have been allowed to dispense with form, and smoothness, and ceremony. But he showed how these could be combined with the most utter sincerity. If, at times, he was elaborate in conversation, with little humour of expression, though not without a sense of it in others, he was never overweening. He stands in a place of his own, among all the superior men to whom I have ever looked up.

We are also informed that Mr. Chorley made several noteworthy acquaintances during his visits to Paris in 1836-39, of which he kept "minutely detailed journals"; but his biographer has chosen, whether because the interest of the journals is not in proportion to their bulk, or for any other reason, to assign a comparatively small space to these experiences. There are three or four amusing pages about Paul de Kock, but the notice of Alfred de Vigny, one of the most interesting figures in modern French literature, of whom there surely must have been much to say, is singularly meagre and disappointing. Some notes of an interview with Chopin (for which we have to look in another chapter, in consequence of Mr. Hewlett's plan of keeping the social and musical departments of his history separate) appear also to be cut too short, nothing being given but a piece of technical criticism on the composer's playing.

Later in his life Mr. Chorley was to some extent involved in the table-turning controversy, the delusions of clairvoyance and spiritualism having made some way among his friends. It fared with him as it generally does with unbelievers. He attended a *séance*, but insisted on having lights on the floor and on sitting under the table; after the lapse of half-an-hour, during which nothing happened, he was told that there could be no experiments where an infidel spirit prevailed. He also tested the powers of the professional clairvoyant Alexis, and the incident is as instructive as any of the kind we remember to have seen recorded:—

When one Alexis was here, who was guaranteed to read everything, no matter how far off, however hermetically sealed up, a friend of mine called on his way to a *séance*—no willing co-juggler with Alexis, I am persuaded, but leaning towards his marvels. He was anxious that I should hear him company. I declined, on the argument I have stated. "Well," said he, "what would satisfy you?" Said I, "Supposing I were to write an odd word—such a one as 'orchestra'—and seal it, and satisfy myself that no one could read it without breaking the seal, and be equally satisfied that no one would mention it who was honestly disposed?"—"Well?" "Well, then, if it was read, I should say the guess was a good one—nothing more." "Let us try."

Accordingly Mr. Chorley wrote down, not *orchestra*, but *Pondicherry*—sealed the paper, and gave it to his friend. The friend came back, and reported that Alexis had indeed read the paper at once, but had read *orchestra*. Mr. Chorley's inference was the natural one, that the believing friend—who for his own part only "took the performance as a brilliant illustration of *thought-reading*"—had somehow let out the word actually communicated to him.

Another interesting feature of this book is a short memoir from Mr. Chorley's own hand of his brother John, one of those rare persons whose genius leads them to excellence in an unexpected and seemingly incongruous special subject. He was originally intended, like Henry, for a commercial situation; he was the first secretary of the Grand Junction Railway from Liverpool to Birmingham, a post which he retained for a considerable time; he was once in Spain on business for about three months; and somehow he knew more about the Spanish drama and Lope de Vega than any other man in Europe. The only case of an eccentric

aptitude for languages at all parallel to this which we can call to mind is that of an eminent English Orientalist now living, which Cambridge readers will easily recognize. John Chorley, at any rate, did not fail to find a speciality, though it may seem a minute one which he made entirely his own; happier in this respect than his brother the critic, who seems to have been always lamenting that he was prevented from giving himself wholly to music.

As to Mr. Chorley's own work in literature and criticism, we learn to know it in these volumes chiefly through the impression which it made on others when it was new. Several of the letters here printed, and those from correspondents of no small eminence, relate to it. Mr. Chorley's reputation as a critic was, indeed, too well established to need any additional testimony, and the merits of his work went far beyond the mere readiness which may carry a review article safely through the period of the current number. On the one hand, he was prompt in rendering honour to Hawthorne, to Mrs. Browning and her husband, and to M. Gounod, long before their names were known to the public as they now are; on the other hand, he had no respect for popular idols, and protested against the extravagance of Mr. Ruskin's dogmatism, when Mr. Ruskin's infallibility was still commonly believed in. As an original producer he was less successful with the world; neither his plays nor his novels ever fairly laid hold of the public taste; nevertheless the biographer has devoted ten pages to the analysis of a single play, and eight to that of a single novel, with a zeal which we cannot but think somewhat misplaced. A piece which failed to please when it was presented at large can hardly be revived into fame by printing an elaborate argument of it. However, it is to be observed about these works that they did command the serious attention and approbation of such men as Dickens, Hawthorne, and Mr. Browning; the slight favour they met with in the market was probably due to technical imperfections, disguising their real worth except from the sympathetic insight of an artist. The original compositions of Mr. Chorley which were best received were his occasional verses and words to music, a kind of writing which, though lighter than tragedies and romances, is not so much easier as people suppose. Some of Mr. Chorley's lines reprinted in this book are quite felicitous enough to deserve a place in some future English anthology.

We have intimated that the manner in which these memoirs are put together is not altogether satisfactory, and the result is rather a book with interesting things in it than an interesting book. Still any addition to our knowledge of human nature in the particular as well as in the general is something to be thankful for, and there is a good deal of miscellaneous human nature in these volumes of autobiography and anecdote.

PRUSSIAN OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR.—PART IV.*

(Second Notice.)

THERE is much in this new Part of the Official History which seems to form an appropriate preface just now to the study of the legal proceedings that have commenced at Versailles. It is true that various French writers on the affairs of the Army of the Rhine have revealed more or less of the change of strategic counsels which preluded Bazaine's final nomination to the chief command; but the whole thread of this part of the story of Metz had never been clearly put together, nor the motives which caused so much vacillation thoroughly traced out, until the Berlin writer took the work in hand. Of course he has had the advantage of the large resources with which the literary controversy that should now be hushed in the presence of the tribunal of the Tribunal had abundantly furnished the historian. For there are few of the many writers who have made it their business to attack or defend Bazaine or his master that have not touched, as a matter of course, on the intermediate period of doubt which elapsed between the defeats of Woerth and Spicheren and the final attempt to retreat from the Moselle. There is no part of the Official History yet published more carefully done, or more pregnant with the results of sound work, than the review given by this writer of French affairs after the two defeats of the 6th of August.

There can be no doubt that the Emperor's apology tells the truth when it says plainly that the fine scheme of an invasion of Southern Germany melted away before the difficulties which imperfect organization had raised up. The Report of the Pasquier Committee, recently reviewed in these pages, has more than one picture in it drawn by eyewitnesses of the helpless state in which Marshal Leboeuf found himself when once the gigantic task which from his office desk at Paris had seemed so easy, of "throwing a quarter of a million men over the Rhine," had really to be faced. No administrator's incompetence has ever been more ruthlessly exposed than that of the man who, when visiting Strasbourg during the first alarm in July, tried to browbeat and reprove the local Intendant for not having purchased on his own responsibility the stores the absence of which had been in vain again and again reported to Paris as fatal to efficiency. The fact here seems to be that French rulers during the latter part of the Second Empire showed the singular unwisdom of going to the expense and trouble of maintaining an immense force, intended to appear actually ready for war, but which, partly from the over-centralized system of administration, that carried everything up to the Minis-

terial table at Paris, and partly from the economy enforced upon the Intendance in the hope of balancing the expenditure of the large number of men with the colours, was in truth utterly unprepared. The French system was actually, as regards the use for the field of the number thus already on the lists, far behind the cheap German plan, with its reserve men scattered all over their native provinces. So that the very first discovery the unhappy Emperor made was that which his pamphlet revealed—that he had for years been making France pay the price of a supposed superior readiness, which the coming of the shock at once showed to lie not on her side, but on that of the enemy.

These considerations may serve as a preface to what the Berlin writer says in approaching the question of the Moselle strategy:—"At the Emperor's headquarters in the first days of August, all plans of attack had been given up, and attention turned entirely to the defence of his own country." So rapidly had the mythic notion of a sudden passage of the Rhine, like his uncle's masterpiece of 1805, melted away before the realities of the situation. But the first notion of defence, which was to unite the wing under MacMahon to the main army by calling both back to the Moselle, vanished as swiftly when the terrible news of Woerth and Spicheren came in. "It was necessary"—in the brief but plain words of the German writer—"to seek the junction further west, or to give it up altogether." The most immediate need was that of bringing together the army of Bazaine (the IInd, IIIrd, and IVth Corps) had been put nominally under the Marshal on the 5th of August) at once by a rearward movement. To do this on the Moselle fortresses was perfectly natural, as the Moltke narrative points out. But, on the other hand, on the morning of the 7th when the decision had to be made, there was absolutely no news at the Imperial headquarters of Frossard's routed corps; Canrobert's reserve had barely begun to be transported forward from Châlons; and it needed no reflection to show the French staff that, with MacMahon in full flight, there was nothing that could stop the large army which had routed him from advancing straight to the Upper Moselle, and so turning any line taken up by the Emperor lower down. At this early stage of affairs, therefore, it is not to be wondered that the impulse of the moment was to withdraw the whole of the forces on Châlons; and the necessary orders for carrying this out were issued. By the 8th the temporary command of Bazaine, including Frossard, who had reached Sarreguemines after his defeat only to retreat through it, was already approaching Metz, as well as the Guards, the intention then being to cross the Moselle westward at once.

Then, however, came fresh changes in Napoleon's counsels. The thought of Paris learning that half the country up to her walls had been surrendered by the army at the first touch of the enemy; the fear of the strength which the Opposition in the Chambers would instantly gain from the alarm; the general influence which in France, more than in any other country (according to the official writer, whose opinion will be much disputed here), public opinion exercises on the acts of the Government, caused the Emperor and his advisers to tremble at the possibilities which their design opened up, and to shrink from facing what were in fact the military necessities of their situation. Fresh consultations followed. It was presently resolved to arrest the movement of retreat, and face the coming foe on the east side of Metz; and orders were issued accordingly to the three nearest Corps at once, and on the 10th to Frossard; Canrobert being directed to resume his original advance forward from Châlons to the Moselle with the Sixth. With the reserve cavalry, which were ordered in from Nancy, it was estimated that 200,000 men might be gathered for the shock. The Germans, too, seemed to the French staff to be halting, as though hesitating to commit themselves into Lorraine; and it was even hoped that there might yet be time to bring up the additional reserves which were already coming into Châlons as Canrobert's command left it.

In truth, as is here well pointed out, the very superiority of numbers which the German staff wielded made their strategy at this point seem slow. The enormous masses of men which formed the First and Second Armies needed several days to bring them up into any sort of line. A delay of the left of the latter, it may be added, must have been caused by Moltke's vain attempt, noticed last week, to intercept MacMahon; and the subsequent orders for the advance, then quoted by us, show how slowly the German right and centre had to move in order not to get out of place. Now indeed would have been the opportunity for the French staff, had they confidence and wit enough, to engage part of the enemy separately by a bold forward movement. But the dull, waiting defensive which their want of confidence in themselves and in their troops led them to adopt from the 8th to the 12th of August played directly into their great adversary's hands. It gave him full time, well covered by the screen of bold patrols which his cavalry divisions had thrown out, to carry out deliberately and completely the preparations necessary for crossing the Moselle beyond the French right before they could discover that they were being turned. Meanwhile the latter stood passive and almost motionless, the IIIrd Corps in advance towards Courcelles, with the IVth and IInd to its left and right flanks, and the Guard in rear, whilst the VIth was arriving in fragments. And the Germans, soon learning by their patrols the general movement into this position, took it to be probable that it was preparatory to the concentrated advance which seemed the natural strategy of their adversary. They could hardly know how low the conception of the Imperial staff had sunk under its present leadership. It was evidently under such an expectation of an attack that the Royal

* Der deutsch-französische Krieg von 1870-71. Redigirt von der kriegsgeschichtlichen Abtheilung des grossen Generalstabes. Erster Theil, Heft 4. Mittler: Berlin.

orders of the evening of the 11th were headed, "It is not unlikely that a considerable part of the enemy stands before Metz on the left bank of the Nied. A closer junction of the First and Second Armies is therefore necessary; and His Majesty has directed as follows." Then follow full directions for the concentration. Twenty-four hours later the nervous feeling which had dictated these precautions had vanished from Moltke's mind. Tidings from all the patrols—and pages of the narrative are here devoted to chronicling their venturesome activity—came in to the Royal headquarters at St. Avoird, that the French showed no signs of advance, but rather the contrary, and the orders of that evening at once chronicled the fact, and the decision taken instantly upon it. We abbreviate them somewhat:—

So far as can be judged from the news brought in, the main body of the enemy is in retreat over the Moselle through Metz. The First Army will advance upon the Nied, push its cavalry near Metz, and across the Moselle below, and cover the right flank of the Second. This will march on the line between Buchy and Château Salins, push its advance posts to the Seille, and seek to secure the Moselle passages about Pont-à-Mousson, sending cavalry over the river to reconnoitre. The Third Army will continue its march on the line between Thionville and Nancy.

Thus began the mighty sweeping movement which was to result in the greatest capture ever made in war. On the 13th the Royal headquarters, following the general direction, went forward from St. Avoird, which lies forty miles due east of Metz, to Herry, a point some twenty-five miles south-east of the fortress. But the presence of a formidable part of the French force still visible outside the forts once again impressed Count Moltke with the possibility of a counter-stroke from the enemy by a sudden attack on the First Army whilst it stood covering the movement of the Second; and so two of the seven Corps which made up the former were checked in their march on the 14th, and held ready south of the city to support Steinmetz should he be seriously pressed by such an advance. Not too great a precaution, thinks the German writer; for on this day the French, still clinging to their position whilst the head of the invading army got past it to the Moselle, seemed aiming at more than a rearguard demonstration. But in truth their attitude, if Bazaine did not seriously desire a fight, was altogether a mistaken one; for it led direct to the battle of Borny, or Colombey-Neuilly, so called from the line held by the Germans.

To go back to the 9th of August, the French had hardly taken up the position already described east of Metz behind the Nied, when it was condemned for its tactical disadvantages. The wooded country close to the stream on the other side would completely hide from any view an enemy advancing from the east. So the order was given to draw the whole of the force back nearer to the fortress, where it stood visible to its foes, and yet in utter unconsciousness of what the Germans were doing, the French cavalry rarely venturing outside the line of infantry outposts, and never beyond the Nied. On the 12th the Emperor, possibly wearied out with his own indecision, resolved to resign the command absolutely into the hands of Bazaine—a measure evidently contemplated several days before. The picture of the unhappy monarch and his wretched plight, afraid to face Paris without victory, and clinging almost hopelessly to the army on which he was a clog, has nowhere been more powerfully touched. To put the thoughts of the Berlin writer very briefly; no sovereign should be present with an army in the field, save when he is able personally to conduct it, and takes the whole responsibility of so doing.

Every intelligent man in the French army had probably by this time become aware of the danger of keeping it motionless where it was. It is not surprising, therefore (says the narrative), that, after much wavering, the Emperor, in giving over his charge to Bazaine, added the injunction to retreat at once at least to Verdun, nor that the Marshal issued orders for the march on the evening of the 13th, when he had actually taken up his command. But it was precisely at this time that the German troops of the First Army, which had hitherto by their slow movement left a belt filled only by cavalry between them and their adversary, at length touched his outposts, in accordance with their order of the evening before, closely at every point; and a collision might therefore at any moment be brought on. The German Second Army moved on as already described. Meanwhile the 13th was spent on the French side in throwing bridges and sending over cavalry and trains; and the 14th was well advanced when the IInd, IVth, and VIth Corps had begun fairly to follow, covered by the IIIrd and the Guard.

Sudden cannon-firing interrupted the rearward movement about four o'clock in the afternoon. Manteuffel, whose corps formed the right of the First Army, reconnoitring in person from the front of his lines, had observed what was going on. So also had General Moltke, who was near him to his left with the advanced brigade of the VIIth. A few words of hurried communication led to the resolve of both to attack. Were the enemy in real retreat, or only passing through the fortress to fall on the Second Army, it must, the generals thought, be the duty of the First to delay him. So reasoned Manteuffel, and forthwith began the battle. Its first sounds stopped the French westward movement. Its increasing heat brought division after division back towards the scene of action. It is admirably told in this narrative, but is dealt with essentially from the German side; whilst it is admitted that its opening was "improvvised" and dependent rather on the high spirit of the Germans than on the necessities of their situation. And the technical details, interesting though they are, and made specially

instructive by the other key-strokes which are a special feature of the work, fade into insignificance when the reader's mind turns to the greater problem of strategy involved. The Part before us is closed, and we are yet left face to face with the question—What general or council of generals, what circumstance or combination of circumstances, must bear the heavy responsibility which brought the French back over their bridges on that fatal August afternoon? But such questions as this have passed out of the domain of literature into that of justice, and we must leave its settlement in the hands of the court before which the chief actor in the scenes of that eventful period has been arraigned.

ANOTHER "PEARL OF THE ANTILLES."

WE recently reviewed a book by Mr. Gallenga called *The Pearl of the Antilles*. We have now before us a book of the same name by Mr. Walter Goodman. We are sorry to see, from a notice issued with Mr. Goodman's book, that some dispute exists between the publishers of the two volumes as to the right to the title. It is not for us to decide whether Messrs. King or Messrs. Chapman and Hall have the best of the argument; whether such a name as the "Pearl of the Antilles" can be the subject of a legal right; or whether, under any circumstances, it can be worth while to dispute such a question. The misunderstanding is unfortunate, and the more so because Mr. Goodman reminds us in his preface that there is a long series of endearing titles which "poets and others" have conferred upon the island of Cuba; such, for example, as the "Queen of the Antilles," the "Jewel in the Spanish Crown," the "Summer Isle of Eden," the "Garden of the West," and the "Loyal and Ever-Faithful Isle." Some of these we fancy we have heard before, as applied to different countries; but, as there was so wide a choice, it is a pity that Mr. Goodman and Mr. Gallenga should have pitched upon the same title. We cannot help suggesting, moreover, that a still better and more obvious title than any of them existed—namely, "Cuba." The title of a book ought, simple-minded readers are apt to think, to be an indication of its contents; and the direct title would have told us more than any delicate periphrasis.

As, however, the two authors had resolved upon the same name, it is almost a pity that they could not have gone further, and agreed to combine their books. The two put together would have given us a more complete account of the island than either of them does alone. Mr. Gallenga visited Cuba as an intelligent observer of political phenomena, and gave us a very clear account of the complex relations of the various races in the island, and of the difficulties which have led to the insurrection. Mr. Goodman, on the other hand, treats us to a purely picturesque account of Cuban life and manners. He has nothing, or next to nothing, to say about politics. The insurrection was accidentally the cause of his having to leave the island, but he tells us nothing of the evils by which it was provoked. He describes beggars, priests, planters, shopkeepers, slaves, and other varieties of the Cuban population, but he does not express any opinion as to their relations or the reforms which may be needed. He is utterly unstatistical, profoundly indifferent to political economy, and, for anything that appears, cares nothing for religious or political disputes. Mr. Goodman, in fact, appears by his own account of himself to belong more or less to the great family of Bohemians. We learn from his first page that his motive for going to Cuba was the desire of accompanying an intimate friend who had been his chum during three years' artistic study in Florence, and who was returning to his native town, Santiago de Cuba. There Mr. Goodman settled and supported himself, partly by his art and partly by various supplementary occupations, such as corresponding with an American newspaper, and, once at least, appearing on the boards of a theatre. He has evidently a faculty for making himself at home, and it would appear that that desirable consummation is reached with special facility in the unconventional society of the tropics. Everybody in Santiago de Cuba appears to be in the habit of dropping in at the house of everybody else, and receiving an unlimited amount of hospitality in the shape of tobacco and aguardiente. Mr. Goodman recounts his experiences with the utmost frankness, and indeed, if all his statements are to be taken as strictly historical, with a somewhat surprising disregard of ordinary rules of decorum. We are quite unable to say how far an anecdote of a love affair which occupies some of the latter pages of his volume is meant to be a record of facts; and we have some doubts as to whether the young lady was really confined to her convent by a stern parent, and whether Mr. Goodman expects to meet her again in Europe. Judging such revelations by a European standard, we should be inclined to call them decidedly indiscreet, even if names and dates have been more or less disguised. However, the jaunty manner in which Mr. Goodman takes us into his confidence, and his general style of description, savour rather of the novelette in the minor periodicals to which some of his pages were originally contributed, and we may conclude that he would decline to be bound by any strict canons of accuracy. Mr. Goodman's style is indeed throughout affected by a desire to be sparkling at any price. The whole book, for example, is marked by a free use of the historical present. He never condescends to say that such or such a thing happened. It is always "I watch

* *The Pearl of the Antilles; or, the Artist in Cuba*. By Walter Goodman. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

the proceedings" of the convicts, "We are shown over the fortifications," "My friend offers to present me to the company," and so on. Mr. Goodman has a certain amount of humour and of graphic power, but he is over-anxious to be incessantly dawning, and we should have been more grateful to him if he had occasionally descended to the level ground of plain narrative. However we must take the best that we can get, and we may admit that he presents us with a series of sufficiently lively pictures of life in the tropics; and that anybody who wishes to know of a land where he can "burst the chains of habit" and enjoy the frank hospitality of a lazy, good-natured, irregular race, may consult his pages with advantage.

To give any coherent criticism of such a book is rather difficult. Mr. Goodman, we may say, goes through the proper experiences; he has an attack of yellow fever, is imprisoned on suspicion for making a sketch of the fortress, goes out on an expedition with the Spanish volunteers, sees a slave flogged and a rebel massacred, and hears in confidence the private history of a beautiful young Creole slave who is ultimately married to a Cuban gentleman. The most characteristic and amusing part of his narrative, however, is the description of his experiences of a painter's life in Cuba, and perhaps we shall best discharge our duty by briefly epitomizing one or two of the illustrative anecdotes which he relates. Mr. Goodman and his friend set up a studio as soon after their arrival as they could escape from the overwhelming lavishness of Cuban hospitality. The local press described them as "followers of the divine art of Apelles," and fell into ecstasies over pictures which required to be touched before they could be discriminated from realities. All kinds of demands were speedily made upon their talent, from painting portraits down to painting carriages, including the preparation of scenery for the theatre and triumphal arches to welcome Spanish governors. One special branch of their trade was taking likenesses of the dead. At three o'clock one morning, for example, Mr. Goodman was roused from his slumbers and called to a house where the ceremony of a "wako" was taking place. The body, dressed in a tightly-fitting suit of black, was propped up for Mr. Goodman to operate, and a sudden failure of the props produced a lively sensation amongst the audience. The relations and friends were sitting round the body smoking, drinking, and talking. Each new arrival, however, thought it proper to begin by embracing the dead man's boots, and was greeted by a chorus of hysterical lamentations by the assembled relatives. Mr. Goodman appears to have been a good deal more sensitive to the comic side of these proceedings than to their pathos, and considers the howls of the relatives in the light of a pantomimic performance. As their fame increased, the companions had more ambitious work thrust upon them. They had, for instance, to decorate a new shop with a grand allegorical oil-painting representing France in the act of crowning a celebrated chemist; and by the help of plaster busts, and drapery painted in imitation of marble, they erected a couple of imposing statues, one of which had to be appareled in genuine boots. Their greatest success appears to have been the triumphal arch already mentioned, which represented, by the help of wood and canvas, an old feudal castle 45 feet in height by 30 in breadth, inscribed with the names of the military triumphs of the illustrious Captain-general and surmounted by the Spanish flag.

It is plain that no foolish pride prevented Mr. Goodman from turning his hand to any honest method of making a livelihood. Indeed pride would have been out of place in so simple a society. Even begging is there a respectable profession. Cuban mendicants have something of the Edie Ochiltree, though they show more imagination than could be expected from the sturdy Scotch bedesman. Thus Mr. Goodman met a well-dressed lady at a friend's house, who sat down in a rocking-chair, entered into polite conversation, and in taking leave delicately held out her hand for a bit of money. Another beggar was formerly a slave, and obtained his freedom by publishing a volume of poetry, though apparently he did not find it convenient to maintain himself by his literary exertions. Where beggary is carried on by people of such claims to respectability, the dignity of art need prevent no man from sign-painting. The artist, indeed, has to run dangers peculiar to the country. Mr. Goodman tells us a story, which we must confess does not appear to be perfectly intelligible, of his adventures in search of a model. A girl upon whom he had fixed his eyes was the daughter of a laundress, who promised to consult her friends as to the propriety of the proceeding. Whilst she was supposed to be taking counsel, the watchman called on Mr. Goodman one night, and informed him that the model's mother was given to witchcraft, and that it was consequently unsafe to visit her premises without amulets in the shape of powdered glass and sulphur and mustard. Mysterious communications followed, directing Mr. Goodman to leave certain coins under his door, which would pay for a full revelation of the intentions of witches in regard to him. Whether or not these intimations had any relation to the suspected laundress does not precisely appear; but Mr. Goodman, visiting her premises again, was offered a drink which he seems to think was poisonous, and perceived that a fumigation of the house with some very disagreeable odours was taking place. Hereupon he escaped into the street, feeling very giddy, and resolving to have nothing more to do with witches, however attractive might be their daughters considered as models. The story, as we have said, does not lead to any very intelligible result.

A mystery almost equally thick hangs over Mr. Goodman's

accounts of a still more disagreeable adventure in the prison. He was shut up for some time with an intelligent Indian who had been imprisoned for months upon no particular charge, and had no prospect of a trial. The Indian told him encouraging stories of American and other foreign subjects who were locked up without any opportunity of communicating with their friends. Mr. Goodman owed his escape to the good offices of his friends; but the unlucky Indian appears to have been executed not long afterwards. What became of the Americans, or whether there really were any Americans, does not appear. Life under a military despotism has its disadvantages. Mr. Goodman, indeed, tells us a story of the rough justice dispensed by one energetic commander which on the whole is not much more satisfactory. A certain rich Cuban, it seems, had carried off a beautiful Creole to his house in reliance upon his interest with the authorities. Her lover managed to discover her place of detention, and complained to the energetic General Tacón, whose rule offered a brilliant exception to the ordinary manners of Spanish governors. The General sent for the lady and the Lovelace; and after strictly investigating the facts, ordered Lovelace to marry his Clarissa on the spot. The ceremony having been performed, Count Almante—the true name of the said Lovelace—was ordered to return to his home. On the way nine bullets were fired through his body; and the General informed the lady that she was a widow within an hour of her marriage, and the heir to her husband's property. Hereupon she married her lover and lived very happy ever afterwards. Mr. Goodman is not himself a witness to the truth of this anecdote, and we have a suspicion that we have read something very like it before. Assuming, however, that it is an illustration of the best variety of Spanish justice in Cuba, we may suppose that the ordinary rule is apt to be oppressive. Indeed, to say nothing of scorpions and yellow fever, there are obviously many objections to Cuba as a place of residence. A gentleman of a Bohemian turn, however, with a taste for the fine arts, may apparently contrive to lounge away months and years in the island with abundance of cigars, and enjoy the pleasures of indolence more fully than in most civilized countries. If Mr. Goodman had been content to tell his story more prosaically, we should have been better pleased; but we receive a general impression that, from the purely picturesque point of view, the bright skies and brilliant costumes of Cuba must really offer many objects of interest to a traveller who will fall in with the peculiar way of life described.

PRESSENSÉ'S HERESIES AND DOCTRINES OF THE FIRST THREE CENTURIES.*

THE present volume is a sequel to the two already published by the author, under the titles of *Early Years of Christianity* and *Martyrs and Apologists*, describing the external and intellectual conflict of the Church during the first three centuries with Paganism. It presents his view of the internal development of Christian doctrine and the contemporaneous growth of heresy during the same period, and is to be followed by a fourth, which will complete the series. We need hardly remind our readers that Dr. Pressensé, who is perhaps best known to English readers by his work on the Life and Times of Christ, is the leading representative of what is called the Evangelical or orthodox party in the French Protestant Church. That he is far removed from the narrowness of more sectarian Protestantism may be inferred from his presence last year at the Old Catholic Congress at Cologne, and from the explanation he has since put on record of his interest in the movement. He has long ceased, he says, to look for the religious regeneration of France to any of the existing forms of French Protestantism, and he sees in the consent of the Catholic Church to reform itself seriously the only hope of restoring the moral power of religion in countries of the Latin race. It is only natural that, with those sentiments, he should feel especially drawn to the study of those early centuries in which Christian thinkers of every school and creed profess to find the historical evidences of their belief. It is generally urged or admitted by Protestant controversialists that in the fourth century the tide of corruption had already set in, and that, if an appeal is to be made to the Councils and Fathers of that and the succeeding ages, a very plausible case, to say the least, can be made out for the main outlines of the Catholic system. But they are not willing, as a rule, to surrender the testimony of the second and third centuries, though it is in fact necessary to read the ante-Nicene patristic literature through very strong Protestant spectacles if we choose to deny that, as a recent writer in the *Westminster Review* expresses it, the prevalent teaching at the date of the publication of the fourth Gospel was distinctively Catholic, and the earliest authorities available for the canon of Scripture may also be cited for such doctrines as the sacrifice of the altar and prayer for the dead. It will be seen presently that Dr. Pressensé, like other writers of the same school, has failed, notwithstanding his transparent sincerity and candour, adequately to realize the state of the case, though he is too learned and honest a writer not to supply the materials for correcting his own inaccuracies. His doctrinal standpoint, as opposed both to the Catholic and to the rationalistic, is very clearly laid down, though he seems strangely unconscious of its vulnerable points. He insists on the essential distinction between orthodox doctrine and heresy, which latter term is not to be put aside as an

* *Heretic and Christian Doctrines*. By E.-G. Pressensé, D.D. Translated by Annie Harwood. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1873.

attack on liberty of conscience, but is the proper designation of "doctrines which on some capital point are in direct contradiction to primitive Christianity," and are in fact "always a reaction either in the direction of Judaism or Paganism." And accordingly the great lesson to be learnt from the history of the Early Church is "to repudiate alike the religious radicalism which denies revelation, and the narrow orthodoxy which insists on its own interpretations." But if there be, as is expressly maintained, "a rule of faith more or less obligatory," the obvious question arises as to where the line is to be drawn between what the author calls "fundamental and secondary points," and how both are to be marked off from doubtful or directly heterodox speculations, unless some external standard is recognized. But he objects to the authority of tradition, regarded by writers like Irenæus and Tertullian as paramount, and protests still more strongly against the later authority of Councils, from Nicæa downwards, as a hierarchical oppression of conscience, originally derived from the Montanist heresy. Yet some criterion for distinguishing faith from opinion seems all the more necessary when the principle of development in relation to such fundamental doctrines as "redemption and the Trinity" is admitted. And here Dr. Pressensé parts company altogether with the old-fashioned Evangelical divines, to whom "the mere mention of a history of doctrine would have been a scandal," and speaks with high admiration of Dr. Newman's "scientific" essay on the subject, while denouncing Milner's now obsolete *History of the Christian Church* as "a masterpiece of bigoted ignorance." Indeed he expressly affirms that "theology is the very knowledge which, according to apostolic precept, is to be added to faith." Such a theory is quite intelligible and manageable in the hands of a Catholic theologian who recognizes Church authority as a discriminating test, wherever he may place the seat of that authority, or of a rationalizing theologian who relegates the ultimate decision to the "verifying faculty" or reason of the individual; but it does not harmonize easily with the views of a writer who explicitly rejects the former criterion, and yet insists as emphatically as those who maintain it on the reality and obligations of positive belief.

We must add that this vagueness of general principle appears to us to follow the author into his detailed treatment of his subject. Let us take two instances of doctrines which he evidently holds to be "fundamental"—the Trinity and the Atonement. As regards the first point, he says that Justin Martyr's language proves that he could not have believed in the divinity of the Holy Spirit; that Clement of Alexandria, and indeed Christian antiquity generally, scarcely distinguishes the Second and Third Persons of the Trinity; that with most of the early Fathers "the Word has a beginning," and that all writers before Irenæus regard the Incarnation as "nothing more than a superior mode of revelation or divine illumination." The phrase we have italicized betrays the fallacy which underlies a good deal of this exaggerated method of statement. No doubt a gradual development in the expression, and to some extent in the apprehension, of Christian doctrine may be traced in the ante-Nicene Fathers, if not also in the New Testament, and Petavius, whom the author most unaccountably censures for ignoring this fact, was the first divine who made it his special business to insist upon it, whereby he drew down on himself the elaborate, and on the whole very undeserved, censure of the Anglican Bishop Bull. But it is very possible to exaggerate these discrepancies of early writers, especially when omission is taken as tantamount to ignorance or denial. St. Basil, for instance, in the fourth century, in a treatise on the Holy Ghost, especially written against heretics, studiously avoids any direct assertion of His divinity, which was defined soon afterwards at the Council of Alexandria; but it would be most uncritical to infer that he did not believe it. And we must confess to some surprise at finding a writer so familiar with Christian antiquity as Dr. Pressensé, and especially one who can refer to the works of Dr. Newman, so entirely oblivious of the well-known principles of *viciorum* and *disciplina arvens*, which can never safely be left out of sight in the interpretation of patristic teaching, though it is of course easy enough to press them to an undue extent. He also appears to us to forget that, apart from this consideration, a writer dealing with one subject is not at all bound to mention every other subject which may be thought to have some connexion with it. To argue, for instance, from what Clement of Alexandria says about the true Christian making up for the absence of the Apostles by his purity of knowledge and life, that he acknowledges no other apostolic succession than that of faith and piety, would be a purely arbitrary assumption, even if it were not quite out of keeping with contemporary evidence. The fact is that Dr. Pressensé, though he is familiar with the text of the Fathers, is not sufficiently at home in patristic terminology to have the right key for its interpretation. It has been very truly observed that a student may "employ himself laboriously in the Fathers, and yet attain to as little idea of the rich mines of thought, or the battle-fields which he is passing over, as if he was visiting the coasts of the Mediterranean without a knowledge of history or geology." And to measure their theology by the favourite passwords of modern Protestantism, such as justification by faith, or the error of "sacerdotalism," is not the way to enter into its full meaning. Sacerdotalism or the sacramental system may be, as it has sometimes been expressed, "the *πρωτον* *πινος* of the Church system"; but it cannot fairly be denied that the germs of the error at least are to be discovered by the end of the first century. A writer like Baur, who brings no theological preconceptions to his task, is apt to be a safer guide in

the historical criticism of doctrine than a divine of the modern Evangelical school, though Baur is no doubt sometimes misled by his passion for constructing systems that will run on all fours. And this leads us to mention another weakness not at all peculiar to the author, but common to him with most French writers, whether Catholic or Protestant, religious or secular, which materially deducts from the value and trustworthiness of their criticisms. There is not only a sort of looseness and flaccidity about his general method of treatment which contrasts unfavourably, e.g. with Neander's way of handling the same subject-matter, but he shares to the full that apparently national incapacity for accurate quotation which is a besetting sin of his countrymen. His translations merge into paraphrases which always obscure, and not unfrequently misrepresent, the sense of the original, though he is too honest not generally to give us the means of correcting these inaccuracies in a footnote. Thus, for instance, he quarrels with Neander for admitting, what no sound criticism can deny, that Irenæus taught a real sacrifice and presence in the Eucharist; and he quotes in disproof of it, among other passages, one which really tells entirely the other way, but which he thus renders in the text:—"In like manner He declared the wine (also a created thing) to be His blood; and He thus teaches us what is the new oblation which the Church under the new Covenant presents to God according to apostolic tradition, &c." We have italicized the interpolated or inaccurately rendered words which give an entirely new turn to the sentence. The Latin original quoted in the note is this:—"Calicem similiter, qui est et *creatura* suum sanguinem confectus est, et Novi Testamenti novam docuit oblationem, quam Ecclesia ab apostolis accipiens in universo mundo offert Deo." This is not indeed precisely the language of Aquinas, or even of St. Augustine, but it stands in much the same relation to their language as that of ante-Nicene theology to the more explicit statements of the later Creeds.

We will take one other point, not bearing on any existing controversy, which affords a crucial illustration of the author's inadequate grasp of patristic habits of thought. No one who has studied the development of Christian doctrine can be unaware of the momentous influence exercised for a thousand years on the theological conception of the Atonement by the theory of a ransom paid to Satan, first introduced by Irenæus, further systematized by Origen, and worked out in its complete form, involving a debt on the one side, and the stratagem by which payment was effected on the other, by the Fathers of the fourth century. For centuries this view was generally accepted as a true, though not an exhaustive, explanation of the mystery of redemption; and its last echoes are heard, after St. Anselm had already indicated the theory of satisfaction which was destined to supersede it, in the startling phraseology of Peter Lombard, who calls the Cross "a mousetrap baited with the blood of Christ." Now the author cannot help coming across this theory in his treatment of Origen, and he says quite rightly that it bears evident traces of its Gnostic—meaning, we presume, thereby its dualistic—origin. But with that, and the still more obvious remark that it cannot fairly be held to comprehend the whole of Origen's doctrine of redemption, he dismisses it from view. Not a hint is given of its subsequent development and the wide influence it exerted on religious thought, nor does he appear to be aware that Irenæus, and not Origen, first introduced it into the Church. Yet he quotes at length the classical passage in Irenæus (v. 1) where it is first brought forward, or rather, after his wont, gives a loose and very inaccurate paraphrase of it, without showing any apprehension of its real drift, except in a casual criticism on Baur in a footnote for applying *secundum suadellam* to the Devil and not to man. It is pretty clear from the context, not in the paraphrase but in the original—which by the by is not given in this case—as well as from other passages, that Baur's interpretation of the words is the right one. But Dr. Pressensé insists on twisting them into an irrelevant assertion of human freedom. Anyone who desires to contrast the dry and laborious exactness of German criticism with the more readable and rhetorical, but far less trustworthy, fluency of French exegesis, could not do better than compare this book of Dr. Pressensé's with the earlier volumes of Neander's *Church History* or a treatise on the history of doctrine by Thomasius or Baur. We are far from meaning to imply that the volume is not an interesting one, or that it may not be profitably as well as pleasantly consulted by those who have sufficient knowledge of the subject not to be at the mercy of the writer. We are inclined to think that the First Book, which deals with the heresies of the early centuries, is the most satisfactory portion of it. The account of Manichæism, as rather a new form of Magianism than a Christian heresy, an attempt to translate into Christian language the religious ideas of Zoroaster, is correct enough as far as it goes. It was not to be expected that the author would refer to the revival of the heresy in some of those mediæval sects in which writers like Mosheim and Milner have discovered the little remnant of the true Church in an age of almost universal apostasy. But perhaps the most interesting chapter, because, it exhibits a literature entirely *sui generis*, and with which comparatively few readers have any acquaintance—except from incidental notices in Longfellow's *Golden Legend*, and the like—is that on the Apocryphal Gospels. Of these compositions some had an heretical origin, like most of the Gospels of the Infancy, while others, like the *Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs* and the *Acts of Ptolemy*, are free from any such taint. The claim of inspiration was disallowed in the case of all of them, but their evidence is nevertheless valuable as to the prevalent beliefs of the first and second centuries; and it is

certainly remarkable in this connexion to find such early references to, e.g. the dignity, and even the bodily assumption, of the Virgin, the mysterious sanctity of the Eucharist, the intercession of the Saints, "the anticipated glorification of conventual virginity," in the person of Thecla, the preservation of relics, and veneration of the Cross, in what the author calls "terms of the most abject superstition." The language put into the mouth of the Apostle in the *Acts of Andrew* would alone prove the very early introduction of "sacerdotalism," though the author refuses to see it in that light. "Every day," he is made to say, "I offer the spotless Lamb on the altar of the Cross; His body is truly eaten and His blood truly drunk by the people." It is easy to explain all this as an expression of that "mythological instinct" of the popular mind which ever seeks to materialize and corrupt religion, but the fact remains, supposing it to be a caricature of the dominant system, that the caricature must have resembled the reality.

We have not left ourselves space to do more than briefly indicate the general framework of the volume. The First Book deals in successive chapters with the Gnostic, Manichean, Judaizing, and Montanist heresies, and what the author calls "the first Unitarians"—i.e. the Alogi and Sabellians—and closes with a chapter on the Apocryphal Gospels. The Second Book, on the Development of Doctrine in the Church, goes through the four schools, which are respectively designated the Græco-Asiatic, the Alexandrian—which is the most important, including Clement of Alexandria and Origen—the Græco-Roman school of Irenæus and Hippolytus, and the Carthaginian. The Table of Contents, which contains little beyond headings of chapters, requires considerable enlargement, and all the more so from the Index at the end being a very meagre one. It is due to the translator to say that she has executed her work exceedingly well. The book hardly reads like a translation, and there are not too many English versions of French works of which that can be affirmed.

ABOUT PHEASANTS.*

IT was high time that a popular account of the history of this bird *de luxe* should begin with some more solid information than Daniel's statement that "it was introduced into Europe by the Argonauts"—a statement for the verification of which many persons will be at a loss where to search for authorities beyond the range of Mr. William Morris's *Life and Death of Jason*. And though Mr. Elliott's monograph may be said to exhaust the subject for the curious, no one will regret that Mr. Tegetmeier's skill in bringing to bear upon any department of the history of gallinaceous birds the stores of research which he has amassed has been directed at length into this channel, which has so much to connect it with his works on the poultry-yard and the pigeon-house. With him for guide and mentor, we may fairly hope to be spared absurd exaggerations, and to find reasonable explanations of statements about which doubt might suggest itself. He contents himself, for example, with referring the origin of the pheasant to Asia Minor, with which, in spite of a thousand years' naturalization in the south and centre of Europe, it identifies itself by its Asiatic shyness; but on the question of the earliest traces of the bird in England, he cites much curious matter from old tracts and chronicles ransacked by Mr. Boyd Dawkins, and Mr. Harting in his *Ornithology of Shakspeare*, to show that it occurs as early as 1059 A.D. in a bill of fare, where it seems to be equivalent in value to two magpies, and up to 1512, where in the "Northumberland Household Book" it ranks in estimation at the same rate as a curlew, a heron, or a bittern. To these notices might have been added another, which seems to set the pheasant at a higher premium, in 1170, but which has escaped Mr. Tegetmeier—to wit, that Thomas à Becket, on the day of his martyrdom dined on a pheasant, and enjoyed it, as it would seem from the remark of one of his monks, that "he dined more heartily and cheerfully that day than usual." But enough is advanced to establish the probability that the countrymen of Apicius, the Romans of the Empire, introduced the pheasant into Britain; where, whatever its early fluctuations in value and estimation, it now, as our author puts the case, "from the moment of emerging from the shell to final disappearance between the lips of the gourmet, is the object of the tenderest solicitude of the gamekeeper, the sportsman, the poulterer, the cook, and, finally, of the host who presides at the head of the table." Such a bird deserves to have its nature and habits popularly known; and Mr. Tegetmeier's pages will further this end very materially, discussing as they do the pheasant in the covert and the pen, as well as in the aviary, in all stages of its existence. Practically, the Englishman's concern is with the common species, or Phasianus Colchicus, and its close allies, the Chinese, Japanese, the Scampering, and the Reeves pheasants, of which the last-named carries to the furthest extreme the characteristic elongation of the tail-feathers. The gold and silver pheasants belong to distinct groups, and are only interesting for the aviary and for eye-service.

A good many notes of its original wildness cling to our common pheasant even under all the conditions of acclimatization and civilization in modern pens and coverts. First we may mention the shyness of which it hardly ever gets rid, though it is not uncommon to meet with individual instances of domesticated pheasants, such

as that instanced by Mr. Tegetmeier, which answered "to the name of Dick, liked human and canine society, visited the breakfast-table and the kitchen fire, and slept in his protector's bedroom. The pheasant that could not endure crinolines (see p. 16) is, we submit, an example of correct, but hardly of domesticated, habits. But we believe it to be indubitable that such instances of tameness do not, as a rule, stand the test of the breeding season; and the result of the observations of the acute and experienced naturalist Waterton was conclusive as to the singular innate timidity of the pheasant, which, though apparently got over by systematic efforts, is ever breaking out again on the abrupt appearance of some new object, and eventually baffles all attempts at domestication. It is this inborn timidity or shyness that defies attempts to make the bird breed in our yards, or to cross it with the domestic fowl, with the original of which, the jungle-fowl (a species perfectly domesticable), it is nevertheless allied. Another token of wildness is the great pugnacity of the pheasant, both with his fellows and with the game-cocks, with whom he has been occasionally pitted by way of experiment. Mr. F. O. Morris quotes an instance of a cock pheasant that killed three gamecocks and was itself killed by a fourth. There is something too in its omnivorousness, and still more in its carnivorous tastes, which betokens the "fera natura"; the latter being illustrated by instances of its gorging a slow-worm (whence the fable that it lives on serpents), and of its being found dead with a short-tailed field-mouse in its gullet. Observation of its digestive organs, however, proves that too great an abundance of animal or stimulating food is apt to inflame the "pro-ventriculus," or digestive tube connecting the crop with the gizzard; and in a state of nature, and under favourable circumstances, we should find the pheasant addicted rather to insects, larvae, fruits, roots, and berries, the tubers of the buttercup and silverweed, the oak-spangles, which enclose a grub, and are in effect the *nidi* of a *cynips*, and the wire-worms, of which the bird is so destructive as to deserve the farmer's patronage instead of his hostility, than to such banquets of solid flesh as have been mentioned above. For the kinds of food indeed which it prefers, the pheasant's strong legs and blunt claws admirably equip it; and, though its flight is strong and rapid (it has even been known to break plate-glass windows), as well as sustained enough to cross the sea embankment between Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, where the Humber is four miles across, still it must be accounted a terrestrial bird, feeding, nesting, and rearing its young on the ground. The hen pheasant's nest is ordinarily a ground hollow on a slope, though it has been known to nest in a hedge beside a cart-road. Occasionally, however, she will take to a deserted owl's or squirrel's nest, up a tree, as much as twelve feet from the ground; though whether in such cases she succeeds in safely removing her young to "terra firma," and, if so, how she does it, is as yet, according to Mr. Tegetmeier, apparently *sub judice*.

From the whole scope of Mr. Tegetmeier's observations we should infer that the pheasant in England thrives best when, as in Norfolk, it is in as nearly a wild and natural state as possible. Where the bird is tamest, as in Sherwood Forest, it is found that apoplexy from overfeeding on maize and stimulating artificial food sets a natural limit to an increase which would otherwise be excessive; and it is in such districts of course that the extraordinary weights of from 4½ to 6 lbs. are recorded:—

In all these cases of exceptionally large birds the extreme weight is owing to the fattening influence of the maize on which they are fed, and some are even so distended with fat as to burst open on concussion with the ground as they fall from the gun.

One of the chief problems connected with the preservation of pheasants is, of course, how to be even with the greatest foe to it, the night-poacher. Our author gives useful recipes for getting rid of cats, foxes, hedgehogs, and polecats. He holds the scales, too, very fairly in the often-tried case of "rook versus pheasant." He cites cases where pheasants have sat and reared their young immediately under a rookery; adduces presumptive evidence of the rook's indirect good offices to the pheasant, which is indebted to it for stray pellets and quids dropped from the crowded pouch under the rook's lower mandible, in the transit home to its mate and nest; and finally concludes that, save in exceptional seasons, or where eggs are exposed by mowing, the influence of the rook is not hostile to pheasant-rearing. The carrion crow is a less doubtful offender, and, with jackdaws, magpies, and jays deserves no quarter. But the human biped is worse than all these, to say nothing of the expense of money and ill-blood which it takes to deal effectually with him. A wild instinct and a tempting price in a ready market prompt the poacher to take advantage of the pheasant's ground-quest of food, and too demonstrative habit of proclaiming his roosting-time by a chuckle when he "trees." As Mr. Morris puts it, "the paths they form in thickets invite the treacherous snare; the air-gun can easily reach them on their visible roost, or even a noose at the end of a pole; should they fly, the difficulty is to miss them with a gun; and should any of these means not be resorted to, a villainous sulphur match will bring them down" (*Brit. Birds*, iv. 320). We look with interest to see what panacea is proposed. Three devices are glanced at of more or less efficacy; such as pitfalls seven feet deep with slanting sides, which would no doubt vex and discomfit the poacher, especially in the case of the night-watchers being near; or alarm-guns (an old device which has been greatly improved upon of late years) capable of discharge by the action of a strong curved spring, which is held by a trigger that can be acted upon by several lines set in different directions. Best, however, and cheapest, are the *mooch* pheasants, made of haybands, rushes, or fern, bound with tarred

* Pheasants—for the Covert and the Aviary; their Natural History and Practical Management. In Four Parts. By W. B. Tegetmeier, F.Z.S., Author of the "Poultry Book." London: the "Field" Office. 1873.

twine or wire—or, in many cases, of painted wood—which are tied up in the larch-boughs, and at which the poacher is led to blaze away his powder and shot to his own loss, confusion, and discovery. None of these plans, however, supersede the necessity of night-watching; and yet even this may be done without, if we may accept the suggestions of writers quoted by Mr. Tegetmeier, whose experience to a great extent coincides with that of Mr. Waterton. The gist of these suggestions is the formation of a special poacher-proof covert or two. Enclosures of from ten to two acres planted with spruce and silver firs in a central part of the estate, or as near as may be to the house, kept good by regular thinning, and a mixture of birch or chestnuts for nurses to the spruce, and for the birds to preen their plumage in, form an impregnable roosting-place and stronghold for the cock-pheasants, which, scouring the woodlands from early morn till eve for larvae, roots, and hips and haws, will come back at night to their warm roost among the spruces. These are preferable to the Scotch firs, which have not such horizontal branches, and serve better for the cock's higher roost than holbies, Portugal laurels, and yews, which might be as good a sanctuary for the hens. The larch branches are undoubtedly favourite roosts of the pheasant, but do not offer the same concealment from the quick eye of the poacher. Mr. Waterton's plan is akin to that just noticed, inasmuch as he plants spruce firs fourteen feet apart in the centre of a covert of three acres sown with whins and fenced with holly on a level ground beneath a hill, and bordered with a gentle stream. This observant naturalist did his utmost to attach his birds to their sanctuary, and to wean them from vagrant habits, by feeding them from mid-winter to spring with boiled potatoes, beans, and cabbage; and he too resorted to the wooden pheasants as a foil to the poacher.

Of the three modes of feeding pheasants in the coverts, the least advisable is that by feeding-troughs which open by the pheasant's weight upon an attached bar. Besides being expensive and apt to get out of order, they facilitate the undesirable end of filling the bird to repletion. For feeding by hand, if done punctually and at a set place, it may be said that it is the surest method of making the birds tame, as well as of ascertaining that all is right with them. Best and simplest, however, is the stack of unthreshed grain, with the ears turned inwards, and the bottom of the stack a foot from the ground, at which the pheasant may help itself, a bundle being pulled out and its bands cut every two or three days. Mr. Tegetmeier prescribes a pheasant-hut to serve at once for a shelter and a dust-floor, as well as a safe place for various foods, such as potatoes, Indian corn, and Jerusalem artichokes, which by the way are a great recommendation to a covert in the pheasant's eyes. So, too, are shallow catchpools to hold water; and these things are worth attending to if they tend to keep the pheasant from roaming. For the pheasants generally, and the young ones in particular, it is of great importance to provide plenty of green food. This is especially necessary in the pens or aviaries in which it is sometimes the custom to breed pheasants for the covert; and these should be as much as possible moveable, since ground on which the birds are too long stationary is apt to become tainted with the ova of the gape-worm. The pen of wattled hurdles, sunk a few inches below the surface of the ground, fastened with tarred cord, and netted at the top, unless the pheasants' wings are clipped, is better than the permanent aviary, in that it is more easily shifted. But it should be large enough to afford ample room for a cock and from three to five hens, and across a horizontal pole should be hung a number of faggots or branches for a shelter, a laying-place, and a roost. Many cautions are given in these pages with reference to the pheasant's laying her eggs, if in confinement, where they can be regularly and quickly collected. The male bird in confinement is apt to take to egg-eating, and, having contracted the habit, clings to it as a dog that has killed sheep clings to the taste of mutton, or a ghoul in the *Arabian Nights* to that of graveyard corpses. To remedy this he is sometimes given a wooden egg to tire him of the sport, and at others is cribbed in a loose box in the corner. Another plan is to coax the hen to take to an artificial nest, thinly covered with straw, through which the eggs may drop into a box or tray coated with seeds. Owing to the dislike of the hen-pheasant to incubate in confinement, the half-bred Silky or the pure-bred Game hens are often called in as foster-mothers; indeed any hen that is a good nurse will answer the purpose. A comparison of the hatching of eggs in a pen and in the nest in the woods suggests that, following nature, we should study dry and sheltered hatching-places with a free circulation of air, to cherish the life that lies beneath the shell.

A chapter on the rearing of the young birds strongly recommends that they should be left as much as possible to nature and instinct. Fresh ants' pupæ and canary-seed are the best first food; and next, the invaluable custard which does so much for the young chicks in the *Poultry Book*. There is much diversity of opinion about the quantity of water to be allowed to young birds; but, with the precaution of its being fresh and clean, it seems only natural that the supply should be liberal. That they drink freely in a wild state seems to follow from the observation (p. 71) that poachers in large breeding-places always net any springs within reach of the coops in dry weather, and this often with success.

Before concluding, we must draw attention to Mr. Tegetmeier's partial dissent from the hard and fast rule of shooting down the cocks and saving the hens. Though the flesh of the hen is more juicy, the sportsman feels a pang at its slaughter, and the sumptuary laws of the field and covert have long enforced a provision against it. A post-laureate, who did not set much of a

mark on the last century, refers as follows to the rule and the forfeit for breaking it:—

But when the Hen to thy discerning view
Her sober pinion spreads of dusky hue,
The attendant keeper's prudent warning hear,
And spare the offspring of the future year;
Else shall the fine which custom laid of old
Avenge her slaughter by thy forfeit gold.

There is reason, however, in Mr. Tegetmeier's argument that you may carry shooting the cocks to excess, and may cause disproportion by sparing the hens. One of his correspondents writes that, as a rule, "too much forbearance is shown to hens early in the season and too little to the cocks at the end of it." He would adapt one or two small coverts as feeding places for stock birds, and spare these, but kill freely elsewhere.

THE TONGUE NOT ESSENTIAL TO SPEECH.*

WHAT is a miracle? The world at large would have been spared no little amount of distraction, and our library shelves would have had a great deal of space for works of more tangible and permanent worth, had disputants on the nature and significance of miracles been compelled to define in strict terms what they understand a miracle to be. An English controversialist has by no means that ready way of evading the difficulty which the German possesses in the ambiguous use of the word *Wunder*. However widely English thinkers or writers may disagree in their understanding of what constitutes a miracle, it is agreed on both sides that a miracle is somewhat really and essentially beyond a merely wonderful thing. To excite wonder and to defy explanation are qualities which go no way at all towards making up the idea of a miracle. A thing may be matter of wonder to-day, and not only clear, but commonplace, to-morrow. The same thing may be, like the electric flash, the wonder, even the terror, of some minds, and the scientific instrument or the plaything of others. To talk of sending a message to the East or West Indies and having an answer back in half-an-hour would have been, fifty years ago, to suggest a miracle to probably every man living; and who knows how many things which would be dismissed as miracles or impossibilities now may be the most ordinary things in the world fifty years hence? We may as well vary our opening question by asking what are impossibilities? Most people would probably say offhand that an impossibility is what cannot be done at all: that a miracle is what cannot be done under the existing laws of nature; but that these laws may be in exceptional cases, and by the fiat of a higher power, suspended or overruled. The question still remains, what is meant by laws of nature? Is it such laws as we at the present time know to exist, or such as we may have ascertained to exist, say in fifty years' time? At all events, must we not be prepared to find many things which once were deemed incredible, impossible, or miraculous, now made thoroughly clear and of everyday occurrence?

An event takes place before our eyes, or is told us by witnesses of good repute as having been seen by them, or currently reported among them fifteen centuries or so ago, which is utterly incompatible with all that we know of natural possibility. What are we to say of it? Are we to argue the interference of a power over and above nature, or simply to say that our senses or our witnesses have played us false? The proofs may be too strong for us summarily and with perfect satisfaction of mind to set the fact aside. What then will a man of fair, or let us say of sceptical, mind do? There may be minds of a paradoxical or fanatical cast to which the very inconceivability of the fact may be an incentive to belief. *Credo quia impossibile est*. Be it however said, in justice to the fervid African, who, if an ardent believer, was certainly no illogical driveller, that this famous saying of his meant no more than that the fact of a thing having taken place which was impossible in nature or to man made him believe it to be the act of God. Of the effect upon a mind oppositely constituted we may practically judge from the frank admission of Gibbon that "the stubborn mind of an infidel is guarded by secret incurable suspicion." Whatever the evidence, he rejects it rather than admit what seems the only admissible alternative. It is simply a question of pre-existing bias. "The Arian or Socinian who has seriously rejected the doctrine of the Trinity will not be shaken by the most plausible evidence of an Athanasian miracle." Doubtless he might say the same thing of the bigot on the other side. But what does Gibbon himself do when staggered by the overwhelming evidence for what could only be accepted, if at all, as a miracle—the well-known case of the African martyrs who retained the gift of speech after their tongues had been cut out by the roots under orders from the Vandal Arian Hunneric? To his instincts as an historian the proofs of the story were not to be set aside if historical evidence was to be admitted at all. He states the evidence with his usual fairness, yet he is utterly unable to submit his reason to what is not otherwise to be spoken of than as a "supernatural gift." All he can say of it is, that "it will command the belief of those, and of those only, who already believe that their [the martyrs'] language was pure and orthodox." However much he might spurn it as an explicit canon of logic, he would in practice admit that, as a fact, the mind does and will find in its own inner stores an habitual belief or tendency to believe, on which it proceeds to admit readily

* *The Tongue not Essential to Speech; with Illustrations of the Power of Speech in the African Confessors.* By the Hon. Edward Twissleton. London: John Murray. 1873.

a new accession to its convictions, and to erect thereupon an addition to its fabric of belief. Rightly or wrongly, it is hardly to be denied that mankind do practically go in such matters by that illative sense seated in the mind and anterior to all external elements of belief, which forms one of the primary points of accident in Dr. Newman's *Grammar of Assent*. Anyhow it is not altogether with his wonted complacency or cynical suggestion of fraud that Gibbon, after a sneer at the specious miracles of the African Catholics as being assignable with more reason to their own industry than to the visible protection of Heaven, leaves without further comment "the one preternatural event which the historian may condescend to mention" as something which will "edify the devout and surprise the incredulous."

It would probably have brought some relief to the mind of the historian in this dilemma had he become acquainted with the physiological facts brought together by Mr. Twisleton in his recent little work upon this subject. To have learnt that no miraculous influence whatever need be dragged in to account for the continued speech of the African confessors, but that phenomena of the like kind are fully authenticated and by no means uncommon in the records of recent surgery, would have taken away all reproach from the authority of history, whilst leaving no scope for triumph to the upholders of superstition. It may be thought strange that, with so much mental activity and so intimate an acquaintance with what was going on in the world of literature and of the intellect in general, Gibbon should not have hit upon the reference to this case in Conyers Middleton's *Free Inquiry*, published in 1748, in which, discussing the supposed miraculous powers of the early Church, he disposes of the African confessors by citing two cases mentioned by Jussieu, the eminent surgeon of Paris, in a paper before the Royal Academy of Sciences in 1718. One of these was the case of a Portuguese girl born without a tongue, who talked as distinctly and easily as if she had one; the other that of Pierre Durand of Saumur, who at the age of eight or nine lost his tongue from ulcer or gangrene. The latter case had been made public eighty years before by a surgeon of Saumur, named Roland, who made it the basis of a small treatise entitled *Aylosotomographie*, published in 1630 and dedicated to Dr. Mark Ducaun, Principal of the Academy of Saumur, a Scotch physician by whom his attention had been directed to the case. Of this work, now rare in the original, a Latin version appeared in 1672 in the *Ephemerides Germanicæ*, by Dr. Rayger of Presburg, a scientific series analogous to the *Transactions* of our Royal Society. Though stories are told of several sufferers under the persecution of French Protestants at the Reformation having similarly retained their power of speech, the Saumur case is the earliest which has rewarded the labours of Mr. Twisleton, whose interest in the subject was aroused by reading a passage in Sir John Malcolm's *History of Persia*, which spoke of well-known cases parallel to that of the African confessors. A memorandum drawn up by him for insertion in *Notes and Queries* was communicated to Jean Milman, and is referred to in the second edition of *Latin Christianity*. Further inquiry brought to the author's knowledge additional cases which have been incorporated into the interesting little work before us.

The next instance in point of time to that of the boy of Saumur is that of a man known as Joannes the Dumb, of Weesp, near Amsterdam, who had had his tongue cut out by Turkish pirates rather than renounce Christianity, but whose speech came back after the shock of a flash of lightning. This case is told, in 1652, in the *Observationes Medicæ* of Dr. Nicolas Tulp, a distinguished anatomist, and burgomaster of Amsterdam. The third case is that of the Portuguese girl reported upon by Jussieu, and further attested in a letter (September 3, 1707) by Dr. Wilcocks, then chaplain to the Embassy at Lisbon, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, published in Wanley's *Wonders of the Little World*. The earliest case recorded in England is that of Margaret Cutting, a young woman of Wickham Market, reported at length in the *Philosophical Transactions* in 1742 and 1747. Her tongue had dropped out while being syringed for cancer at the age of four, when the child, to the amazement of all round, said, "Don't be frightened, mamma; 'twill grow again." Though no tongue or even uvula was to be seen, she pronounced both vowels and consonants articulately, even those which seemed to require the help of the tongue, as *d, l, z, n, r*. Reference is made in this Memoir to the passage in which the Justinian Code speaks of venerable men, besides the victims of Hunneric, "*qui abscissis radicibus linguæ penas miserabiliter loquebantur*." To the same effect are the cases of Zâl Khan, reported by Sir John Malcolm, and of the Emir Fars, told by Mr. B. Wood, Consul at Tunis, the operation upon the latter victim having been witnessed by Colonel Churchill in 1824. Not only is this punishment of common occurrence in the East, but experience has established the impression that no material loss of speech is the result, if only the excision be complete—that is, not that of the tip of the tongue only—and symmetrical, so as not to leave the member ragged or divided. With this view the executioner has a customary fee paid him to ensure the neatness of the operation. For refusing to pay fifty tomanes (25*l.*) Mahdee Kooly Beg, sentenced by Fath Ali Shah to lose his tongue at Teheran, as reported by Dr. Dickson, physician to the British Legation, found himself speechless till he had the pluck to complete the operation upon himself with a razor. So common are instances of the kind in the East, that Dr. Wolf speaks of meeting thirty people at Bokhara who spoke articulately without their tongues. The fullest and most satisfactory case reported by Mr. Twisleton is that of Mr. Robert Rawlings, who within

ten years ago was still living to tell the tale of an operation whereby the whole body of his tongue had been removed for cancer, not, as in the previous cases, through the mouth, but by excision under the chin, between the lower jaw and the hyoid bone. The report of this case by Mr. Nunnely, the operating surgeon, given here at length, is one of great interest, as are also Mr. Twisleton's own record of an interview with the patient, and the minutes of Sir Charles Lyell and Professors Owen and Huxley, who subsequently examined and conversed with him. The series of cases ends with one reported by Professor Syme, and with a letter from Sir James Paget, who has six times performed the operation, and who adds that in each case the patient could talk quickly and intelligibly, the pronunciation of the lingual sounds, as *d, t, th*, alone being imperfect.

Upon the whole, Mr. Twisleton, who sums up his proofs by appending the text of all passages or documents bearing upon them, is fully entitled to infer that all questions involved in the phenomenon of speech in the African confessors lie strictly within the domain of natural science, and that there is no reason for asserting or suspecting any miraculous intervention in the matter. We can scarcely expect that Dr. Newman, who has declared his belief to have been by no means withdrawn after the memorandum in *Notes and Queries*, will be converted by the ampler evidence brought forward in the work before us. Under a system which, as he describes it, "is from east to west, from north to south, hung with miracles, which are the Church's glory," one portent less or more can make little difference. It is enough that he admits this especial miracle to be withdrawn for the present *quoad* controversial purposes. To those who look simply to the exactitude of history and the trustworthiness of human testimony, it is of no slight interest to have the facts of the case so satisfactorily set right.

HESTER MORLEY'S PROMISE.*

THERE is always something subdued and quakerish, but strong in its very distinctness and simplicity, about Miss Stretton's writing. She evidently, too, takes pains with her work, and is not content to fill up so much copy with the first outpour of undigested verbiage that may occur to her. We know when we read her that she has given us the best of which she was capable; and that she has not put off her public with that disdainful "it will do" which has been the ruin of so many authors, writing for the immediate guinea, not for an enduring reputation, and careful only to give the least they can for their money. Miss Stretton is free from any taint of this suicidal dishonesty, this contemptuous indifference to the inherent worth of her work; and so far we are grateful to her, and disposed to judge her faults leniently.

Miss Stretton excels in a Dutch-like description of men such as John Morley, the bookseller of Little Aston, that grave, solemn, sorrow-stricken man, "stationed on the northern side of life, where no laughter or splendour of sunlight could fall upon him." He is a deacon in the Dissenting chapel, which, with its "pretentious portico supported by four square pillars of red brick, and surmounted by a pediment and architrave of blue and yellow tiles," ends and gives its name to the narrow little sunless street where he lives; and his house is in accordance with his sorrowful heart and sombre nature. It is weather-beaten and dingy; gloomy in its chill sunlessness rather than restful by reason of quiet shadows and calm silence; and, though old, has none of the picturesqueness of antiquity about it. "The roof formed three gables, and the moss and houseleek grew along the gutters and choked up the water-pipes"; and it stood on the "north side of the street, where it was never gladdened by the sun, and looked as if a perpetual cloud overshadowed it." In this gloomy house the melancholy bookseller lives with his honourable trade, his rare old volumes, his capable binder and humble friend Lawson—who has a genius in the way of gold-leaf, bevelled edges, and artistic "tooling"—his memories of his dead young wife, and his little girl Hester, nine years old when the story opens. This little girl is one of those premature children whom authors will go on trying to depict, though they are simply unrepresentable. When the best is done with them that can be done, they are no better than a caricature; and paternally-minded readers are always thinking what they should do were they afflicted with such elfish children in their nursery, and would probably choose cod-liver oil and a cheerful school as the best methods of exorcism known to them. Hester has been suffered to grow up without apparent training, if there has been more than sufficient restraint; and having no untoward humours, she has not developed into anything rude or coarse or wilful. On the contrary, her father's sadness has reacted on her, and produced the inevitable results of preternatural gravity, distressing leanness, big eyes, quaint sayings, and unchildlike religiosity. At this early age she knows the value of a promise; and when she makes her little vow to be always as a daughter to the light and shallow, vain and frivolous young woman whom John Morley brings home as his second wife, she holds its obligation binding on her when she reaches womanhood and has to judge and act for the best in all ways. We suppose that, if novelists conscientiously confined themselves to the facts and possibilities of human nature, what Mr. Henry Kingsley calls their "quaint trade" would soon come to an end; but, in spite of the necessity there seems to be for irration-

* *Hester Morley's Promise*. By Hester Stretton, Author of the "Doctor's Dilemma," &c. 3 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

ality, we cannot but think it a pity when interest is sought to be excited by a character or mode of thought and action out of keeping with normal experience. And though *Hester Morley's Promise* is carefully wrought in a literary sense, the characters do not strike us as thoroughly natural, however vividly portrayed.

We will take some of the principal persons in succession. First, there is John Morley himself, the dull, sorrow-stricken, and deeply religious man, deacon in a strict and godly community of a Calvinistic turn, who takes for his second wife a creature young enough to be his daughter, full of worldliness and levity, because he has conceived a passion for her which a person of his sect and temperament would have considered a temptation of Satan, and from whom he would have fled rather than have cherished her as a sweet and lovely gift of God and nature. Then, when this wife has dishonoured him, and he has lived his whole after-years in a condition of unresigned despair—which again would have been scarcely the fruits of his faith, or consistent with the heartfelt religiousness of his earlier presentation—he can undergo the strange complication of her death-bed. Hitherto he has allowed no one to mention her name before him, nor the name of Robert Waldron; but now he can kiss the dying child of her sin, dying in the arms of his own daughter, and in the presence of its father, his wife's former lover; and he can even, when Robert falls senseless, raise him in his arms, and, "with a woman's tenderness of touch, carry him into his own room and lay him upon his own bed." This sublime perfection of resignation at the end, which has been utterly wanting to him during the course of his trial, comes with a certain shock of inharmoniousness, at least to those who do not believe in sudden conversions. His marriage with a "daughter of Moab" at all was scarcely in keeping with his character and profession; his lifelong brooding over his misfortune was not more so; but this death-bed reconciliation is the strongest exposition of morbid and unnatural psychology that we have seen for a long while.

Is Rose the wife more natural? In the beginning light and silly, not in love with her husband and cherishing a sentimental fancy for Robert Waldron, it is perhaps likely enough that she should elope with the younger man when the temptation comes, but not likely that she should leave her lover surreptitiously before the birth of their child. She is a woman of no mental strength and of no delicacy of conscience; not bad so much as silly, and more vain than vicious. She proves both her want of power and her want of real conscience in the later scenes, when she sways hopelessly into Hester's hands and towards the husband she had not loved, because she is ill and friendless, and when she meets her seducer without shame or remorse. Such a woman would have clung to her lover with the tenacity of weakness. She would not have had either courage or sense of guilt strong enough to detach her at the very moment when she most needed support, or, if she had, she would have carried her burden to the last, and have been too strong for the pitiful part assigned her. We think the mingling of shallowness and fixity of purpose, of indifference in the past and spontaneous tenderness as time goes on, contradictory and not a true study of character. An author has a perfect right to make his people act as he pleases, but as the Gods themselves were bound by necessity, so is he bound by certain laws of art and science, and he has no right to make them act in any way inconsistent with themselves.

Again, would Mr. Waldron have countenanced for a moment the project of his son's marriage with Hester? It seems to us uncovenanted sinners a strangely indelicate idea that the man who had seduced the wife should wish to marry the daughter, though she is only a step-daughter. And it seems just as odd that a pillar of the Church, who objected to a daughter of Moab as a wife for one of his deacons, should not see as clearly as any ordinary gentleman would have seen that the marriage of his son and that deacon's daughter was utterly impossible under the circumstances. We greatly wonder that Miss Stretton should have chosen such a theme. Even in her cool, quiet, unfeverish hands it is but a doubtful one, and full of ugly suggestions.

We are no better pleased with the character of Miss Waldron than with some other things in this book. It is a spiteful portrait, and therefore badly done. A woman of uncertain age who makes love to the two young pastors in succession, and who shows such miserable jealousy and rancour, is not a pleasant person to contemplate. A little more tenderness and generosity in the handling would have made all the difference between a portrait spoiled by ill-nature and one redeemed by generous judgment. Some of the bits about her, however, are very good, though others, like the parcel of old clothes sent to Hester, are unworthy of the author, and more like Mrs. Henry Wood than Miss Hester Stretton:—

Miss Waldron looked upon her brother's sin as a cross expressly constructed for herself, and weighing more heavily upon her than upon any one else. She grew a hundredfold more terrific in her Bible classes and mothers' meetings; and expatiated with extremeunction upon the judgments of Heaven. The religious poor generally enjoy being alarmed. They have been driven out of some of the strongholds of superstition, which are not without their charms; and they like to taste again the thrill and creep of awe, with which they were wont to glance back over their shoulders for the hobgoblins of former times. Miss Waldron invited them to peep with terror into the mysteries of Divine Judgment; and she became popular with them. A great work began in her classes; and she said that her brother's fall had been the conversion of many souls.

The scene wherein little Hester in her white nightgown brings the letter of poor runaway Rose to the husband of the one sinner and the father of the other, and the way in which the two men meet face to face with their sorrow and their shame, is well done.

It is quiet and strong, simple and graphic, and has a praiseworthy absence of fine words. And Miss Stretton has well brought out the injustice of the different judgments passed by the world on the man and the woman when both have equally fallen. Hester's innocent wonder why it should be so is a very true little trait; and where much is strained, these smaller touches of nature, the finer points of truth, are very welcome. The character of Lawson, dreamer and would-be murderer, though a mere sketch, has perhaps most consistency and power. But we wonder why he did not finish his work, after his first failure, on Robert. He had plenty of opportunities; and in the unsatisfactory state of the police and of public opinion in Little Aston he might have knocked him on the head in his master's house more effectually than he did before his door, and with as complete impunity. The strange coincidence of his murderous blow failing twice, once on Robert and once on Rose, shows a certain paucity of invention that we are sorry to see. Besides, a man like Lawson, who had dedicated himself to revenge, would not have been balked. One failure would not have been final, and the very craziness of his muddled brain would have helped to concentrate and intensify his design.

On the whole, we fancy that Miss Stretton is better for short stories than for three-volume novels. She has scarcely staying power enough to carry her without mishap to the end of a long endeavour; but she is almost perfect in her shorter sketches, and she has a singularly tender and pleasant method. We are sorry, however, to have to note one or two grammatical inaccuracies, such as "different to," "falling upon" a lower thing, and some others; and we are surfeited with repetitions, such as that of the various personages shutting themselves up in their own rooms whenever things go amiss, or they get into perplexity and trouble. Nevertheless with all its faults, and we have not spared them, *Hester Morley's Promise* has its own special charm—of manner rather than of matter, it must be understood. Miss Stretton would do well to avoid all the tumultuous themes of crime and passion; hers is essentially the style corresponding to the "pearly grey" of a painter, quiet, refined, subdued, but neither cold nor uninteresting. Into such a style as this it is a terrible mistake to import the glaring colours of murder and adultery; descriptions of respectable old village-towns like Little Aston, and of scholarly tradesmen like John Morley, are more to the purpose artistically, and infinitely more refreshing and delightful to the reader.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE most important part of the second volume of F. Spiegel's great work on Ancient Persia* is devoted to the religion of the country. The author retracts his former opinion that the dualism of the Zendavesta represents a transition from polytheism to monotheism, and is rather inclined to regard it as a development of the latter creed, occasioned by the difficulty of accounting for the origin of evil. He seems even disposed to adopt Kosowicz's view of the monotheistic character of Zoroastrianism at the period of the Behistun rock inscriptions, which would fix the origin of the dualistic theology at some point in the interval between Darius Hystaspes and Alexander the Great. The modifications in Persian thought he considers due to Semitic influence. He strongly suspects the belief in the sole and uncreated deity of Ormuzd to have been derived from the Semites, and asserts the Semitic origin of the doctrine of the resurrection of the body as taught in the Zendavesta. Many of the points of resemblance between the Zoroastrian and other theologies are sufficiently striking, especially in the sacramental system of the former, and in its eschatology. It is also startling to encounter the doctrine of the Roman Church respecting works of supererogation, and their application towards remedying the deficiencies of the pious. In the first section of his treatise Herr Spiegel discusses the character of the extra-mundane, and as it should seem impersonal, divinities, Boundless Time, Space, Light, and Darkness. Then follows the account of Ormuzd, who cannot in the writer's opinion be identified with any other Aryan divinity, and of the beneficent spirits called into being by him. The third chapter treats of Ahriman, in Herr Spiegel's opinion as distinctively a creation of the Persian mind as Ormuzd, and of his retinue of demons. The designation of these by the word which in Sanscrit denotes Gods is probably a vestige of the ancient schism of the Persian from the Indian religion, and a parallel case to the alteration effected by Christianity in the signification of *caluwu*. The next principal division of the volume is devoted to the obscure and interesting subject of Persian sects and heretics; especially the Zervanites, or deniers of the self-existence of the evil principle, and the Manicheans. In this part of his work the author has made much use of Arabic authorities. The second half of the volume is occupied by a clear and interesting sketch, evincing political insight as well as erudition, of Persian history from the commencement of the Achaemenian dynasty to the subversion of the Empire by Alexander the Great.

In the preparation of his learned work on the Epistles of Ignatius, Dr. Zahn† has been indebted to the unpublished labours of the late K. F. Arndt, whose treatise was completed for the

* *Eränische Alterthumskunde*. Von Fr. Spiegel. Bd. 2. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Ignatius von Antiochien*. Von Theodor Zahn. Gotha: Perthes. London: Asher & Co.

press so long since as 1831. Since that period the interest in the subject has been revived by the late Dr. Cureton's discovery of an ancient Syriac version, to which, however, Continental scholarship has in general refused the importance at one time accorded to it in England. Gratifying as it would be to be able to believe ourselves in possession of the authentic text of so venerable a monument of Christian antiquity, we must acknowledge that Dr. Zahn's arguments against the originality of the Syriac text are irresistible; its meagreness and inconsecutiveness manifestly stamp it as a mere epitome. It may be feared that he is less successful in his vindication of the genuineness of the shorter Greek recension of the Epistles. Apart from such stumbling-blocks as the allusions to Gnostic heresies, and the impossibility of the development of episcopal pretensions to so vast an extent at so early a period, the letters are formal and polemical, utterly devoid of the lively touches of feeling which the situation of the writer would naturally have called forth, and of any signs of intimate acquaintance with the congregations which he is supposed to address. They seem almost ludicrously inadequate to their professed design of affording comfort and encouragement to a persecuted Church; but it is easy to see why they may subsequently have been concocted for doctrinal purposes. When, indeed, after a lecture to the Trallians on the duty of utter, even abject, dependence upon their bishop, he assures them that his expostulation is dictated, not by any immediate necessity, but by a presentiment that it may be useful at a future time, the manufactured character of the entire address seems almost too plain for argument. Dr. Zahn is ingenious and acute in his criticism on the Longer Recension, which he maintains to have been unknown to Eusebius, and to have been fabricated between A.D. 360 and 380 by Acacius, or some other eminent Arian theologian, for controversial purposes. It is somewhat difficult to understand how the forgery of a defeated party could have obtained such general currency. The latter part of the volume consists of a study of Ignatius as a theologian and an ecclesiastic, the value of which must depend upon the authenticity of the writings attributed to him. Dr. Zahn's views on these points are not always lucidly expressed, and his treatment of the subject is much too prolix.

Madlle. Ludmilla Assing has not found it convenient to state on the title-page of her edition of "Gentz's Diary" that three-fourths of the first volume is merely a reprint of a publication brought out by herself twelve years ago. Yet such is the fact; the Diary, down to the end of 1814, having been published in 1861. The lady, however, has carefully provided that purchasers of the former edition shall derive no benefit from this circumstance, by including the Diary for 1815 in the present volume, thus compelling them, unless they are willing to put up with an imperfect set, to buy the remainder over again. It may be questioned whether the object would warrant the outlay; at all events it should be clearly understood that the impending publication will probably be very voluminous, and the proportion of chaff to wheat much more considerable than formerly. The Diary to the end of 1814 exists only in the shape of an abstract made by Gentz himself, who had rejected whatever he considered uninteresting. He did not carry this abridgment further, and the remainder of the journal, to the end of 1828, is inevitably full of insignificant details, not one of which do we expect Madlle. Assing will spare us. To vend rubbish at the price of history would seem to be the final cause of this lady's being, and the triumph of her art. At the same time the ocean of triviality will no doubt contain some real pearls, which may profitably be fished for by those who are fortunate enough to obtain an inspection of her volumes gratis. There is not much of interest so far in the new portion of the Diary, beyond the additional touches contributed to the unique portrait of the diarist, with his magnificent intellect and childish foibles, his political courage and personal cowardice, his selfishness and generosity, his laboriousness and effeminacy, the dignified eloquence of his mercenary pen, the strange alliance in him of the cynicism of a political adventurer with the enthusiasm of a patriot.

A Treatise on the Greek Verb, by Georg Curtius †, is no doubt an important work in a philological point of view, but it is extremely technical, and of purely grammatical interest. The first volume, a good ordinary octavo, embraces in the writer's conception about half the subject. This prolixity is in some degree excused by the comprehensiveness of the field of inquiry, which now extends more or less to the formation of the verb in all Aryan languages.

The name of Wilhelm Dindorf is a sufficient guarantee for the merits of his *Lexicon to Æschylus* ‡, of which it is only necessary to say further that it is preceded by a short preface treating of the MSS. of Æschylus and the condition of the text.

Dr. Arnoldt's work on the choral parts of Aristophanes § is an examination of the manner in which these were brought upon the stage, involving the endeavour to distribute the choral songs among individual speakers where they do not appear to have been recited by the whole body of the performers.

Dr. Hartel's studies on Homeric prosody || relate principally to

the lengthening of short syllables before liquids. Three-fifths of the instances in which this takes place cannot, Herr Hartel says, be explained, unless on the assumption of some peculiarity in the pronunciation of liquids in Greek, the nature of which he endeavours to investigate.

The second volume of Dr. Bastian's "Ethnological Researches" * is, like the first, an undigested mass of information, chiefly serviceable inasmuch as it brings information scattered through an entire library of travel into the manageable compass of a single volume. The first section treats of the migrations of the American nations, the second of the aboriginal inhabitants of Africa, divided into groups, the third of the historical revolutions which have affected the Turanian race in Central Asia. An appendix adduces facts respecting the theology and psychology of barbarous nations. A more indefatigable compiler than Dr. Bastian never existed, but there seems less and less prospect of his proving himself to be anything more.

A Guide to Constantinople †, prepared by the Director of the Imperial Museum, at the instance of the Minister of Public Works, cannot fail to be serviceable to the visitor to that city. From the writer's official position he is better acquainted than most with the Ottoman department of his subject, while he appears by no means inattentive to classical and Byzantine antiquities. He incidentally mentions several unpublished Greek MSS. in the public library which he has had the opportunity of consulting—all, however, of a late period of the Byzantine epoch.

A companion volume to the foregoing, but executed on a larger scale, and including a much greater variety of topics, is devoted to the city and province of Smyrna. Dr. von Scherzer ‡, the Austrian Consul-General, has brought to this task the industry and accuracy formerly displayed in the compilation of his well-known volumes on Oriental commercial statistics, and has obtained the assistance of competent auxiliaries. Professor Fürst, for instance, has contributed a valuable Report on the intellectual and educational condition of Smyrna, which appears to be by no means unsatisfactory so far as the Christian population, whether indigenous or immigrant, is concerned. The Turkish schools are naturally backward, partly owing to the dearth of teachers, partly to the apathy of the population. However little the political results of Greek independence may have hitherto corresponded to expectation, there seems no doubt of its immense moral effect in not only uniting the Greeks as a nation, but in inspiring them with a spirit which has prompted the most strenuous efforts and devoted sacrifices in the cause of intellectual culture, which is rapidly rendering them the preponderant race throughout Asia Minor. Of the Turk personally Dr. Scherzer and his coadjutors entertain the most favourable opinion; he is sober, honest, affable and tolerant, but intellectually unfit to maintain the struggle with his quick-witted competitor, and exceedingly at a disadvantage from his exclusive liability to military service. The relations of the various races among each other are represented as very amicable on the whole. The larger part of the work is devoted to commercial statistics, both as regards the immense and undeveloped resources of the country and the competition of the manufacturing countries of Europe for the import trade. Agriculture is in a backward condition, and likely to remain so until the means of communication are improved, and as long as the bad system of farming out the taxes is persisted in. The volume is accompanied by an agricultural map, showing the nature of the produce raised in the various districts of the province.

Books of travel and other works relating to the Baltic provinces of Russia have of late been usually prompted by national feeling, either in the form of sympathy on the part of Germans for their oppressed countrymen, or of the disposition of the latter to proclaim their grievances. Paul Hunfalvy's § visit to the country was dictated by similar motives, not however bearing reference to the Germans, but to the Estonians, the long separated and almost forgotten kindred of the writer's Hungarian countrymen. The Ugrian affinities of the latter are, he complains, generally unknown or ignored in Hungary, and he is at some pains to establish the point by unimpeachable philological evidence. The literary part of his work is indeed the most valuable, for the principal interest at present attaching to the humble and inoffensive Estonians relates to the efforts now being made to preserve their nationality by the revival of their language, the publication of its ancient remains, and the creation of a popular literature. By far the most important work in Estonian is the national epic, the *Kalewipoeg*, a poem, or rather a collection of ballads, in 19,000 verses, in which the mythical traditions of the race are embalmed, bearing great analogy to the Finnish *Kalewala*. The original text was edited in 1857 by Kreuzwald; a German translation appeared in 1862; and Mr. Baring Gould has given some account of it for English readers in *Fraser's Magazine*. M. Hunfalvy enumerates the chief works in Estonian—principally, of course, of an antiquarian or educational character—which have appeared of late years, and gives an abstract of a pretty story of village life by Madlle. Lydia

* *Tagebücher. Von Friedrich von Gentz. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.*

† *Das Verbum der griechischen Sprache, seinem Bau nach dargestellt. Von Georg Curtius. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Asher & Co.*

‡ *Lexicon Æschyleum. Editio G. Dindorfus. Fasc. 1. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.*

§ *Die Chorpatrien des Aristophanes sennisch erläutert. Von Dr. R. Arnoldt. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.*

|| *Homeriche Studien. Beiträge zur Homerischen Prosodie und Metrik. Berlin: Vahlen. London: Asher & Co.*

* *Ethnologische Forschungen und Sammlung von Material für dieselben. Von Dr. A. Bastian. Bd. 2. Jena: Costenoble. London: Asher & Co.*

† *Der Bosphor und Constantinopel. Von Dr. P. A. Dethier. Wien: Holder. London: Asher & Co.*

‡ *Smyrna. Mit besonderer Rücksicht auf die geographischen, wirtschaftlichen und intellectuellen Verhältnisse von Vorder-Asien. Bearbeitet von Dr. C. Scherzer. Wien: Holder. London: Williams & Norgate.*

§ *Reise in den Ostseeprovinzen Russlands. Von Paul Hunfalvy. Frei aus dem Ungarischen. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.*

Jannsen, the only modern work of imagination in the language, except the poems of the same author. A comprehensive Dictionary has been recently published by Herr Wiedemann, who is now engaged upon a grammar. Five newspapers and other periodicals are published, with a collective circulation of about 7,000 copies. The population being estimated at 600,000, it would certainly appear that the Athenians are not a reading people. Much, however, is being done to remedy the depressed state of education among them, and M. Hunfalvy apparently does not consider that the nationality is in serious danger of absorption. In questions of administration he sides in general with the Germanist against the Russian Government's neglect of its treaty obligations and fraudulent religious propaganda; his language, however, is extremely moderate.

Wolfgang Helbig's extremely interesting work on the mural decorations of Pompeii, and other remains of Campanian art, is, according to the author's own account, principally designed to establish a criterion of distinction between the original works of artists of the imperial period and their imitations of their predecessors; and, in the second place, to show that the objects of these imitations or reproductions usually belong to the period of Alexander and his successors. The investigation of this latter proposition necessitates a copious inquiry into the characteristics of the art of this latter epoch—its realism on the one hand, its endeavour to express vague and indefinite sentiment on the other—its voluptuousness and sensationalism, counterbalanced by a more lively perception of the charms of inanimate nature than had been known to the classical age of Grecian art. The loss of all examples of Hellenic painting compels the author to have recourse to the remains of Alexandrian literature, and he shows at great length that the landscape backgrounds and other subordinate details of Pompeian pictures frequently correspond with remarkable accuracy to the poetical descriptions of Theophrastus, Apollonius Rhodius, and the epigrammatists. He adduces reasons for considering that the miniatures of the Vatican Virgil and the word-pictures of Nonnus are reproduced or modified from Alexandrian originals. The inquiry consequently takes a very wide range, and the interest of the book is by no means confined to archaeological subjects. The general tendency of Herr Helbig's criticism is to depreciate the inventiveness of the artists of the Roman Imperial period, and to represent them as mainly dependent upon their predecessors for their subjects, although the merit of their execution is admitted. In fact, the exhaustion of all motives derivable from the ancient mythology rendered this inferiority inevitable in the higher walls of art; but the busts and coins of sovereigns, the battle-scenes of Trajan's column, and even the performance of the Pompeian artists in genre and humorous subjects prove what ability remained for the treatment of the realistic aspects of ordinary life, and indicate what might have been expected if, as in modern times, a Dutch school of art had succeeded an Italian.

The distinction of Dr. Max Wirth† as Statistician-General of Switzerland, and as a writer on subjects of public economy in general, promises well for the success of Meyer's "German Annual" under his editorship. The work is designed to afford a complete prospectus of the intellectual life of Europe for the year, especially in the departments of science, industry, and political economy. This has been attainably performed, and the articles are especially valuable for the mass of statistical information which they contain. There are also creditable contributions on the fine arts, and on the chief literary productions of the year. The general survey of politics is hardly sufficiently copious, and the preponderance, excusable but unduly, accorded to German affairs in this and other departments of the work, has not occupied the observation of the editor, who promises that it shall be remedied in future issues.

* *Untersuchungen über die Campanische Wandmalerei.* Von Wolfgang Helbig. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Meyer's Deutsches Jahrbuch.* Herausgegeben von Max Wirth. Jahrg. 2. Hildburghausen. Verlag des Instituts. London: Trübner & Co.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.—It has been decided by the President and Council of the ROYAL ACADEMY to exhibit at their annual WINTER EXHIBITION a COLLECTION OF THE WORKS OF the late SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A. As they are very desirous that all honour should be paid to their late distinguished Member, they have decided to exhibit his Pictures and Drawings, by Sir Edwin Landseer, to intimate their willingness to CONTRIBUTE the same to the President and Council, Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House, Piccadilly. The Exhibition will be supplemented by Pictures of Deceased British Artists. The Exhibition of Works by Ancient Masters will be resumed in the following season.

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MARSHAL MACMAHON AND THE CONSERVATIVES

THE French Royalists have shown that they are not too proud to take a leaf out of an enemy's book. After deposing M. THIERS for trying to make a Republic without Republicans, they are now determined to make a Monarchy without a King. They can have no real wish to see Marshal MACMAHON President for ten years, but their political imagination is limited, and, having failed to get what they want, they are fain to put up with a colourable imitation of it. Still the policy of the Royalists pure and simple is more intelligible than the policy of the Conservatives pure and simple. France, it is clear, must suffer more than she has yet suffered before she will put up with the Count of CHAMBORD. If he is ever to be accepted as King, it must be in the character of a refuge from anarchy, and the best chance of producing anarchy is to saddle France for ten years with a President whom she does not want. It is a chance that may fall through the wisdom and self-control of the Republican party; but the Royalists naturally hope that this self-control will soon break down, and that France will be given over to intolerable license, to be quickly followed by equally intolerable repression. Upon this formless chaos HENRY V. will descend like the Divine Spirit at the making of the world. At his appearance order will resume her sway, and a new political creation will rise out of the deep. It is a tremendous risk to run for the sake of a possible Restoration, but to those who think a Restoration the one thing needful this is obviously not a valid objection. What shall it profit a Legitimist if he gain order and prosperity and lose his King? But the Conservatives who are acting with the Royalists in this matter have no such excuse to offer. Their conduct ever since the 24th of May displays extraordinary ignorance of what constitutes a really strong Government. The reason why one French Government after another has proved so weak is that not one of them has had any real foundation in the public opinion of the nation. The great mass of Frenchmen have accepted any Government that has been given to them. An adventurer who could once lay his hand on the bell-rope might count on the obedience of all the servants, and French Revolutions have by degrees resolved themselves into a series of rashes to get hold of the bell-rope. Ten days ago the Royalists stood very near it; to-day it is almost within the grasp of the MacMahonists. But power thus secured will at best be held on the old precarious tenure. The most hopeful sign about French politics in 1871 was that all reasonable politicians seemed to be becoming conscious that the way to establish a strong Government was to wait until a genuine preference for one form of government over another had developed itself in the country. Now the Conservatives of the Right Centre have unlearned their momentary wisdom, and are ready to impose the Count of CHAMBORD upon the nation one day, and Marshal MACMAHON the next. The old delusion of a strong Government—strong, that is, in the momentary support of the army and in nothing else—has returned to its hold over them; and instead of welcoming the preference for a Republic which is beginning to grow up in France as the best road out of the political dilemma, they are only in the greater hurry to set in an opposite sense before the growing opinion has declared itself so loudly to be false.

We are far from saying that no prolongation of Marshal MACMAHON's power would have been allowable in the present emergency of France. On the contrary, it might have been very expedient to give him half of

tenure during the interval which will be required to carry the country through the present political crisis. If the proposal of the Right had been to declare the Marshal President until the constitutional laws had been passed, or even until the dissolution of the existing Assembly, the Left might very well have accepted it as providing timid citizens with a guarantee that order would be maintained during the process of consolidating the Republic. But to declare him President for ten years is a proposal differing only in degree from the design of making France a Monarchy. The essential vice of the two proposals is the same. They are both attempts to bind the country by the decree of an Assembly which no longer represents the country. The MacMahonists are just as set upon snatching a vote before the vacant seats are filled up as the Royalists were the week before last, and they are set upon it for the same reason. They know that the country is not with them, and that even the trifling addition which the partial elections would make to the numbers of the Assembly would probably be enough to convert their majority into a minority. There is nothing necessarily vicious in a President being elected for a prolonged period. If the French nation, or even the existing Assembly with its full tale of members, had decreed the mode of the President's appointment, had defined the extent of his powers, and had regulated his relations with his Ministers, there would have been no objection to the duration of his power being fixed at ten years. But when those indispensable preliminaries are wanting, such an election is tantamount to the appointment of a dictator. Marshal MACMAHON is intended to rule with absolute power until such time as laws have been passed which shall make the Ministers absolute enough to dispense with his aid. What the nature of these changes is to be is shadowed forth in the Marshal's Message. Existing laws, he says, do not arm the Government with sufficient strength "to discourage" factions, or even to make itself obeyed by its own agents. "The press abandons itself with impunity to excesses" which would end by corrupting the public mind. The "municipalities forget that they are organs of law, and leave the central authority without representatives." The Marshal might have put all this in a shorter compass, if he had simply said that the Government finds itself powerless to suppress Republicanism. This is the sum and substance of the law's offending. The factions which the Government is unable to discourage are the majority of the electors throughout the country. The agents whose obedience it cannot command are the officials who are bidden to prevent the return of Republican members, and who plead that the task assigned them is an impossibility. The corrupting press stands for the journals which are sufficiently cautious in the utterances of their views to escape the decrees of suppression which are freely dealt out to newspapers that dare to defend the existing order of things against such licentious attacks as those of the *Univers*. The municipalities who leave the central authority without representatives are the Councils-General, who set the wishes of their constituents above the hints of the Prefect, and boldly tell the Government that the people of the department desire a Republic. Marshal MACMAHON's supporters fondly hope that with ten years of power secured to him all these evils may be set right. When it is no longer safe for the subjects of a Republican Government to show themselves Republicans there will be an end to factions. When a new electoral law has purged the constituencies of all dangerous voters, the Prefects will no longer allege inability to execute the orders given them.

When Republican journalists are either silenced or banished, the excesses of the press will be all in the right direction. When the municipalities have been remodelled and made the creatures of the Central Government, they will be eager to win pardon for the independence into which they have lately been betrayed. These are the blessed results which society is to gain from the possession of an Executive power "solicitous for its future and able to defend it with energy."

In the debate of Wednesday the Left wisely rested their opposition to the extension of Marshal MACMAHON'S reign on the impropriety of conferring a ten years' lease of power before the nature of the power had been determined. No one can say precisely what it is that the Marshal will probably be made in the course of to-day or to-morrow. Until now he has been the delegate of the Assembly, holding office at its bidding, and capable of being removed at any moment by a hostile vote. Even if it be granted, for the sake of argument, that it is desirable to put an end to this state of things, it cannot be desirable to make the Chief of the Executive irremovable until his relations with the Legislature and with the country have been discussed and settled. Conservatives must be extraordinarily fond of leaps in the dark, or they would not be so anxious to give themselves up body and soul to a ruler of whom they know nothing but that he has proved himself a brave soldier and a vacillating politician. But the Marshal's Message fails altogether to show that there is any necessity for giving this sudden permanence to the Executive. The party strife which he deprecates was entirely provoked by the Conservatives. As M. DUBAUX pointed out, until the visit of the Count of PARIS to Frohsdorf, France had been absolutely tranquil under Marshal MACMAHON'S Government, and the first note of disturbance was given by the Royalist intrigues, and by the suspicion of Government complicity in them. For all the agitation of the past three months, as for all the agitation which must follow the unjustifiable prolongation of the PRESIDENT'S term of office, the Conservative party is directly and solely responsible.

LEGAL VACANCIES AND APPOINTMENTS.

THE death of Vice-Chancellor WICKENS was followed almost immediately by that of Chief Justice BOVILL, so that the Long Vacation ended with the loss of two Judges, each eminent in his way, and with a number of new appointments at the disposal of the Government. The late Vice-Chancellor was in many respects a model of what may be termed the University type of judge. He knew a great deal of law, but he knew a great deal of many other things; and what he knew he knew well. With very wide reading, a singularly retentive and accurate memory, and sound judgment, he had the resources of literature at his command in a degree which few rival who have given themselves up to literature altogether. As a lawyer he was noted while at the Bar for the lucidity, good sense, and accuracy of his opinions, and everything seemed to show that he would as a judge acquire a commanding reputation. But affliction and ill-health prevented him from doing justice to his powers after he became Vice-Chancellor, and he has now died too early to leave a judicial reputation behind him. But the judgment of a profession is rarely wrong, and so much could scarcely have been expected of a judge without a strong probability existing that the result, if it could have been ascertained, would have conformed to the expectation. Chief Justice BOVILL was an equally good type of what may be termed the non-University judge. He began in a solicitor's office, he worked hard, he made himself an excellent commercial lawyer, he was a useful and successful advocate, and he won general good will, and even affection, by unflinching good temper and easy geniality, and by innumerable acts of kindness. He was for some time in Parliament, but without in any way seeking to make himself conspicuous, and even when he was a law officer he merely did the work that came in his way. Few law officers shine in the House of Commons if they have a large private practice. They are overworked, and overworked men are obliged to get through their daily task as they can. There have been some exceptions, of whom the present CHANCELLOR is one of the most conspicuous; but the pressure of work tells so much on most law officers that they are content to serve the Government and their private clients as fairly and honourably as they can, and let things go on if possible until some

superior sort of judgeship falls vacant. Chief Justice BOVILL went through the House of Commons and the posts of Solicitor and Attorney General in the due course of deserved promotion. When he was made a Chief Justice, lawyers of all parties thought that he had honourably earned the distinction, and were pleased that a man popular and acceptable had not been deprived by ill fortune of an adequate reward. It was the first TICHBORNE case that made his name and appearance familiar to the public, and no one could deny that a case of a most extraordinary character, length, and interest was placed under the superintendence of a legal dignitary who displayed an admirable patience and assiduity, and a cheerfulness which not even the prolonged tediousness of a never-ending story could dispel or materially impair.

The post he has quitted will naturally be filled by one of the chief performers in the drama over which the late Chief Justice presided. Custom decides that, if the Attorney-General is willing to take a vacant Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas, he is to have it; and even if custom did not give him the place, Sir JOHN COLERIDGE would have an indisputable claim to fill it. In Parliament it can scarcely be said that Sir JOHN COLERIDGE has fulfilled his early promise. He has never got beyond the second rank of speakers; and although he has never fallen short of what a prominent supporter of the Government is expected to do, he has rather succeeded in saying well what he has obviously had to say than commanded the admiration of his audience by the display of unusual powers. He has played no original part in legislation, and has on more than one occasion explained in his defence that he considered or found that original legislation was beyond the sphere of a law officer. Nor has he been very successful in the difficult task of watching over the drafting of Government Bills, and calculating the effect of amendments and interpolations. Still he has now and then shown a width of view and a general grasp of a considerable question which have done much to increase his reputation, and he has taken advantage of several opportunities when he has been able to make himself useful to his friends by conciliating the sympathies of an important ecclesiastical party with the policy of advanced Liberalism. However he may be replaced, the Government will lose more than it will gain by his disappearance into the tranquil dignity of a Chief Justiceship. Opinions will vary as to whether it is likely that he will do more than fill the office he is understood to have accepted in an adequate and satisfactory manner. In the discussion of mere legal points he has not established more than an average reputation; but of all men a judge finds it the easiest to advance rapidly in the knowledge and comprehension of law. To be eminent as a lawyer is, however, only one of the qualifications of a good Chief Justice. He has other functions, the discharge of which in a masterly manner lies at the bottom of much of the respect which in England is generally felt for the heads of the law. He has to maintain the dignity of his court, to make juries and listeners feel that they are in the presence of a superior person; and he has to show on the occasion of important trials that he can co-ordinate disjointed facts, and weave threads of various colour and texture into a whole on which an opinion can be satisfactorily pronounced. In these spheres of official duty Sir JOHN COLERIDGE is sure to attain a success beyond the average of success attained by his predecessors in office. He will look and behave like a Chief Justice, and this is an advantage which no one will underrate who understands that Chief Justices live in a shifting world of listeners which wants to see and hear them, before it forms an estimate of the amount of respect or admiration due to them. Of the power of the new Chief Justice to marshal facts, to arrange evidence, to tell a long story clearly, no proof is needed after his very remarkable display of skill in this department of legal work, when, in a speech that ran into weeks, he massed together the evidence for the TICHBORNE defence. Whether he shone in cross-examination during that trial is a point to be variously decided according to the judgment or prepossessions of professional critics; but no one would think of contesting that he managed to tell a story as long as several Waverley Novels put together with wonderful clearness, method, and continuity.

Mr. HENRY JAMES will, as a matter of course, become Attorney-General almost before he has had time to show himself as Solicitor-General; and fortunately he does not forfeit his seat by the change. His seat is, however, to be

attacked by a petition, and although it is not to be supposed that the petitioners will allege that he was cognisant of any corrupt practices, or personally mixed up with them, every candidate runs the risk of having indiscreet friends who are more anxious that he should win than careful how he wins. No contest could have more the appearance of being fairly fought than that which the SOLICITOR-GENERAL waged at Taunton, and the petition now presented is not, it is said, countenanced either by the defeated candidate or the local heads of the Conservative party. However this may be, if there are persons at Taunton who have satisfied themselves on reasonable grounds that bribery or corruption was practised during the recent election, they are not only entitled to have the matter inquired into, but they are rendering the public an unmistakable service by insisting that an inquiry shall be made. It will be very much to be regretted if an Attorney-General in the first flush of success, like Mr. JAMES, forfeits his seat because some foolish and misguided persons with whom he has unhappily established a relation amounting to agency have chosen behind his back to take measures on his behalf of which he would have most strongly disapproved. But if misguided people of this sort are to be restrained, nothing could be more likely to restrain them than by selecting a conspicuous example to show that not only are their efforts entirely frustrated in the long run, but they have actually inflicted a most cruel blow on the man they wished to serve. How petitioners are to prove their case under the Ballot is a most interesting question, and if it is practically found, on an occasion which will attract such attention as the trial of a petition against the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, that under the Ballot there is great difficulty in getting legal proof of offences that will unseat a member, the consequences on the eve of a general election may be most serious, and the cost of getting into Parliament may suddenly be enormously enhanced. For the vacant post of Solicitor-General the Government has to choose between a thoroughly competent man like Mr. HARCOURT, to whom there are some objections, and men to whom there are no objections, but who are not as yet in that position at the Bar, or in the House, which law officers have generally obtained before they receive their appointment. The objections to Mr. HARCOURT are that, as his practice was at the Parliamentary Bar, he has necessarily since he entered Parliament had less to do with the practice of his profession; and that he has assumed to the Treasury Bench the position rather of an equal than of a possible subordinate. These objections are, however, of little or no weight as compared with the attainment of the great object of getting the best man into a vacant office; and it will be for Mr. HARCOURT to decide whether he prefers the easy path of professional promotion, or the more difficult, but more interesting, road to political eminence.

THE FALL OF THE CANADIAN MINISTRY.

THE Canadian Ministry, by resigning office without waiting for the result of Mr. MACKENZIE's motion for a vote of censure, have escaped the formal condemnation which, it may be assumed, would otherwise have been passed on them; but it is difficult to understand what advantage they imagine that they have obtained by this proceeding. Their resignation is necessarily an acknowledgment that they have lost the confidence of the House of Commons, and it is also open to the interpretation that they were conscious of the weakness of their case, and possibly afraid that the more thoroughly it was examined the worse it would appear. The Canadian Parliament has been expressly invited by the GOVERNOR-GENERAL to prosecute or complete at its discretion the inquiry which has been held by the Commission. There is, however, apparently nothing further to discover; for the whole controversy turns, not on disputed facts, but on the opinion which may be formed of the character of the transaction. The advocates of the late Ministry boast, with a certain amount of truth, that Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his colleagues gave their evidence with perfect candour; and perhaps they may have been the more communicative because the whole story had already been published in full. It would have been useless for Sir JOHN MACDONALD to anticipate the apology offered for him by the Duke of Manchester, even if it had been possible that the Prime Minister of CANADA could be as careless of accuracy as an amateur observer.

The Duke, having recently visited Canada, and feeling, as he says, no political prejudice in favour of either party in the Dominion, has given an opinion on the Pacific Railway scandal which would have been open to question even if it had not been founded on a misapprehension of the facts. The Duke begins his narrative with the statement that Sir JOHN MACDONALD "had given a charter for the Canadian Pacific Railway to 'Sir' HUGH ALLAN and some United States colleagues." He then states that the Opposition took advantage, in the canvass preceding the general election, of the concession of a great public work to a Company which included foreigners. The Ministers, finding their party supremacy endangered by the popular clamour, then applied to Sir HUGH ALLAN for pecuniary assistance; and as there is in Canada no political Secretary of the Treasury, the PRIME MINISTER received cheques for the money necessary for elections, and gave receipts for the amount. "This was disgraceful; for one 'man may steal a horse, while another may not look over 'the hedge.'" The Duke of MANCHESTER in the same ironical tone asserts that the Railway charter was cancelled or surrendered some weeks ago, and that the PRIME MINISTER had committed a great mistake in not communicating the fact to the press of Canada and of England. It seems that, in the Duke's opinion, a Secretary of the Treasury would be perfectly justified in receiving, for the purposes of an election, money from a contractor who had immediately before obtained a valuable concession from the Government. As no such act of dishonesty is known to have been committed in England in modern times, a peer of high rank ought not gratuitously to insinuate that English Ministers are not superior in morality to the most corrupt politicians on the other side of the Atlantic.

As the Duke of MANCHESTER has not yet discovered that the practices which he defends are obsolete in England, his judgment on the Canadian controversy is entitled to little weight. Notwithstanding the extravagant tolerance which the Duke professes, he has only satisfied his conscience of the innocence of the Canadian Ministers by imagining an order of events which has not occurred. It is not true that Sir JOHN MACDONALD first granted the contract, that the Opposition then attacked his decision, and that finally he appealed to Sir HUGH ALLAN for pecuniary support. The contract was never given to the Company which included American subscribers. On the contrary, the only redeeming point in the conduct of the Ministers was their demand that the two competing Companies should be amalgamated, for the express purpose of excluding American influence. When the proposed union failed in consequence of the refusal of the Inter-Oceanic Company to amalgamate with the Canadian Pacific, a new Company was formed under the presidency of Sir HUGH ALLAN; and the advance of money was anterior to the final conclusion of the bargain. In a letter of the 6th of August, 1872, Sir HUGH ALLAN informs his American associate, Mr. M'MULLEN, that the Government had on the previous day granted the contract to a Company to be formed of Canadians only. He states in the same letter that "this position has not been obtained without a large outlay of money. I have already paid over '200,000 dollars, and I will have at least 100,000 'dollars more to pay.'" Of this sum of 40,000l. or 60,000l., Sir JOHN MACDONALD had by his own acknowledgment received 9,000l. for the purposes of the election; yet the Duke of MANCHESTER can see no impropriety in the transaction, except that the PRIME MINISTER was imprudent in signing the receipts. Canadians and Americans of lax consciences will welcome the acknowledgment that the exchange of Government patronage for money is commonly practised in England; and perhaps they will not accept that contradiction of the Duke's implied assertion. He has probably held himself aloof from the details of politics, and he may have founded his belief on traditions handed down through three or four generations. There are always persons incapable of observing the world around them, who would attribute to Mr. GLADSTONE the practices of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, and judge of Lord NORTHBRIDGE's administration of India from the declamatory invectives of BURKE. Not only would a Parliamentary Secretary of the Treasury who should be guilty of the practices which are imputed to Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his colleagues, on the exposure of his corrupt dealings, be driven from public life; but he would involve the Government which he served in political ruin. The Duke of

MANCHESTER is perfectly right in holding that it makes little difference whether receipts for bribes are signed by a Prime Minister or by a confidential subordinate; but his estimate of the political morality of England is founded on utter ignorance.

LORD DUFFERIN's assent to the prorogation of the Parliament after the adjournment has been satisfactorily explained in a long despatch which has been approved by Lord KIMBERLEY on behalf of the Crown. As it had been announced on the eve of the former adjournment that the Parliament would only meet again for the purpose of the prorogation, many members were not in attendance; and the enormous distances of Canada would have rendered it impossible for many of them to obey a hasty summons. It happened that the strength of the Opposition lay in the home districts, while some of the Ministerial supporters were in Europe, and some beyond the Rocky Mountains. No proof was tendered to the GOVERNOR-GENERAL that any member of the majority had changed the opinion which the House had before the adjournment tacitly expressed in favour of immediate prorogation. The worst that could happen was the loss of two months; and the interval, instead of being wasted, was occupied by the inquiry of the Commission. If the House of Commons had acquitted the Ministry by refusing to pass Mr. MACKENZIE's vote of censure, the GOVERNOR-GENERAL would no doubt have complied with Parliamentary precedent, whatever might be his private opinion. If the House had, at its previous meeting, been fully attended, Lord DUFFERIN would probably have declined to allow his Ministers the respite afforded by a prorogation. An English nobleman who has studied the course of public affairs more carefully than the Duke of MANCHESTER is not likely to have regarded with complacency or indifference a plausible charge of corruption against his Ministers; but his conduct, as he explains it in his despatch, was constitutional and prudent. That it was upright and honourable no Englishman had previously doubted; and the vituperation of Canadian newspapers is probably the result of habit rather than conviction.

The result of the resignation of Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his colleagues will be shortly known. Probably it may not be thought necessary by their successors to resort to a dissolution. The differences which divide the contending factions are scarcely intelligible to English minds, nor is the appellation of the "Clear Grit party" calculated to afford political information. It may be hoped that the political conflict will not prevent or delay the construction of the Pacific Railway. The fear that American speculators might be interested rather in the rival line through the States than in the Canadian enterprise explains, and perhaps justifies, the jealous care of the Government to dispense with the aid of foreign capital. It would probably have been more expedient to sustain Sir HUGH ALLAN's contract than to postpone indefinitely the construction of the railway; but the concession has been surrendered, not, as the Duke of MANCHESTER supposes, through feelings of delicacy, but because the Company has failed to procure the necessary capital in England. The accused Ministers are entitled to the benefit of a practical demonstration that the concession which they are said to have sold has been found valueless by the holders.

THE BENGAL FAMINE.

ENGLISHMEN may fairly regret this autumn that communication with India is so rapid and so perfect. If it were in our power to avert the terrible disaster with which, according to the telegrams, Bengal is threatened, we could not know of it too soon. But when we can simply sit still and hope that the accounts are exaggerated or premature, it would be well if we did not receive them except in sufficient detail to furnish their own corrections. To Englishmen an Indian famine is the worst of all famines. The sufferers are their own fellow-subjects, and therefore it comes home to them as though it were in Ireland or in Lancashire. And yet they are as powerless to render any assistance as though it were in China or Persia. All that can be done must be done on the spot. It is allowable, therefore, to sift to the utmost the statements furnished by the telegraph, because there is no one to be stimulated into action, and consequently, if things are made out worse than they afterwards prove to be, there is no practical gain to compensate for the mental distress which exaggeration causes. No

doubt, if the worst inference from the telegrams is the true one, the prospect is very terrible. Bengal Proper, with its thirty millions of inhabitants, is one of the most densely peopled countries in the world. By the Census of 1871 it appeared that the food-producing area contains an average population of 650 souls to the square mile, or one to each half-acre. If the rice crop were to fail completely, this whole population will be thrown on the hands of the Government of India. In 1770 this actually happened. The rains had ceased prematurely in the previous September, and the December rice crop was as so much dried straw. The spring pulse crop kept off starvation for a short time, but when that was consumed the people died by millions. There is an alarming similarity, as regards the weather, between 1873 and 1770. The rains which should have lasted through September and have been succeeded by October showers, came altogether to an end about the middle of the former month, and now, unless the winter is as abnormal as the autumn, it is too late to look for them. On the other hand, if the causes of famine are as present as they were in 1770, it is far from certain that they have been equally fertile in results. Those who are most likely to be well informed are still doubtful whether there will be any famine, and whether the scarcity which seems inevitable will not be felt in Behar rather than in Bengal Proper. If this view of the case turns out to be correct, it supplies two sources of encouragement. The greatest of the rice producing districts will not be affected, and the province actually visited by scarcity is one in which the people do not trust to rice so exclusively as in Bengal Proper.

Happily the condition of Bengal is very different now from what it was in 1770. The English Governors had then no adequate experience of what famine meant, and even if their knowledge had been greater, their powers of giving effect to it were too small to be of much avail. There was no free expenditure of money. "The utmost," says Mr. HUNTER, "that the Council, when pressed by the Court of Directors as to Government relief efforts, could show was a distribution of 9,000*l.* among thirty millions of people." Even if the money to buy grain had been forthcoming, the means of distributing grain were wanting. Now there are roads and railroads at the disposal of the Government of India, and with four months' warning—for it seems that, as in 1770, the real pinch of the scarcity will not be felt before March—a great deal can be done in the way of collection and transportation. Rice can be imported by sea from British Burmah and Cochin China, though in the latter market the Chinese are now formidable rivals of the Indian buyer; and Bengal is now connected by railways with Central and Southern India. The inducement of high prices, and the pressure of Government orders, will bring all the available grain into the suffering districts; and the principal difficulty—in itself no doubt a sufficiently formidable one—will be to convey it to the villages lying away from the great lines of road. There is some comfort in the reflection that in so many respects the prospect now is better than the prospect in 1770. Instead of a grant of a few thousand pounds, there is the whole treasury and the whole credit of the Government of India. It is true that money will not create food, and that all the imported food that the Government can lay hands on may be insufficient to meet the demand. But the force of money as a food collector has never been tested; since, though money was to be had in Orissa in 1866, there was no means of conveying the food when bought to the district which was being depopulated for want of it. Instead of a total want of means of communication, there is a system of roads, incomplete indeed according to our present notions, but still opening up in some degree districts which a century ago were altogether unapproachable. A further difference in favour of 1873 lies in the wiser policy of the Government as regards private trade. In 1770 the Government set its face against the hoarding of grain; and the consequence was that prices remained low, and consumption did not lessen, until the whole stock of food was on the eve of being exhausted. Now prices are rising at the very first hint of scarcity, and the result will be that food will be compulsorily husbanded from the outset. In all these ways the disaster will be met, if met it has to be, at an advantage to which 1770 presents no parallel.

The periodical recurrence of famines, or threatenings of famine, completely disposes of two objections which have of late years been taken to the policy of the Indian Govern-

ment. Why, it has been said, should so large a balance be maintained in the Treasury instead of being left to fructify in the pockets of the taxpayers? Those who have recently asked this question will hardly care to press for an answer to it just at present. A Government which may any year have to maintain sixty millions of people for months together ought not to leave itself without an ample reserve. It might indeed in ordinary years go about its business with empty pockets, and trust to borrowing what it wants whenever the necessity presents itself. But taxes levied to pay the interest on loans are, to say the least, as heavy a burden as taxes levied to maintain a balance, and it is certainly not desirable that the Government should be considering how to raise money on the easiest terms at a time when every moment is wanted, and every energy ought to be available for the work of collecting and distributing food. Still more conclusive is the answer which the alarm of famine furnishes to the argument that the Government of India has been too lavish in its expenditure on public works. It is only on exceptional occasions that the real meaning of this expenditure can be recognized. If there had been no Government expenditure on roads and railroads in Bengal, the prospect before us would probably have been as hopeless as in 1770. If there had been no Government expenditure on irrigation in provinces where the rainfall is less than it ordinarily is in Bengal, those provinces would have been constantly open to the danger to which Bengal is occasionally exposed. There may be lavish expenditure on public works in the sense of money being laid out on unprofitable works, or on works which promise to be less remunerative than others which might have been undertaken in their place: but, in the sense of money laid out upon works of recognized utility, it is scarcely possible that the outlay should be too large. After all that has been done in the way of road-making, there are districts in Bengal which can only be reached by a tedious and costly journey across a trackless country and unbridged rivers. It is here that the pinch of the apprehended scarcity will be felt, and, but for the public works undertaken by the Government of India, what is now true of some districts would have been true of almost all. Indeed in Bengal more roads are still the great specific against famine. Irrigation might be introduced by constructing a dam across the Ganges, and diverting its flood waters into artificial channels, but this expedient would be utterly useless in any but exceptional years. Roads, on the other hand, are always useful as auxiliaries to trade, while on the occurrence of great scarcity they make the worst forms of famine impossible. In proportion as the food supply of all India becomes available for the districts in which the crops have failed, the burden of the calamity is distributed over a larger area, and is shared by the whole country in the shape of higher prices, instead of overwhelming a particular province in the shape of hopeless starvation.

SPAIN.

THE state of Spain, and more especially of Carthage, would be ludicrous if it were only a fiction. Anarchy, moral degradation, and universal imbecility are in real life not ridiculous but melancholy objects of contemplation. Fifty years have passed since SHELLEY extolled in eloquent and incoherent verse the glories of "a land which now is free." At that time a successful rebellion in Spain had temporarily taken the place of a vile and bigoted despotism; and ever since, at frequent intervals, the Spaniards have tried, as opportunity occurred, the experiment of a pure democracy in which obedience, loyalty, and order have not been deemed essential conditions of political society. They may now boast that they are a stage in advance of other European communities which are engaged in a downward progress. The leaders of the Paris Commune were perhaps less contemptible than the actual or recent rulers of Carthage; and the French nation, notwithstanding its recent disasters, retained sufficient vigour and discipline to crush internal treason. In England Republicans and Socialists are, fortunately for themselves and for others, still too weak to exemplify, like ROQUES BARÇA and CONTRERAS, their principles in practice. The Carthagena insurrection seems to be rapidly approaching its close; but it is a national disgrace that it should be allowed to expire by its own inherent weakness. On the land side a considerable army, well supplied with siege artillery, has only established a blockade; and the Spanish Admiral has run away

from the rebel squadron, which would probably not have ventured to resist an attack. One Carthagena merchant vessel has been captured on the open sea. According to the latest accounts, the insurgent Government had resigned, or had been forcibly dissolved; and perhaps the rebellion may now be exclusively maintained by the liberated convicts who were at the beginning of the revolt released from the gaols. A government of professional thieves is perhaps the extreme form which has yet been assumed by liberty, equality, and fraternity; but there must be a point at which even Spanish toleration will be exhausted, and the convicts would probably be glad to submit on condition of an amnesty. Whatever may have been their former crimes, they are comparatively guiltless of treason; for they can scarcely be blamed for exchanging penal labour for service in the rebel ranks. When the rebellion has finally collapsed, the PRIME MINISTER will issue a grandiloquent proclamation on the triumph of national unity; but it remains to be seen whether he will have the courage to shoot the civil and military ringleaders. There is an account in a nursery story-book of a family of children who were allowed for a single day to do exactly what they liked. The tale of course fulfils its didactic purpose by showing the mischief and confusion which ensued from a temporary suspension of parental authority. The history of Spain since the overthrow of the Monarchy illustrates the same moral more forcibly, because the incidents have occurred in a natural sequence of cause and effect, and not by arbitrary selection.

The war in the mountainous Northern provinces will be interrupted by the winter. The Carlists have perhaps little to fear from the Republican troops; but it is difficult to understand how they can obtain sufficient funds to keep an army together. The failure of the expected Restoration in France will probably discourage the Spanish Legitimists, though they have no reason to apprehend any display of ill-will to their cause by the Provisional Government of Marshal MACMAHON. DON CARLOS in his military Court at Estella occupies a more respectable position than the helpless Pretender who prattles at Salzburg about the white flag and about HENRY IV. He is said to show his good sense by discountenancing the negotiations of some of his supporters with General CARRERA. No advantage would be likely to arise if the chief command were entrusted to an elderly exile who has not visited Spain for thirty years. In his youth CARRERA was known as a spirited partisan, and also as one of the most cruel of the unscrupulous chieftains of either party. He had no opportunity of displaying military genius; and his name is probably but little known to the younger generation. If the Carlists of the present day had been fortunate enough to find another ZUMALACARREGUY to lead them, they would by this time have driven the Republican Government from Madrid; but their actual chiefs are probably well advised in declining to cross the Ebro. The Royalists have no hold on opinion or feeling in the greater part of Spain. Even Admiral LOBO declined to obey the orders of a Pretender who not unnaturally assumed that he must be a traitor. The more thoughtful Carlist leaders apprehend that, even if they could overthrow the Republic, they might perhaps not reap the fruits of victory. The majority of the nation which three or four years ago supported a Constitutional Monarchy has probably been reinforced by converts from Republican theory as it has been exemplified in practice. The Republicans took advantage of the timidity and of the divisions of their opponents to obtain power by surprise. Since the date of their success they have proved to demonstration their inability to maintain good government or national unity. The Monarchical Moderates and Progressists have prudently abstained from any attempt to accelerate the reaction which they may reasonably anticipate. Their leaders have even offered their aid to the only honest Republican Minister who still survives the failure and disruption of his party. CASTELLAR has already held power longer than any of his recent predecessors; and as he has got rid of the Cortes, and will soon be relieved from the embarrassment of the Carthagena insurrection, he may perhaps maintain himself for a few months longer. Behind him there is no available leader of the Republican party; and his succession will probably devolve on the adherents of DON ALFONSO. Notwithstanding the pertinacious prejudice of Admiral TOPETA against the family of Queen ISABELLA, her son is now the only possible candidate of those advocates of Monarchy who are not prepared to acknowledge DON CARLOS. No foreign aspirant will tempt

the fate of King AMADEO; and, when the Republic has become impossible, it will be necessary to choose between the absolutist and the constitutional Pretender. No military chief of any faction has either the ability or the reputation which could enable him to become a competitor for supreme power.

One of the oddest incidents of anarchy and civil war is the explosion of the antipathy to England which is ordinarily latent. Englishmen are accustomed to vilification, and neither Spain nor any other country will ever exceed the injustice and violence of the Americans during their domestic troubles; but the hostility which the Carthagena insurgents share with the Republicans of Madrid is unusually whimsical. Admiral YELVERTON has on several occasions saved the rebels from the crime, and some towns on the coast from the inconvenience, of a bombardment; but he has in the most courteous manner abstained from interfering with the belligerents on either side when they have seemed likely to screw up their courage to the pitch of fighting. If an English squadron had destroyed or captured the insurgent fleet, all parties in Spain would have unanimously denounced the jealousy which had prompted an attack on a rival maritime Power, as Spanish historians persuade their countrymen that the main object of the Duke of WELLINGTON'S Peninsular campaigns was the ruin of certain cotton manufactories at Madrid. Of the two adverse complainants the insurgents are the less unjust. The capture of the *Almansa* and *Vittoria* and the subsequent transfer of the vessels to the possession of the Spanish Government was an undoubted violation of neutrality; but it is difficult to understand why the party which profited by the irregularity should habitually denounce the English Government. The capture of Spanish merchant vessels by the Carthagena squadron is an anomalous exercise or exaggeration of the rights of war; but the ships of a Government which can keep the sea against its enemies cannot be treated as pirates. The German, the French, and the American cruisers on the coast abstain from treating the rebels as pirates without incurring the animosity which is concentrated on the English. When the insurrection has died out, it is highly probable that the Republican Government will allow the officers and crews of the rebel ships to escape with impunity, or perhaps to enter the regular service. It is highly undesirable that England should take part in a domestic quarrel, with a certainty of incurring the resentment of both parties.

FRENCH FINANCE.

M. MAGNE has presented to the PRESIDENT a careful and interesting Report on the financial position of France, and a very instructive portion of his statement consists of an elaborate tabular comparison of the Budgets of 1869 and 1874. The Budget of 1869, which is taken as the last year unaffected by the war, contemplated an income of 74 millions sterling and an expenditure of less than 71. The Budget of 1874 contemplates an income of 100 millions sterling and an expenditure of an almost exactly equal amount. Thus France has now to find 30 millions sterling a year more than before the war. How does this happen? The loans raised have imposed an additional charge of 16 millions sterling. The Government has borrowed 60 millions of the Bank of France, and is to repay it with interest at one per cent. by instalments of eight millions a year. To the 16 millions interest on the new loans there is therefore to be added eight millions for the repayment of the Bank of France, or 24 millions out of the 30 millions of increased expenditure. It must be observed that the total cost of the war is taken by M. MAGNE at 371 millions sterling, while the loans produced 270 millions, and the Bank lent 60. The war therefore cost 40 millions more than the public loans and the loan from the Bank supplied. This surplus was provided by borrowing, or rather not paying, 13 millions, representing the value of the portion of the Eastern Railway taken over by the Germans in part payment of the indemnity, by raising 12 millions in 1872 and 1873 through increased taxation, and by the application of various sums at the disposal of the Government, especially the reserves of the Military Savings Banks, and a sum of four millions sterling authorized to be borrowed in addition to the 270 millions produced by the public loans already mentioned. One instalment of eight millions was repaid to the Bank in 1872, and M. MAGNE sees his way to repaying a second instalment of eight millions in the financial

year of 1873; and if the remaining instalments are punctually paid, the expenditure of 1879 will provide for the final liquidation of the Bank advance. From that year the 30 millions of excess now apparent beyond the Budget of 1869 will be reduced to 22 millions. How much further it will be reduced is very difficult to say. To the 16 millions of interest on the new loans must be added a million representing the interest on the money due to the Eastern Railway Company, and that on the four millions loan still to be raised. Thus 17 millions sterling will be a permanent charge, until France enjoys once more a credit in the markets of the world which will permit the conversion of the recent loans into loans bearing a lower rate of interest than five per cent. A margin of five millions thus remains; and if we examine the details of the estimates of 1874 we find that the army, apart from the cost of restocking it with new materials of war, requires four millions sterling a year now beyond what it required in 1869. Much of this increase must be permanent, partly because the war has made necessary a reorganization of the army on a more expensive scale, and partly because the funds in hand for providing for the calls on the military chest have been spent. Three millions is a moderate amount to reckon as a permanent increase on this and other heads, and if we add this sum to the 17 millions of interest on loans, we have a permanent increase of 20 millions. If all other things remained the same, we might therefore say that France will have to pay 30 millions increase until 1879, and 20 millions afterwards. It is not of course probable that after 1879 it will be true that France will then be spending 90 millions as against 70 millions in 1869, because prices will probably rise before then, the expenditure on public works is now cut down to a very low figure, and France saves at present nearly a million by not having a Monarchy. But we may take 20 millions as the basis of permanent increase attributable to the war, to which will have to be added the additional expenditure if prices rise, if a Monarchy is restored, and if public works are again pushed forward.

The 100 millions sterling above mentioned is not, however, the whole expenditure of 1874. In addition to the Ordinary Budget, M. MAGNE, after the fashion of French financiers, has an Extraordinary Budget, under which seven millions more are to be spent, five millions being devoted to supplying the army with new material of war. But M. MAGNE has, according to his figures, got the money for this, though there is more obscurity in his statements on this head than on any other. He says that he shall meet this call on the public purse with the proceeds of the balance of the Public Loan not yet issued, and make out the remainder from the sums he has still to get from the Bank. He also goes into some calculations which seem to show that he will have something over to meet the Extraordinary Budgets of future years, if any are wanted. Experience shows that Extraordinary Budgets are almost always wanted by French financiers. The Extraordinary Budget of 1869 amounted to nearly five millions sterling; and as this Extraordinary Budget of 1869 is included in the 70 millions of that year's expenditure, while the 100 millions of the Budget of 1874 is only the sum of the ordinary Budget, the real way of stating the facts seems to be that the Ordinary Budget of 1874 exceeds that of 1869 by 35 millions, and that the Extraordinary Budget of 1874 is seven millions as compared with the five millions of 1874; but that, as the whole of the seven millions of 1874 is to be provided by borrowing, the total charge to be met by current taxes is only 30 millions more than it was in 1869. But, then, will Extraordinary Budgets ever cease in France? If there was an Extraordinary Budget in 1869 of five millions, why should there not be in 1879? What figure we are to add as the permanent average of future Extraordinary Budgets is of course only guesswork, but something must be taken, or no allowance is made for the financial habits of the French. With all that we recollect of French finance for many years, it does not seem at all an exaggeration to estimate the permanent Extraordinary Budget at a little over three millions. The real permanent increase after 1879 may therefore be taken at 23 millions and a fraction, or one-third of the 70 millions which the taxpayers paid in 1869. Every taxpayer in France will thus, in consequence of the war of 1870, pay after 1879 1s. 4d. where he paid a shilling in 1869, and for the sum to be repaid to the Bank until 1879 we have to add about three-halfpence more. The expenditure of the French Government before the war was very much the same as that of the English Government. We may call 70 millions sterling in round numbers the expenditure of

each. To compare what the English taxpayer pays with what the French taxpayer pays if the same sum is to be produced in both nations, would be a task extremely laborious and complicated if done accurately; but for rough and ready purposes we are not far wrong in taking the taxpayers of the two countries as on the same level; and it will, we think, bring home to the ordinary Englishman the exact pecuniary consequences of the French war with a degree of clearness that big figures cannot produce, if we say that the net results of the war place the French in the same position as we should be if we had for the next six years to pay 1s. 6d., and ever after 1s. 4d., where we now pay a shilling of Imperial taxation.

M. MAGNE in his Report insists with great prudence and firmness on two fundamental points—that taxation shall be increased to any point necessary to inspire the conviction that the nation is prepared to meet the calls on it out of revenue; and, secondly, that the advance of the Bank of France shall be repaid punctually as the instalments fall due. On the latter point it is specially necessary that he should insist, as every groaning taxpayer must fondly say to himself how easy and pleasant it would be not to pay the Bank, but merely to owe it the money, paying a higher interest for it, so far as the lowness of the interest now paid is determined by the agreement to repay the principal in a given time. The use of repaying the Bank is twofold. It is the necessary preliminary of a return to a metallic currency, and until France returns to a metallic currency a great deal of business by which the country used formerly to profit must be lost to it. In the next place, the value of the banknote is in a great measure determined by the good faith which the Government keeps with the Bank, and the knowledge possessed by the public that something is being done steadily and without fail, year by year, to make the notes once more convertible into coin. The issue of the Bank has increased in the last twelvemonth from about 105 millions to about 120 millions sterling, and it is scarcely possible that this increase should have been made without a fall in the value of the paper currency, unless the holders of notes have been inspired with confidence by the resolution of the Government and nation to submit to very great sacrifices in order to fulfil the engagement with the Bank. For the year 1874 M. MAGNE finds, as things now stand, a deficiency of seven millions, which has arisen mainly through the withdrawal of the projected duties on raw materials and the abolition of the tax on shipping, and the large increase in the sum which has to be paid to guaranteed railways. M. MAGNE first proceeds to diminish the proposed outlay of the year by a sum of nearly two millions, and then he proposes to raise, by an increase of taxation, between five and six millions, so as not only to balance the Budget, but to have a surplus of more than half a million. His mode of getting what he wants is simplicity itself. He would like to show financial genius and devise new taxes, but he frankly owns that neither he nor any one he has consulted can think of any, except on a very insignificant scale. He accordingly asks that existing taxes may be increased, which, as he justly remarks, is much the easiest way of attaining the desired result, although theoretically it may not be a very good way. He is especially sorry to have to propose an augmentation of the duty on salt, as he has repeatedly spoken against proposals for such an augmentation. But he wants money so much that he is now obliged to forget his own oratory. More than half of what he wants is to be got by putting an increase of half a decime on registration duties, indirect contributions, sugar, salt, and goods carried at a slow rate by railways. There is little interest in the details of this proposal. M. MAGNE makes no pretensions to improve the existing system of taxation, or to approximate towards an equal imposition of burdens. His only thought is how to get the money, and to discover the shape in which additional revenue can be most quickly and easily voted by the Assembly, and collected and paid into the Treasury. All he has to say by way of defence for himself, and comfort for the taxpayer, is, that the financial state of things which he now contemplates is only temporary. Before very long the Treaties of Commerce by which France is now bound will expire, and then the opportunity will come for originality in financing; while in any case a few years will see the Bank paid off, and then what is put on, now can be easily remitted, and the taxpayer have his burdens lightened.

THE POLICE.

A VERY serious question has again been raised as to the character of the Metropolitan Police. We say again, because unfortunately it is not a new question. Those who pay any attention to the proceedings in the police courts must have observed that the question turns up there with increasing frequency, and it has been presented more than once in precisely the same form as at the present moment. Four years ago several bank clerks were accused of disorderly conduct in the Haymarket, but the magistrate said he did not believe the evidence of the police, and dismissed the charge against the clerks. Now, as it happens, it is several officers of the First Life Guards, instead of bank clerks, who have to complain of the police; but of course the social position of the victims does not affect the quality of the outrage. The persons of officers of the Life Guards are not more sacred than those of other people. It is certainly to be regretted that Colonel FRASER and his subalterns should have been rudely handled by the police, and should have had the unpleasantness of having to appear at the bar of a police court. But, if this were all, it would be comparatively a small matter. It might be said that police constables are only men, that they are liable to make mistakes like other people, and that even Guardsmen must take the risk of suffering from a mistake with the rest of the public. The seriousness of the thing lies in the relation which this case bears to other cases of a similar kind. Only the other day a barrister was dragged to a police cell on a charge of being drunk, and was then further charged with being disorderly because he resented a blow from one of the constables. The magistrate held that he was quite sober. Several correspondents of the *Times* complain of similar outrages. One of these—a doctor—having remonstrated with a constable on the brutality of his behaviour to a man in his custody, was himself kicked, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and narrowly escaped conviction. In his cell he found a young gentleman who was charged with being drunk and creating a disturbance, but whom he knew, as a medical man, to be perfectly sober. Two other instances are also given in which an attempt to take the number of a constable immediately led to a counter-charge of disorderly behaviour. It is impossible to suppose that these cases are isolated or accidental. They indicate a dangerous temper on the part of the police, and this temper is pretty sure to be exhibited when occasion offers. When people suffer in this way there is a strong temptation to say nothing about it. Many men would rather submit to a kick or a blow than appear in a police court, with a regiment of policemen ready to swear that they were drunk and riotous; and when the magistrate has once given his decision, it is less disagreeable to pay the fine than to attract greater publicity to the case by denouncing the police. It may be assumed, therefore, that the cases of this sort which come to light are only a small proportion of those which really happen.

It is unnecessary to repeat in detail the story of the officers of the Life Guards; but there is one point upon which, if the magistrate has been correctly reported, it is necessary to make a remark. The officers came into collision with the police at the Argyll Rooms; and Mr. KNOX is reported to have said that "the first thing that astonished him was to find Colonel FRASER and four young officers going to the Argyll Rooms." He added that if they went there "they must expect possibly that certain things might happen; but that was a matter which concerned Colonel FRASER himself." Mr. KNOX did not explain what things he meant; but he can hardly have intended to suggest that people who go to the Argyll Rooms must be prepared to be beaten by the police and falsely charged with disgraceful rioting. We are not at present called upon to discuss the character of the Argyll Rooms, or the propriety of allowing such establishments to be open at all. It is enough that the magistrates have licensed the Argyll Rooms, and they certainly did so with their eyes open and knowing perfectly well what sort of a place it is. There was a discussion on the subject, and a licence was granted by the casting vote of the chairman, who said he would on this occasion give way to his feelings of good nature. Mr. KNOX might have said that he was astonished that the magistrates should license a house of this kind; but if such places are open, it is certain that people will go to them, and those who go have as much right, not only to the civility, but to the protection, of the police as if they were in St. Paul's or Westminster.

the mind all reference to officers of the Life Guards and to the Argyll Rooms. A number of men were in a public place; a question arose as to whether they were blocking up a passage, and the police immediately set upon them, shook them violently, bumped them against the wall, and then carried them off to the station-house and falsely charged them with behaving in a disorderly manner. This, at least, is the magistrate's summing-up of the evidence. He said he believed that the defendants were sober, that they did not strike the constables, and that they were treated with great violence; and also that there was great excess on the part of the police. Of course the magistrate may have been mistaken in taking this view of the case. All we have to go upon is that this was the view he took, and that he therefore dismissed the charges against the defendants. If this decision is correct, it has a very serious bearing on the character of the police. There were some half-dozen policemen concerned in the affair; they all told the same story and backed up each other; and the magistrate held that their evidence was unworthy of belief. This is obviously a very grave thing to say in regard to such men. They are not casual witnesses, who appear for once in court, and are never likely to be connected with any other case. They are permanent officials, who are constantly making charges and giving evidence; and upon their evidence, if they remain in the force, the liberty and characters of a vast number of persons will depend. Some of our contemporaries have remarked on this state of affairs that it is impossible it can rest here. We hope so too, but we have not forgotten the case of the bank clerks. Mr. BRUCE, who was then Home Secretary, declined to put the policemen on their trial, and said that they were men of excellent character, although one at least of them had previously distinguished himself in other instances by his recklessness and brutality. The result was that the men whose evidence the magistrate refused to accept were retained in the force *pour encourager les autres*.

We have now Mr. LOWE instead of Mr. BRUCE at the Home Office, and Mr. LOWE may possibly be disposed to take a line of his own. He once spoke disrespectfully of the money market when he was at the Treasury, and he may perhaps show himself equally independent of the traditions of his new department. There are one or two facts which may be pointed out for his consideration. Nobody can pretend that the character of the police has been improving of late years; on the contrary, it has been notoriously, and even avowedly, deteriorating. The number of cases in which the evidence of the police is rejected as unworthy of confidence appears to be increasing. There are at present some half-dozen murders—the Eltham murder, the Hoxton murder, the Great Coram Street murder, the Thames mystery, and several others—to which they have been unable to discover any clue; and the manner in which the German clergyman was treated in the Great Coram Street case supplies a startling example of the rockless stupidity with which such matters are taken in hand. The Chief Commissioner complains in his latest Report that the number of assaults on the police is continually increasing; but an explanation of this may perhaps be found in the behaviour of the police to the public. It is not every one who has the disciplined self-possession of Colonel FRASER and his companions; and it is not surprising that constables should occasionally find their violence repaid in kind. Then, again, there was the mutiny of last year; so that, while the relations between the police and the public are becoming worse, the domestic condition of the police can hardly be regarded as satisfactory. It is impossible to put all these things together without coming to the conclusion that there is something wrong with the constitution or administration of the force. Nor do we think it is very difficult to discover the origin of the malady. Take the case of the bank clerks in 1869. The constables, notwithstanding the judicial decision against them, were retained in the force. Take the mutiny of 1872. Here again we find the same weakness and the same surrender of discipline. The men were forbidden to agitate for an advance of pay; they agitated, and at once got what they wanted; and, with a few exceptions, the mutineers were taken back into the service.

But there is something more than weakness in the management of the force; there is also a radical error of principle. The idea of those who command the police seems to be that the reputation of the force must be supported at all hazards, and that it must be defended against the public as if against a natural enemy. It

might have been expected that the Chief Commissioner and his associates would feel bound to consider the public at least as much as the body over which they are placed; but this does not appear to be their view. Whenever any scandal or outrage occurs, every effort is made to hush it up and smooth it over. It is natural and reasonable that the Commissioners should endeavour to defend their men against what they believe to be unjust attacks; but apparently they do not understand that the most effectual means of defence, when charges are brought against any member of the force, is to encourage, and not to try to stifle, inquiry. It is true that when a conflict of evidence occurs it may be difficult to say on which side the falsehood is; but it would at least be well that the police should know that, if they cannot justify themselves clearly and decisively in making accusations, they must expect to suffer for it. The object should be to make the police exceedingly careful in bringing charges and giving evidence, and the only way to make men careful is to fasten responsibility sharply upon them. At present there is practically hardly any check on police testimony. A constable is led to expect promotion in proportion as he displays his activity in getting up cases; he is rarely cross-examined, and what one constable says, all the rest feel bound in honour to maintain. It is this false idea of what is required by the honour of the corps which is at the bottom of the mischief. It would seem that it was not until after Colonel FRASER called out to his companions not to strike the police, but to take their numbers, that the police became especially violent. In Mr. BELT's case, and in the case of the *Times*' other correspondents, the same thing may be observed. It is evident that the tactics of the police are to turn upon any one who dares to criticize their behaviour or to hint at a complaint, and to charge him with misconduct. This is, of course, a system of terrorism, and terrorism of a kind against which the public are, as individuals, particularly helpless; and we are sorry to say that it has to a certain extent been encouraged by the authorities.

It is to be hoped that Mr. LOWE will not repeat Mr. BRUCE's mistake, but will insist upon a full public investigation of the charges against the police. The only way to maintain the character of such a force is by strict and rigid, but not necessarily harsh, discipline. Whenever any doubt is thrown on the testimony of the police by a magisterial decision, the constables in question should at once be considered to be on their trial, and the trial should be an open one. A private inquiry at Scotland Yard may satisfy the Commissioners, but it will certainly not satisfy the public. The whole of our arrangements with regard to prisoners waiting trial are barbarous in the extreme. A superior class of officials ought to be on duty at the various stations to decide whether charges should be recorded, and medical advice should at least be within call. It is much easier than is perhaps supposed to make a sober man appear to be drunk and disorderly by the simple process of shaking him violently, squeezing his throat, and bumping his head against a wall; and there are many cases of sickness which are mistaken for drunkenness. It is impossible not to observe without regret and alarm the growing antagonism between the public and the police, especially when we reflect how artificial after all is the protection which the latter afford, and how much their authority depends on character and prestige. It is an antagonism which is at once unnatural and unnecessary, and it is of the greatest importance that an endeavour should be made without delay to restore the reputation of the force.

AUSTRIA, GERMANY, AND EASTERN EUROPE.

THE Turkish Government is, with tardy prudence, patching up a quarrel with Austria in which it had rashly become involved. The dispute began with complaints from the Christian inhabitants of a border province of oppression practised by their Mussulman neighbours. In Bosnia religious divisions are not connected with distinctions of race, for a considerable part of the population during the height of the Ottoman power voluntarily adopted the dominant faith; but in the East religion forms a stronger bond of union than language or national origin; and it is highly probable that some at least of the grievances of the Bosnian Rayahs may be well founded. The Austro-Hungarian Government interfered with representations on behalf of the complainants; and its right to remonstrate

seems to have been admitted by the appointment of a Joint Commission, which included among its members the Austrian Consul in Bosnia. Before the result of the inquiry was officially known the Turkish Government circulated a separate Report, in which the Austrian Consul was denounced as the leader and instigator of the Bosnian malcontents. About the same time, and perhaps in consequence of the provocation given by the Porte, Prince MILAN of Serbia was received by the Emperor of AUSTRIA without the introduction of the Turkish Ambassador. If the troubles in Bosnia were really caused by the intrigues of Austrian functionaries, it would have been judicious not to call public attention to an interference which might gradually assume the form of a protectorate. The Austrian Government seems to have believed that the conduct of Turkey was intentionally unfriendly; and the matter was thought sufficiently serious to form a subject of discussion between Count ANDRASSY and Prince BISMARCK during the late visit of the German Emperor to Vienna. In consequence of the Austrian Minister's representations, the German Ambassador at Constantinople has been instructed to warn the VIZIER that no support was to be expected from the Imperial Government of Berlin in any diplomatic contest with Austria. The intimation has been sufficient to effect its object; and it is now announced that the Porte is ready to offer any satisfaction which may be required by the Austrian Government, and that Count ANDRASSY has replied to the Turkish overtures in a conciliatory tone. If there were no other reason for avoiding squabbles with neighbouring Powers, the present anxiety of the Turkish Government to re-establish its pecuniary credit in European money markets would furnish sufficient reason for renewing amicable relations with Austria.

It is not surprising that the Russian Ambassador, General IGNATIEFF, supported the recommendations of his German colleague. There can be no doubt that the Emperor ALEXANDER is sincere in his determination to maintain his intimate alliance with Germany; and, as soon as Prince BISMARCK interested himself in repressing the unseasonable pretensions of the Porte, the Russian Embassy could scarcely fail to support his demands. Nevertheless it is suspected, on plausible grounds, that the whole disturbance was originally promoted by Russia. The old question of *Cui bono*, or who is to be the gainer by a quarrel between Turkey and Austria, admits of only one answer. It has always been the wish of England to promote the most cordial feeling between the Ottoman Government and the Power which is above all others interested in preventing foreign aggression on Turkey. France at present takes but little part in Eastern diplomacy; nor could Marshal MACMAHON or his Ministers have any intelligible motive for encouraging dissension between Turkey and Austria. It is well known that since the acquiescence of England in the repudiation by Russia of the Treaty of 1856, the Porte has cultivated the friendship and protection of its ancient adversary. General IGNATIEFF would probably see without regret the dissolution of the natural alliance between Austria and Turkey; and he might not unnaturally be inclined to stimulate the jealousy of the Porte against a claim of interference on behalf of its Christian subjects. In some of the narratives of recent occurrences probable conjecture has been enlarged into positive statements that General IGNATIEFF was the author of the misunderstanding with Austria. It would appear that he has not so far committed himself as to be unable now to recommend a policy of conciliation. The designs of Russia against Turkey have for some time past been suspended, although there is no reason to suppose that they have been abandoned. Only three years have elapsed since the denunciation of the Treaty of Paris; and neither the arsenals and fortifications of the Crimea nor the Black Sea fleet have yet approached completion. The extension of the Empire in Central Asia occupies the attention and the resources of the Russian Government, and there is at present no prospect of a European war. It is probable that Russian statesmen are consciously unable to foresee the results of German preponderance on the Continent; and the establishment of cordial relations between Germany and Austria cannot fail to affect all political calculations.

No Turkish Government can believe that the national interest could be consulted by a rupture with Austria; but perhaps crafty politicians may rely on the material interests which would prevent irritation from growing into settled hostility. Those Turkish Ministers who have during the present generation been worthy of the name of statesmen have been careful neither to repose excessive confidence in

Russia nor to alienate the good will of Austria; but personal feelings have much to do with Oriental policy; and it is possible that since the loss of his ablest advisers the SULTAN may prefer private and domestic objects to the welfare of his dominions. He is understood to be strongly bent on a scheme for altering the Ottoman law of succession, so as to prefer the son of the deceased sovereign to the eldest male of the Imperial family. The firman which was lately granted to the KHEDIVA contains a similar provision for the descent of the supreme power in Egypt; and there can be little doubt that the SULTAN welcomed the opportunity of establishing a precedent which may apply to the succession in his own family. The Russian Ambassador may perhaps have countenanced the SULTAN's natural desire, which indeed might coincide with the public interest if only Turkish institutions were strong enough to bear the shock of a change. The succession of brothers, which may sometimes be expedient in warlike ages and in an unsettled condition of society, involves the gravest disadvantages. In the family of OTHMAN, the sanguinary precautions which jealousy of collateral successors formerly suggested gave rise to the proverbial charge of fratricide against the Turkish Sultans. In milder times the reigning Emperor has every temptation to regard his brothers as his own enemies, and as the rivals of his sons; and at the best he feels that he is only a life tenant, and perhaps thinks that he is not required to care greatly for a dominion which is not destined to pass to his descendants. There is undoubtedly a risk in possible minorities and regencies, but the balance of convenience would be in favour of direct inheritance and primogeniture, if only it were possible to guard against the risk of a disputed succession.

Although Prince BISMARCK has never publicly announced his opinions on Eastern policy, the interests of Germany afford a sufficient clue to his probable intentions or wishes. When Mr. CORDEN's political sympathies came for once into conflict with his devotion to the doctrine of peace, he peremptorily declared that the Northern Americans ought never to desist from war until they had reconquered the free navigation of the Mississippi. Less philanthropic politicians may affirm with equal confidence that a vigorous ruler of the German Empire would not tolerate the possession by Russia of the mouths of the Danube. The occupation of the lower course of the river by Austria might perhaps be thought less objectionable; but the left bank from the Austrian frontier to the sea is already subject to the nominal and qualified sovereignty of a Prussian Prince. The House of HOHENZOLLERN, like the House of COBURG, maintains a Catholic branch for the accommodation of those Latin nations which may happen to require a King Consort or a new dynasty. Coburg Kings occupy the orthodox thrones of Belgium and Portugal; and three or four years ago a Catholic HOHENZOLLERN was on the point of becoming King of Spain. His brother had already acquired the precarious sovereignty of the Danubian Principalities, under the feudal and theoretical superiority of the Porte. Prince CHARLES of Roumania married a Russian Princess, who has at present no children; and a younger brother has lately arrived in the Principality to make himself familiar, in anticipation of a possible vacancy, with the language and customs of the country. Neither of the Princes would be disposed to act without the sanction of the Imperial chief of the House of HOHENZOLLERN, and it may therefore be presumed that the German Government intends for the present to control the Danubian provinces through a dependent ally. The claims of the Turkish Government will cause no embarrassment, and they may sometimes serve a diplomatic purpose, when it is found convenient to insist on the necessity of referring any complaint of a foreign Government to Constantinople. As long as Germany and Austria act in concert, the Eastern question is not likely to endanger the peace of Europe.

THE WORK OF THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

IT was hardly to be hoped that the second election of a School Board for London should not be an occasion of disappointment to the friends of elementary education. Three years seem a long time to look forward to, and calculations of what may be done in it are rarely borne out by the record of actual work. When the Board was first appointed the real difficulties of making elementary education universal were known to few, and it was allowable to be sanguine of the results which the new machinery would achieve. Now that the term of office of the first members

has come to an end this new machinery is found to be an improvement indeed on the old, but only an improvement. The educational condition of London is better than it was in 1870, but it has undergone no revolution. Men who have passed through some spiritual crisis often find their old habits returning upon them insensibly; and after three years' experience of the London School Board the familiar difficulties about getting children to school and keeping them there seem to recur with scarcely diminished intensity. The statement of what has been done prepared by direction of the Board shows that much of this shortcoming is attributable to the extent of the foundations that have to be laid in order to secure that the work shall stand. The labour of ascertaining the amount of school accommodation requiring to be provided was not slight. On the theory that the number of children in regular attendance at elementary schools should amount to one-sixth of the population, the Board would have had to provide about 252,000 school-places. But in many parts of London the proportion of children who must be withdrawn from this number as belonging to the middle and upper classes is very much beyond the average. The Board accordingly worked out the question themselves. They took a list of the children of school age who slept in London on the night of the 2nd of April, 1871, and made inquiries from house to house into the circumstances of every one of them. The result of this process was to reduce the number of necessary places to 112,000, while voluntary schools supply about 308,000 places. When these figures are looked at side by side, they sufficiently answer the charge that the Board has set up schools out of simple rivalry to existing schools. The estimate that there are 112,000 children in London requiring school accommodation will seem to many persons extraordinarily small. It is less than the estimates given nine years ago by the London Diocesan Board of Education and by the Committee of the Bishop of London's Fund, in both of which no reference was made to any but Church schools. Room has already been found for 50,000 out of the 112,000, and when all the new schools now in course of building are finished, there will be places for 86,000 children. When to these are added the 21,000 children accommodated in temporary buildings, the discrepancy between the demand and the supply will not appear very great. To a certain class of objectors, of which Canon GREGORY may be considered as the type, and the meeting at St. James's Hall on Thursday as the field-day, the Board appears to have built schools without sufficient regard to the fact that the ground is already occupied by voluntary schools. This is certainly not the case as regards London generally; and even if a Board school should here and there, from difficulty in obtaining a site, or from miscalculation, be set down unnecessarily near to a voluntary school, it is hardly a matter that calls for serious comment. If the new school is not wanted at this moment, it is certain to be wanted as soon as compulsion comes fully into operation, and, considering how often the provision of school accommodation lags behind the need of it, we may be patient with the rare cases in which the need is anticipated.

The facts bearing on the application of the compulsory by-laws are less satisfactory. Since the spring of 1871 there has been an increase in the average attendance at efficient schools of 59,425 children, of whom 26,261 are in Board schools and 33,164 in voluntary schools. So far there is an undoubted gain, but it is a gain which is counterbalanced by the continuance of a large number of children in inefficient schools. The figures given by Mr. HOLLOND in the *Times* have not been challenged by either of the members of the School Board who have replied to his letter. From these figures it appears that in Old Castle Street, Whitechapel, there is a Board school accommodating 1,200 children, but having a daily attendance of only 200. This is "in the midst of a dense, ragged, and semi-criminal population" which could furnish the missing thousand at a moment's notice. The explanation of the children's absence is that large numbers of them professedly attend a Ragged School a little distance off. According to Mr. HOLLOND, this school is utterly deficient in plant and in educational power, while the attendance of the children is very irregular. We can easily believe, therefore, that children may be on the books of the schools for years without mastering the first rudiments of education. It is clear that attendance at such a school as this ought not to serve as a reasonable excuse to a summons under the by-laws; but the School Board has hitherto refrained from taking proceedings in

these and similar cases. At first sight it may seem that the Board has in this respect been culpably lenient; but Mr. E. N. BUXTON's letter in the *Times* of Wednesday shows that something can be said in its defence. Until lately parents living in these districts have been urged to send their children to the Ragged Schools. They have now been told that they are no longer to be allowed to keep them at home, and it is a very natural inference that they will sufficiently comply with the law by doing what they have so constantly been bidden to do. If, when they do this, they were treated as breakers of the law, Mr. BUXTON is right in saying that they would be simply puzzled. The true way out of the difficulty would be for the managers of Ragged Schools to discontinue their work. Ragged Schools were once useful as a stop-gap in the absence of anything better; they are now, for the most part mischievous. They rarely give an efficient secular education, and they have little or no power of securing regular attendance. Every one of the children now in the Ragged School to which Mr. HOLLOND refers would, if it were closed, be obliged to attend the Board school in Old Castle Street.

There is very little chance, however, that the managers of this and similar institutions will be persuaded to take this course. They have probably opened the school for religious rather than for educational purposes, and Mr. BUXTON is no doubt right in thinking that the great obstacle to their being closed is the fear which the managers feel that, if the children are handed over to the Board schools, they will be taught no religion. It is useless to reason with a conviction of this sort. It would be almost easier to convince school managers that their religion is false than to convince them that, even if it be true, a Ragged School is no longer the proper place in which to teach it. How such fears are to be overcome it is hard to say. Mr. BUXTON looks forward to a time when Ragged School managers will have "satisfied themselves that the religious teaching in Board schools is both earnest and thorough," and will consequently "no longer hesitate to transfer their children where they will receive in addition efficient secular teaching." We have no faith in this coming to pass, because we have no expectation that the religious teaching in Board schools in London will ever be of a kind to satisfy men who really care about religion. Thorough and earnest religious teaching will, in the great majority of cases, be what is called sectarian teaching; and though, so far as the Education Act is concerned, the religious teaching in a Board school may be completely sectarian—provided that it is not conveyed in authorized formularies—it is hardly possible that it should be so in schools founded by so composite a body as the London School Board. There are only two alternatives which seem at all adequate to meet the difficulty. One is that the School Board should come to an arrangement with the managers of Ragged Schools, under which persons appointed by them shall have the right of giving religious instruction at prescribed hours in the Board school, in consideration of the discontinuance of the Ragged School. The other is that the Board should give notice to the managers of the Ragged Schools that unless, after a reasonable interval, they can prove that their schools are efficient, the parents of the children in attendance at them will be proceeded against in the same manner as though they did not send their children to school. Mr. BUXTON is afraid that to do this on a large scale would only "shock public opinion and retard the acceptance of the principle of compulsion." Probably public opinion has rather a stronger stomach than Mr. BUXTON gives it credit for. It is plain that, if benevolent persons are allowed, on the plea of teaching children religion, to prevent their receiving efficient secular instruction, an immense loophole will be opened to evasion of every kind. There is no hardship in saying to such persons, You are at liberty to teach religion as much as you like, and you are at liberty to combine it with secular instruction, provided that this secular instruction be really what it professes to be. What you are not at liberty to do is to keep children away from Board schools under the pretext that they will receive efficient secular instruction in your schools, and then to provide instruction which is practically worthless. To do the public justice, there is no reason to suppose that they would be in any way shocked at managers of Ragged Schools being addressed in this way. If the London School Board is to condone inefficient schools lest the acceptance of the principle of compulsion should be retarded, so little good can come from such acceptance that it is hardly worth while to scheme for it.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

EVERYBODY has recently been reading Mr. Mill's Autobiography. The book, whatever else we may think of it, suggests one general remark. We may, that is, say of autobiographies what can be said of no other form of literature—namely, that they are almost invariably worth reading. The causes are obvious. The first conditions of good writing are that a man should be keenly interested in his subject, and that he should know more about it than other people. Everybody is, of course, interested in himself; and if, in one sense of the words, we are very apt to be more mistaken about our own characters than our neighbours, yet we are certainly in the possession of an amount of information upon the subject which enables us to speak as men having authority. Moreover, in this particular case we have the singular felicity of communicating more than we know. Scarcely any autobiography, however carefully the author may have kept in mind the fact that he was writing for a posthumous audience, is entirely free from some form of insincerity. But the veil which he may have drawn over his own character does not blind the reader, although it may be quite impenetrable to the writer. In telling us what he thinks of himself, he can hardly avoid letting us know what we ought to think of him. The interest which every one takes in his own life is an equally important condition of success. We may learn to know a man's character from other sources besides his direct statements. A collection of letters, for example, may form a kind of unintentional autobiography, which has the merit of being less consciously directed to produce a given impression. But then a man need not, and generally does not, put any large part of himself into his letters. He writes many of them wearily, and against the grain; a large part of them consists of mere barren facts; and it is only on special occasions that he allows his deepest emotions really to overflow into his correspondence. Now the very fact of sitting down to write about himself to his posterity, the solemn feeling that he will have passed from this world before his letter reaches its address, moves the strongest springs of character in any but the most frivolous of men. Confessions addressed to a priest are apt, as we may venture to assume without actual experience, to be of a mechanical and perfunctory nature; but we can hardly imagine any one who has put himself in presence of that mysterious confessor, the unborn reader of a coming generation, not to speak for once from the heart. That he may lie or exaggerate is unfortunately not improbable; but it is something to know what are the lies which a man likes to tell about himself under very impressive circumstances. Rousseau's *Confessions* is in many ways not a very nice book, and in some ways it is simply revolting; but few books have ever been written which exercise a more powerful, though it is a rather questionable, fascination. The spectacle of a man taking a morbid pleasure in revealing things about himself which many men, equally guilty, would have died rather than avow even to the remotest audience, is a kind of psychological curiosity which is worth whole libraries of dry statistics or of frigid argumentation. Rousseau is of course an exceptional case, even amongst autobiographers; but revelations of character, similar in kind though inferior in degree, let us into the secret of a man's nature, and even of the epoch which he represents, more rapidly than the most laboured analysis from outside inquirers.

Indeed it may be said, in some sense, that the autobiographical element in all literature is that which is the most permanently interesting. We see Shakespeare behind Hamlet, and even Milton behind Satan. The figure of the creator, dimly refracted through the artistic symbols, is what really interests, though its precise features may baffle us. Every great poet, however unconscious of the process, is really drawing his own portrait in his writings; and a sympathetic reader is always trying to reconstruct the worker from his works. But the more direct and conscious autobiographical purpose goes for a good deal in most powerful writing. It would be easy to illustrate this truth from the most impressive novels in the language. In many cases, of course, we are only left to conjecture. But we have recently learnt how much of Dickens's best writing was simply autobiography superficially disguised. Miss Brontë's novels were all but pure autobiography; and we need not point out how often Tom Jones was the representative of Fielding, or Roderick Random of Smollett. We must admit, however, that the argument is not strictly fair. Autobiography of the indirect kind is deficient in one of the main elements which give special interest to the undisguised variety. The writer does not feel that he is voluntarily placing himself on his trial; and he is, of course, at liberty to arrange, select, and modify as may seem good to him. He probably hopes that his personal interest in the matter will escape detection; and it may be urged, with some truth, that we are using the word autobiographical in a sense which makes it nearly identical with all expression of a man's most intimate emotions.

To descend, therefore, to the most genuine autobiographies, we may maintain that, even when written by men of no remarkable power, they have a value altogether disproportionate to their literary excellence. To take, for example, a familiar period, one may learn more of the true spirit of the eighteenth century in England from half-a-dozen autobiographies than from the most elaborate histories written by unimaginative people. If you wish to know what was the kind of animal generated by the political corruption of the period when "all men" or "all those men" (whichever be the correct version of the phrase), had their price, their most intimate peculiarities are laid bare in Bubb Dodington's

Diary. No humourist could have drawn such a picture without being charged with gross exaggeration, and yet we instinctively recognize its entire, because unconscious, truthfulness. The utter want of any semblance of political principle, the total incapacity to recognize genius or virtue when he accidentally comes across it, the servile crawling before the contemporary distributors of patronage, coupled with an amusing indignation against the inferior wretches who try to curry favours by similar acts with himself—and all this covered by a decorous veil of unctuous sentiment, and an obviously genuine conviction that he is really one of the most deserving and least appreciated of mankind—compose altogether the portrait of a snob of the purest water by the side of which even Thackeray's keenest satire seems to be wanting in vividness. One can hardly avoid a feeling of gratitude to the writer who is so quietly probing his own weaknesses for our benefit, and placing himself in a museum of morbid anatomy, when he fancies himself to be claiming a niche in the temple of fame. Or, to take a less extreme case, a very interesting portrait of the ecclesiastic of the period is given by Bishop Newton. If not so consummate a snob as Dodington, he yet shows a general complacency in commemorating the great men to whose favour he owed his elevation, and the lady by whose services he even succeeded in obtaining the notice of Royalty, which is in its way almost as touching. His most characteristic touch is the record of the episcopal achievements upon which he specially prided himself. He succeeded in demolishing a tenement occupied by a chimney-sweep in the immediate neighbourhood of the Deanery of St. Paul's, and managed to substitute for a certain fixed post which obstructed one of the approaches a post with a hinge fastened by a padlock. He obviously hopes that his posterity will feel a warm emotion of gratitude to the dignitary who rendered such services to the Church, and values himself more upon his activity in that direction than upon the confutation of the Deists, which, with the help of Lord Bath's interest, smoothed his path to preferment. Newton's name suggests another admirable specimen of the worldly bishops who ornamented the period. Watson of Llandaff was a man of real power, though scarcely furnished on the Evangelical model. He tells us, with the most charming frankness, how he became a professor of chemistry, though he knew nothing of the science; how he dropped his chemistry as soon as it had served his purposes to become professor of divinity, in equal ignorance of the study; how—of course from the highest motives—he resolved to limit his further theological studies to the Bible; and how, equally from the highest motives, he felt it to be his imperative duty, when at once bishop and professor, to live at a distance from his diocese and his University, in a charming residence on the banks of Windermere, and there to devote himself to agriculture and to providing for his children. He takes great credit for not abandoning himself to field sports or social dissipation, and is evidently convinced that he is a pattern prelate. It would of course be absurd to take such men as fair representatives of an epoch which was not devoid of many noble characters who did not happen to write their lives. But the worldly side of the dignitaries of that time, the utter want of any sense of responsibility or of any lofty ideal of life in many of the most conspicuous men of the day, could not be more forcibly portrayed by any amount of descriptive writing. A complementary picture might be added from Gibbon's admirable Autobiography. The celebrated account of his love affair, when he "sighed as a lover" and "obeyed as a son," distances in a few sentences the art of the most skilful novelists. Nowhere can we find a more effective description of the genuine student temperament, which prefers the pleasures of a library to all the excitements of social and active life; of the strong but limited intellect, supreme in accumulating and arranging facts, but utterly blind to their spiritual significance; and of the cynical conservatism which rejects all the faiths upon which society reposes, but shrinks with selfish indolence, instead of generous sympathy, from any proposal to follow up scepticism by destruction. None but the most powerful of imaginations could have conceived or described so forcible an illustration of a certain type of character and intellect; but Gibbon performs the task for himself quite unconsciously, and with absolute perfection.

When we contemplate such a group of characters we recognize the weakness of all external portraiture. A gallery of great or even of small men, painted by themselves, is more interesting than all the imaginary progeny of novelists. Perhaps it is a general condition of such writing that the authors must belong rather to the secondary class. To write an autobiography usually implies an estimate of your own importance which, if it is not irreconcilable with greatness, is more commonly indicative of weakness. A diseased vanity like that of Rousseau generally prompts the writer, though of course there are many conspicuous exceptions, to take posterity into his confidence. When we think of the autobiographies that have been written, we cannot fail to regret the absence of those that might have been written. If Shakespeare had condescended to let us into a few of the details which have puzzled generations of biographers, we could have afforded to sacrifice a good many of his inferior plays. Even when a man of first-rate eminence, like Goethe, condescends to give us some of his early recollections, he is apt rather to stimulate than to satisfy our curiosity. It is for the most part only the little or the eccentric writer who can tell us all about himself in a few pages, or who can fancy that the world would care to read, or has a right to exact, his confessions. And yet we must acknowledge the truth of the often-quoted remark that anybody who would give us a genuine

record even of the most insignificant life would contribute something of real value to our knowledge of human nature. Perhaps it would be as well if scruples could be quieted by a general understanding that everybody who has passed a certain period of life should compose his autobiography. It should be regarded as a duty, not as a voluntary sacrifice to vanity, for every human being to tell us as well as he could how he came to be such as he was, and in what spirit he discharged his duty and looked upon the universe generally. Of course we do not mean to imply that all such records should be published. Nobody who regards with awe, and something like dismay, the vast torrent of literature that is being constantly discharged upon the world would rashly make any proposal for increasing its volume. "The rain it raineth every day," and every day, too, brings its burden of stupidity, vanity, and folly with which somebody has thought fit to spoil a certain quantity of paper. Such records as we have suggested should, as a general rule, be preserved in the family of the writer; they would in most cases have a certain interest for his immediate descendants; and at the end of a generation those documents which appeared to be simply valueless might be committed to the flames, whilst a small minority might possibly be deserving of communication to the world. If, as we must fear would be inevitable, considerable masses of pure rubbish would thus be accumulated, there would also be certain grains of genuine and permanent value which on our present system are now lost to the world. One great incidental benefit would be that which was contemplated by Mr. Mill—namely, that the trade of the ordinary biographer, the person who panders to the appetite of the many-headed beast, would be to a great extent spoilt; as more authentic materials would destroy the necessity for those vast accumulations of useless details which often do duty for the lives of remarkable men.

THE PYRENEES.

IN his sensible and practical *Guide to the Pyrenees* Mr. Packe complains that very few Englishmen, in proportion to the crowds who flock to Switzerland, think it worth while to visit a mountain region which he declares to be superior to the Alps in many of the elements of beauty and picturesqueness. This complaint seems to us so far well founded that the Pyrenees certainly receive from the present generation of tourists and mountain-climbers far less attention than they deserve. At the great centres of resort, such as Luchon and Bigorre, some stray English shooting-coats, and now and then, but very rarely, an alpenstock or ice-axe, may be seen; but even at Luchon and Bigorre we doubt if more than two or three English people can be counted for every hundred who pass through Zermatt or Interlaken in the autumn months. On selfish grounds the traveller in the Pyrenees may be glad that it is so, and that he is not exposed to meet here, as he does in the Alps, all the familiar faces of Piccadilly. Nevertheless it is a real loss to our countrymen to know so little of a piece of country which is not only most charming in itself, but almost as unlike the Alps as it is to Norway or to the Highlands of Scotland.

That the Pyrenees are on the whole equal to the Alps in either majesty or in beauty, we cannot think that even the two enthusiasts who have done most to explore their recesses, Count Henry Russell and Mr. Packe himself, will seriously venture to maintain. In the first place, they are greatly inferior in height, no Pyrenean summit reaching twelve thousand feet, and only two, the Maladetta and Pic des Posets, exceeding eleven thousand. Owing to this and to their lying further south than the Alps, there is of course very much less snow; and the glaciers, although good so far as they go, are few in number and quite trifling in size, the biggest not more than three or four miles in length, and a good deal even of this rather to be called *névé* than glacier proper. For the same reason the glaciers do not descend nearly so low as in the Alps; and one has none of those exquisite contrasts of glittering ice with bright green pastures and fir woods which give such a charm to Chamouni and the valleys of the Oberland. In the Pyrenees, glaciers and snowfields lie far up near the axis of the chain, at the head of high and rocky valleys, difficult of access except to the stalwart pedestrian, and where that pedestrian will find at night no rest for his burning head and wearied limbs. Towards the centre of the range there are some spots—Gavarnie, for instance, the Lac de Gaube, and (in the neighbourhood of Luchon) the Lac d'Oo and Port de Venasque—from which these snow slopes and glaciers of the higher peaks may be well seen; and these views are very noble. But for the most part one scarcely discovers the snows from the valleys; and towards the two ends of the chain snow and ice are wanting altogether. How much the landscape suffers by this want, no one who has been on the Wengern Alp or the Gôrner Grat, or at Courmayeur or Macugnaga, needs to be told. Nor is there anything in the shapes of the mountains themselves, fine as they are, which quite atones for this defect. The higher peaks are usually very steep and rocky; and as there is a great deal of diversity in their geological structure—some, like the Maladetta and the Canigou, being composed of granite; others, Pic des Posets, for instance, and the noble Pic Malaitous, of schist; and others again, such as the Vignemale and the Mont Perdu with its cluster of attendant summits, of limestone—there is no want of variety in their forms. But few of them have anything very marked or striking about their outlines; they lack that sort of peculiar character which one gets to know a mountain

by, and for which one loves it, as one does Monte Viso, or the Aiguille Verte, or the Eiger, or the Gross Glockner, not to mention the Matterhorn, to which neither the Pyrenees nor any other chain can show a rival. Moreover, these Pyrenean peaks are too much of a height, and seem somehow, when you enjoy a wide view, to be crowded rather too much together. It is not merely that the valleys are narrow below, for so they are in the Alps; but towards their heads they do not spread out into great open spaces or plateaux, like those which we have round the Riffel, or in the Upper Engadin. In the Pyrenees a great mountain seems to have hardly room enough to show itself properly off, so much is it jostled by summits of scarcely inferior height which distract the attention, and deprive a wide view of the unity and centrality which a single dominant peak or group of peaks gives it. The Maladetta is an exception, for it stands well by itself; but the Maladetta lacks nobility of form; it is a long serrated ridge, whose highest top (Pic Néthon) lies away back from the side whence one commonly sees it, and by no means looks its height. Add to this that the Pyrenees want large lakes, though they have many beautiful little tarns whose vivid blue and green surpasses anything to be seen in the Alps, and it will be seen that they cannot sustain a comparison with the greatest mountain scenery of Switzerland and Savoy.

It may be fairer to compare them with those parts of the Alps which are of the same average height, such as large parts of Tyrol and Styria, the Bavarian highlands, or the mountains of Venetia; and against three of these regions they can fairly hold their own. They are bolder than anything in Styria, Salzkammergut, or Bavaria, though they want the exquisite lakes of the two latter; they are richer and warmer in tone than most parts of Tyrol, and in the views they afford of the great plain of France they possess an element of majesty which it cannot parallel. But the Venetian Alps, with even less snow than the Pyrenees, and of no greater height, have a weird splendour of form and a gorgeous variety of colour which one seeks in vain on either side of the Pyrenees. If the latter have any summit as grand as the tower-like Sasso di Pelnio, or any valley as marvellously picturesque in its changing scenes as that of the Cordevole, above and below Caprile, it remains to be discovered in the scarcely explored recesses of Aragon or Catalonia; and those parched and stony lands are the last place where one can expect to find it.

In spite of all that we have said, the Pyrenees have many and great charms, charms which would perhaps make them in time more dear to one who lived among them than the austere splendour of the Swiss Alps. The tone of colour is generally warmer, the wood in the valleys is richer than that of Switzerland or Tyrol, the flowers seem even more abundant and more brilliant. The high cols are not so long as in the Alps, so that one passes faster from vines up to snow, and down again from snow to vines. Then the rivers and brooks—and this is perhaps the most characteristic, as it is the most pervading, delight of the Pyrenees—are all bright and sparkling, dazzlingly white in their endless cascades, green as emerald in their great swirling pools. The country is a paradise to the bather, for there is water everywhere; it is always clear, and it is always cold. And a landscape-painter, what with this abundance of streams, the deep colours of the higher mountains, the soft warm tints and profuse vegetation of the narrow gorges below, would, we are inclined to think, find a far more copious material fit for sketching than in most parts of the Alps.

As regards facilities for travel, the Pyrenees are well off in one respect, and shockingly ill off in another. At all the fashionable bathing-places, Eaux Bonnes, Cauterets, St. Sauveur, Bagnères de Bigorre, Bagnères de Luchon, there are excellent hotels, certainly not more expensive than those of Switzerland, and for all practical purposes quite as comfortable. To be sure they are not managed with so much reference to English wants; but as one does not see Englishmen and Americans to right and left at the table-d'hôte, and is not persistently addressed in an unintelligible tongue by the English-speaking waiter, this is a defect which no sensible man will regret. But, out of these few familiar spots, the inns are mostly poor, and when one penetrates the recesses of the valleys, and endeavours to find a night's lodging well up on the mountains at more than four thousand feet above the sea, one finds either none at all, or some hovel compared to which a cave or a pine wood is in fine weather much to be preferred. With the single exception of the snug little hostelry at Gavarnie, there does not seem to be a single inn in the Pyrenees in keen bracing air where a mountaineer can count upon finding enduring food and enough of it, a clean bedroom, and a tolerable bed. There are but few at all, and those that exist, at Lac d'Oo, for instance, or Lac de Gaube, would tempt nobody to spend more than one night. This want of high inns is really the great drawback, in a mountaineer's eyes, to the enjoyment of Pyrenean scenery. For one wants not only to be able to mount a Pic or a Port without a long walk out of the hot valleys, but also to get familiar with the character of the mountains by living up among them, and seeing them under different conditions, at different hours and in all states of the atmosphere. And, setting climbing apart altogether, there is the pleasure of living in a keen, vivifying mountain air where one hardly needs to take exercise in order to gain appetite and health, and has wide views spread before one without the necessity of going to look for them. There are places in the Pyrenees which might in these respects be made to vie with Murren, or the Riffel, or St. Moritz; but they have not yet been, as the French say, utilized, and do not seem likely to be. For the ideal of Frenchmen and Spaniards is a

luxurious hotel in a warm valley, with cafés and ball-rooms and carriage-roads; and the English visitors are quite too scanty to be worth making special provision for. And therefore those few adventurous spirits who have explored the higher Pyrenees, and in particular Count Russell, who seems from his Guide to have climbed nearly every peak, and pass, have laid their account to sleep constantly in the open air, which, to be sure, it is easier to do here than in the colder climate of the Swiss and German Alps. Up to eight thousand feet fuel may be found, and with a good warm sheepskin bag, a waterproof, and a guide to carry provisions, it is quite possible to have a pleasant night even without the shelter of a cave.

We have left ourselves no space to discuss the merits of the Pyrenees in other respects, scientific, artistic, and historical. The flora is very rich and varied, the geology extremely interesting, and still only partially explored, and there are many picturesque old towns in the lower valleys and scattered along the northern base of the mountains. The castles of Lourdes and Foix, the churches of St. Bertrand de Comminges, Luz, Bigorre, St. Lizier, Cornella, and many other places, are well worth seeing; and if bad weather suggests a run down into the plain, the student of mediæval architecture will find abundant occupation in Albi, Montauban, Toulouse, and, above all, in Carcassonne. As to Spain, the inexperienced might expect the same sort of pleasure in crossing into it, and noticing the contrasts of climate, vegetation, customs, architecture, which are so interesting when one passes from the German to the Italian side of the Alps. But the Spanish Pyrenees seems to be distinctly inferior in all respects (except as regards their botanical wealth) to the French. They are bare, dry, and stony; their forms are, speaking generally, less bold and noble than those of the more northern peaks; there are few villages in the upper valleys, and the *posadas* (inns), where they exist at all, are detestable. An enthusiast, whether of a scientific or artistic turn, may enjoy himself in the wilds of Catalonia and Aragon; but no one else will. Nor can the cities of Northern Spain be compared with those of Northern Italy. Barcelona, Saragossa, Pampelona, are not more inferior to Venice, Verona, and even Milan, than are lesser places like Puycerda Tolosa to Udine, or Brescia, or Como.

If in their higher regions the Pyrenees are more lonely and desolate than the Alps, the lower valleys, at least on the French side, seem much better peopled than those of Switzerland or Tyrol, and the inhabitants are a more genial and pleasant race, we will not say than the Tyrolese or Venetians, but than either the Swiss or the natives of central and northern France. Very fair guides, among them two or three really first-rate men, may be found at Eaux Bonnes, Cauterets, Gavarnie, and Luchon. And it is worth while to add that there is an excellent provision of guide-books. Besides the large and small editions of Joanne, which give the ordinary tourist all the information he needs, the pedestrian has Mr. Packe's excellent Guide (already referred to), and Count H. Russell's *Les grandes ascensions des Pyrénées*, a model in its way of clear and concise directions for the paths over the higher peaks and passes; and a great mass of valuable information respecting the natural history and the antiquities of the district has been published by the Société Raimond, whose headquarters are at Bigorre. If this society, to which and to whose distinguished and amiable President, M. Émile Frossard, every one interested in the Pyrenees is under great obligations, could only succeed in inducing the communes, some of which are very wealthy, or private persons, to establish plain but comfortable inns high up on the mountains, as it has itself done on Pic du Midi de Bigorre, it would do the one thing that remains to make the Pyrenees one of the most attractive fields in Europe—in some ways the most attractive—for the mountain-climber as well as for the lover of picturesque beauty.

DECAY OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

THE Pope is reported the other day, in giving audience to the superiors of Religious Orders now dismissed from Rome, to have varied his customary invectives on the usurping Italian Government by a severe, but no doubt well merited, rebuke addressed to its latest victims. Providence, as we are often reminded, can make use of the most unlikely instruments, and in this case Victor Emmanuel is the unconscious minister of Divine retribution on the shortcomings of the banished communities. They had forgotten the spirit of their rule, and allowed a grievous laxity to creep in among them; and if ever they should be suffered in happier times to return to Rome, a searching reform will be required. Dispassionate or unfriendly critics, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, have said as much again and again, but the indictment has been resented as a malicious libel. Henceforth they can appeal to the authority of the supreme and infallible Pastor in evidence of its truth. Not long ago, for instance, Father Hyacinthe, at the very time when he was offering to return to the Carmelite Order, and declaring his unaltered admiration of "the monastic ideal," took occasion to observe that, after ten years' experience, his illusions as to its practical realization were completely dispelled, and that, while ready himself to re-enter his convent if he could do so without being called upon to violate his conscientious convictions, he would not advise others still free to undertake the conventual life, such as it now is. He had learnt, he said, by experience, where to put his finger on the irremediable evil of Religious Orders in their actual form, and was convinced that a

change in the very conditions of their existence could alone rescue them from decay. After such emphatic testimony from the most opposite quarters it would be mere waste of time to multiply proofs of a fact sufficiently notorious; but an inquiry into its causes could hardly fail to have a high interest, both theoretical and practical. Anything like a complete investigation of the subject would lie far beyond our limits, but a few suggestions which throw some light on it may be offered here. One great Order, indeed, does not appear to have been represented in the assembly to which the Pope addressed himself, nor is it at all probable that his censure was designed to include the Jesuits. Their sins against society, and in one sense against morality, have no doubt been grave enough, graver indeed than any that can be laid to the charge of other religious bodies. But they are of a totally different kind, and are not of a nature to elicit Papal rebuke or to reflect on the characters of individuals. The latest historian of the Jesuits, Professor Huber, who is not likely to err on the side of a too favourable estimate, while noting occasional exceptions, fully admits that their personal conduct and undeviating fidelity to their rule have been, on the whole, unimpeachable. The main charge against them in fact comes pretty much to this—that they have loved their rule "not wisely but too well"; so well that they have persistently striven from the first to make it in substance, if not in form, the universal rule of Christendom. For the last three centuries, it has been sometimes said, and not by unfriendly critics, "the Society of Jesus is the Catholic Church put into commission"—at all events, they have done their best to make it so. Their political intrigues, their slippery ethics, their miraculous devotions, and their extravagant theology, which culminated in the Vatican decrees, have been all along subservient to one paramount aim—the aggrandizement of the Church, that is of the Papacy, through the aggrandizement of their own Society. On the object aimed at, and the means employed for its attainment, this is not the place to dwell. The point is simply referred to in illustration of the characteristic speciality of the Jesuit as distinguished from other Orders in the Church, which has no doubt acted as one main preservative against that gradual process of moral corruption to which most, if not all, of them have sooner or later succumbed. *Corruptio optimi pessima* has passed into a proverb, and those who set the highest price on what its votaries call "the life of angels" should be the first to admit that, in ceasing to be angelic, it becomes something less than human. But what is the secret of this seemingly inevitable declension, to which Protestant and sceptical writers are never weary of pointing with such bitter scorn, as though monks were preternatural monsters of selfishness and vice? Perhaps a glance at their origin may suggest a truer, as well as a more charitable, verdict.

Monasticism cannot strictly be called a creation of Christianity, for it finds its prototype among the Buddhists and in the Jewish sects of Essenes and Therapeutæ. However, the Church remoulded the institute and gave it a new direction, and we must content ourselves here with tracing its Christian history. Egypt was its birthplace and Antony its founder in the third century, when it first took the form of the eremitical life of the *Lauræ*; but Pachomius soon afterwards gathered several thousands of recluses into common buildings under a common rule, and thus established the monastic or cenobitical life, properly so called. We cannot linger here over its development in the East; but it may be remarked that it has throughout retained there, in accordance with Oriental temperament, much of its original character of pure contemplation, with the abuses obviously incident to such an ideal. The solitude of the Egyptian *Lauræ* survives in the zoophyte existence of the vast monasteries of Mount Athos, as described by modern travellers. At the same time it would be a great mistake to imagine that in the days of their early fervour the Eastern monks were mere selfish drones, or even mere contemplatives in the better sense of the term. To take the extreme case of Simeon Stylites, who spent several years on the top of a pillar thirty-six ells in height, and whose career has been doomed by Tennyson to a somewhat dubious immortality, we are told by an eye-witness, Theodoret, that hundreds of thousands came to hear his preaching, and were so moved by his exhortations that they received baptism; while he drew many more to repentance and reconciled enemies who brought their disputes to him for arbitration. The words of Theodoret about him, quoted with approval by the Protestant historian Neander, may indeed be fairly enough applied to the general subject of monasticism. "As princes," he observes, "at different times adopt different emblems for their coinage; as of lions, or stars, or angels—in order to enhance the value of the gold—so has God caused piety to assume new and varied forms, to rouse the admiration, not only of believers, but of the unbelieving world also." To put the same idea in other words, we may say that each new Order was in its turn an attempt, more or less successful, to meet some felt want in the religious life of the period; but then the Order lives on when the occasion which evoked it has passed away, or when other agencies have superseded its original design. And this alone would go far to account for the inevitable progress of decay.

It will be seen that Western monasticism, with which we are here more immediately concerned, was borrowed from the East, and was therefore of later origin. Athanasius was the first to import it, during his exile, and it was recommended by the influential advocacy of men like St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, and, above all, St. Augustine. But Augustine was no blind panegyrist

of the system; he insisted on the great care to be used in sifting the motives of new recruits, and on the obligation of manual labour in the monasteries as well as prayer. The real founder of Western monasticism, however, was St. Benedict, a century later, whose rule was followed, with more or less modification, by every later community in the Latin Church, till the establishment of the Mendicant Friars in the thirteenth century by Francis of Assisi opened a new epoch in monastic history. Benedict innovated not less extensively on Eastern models of the cenobitical life than Francis on the rule of Benedict. Active labour, both manual and intellectual, as well as public ministrations, assumed a prominent place in his institute; most of our ruined abbeys, so familiar to the tourist, and many of our parish churches, were in the hands of the Benedictines before the Reformation, while the Cistercians, who held several more, are only a "reform" of the Benedictines. They were also during the darkness of the middle ages the chief custodians of such learning as was preserved. But already in the eighth century the great Benedictine Order showed signs of incipient corruption, and another Benedict, of Aniane, less known to fame, laboured hard for its renovation, with very partial success. The Cistercian reform, rendered memorable by the name of St. Bernard, was more effective; but readers of Montalembert's eloquent History, which might almost be called a panegyric, of Western Monasticism, will remember that even he finds occasion frequently to deplore the incursions of laxity and moral deterioration. The Franciscan rule of strict poverty for the Order as well as the individual monk was designed to exclude one main danger of the elder religious corporations. And for a time the Friars Minor were at once the favourites and the devoted servants of the multitude, to whom they ministered; but time proved that the profession of mendicancy, like the possession of wealth, may lead to idleness and corruption, as the zeal for orthodoxy which animated the first Dominicans in the pulpit degenerated rapidly into the ruthless cruelty of the inquisitor. But there can be no doubt that the excessive multiplication of endowments, and of members chiefly drawn from the lower classes, whose object in taking the habit was to escape the necessity of labour or military service, has been one main source of corruption in monastic bodies. In Scotland, before the period of the Reformation, a third of the landed property was in ecclesiastical hands, and a large proportion of the land in Italy and Spain was similarly held before the recent changes. The Jesuits, it is true, are enormously wealthy, though their property is not in land; but it has never been their temptation to spend money on personal indulgence or display, and the rigidly despotic organization of the Order would render any deflection of individuals or particular houses from the prescribed standard almost impossible. In giving to his Society its military and aggressive character and its ambitious aims, Ignatius Loyola adopted a very powerful precaution against the inroads of moral laxity. Whether the remedy prescribed has not proved worse than the disease, at least as regards the public action and influence of the Order, is another question. In the rude society of the age of St. Bernard it was thought next to impossible for any one to lead a godly life in the world, and accordingly the word "conversion" came to be used as synonymous with taking religious vows; and it was much the same feeling which in an earlier age peopled the Egyptian *Laura* with its vast army of solitaries. No one would exactly urge this plea in the present day. But the desire to save his own soul was generally blended, at least in the mind of the Western monk, as was conspicuously the case with St. Bernard himself, with a desire—natural and laudable in itself, though easily liable to degenerate into a vulgar ambition—to exert an influence for good on the world he had abandoned. And thus we are brought round to the fundamental question whether the important functions confessedly discharged in other times by the great Religious Orders are not, under the altered social conditions of the present day, either superseded or transferred to instrumentalities of later date. One thing, at all events, is clear, that the monastic institute can offer no guarantee against the recurrence of what appears to be in practice the inseparable accident of corruption, unless it can establish some better title than mere ancient prescription to a new lease of life.

DANGEROUS SHIPS.

THE first thing that strikes one perhaps in reading the evidence taken by the Royal Commission on Unseaworthy Ships is that some of the Commissioners appear to have entered upon the investigation in what can hardly be regarded as a very promising frame of mind. Many of the questions addressed to witnesses relate not to facts, but to matters of abstract argument on which it was idle to take evidence, and indicate a disposition to assume at the very outset of the inquiry that it is not worth while to take any precautions to prevent loss of life at sea, since no precautions will absolutely prevent lives being lost from one cause or another. It was asked, for example, whether any amount of inspection and surveying would prevent bad navigation, whether surveyors might not make mistakes, whether certificated ships had not been lost, and so on. One of the witnesses replied very reasonably that no doubt surveyors were apt to make mistakes, just as doctors sometimes made mistakes; and that ships would occasionally go down in spite of inspection; just as crimes were committed in spite of the police. "When you see murders increase," said Mr. McIver, "instead of

falling off, you do not decrease your policemen. Policemen do no harm, though they do not prevent murders. Inspections contribute to good workmanship, and good workmanship contributes to safety." Losses occur even with careful surveying; but the question is whether surveying does not to some extent prevent losses. In reference to the proposal to impose a penalty on deck-loads, Mr. Milner Gibson observed, "So that a vessel coming safely across the Atlantic to a British port would be fined for having arrived safely?" Mr. Farrer answered "Yes"; but the proper answer is obviously No. The shipowner or captain would be fined, not for having accomplished the voyage safely, but for having imperilled the lives of the crew. It would be absurd to enact a penalty which should be applicable only to people who went to the bottom of the ocean. A very considerable part of this bulky blue-book will be found to have been contributed by the Commissioners themselves, although they might more appropriately have reserved their observations for their own Report. The course of the inquiry would have been greatly simplified, and its results would have been brought out in a more distinct and definite form, if the Commissioners had only taken the trouble at the beginning to determine the points to which it should be directed, and had then kept to them in order. We will endeavour to compress the gist of the evidence into a rapid summary.

The first question to be considered is whether, in point of fact, unseaworthy ships are habitually sent to sea. Unseaworthy ships may be divided into two classes—those which are unsound in themselves, and those which are dangerous from being overloaded. We will take the question of unsoundness first. On this point the evidence is naturally conflicting, and it is necessary to observe the qualifications with which much of it must be received on account of the personal circumstances and bias of the witnesses. A number of shipbuilders and shipowners were examined, who all testified to the excellence of their own ships, but, as a rule, professed not to know much about their neighbours' ships. On the whole, they were disposed to take rather a favourable view of the strength of ships. Mr. McIver, however, senior partner in the Cunard Company, expressed a very decided opinion that there was a great deal of defective shipbuilding, arising partly from the ignorance of shipbuilders, who knew very little of the business they had taken up, and partly from carelessness and false economy. Mr. Lamport said he found that even vessels built under Lloyd's survey were not always soundly built. "There is plenty of material, but it is badly put together." A bad ship, he added, is not often built on the Mersey, or the Thames, or the Clyde; but a bad ship is often built on the Tyne or the Wear. Mr. E. J. Reed believes that there is a great deal of bad iron and of bad work too; and that the long type of ship now coming into vogue requires careful calculations as to strength, which are seldom made. Several surveyors of the Board of Trade gave evidence, generally in favour of the ports at which they were stationed, though some of them admitted that matters were less satisfactory elsewhere. Thus surveyors at Cardiff and Newcastle, who spoke well of the Cardiff and Tyne shipping, had no hesitation in giving a bad account of Belfast; and the surveyor of the Iron Ship Registry at Liverpool, who thought highly of Liverpool ships, said the East coast must rank lowest for workmanship in shipbuilding. It may be assumed that officers permanently stationed at any place would not add to the comfort of their lives by saying anything which would offend the persons with whom they have daily to do business. A harbour-master at Newcastle frankly acknowledged his reluctance to give evidence, as he had suffered so much unpleasantness for having spoken out about the *Sea Queen*. In a former article we quoted some of the evidence of Mr. B. Martell, chief surveyor to Lloyd's Register, as to the defective condition in which ships are often sent to sea. There are some seven hundred vessels above a hundred tons which have been struck off Lloyd's Register, many of which are positively known to be unsound, while there is a moral certainty that the rest are also defective. Mr. Martell gave instances in which ships were found to be unseaworthy on survey, and were expunged from the Register, because the owner would not make the necessary repairs, and these ships afterwards went to sea and were lost. Mr. Harper, secretary of the Salvage Association of Lloyds, thinks that, of some three thousand or four thousand ships leaving London, Liverpool, and Glasgow reported to his Association, forty would be unseaworthy; and that this is, on the whole, a fair proportion of the ships which go to sea in that condition. A curious question, Mr. Harper said, is what becomes of all the old ships. In London there are from thirty to forty shipbuilders and only five shipbreakers. Other witnesses who were questioned on this point were also unable to say what was done with old ships, for they were rarely seen in the process of being broken up; and the obvious inference would seem to be that a ship is really kept going until she comes to a violent end. Mr. B. Waymouth, secretary to the Committee of Lloyd's Registry for Classification, mentioned a case in which "devils," or short bolts that do not go through the vessel, were used. It was a Jersey ship, and there were three or four other cases about the same time. There had been complaints of similar frauds in Clyde-built ships, but none had been reported to Mr. Waymouth's Committee. He recollected in one instance seeing a vessel in which a plank had been gouged out and the holes stopped up with putty to make it appear that there were bolts there. He had also heard of copper bilge bolts being put in a vessel to show to the surveyor, and the copper bolts being afterwards taken out and trenails substituted. In Mr. Waymouth's experience the quality of the iron is often very defective. He was once

in a yard when some iron was delivered. He tested it with a hammer, and it snapped off like a piece of glass; yet that iron was going to be used for a ship. Afterwards, when the plating was to be tested, a punch, beautifully got up, just of the size to fit a finely-made die, was produced, which cut through it like a razor. When the plating was punched with the ordinary punches, it started off in fractures in every direction. A list of some hundred vessels marked in Lloyd's Register Book with a black line was put in. These vessels had been struck off either because they were not up to the standard of their class, or because the owners declined a survey; and the remarks appended to some of them are highly suggestive, as, for instance, the following:—"Waterway, caulking, &c., defective; survey declined." "Wormed in bottom." "Not fit for any character; trenails, planks, &c., defective." "Bad case; many rotten timbers." "Majority of timbers exposed; also ceiling and bolts defective." "Wales wormed, waterway seams open." "Class expired; put back, making water; recommended the vessel to be docked; not worthy of any class." "Put into Belfast strained and making water; recommended to be docked; sailed without repairs." It does not, of course, follow that all the vessels thus distinguished by a black mark are necessarily defective; but there can be little doubt that many, and probably most of them, are so. Classification raises the value of a vessel; and an owner who was willing to pay for repairs would not decline a survey. Mr. Rundell, Secretary to the Liverpool Underwriters' Association, gave 225 as the number of "black sheep" on his list during eleven years, or an average of twenty a year.

The next question is as to overloading, and here again the evidence is conflicting, and rather general than specific. There is a natural disinclination on the part of witnesses to give offence to their neighbours, for which allowance must be made in weighing their testimony. Mr. T. S. Miller calculated that more than twenty, perhaps twice as many, ships left Cardiff clearly overloaded during the last twelve months. Mr. Neate, Board of Trade Surveyor, said that formerly vessels at Cardiff used to be very deep in the water, but there had been lately a great improvement. He thought, however, that two-thirds of the coasters, if rigidly surveyed, would be stopped, though coasters did not often come to grief. Mr. Wawn, Board of Trade Surveyor, did not think that overloading prevailed extensively in Sunderland. Captain Sandeman, Surveyor at Liverpool for the Salvage Association of London, was of opinion that Liverpool ships load very fairly; still he had known vessels go to sea in a very unsound state and very deeply laden, so that it would require very fine weather indeed to carry them safely to their destinations. Mr. Lamport said that neither he nor his overlooker could recollect a case of a vessel from Liverpool having been lost by overloading. As to Newcastle, Mr. Hall, shipowner, expressed the equivocal opinion that there was not more overloading there than at other ports. Mr. Bullock, harbour-master, had from time to time seen vessels very deeply laden leaving the Tyne, but purposely refrained from making special observations lest it should give offence. A gunner in the Royal Navy said he had been thirty-six years at sea, and he would not like to go to sea in many of the vessels he saw leaving the Tyne; some had only two feet of freeboard. Sometimes there were half-a-dozen very deep ships in a week. "I see," he added, "some very old wooden ships go out, which we call broken-backed. I remember an old brig, said to be a hundred years old—she was wrecked during the gales, and was purchased—and after the weather got fine, she was got off, and she still goes to sea." Lieutenant Reed, R.N., had also observed many ships on the Tyne dangerously deep in the water, the freeboard being often much less than three feet.

Deck-cargoes were strongly condemned by almost every witness who was questioned on the subject. Mr. O. B. Walker, of the firm of Price, Potter, and Co., timber merchants, said the timber ships were almost the worst affixed, and deck-cargoes added greatly to their danger. It would be worth while to pay higher freights for ships that did not carry deck-loads, as the cargo would not be lost so frequently, and shippers would also save in insurance, as the rate would be less. If it were possible to enforce restrictions in regard to deck-loads, all parties would, he thought, be gainers, irrespectively of the saving of life. "So we may take it," said Mr. Merrifield, "that there exists a sort of vicious custom of deck-loading which is prejudicial to all parties concerned when we take them collectively as having a consolidated interest, but which custom some one always has an individual interest in keeping going?" "Yes," was the reply. Mr. Lamport, shipowner, Liverpool, took a similar view. Deck-loads, he said, were dangerous not only because they obstructed the navigation of the vessel, and were apt to lead to overloading, but also because the logs could not be fastened so as to prevent their moving in bad weather, and when they moved they loosened the stanchions, perhaps also splitting the covering-board, and strained the vessel, which became leaky or water-logged. Mr. E. Rankin, Liverpool, also held that it would be well if deck-loads could be prohibited entirely; shipowners would get a higher rate of freight to compensate them for the reduction of cargo. These opinions are confirmed by the appalling catalogue of disasters to timber ships, which is supplied by the Board of Trade. During the months of November and December last year, as far as reported up to the 7th of January, no fewer than 52 were totally lost and 113 damaged; of these 165 vessels, 121 carried deck-loads and 44 had none; as to the remainder, there was no information on this point. Ninety-five were lost. These losses were pretty well divided between the American and Baltic trades. Mr. T. S. Miller, Collector of Customs at Cardiff, stated that

when on the west of Ireland he frequently saw wrecks arising from deck-loads. "In one or two instances they were turned quite over, and in one instance I have gone out with a steamer and have pulled the vessel in with the masts underneath and the bottom upwards." Mr. Hatchelor of Cardiff never carried a deck-load in the autumn, or winter, and never lost a timber ship. It was explained by Mr. Farrer that the old Act prohibiting deck-loads was repealed on account of its being evaded by ships taking in deck-loads at foreign ports; and it was also pointed out that there were difficulties in the way of uniformly forbidding deck-loads of cattle and other things. The Canadian Legislature has this year passed an Act prohibiting deck-loads from the 1st of October to the 16th of March; and if a corresponding measure were passed in England, the United States might perhaps be induced to follow suit. There could not be much difficulty in providing for exceptions under a special licence.

Putting all this evidence together, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that a considerable number of ships are every year sent to sea in a dangerous condition. Many of these ships are unsound, if not absolutely unseaworthy; but it is possible that danger arises more frequently from excessive cargoes. It would be rash, however, to assume that ships are often knowingly sent out in a dangerous state. There are cases, no doubt, in which rotten ships are despatched with worthless cargoes for the sake of the insurance-money, but these cases are not common. As a rule, shipowners would rather that their ships should not be lost, and they probably flatter themselves with the reflection that the vessels have always a fair chance of reaching their destination in safety. The evil is that the temptation to make the most of a vessel, by loading her heavily, keeping her in incessant use, and economizing in repairs, tends to reduce the chances of safety to a point at which they almost disappear. It is a matter of everyday experience that somehow or other very frail, deeply laden vessels do somehow or other contrive to keep afloat, and even to make many voyages. They may be constantly in peril, and a rough breeze or any little accident to the machinery or other fittings would be pretty certain to make an end of them. But by mysterious good fortune the accidents happen the other way; there is a smooth sea and favourable winds, and all goes well. Still it is a slender thread to trust to, and the question is whether owners should be allowed to trust to it. There can be no doubt how the present system works. Shipowners may be assumed to be, on the whole, as humane and honourable as other men; but in the long run the management of a business is invariably influenced by pecuniary considerations. There is a well-known French proverb about killing the mandarin. It is supposed that, if you want a fortune, you have only to touch a knob on the wall; it kills a mandarin, but your victim is out of sight and far away, while the fortune you gain is in your hand. It is much the same with shipowners. Their vessels do not necessarily pass under their personal supervision; perhaps they never see them at all, and in any case they do not personally survey them and direct the stowage of cargo. So they shake off their responsibility on the captains and stevedores; and at the same time make themselves safe by insurance. If the captain and stevedores are satisfied, if the crew are willing to sail, why, the owner asks himself, should he interfere? Whatever happens, he is secure against loss. He is anxious to get the utmost degree of profit out of the ship, so he shirks repairs and packs her as full as she will hold. The captain and stevedores are his servants, and are anxious to keep in with him, and are therefore afraid to give offence by raising any question as to the soundness of the vessel or the amount of cargo. It is true the captain's life is at stake, but then so is his living, and a captain who wants to be sure of employment must not be too particular. Thus it will be seen that the whole drift of the present system is to make owners and captains reckless, and to lead them to trust, not to reasonable conditions of safety, but to mere chances of safety—the chances of fair weather luck. It is really nothing more than a form of gambling. There is competition between shipowners, and there is also competition between shipbuilders and between insurance agencies; and all this competition tends in the same direction. Shipbuilders give bad materials and scamped work. Insurance agencies reduce their scale of precautions. But all these interests are covered in one way or another, and it is the sailors alone who suffer. It seems to us that the natural way to remedy this evil is to find some means of turning the tendency of the system the other way, so that owners should know that, if they lost ships, they would be decidedly the worse for it.

But how is this to be done? The powers with which the Board of Trade has been invested, and which we are glad to observe it is diligently exercising, of detaining, examining, and, if necessary, condemning unseaworthy ships, is undoubtedly a step in the right direction. The mere detention of a vessel is of course an annoyance and loss to the owner or hirer; and it will therefore be his interest to keep the vessel in such a state that there shall be no room for suspicion as to its seaworthiness. The conditions under which criminal penalties may be inflicted on persons who knowingly send a dangerous ship to sea require to be made more stringent, and the means of enforcing them should also be systematised, so that they may be more readily and promptly put in action. If this were done, and if penalties were provided for the summary recovery of compensation by shipwrecked sailors or the survivors of those who perish at sea, there would be a counterpoise to the mischievous effects of insurance, and shipowners would be made to feel that, on the whole, it was their interest not to run the risk of losing vessels. The principle of the

law should be that ships ought not to be lost, and that when a loss occurs, the burden should lie on the owner or hirer of showing that it was not his fault. With regard to a load-line and compulsory survey, it is certainly reasonable that in a matter affecting important commercial interests, and which is further complicated by international difficulties, great caution should be observed in resorting to coercive legislation; but there is one thing which the evidence makes abundantly clear, and that is, that in every well-conducted shipping business there is a calculation as to the depth to which each vessel can safely be immersed, and also a careful system of survey. Mr. M'Iver of the Cunard Company, Captain Fenwick, Mr. Geo. Marshall, and Mr. Sterry were all agreed on these points. The majority of shipowners are honourable and prudent men, and it is difficult to see why what they find it necessary to do should not be made compulsory on all. A universal fixed load-line is of course absurd, but every owner should be bound by an estimate of maximum loading capacity; and a system of surveys, not necessarily by the Government, but by a public board, in which all the classes interested in maritime enterprises should be represented, appears to be not impracticable. It is certain that no amount of inspection will absolutely prevent mistakes and accidents; but inspection would tend to make owners and captains more careful, and that is what is wanted. At the least shipowners should be compelled to register full particulars as to the construction and capacity of their vessels, and also to mark them so that their depth in the water may be apparent to every one; this information would be available in any proceedings that might be taken against them.

LORD AIRLIE AND DEER-FORESTS.

IF Lord Airlie's evidence before the Committee on the Game Laws at all resembled his letters to the *Times* and the Editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, it must have gone a considerable way towards lightening a ponderous blue-book. If it did not cast a steady light on the subject under investigation, at least it must have furnished an amusing psychological study. We imagine that we have obtained already a good deal of insight into Lord Airlie's idiosyncrasy from the letters we have had the privilege of perusing, brief and self-contradictory as they are. We figure to ourselves the writer as a man endowed with an active and singularly mobile intellect; quick to take up positions and entrench himself in them, quicker still to abandon them on an afterthought and to shift his ground. Happy in the possession of intuitive perceptions, he leaps with confidence towards his conclusions; but before he is safely landed on his legs, it flashes upon him that he has made a false start. His conscience being as sensitive as his mind is quick, he is in haste to recant whenever he recognizes himself to be in error. The strange thing is that experience should never have taught him to distrust himself and those first impressions of his, and so spare himself the gratuitous humiliation of his honourably candid avowals. "Cross of St. Andrew, that is what I call an onslaught," said the archer Le Balafre, talking of the descent on the Durwards of Glen-Houlakin by the Earl's ancestors. We may say very much the same thing of his Lordship's original attack on the natural enemy of grouse and deer. He assaults the revolutionary innovator with a blending of invective and sarcasm which would have been singularly happy had it only had a substantial foundation. However, the letter as it read was a very pretty letter indeed; and, to parody another sentiment by another of Sir Walter's heroes, many a man has fought it out knee deep in printers' ink on a far less plausible quarrel. Yet the determined onslaught turns out to be an anachronism so far as its author's state of mind was concerned; and had not the letter been duly and recently dated, we might presume that it had been delayed by irregular postal communications between the Forlshire hills and Printing House Square. For, by way of prelude to it, Lord Airlie had addressed three letters to the Editor of the *Fortnightly*. No. 1 appears to have been practically identical with the *causa belli* published in the *Times*. No. 2 is a frank admission that, on reading Mr. Beesly's article a second time, Lord Airlie did "not think it conveyed the imputation I thought it did, except by a somewhat forced construction"; while No. 3, following fast on No. 2, and arriving by the very next post, makes the further concession "that, on looking closely into my evidence, it appears to me that there were some answers of mine which, with a little ingenuity, might be made to bear the construction which Mr. Beesly put upon it." Under the circumstances we can understand Lord Airlie's "desire not to enter into a controversy with Mr. Beesly," although we do not doubt that it was a creditably conscientious impulse that drove him to reconsider that sage decision. Finally, after successive alternations of sentiment and conviction, each of them duly transmitted to the *Times* for the approval of the reading public, Lord Airlie has reverted to those second thoughts which are proverbially the most trustworthy. He has apologized for "warm language and reckless imputation in terms which, speaking soberly, do him the very greatest credit, and there is nothing left for us but to express a wish that the deer and the forests had found a more discreet advocate. For the "recreation plea" in favour of forests, as Mr. Beesly calls it, can have but a single meaning in these days when mind takes precedence of muscle. It must mean that these wild sporting grounds, with the changes of scene and air which they offer, are the recreation grounds of many of the overwrought men who direct our politics, our finance, and our trade.

It means that the bracing effects of the moors and the forests on the faculties that create the wealth of the country, and the intellects that take charge of its most important interests, far outweigh the value of an extra few thousand head of sheep and black cattle, or an infinitesimal displacement of population from outlying districts to more crowded centres. But if Lord Airlie's letters are to be taken in illustration of the effects of deer-stalking on the intellectual powers, we fear that many persons who have read them might be converted to Mr. Beesly's unsympathetic way of thinking, and be inclined contemptuously to dismiss the recreation plea.

For ourselves, we regret that Lord Airlie should have thought it necessary to speak when he had far better been silent, because we are much more in sympathy with him than with his opponent. Mr. Beesly writes of "Lord Airlie and his friends" as if our Highland shootings were monopolized by a little knot of titled aristocrats. In point of fact, as Mr. Beesly must know very well, it is a matter of money and not of caste. The love of sport is general in all classes, from princes of the blood to the labourer who marauds on the squire's covert, or the shoemaker's apprentice who goes out with his rusty pistol after the smoke-stained sparrows of the suburbs. When a man who has that love rises in the world and has earned the means of gratifying his tastes, he indulges in shooting quarters as in other luxuries, just as the Durham collier begins to invest his increased wages in pianos. There is no monopoly whatever in the matter, except in the sense in which one class of incomes have a monopoly of mansions in Belgravia, while another and a larger class have a monopoly of a plurality of rooms, and of animal food every day for dinner. Unless we are prepared to be absolutely utilitarian and penny-wise and pound-foolish, we ought to regard our deer-forests as not the least precious of our national possessions. Not only are they recreation grounds at our very doors, but they are sanctuaries for many of the most picturesque species of wild animals, which are being rapidly exterminated everywhere else. Thanks to the natural characteristics of our Highlands, coupled with our Game-laws, nowhere else within the limits of civilization do we find at once such excellent sport and so much of the exhilarating freshness of primitive nature. There is very good shooting on some of the great feudal domains in Germany and the Austrian Empire—domains that are jealously preserved by their hereditary proprietors; but everywhere else game is gradually being hunted down. What with democratic legislation, extreme subdivision of properties, and an exceedingly lenient law of trespass, which remains as often as not a dead letter, the game on the Continent is going the way of the wolves on the Scotch mountains and the bustards on the English downs. "Hunted like a partridge" might be said of the birds of France quite as truly as of those of Judea. Were it not that French birds are for the most part of the red-legged breed, who are taught by a merciful provision of Providence to run in the drills, in place of rising on the wing, we suspect that French partridges must have been extirpated long ago, beyond the bounds of such estates as Ferrières. The very thrushes in France have an exceedingly rough time of it in the autumn, and lark-shooting is, we understand, by no means what it used to be on the first day of the licence season on the plain of St. Denis. Belgium, with its little patches of rich grain and root crops, would be the very paradise of hares and partridges if it did not swarm with small proprietors. As it is, game is as scarce in the Flemish markets as the tame rabbits of Ostend are plentiful. There might be fair shooting in Spain, but every muleteer carries a long fowling-piece at his back or across his saddle-bow, so that it is but seldom that the stranger tourist has the luck to obtain a shot in passing. In Italy you only make a heavy bag if you take your life in your hands, and, fortified by a mixture of port and quinine, venture in the malaria after boars or waterbirds down in some of the marshes or *maremme*. So it is all over the more civilized parts of Europe. In Scandinavia sport has become the most doubtful of lotteries since the days when Lloyd wrote his fascinating volumes; and even Lloyd did little more than enough to tempt the very enthusiastic. You may get your two or three couple of riper; you may scorch them over a fire of wood, and then retire to your repose on the straw in a barn. But unless you are young and vigorous, entering upon life instead of being worn by its labours, the sport does not compensate you for the privations. If you want anything less tame than bagging feathered fowl and furry innocents, you must go a very long way nowadays to look for it. The energy of the English race, and the attraction of veins of gold in the Sierras, have almost depopulated what were once the happy hunting-grounds of the great North American Continent. The herds of buffalo have disappeared from the valleys of the Red River of the North and the Saskatchewan. You can no longer organize hunting trips from St. Paul or St. Louis; you must make your way to the southward, among the brigand gangs of New Mexico and the scattered remains of the tribes of the Apaches and Comanches. To the shores of Southern America is a long sea voyage; and to do any good on the Pampas, when you get there, you must have learned to sit an unbroken steed, and handle the lasso and bola like a Guascho. The great mountain ranges of Central Asia are practically inaccessible to European sportsmen; and very few of our hereditary legislators or business men care to turn out after man-eaters in the pestilential jungles of Hindustan at the season when the heat is most terrible to natives of the temperate zone. If they did, they would scarcely return invigorated to Westminster or Lombard Street. In Australasia, among the kangaroos and apteryxes, there is no shooting to speak of. In Africa

the districts ranged by Harris, and even by Gordon Cumming, have been abandoned by all the nobler game; and, to bring home ivory or skins of the roan antelope, you must go a journey of months into the remote interior. In short, the sportsman unattached has every day to go further and further afield, until his expenditure in time and money threatens to fall little short of the fancy ronts of the deer-grounds. The day may not be far distant when, to get any decent shooting without hiring it, you will have to trust yourself among savages who have scared away poachers by the ferocious reputation which their practices have made for them.

Deer-forests and moors are worth a great deal to us at present, but they are likely to become absolutely invaluable if things go on as they are doing; just as space in a city becomes precious when the suburbs are spreading themselves over what used to be fields. The Highland shootings lie within easy reach of trains and telegrams; you need not make your will and communicate with the Insurance Company before going there. On the contrary, you have abundance of the most healthy excitement, as the man knows who has killed a hart of ten—or missed him—after a long and anxious stalk. You may even sprain an ankle, or have a serious slip in scrambling up the face of some precipice; or, after the droning which you may infallibly count upon, it is possible that you may have a severe cold that must be cured without the assistance of a doctor. But there is no chance of a father of a family or of his country being struck down by malaria or "Yellow Jack," hugged by paws, tossed on tusks, or dragged off in claws into the jungle. Yet you can cast yourself loose from your home habits after breakfast with a highly stimulating sense of independence, feeling yourself the Nimrod or the Hawkseye of the period, knowing that on your own astuteness, endurance, coolness, and skill it depends whether you shall send home the shooting-pony empty or laden. Meanwhile, to say nothing of the magnificent air, and of walking with an earnest purpose instead of taking an aimless constitutional, you are moving all the day long in a grand open-air menagerie, expanding your mind and intelligence in observation of the habits of the animal creation. Lord Airlie is a sportsman, and no doubt is keenly alive to all this. But, had he written ever so wisely, he would never have made converts of the gentlemen who have no rural tastes in common with him, and who apply the harshest rules of utilitarian logic to pursuits and enjoyments of which they are utterly ignorant.

* FIRES.

IT may be taken for granted that some inquiry ought to be made into the origin of fires. A Bill providing for such inquiry has been brought into Parliament, but has made no progress. It is suggested that a new officer, to be called a Fire Marshal, ought to be appointed, and it is answered that there is an ancient officer, the Coroner, on whom this duty might be devolved. Mr. Payne, the Coroner of London, reminds us that in the year 1845, his father, Mr. Serjeant Payne, who was Coroner for London and Southwark, "acting on the old authorities," revived the ancient practice of holding inquests in cases of house-burning where there had been no loss of life. The example thus set in London was followed in other parts of the kingdom, "with manifest advantage to the public"; but unfortunately the Court of Queen's Bench checked this useful practice by a writ of prohibition, which was granted on the ground that a coroner has no power to hold an inquisition respecting the origin of a fire. Mr. Payne suggests that this defect of power might be supplied. The coroner, being already in office, has at hand the means for carrying into effect the intentions of the proposed Bill at small expense. If necessary, an assessor might be appointed in special cases. He thinks that inquiry should be made in every case where any portion of the house is actually burnt, and that such inquiry should extend, not merely to the origin of the fire, but also to the structure of the premises and the water supply. Certainty of inquiry, he says, is the great deterrent of crime, and therefore it matters little whether the inquiry be made by the coroner or his deputy and a jury, or by the coroner or his deputy alone, so that it be known that an inquiry will certainly be made. We think that in this Mr. Payne is clearly right. The Insurance Offices would in many cases exert themselves to assist such inquiries, and they would be able and willing to employ persons skilled in detecting and exposing fraud. Mr. Payne would prefer to have a jury, say of half-a-dozen inhabitants of the neighbourhood, because they would be likely to be acquainted with the habits of those frequenting the premises; and it may be added that they would have a strong interest in the efficient prosecution of the inquiry. The proposal to appoint a Fire Marshal for London is open to the objection that it leaves the rest of the country without provision; whereas, if the coroners were employed everywhere, it would be easy to supply skilled assessors in difficult or important cases. We can partly judge how the coroners would work such inquiries from observing what happens after a serious railway accident. By the assistance of an officer of the Board of Trade, useful investigations are often made, and at least lines of inquiry are suggested which may be pursued afterwards. The proposed Fire Marshal, the coroner, or the coroner's assessor, would be equally entitled to call for the assistance of the Metropolitan or City Police, the Fire Brigade, and the Salvage Corps. All these officers would doubtless be equally ready to expose "the faults and neglect of District Surveyors, the

inattention, error of judgment, or want of skill of firemen or police, the deficiency of water supply, the existence of improper manufactures." Whatever other defects coroners may possess, they cannot be accused of a disposition to understate their own importance. They would usually possess the will to prosecute inquiry into the causes of fire as far, to say the least, as could be reasonably desired.

But if the present condition of the metropolis, as regards liability to fire, be as bad as has been lately represented, there seems to be occasion, not only for special, but general, inquiry. We are said to be all living amid tremendous perils, some of which are assumed by those who undertake to warn us to be preventable; and if that be so they ought to be prevented. The Fire Marshal may inquire and report; and if the Tichborne case has finished, and Parliament has not begun, his report and the evidence on which it is based may have a chance to be generally read. But it appears to us that the condition of London requires either immediate legislation or inquiry as preliminary thereto. Committees have sat and taken evidence already upon this subject, but if more work of the kind is required, let it be done without delay, and then let the necessary legislation follow. It certainly does seem to the superficial observer wonderful that we make no sufficient effort to protect ourselves against notorious and apparently preventable dangers which beset our daily life. This month never comes round without an explosion of fireworks, causing more or less destruction of life or limb. Surely now that we can have fireworks at the Crystal Palace and Alexandra Park, they ought to be strictly prohibited elsewhere. We want neither coroner nor Fire Marshal to explain to us that making fireworks in a crowded neighbourhood is dangerous, and if we cannot or will not put a stop to this practice, we must take the consequences. A letter in the *Times* describes what the writer calls a "fire-trap," which means, as we understand, a small court at the back of a house, filled with packing-cases, straw, shavings, and other equally inflammable materials. The upstairs lodger thinks the safety of his life and manuscripts the most important consideration, while the tradesman on the ground-floor thinks that before all things business must be carried on. The *Times* improves the occasion by reminding its readers that we are all in this great city "slumbering on a volcano." In many cases houses are so built or situated, and combustible materials are so arranged, that if preparation had been made for a conflagration, the "fire-trap" could not be more complete. We can all call to mind cases to which this description is exactly applicable, and although it is not to be doubted that many fires are due to "fire-raisers," yet the fires most fatal to life are usually due to "fire-traps." There are many places in London where the wonder is not that fires do happen sometimes, but that fires do not happen every night. It seems to us, perhaps, shocking that the business of firework-making should be carried on in a six-roomed house in a street in Lambeth. But habit reconciles men to everything. This case is specially unmanageable either by coroner or Fire Marshal, because the explosion killed the man who caused it, and he has gone beyond the reach of censure. This man and his wife occupied two rooms on the ground-floor, and he let the first floor to one family, and the second floor to another. It appears that the man carried on, unknown to his neighbours, the business of a firework-maker in the house, and had in it a store of gunpowder and other explosive materials. He was pursuing his usual occupation when the explosion occurred. He was making fireworks on Tuesday morning in preparation for next day's demand. It appears impossible to prevent the sale and use of fireworks on the 5th of November, and perhaps if the police attempted to interfere effectually, they would be accused of sympathizing with the Pope. At any rate every boy spends his pocket-money in buying squibs and crackers. The demand inevitably calls forth the supply, and if fireworks are not made in Lambeth, they will be made somewhere else. The explosion blew out the front parlour window, hurled the artist's lifeless body through the opening, crushed the walls, blew up the ceiling, killed the artist's wife, and set fire to the house. It may be questioned whether the Papists have ever done so much harm by their plots as the Protestants have inflicted upon themselves in commemorating their deliverance. The most ineradicable of national customs seems to be this of letting off fireworks in November. The house was rapidly destroyed, and the remains of eight persons were afterwards found among its ruins. The Coroner will be amply seized of this case in virtue of its fatal termination, but really there is nothing to be said or done upon it. The law can hardly reach either the people who sold materials to the artist, or the people to whom the artist sold his works. Dealers in such articles take care not to know more than they cannot help.

It must not be supposed that the Legislature has neglected to provide against firework-making in crowded neighbourhoods, but unfortunately its enactments have proved ineffectual for their purpose. We find that the deceased artist would have been liable to a penalty of 10*l.* under an Act of Parliament which was passed in 1860, and which probably was called forth by some unusually disastrous explosion. In this particular case the artist has paid the highest penalty, and it is difficult to see how any penalty can prevent a needy man carrying on a secret trade. Our lives are at the mercy of our neighbours on an alarming and almost uncontrollable extent, nor does it add to our composure to be told that buildings reported fire-proof are usually the most dangerous of all. The best point about our system is the promptitude with which fires are checked. In this respect it is probable that we are far ahead of Boston and Chicago. Indeed a competent

authority has said that the fire brigades of the great American cities are little more than an excuse for young men to strut in uniform. The fire at Lambeth was confined to the house in which the explosion occurred; and a recent fire at a solicitor's office in the City only resulted in the destruction of part of a law library and some law papers, which, as the newspapers put it, were "practically worthless." We are glad to hear that on this occasion a so-called fire-proof room did preserve valuable documents from destruction. We think that the Fire Marshal or coroner would be useful in helping to detect incendiarianism, which, however, is most frequently committed in warehouses, where life is not immediately endangered. Many a man would cheat an Insurance Office who would not wilfully cause a fellow-creature's death. There are men who would do both; but those unmitigated scoundrels are comparatively rare. There is no doubt that inquiry into the origin of fires ought to be thoroughly made in all doubtful cases; and the efficiency of the Fire Brigade should be maintained and extended. Also, in order that the Fire Brigade may do its duty, a constant supply of water must be provided, and any necessary outlay for this purpose will be according to sound economy. But when all has been done that can be done for safety, we shall still be liable to be blown into space by some unlicensed pyrotechnist.

THE TRADE UNIONISTS AND MR. LOWE.

A DEPUTATION of Trade Unionists has waited on Mr. Lowe for the purpose of demanding the abolition of the criminal penalties at present attached to various acts of dishonesty and violence which the Unionists are in the habit of committing in order to promote the coercive objects of their Societies. Mr. Lowe said that the statements of the deputation would receive careful consideration; and they certainly deserve consideration, because they bring into a strong light the position which the Trade Unionists are bent upon assuming towards society, and the consequences which may be expected if the Government and Parliament should be weak enough to give way to them. Apart from the question of the general law of conspiracy—a large question which we have more than once discussed—the specific demands to which the Unionists are content to confine themselves for the present are that the Criminal Law Amendment Act should be wholly repealed, and that the Masters and Servants Act should be amended by cutting out the criminal penalties of breach of contract, and making it simply a matter of civil damages. It appears that these laws as they now stand have caused great annoyance to the Unionists, and have interfered very much with their operations. It is unpleasant to be put in prison for picketing or breach of contract, and this naturally operates as a discouragement to practices which are regarded as essential to the success of these combinations. If the only object of penal legislation were to please those against whom it is supposed to be directed, we should be disposed to say that the Unionists had made out a strong, and even an irresistible, case against the Acts in question. If, however, it should be thought that the object of the law is, not to afford immunity to particular classes of offenders, but to protect the public at large, then we think that the statements of the deputation supply the strongest evidence of the usefulness and efficacy of the statutes which are complained of.

The impudence of the demands of the Unionists is appropriately matched by the audacity of their misrepresentations. It is complained that the Criminal Law Amendment Act is directed exclusively against Trade Unionists; and this is true, but not exactly in the sense which was implied by the members of the deputation. They wished to convey the idea that under this Act Unionists alone are liable to punishment for acts which other persons may commit with impunity. This is certainly not true. The Act applies to all classes indiscriminately, and if it strikes practically at the Unionists alone, that is only because the Unionists alone are in the habit of committing the offences which it is intended to check. If employers were to take to rattening and picketing, they would at once bring themselves within the scope of the law. They abstain from these offences, and therefore the law does not touch them. It touches the Unionists because the Unionists are partial to outrages of this kind. Unionists have, however, a very easy way of obtaining relief from the disagreeable penalties of which they complain, and that is by simply refraining from picketing and rattening. When the Act was passed great care was taken to remove from it any expressions which could by any ingenuity be construed into an invidious reference to working-men, and to make it applicable to all classes alike. The same course was followed with regard to the Masters and Servants Act. Under that Act nothing can be done to an employed person which may not, under similar circumstances, be done to an employer. It simply enacts that wilful breach of contract may be punished, at the discretion of the magistrate, either by civil damages or imprisonment. If working-men are usually punished by imprisonment, the reason is simply that there is no other way of getting at them. A civil remedy against a man who is here to-day and gone to-morrow, and who has no property of any kind, would obviously be a farce. An employer, on the other hand, has a fixed place of business, and there is no difficulty in making him liable for any claims which can be proved against him. To repeal the criminal part of the Act would be practically to give free license to all working-men to take advantage of their employers by suddenly leaving off work. Suppose that a house is being built, or a ship loaded, and that at a critical moment the workmen

choose to go away; the loss which is thereby inflicted on their employers may be very serious; but civil proceedings against the men would be an utter mockery. There would first be the difficulty of discovering the men, who would no doubt disperse in all directions; and there would be next the difficulty of obtaining damages from men who had no money.

Mr. Howell, who was one of the chief spokesmen of the deputation, said that they did not want the law to be made in favour of Trade Unionists; all they sought was to be placed on a footing with other citizens. But in the Acts which they denounce they are put on a footing with other citizens. Anybody, no matter whether he is a Unionist or non-Unionist or employer, who commits certain specified offences, is liable to be punished for them. Mr. Howell went on to say that Unionists were not in the habit of condoning or palliating any of those offences against which the law was supposed to be levelled; but we have some recollection of a Trade Unionist demonstration a few months ago at Maidstone in honour of men who had just finished the term of imprisonment to which they were condemned for a wicked and dastardly attempt to plunge London into darkness; and we have certainly no recollection of any Unionist speaker or journalist having ventured to censure the disgraceful conduct of those men, who not only broke faith with their employers, but endeavoured to inflict a cruel and wanton injury on a vast multitude of innocent persons who had nothing whatever to do with the gas-stokers' private quarrels. The leaders of the Unionists were also aware of the Sheffield outrages long before they were exposed by the Royal Commission; but they waited till there was no help for it before they expressed any public disapprobation of these atrocities, and they did so even then in very mild and equivocal language. Mr. Howell says that what the Unionists desire is that the offences in question should be dealt with under the ordinary laws of the country; but, as the fact is that they are peculiar offences which cannot be dealt with by the ordinary law, it may be inferred that what is really desired is that they should not be dealt with at all. Mr. Howell is also of opinion that picketing is very much misunderstood. The object of picketing, we are assured, is merely to give information to workmen who come from a distance as to the state of trade matters; but there are different sorts of information and different ways of conveying it. The information which the pickets have to communicate is that non-Unionists must make up their minds to be persecuted in every possible way unless they obey the dictates of a body to which they do not belong, and whose authority they repudiate; and the way in which this information is conveyed is by setting men to dog the steps of independent workmen, and to threaten them with the penalties of disobedience to the Union. Mr. Mundella, who is a member of Parliament, and at least ought to know something of the contents of Acts of Parliament, is reported to have said that the "law against these offences, instead of applying to the whole community, applied only to Trade Unionists, and not to the masters." It is incredible that Mr. Mundella should have said this, because it is quite untrue, and the truth must surely have been within Mr. Mundella's knowledge. The law applies to all persons, no matter to what class of the community they may belong, who commit certain offences. Mr. Mundella added that in business they were accustomed to threats, and he could name several men in the House of Commons at the head of large firms who were told that, if they did not cease to supply goods to co-operative stores, tradesmen would cease to do business with them. And what, he asked, was that but a threat? No doubt it is in one sense a threat, but the law does not undertake to put a stop to all threats. It is a threat to say that you will not buy goods at a shop unless prices are lowered, but there is no necessity for the application of the criminal law in such a case. What is important is that personal freedom of buying and selling should be maintained. It is complained that, while the masters may send round a black list, the men may not send out pickets; but the men may circulate a black list, if they choose, in the same way as the masters; and if the masters attempt picketing, they will suffer for it just the same as the men. The men are at liberty to refuse to work at certain shops, and the masters are at liberty to refuse to employ certain men. But if either masters or men resort to anything in the shape of physical molestation or intimidation, they will equally be punished for it. It may be unfortunate for the men that they cannot carry out their schemes without violence; but social order must be maintained, even though it causes "annoyance" to working-men, and interferes with the coercive discipline of Trade Unions.

The great mistake which is constantly made by the Unionists is in supposing that they are the people of England. If they were, it would no doubt be reasonable and proper that the laws should be shaped according to their own ideas of social happiness. As it happens, however, there are other people who are entitled to some consideration. The Unionists are only a part, and only a comparatively small part, of the community, and their private arrangements, however convenient to themselves, cannot be tolerated as laws imposed on the general public. Anybody can belong to a Trade Union who chooses, but then it is necessary to reserve an equal right to anybody not to belong to a Trade Union if he does not think it desirable. The authority of the Unions must be restricted to the circle of those who voluntarily choose to submit to it. It is well that the full import of the demands which have just been made should be distinctly understood. What is asked is practically nothing less than that Unionists should be allowed to break contracts with their employers, and to molest and intimidate their fellow-workmen,

whenever it suits their purposes, with perfect impunity. The question is, therefore, whether these offences are detrimental to society, and whether it is necessary to punish them. It is said that what the Unionists want is, not to escape punishment, but only to be put under the same laws as other people. It is obvious that, if they would be liable to punishment under the general law, they would gain nothing by the change. Mr. Howell justifies picketing as "not morally wrong, or in any sense unlawful"; and it might be said that rattening was only another much misunderstood means of giving information to workmen. There may perhaps be some people who believe that the freedom of picketing and rattening would be productive of social harmony and happiness; but it may be worth while to remember that this freedom, if allowed to one class of the community, must in fairness be extended to the rest. It need hardly be said that the worst consequences of universal molestation, intimidation, and breach of contract at pleasure would fall upon the working classes. They would suffer not only from being treated as they now wish to be allowed to treat others, but also by the commercial distrust and disorganization which would be produced. Employers would be unable to accept contracts except at a fancy price, in order to cover their risks, and the market for labour would suffer accordingly. It is to be hoped that the Government, in considering this subject, will remember that large public interests are at stake.

COAL MONOPOLY.

WE regret that the supposed discovery in the columns of the *Times* of the "Secret of Dear Coal" proves on examination to be no discovery at all. A gentleman who owns a colliery is entitled, in addition to rent, to a certain number of tons each year free of cost. Through the intervention of a friend who is a director of a Railway Company, this gentleman is enabled to have these coals delivered at his house in London. He puts the price of coal at the pit's mouth at 18s. 6d. per ton, and the cost of carriage and delivery at 8s. 6d. per ton, so that the total cost would be 27s. per ton, whereas the market price of the same quality of coal is 37s. per ton. It has probably occurred to many readers of this statement that they might buy coal at the pit's mouth and have it forwarded by railway, and thus save 10s. per ton which now goes into the pocket of the London dealer. A writer in the *Times* did attempt this, and he is very angry at the refusal of a Railway Company to forward the coals that he has purchased. He seems to think that he has only to make his grievance known to have it removed; but unfortunately Railway Companies, so long as they keep within the law, are able to disregard complaints in newspapers. They are not bound to carry coals for persons who purchase at the pit's mouth, and if Parliament undertook to compel them, they would probably warn legislators to look out for themselves in case a train should come into collision with a coal-truck. A system has grown up which gives to certain dealers a practical monopoly, and it is to be feared that the system cannot readily be changed. A correspondent of the *Times* correctly states that Railway Companies, not being "common carriers" of coal, are not bound to carry all such coal as may be offered for carriage, and that the carrying of coals for colliery-owners only is not an unlawful preference. This is the existing law, and we doubt whether Parliament could be persuaded to change the law.

A case which occurred a few years ago may be usefully employed to illustrate the existing law. The complainants, as well as other coal-merchants, had been allowed the use of certain wharves or depôts at the stations of the London and North-Western Railway for the reception and deposit of the coals consigned to them respectively. For this accommodation each coal-merchant paid a remuneration to the Company. The practice of the Company was to apportion the accommodation at the different stations amongst the coal-merchants who required it; and each coal-merchant used his wharf as a kind of store for his coals until they were sold, and required to be removed. From the nature of the inland coal-trade the wharf or depôt accommodation is almost essential to its being carried on profitably to the merchant. It also promotes the traffic of carrying coals upon the railways; and the practice of providing such accommodation is very general upon the railways. In the course of the year 1869 an additional station was opened upon the Rugby and Stamford line at Lubenham. There was a space of ground attached to the station which was suitable for coal wharves, and it was sufficient in extent to afford the usual accommodation for more than one coal-merchant. The complainants thereupon began sending coals to Lubenham station for sale, and such coals were unloaded and deposited and stored in the usual way. Afterwards a rival coal-merchant obtained a lease of the whole of the wharf accommodation at Lubenham, and thereupon the Company refused to allow any such accommodation to the complainants. This refusal virtually prevented coals being sent by the complainants to Lubenham, and they applied to the Court of Common Pleas for a rule calling upon the Company to abstain from giving to one merchant the exclusive advantage of depositing coal at the station, or to give similar accommodation to the complainants. There could be no doubt that the effect of what had been done by the Company was to exclude the complainants from any share of the facilities for the coal trade which existed at Lubenham, and thus to create a monopoly of the trade in favour of another dealer, and to the

prejudice not only of the complainants, but of the public. There was, however, a difficult legal question in the case, and before asserting to it we will observe what light is thrown by this case upon the present condition of the coal trade. We can see that even at a small provincial station there was no idea of allowing the public to import their own coal. It was originally intended to divide the wharf accommodation among at least three dealers, and afterwards the Company allotted the whole to one dealer only. The complainants, being deprived of their wharf, assumed that they were deprived of the opportunity of importing coals into the neighbourhood of Lubenham, and if this were true of dealers, it would necessarily be true of a person who desired to import for his private use. Further, if it were true of Lubenham, it would be still more true of London. It was contended that the case did not come within the provisions of the Railway Traffic Act, 1854, and two judges held that it did, while two other judges held that it did not, come within that Act. The Railway Companies, as we all know, have secured a monopoly of the carrying trade, but this was granted to them, and is to be used, for the benefit of the public. The object of the Act of 1854 was to compel the Companies to act with impartiality to all persons desirous of using the railway, and to secure that all should be placed upon equal terms. The Legislature has restricted the Companies from using their railways for the benefit of one person to the exclusion of others, and has required that all persons should be treated alike. At the same time the Legislature has considered that due regard may be had to any peculiar circumstances, as well as to the safety and convenience of the public, and to the fair interests of the Companies themselves. It was urged, on the other side, that the complaint related to matters wholly distinct from the receiving, forwarding, and delivering of coals, which were the only matters as to which the Court was authorized to interfere. The matter of the complaint arose after all that concerned the conveyance and delivering of the coal was at an end.

We are not concerned to decide between these opposing views. It is manifest upon the case that the coal traffic by railway is entirely in the coal-owners' or the dealers' hands. In theory any person is entitled to run his private train from Euston Square to Manchester; but we know that this is practically impossible. The privilege of importing one's own coals from the pit is likely to prove on examination equally illusory. An enthusiastic correspondent of the *Times* believes that as soon as the public thoroughly understands the difficulty a remedy will be applied. We have done our best to make the position of things intelligible, but we have no sanguine expectation of improvement. Railway officers will say that, if their arrangements are interfered with, they cannot be responsible for consequences. This, indeed, is what a railway officer did say in an earlier case which arose out of a system of storing coals in cells or depôts until they could be sold by an agent on behalf of the coal-owner. At the date of that case the Companies knew nothing of merchants, and only made arrangements for the convenience of coal-owners. A witness said, "The order must go through the depôt agent. I apprehend this is a principle which cannot be departed from without injuring the traffic of the line and hazarding the public safety." Among other causes of the dearth of coal, this is one—that the means of transport are limited. It has been suggested that the canals, now to a great extent disused, might be repaired and used in relief of the railways for the carriage of coal and other heavy goods which need not be carried rapidly.

A correspondent of the *Times* correctly says that the Railway Companies have the power to refuse, and do accordingly refuse, to carry coal for private persons. It will be understood, from the reference which we have made to decided cases, that such refusal would not be an undue preference to the coal-merchants within the meaning of the Railway Traffic Act. It appears, indeed, that a question was put to Government on this point last Session in the House of Commons, and the answer given was the only answer that could be given by those who understood the law. The answer, we are told, took the public by surprise, and its practical effect on the price of coal in London was felt to be very serious; but no legal remedy has been suggested, except an alteration of the law so as to make Railway Companies common carriers of coal. "But," says the writer in the *Times*, "unless the law could be extended to make Railway Companies provide the public with free wharves and sidings for coal-trucks, the right of carriage would be practically useless." It comes, in fact, to this that if we Londoners desire to buy our coal at the pit's mouth we must make a railway to bring it up to town and sidings and wharves to deliver it. Coal, like fish in the well-known song, may be said to be bought with the lives of men, for undoubtedly the coal trains on our railways are the cause of many serious accidents. There will never be the security which ought to exist on busy passenger lines until heavy goods trains cease to run upon them. Looking at the enormous consumption of coal in London, it would certainly appear desirable to make corresponding arrangements for supplying it. The managers of railways represent that the advantage possessed by coal-merchants over private consumers is not owing to any combination between Railway Companies and dealers in coal, but arises from the natural course of trade, which has placed all railway wharves and sidings at the disposal of those "registered" traders who could bring the largest amount of traffic over the lines of railway. This representation suggested the idea of introducing the co-operative system among consumers of coal. It was felt that clergymen, gentry, and tradesmen could not themselves become "registered" traders in coal, so as to obtain facilities for its conveyance by railway; but it appeared possible, by

combination, to produce a coal-selling company whose patronage would be so valuable that both Railway Companies and colliery-owners would be willing to aid its operations. It is stated that this result is now in a fair way of being realized by an association which has obtained the advantages of railway traffic and wharf accommodation hitherto accorded only to coal-merchants. There seems no reason why such associations, if worked prudently, should not succeed. But we fear that the idea of an individual householder ordering his coal at the pit's mouth and having it forwarded by rail to London is visionary. If this can be done without interfering too far with other and more important traffic on the railways, let it be done. But experience rather tends to show that it could not be done.

WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

NO less than five Galleries are now open, exhibiting a total of more than a thousand works. The general impression left on the mind is that seldom has mediocrity been so greatly multiplied. Mechanical manufacture is more than ever in excess of true art creation; new ideas are scarce, and the old conceptions necessarily grow each year more trite by reason of reiteration. As a consequence, few and far between are the pictures which show the freshness of immediate contact with nature, while the vast majority of contributions look like vague generalizations of something half remembered and half forgotten, or hasty sketches and fugitive thoughts muddled and marred in the studio, and at last sent out in despair. Winter Exhibitions have become the acknowledged refuge for such abortions; and it is equally singular and unfortunate that the most dismal of works are deemed appropriate to this lark and desolate season of the year. Beforehand we might have supposed that one of the beneficent ends of art was to bring sunshine into our dwellings; but the stranger who shall have gone the round of these Winter Exhibitions will come away with the solemn conviction that the peculiar province of the art of painting at present is to bring to the year's decline a sense of shadow, decay, and death.

"The French Gallery, Pall Mall," in opening its "Twenty-first Winter Exhibition," may be supposed to have arrived at years of discretion; a shrewd eye for business has indeed never been here but one thing wanting; the pictures are always wisely selected with ulterior ends. We have been taught to expect the pleasure of seeing painters of two classes—either those who have made a reputation or those who are just rising to a reputation; intermediate men have to seek their fortunes elsewhere. On entering the room it strikes us as a bad sign that Mr. Dickens's weak and conventional "Ophelia" should find a post of honour; but on looking round compensation comes in the works of Mr. Long, Mr. Burgess, Mr. Holl, and others of the English school. Among foreign artists we once more greet with pleasure M. Jules Breton, M. Castrès, M. Olays, and M. Mesdag. We are accustomed to look to Mr. Burgess and Mr. Long for the nut-brown Spanish maid, the stately Spanish priest, and the picturesque Spanish peasant, all of which John Phillip was the first to domesticate among us. Mr. Long has in "Don Antonio" hit upon an effective subject; a bevy of girls present themselves in a row ready to be hired as servants by El Padre and his housekeeper; the latter not unnaturally wishes to choose the oldest and the ugliest because the safest, but the sly Curé has his eye on the prettiest. The artist prophetically points the moral by painting on the wall the temptation of St. Anthony. Mr. Long has improved in execution since we saw him last; his manner was always pleasingly persuasive, and he has now gained strength with moderation. Mr. Holl, who also stands well with the Academy, will advance his reputation by a pathetic scene of "Want"; a young mother pinched by poverty is driven to part with her wedding-ring. The subject is treated with quiet reticence; it is not overdone; the drawing and the execution are alike firm. From the borders of the North Sea again come the best marine-painters. M. Olays has a sunny cheerful way of floating heavy craft, full sail, on shallow sandy seas; no man is more true to the sky and shore of Holland. M. Mesdag, too, is quite at home in "Shrimping on the Dutch Coast"; he always seizes on a subject with resolute grasp, yet his vigour is not destructive of delicacy. M. Jules Breton, the pathetic painter of peasant life in Brittany, falls for once into comedy; so true is it that tears are akin to laughter. "The Happy Moment," a humorous scene of love-making, was painted long ago; the style belongs to the cheerful domestic school of the Netherlands. Since then the artist has given himself studiously to melancholy; in his most cheerful moods he seldom rises above the "joy of sorrow." It is impossible to see too much of this true artist; in Vienna he stood out strongly by well-chosen master-works. We cannot quit this Gallery without emphatic mention of M. Castrès, an artist who, since the late war, has made himself a place among the great military painters of France—a nation which has ever won brilliant battles on canvas. "Outside the Ambulance," and "The March, Dinner-time, Franco-Prussian Campaign," are true to the life, as if painted on the spot. The artist is keen in observation, trenchant in hand; he might himself indeed have borne a sword. Like Xenophon, he narrates what he witnessed.

We have no often spoken in praise of "the Society of French Artists" in New Bond Street, that we may be permitted to pass over briefly this "Seventh Exhibition" as far from the best. And yet this Gallery, by a spell peculiarly its own, continues to com-

bine the power of attraction with repulsion. What is most ~~there~~ in French genius here congregates; the hatred of beauty is exalted into heroism, the impatience of finish becomes something more than impertinence. On this occasion the greatest sinner against good taste is M. Levy; "Christ at the Sepulchre" exceeds in vulgarity and irreligion the worst products of the lowest decadence. Such a work does great harm every way; we devoutly wish that England could be saved from all like importations. More welcome is another great achievement, M. Delacroix's "Entombment," which, though a display of savage power rather than of sacred spirit, possesses as a matter of course physical force with glory of colour. We have in former seasons dwelt on the tender loveliness of landscapes by M. Corot, on the uncompromising naturalism of M. Millet, on the Orientalism of M. Fromentin and of M. Huguet. We would gladly enlarge on many works tempting to criticism, but we may hope to meet old acquaintances again in the coming spring. Of Mr. M'Lean's Ninth Exhibition in the Haymarket we have space only to say that the examples of British and foreign schools are well chosen.

A unique collection of one hundred and twenty "Original Sketches and Studies in Oil" by M. Édouard Frère will not escape the notice of artists and others. We have been among the number of those who feared that finality had overtaken M. Frère, that his art had become restricted in its monotones, and circumscribed even to monotony in its sentiments. But here, when taken into the confidence of this simple lover of nature, this pathetic painter of peasant life, we find how year by year he has been quietly occupied in gathering fresh materials among meadows, homesteads, and humble dwellings of the poor. During the times while France has been racked by revolution and dismembered by war, this painter has possessed his soul in peace. The quietude of these "studies" is their charm; no passion has broken the placidity of those dwellers remote from the noisy city, no dark cloud shadows the sky, no fierce wind disturbs wold or wood. M. Frère is as serene as Claude, yet far more simple; as gentle as Stothard, yet, as these outdoor sketches show, less artificial and more naturalistic. And in passing round the room where these small gems are seen without distraction, we are less disposed than heretofore to accuse Mr. Ruskin of hyperbole, when, in a well-known criticism on M. Frère, he asks, "Who could have believed that it was possible to unite the depth of Wordsworth, the grace of Reynolds, and the holiness of Angelico?"

Two French artists often seen side by side in our exhibitions—M. Meissonier and M. Frère—have little in common, save in their small cabinet scale. Last spring we had the pleasure of criticizing a collection of studies in Pall Mall by Meissonier—works which might offer interesting comparison with the sketches by M. Frère, now on exhibition in Waterloo Place. Meissonier is photographic; he focuses his figures, his lights scintillate, his details are microscopic. M. Frère proceeds on an opposite system; he is less emphatic, concentrated, and detailed; the outlines of his figures melt into his backgrounds, his details merge into generalities. And yet in all that he does he is no less the consummate artist than his great contemporary, no less felicitous in seizing on a salient point, and far more sympathetic in his approach to his subject, and heart-moving in his appeal to the spectator. His children are dutiful, not rebellious; merry-making, it may be, as schoolboys, but not mischief-making as the *gamins* of M. Gavarni. The boy "Waiting for the Ferry," also sundry other boys—one, for example, seated on a wall, another standing by the seashore—are all pattern boys for goodness, obedience, and quietude. Moreover, they are ever children of nature; they have grown up in sun and shower amid flowers and hedgerows.

These "Sketches" admit of classification. First may be mentioned simple landscapes; outdoor studies full of daylight, true in tone, quiet in sentiment, and specially graceful in the interlacing branches of trees. Next are street scenes, wherein the artist, ever true to the spot, strives for quiet play of light and shade, and carries the eye onward to a distant vista. These subjects are obviously chosen because useful as backgrounds. For similar ends, boats lying on the beach have been faithfully portrayed. Then come subjects which are expressly Frère-like; in one we recognize an old woman peeling carrots, in another a village shoemaker, in a third a gossip by the way. The artist has such sympathy with his subject that the picture comes spontaneously, almost indeed without forethought, yet always under knowledge; little elaborated, yet displaying infinite pains, watchfulness, and patience. What strikes us in these fruits of many years is their essential unity; the figures have grown in concord with the trees, the cottagers are born to their humble dwellings. Nature and humanity are coloured and clothed alike; of such peasants it were scarcely irreverent to say that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

The Dudley Gallery is so far below what we have a right to expect that we think it becomes a serious question whether this Winter Exhibition of Oil Pictures should not be discontinued, at least for a time. The Spring Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings is so greatly superior that we can hardly understand how the Committee, which in the spring is identified with success, can consent in the winter to become responsible for failure. It is true that some few kind-hearted Academicians and Associates still stick to the old ship in this its seventh year. But nevertheless Mr. Leslie, A.R.A., and others naturally reserve their best for Burlington House. As matters now stand, we perhaps only too naturally find eccentricity on the increase, just as talent is on the wane. Washed-out Mr. Whistler, ink-black Mr. Hamilton Macdunn, starchy naturalistic

M. Legros, with sundry other abnormal geniuses who play far from pleasing parodies on nature, scarcely make sufficient excuse for the merely mediocre men who for the most part hold possession of these walls. Of course there are found scattered here and there some sterling works. We need scarcely stop to praise Mr. Watt, R.A., Mr. Marks, A.R.A., Mr. Hodgson, A.R.A., and Mr. Leslie, A.R.A. Also, almost as a matter of course, everything that comes from the studio of Mr. Alma-Tadema must be above par; but to criticize the mere byplay of men who within the twelvemonth will appear elsewhere in greater force were waste of time and space. The use of this Gallery from the first has been, that talent outside the Academy congregates within its walls. Thus Mr. Stanhope, in "The Labours of Psyche," shows that nobility of conception, that allegiance to high, historic, and imaginative styles, which have often here obtained more consideration than within the Royal Academy. And among less conspicuous works we should be sorry to pass without a word of Mr. Raven's "Llandilo and the Vale of Towy," a landscape full of daylight and of golden colour passing into tender grey. Also as a brilliant vision, though in miniature, may be named "Low Water," by Mr. O. W. Wyllie, a scene of flooded sand, sunny sea, and clouded sky, full of lively incident and of sparkling light. Mr. Binyon and others might likewise be mentioned as affording samples of those gleams of southern sunlight which seldom fail to illumine the Dudley Gallery.

We confess that the duty of criticism becomes irksome when there is little worthy of being criticized. The office of the critic can scarcely be to correct where correction is hopeless; it is rather to encourage where promise lies. As for these Winter Exhibitions, there is little reason why they should exist at all, save as markets. Galleries at this season seem to serve as drainage to take away dregs and surplus produce which otherwise might lie stagnant and unproductive.

REVIEWS.

TODHUNTER'S HISTORY OF THE THEORY OF ATTRACTION.*

MR. TODHUNTER is chiefly known to students of mathematics as the author of a series of admirable mathematical text-books, which possess the rare qualities of being clear in style and absolutely free from mistakes, typographical or other. If any fault is found with them, it is sure to be on the ground that they seldom notice the brilliant dodges and catch-questions which are dear to examiners, and that thus they require to be supplemented by oral or written tradition derived from the great mathematical "coaches" of Cambridge, if the student is to distinguish himself in competitive examinations. Nor is Mr. Todhunter's reputation as a teacher very dissimilar. Undergraduates regard him as a lecturer who has the strange taste to prefer a problem solved by the ordinary methods of analysis to one that has been solved by a special device suitable to it alone. This may seem incomprehensible to the true devotees of the Tripos; but there are many who have watched the results of the Cambridge system who would gladly see Mr. Todhunter's ideas on mathematical education more widely adopted. Thanks to the intense competition for the highest places in the Tripos under the abnormal stimulus of the great prizes that are given for such success alone, each subject that forms a part of that examination has been carefully mapped out, the leading types of questions that can be set upon it have been separately studied, and to each has been fitted a special method admirably suited to meet or avoid the difficulties of that particular class of questions, but paying dearly for its special applicability thereto by the very limited range of its powers. No doubt mathematics thus studied are much less dry than they otherwise would be; but the student, after finishing his course at the University, finds himself with neither the skill nor the patience to carry through one of those long analytical investigations by which discoveries are made. To no other cause than this can we attribute the painful fact that, with the exception of a few publications by men who have escaped the evil influences of the style of teaching by not remaining in residence, no mathematical work has of late emanated from Cambridge that merits higher praise than that of being a good educational text-book, and but few papers that have risen above the level of elegant contributions to elementary mathematics. The sole exception that we should make would be in favour of the mathematical histories from the pen of Mr. Todhunter, who is, as we have seen, the one least infected with the faults of the existing system. The present work is the third that he has written, and it makes us long for a time when the many fine mathematicians at Cambridge will cease to waste their intellects in devising "tips" for their pupils, and will take to extending or reducing to order the vast mass of higher mathematics which already exists, but which is so neglected by us. Of such work Mr. Todhunter is doing his share, for, though we have had but one important original investigation from him, yet such histories as his are at present more valuable than original work. They at once enable the mathematician to make himself master of all that has been done on the subject, and also give him a clue to the right method of dealing with the subject in the future, by showing him the paths by which

advance has been made in the past. This is specially needed by English students, who are usually deficient in learning rather than in power, and who too often waste time in rediscovering what has already been arrived at by others. Moreover, unlike many branches of history, such work as this need never be repeated if it has once been carefully and conscientiously done, and it is therefore with unmingled satisfaction that we see it adopted as his special subject by one whose cast of mind and self-culture have made him one of the most accurate, as he certainly is the most learned, of Cambridge mathematicians.

The subject of the work before us does not yield in interest to that of either of its predecessors. Though the difficulties of the analysis will doubtless limit its circle of readers even among advanced students, yet none can feel indifferent to the history of the advances of the theory of attraction, the discovery of which was the greatest exploit of England's greatest mathematician. It is with his investigations that the history commences, and though in every branch of physical astronomy "sound knowledge practically begins with Newton," yet nowhere does his genius show itself more markedly than in his applying, as he did, his new theory to the determination of the figure of the earth. The phenomena of astronomy which suggested to him his famous law would have been equally well explained had he supposed that the power of attraction was inherent in the heavenly bodies alone, and an inferior genius would doubtless have contended himself with such a hypothesis. Huyghens and the followers of Cassini and Descartes (when they had abandoned more ridiculous theories) held the theory in this form long after the publication of the *Principia*. But Newton had mentally emancipated himself from the superstition that the heavenly bodies were entities so important that they might be expected to have special laws of nature of their own. By attributing attractive power to every particle in the universe, and considering the attraction of the heavenly bodies to be merely the sum of the attractions of the particles that composed them, he did more than advance physical astronomy; he dealt a fatal blow to that vanity which gave vitality to most of the delusions of the middle ages—namely, that nature must regard as of chiefest importance that which is so to us. No subsequent discovery has given a clearer example of how nature treats the small and the great with undistinguishing regard. To us such ideas are familiar, but we must put ourselves back in thought to the state of opinion in Newton's day if we would appreciate the genius shown in at once coming to the conclusion that, were the theory of attraction a true one, then must this earth itself be shaped thereby. And his attempt at arriving at the shape of the earth from such considerations before accurate measurements had taught it to us was as masterly in method as the idea was bold. No doubt his solution was imperfect; without the aid of the Calculus as it existed at a much later day than his, it could scarcely fail to be so. But in reading his investigations with the aid of the admirable explanations of Mr. Todhunter, one is astounded at the marvellous skill with which he avoided the dangers of his imperfect method, and, though working in the dark, managed yet to obtain results that closely approximate to the truth. Here and there we come upon one of those apparently random guesses whose subsequent verification has caused Newton's mind to be regarded as a psychological mystery, as when he conjectures that the density of the earth must be between five and six times that of water, the value usually given now being five and a half times. And when we reflect that in the very book in which the theory of attraction was first enunciated there was a solution of this most difficult problem, so nearly complete that it can be said that "it was a bold outline, in the main correct, which succeeding investigators have filled up, but not cancelled," we can estimate how vast was the genius of Newton, and how much the world has lost by that fatal forty years' silence which has rendered but half his life a glory to his native land.

In a volume of essays recently published, Mr. Todhunter states his conviction that, in proportion to her population, England yields to none of the nations of the world in the eminence of her mathematicians. One naturally turns to a history like this for confirmation of a statement so flattering to our national pride. But we find no support for it therein. The author himself is forced to admit that the successors of Newton did but little to maintain the proud position that he had won for England in every branch of physical astronomy. Maclaurin, it is true, did good work in proving sundry propositions which Newton with admirable judgment had assumed, and also in extending in other ways our knowledge of attraction. But though this work was worthy of one of whom it is recorded in a memorial inscription that he became Professor at Edinburgh *ipso Newtono succedente*, yet we fear it does not entitle him to rank with the three great writers on the subject, Clairaut, Legendre, and Laplace. If we extend the list it is not Maclaurin but D'Alembert that we must first include, though Mr. Todhunter has, we think, shown that his clumsy methods and numerous blunders render his contributions more remarkable for quantity than value; and those portions which are not disfigured by actual mistakes consist too often (like his famous dynamical principle) of rediscoveries in a less serviceable shape of propositions which Newton and others had already given to the world in far preferable forms. Thus the whole credit of the later development of the theory must go to France. And though of the four great names that we have just given the name of Clairaut may perhaps be the least famous, it is doubtful whether his contributions can justly be put second to those of any of his illustrious fellow-countrymen. The first who attacked the

* *A History of the Mathematical Theories of Attraction and the Figure of the Earth, from the time of Newton to that of Laplace.* By I. Todhunter, M.A., F.R.S. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

problem of a heterogeneous earth composed of strata of different densities, he so far solved it that subsequent investigators have rather changed the form than the nature of his solution, and have extruded it only inasmuch as they have facilitated its application. Just as the advances which the Calculus had made in the half-century that divided him from Newton enabled him, while following the path pointed out by the latter, to surpass him far in the results that he was able to obtain, so in turn he left his work to be developed by means of the new forms that the Calculus was about to take in the hands of such intellectual giants as Legendre and Laplace, after the lapse of a second half-century. These later developments of the theory form the subject of the greater part of the second volume of the present work, and it is specially in these that the reader will feel grateful for the admirable arrangement and clear style so characteristic of Mr. Todhunter's works. The problems are of course much more intricate than those attacked by previous writers, and the analysis is proportionately more difficult; yet the reader can easily follow the progress of the theory, since each step in advance is duly noted, and its exact significance shown. As might be expected, an important part is played by the remarkable expressions which English mathematicians (following Dr. Whewell) associate with the name of Laplace, though due in at least an equal degree to Legendre, and which, in respect of their peculiar suitability to the problems of attraction, afford one of the best instances of the flexibility of modern analysis when treated by a masterhand. It is with Legendre and Laplace that the history nominally ends, and rightly so, for the theory left their hands in much the same form in which it now exists, and in a state which will more than satisfy any demands that are likely to be made upon it for a long time to come.

The care with which the book has been written is at least as apparent in the less important parts as in those on which we have been dwelling. From the shortest memoir to St. Augustine's *Treatise on Natural Philosophy* in twenty-four thousand Latin hexameters, nothing seems too unimportant for at least a passing notice. And we see with pleasure that Mr. Todhunter has not declined to preserve from oblivion many little details of the life and works of the men of whom he writes, which have perhaps but slight value if regarded from a strictly mathematical point of view, but which nevertheless add greatly to the interest of the work. Among the chapters that are specially interesting on this account are those which treat of the memorable measurements of meridian arcs in Lapland and Peru—measurements which finally demolished the theory so tenaciously held by the followers of Cassini—namely, that the polar diameter of the earth was the longest diameter. Newton, it will be remembered, had maintained from the first that the earth must be flattened at the poles, but the existing measurements of Picard and Cassini had been claimed as evidence to the contrary, until the more accurate measurements of Maupertuis in Lapland and Bouguer and La Condamine in Peru finally settled the question in favour of Newton, and won for the first-mooted the witty compliment from Voltaire on having "aplatis les pôles et les Cassini." And though the later chapters are, strictly speaking, beyond the scheme of the book, since they deal with writers later than Laplace, yet they are not the less interesting on that account, and they save the work from the appearance of incompleteness which it would have had if it contained no mention of the labours of Poisson and Plana. On the whole, we think that the Syndics of the University Press have seldom used the funds at their disposal with better results than in undertaking the publication of this valuable contribution to our mathematical literature.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE TIBER.*

THERE is always a charm about river pilgrimages, whether the pilgrims are an Oxford four paddling quietly down to Henley, or Livingstone tracking the current of the Congo or the Nile. Running water has a beauty and a life of its own, which hardly needs the additional delight of novelty and stillness to fascinate one in an excursion. Even in the commonest English stream the pilgrim will find an England he has hardly known—an England of quiet meadows and little hamlets unvisited by the tourist, pleasant country inns which the devotees of rod and line keep secret from the world, picturesque reaches where great woods come down to the water's edge, or where the stream bursts from dark gorges to sun itself in great valleys set thick with corn, or to lie asleep beneath the shadow of grey church-towers. The Nile is of course the great haunt of river pilgrims; and we have heard of few as yet who have followed the adventurous example of the muscular Evangelical who did the Jordan and the Lake of Galilee in his canoe. But Nile and Jordan are a long way off, and it is in Italy or in France alone that a river pilgrim can find the charm of new scenes or picturesque beauty combined with the charm of a moderate expense. Italian rivers have, no doubt, difficulties of their own. They are apt to be either mud ponds or mill-races, and to offer a pilgrim the alternative of being stranded at every mile, or being whirled down their currents in company with up-torn trees and the fragments of burst bridges. With the exception of the Po, indeed—a river which presents its voyagers with no view but that of its banks—their course is generally too brief a one to be very satisfactory. But in the Tiber Mr. Davies has lighted on a

model river for river pilgrims. Its course is long enough to afford plenty of variety in point of scenery and general interest, without falling into the opposite fault of being too long to traverse in a reasonable holiday. A week or two will carry any active traveller from Ostia to the simple little fount among the Apennines of which Mr. Davies gives us a description at the close of his book:—

By the side of the little stream which here constitutes the first view of the Tiber we penetrated the wood. It was an immense beech-forest, perhaps some part of it virgin to the tread of man. The trees were almost all great gnarled veterans, which had borne the snows of many winters; now they stood basking above their blackened shadows in the blazing sunshine. The little stream tumbled from ledge to ledge of splintered rock (here a limestone, in which small nummularites and other organic remains are visible); sometimes creeping into a hazel thicket, green with long ferns and soft moss, and then leaping once more noisily into the sunlight. Presently it split into numerous little rills. We followed the longest of these. It led us to a carpet of smooth green turf, amidst an opening of the trees; and then, bubbling out of the green sod, embowered with white strawberry blossoms, the delicate blue of the crane-bill and dwarf willow-herb, a copious little stream arose. Here the old man paused, and resting upon his staff, raised his age-dimmed eyes, and pointing to the gushing water, said, "E questo al chianca il Tevere a Roma!"

"And this is what they call the Tiber at Rome!" But between this little fountain and Rome lies a land of romance. The Apennines, with their wild forests of beech and chestnuts; the vast Umbrian plain, with Perugia and Assisi looking down over its meadows and streams; the woodlands of Todi and the maize-fields of Orte cleft by the deepening stream; the forked top of Soracte, seen mile after mile as the centre of the landscape; grey towers perched each on its hill-top, with dome and campanile etched out against the sky; mediæval fortresses, Roman aqueducts, Etruscan masonry, growing rarer and rarer till they give place to the solitude of the Campagna; the sudden vision of Rome, and again the solitude, till Tiber pours out past fever-swept towns and desolate river-reaches into the sunny sea—these form a series of pictures which an artist could hardly fail to seize on, and which Mr. Davies has turned, on the whole, to good purpose in his book.

Our only quarrel with him is when he puts down his pencil and exchanges the artist for the antiquary. Italy is a land of history, and half its charm, no doubt, is lost if we look at it without a memory of its past. Here and there Mr. Davies gives us glimpses of its past to very good purpose. We hardly know better illustrations of the life of the middle ages than may be found in some of the extracts from city chronicles which he has inserted towards the close of this book; indeed we are half tempted to revisit Perugia, if only to realize the feuds in its Piazza, or the preaching of Fra Bernardino, or the Miracle-Play in which "Eliseo de Cristofano, a barber of the gate of St. Angelo," played so prominent a part. In all mediæval matters, indeed, Mr. Davies is tolerably well at home; but in classical matters he gives himself up blindly to the guidance of the Roman antiquaries, and a very wonderful business they make of it. The whole school of Roman antiquaries, it must be remembered, still live in an age not only before Sir George Lewis, but centuries before Niebuhr or Boissac. Men with every appearance of sanity point out to you the exact spot where the wolf suckled the famous twins, or where Remus jumped over the wall of infant Rome. As to Romulus, he is as familiar to them as Pio Nono himself. All the legends of early Rome are regarded as exact history, and are told with perfect gravity in the funniest way in the world. Nothing can be more comic than the unflinching faith with which Mr. Davies, or the Roman antiquary who has instructed him, tells the old Livy-stories of our school-days, or than the modern and journalistic air which he sometimes gives to them. When we are told that, after the Rape of the Sabine, "Romulus endeavoured to excuse his conduct," gravity fairly gives way. But it is not always that a laugh rides us of the feeling of weariness at the amount of classical padding with which the earlier part of the book is weighted. Grant what amount of faith in Roman legends we may, there can be no possible reason for dragging in the whole story of Cincinnatus the moment we have passed the Castle of St. Angelo, when we have already been favoured with biographies of every emperor who was buried there, not to mention subsidiary accounts of Gregory the Great, Marozia, and Crescentius. This is sheer book-making; and it is all the more unbearable that the heaviness is not redeemed either by depth or accuracy. Nothing can be more meagre and insufficient, for instance, than the account we find here of the very curious tenth-century house which bears the name of Cola di Rienzo, but which Gregorovius identifies with the dwelling of the Crescentii. Sometimes we have statements which are sheer blunders, as that "the flat turret indicated adherence to the Ghibelline cause; a triangular indentation cut on the summit, attachment to the opposite Guelph interest." Verona is full of indented battlements erected by the great Ghibelline house of the Scalas. It is yet worse when the great Gothic King is called "Totilus," and the Imperial son of Germanicus is pronounced to be, not Caius Caligula, but Carnealla, and buried under that name in the mausoleum of Augustus!

Here, however, our quarrel with Mr. Davies stops. The moment he shuts his Lamprière and takes up his pencil again, the book becomes pleasant and picturesque. In most of his descriptions we catch not only a vivid sketch of the scene before him, but the local colour which only thorough familiarity with Italian scenery can give. Take, for instance, a vignette which illustrates the Roman Campagna in the early morning:—

Through vistas of grey olives the vast plain of the Campagna was seen to stretch away, streaked with thread-like roads and dim lines of ramparts.

* *The Pilgrimage of the Tiber*. By William Davies. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

aqueducts, spotted with groves of trees and towered medieval fortresses—faras, with a little white dwelling here and there, and perhaps a trail of thin, blue smoke curling gradually into nothingness. Almost twenty miles away, the dome of St. Peter's, clearly distinguishable in all its outline, though every trace of Rome was lost in distance, stood like the sentinel of this beautiful land; at the furthest horizon some faint, faint lines marking the region of far-off mountains. But if the distant prospect was lovely, not less so was that immediately surrounding. A neighbouring fountain, at a turn of the road which ran by, springing from a dim, cool grotto half buried in ferns and straggling trailers, gave refreshment to groups of picturesquely dressed wayfarers and their well-laden beasts of burden, the travellers themselves gossiping gaily or singing loudly, inspired with the delightful season. Beneath the trees a shepherd watched his flock, the sheep cropping the nutritious herbage with now and then a bleat of satisfaction, whilst a tinkling bell borne by one of them mixed its pleasant ringing with the rural voices that filled the air, and the gentle murmur of falling water.

There is a pleasant surprise in this gay picture of a scene which painter and word-painter alike have vied with each other in rendering in the gloomiest tones. But, lonely as the Campagna is, Mr. Davies is quite right in the impression he conveys; for there is no gloom in its loneliness. The exquisite purity of colour which is its special characteristic, the delightful peace and silence, the space and brilliancy of light, the picturesqueness of every common object—from the savage head of the buffalo, bent beneath his heavy yoke, to the wild shepherd and wilder shepherd-dogs—the deep herbage flushed with the scarlet and purple of wild flowers, and above all the ever-present mountain-line, etched out against the sky by its delicate fringe of snow in the spring-tide, begot a feeling of repose and delight in which all sense of gloom is lost. Visitors to Rome are a very wonderful race, but no part of their conduct is so marvellous as their neglect of the Campagna. We stop short, indeed, of the enthusiasm of a landscape-painter of our acquaintance, who believes that people will never discover the beauty of the Roman landscape till some kind hand has "smashed the old stones" which at present engross their attention; but there is no reason why the interest of visitors should not be more equally distributed between art and nature. As it is, Englishman after Englishman returns from the loveliest scenery in the world without having caught a glimpse of it save in the orthodox drive to Tivoli or the orthodox view from Monte Mario.

Not the least charm about Mr. Davies's book is his hearty sympathy with and appreciation of the Italian people. Nothing is more really humorous than the sly Italian humour, and one or two of the stories in the book catch something of its flavour. At Mentana, the scene of Garibaldi's defeat, the travellers were a little horrified to find the most benevolent-looking priest in the world, but a town without a school. They very naturally asked a small boy who was looking on why the benevolent-looking priest did not start one. "When he first came," the boy answered, "he tried very hard to do so; but we were all so stupid we could not learn anything whatever, so he gave it up." "And how does he occupy himself now?" asked the questioner. "Now," said the boy, "he goes to sleep." One can almost see the inevitable little shrug and the twinkle of the eye with which the conversation closed. We remember what a fund of amusement peasants in Southern Italy seem to get in crediting themselves with a *testa dura* when they are questioned as to their letters, and how, like the little inn at Mentana, they show a pride in the invincible nature of their ignorance. But the whole thing is simply fun, as any one who has ever spent an hour in an Italian school can testify. We have seen English schools and French schools, but the only schools where we ever saw children really alive at their work are the schools of Italy; and as to the natural capacity of the people, it is really immense. The same peasant-girl who calmly informs you she is a "block-head" will think it nothing very wonderful to produce one of those exquisite "canti" which show how living a thing poetry still is in Italy. What English peasant would dream of such a little gem of verse as this?—

Vola, palomba, quanto puoi volare,
Saluta in alto quanto puoi salire,
Gira le monde quanto puoi girare,
Un giorno sile mie mani han-da venire!

"Fly, dove, as far as you can fly; mount as high as you can mount; wheel round the wide world as far as you can wheel; one day you will have to come to my hands!" There are few more delightful collections than that of the "Canti Popolari Toscani" from which Mr. Davies has taken some songs of which he gives fair versions; but songs of this sort are, in fact, untranslatable. Their charm lies in the simplicity of phrase which conveys their tender and passionate imaginings. Nor is poetry the only art which still lives among the Italian peasantry. The best aim in Verdi are airs which he has caught from the mouths of Sicilian herdsmen, and in the little town of Veggiano every man, woman, and child has an instrument, and can play it. "I have seen," said an informant to Mr. Davies, "a little child of three years old take the violin upon its knee, and play not merely with accuracy, but with a style and manner quite surprising." And yet the peasants of Veggiano have no music-master, any more than the peasants of the Tuscan Apennines have a model for their songs.

Mr. Davies is clearly a landscape-painter; and his fancy goes out more kindly to the fields and the woods than to the art of man. We owe to a little disappointment at the cold and mangrove-ways in which he deals with the great pictures and frescoes he meets in his path. For the *Elber* does not only through a land historical and picturesque, but part some of the great centres of Italian art. Setting Rome of course aside, we have the frescoes of Luca Signorelli at Orvieto, the innumerable works of Pietro at Perugia,

the wonderful display of the whole school of Giotto at Assisi, and the less familiar, but quite as interesting, specimens of Pietro della Francesca in his own birthplace at Borgo San Sepolcro. Luca's work is done full justice to, but the rest are passed by with small notice. It is odd, too, that in his account of Todì, Mr. Davies should omit all notice of the most illustrious of its sons, the composer of the "Stabat Mater," Jacopone de Todì. A sketch of the wild, romantic life of the great lawyer whom the sight of his dead wife's hair-shirt drove for ten years to madness, and who rose from his madness to become the first of the poets of Italy after St. Francis himself, would have enlivened the streets of the sleepy town on its Umbrian hill-top. If this pleasant little book runs into a second edition, its author may well make room for Jacopone and a few more mediæval heroes by cutting out the wearisome pages of vamped-up Roman legend. As it is, we are afraid that, coming as they do in the very opening of the "Pilgrimage," they may blind a good many readers to the real merits of a book whose author knows how to see, and knows how to tell what he sees.

THE ROXBURGHE BALLADS.*

THIS is the beginning of an edition—an *editio princeps* we gather—of a collection of ballads ranging from the year 1560 to 1700, which was begun by the famous Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, and enlarged by various collectors, the Duke of Roxburghe among them, and which is now in the British Museum. As the collection fills two folio volumes, and contains above a thousand broadsides, it is plain that in the three parts before us we have only a small instalment of what is to come. And collections of this kind have a very different look in the eyes of the book-collector, who collects books, broadsides, &c., for the sake of collecting them, and in those of one who, when they are collected, is quite ready to use them for more general purposes. To the one they come to have a kind of value in themselves; to the other they are valuable only so far as they illustrate some point of history, language, manners and customs, or anything else. Now there are very few compositions so utterly worthless that they do not in this way throw some light upon something; but to the inquirer who is not possessed by the genuine spirit of collecting for its own sake the phrases or allusions which do in this way illustrate anything often seem to come few and far between, and sometimes to be hardly worth the trouble of hunting them out among a mass of matter which to the outside world is often neither specially interesting nor specially instructive. Here and there we come upon a piece which has a direct historical bearing, though, when we remember how largely Lord Macaulay and others have drawn on contemporary ballads and broadsides, we do not find so many of these as we might have looked for. A very large number turn merely on the well-worn subjects of love, marriage, and conjugal faithfulness, among which of course it is only incidentally that we are likely to light on illustrative matter of any kind. And, very unluckily, most of the pieces are without dates. The editor seems carefully to preserve the printing and arrangement of the ballads, though of course in a paged book there can be no attempt to preserve the actual appearance of the broadsides. Most of them have woodcuts of the rudest and most grotesque kind, one or two of the best of which seem as if they had walked out of Sir John Maundeville. And certainly the fair maidens to the extolling of whose loveliness many of the pieces are devoted look anything but lovely, some of them hardly human, in their portraits. Thus in the two pieces headed "*Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est*" and "*the Maydes Answer*"—two pieces very full of references to Penelope, Cressida, Cynthia, *Æneas*, *Dido*, and what not—the "*Maye and sweetest Nell*," "*pearlless Paragon*," "*Phoenix of the World*," and so forth, shows only a faint approach to the human countenance, though in the second cut her ruff and a huge posy in her hand are plain enough. The same cut serves some time afterwards for the "*Cruell Shrow*." The lover in the first picture, as he draws near to his "best and dearest," at once reminds us of the knight in Sir John Maundeville who so calmly walks away while the loathly serpent lady comes after him; it is only minute study which shows us that the costume and gesture are not exactly the same. But where the maid makes her answer, the lover appears much less heroic in figure, but with a marked air of surprise. The next pair, the two constant lovers, Anthony and Constance, appear with some pretence at landscape in the background. Constance, who is unmistakably both human and female, is most elaborately dressed, with a wasp-like waist, and she has an Elizabethan house behind her and the sun looking down in a corner. She trips along with a jaunty air, while Anthony, who looks very sad, has the dress and full-bottomed wig of a gentleman of Charles the Second's reign, with what seems to be a castle-gate on a hillside behind him.

The first piece in the collection is a ballad in praise of the city of York, which is exalted above all other cities, save only London, and in some respects it is set above London itself. The date of this is 1584. The chief merit of the Northern metropolis is made to be mainly in the excellence of its archery and of its Aldermen, the two firms of merit joining together in the person of a skilful archer and Alderman, Maltby by name. The Earl of Cumberland and the better known Earl of Essex, the favourites of Elizabeth, both appear at the shooting-match, and the poet remarks on the

* *The Roxburghe Ballads*. Parts I. II. III. London: Bohn & Turner.

good agreement between the nobles and the civic dignitaries as something in which York had the advantage over London:—

God save the Cittle of Yorke therefore,
That had such noble frendes in store
And such good Aldermen: send them more,
and the like good lucke at London;
For it is not little love to see
When Lords and Aldermen so agree,
With such according Communitie,
God sende vs the like at London.
*Yorke, Yorke, for my monie,
Of all the Citties that ever I see,
For mery pastime and companie,
Except the Cittle of London.*

But besides the Earls there were visitors at York whom one would less have looked for:—

At Yorke were Ambassadors three
Of Russia, Lordes of high degree;

and the poet goes on to tell of the wonder and delight with which they looked at the English archery. Some good advice is given to the Earl of Essex, as to one who "is now young and prosperous," and it is added that

To use such properties vertuous
deserves great praise in London.

The ballad ends with a prayer for the Queen and for the encouragement of archery, and also

God graunt that (once) her Maiestie
Would come her Cittle of Yorke to see,
For the comfort great of that Countree,
as well as she doth to London.

The next piece has also to do with Yorkshire and archery, recording "The Life and Death of Sir Andrew Barton"—his knighthood is specially insisted on throughout—the famous Scottish pirate, as he seemed in English eyes. Charles Lord Howard commands, and the aged gunner Peter Simon does great things; but the man whose arrow actually struck the great enemy was

A Bowman rare,
whose active hands had gained fame,
A Gentleman born in Yorkshire,
and William Horsely was his name.

At the end he is knighted for his exploit, and his companions, both of higher and lower degree than himself, all get fitting rewards.

Then there is a ballad of Anne Askew, "I am a Woman Poor and Blind." It is aimed throughout at Bishop Gardiner, being one long play on his name:—

Long have I sought, but fain would find,
What Herb in my Garden were best to be.
A Garden I have which is unknown,
which God of his goodness gave to me,
I mean my body, where I should have sown
The seed of Christ's true verity.

Then,

With whole intent and one accord,
unto a *Gardiner* that I did know,
I desired him, for the love of the Lord,
true seed in my garden for to sow;

and so it goes on through the whole piece. The piece has no date, but, as the series begins in 1560, it must be several years after the death of Stephen Gardiner, and a good many years after that of Anne Askew. A companion piece to this is "A Rare Example of a Vertuous Maid in Paris, who was by her own Mother procured to be put in Prison, thinking thereby to compel her to Popery; but she continued to the end, and finished her life in the fire" (p. 43), also without date. Then comes the well-known story of Pretty Pesse, the mythical version of Earl Simon, who is turned into a warrior fighting for the English King's title "in delicate France," and where the mythical tale seems made up of fragments of the no less mythical tales about the blindness of Belisarius and the escape of Harold.

The "Catholick Ballad," a little further on, has a date, 1678, and an author's name, "Walter Pope, A.M. of the Royal Society, and some time Fellow of Wadham College." It goes through most of the usual points of controversy in a coarse style. Just now one is struck to find the dogma of infallibility so fully taken for granted, so long before it became a dogma. The virtue is said to lie in an old chair left at Rome by St. Peter—the curule chair of Pudens or any other:—

For this sacred old wood is so excellent good,
If our doctors may be believed,
That whoever sits there, needs never more fear
The danger of being deceived.
If the Devil himself should (God bless us) get up,—
Though his nature we know to be evil,—
Yet whilst he sat there, as divers will swear,
He would be an Infallible Devil.

Elsewhere we have "A Courty New Ballad of the Princely wooing of the faire Maid of London by King Edward," and "the faire Maid of London's answer to King Edward's wanton Love." The King must be Edward the Fourth; there are no historical details, yet one cannot but be reminded of the story of Elizabeth Woodville—more accurately Elizabeth Grey—though she was not a maid but a widow, and had nothing specially to do with London. Two pieces are Scriptural, "the Constancy of Susanna"—where the heroine looks not a little like a wooden doll—and "the Story of David and Bersaba," where the poet does not go on, like Sir John Maundeville, to say that the city of Bersabea took its name from

her. There is a sermon in verse under the heading "A Discourse of Man's Life," written fittingly in a more solemn metre, approaching to the effect of Gray's *Elegy*, though without the alternate rimes. And this is followed by a small *Divina Commedia*, or at least a small *Paradiso* and *Inferno*; the poet was doubtless too good a Protestant to bring in the third division. Here they take the form of "the Dead Man's Song, whose dwelling was neere unto Basings Hall in London." He sees the usual sights during a temporary death of five hours. The woodcuts are of the very meanest; yet they keep closely to the traditional forms, the Judge sitting on the rainbow, and hell drawn as the open jaws of a monster.

There are also incidental references here and there which have some value. "Come, buy this new Ballad" has no date, but it is marked by two allusions which seem to bring it within the sixteenth century:—

There be many rich men,
both Yeomen and Gentry,
That for their owne private gaine,
hurt a whole Countrey
By closing free Commones;
yet they'll make as though
'Twere for common good,
but I know, &c.

There be diners Papists
that, to save their Fine,
Come to Church once a moneth
to heare Sermons Divine,
The Pope giues them power,
as they say, to doe so;
They save money by't too,
but I know, &c.

In "Constance and Anthony" we read how

Anthony up was tane
By an English Runagade,
With whom he did remain
at the Sea-roving trade:
I'th nature of a slave
he did i'th Galley row;
Thus he his life did save,
but Constance did not know:

and the "runagade"—a form seemingly intermediate between "renegade" and "runagate"—is presently called "this English Turk." In a strange piece called "an Excellent New Medley," we read how

Hard hearted men make Come so deare,
Few Frenchmen love well English beere;

and how "the Dutchmen thrive by Sea and Land." The poet adds—

I read in moderne Histories,
The King of Sweden's Victories;

and presently "Duke Humfry lies in Pauls." In another called "A Bill of Fare" is an allusion which we do not understand:—

Three dozen of Welsh Ambassadors bak't,
Which made such a noise it was heard through ye town;
Some, hearing the echo, their foreheads so ak't,
That many a smile was orecome with a frowne.

Then in "Blew-cap for me," in which a Scottish girl refuses all lovers save one of her own people, there are satirical sketches of various nations; there is the French, the Spaniard, the Netherland Mariner, also

A Welchman, that had a long sword by her side,
red pritchies, red Tublet, red Coat, and read Peard,
Was make a great shew with a great deal of pride,
and tell her strange tale that the like was nere heard;
Was reckon her pedigrees
long before Frute;
No body was by her
that can her confute.

and also—

A haughty high German of Hamborough towne,
a proper tall gallant, with mighty mustachoes;
He weepes if the Lasse vpon him doe but frowne,
yet he's a great Fencer that comes to ore-match vs.

Ought not the Hamburg man to have been rather Low German than High?

MARJORIE DAW.*

MR. ALDRICH, the author of this little collection of novelettes, stands, so the *Chicago Evening Press* informs us, "at the head of American story-writers to-day." One of his stories, according to the *Hartford Courant*, is a "thousand times wittier than the sparkling society sketches of N. P. Willis." "Our literature," adds the *Boston Daily Post*, "can boast of nothing better in one of its highest, but most difficult departments, than these bright, fanciful, and humorous sketches." We have fairly repeated the advertisements prefixed to *Marjorie Daw*, that our readers may have their expectations aroused accordingly. Are we, in fact, about to have the pleasure—one of the rarest that fall to the critic's lot—of introducing to a new world of readers a genuine and hitherto unhackneyed genius? Is the great American novelist come at last? and will he introduce us to a form of art at once original and delightful? We should be very glad, could we conscientiously do so, to answer these questions in the affirmative; and yet we must admit that our own antispa-

* *Marjorie Daw*. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. London: Routledge & Sons.

tions were not of a very sanguine order after reading these flattering testimonies. Perhaps it is the narrow-minded prejudice characteristic of Englishmen which has led us to regard American superlatives with a certain degree of suspicion; but the fact certainly remains that we unconsciously make a considerable deduction from the nominal value of those tributes before accepting them for genuine currency. On the other hand, we must guard ourselves against the danger of the reaction too often due to extravagant eulogy. It would be very cruel to make poor Mr. Aldrich suffer for the excessive zeal of his friends. Accordingly, having purified our minds as carefully as possible from either kind of prejudice, we are happy to express our opinion that Mr. Aldrich writes pleasant and graceful little stories enough, and may not improbably do better in future. We fail to recognize in him an American Walter Scott, and we cannot honestly say that he is destined in our opinion to eclipse the reputation of Hawthorne. Still anybody who likes literary trifles may read him without fear of offence from bad taste, if he is not likely to be dazzled by unusual exhibition of power. If Mr. Aldrich does not aim very high, if his pathos is not very deep, and his humour not specially keen, he has got a certain gracefulness of style which is not unattractive in its way. Perhaps, however, the best way of giving some more accurate gauge of his merits than can be derived from mere general terms of commendation is to give some account of the story which gives its name to the book, and which is perhaps the most ingenious trifle.

Poor Mr. Flemming is laid up in New York by a broken leg. The weather is hot, everybody is away for the holidays, and Mr. Flemming naturally becomes extremely irritable. Books have no charm for him, except that he keeps a pile of Balzac near his sofa to throw at his servant on the smallest provocation. His doctor begins to fear that he will fret himself into a serious illness, and writes to a common friend in the country to beg for at least some cheering letters. This friend, a Mr. Delane, is unable to come to his friend in person, but begins as lively a correspondence as he can manage. Delane describes the rather remote country district in which he is rusticating, but naturally is rather hard up for topics interesting enough to catch the attention of the invalid. He therefore snatches at the only approach to an incident, by describing a lovely young woman, Miss Marjorie Daw in fact, whom he can distinguish from his window swinging contemplatively on a hammock. The invalid is pleased with the description, and begs Delane for further information. Accordingly it comes out by degrees that Delane has made the acquaintance of the beautiful Marjorie; then he has long conversations with her, and indeed ventures to begin something like a decided flirtation. The flirtation, however, comes to little, and from an interesting cause. It appears that, although Miss Daw has never seen Mr. Flemming, she is so struck by his friend's description of his merits that she gradually refuses to talk about anything else. Mr. Delane is puzzled by her enthusiasm; but begins to believe in theories of spiritual affinity which may bring together two distant souls without any of the usual material means of communication. Meanwhile Flemming is naturally touched by the extraordinary interest expressed for him by the invisible beauty. He forgets his broken leg, and resolves, in spite of everything, to go into the country and there see the exquisite Marjorie face to face. His friend in vain raises difficulties, introduces an angry parent in the background, and passionately assures Flemming that his personal interference will only bring about awkward complications. Flemming, piqued and excited, finds that his leg is sufficiently cured, and in spite of mysterious telegrams of an obnoxious character, rushes off to be introduced to the lady. And then—our readers have possibly anticipated the catastrophe—it turns out that Miss Marjorie Daw is a mere figment of Delane's imagination, invented in order to draw off his attention from his broken leg. The device has been only too successful, and it is not surprising that its bold originator finds it expedient to retire for a time from the wrath of the invalid who has thus been tricked into self-forgetfulness. Some writers of a moralizing tendency might think it expedient to tack an explanatory moral to this little fable. Mr. Aldrich does not trouble himself with any such matters; and we may be grateful to him for his reticence. The story is, as it will be seen, a mere trifle; but, such as it is, it is well done, and the secret upon which it depends is covered with considerable cleverness till the end. The remaining stories vary from the sentimental to the extravagant; one of them, about the accidental interment of a living man, may have been suggested by Edgar Poe, though Mr. Aldrich makes a joke of his story before reaching the conclusion; and another upon an old bachelor with a craze about a son whom he might have had if a lady had married him, and who might, in that case, have been killed by tumbling off a roof, is apparently designed after the model of Hawthorne. Neither of them can be called first-rate; but we may fairly say that they are better than the average run of magazine stories.

It will be plain from what we have said that we do not quite recognize the coming novelist in Mr. Aldrich; but we are inclined to ask, even in reading fictions of this modest order, whether it is possible as yet to discover any national American flavour distinct from that of other literatures. M. Taine, as we know, has written a book showing how completely all the characteristic qualities of English writers have been the product of three determining causes—the race, the climate, and the epoch. Our satisfaction in his brilliant explanations is a little diminished by the recollection of the extreme facility with which events may always be explained

after they have happened. Given a Shakespeare or a Byron, and it is delightfully easy to show that a Shakespeare or a Byron was the inevitable product of a given race acted upon by a given set of circumstances. It would be a more unassailable triumph of criticism if somebody would construct a theory of a literature from purely *a priori* considerations. An excellent opportunity is offered in regard to America. Let M. Taine, or any person of equal omniscience, sit down and tell us precisely what will be the characteristics of American literature when completely developed. His speculations could not be verified, it is probable, for a generation or two, but it would be extremely consolatory to his grandchildren to know that they had had so clever an ancestor. We must confess ourselves unequal to the task for the present, and indeed it is one of no little complexity. The influences noticed by M. Taine are not easily estimated in this case. The Americans are perhaps not yet acclimatized; they still have something of the constitution which they acquired in our fogs, and what remains tends to unfit them for their fiercer suns and frosts. The race, again, is exceedingly heterogeneous; and it remains to be seen what kind of amalgam will be formed, and how an infusion of Teutonic mysticism, or of the mercurial Celtic element, will act upon the substratum of Anglo-American intellect. We should only be inclined to say one thing positively—namely, that we utterly distrust any prophecy that may be made. Meanwhile, however, if we may venture to argue from existing facts rather than from abstract speculation, we fancy that we can detect something characteristic about the tendencies of American literature, whatever may be the ultimate form of its development. Even these light stories have what may be interpreted as a stamp of nationality. We do not speak of certain Americanisms in language and style; nor even of the more external peculiarities of the writing. The difficulties, indeed, under which every American author more or less labours make themselves felt. The loss of the picturesque and the general simplification of social forms deprive our cousins of a fertile source of interest. Such characters, for example, as the stern parent or the oppressive peer of good old British fiction are fairly exiled from the country. How can parental tyranny be introduced when a young lady enjoys and exercises the privilege of seeing her own friends whenever and however she pleases, without the slightest reference to the prejudices of her family? If Americans have still a certain taint of snobbishness about them, and even fall down before a lord when they are on this side of the Atlantic with as good a will as the most determined worshipper of rank in England, they cannot display their peculiarities in their own country, or, at least, not in the old way. There is, it would appear, as keen a struggle for social eminence among certain classes in New York as in England; but the idol before whom the worshippers bow is but a swollen mass of greenbacks and shoddy, and is by no means so picturesque an object as the conventional aristocrat of our native land. Driven from such forcible contrasts, the American writer who confines himself to describing his contemporaries is obliged to seek for his effects in a different order of observations. The ordinary American indulges in that peculiar humour which sometimes strikes us as cold and cynical, and sometimes as simply vulgar. The man of greater acuteness tries to make up for the want of the picturesque by greater refinement of observation. He catches something of the French neatness of construction and delicacy of insinuation, and sometimes makes us fancy that the more nervous and highly strung American will thus engraft a more delicate growth upon the rather coarse and earthly trunk of English literature. Some of Mr. Aldrich's stories certainly show a dexterity which we should hardly expect from a writer of the same rank in England. He is writing for an audience quicker at taking a hint and less anxious for strong stimulants. On the other hand, there is a curious tendency in the American to seek for interest in queer psychological observations, such as Hawthorne adorned with admirable literary skill, or as were put to worse purposes by Edgar Poe. The story which we have noticed about the monomaniac bachelor who weeps over a non-existent son is an example of this kind of writing; and though in weak hands it encourages that prurient love of the marvellous which expresses itself in American spiritualism, it certainly opens many resources for the genuine artist. Although we can dimly discern these tendencies, we are unable to say how they will ultimately be blended into a concrete whole; and are content for the present to watch with interest any symptoms of the growth of new forms of literary art.

BESANT'S FRENCH HUMOURISTS.*

IT has been asserted by skilful critics of literature and manners that the French as a nation are deficient in the quality of humour. To this statement there can be no better reply than Mr. Besant's book. The author traces the stream of humour in France from its earliest attainable source down almost to the point it has now reached, dwelling on the most famous authors, omitting only, for reasons stated in the preface, besides the writers of the fifteenth century, the names of Clément Marot and Voltaire. For all those whose talents go to swell and complete this long and powerful river, Mr. Besant claims, and justly, the possession in common of one quality, which is in itself peculiar and original, the

* *The French Humourists, from the Twelfth to the Nineteenth Century.* By Walter Besant, M.A., Christ's College, Cambridge. Author of "Studies in Early French Poetry," &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1873.

esprit gaulois. To define this accurately is probably as difficult as to translate it; and the author's definition of it as a quality which wraps the satirist's darts in flowers, and administers his harmless poison in wine, is perhaps as near to the truth as one can expect to get. Whether this lightness of touch and good temper compensate for the irreverence and merely animal enjoyment which Mr. Besant allows to be their concomitants is another question. But to come to the subject-matter of the book; the author discovers the earliest form of satire in the "sirvente," an imitation of monkish rhymes, half in Latin half in French, which made its appearance close on the heels of the "chanson," or pastoral song of the *Langue d'Oïl*, sung by the *trouvères*. Of two or three of these "chansons" Mr. Besant gives some very pretty translations, one so pretty that we are tempted to quote it:—

It is early in the morning,
At the very break of day,
My love and I go roaming
All in the woods to play.
The dew, like pearl-drops, bathes our feet,
The sweet dew-drops of May.

In the sweetest place of any,
Mid the grasses thick and high,
Caring nothing for the dew-drops
That around us thickly lie,
Bathed and lapp'd in glittering May-dew,
Sit we there, my love and I.

As we pluck the whitethorn blossom,
As we whisper words of love,
Prattles close beside the brooklet,
Sings the lark and coos the dove.
Our feet are bathed with May-dew,
And our hearts are bathed in love.

This, written by one of the numberless song-writers who abounded at the latter end of the eleventh century, has a fresh ring and sweetness that would do credit to the most charming of song-writers, Peacock. In the hands of one possessing so much mastery of his subject and his pen as does the author of the *French Humourists*, it may have gained something of this even in the process of translation; if this is not so, it does not deserve the slighting remarks with which it is dismissed. A little later than the date of this song comes Guyot, who has by some been called the first satirist of France, to which title the author takes exception on the ground that it is unfair to choose a man who represents a certain *genre* of literature, and call him its inventor. Whether Guyot has any claim to the title of inventor or not, he must be credited with speaking his mind when he calls the age he lives in "horrible and stinking." After him, in the thirteenth century, we have Rutebeuf the *trouvère*, a type of the Bohemian poet of all times—poor always and thriftless, oppressed with a propensity for gambling which is irresistible because he does not choose to resist it, married to a wife who brings him too many children and grows old and ugly, which natural result of the course of time he resents as an insult aimed at himself. But not the less are his songs lively and merry until worse things overtake him; he loses first his money, then the sight of one eye, and finally he "patches up his old body for heaven," and dies in the bosom of the Church. At this time he probably repented the authorship of the *Chanson des Ordres*, in which he impartially flagellates every order of monks, and wherein is to be found one of the earliest types of the hypocritical priest who turns up all through French satire till he culminates in Tartuffe. Rutebeuf was the author also of the best of the old miracle plays, and of several *fabliaux*, one of which, translated in good verse by Mr. Besant, is remarkable both for its own merits and for bearing a resemblance in its leading idea to the Norse legend of the man whose soul could find no reception, either above or below, after his death. From Rutebeuf Mr. Besant takes us to the *Romanes of the Rose*, which, as he says, for two hundred and fifty years continued to live as a sort of Bible in France, a reservoir of morality, science, and even religion. Begun by Guillaume de Lorris, in about 1240, it was continued by Jean de Meung, in about 1280, according to the author's computation, which appears to be well founded. Intended by the first writer as an allegory, it was taken up by the second more as a vehicle for his own ideas than for any other purpose. The allegory, in the first instance, does not seem to have had any other meaning than the evident one, although the ecclesiastics forced a religious one upon it, as they had before that time done in better known examples; and Molinet, in the fifteenth century, went so far as to assert that the singing of birds heard by the youth in the Garden of Delight represented the preaching of holy doctors.

However this may be, the *Romanes of the Rose*, as continued by Jean de Meung, had an enormous success and an enormous influence. Out of the confused mass of opinions which Jean de Meung pitchforked into it, Mr. Besant selects four salient points—his hatred of monks, his protest against the extravagant respect paid to women, his wish to communicate in the common tongue as much science as he could, and his desire to circulate certain vague principles of republicanism which were beginning to appear. In spite of his objection to monks, he seems to have been an orthodox churchman enough; for he is found siding with Guillaume de St.-Amour in an attack on the "Eternal Gospel" of Joachim, Abbot of Flora, the authorship of which St.-Amour, following, as Mr. Besant tells us, "the instincts of his time, flatly ascribes to the Devil, the alleged author of so many theological books." Nor was his republicanism of a very violent nature, for

we find him six hundred years ago discussing in perplexity the very same questions of politics, religion, and science which vex the minds and fill the journals of the nineteenth century. Confused crude mass as it was, his poem deserved the success it has obtained, because it was the work of a man of true sympathy and power; it was the only cheerful book of its time, because the only one of genius; while the smaller poets bewailed the presence of the darkness, Jean de Meung looked on to the light beyond and sang of its radiance.

In the account of Eustache Deschamps, who followed in the wake of Jean de Meung, the most noticeable thing is the speech of Adam to the world. There is a resemblance in this to Leibgeber's speech of Adam in Jean Paul's *Siebenkäs*; and in its refrain, "*vous estes tous d'une pel revestus*," there is a hint of *Sartor Resartus*. After Deschamps comes a name far better known than his or than Jean de Meung's, that of Rabelais, about whom, as one would expect, Mr. Besant has much that is interesting to say. Those who would find a masterly sketch of this giant of satire's life and works cannot do better than look at that contained in the *French Humourists*. Three points may be here noticed; that Rabelais began to write at the age of fifty, that Pantagruel the wise and majestic, not the intellectual but soulless Panurge, is the true hero of Rabelais, and that there are three things which the satirist never attacks—royalty, the art of medicine, and Christianity. Mr. Besant, however, disposes very summarily, in the negative, of the question whether Rabelais was a Christian or not; and, having rescued him from all the real evil that clings to his reputation, he sums up by declaring that, although Rabelais was a great moral teacher, he destroyed all earnestness in France for centuries to come, and that it would have been better for France had his book been hoisted into the sea and sunk. Both these assertions may be questioned. Lovers of Montaigne, who follows Rabelais, will question also Mr. Besant's statement that the *Essays* owe their greatest charm to the fact that they reveal, not only the secrets of a soul, but of a soul not much above the commonplace. As a general truth, Mr. Besant's statement to account for the popularity of commonplace writings, that the mass of the public like the easy wanderings of a mind of their own level, is very good; and his picture of a pyramid of popularity with Tupper and A. K. H. B. at the base is well conceived; but one cannot help thinking that it would be well for the commonplace if such a soul as Montaigne's were only a little above it. After Montaigne comes the celebrated *Satyre Ménippée*, the work of many pens, which appeared after the meeting of the States in 1593; of its extraordinary wit and bitterness Mr. Besant's extracts in translation give a good idea. Then follows Mathurin Régnier, called by the author the king of French satirists, in whose two lines—

Je diray librement pour finir en deux mots,
Que la plus part des gens sont habillés en sots—

is one original of a saying which startled the world as a novelty when it was said again in plain English by a great writer some years ago.

One would wish to speak of Mr. Besant's clever remarks on St.-Amant, on Voiture and Benserade, on Boisrobert, who seems to have been a kind of Falstaff; but it is impossible to do justice to them in a limited space, and we go on to Scarron, about whom the author appears to have fallen into a curious mistake. In one page he tells us that Scarron was pre-eminently a writer of burlesque and nothing else, and thereupon he gives a nearly accurate description of the function of burlesque, in which there is no room for anything lofty, anything pure or real. A few pages later he tells us how Scarron laughed, with but a rueful laugh, at his own sufferings; how under his mask of raillery we can see the bitter pains of disappointment convulsing his face. Such laughter as this surely belongs to the regions of comedy, not of burlesque. In true comedy there is always a sad, even a tragic, under-current; in burlesque there is nothing serious, or rather the outward shape only of seriousness is or should be preserved, to make a grotesque contrast to the rollicking fun beneath it. However, Scarron no doubt did write a good deal of burlesque, and it is ungracious perhaps to cavil at a point of this kind where so much is good. Of La Fontaine Mr. Besant gives a lively sketch, beginning with reminding us of the contempt we felt in our school-days for a writer who could employ in cold blood French of so idiomatic a nature ("How different," says Mr. Besant, "from the great Cæsar, who, mindful of his destiny, wrote for the third form!"), and ending by comparing him with some justice to Mr. Dickens's Harold Skimpole. To Boileau the author gives the highest praise as a versifier, as a critic of taste, as a master of language; but he emphatically denies him all claim to the title of poet. In the highest sense of the word perhaps he was not a poet; he was not exactly a creator; but cannot he who fashions the rude materials of others into a form well-defined, beautiful, and harmonious, be said to have made that form? If Pope was a poet, so certainly was Boileau; and we cannot help quoting against Mr. Besant his own statement earlier in his book that no writer invents. Of Molière's life and times an excellent picture is given in the *French Humourists*. His own life was saddened by a marriage which ended in misery, but for this sorrow he found some consolation in the friendship of such men as Boileau and Racine. Very interesting is the account of the founding of the Troupe de Monsieur, out of which, amalgamated with the Hôtel de Bourgogne and the Théâtre du Marais, grew afterwards the Comédie Française; and very curious is the resemblance between the state of society which gave rise to the *Précieuses Ridicules* and the *Femmes*

Savantes, and the agitation about Woman's Rights which goes on at the present day. Molière is but little read in England now; his works are known chiefly through an occasional performance by a French company; yet the lightness and keen brilliancy of his comedy have no rival save in Shakespeare. In what estimation the man himself was held by the great of his day is proved by the Prince de Condé's answer to one who came to him saying "I have brought you Molière's epitaph." "Would to God," said the Prince, bursting into tears, "it was Molière bringing me yours."

From Molière Mr. Besant takes us to Regnard, second to Molière as Ben Jonson was to Shakespeare. He is chiefly known by his comedies—few people probably have read his travels in Lapland—and best by the best of these, the *Folies amoureuses*, which is impossible and conventional, but sparkling with gaiety and animation. Gresset is remembered only by his poem of *Ver-vort*, of which Mr. Besant gives an admirable and nearly full translation. The story of the pious parrot sent from one convent to another, and picking up oaths and loose talk from the sailors on the way, has been repeated in many forms since its first appearance. Poor Gresset later on, terrified at the horrible fate of young La Barre, who only a hundred years ago was tortured and put to death for having omitted to salute an ecclesiastical procession, wrote an abject apology to his bishop for having been the author of anything so light and worldly as *Ver-vort*. His comedies apparently required no apology on the ground of lightness. The singularly dramatic life of that clever adventurer Caron de Beaumarchais is put by Mr. Besant into a semi-dramatic form, and may give materials to any modern playwright who chooses to study it. After him Mr. Besant closes his list with Béranger, to whom he assigns perhaps a higher place than is deserved. That he was a man whose life as well as his songs may well bring the tears into our eyes, that he was a man of intense humanity and large sympathy, will not be denied; but to say that there has been no lyricist like him in any language, and that he is in some sort the Shakespeare of France, is going somewhat too far. With more propriety he might be called the Burns of France. Indeed, further on Mr. Besant allows that in Béranger, in spite of his many poetic qualities, there is something which we miss, and he deserves credit for the discovery that this something is the fact that we look to be led by the poet, and we find him always following; that we listen for the voice of a man, and we hear the voice of the multitude. The author concludes his book by pointing out one quality which is common to all the French singers of whom he has told us, that they all strike the chord of regret for wasting life and coming death. This is true enough, but it is less true that "we in England, less natural than the French, have agreed not to harp upon this great human sorrow." Here, as in his last sentence, where he claims for French humour an absolute supremacy over English, most readers will judge the author to be blinded by partiality. He has, however, displayed great good taste in keeping this opinion out of sight till the last page of his book; he has made a witty and interesting book out of an excellent subject, and has shown that he possesses himself a large share of that quality of humour in which he claims pre-eminence for the French nation.

SCHERFF'S INFANTRY WITH THE OTHER ARMS.*

WE are not sure that the old wording, "Tactics of the Three Arms," would not have been more appropriate to the purpose of Major Scherff's new volume than that on which he has fixed. It is to be remembered, however, that this is published as the third of a series bearing the general description "Studies of the New Tactics of Infantry"; and hence the author has no doubt felt bound to preserve in his title-page the predominance of that great arm to which he directs his chief attention throughout, though his first Part only was devoted to it to the exclusion of the higher combinations which generals have to employ. This favour to the infantry will not, however, lessen the importance of what he writes of the other arms. Indeed there is an absolute thirst just now among educated soldiers for sound teaching on this head of combined tactics. It is beginning to be understood that strategical study, however interesting to the many in the abstract, can only be of practical service in the hands of a chosen few; whereas every soldier worthy of the name hopes, or at least longs, for the opportunity of handling a mixed force. And whilst this is generally felt, it is equally certain that, as the old handbooks utterly fail of their usefulness in the rapid and violent changes which have come over war, so very few soldiers have the power to sit down and draw up codes for themselves out of the historical incidents lately transacted in France. To do this requires a power of analysis in reading the true causes of success, and a mastery over the use of the facts so brought out, which it would be vain to look for in any one who has not joined great opportunities to special gifts.

Major Scherff's treatment of his new subject is of the same character which has marked his earlier productions; and, as we before described it, it is the very reverse of that of Boguslawski, in that he neither marshals individual facts from the late war in support of his views, nor brings principles down to the invariable test of its experience. He is ever looking further onwards. Without the prophetic genius of May, he is yet engaged in the same task that occupied that gifted writer a few years since, of carrying his countrymen forward from the successful efforts of the past to the

possibly more serious struggles of the future. He gives two distinct reasons in his preface to the new Part for this determined avoidance of the use of historical examples or recent experiences of war. In the first place, he says, this method has been so widely used in modern military literature that it would be superfluous to add more in this direction. In the second place, he has from the beginning resolved to follow rather the discursive than the dogmatic mode, and only to seek to attain, as far as is possible in so very practical a matter, the logical abstract view.

Much of this preface of his, which is by no means the least interesting part of the work, is devoted to the demonstration of his favourite thesis of infantry being above all the arm that must be studied. And here he takes pains, as many readers will be glad to see, to redeem his work from the reproach to which he had laid it open—as we in our former notice had felt bound to remark—of excusing the injustice done by others to May whilst he lived, and their ingratitude to his memory. In explaining and illustrating his illustrious predecessor's remarks made in 1867 as to the vast importance which the skilful tactical use of artillery would exercise in the next war, he employs language which can hardly be regarded as less than an apology for the slighting expressions employed in his first Part. In the *Tactical Retrospect* he now sees "the flashes of divination" (*divinatorischen Lichtblicke*) which May's admirers have long claimed for it, and throws his whole strength into his argument to show that it is those who have built up an exaggerated ideal of the power of artillery on May's words, and not May himself, who have been misleading others on this point. "To us," is Scherff's own view, "May seems rather to have only desired to indicate a means by which the preponderance might be gained in future wars, if such could not be attained, as it was in 1866, by means of a better weapon." In short, here May was right, and understood the proportions of the arms, though others have misinterpreted him as putting the artillery for the future constantly in the first place.

For, if you want to be sure, as Major Scherff ably points out, which is the really important arm, observe which it is that gives its own special importance to any of the others, at special eras. That the splendid achievements of Seydlitz's horse, for example, were ever possible, was due directly to the strictly line tactics of the infantry of their day. That modern artillery ever attained the degree of influence which it has of late confessedly reached, is due as directly to the use or misuse of infantry columns. And it is the skirmishing tactics of infantry (which throughout his work he insists have as completely banished the column as the column destroyed the line) that have given to the careful strengthening of the position, and to the musketry trenches of the engineer, their newly increased importance. For though we have spoken of "the three arms" as the familiar term of old tactical writers, our author, more logically exact, never forgets that there is now a fourth, whose humbler labours the science of modern battles has made indispensable to its older comrades.

We shall not survey this volume in detail. It would be doing its elaborate chapters great injustice to attempt to treat them thus in our short space. The general plan follows that of the first in its separation of the general subject into what the author decides to be its different phases—the Approach, the Introduction, the Accomplishment, and the Use made of that "Tactical Decision" which is the real object of the whole. Each of these would need a separate review to do it justice, and from any one of them might be taken special parts which would serve to illustrate the breadth of view and the clearness of thought which combine in the author's treatment. Such, for instance, is that discussion of the best organization of cavalry when actually employed alone in such a service as the covering of a frontier, or the watching of a hostile army, which reduces to scientific principles the whole of the Uhlan practice of the war. Infantry have here, of course, to be left altogether out of the question, and artillery also, except such light batteries as form an integral part of every large cavalry force. Nowhere else can there be found any such careful consideration of the motives which should govern the distribution of the troops employed in such a service, and the arrangements for their command. And the chapter is a sufficient proof of itself of the peculiar many-sidedness of the training which has given its just reputation to the special body over which Count Moltke personally presides. And yet with all this universality in their education, it can also be said of the Prussian General Staff that no science bearing on military events is there without its special representatives; and as we write these lines we read the order in which its renowned head, in the name of the whole, pays a farewell tribute to the memory of the late Colonel Von Sydow, whose close geographical studies, as is truly observed, have given his name an honoured place among the first scientific men of his time.

But to return to Major Scherff. We will now notice briefly his treatment of one special topic, the composition of a light advance guard, the *Vorhut*, for which we have no special word in our vocabulary, since it is the advance of the *Avantgarde* itself, and destined to cover the latter in just the same proportion in which this covers the main body of an army or a corps. How it is to be made up is the question; and in his reply we observe that Major Scherff is not afraid to discard the standing Instructions of his own service when they conflict with practical utility. We shall follow his own words, as they will be new to our readers, and can hardly be improved upon:—

As to its formation. Its task begins with the reconnoitring planes; it ends with the resistance which gives time for the troops covered to form up. It is easy to make the needless deductions. First, the divisional cavalry, or

* Die Infanterie im Verband mit den anderen Waffen. Berlin: Beth. 1873.

at any rate by far the greater part of them, should march at its head. This arm it is which is charged with the close reconnoitring of front and flanks, and the connexion with the grander reconnoissances conducted far to the army's front by the cavalry divisions sent on. As it can play but a subordinate part in the real struggle of the infantry division, so its being placed in force with the advance takes nothing from the strength of the whole.

The probable necessity for a combat demands as a second line infantry, the proper representative of the action fought to gain time. The general reasons for keeping the advance as low in strength as is consistent with its purpose apply especially here. This is the arm which can carry out its assigned task with the least proportion of strength; which it is hardest to bring back out of an engagement once fully entered on; and which most sensibly weakens the division behind if it be thrown away with the advance.

A supply of artillery is advisable. Only by using its fire can the actual fact of an encounter with the enemy be established. It can clear away trifling opposition, and enable the march to go on. It gives a sort of support if the defensive has to be assumed; and if a demonstration of attack be necessary, it enables it to be done to advantage. As, however, real fighting is not the business of the advance, a minimum strength of one battery will generally suffice.

As to the engineers, their special business, almost without exception, puts this arm at the head of the column.

With this extract we take our leave for the present of Major Scherff and his thoughtful essays. But there is a word we would say here on the philosophy of those who write and those who read such books as that from which we are parting.

It is from no bloodthirstiness, we are sure, nor even from any mere professional lust for war, that Major Scherff and other writers of his class throw their full efforts into the task of improving on the military past of the German army, and bringing it up to their own ideal of military perfection. We know well that such science as theirs is obnoxious to many; most of all to the prophets of a creed who ceaselessly preach peace and fraternity among nations whilst war against all society is in their hearts. Those who were wont to denounce the swagger of the typical soldier of bygone days, whom they felt instinctively as an obstruction in their path, have at least as much reason to hate the calm science of the military teacher of the present day. But, writing not for destructive philosophers, but for the mass of educated Englishmen, we may take leave to point out, that in seeking a high standard for their profession, the leading military minds of Germany—and of other countries so far as they follow these—are but acting as practical men should do, in accepting the facts of the world around them. They find their age to be one of war. This may be lamentable; it may be exceptional; but it is nevertheless admittedly the truth. They see that for a time at least diplomacy in its stricter sense has been superseded by arms. By arms all the great political achievements of the age have been accomplished; and to arms still those look who have great political projects in view. Very little is there to be discovered at present of any counterbalancing force. The one attempt made by Great Britain to bring in a new mode of settling international differences has not been so successful as to call forth admiration from others or exultation from ourselves. We shall hardly repeat the experiment very soon, and it is little likely to be imitated by our neighbours. In brief, the great nations around us are as resolved to maintain large forces as to improve their fighting powers. We do not dare—whatever peace doctrinaires may say—to close our eyes to this truth. And as we cannot pretend to rival our continental neighbours in the quantity of soldiers under arms, it becomes all the more the duty of those among us who have the power to take care that the quality of our troops, and among other points their mastery of such tactical secrets as those Major Scherff unfolds, does not fall behind the demands of the age.

RUSSIAN METRICAL ROMANCES.*

EVEN to Russians themselves the vast tract of sterile land which stretches towards the North-East from St. Petersburg to Archangel is very little known. It is not an inviting part of the country; a land of forests and swamps, and one in which travelling is not a luxury. There a scanty population maintains with difficulty an unequal struggle against the unfriendly forces of nature. The soil is in many places so marshy that no cart can be driven over it, and only sledges can be used, and it is with the greatest difficulty that the hard-working peasant can rear upon it a scanty crop of oats. To him are unknown what the moujik in other parts of Russia considers the necessities of life—grain for making *kasha*, cabbages for stewing into *shchi*, gherkins for giving a savour to existence. Only in the neighbourhood of the great Lakes Onega and Ladoga, which keep up an uninterrupted water-communication with St. Petersburg, would the conditions of peasant life be considered by a South-Russian at all endurable. The cruel climate, the dreary winter nights, the thankless soil, the hard fare, the ceaseless labour which characterize this part of the Russian Empire, all tell heavily against its inhabitants, all seem to be most unfavourable to their chances of health and happiness. And yet, according to the testimony of the compiler of the work now before us, an eye-witness on whom full reliance may be placed, these supporters of an almost desperate conflict with the summer's burning heat and the winter's deadly cold, with frequent fever and not unfrequent famine, are a sturdy, brave-hearted, and God-fearing race, who in the midst of incessant strivings after small and very uncertain gains keep their tempers and even retain

their spirits. But stranger still is the undoubted fact that this bleak region is the special home of Russian minstrelsy; that amid these sombre forests and melancholy swamps have been preserved the remains of the Russian epics; that these hard-handed and illiterate farmers and fishermen still chant at their work, or beside their hearths, those songs about the heroes of olden days which have long ago sunk into silence in almost all other parts of the Empire.

It was in order to perfect his already extensive acquaintance with these rustic minstrels that Alexander Hilferding, the President of the Russian Ethnographical Society, started in the summer of 1872 on a proposed tour through the Olonets Government. During a previous visit he had written down an immense mass of the poetry orally current in that province; but, before publishing it, he wished to go over the same ground again, with the view of giving a few final touches to his work. On the 22nd of June he wrote to his wife, saying that he had just completed a successful voyage of seventeen hours in a barge, in which he had taken his passage for the sake of conversing with the peasants it was conveying. Five days later he was lying at Kargopol, prostrated by an attack of typhus fever, which he had doubtless contracted on board the barge, and on the 2nd of July he died. Like Professor Fedchenko, so recently lost to Russia on an Alpine glacier, he was taken away in the prime of life, at a time when there was every reason to hope that long years lay before him of honourable labour and well-deserved success. Fortunately, however, for science, the results of his industry have not perished with him. Not only has he left behind several works of great value published during his lifetime, but since his death there has appeared the collection of Popular Poetry which he was engaged in completing during the expedition which proved so fatal. It forms a bulky double-columned folio of about seven hundred pages, and it contains a vast mass of poetry, chiefly of what may be called an epic character, which is of the greatest interest, not only to the student of mythology and folklore, but also to the historian and the philologist. We need not dwell upon the dialect in which it is written, the peculiarities of which are of minor interest to English readers; but we will attempt to give some idea of the general character and the leading features of the principal romances, if they may so be styled, which it contains.

The greater part of those poems belong to what is known as the Kief or Vladimirian cycle, relating the doughty deeds of a small band of heroes at the Court of Vladimir, "Great Prince" or Grand Duke of Kief. Like Charlemagne among his Paladins or Arthur in the midst of his Knights, Vladimir forms the central, though not always the most prominent, figure on the minstrel's stage. And Kief is the point around which the heroes circle, often roaming far away on divers missions into heathen lands, but always returning to the holy city where their lord spends his time in a succession of banquets and other regal festivities. From these he every now and then is abruptly summoned by evil tidings. Enemies are at hand, a heathen foe has sworn to hew down the walls of the stately city, to dishonour "God's churches," and to consume with fire the gleaming palace of the prince. Vladimir sinks at once into the deepest dejection, and wanders disconsolate through his halls, weeping and wailing and refusing to be comforted, till one of his champions comes to his aid, and sweeps away the threatening hosts as the wind scatters the chaff. Then Vladimir returns to his interrupted revels, and once more the ears of men are cheered by the clatter of dishes and the clinking of flagons, their nostrils rejoice in the savour of "white swans," and their hearts are made glad by copious draughts of "green wine." It may seem strange that the name of Vladimir, historically rendered illustrious by the "Equal-to-the-Apostles" saint and monarch who Christianized Russia and laid the foundations of its Empire, as well as by the prince, surnamed Monomachus, whose renown at a later period justly spread far and wide, should be associated in romance with so unheroic a person as the monarch whom the Bulinas represent as ruling at Kief. But the poems relating to that city are evidently of a character the reverse of historical, seeming to be founded for the most part on dimly remembered traditions, probably of a mythical nature, which once related to other actors and other scenes, but which in the course of time became applied to the person and the court of a monarch whose name had impressed itself upon the memory of the people. What is really remarkable is that the popular memory should have been able to retain so well the unwritten songs sung in honour of the almost imaginary ruler of a long-forgotten principality—of that city of Kief which, after being ruined by the Tartars, remained during so many centuries subject to Lithuanians and Poles, until the fact of its actual existence must have been effaced from the recollection of the peasantry of Great-Russia, even in those districts in which its ancient glories were still hymned by rustic minstrels. Of no small interest is the fact that far away on the confines of civilization the weariness of an Arctic winter night is still dispelled by the voice of the village rhapsodist, chanting in a strange archaic measure songs which speak of fruits and foliage unknown to his Northern clime, of warriors in gleaming armour, of chieftains in princely array, of heroic adventure and of royal revels. And these songs have been handed down to their reciters by a long line of peasant ancestors, who, under by no means easy conditions, preserved in their humble circles at least a considerable portion of the floating mass of semi-epic poetry which the singers of olden times devoted to the praises of existing personages, or to the preservation of current traditions. So strange to some

* *Oneshkiya Bulinini*, &c. [*Onega Bulinas*, written down by A. F. Hilferding in the summer of 1871.] St. Petersburg. 1873.

minds has appeared this tenacity of the popular memory, that there were not wanting sceptics who long refused to acknowledge the authenticity of the Russian poems of this class published at different times during the present century. But the appearance of the great collections of Raibnikof and Kréefsky, with their full and exact descriptions of the reciters from whose lips their contents were taken down, almost put an end to such doubts, which were finally set at rest by the appearance last year at St. Petersburg of one of the principal rhapsodists—a peasant all but fourscore years old, whose portrait is given in the present volume—who sang his songs before royalty and in the presence of assembled science in such a manner as to gain the entire confidence of his hearers as well as the medal “for merit.”

The poems contained in this collection are 318 in number, but many of them are variations of the same tale, the distinct themes treated in them being about ninety-two. The story which occurs most often, no less than twenty-four versions of it being given, is that of Dobruinya and Alyosha. The former hero is the model “gentleman” of Vladimir’s Court, noble by birth, brave in the field, courteous in the hall. The latter, on the contrary, bears but an indifferent reputation. A *popovich*, or priest’s son, he is supposed to have the “greedy eyes” attributed to ecclesiastics by Russian proverbs; he behaves to women in an unknighly manner, his courage is not above suspicion, mighty warrior though he be, and implicit reliance is not to be placed upon his word. Such is the suitor who woos Dobruinya’s wife after her husband has been absent for six years without any news being heard of him. Vladimir, though Dobruinya’s uncle, supports Alyosha’s suit, but the Slavonic Penelope refuses to yield her hand until twelve years have passed. Then she is obliged, though sorely against her will, to accede to his prayer. The wedding feast commences, but it ends of course in the old familiar way. Like Ulysses, Dobruinya returns in time to rescue his prudent wife and punish the audacious suitor. As in the “King Horn” story, he reveals himself by a ring which he drops into a cup from which the bride drinks. Like the sun after its nightly or wintry eclipse, he shines forth again after his long absence, and all is brightness and joy. It is an old story, but the manner in which it is treated is novel and curious. Less familiar to us is the tale which tells how Dobruinya won the hand of the singular maiden who afterwards became the heroine of the story just now quoted. One of its many versions is to the effect that Vladimir’s favourite niece was carried off one day by a winged snake or dragon. Now Dobruinya had already had a passage of arms with this snake, which had attacked him while bathing, contrary to his mother’s commands, in the enchanted river Puchai, and had forced it to promise it would no longer haunt Holy Russia, no longer vex Russian souls. So he is sent by Vladimir to negotiate the liberation of the fair captive. After rescuing her, Dobruinya is accompanying her back to Kief, when he comes across the traces of what he assumes to be a gigantic war-horse. So he leaves Alyosha to take charge of the princess, while he himself follows in the track of the mysterious steed. After a time he comes up with a heroine of the Brynhildr class, who is riding across the plain “in maiden meditation, fancy free,” and he most ungallantly bestows upon her three swashing blows. But she, unmoved as Skrynnir affected to be under Thor’s terrific strokes, pays no attention whatsoever to the first and second of Dobruinya’s attentions, but after undergoing the third she remarks:—

Methought the gnats were biting,
Lo it is a doughty Russian champion tillying!

Then she seizes him “by his yellow curls” and drops him, horse and all, into “her deep pouch.” But after a time her horse complains of the double weight, so she draws him out, saying:—

If he be old I will cut off his head,
But if I like him I will marry him.

And the result is that she rides away with him to Kief, where she, after being baptized, becomes his wife. The story is of special interest, inasmuch as it seems to have been greatly affected by two widely differing influences, the one Scandinavian, the other Central Asiatic. Traces of those, as well as other influences—Byzantine, Lithuanian, Finnish, &c.—are to be found in most of these poems, which were originally composed, in all probability, by minstrels who, like the old *trouvères*, framed the skeletons of their romances out of any fitting bones which lay near at hand, without troubling themselves as to the nature of the osseous they came from. But the Sagas of the North were probably familiar to the Kief princes and nobles, the descendants of Rurik and his Scandinavian compatriots, and many a wild tale from Central Asia must have been brought into Europe by the Tartars, whether as conquerors or as traders, so that the North and the East are likely to have produced on the popular literature of Russia such an effect as actually seems to be evinced by some of its metrical romances.

By far the most popular of the heroes of these romances is Ilya Muromets. The son of a peasant farmer in the neighbourhood of Murom—the Russian critics, it may be remarked, lay great stress on the democratic nature of the Bullinas as opposed to the aristocratic tone of all lays of chivalry—he lies for thirty years as a cripple among the ashes beside his father’s hearth. Then a magic draught is given him by certain supernatural visitors, converted in the *stiches* or semi-religious poems into “God’s angels,” and he rises from his humble resting-place as strong as Cinderella, was fair. From that time his life is passed in a series of heroic adventures, a continuous narrative of which has been given by a

writer of the present day, who has, as it were, sewed together the various fragments relating to Ilya (Elijah), and so produced a sort of epic of respectable length bearing the suggestive title of *Ilyada*, or “the Ilyad.” The hero’s first triumph is over a band of robbers, brigands like to those who, even in modern times, were wont to lend an added terror to the gloomy forests of Murom; his second is gained before the walls of Chernigof, the siege of which by countless Pagans he raises by his unassisted valour; his third, the record of which forms the theme of one of the best known *skazkas* or Russian *Märchen*, is his defeat and capture of Solovei (the Nightingale), a dreaded “highway robber” who besets the road to Kief, descending upon unwary travellers from his “nest,” built among “the branches of seven oaks,” as the robber nobles used to pounce down from their rock-perched castles on merchants sailing along the Rhine. Solovei’s chief power lies in the force of his screech, which appears to have resembled that of what in factory towns is known as a “devil,” all living beings, as a general rule, falling to the ground when they hear it. But Ilya sets the screecher at nought, knocks him out of his nest by a well-aimed shaft, and leads him in triumph to the court of Vladimir—as is represented in a large picture which was on view last year in the Russian department of the South Kensington International Exhibition. The subsequent adventures in which Ilya distinguished himself are too numerous to be more than referred to here.

We have mentioned the three chief personages of Vladimir’s Court, but there remain many other heroes of whom some notice ought to be taken. There is, for instance, that eminently mythical being Dunai (Danube), who, having obtained for Vladimir the hand of the Lithuanian Princess Apraxia, gains for himself that of her sister Anastasia. But at the wedding feast he becomes wroth with his bride, who claims to be a better shot than he, so he challenges her to come forth into the plain and compete with him. She successfully splits an arrow on a knife placed on his head, but when, in spite of her assurance that he has taken too much wine at the wedding breakfast to be able to shoot straight, he insists upon attempting a similar feat at her risk, his arrow pierces “her white breast.” Then, after listening to his wife’s dying words, the Slavonic Cephalus falls “upon his sharp sword,” and his blood mixes with hers. Another hero of a pathetic story is Stavvor, a prince whose wife is as wise as she is fair. One day when Vladimir’s guests are boasting at table, this one of his domains, that one of his gold, “the wise man of his old mother, the fool of his young wife,” Stavvor plays the fool’s part, declaring that his wife is clever enough to trick Vladimir and all his Court. By way of retort courteous Vladimir flings the boaster into a deep dungeon, where he long lies disconsolate. But at last his wife hears the sad news. Straightway she crops her flowing locks, dresses herself in man’s attire, appears before Vladimir in the character of a son of the King of Poland, and asks for his daughter’s hand. Vladimir is taken in and consents. At the wedding feast the supposed prince complains of depression, and asks for a song to cheer him. Vladimir’s minstrels try their best, but he becomes more and more dejected. At last Stavvor, who is renowned for his musical talents, is brought forth from his dungeon. He sings, and the gloom clears off from the brow of the bridegroom, who asks for a private interview with the singer. Having revealed herself to him, the disguised lady then returns and tells the truth to Vladimir, who for some time “hangs down his bold head, and fixes his bright eyes on the brick floor,” but eventually recovers his spirits, forgives Stavvor and his wife, and returns with renewed appetite to the feast. Very different from the sage heroine of this story is the first wife of Mikhailo Potok, a Helen who elopes with a Lithuanian Paris, and when Potok comes in search of her, first turns her Menelaus into a white stone, and afterwards, when he has been disenchanted, crucifies him against a wall with four nails. Equally fickle is the wife of Bezmyer, whose charms prove fatal to the seductive Churilo; and equally dangerous is Marina, a Circe who by magic spells gets the young Dobruinya into her power, and then sends him afield in bovine shape. On the whole, the younger heroines of these romances do not show to advantage, but they appear to improve as they grow older. They are apt to be annoying as daughters and wives, but they make excellent mothers. Thus the forward young princess who proposes marriage to the rich Solovei Budimirovich, when he comes sailing from beyond the blue sea to Kief, contrasts unfavourably with the dignified mother of the still more wealthy Diuk, who receives in so stately a manner the envoys who are sent by Vladimir to test her son’s description of the splendour of his Indian home.

Here we must pause, though we have left still unnamed full many a gallant hero who gaily feasted at Vladimir’s table or boldly repelled his foes afield—though we have not even alluded to the really historical poems of the Moscow as distinguished from the Kief cycle, which Mr. Hilferding’s rich and varied collection contains.

CHURCHYARD LITERATURE.*

IF all epitaphs were as solemn as those selected by Messrs. Palliser, our churchyards would cease to yield the entertainment which they have afforded to the loungee from time immemorial. Such

* *Epitaphiana; or, Curiousities of Churchyard Literature.* By W. Palliser, F.R.S. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1873.

Maxims for Monuments; or, Epitaphs selected for Study and Application. By F. and M. A. Palliser. With Designs by Flaxman and Others. London: John Murray. 1873.

a result is certainly to be deprecated, as removing one genial link between dead and living. We have not a word, however, to say against the suggestion of Mr. Fairley, the editor of *Epitaphiana*, that a censorship of epitaphs should be sharply exercised by the parish priest; for the examples of bull and blunder, bungling, piracy, and slovenly orthography—to say nothing of worse solecisms against good taste—to be found on tombstones, are beyond question "legion." There can be no doubt, for instance, that under proper supervision no monumental slab should have been allowed to bear such an inscription over an infant of eight months as

Since I have been so quickly done for,
I wonder what I was begun for;

especially when, as *Mottos for Monuments* remind us, Prior left this faultless pair of couplets to meet the same occasion:—

Happy the babe who, privileged by fate
To shorter labour and a lighter weight,
Received but yesterday the gift of breath,
Ordered to-morrow to return to death.

But while vulgarity and vile taste require exclusion from the sepulchral enclosure, it is a mistake to banish from it all scintillations of the peculiar humour which finds its vent in a cheerful effort to make the best of the inevitable. Our notion is that neither the mottoes of F. and M. A. Palliser, as a whole, nor yet the epitaphs collected by Mr. Fairley, but a compromise between the two, and a well-considered mixture of grave and gay, would answer best. In all churchyards, and in all collections of epitaphs, there is room for a very sweeping elimination of the kind of epitaphology which savours of presumption, and which must be offensive to a correct taste. We refer to such as predicate of one who has died, not in infancy, in which case it might be admissible, but after having had experience of life, "I have found the joys of Heaven"; or such as say of the departed, "Each duty done, they rest in peace," and so anticipate the final award. *Mottos for Monuments* include many samples of this fault, and any reader's recollection of family monuments and mural tablets will no doubt supply similar instances of this presumption, which, apart from more serious objections, is very provocative of hostile criticism. In truth, there is great room for the multiplication of really humble epitaphs, of a kindred type to that in p. 74 of the "*Mottos*":—

And when I lie in the green kirkyard,
With the mould upon my breast,
Say not that she did well or ill,
Only "she did her best."

The expression of faith and hope is of course thoroughly germane to the occasion; but those who compose inscriptions for the monuments of their relatives, or for themselves, are too apt to overstep this, so that a humble epitaph is really a rarity. Hence we are disposed to commend highly those epitaphs which cultivate brevity; such, for example, as Albert Dürer's "Enigra vit," or that in Whithy Churchyard, "Gone home"; though it cannot be denied that this quality is carried to excess in the epitaph on a sailor, "Grounded," on Grimaldi, "Here I am," and on an angler, "Hooked it." Mr. Fairley cites one inscription to the memory of "Susan Mum" which supports our view of the matter, though it may also represent the cautious reticence of those who erected it. Susan Mum's epitaph runs, "Silence is wisdom."

The scope of *Mottos for Monuments* does not comprehend the rather numerous class of epitaphs which consist of a more or less happy play upon the name of the deceased; whereas in Mr. Fairley's collection Mrs. Mum's epitaph, just cited, is only one out of many of this type. He gives the whereabouts of that on Mr. Miles:—

This tombstone is a Mile stone:
Ha! how so?
Because beneath lies Miles,
Who's Miles below;

but he is wisely silent as to where the inscription over Owen Moore is to be found:—

Owen Moore is gone away
Owing More than he could pay.

It is hardly likely that, however disappointed at the unforeseen insolvency of the deceased, his executors would have gone to the expense of venting their chagrin and airing their wit on a tombstone. It is quite otherwise in the case of the complacent epitaph in Sunning Hill churchyard, which runs—

My debts are paid, as you will see;
So trust in God, and follow me.

Churchyards doubtless contain good, bad, and indifferent samples of this sort of epitaph, the preponderance being, we fear, on the side of vulgarity and stupidity. How neatly the play on names may be handled may be seen in Orshaw's epitaph on Dr. Brook, which is perhaps none the worse for having rather a classical than a theological tone:—

A Brooke whose stream so great, so good,
Was loved, was honoured, as a flood;
Whose banks the Muses dwelt upon
More than their own Helicon;
Here at length hath gladly found
A quiet passage under ground;
Meanwhile his loved banks, now dry,
The Muses with their tears supply.

It is obvious that Mr. Fairley's search has been directed towards facetious and jocular epitaphs, without special regard to refine-

ment or the want of it. Hence he is livelier than the collectors with whom we are comparing him. Messrs. Palliser, for instance, favour us with two or three "trade" epitaphs, as we may call those which touch upon the culling of the deceased in his lifetime. That "On a Labourer," written by "Old Humphrey," is not amiss, as epitaphs go:—

He labour'd in the fields his bread to gain,
He ploughed, he sow'd, he reaped the yellow grain;
And now, by death from future service driven,
Is gone to keep his harvest-home in Heaven.

And another "On a Mariner," in the next page, from *Churchyard Thoughts*, if it makes a little too sure of the "port," is still an example of well-sustained comparison. As we might expect, Mr. Fairley's samples are of a lighter cast. One is "On a Surgeon" "who bled for his own and his country's good"; another, "On a Linendraper"; a third, seemingly written by the compiler, "On a Collier," which is not particularly good; and a fourth, which is happier, "On a Country Sexton":—

He, that had carried many a body brave,
Was carried by a fever to the grave;
He carried and was carried; that is even.
Lord! make him porter to the gates of Heaven.

That on the actress, Mrs. Oldfield, which is extremely neat, had its origin probably in the concise epitaph of the Elizabethan player, "Exit Burbage"; for it runs:—

This we must own, in justice to her shade,
The first had exit Oldfield ever made.

Not much exception can be justly taken to the epitaph which turns to account the trade or calling of the deceased, unless it be in that low and ludicrous development of it which we suspect sprang from the fatherland of Burnum; the development which appends a rider for the benefit of survivors and successors. Though Upton-Severn churchyard has the credit of a perfect specimen of this in the advertisement of the "Landlord of the Lion's" resigned publican son, it is outdone in practical prose by Jane Smith's American epitaph on a monument erected by her husband, a marble-cutter, "as a tribute to her memory and a specimen of his work. Monuments of the same style, 250 dollars." A curious question seems to attach to one of the trade epitaphs in Fairley's collection, that on a watchmaker, beginning, "Here lies in horizontal position the outside case of," &c. &c. &c., and ending, after a series of references to the deceased's calling, with the hope of "his being taken in hand by his Maker, and of being thoroughly cleaned, repaired, and set agoing in the world to come." Mr. Fairley tacks this to the monumental stone of one George Routledge, lying in Lydford churchyard, on the borders of Dartmoor, who died November 14, 1802. In a collection of Epitaphs and Inscriptions printed for Lackington and Co. in that very year, the same epitaph, with the substitution of a fictitious name, "Peter Pendulum," and the omission of the date of death, is said to be taken from the churchyard of Conway, North Wales. What we should like to know is, whether the Peter Pendulum epitaph was a *skit* or *jeu d'esprit* first printed in the year named, and borrowed by the friends of the Somersetshire watchmaker, Routledge—whose name, by the way, is not unknown in that trade? The attempt to trace the epitaph to Conway churchyard was less bold in 1802 than it would be now, when tourists can so easily ascertain whether it is actually there.

One of the vexations of epitaph literature is the coolness and carelessness with which friends appropriate any epitaph they like, and the indifference with which collectors and editors regard the question "Where is the original and which are the copies?" One of two epitaphs ascribed to Llangerrig churchyard, Montgomeryshire, is given again in p. 127 of Fairley's *Epitaphiana* as from Castell Llwdwr or Loughor churchyard, South Wales; but the various readings of the latter inscription prove it to be a copy by a clumsier hand, the former having about it, as indeed has the other from the same place, a certain smack of genuineness:—

O earth, O earth, observe this well—
That earth to earth shall come to dwell;
Then earth in earth shall close remain
Till earth from earth shall rise again.

The Montgomeryshire moralist, by the way, here produced a more thoroughly Christian epitaph than the admired Scotch one anent Earth, by James Ramsay at Melrose Abbey, which is given in *Mottos for Monuments*, p. 77. The one is instinct with the truth of a resurrection; the other soars no higher than the vanity of human hopes and aims.

One of the most natural, yet difficult, styles of epitaph is that which we may call the "catastrophic"; natural, because survivors are most impressed with the swiftness of the deceased's removal from the world; difficult, because they are so apt to reproduce this impression vulgarly. Mr. Fairley's collection is rich in pronounced specimens of this style. To pass over that on the unfortunate person who gave his friends a sudden shock "by one day falling into Sunderland Dock," or that on the New Hampshire man whose old mare, as he was leading her to drink "kick'd and kill'd him quicker 'n a wink," we may pause to notice two or three samples of the catastrophic epitaph, heroic or pathetic. In a Scotch graveyard occurs the following:—

Here lies interr'd a man of might,
His name was Malcolm Dornie;
He lost his life, as market night,
By fall'n off his powder.

Possibly this may be found in the same locality:—

John Macpherson was a remarkable person;
He stood six foot two without his shoe,
And he was slew at Waterloo.

Only the odds are against the unity of authorship, to judge by the composition. Pithos belongs to the child-epitaph, and so we call this one from New Jersey:—

She was not smart, she was not fair,
But hearts with grief for her are swellin';
All empty stands her little chair:
She died of eatin' watermelon.

Any number of like inscriptions might be gathered, we venture to say, in old-fashioned graveyards. It is not so easy—it is in fact the rare exception—to find an example of good taste in this kind. We went to Orashaw just now for an example of the play on a name. He shall supply another on the catastrophe of a newly wedded pair, dying and buried close together. Though a trifle long, it is true poetry, and in excellent taste:—

To these whom Death again did wed,
This grave's their second marriage-bed;
For though the hand of Fate would force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sunder man and wife,
'Cause they both lived but one life.
Peace, good reader, do not weep.
Peace, the lovers are asleep.
They, sweet turtles, folded lie
In the last knot that love could tie.
And though they lie as they were dead,
Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead;
(Pillow hard and sheets not warm)
Love made the bed; they'll take no harm;
Let them sleep; let them sleep on,
Till that stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morning dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn
And they wake into a light,
Whose Day shall never slope in Night.

A few such perfect epitaphs as this, which is a strong contrast to the four-lined epitaph in Yate churchyard on the same topic, quoted by Mr. Fairley, would have given a more literary tone to his collection or to that of Messrs. Palliser. The speciality and recommendation of the latter is, in truth, the reproduction of Flaxman's designs. The collection itself is too uniformly sombre. The same cannot be said for *Epitaphiana*, but rather the contrary. It contains all the stock epitaphs which are periodically held up to ridicule—e.g., that on Lady O'Looney, "who was blind, passionate, deeply religious, first cousin to Lady Jones," &c., but it errs in careless citation of places; as where, for instance, it gives "Bishop Cumming's Churchyard, Wilts," for "Bishop's Canning Churchyard, Wilts." Also it fails in research. No. 5 is an epitaph said to be from a graveyard in Cheraw, South Carolina. It begins, "My name, my country, what is that to thee?" and ends "Thou know'st its use, it hides—no matter whom." If there is such a place as Cheraw, it must have deeper scholars in it than the compiler of *Epitaphiana*. One such, at all events, must have carried in his head, perhaps across the Atlantic, a version of a remarkable misanthropical epitaph by the anthologist Paulus Silentarius, by no less an English poet than Cowper.

THE WOOLING OT.*

NOVELISTS are hard put to it in these days for likely obstacles to lawful marriage. The fierce partisanship of politics is a thing of the past; even religious difficulties are daily vanishing before the easily opened door of the registrar's office; we have no family vendettas to maintain; and our latest stronghold, caste, is by no means so impregnable as it used to be. Poverty certainly still has power to forbid the bans; but, in spite of the old adage which sends love flying when poverty enters, stout hearts are daily found to brave the terrors of the unwelcome wolf, and the world is held to be "well lost" if lost for love. Still we must devise likely-looking obstacles, else our supply of the orthodox three volumes would soon come to an end; stories wherein "the wooing ot" prospers too rapidly not being held to possess sufficient interest for the sympathetic reader, who likes nothing so well as a strong complication of love and difficulty, wherein social circumstance takes the place of the old Greek Fates, and Belgravian mothers represent the Eumenides who pursue or the Aias who avenge.

Mrs. Alexander, casting about for a social barrier sufficiently potent to prevent an attachment otherwise lawful and natural, has hit upon that of family and caste, and we are bound to say that she has managed her materials with naturalness and skill. We grant that her hero, Geoffrey Trafford, is less determined and more vacillating than befits a perfect picture; but we think the study truer to life on that account, if the pleasantness and prettiness of the design suffer. A man in Geoffrey Trafford's position does not marry a girl with Maggie Grey's surroundings, even when she is as sweet and charming as she is depicted, without grave hesitation and much exercise of mind. If marriage involved nothing beyond personal union, love would be freer and caste weaker than it is; but when we remember that it includes the relatives as well as the person immediately concerned,

that uncouth cousins and vulgar aunts have the right to familiar entrance, and that social exclusiveness, the dearest privilege of the ordinary Englishman, is henceforward a thing impossible, we can understand the reluctance of a man of family to take his wife from among the pills and pestles of a little chemist's back-parlour, and we can even honour him for the courage of his final determination, how long soever it was before it came about. We extract part of the scene where Trafford makes his formal proposals to Maggie, chiefly for the naive observation at the end, which, we fancy, serves as a kind of index to the book, explanatory of more than the author cared to express in less allusive language:—

Trafford caught her hand in both of his. "I am not quite unworthy of you, dearest," he said, while his eyes lit up and a dark flush passed over his cheek. "I know well how necessary you are to me. I have suffered enough from sacrificing natural instinct to conventionality. Then, Maggie, if you believe that I am true and loyal, you will not refuse to be my wife?" he pressed her hand almost painfully, and went on hastily. "I must confess that I deeply, bitterly regret not having sought you in my comparative prosperity as my heart prompted. Now I have but broken fortunes to offer you! I do not set myself up as a hero; I am a very fallible mortal. Will you take me with all my imperfections?"

"I understand," said Maggie slowly, but leaving her hand in his. "You did not think it possible to raise me to your own level before troubles came. Well, I am a fitter helpmate for a real worker than for a fine gentleman; but—"

"I acknowledge that you would have been braver and truer had you been in my place," interrupted Trafford.

"No," replied Maggie, looking down; "I should then have been a man, and felt the force of more worldly motives."

The main action of *The Wooing Ot* is very simple; in fact, too simple for its length. Maggie Grey, the heroine, and the perfectly well-bred and charming niece of a worthy chemist afflicted with coarse and common surroundings, is the half-maid, half-companion, of a rude and vulgar Mrs. Berry. They go to Paris, where Mrs. Berry's money buys her admission into a society of speckled peaches, whereof a certain sharper, one Count de Braganoe, is conspicuous, and into which presently enters a raw boy peer, the young Earl of Torchester. This Mrs. Berry is a spiritedly drawn character. Kind-hearted but selfish, vain, and shallow, her head turned with the unexpected possession of wealth, but of an inherent vulgarity of nature which nothing can gild over, she strikes us as a portrait taken from the life, and more true than pleasant. She was originally the daughter of a lodging-house keeper, "addicted to penny romances and a *beau idéal* husband—something between a black-whiskered dummy in the window of the neighbouring hairdresser and a handsome policeman who occasionally frequented the street"; but she married old Mr. Berry, who soon obligingly died of a sore throat and left her well provided for. While her father lived her life was a burden to her by reason of his constant admonitions against fortune-hunters and the like; but she was kept out of mischief. When he died she resolved on having her fling; wherefore she engaged Maggie Grey at twelve pounds a year and her "old clothes," and set off on her adventures, which in due time culminated in Paris, speckled peaches, the Count de Braganoe, and the young Earl of Torchester.

Maggie, as only a fair-faced, ladylike girl, is nowhere among the harpies who throng round Mrs. Berry; but she soon becomes everything to the boy Earl, because she is "kind to him," as he says—that is, genial and natural, and helpful when he flounders in his shy awkward way. And she is kind to him partly because he is wholesome in nature, if just now in danger of drifting into courses neither wise nor wholesome, and partly because he reminds her of her loutish, but good-hearted, cousin John in Australia, hitherto her only friend. In the most natural manner possible the companion and the peer fall into a friendship which ends in the Earl's asking her to be his wife, and Maggie's refusing. She does not refuse him because she does not value money and position, nor yet because she is in love with any one else; but simply because she is not in love with him, and because she understands that happiness and dignity are not always to be had for money. It is the consequence of clear reason and good feeling. There is nothing overstrained in her decision, nothing stilted or unnatural. It is just what a candid and courageous girl would have done; but the charm of her action is mainly due to her manner of thought, and the purely feminine groundwork of her reasonableness. The whole character of Maggie is very tenderly touched, and very clearly conceived. In so far as she is concerned, *The Wooing Ot* has the merit of originality. She is flesh and blood, and stands out solidly, especially in the earlier chapters. Simple and self-respecting, loving and firm, she is of the best type of English girl, and one we have not met for a long time in the pages of a novel. Not a line about her is exaggerated; and Mrs. Alexander has mercifully endowed her with physical self-control, by which we are spared hysterical sobbings and faintings, and all the other signs of pathological unhappiness which always suggest the doctor and the medicine-chest. She is delightfully girlish, too; and in the midst of her greatest griefs and perplexities is woman all through as to her appearance. Without being vain, she never consents to dowdiness when by care she can make herself lovely; and while her heart is breaking for love, does not reject the right admixture of colours in her hat as a thing beneath her dignity to study.

Lord Torchester has a cousin, one Geoffrey Trafford, whom his aunt—the boy Earl's mother—sends out to Paris to investigate matters when they begin to look serious, and, if possible, to detach him from the wiles and arts of Maggie Grey, which she uncharitably, though perhaps not unreasonably, supposes to be a vulgar ad-

ventures bent on catching an earl. And the pith of the book lies in the fact that Trafford, who comes to warn, is himself caught; and that Maggie on her side falls in love with the man who meets her armed with such a panoply of suspicion and predetermined contempt. The last two volumes are taken up with the gradual progress of this love affair, interrupted now by Trafford's jealousy of Cousin John, who comes home from Australia, and now by Maggie's watchful self-control and loyalty, anxiously guarding herself from betraying feelings which may interfere with the happiness and desires of her second patroness and employer, Miss Grantham, who has destined Geoffrey for herself. The history of this love affair between Maggie and Trafford is the weak link in the chain. There is not sufficient sense of growth through these last two volumes to sustain the interest at the height to which it rises in the first. All the incidents are too trivial, too little progressive, too flat for real art. They are naturally planned and easily told, and we do not desire anything more startling or sensational than what Mrs. Alexander has given us; but they should have been more vivid, more important, with more "salt" and more definite evolution. The story drags. Half the later chapters might be cut out and leave no trace of loss; indeed the plot would gain by condensation. Things are too much on a dead level, and the fire hangs too long.

Though Miss Grantham too is drawn fairly well, she fails in the dash and spirit with which Mrs. Berry or Maggie herself, or even Mrs. Grey and the girls, are portrayed. To be sure, we hold these last to be more vulgar than was necessary either for the liveliness or the naturalness of the book; but they are more solid than Miss Grantham, who is a little too much of the wax-work type, and seems to want localizing and putting into a more determined shape. Neither a Bohemian nor a fine lady, she oscillates between the two characters in a way which gives one an odd sense of uncertainty. She acts like the one while being the other; doing unconventional things which scarcely harmonize with her position or her education as a local "princess," yet never for a moment ranking herself on the side of the Bohemians or the democrats. We question the possibility of her accepting Maggie's charming personality as a set-off against her subordinate position; and we therefore question the life-likeness of all that part of the story which makes the little brown-haired secretary her employer's favourite friend and trusted confidante, and which includes her in the grander society at the Beeches as an equal.

Nor can we endorse the picture of Cousin John as a good piece of work. He may be an individual portrait, but he is singularly unlike the typical Australian or returned colonist from any place. Cousin John is an arrogant, noisy, coarse, blustering fellow who, had he shown half the insolence abroad which he displayed so freely at home, would have been brought to his senses by some Colonel Blood or Judge Pike of the place, with his "leven-inch bowie knife" or nine-shooter. As a rule, the returned colonist, the man who has mixed with roughs and been his own lawyer, judge, and policeman, is distinguished by a reticent and observant air; seeming to be always on the defensive, but never aggressive; taking stock of all the circumstances and people by which and whom he is surrounded, but keeping himself quiet, composed, and always as if on guard. This kind of manner belongs to a society where men have to protect themselves; where they must be neither cowardly nor quarrelsome; and where the prime endeavour of each newcomer is to impress his fellows with the belief that he is as good a man as any of them, and one better not modded with. Cousin John seems to change somehow from his earlier lines; and when he returns home as the selfish, hard, insolent, and vulgar benefactor of the family, we feel that Mrs. Alexander has cheated us and given us husks for grain.

When we say that the whole story of *The Wooing Ot* would have been improved had it been more diligently wrought over; that it wants the indefinable but unmistakable evidence of care, and so slips away from us rather uncomfortably, we have indicated all the faults we care to point out. To balance these, it is a book of healthy tone and pleasant feeling; womanly, yet by no means sentimental or hawkish; indeed noticeably bright, and with an extraordinary atmosphere of good temper throughout; but a book that is evidently below its own possibilities and the powers of its author. And so far it disappoints us, while holding out the hope of something better when Mrs. Alexander shall have determined to work diligently, and not only to write easily.

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MINISTERS AT GUILDHALL.

WHEN the Ministers of the day take their November dinner with the new Lord Mayor there is always a faint hope that they may seize the occasion to say something that shall have some kind of interest; and as Mr. Gladstone appeared in public on Monday for the first time since the reconstruction of his Ministry, and since the tide of Ministerial defeats in the constituencies showed signs of turning, the expectations of his hearers were more than usually excited. No disappointment could have been more complete. Mr. Gladstone at the outset of his speech announced that he was going to say nothing whatever, and he kept his word. He has often been criticised for too rapid a fondness for rash utterances, for constantly obtruding crude thoughts on astonished assemblies, and for committing himself before he knows his own mind. His fiercest critics must now own that he is capable of better things, and that, if he sets himself resolutely to the task, he can go on rolling out sentence after sentence of unmeaning platitudes as well as any man in the kingdom. This is a great merit, and it is so rare that a Minister of the first rank should show himself willing to learn, that the virtue ought to be heartily acknowledged when it is discovered. Last Session Mr. Gladstone showed that he had learned to control his temper and to abandon the air of a democratic dictator. Now in the recess he has shown that he can hold his tongue while he is making a speech. That this was much the best thing he could do on Monday is obvious in many ways. Englishmen like a speaker who dares to disappoint them, and who shows his superiority by concealing his thoughts, thus persuading them that he too is a man and a brother, and not so very clever after all. If Mr. Gladstone could but get a reputation for a sort of stolid caution, he might do more to revive the popularity of his Cabinet than he could do in any other way. It is very probable that on Monday he really had nothing to say, and that this was partly the reason why he said nothing. But this was merely a happy accident. It made his task easier; but the great thing is the fact that somehow or other he managed to make a speech which, if coming from the common county member, would have been thought unnecessarily dull. For his party nothing could be more convenient, as the speeches made by some of his supporters this week show that he could not have said anything to please one section without alienating another section of the Liberal party. Mr. MUNDELL, Mr. TREVELYAN, and other ardent spirits have been working themselves up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm over the justice and beauty of the proposal to give votes to agricultural labourers, while Lord ARTHUR RUSSELL has been cautioning the electors of Tavistock that this is a question which had better be let alone. That the agricultural labourer will have his vote before long is of course certain; for it is now discredited that he is a natural philosopher, with impetuous innate shrewdness developed by constant conflict with wet fields and obstinate cows. It is true that this kind of natural philosophy has been going on for some centuries without attracting much notice; but the philosophers have lately shown themselves capable of something higher than anything with which they were credited. They have joined together and have got their votes raised; and as their intellectual level has thus proved to be up to the level of a strike, they have established, by a kind of mathematical demonstration, that they were to vote for members of Parliament. Lord ARTHUR RUSSELL, when the humble ground of objecting that all the friends of despotic Liberals were carried out, if

agricultural labourers had votes, if the representation were taken away from little towns and given to counties, and if impetuous ladies might vote just as if they were real men, the consequence would be that the government of the country would be handed over to the Tories. It is not, therefore, surprising that, with such conflicting opinions among his supporters as to the duties and interests of his party, Mr. GLADSTONE was delighted to take refuge in the agreeable impartiality of a mysterious silence.

It is, however, impossible that Mr. Gladstone should make a long speech and say nothing that invites criticism. His speech on Monday, taken as a whole, merits the highest praise for its wise manly. But there are parts of it to which exceptions may be taken. Referring tacitly to Mr. DISRAELI's famous letter, Mr. GLADSTONE enlarged on the strangeness of the fact that, if this plundering had been going on, if people of various grades and classes had been irritated or alarmed, no one should cry out, and that there should be universal contentment and peace. This seems rather hard on those who have conceived themselves injured. If they were not to break the palings of the Parks, it is not easy to see how the classes discontented with the Government could have done more than they have done to make their grievances known. The licensed victuallers, for example, were roused into hostility against the Government, not, as Liberal members are accustomed to say, on account of the early closing clauses for which the Tories voted, but because Mr. BRUCE's first Bill, although withdrawn, inspired a belief that a Government which could ever have sanctioned it was not a Government that was really alive to what was due to the interests of beer. If Mr. GLADSTONE thinks that the licensed victuallers have been slack in their hostility and contented and gentle in their behaviour, he must have taught himself to assume that every grievance-monger who falls short of the standard of Mr. BEALES is unworthy of notice. The officers of the army, too, as is well known, thought themselves seriously wronged by the terms of the Purchase Bill, and they have gone on making a noise, and giving trouble in every legitimate way, until they have succeeded in getting a Commission to examine into their case. The numerous local interests imperilled by the proposals of the Endowed Schools Commission have also done pretty well in the way of making themselves heard; and as to the famous 25th Clause, it may be said to have set half the parishes in England by the ears. In the midst of his exuberant satisfaction at a universal reign of content and approval of the Ministry, Mr. GLADSTONE may condescend to listen to a voice of warning. Lord ARTHUR RUSSELL is admirably fitted to play the part of the slave in the triumphal chariot, and he is desponding enough to make the most sanguine Consul beware of the hollowness of earthly success. He modestly thinks that the electors of Tavistock may, perhaps, once more return the brother of the Duke of BEDFORD, but he looks forward to being one of a small minority of Liberals in a new Parliament, and thinks that the Ministry and their more extreme supporters have so alienated the affections of the constituencies that the Conservatives have every prospect of a long lease of power. Probably the melancholy of Lord ARTHUR RUSSELL is as much exaggerated as the kind cheerfulness of Mr. GLADSTONE; but if Mr. Gladstone thinks that he has not made a very serious number of people discontented, he must know even less of his countrymen than we readily be accounted for by the isolation in which he delights to live. What he really meant was, we may guess, that the revenue is flourishing, and trade reasonably pro-

sperons, and that, while people are comfortably off, they are generally willing to let their discontent assume a comparatively mild form. But then their mild form of discontent is likely to be that of voting against the Government which has offended them, and they may perhaps be even more ready to show their dissatisfaction in this way when things are going well with the nation in point of money than they would be if financial embarrassment stared them in the face, and their pockets forced them to measure the relative ability and ingenuity of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. WARD HUNT.

Mr. GLADSTONE also took somewhat too bright a view of foreign affairs. The experience of Mr. HAMMOND ought to have established that it is always dangerous to pronounce that there is not a cloud in the bright blue sky of our relations with other countries. The papers that contained the report of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech, in which he declared that we had not a controversy with any civilized nation, also contained telegrams announcing that British troops had actually left Aden to "frighten away" a contingent of Turkish troops. This was a most unfortunate contradiction to Mr. GLADSTONE's statement, for Turkey is surely a civilized nation. Any nation has an indisputable right to call itself civilized which borrows our money to buy our ironclads; and controversy is rather a mild term to describe the despatch of a British force with orders to fight an advancing body of Turkish troops if they come on any further in the road which they have announced that they mean to take. Our engagements with all kinds of people all over the world are so numerous that probably even the oldest servant of the Foreign Office does not know their full extent; and as to the ordinary Englishman, it is as much news to him as if he were hearing of something going on in the moon that we are bound by treaty to guarantee the possessions of the Sultan of LEBEJ. Fortunately for that potentate, whose existence has now been revealed to us, he has better grounds for relying on our assistance than the terms of a treaty could give him. He is really useful to us, or even indispensable, for we must keep Aden supplied with water and food; and it is the Sultan of LEBEJ who has the only water and food available for the supply of Aden. So far as the protection of the Sultan of LEBEJ goes, the Government appears to have acted promptly enough. Without waiting for the slow action of diplomacy, it has sent troops sufficient to make the Turks understand that, if they make war on Lebej, they must also make war on England. If Lebej only is to be protected, it is difficult to see what the Government could have done more. Every one will allow that they were quite right in not letting the SULTAN be overwhelmed, and then applying to Constantinople for redress. This redress, or at least the promise of it, would have been accorded as a matter of course, for Turkey is not likely to quarrel with England for so small a matter. But, meantime, the SULTAN would have seen his territory ravaged, and perhaps his throne, if he has got one, overturned, and Aden might have run unpleasantly short of supplies. If our protection was to be worth anything, it must take the shape of arresting the evil and not of remedying it. Whether we ought to do anything more than protect Lebej, in the safety of which our interests, as well as our honour, are engaged, is only to be decided by those who are acquainted with all the facts. It is frightful to hear that we have some sort of undertakings, if not treaties, with not fewer than thirty of the petty chiefs of the Arabian coast. We may, or we may not, be bound to object to the conquest by the Turks of other petty Arabian sovereigns, and Mr. BOURKE stated in his interesting letter that Lord PALMERSTON took on himself to inform the Turks that they must not push their dominion beyond the top of the Red Sea. This was carrying matters with a very high hand, and was quite in the style of Lord PALMERSTON, who was constantly gaining the advantages of war without having to fight. But these are not the days of PALMERSTON, and the Turks are probably right in calculating that England will not fight unless a distinct danger to some assignable English interest is presented to the eyes of the British public. The Turks are said to be wholly in the wrong in their contest with the independent Arabs, but England will be slow to interfere merely because another Power is making an unjust war. The Government has decided that we are not called upon to do more than frighten the Turks away from Lebej, and until the whole facts are known, it is charitable to suppose that the Government is right; but it is just possible that the conquering Turks may not sufficiently respect the presence in Lebej

of half their number of British troops, and then there might easily be a controversy which would very seriously disturb the placid contentment of Mr. GLADSTONE.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

THE financial crisis in the United States still continues; and there is some danger that it may be aggravated by administrative interference. The late Secretary of the Treasury, whose financial theories are shared both by his successor and by the PRESIDENT, has lately repeated in a public address his opinion that the notes which were some time since withdrawn from circulation constituted a reserve of which the Government may dispose at pleasure for the benefit of trade or the relief of the money market. Mr. BORTWELL is consistent in a doctrine which is almost universally condemned, not only by economists, but by lawyers. Before he retired from the Cabinet he reissued a certain amount of the supposed reserve, for the purpose, as he said, of moving the crops; or, in other words, of expanding the currency in the autumn for the convenience of the Western farmers. According to the best opinions, the Treasury ought, under the Act of Congress, to have cancelled the notes as soon as they were called in; and it would seem to strangers that, if they can still be legally reissued, the Government of the day ought not to have the power of restricting the circulation. The most irrational course which can be adopted is to threaten a depreciation of the currency, and at the same time to take credit for refusing to exercise the disputed power. Another of Mr. BORTWELL's suggestions is that a large subsidy should be allowed to all iron ships in proportion to their tonnage; and he is also disposed to prohibit the payment of interest on bank deposits. The PRESIDENT has, in a published letter, adopted or anticipated two of Mr. BORTWELL's statements or proposals. He declares that the power of reissuing the so-called reserve is unquestionable, and he recommends Congress to render the payment of interest on deposits illegal. Although one country is perhaps not capable of judging of the constitutional principles of another, it seems odd that the PRESIDENT should practically exercise the power of acting on his own opinion, in direct opposition to the probable judgment of the Legislature. In the last Session of Congress the Finance Committee of the Senate reported against the proposed reissue of notes, and there is no reason to doubt that the Senate would arrive at the same conclusion. It would not be difficult to devise some method by which the legal question might be submitted to the judgment of the Supreme Court. When the PRESIDENT claims the power of increasing the national debt by nearly 9,000,000*l.*, and of depreciating the currency to the same extent, it might have been thought that the two Houses of Congress would have an opportunity of either admitting or disallowing so anomalous a prerogative.

Fortunately for the capital and trade of the United States, neither the PRESIDENT nor his Cabinet can, without the assent of Congress, either establish a novel and gigantic system of protection or put an end to a form of investment which is convenient to the community. Mr. BORTWELL has repeatedly declared that there is no science of financial or commercial legislation, and it is evident that his professions of confining himself to empirical conjecture are sincere. A subsidy to a particular trade is perhaps a less wasteful mode of maintaining a monopoly than an exclusive privilege of buying or selling; but the proposal that the American taxpayer shall contribute to the profits of shipowners is almost startling in the simplicity of its injustice. To pay several millions for a service which is at present rendered free of charge is a curious economical experiment. Mr. BORTWELL calmly proposes a bounty of 1*l.* per ton on the construction of iron steam-vessels to be employed exclusively in foreign trade; and he adds the statement that his proposal is calculated not so much to facilitate the resumption of specie payments as to form part of a great public policy for the improvement of the financial condition of the country. It certainly could not have been suspected that a bounty on iron shipping had any connexion with the nature of the currency. It is highly improbable that Congress will listen to Mr. BORTWELL's obsolete proposals, even if they are supported by the recommendation of the PRESIDENT. The supremacy which the Republicans have enjoyed for twelve or thirteen years is beginning to totter. The elections in Ohio and in New York prove that the Democrats are still

powerful; and a party in Opposition will be strongly tempted to profit by the mistaken policy which is favoured by the Administration. If the Democrats have the good sense during the next twelve years to identify their cause with sound principles of trade and finance, they will probably command the suffrage of that portion of the community which cares more for the public welfare than for party interests.

The attacks of the PRESIDENT and the ex-Secretary of the Treasury on the banking system are even more whimsical than the scheme of subsidizing a special class of ship-owners. Mr. BOUTWELL founds his proposal of prohibiting the payment of interest on deposits on the arbitrary proposition that, "as a matter of principle, a bank is established on the idea that the people organized are capitalists, and that they have money to lend, and not that they are borrowers of money." The trade of banking would not have been attractive or profitable if bankers had confined themselves to lending their own money. On the contrary, the essence of their business is that they lend the money which is entrusted to them by their customers. When, as in the case of the private bankers of London, convenience induces customers to deposit large balances, it is evidently for the advantage of the banker to invest money for which he pays no interest. The joint-stock banks, on the other hand, following the example of the Scotch banks, attract deposits by paying a lower amount of interest than the market rate. The margin between their receipts in the form of interest and their payments affords them a sufficient profit. When customers and traders are equally satisfied with a voluntary mode of conducting business, it is not easy to understand why any Legislature should interfere; but the American PRESIDENT and the authorities which he follows have a vague notion that money belongs neither to owners nor to borrowers, but to the community at large. According to Mr. BOUTWELL, a farmer who has a few hundred dollars of savings is tempted by the payment of interest to place it on deposit, when he would otherwise either keep it himself or lend it to a neighbour for the purpose of trade. The banker, again, is afraid to use the money in discounts, because it may be reclaimed by the depositor. As it is perfectly clear that the banks would come to a standstill if they wrapped up the talents on which they pay interest in napkins, the assumption that their balances are not available for the accommodation of trade is abundantly gratuitous; but farmers and traders and capitalists and bankers would give Mr. BOUTWELL the most complete answer by requesting him to attend to his own business, and to allow them to do what they will with their own. "Consider," says Mr. BOUTWELL, "how unjust this is to the substantial business interests of the country. In the summer months, when capital is abundant, the whole of the East and West is deprived of its surplus money." Both Mr. BOUTWELL and General GRANT fancy that money belongs to the East or the West, or some other abstract entity, instead of being the exclusive property of its owners, who cannot, except by their own choice, be deprived of their surplus money. If the East and the West want the money which is now placed on deposit, they have only to outbid the banks by offering higher interest with equally good security. The only effect of legislative interference with the present course of business would be to drive money out of the country, or, more probably, to promote evasion of an absurd law.

It is not surprising that politicians wholly unacquainted with financial science should fall into economic blunders; but it is strange that Presidents and Finance Ministers should think that their own crude guesses ought to be the basis of compulsory legislation. It is possible that the present commercial embarrassment might have been prevented or mitigated by the refusal of the State Legislatures to sanction the construction of railways; but it was the duty of representative bodies to promote public improvements, and not to protect capitalists by anticipation against the consequences of improvident speculation. The scarcity of money will soon be corrected by the legitimate process of selling valuable property consisting of produce and of securities. The enormous material wealth of the United States furnishes the means of encountering the gravest financial difficulties. Corn, and cotton, and railway bonds will be converted into money until a sufficient supply is obtained. The balance of trade which the PRESIDENT is anxious to maintain by artificial means is happily self-adjusting.

THE COMMITTEE OF FIFTEEN.

THE Republican party have made a good fight in the Committee on General CHANGARNIER's Bill. If this unfortunate measure had been hurried through the Assembly with the speed desired by its promoters, many deputies might have voted in ignorance of the real nature of the point in debate. No one will now be able to plead this excuse. The Bill as originally introduced, and the Bill as M. CASIMIR PERIER proposes to amend it, each embody a distinct and intelligible principle. The Right would have liked to confound the question whether Marshal MACMAHON's powers shall be prolonged with the question under what conditions they shall be prolonged. They choose to assume that prolongation in some form is indispensable to the tranquillity of the country, and that any prolongation which depends on subsequent legislation would be valueless for this purpose. There is no need to say how groundless even the first of those assumptions is. Marshal MACMAHON can only be deprived of his office by a vote of the Assembly, and in the Assembly as at present constituted there is no chance of such a vote being carried. The worst contingency, from the Conservative point of view, that can reasonably be looked for is the refusal of a future Assembly to return the Marshal as President; but if the Chamber which must some day or other be elected should entertain the wish to replace him, the fact that he has been imposed on the country for ten years will not be likely to make the relations between the Legislature and the Executive work very smoothly. A prolongation such as General CHANGARNIER proposes really means a continuance of the Provisional Government. If France were as much divided in opinion as the existing Assembly is, there would be some reason for taking this course. A Constitution cannot have much stability which is voted by a majority hardly large enough to keep a Ministry in office. But unless all the ordinary symptoms of public feeling are at fault, it is certain that the overbalance of opinion which exists in the Assembly is not in the least reproduced in the country. Thus the Conservative party has lately been guilty of a double error. It has misread the political barometer, or rather pretended to misread it, and it has acted in a way which is quite inconsistent with its own reading. It professes to believe that a Republic is impossible because the majority to which its friends lay claim does not really exist. This is tantamount to saying that the present Assembly genuinely represents the country; and taken by itself, this assertion, if it were well founded, would justify a continuance of the Provisional Government. But in this matter the Conservatives have put themselves out of court. Until a fortnight ago they were perfectly prepared to put an end to the Provisional Government and set up the Monarchy, if they could secure the single vote which technically makes a majority. If there is, as the Republican party maintain, a steady current of opinion throughout France in favour of a moderate Republic, a prolongation of the Provisional Government for ten years, or for any number of years, is simply the concession of an interval within which the Monarchists shall be free to conspire without incurring the penalties of conspiracy.

Whatever show of reason is contained in General CHANGARNIER's Bill is equally contained in M. CASIMIR PERIER's amendment of it. This latter proposal concedes, in effect, that during the passage from a provisional to a permanent order of things it is desirable that Marshal MACMAHON should retain the control of public affairs. This ought to give timid Conservatives all the comfort the situation admits of. If they are reasonable men, they will hardly deny that a state of things in which the Legislature and the Executive are constantly at issue would not be calculated to promote peace and order in a country in which political parties are extraordinarily divided, and political passions run extraordinarily high. Yet this is precisely the consummation which General CHANGARNIER asks them to work for. Either by a general election, or by a prolonged series of partial elections, the composition of the Assembly must in time be completely changed. If, when this happens, it retains the confidence which the present Assembly feels in Marshal MACMAHON, there will be no need for his powers to be secured to him by a law passed beforehand. If this confidence is no longer felt, the relations between the Assembly and Marshal MACMAHON will resemble those which subsisted between Congress and President JOHNSON. It was not found that

even in the United States, where the form of government had long been settled, and the controversy between the Legislature and the Executive turned exclusively upon the manner in which it was to be administered; and in France, with the gravest political problems still undecided, it is in the highest degree unlikely that such an antagonism could go on without civil war. What M. CASIMIR PERIER'S amendment does is to continue Marshal MACMAHON in office during the transition from the provisional to the established Republic. As we read the amendment, it amounts to this, though the text is given somewhat differently by different journals, and the interpretations put on the text are not strictly identical. Until the constitutional laws have come into operation, Marshal MACMAHON will continue to exercise his powers under the same conditions as hitherto. Within three days from the adoption of this amendment by the Assembly, a Committee is to be appointed to examine the constitutional laws, and to report on them some time in the first fortnight of January. After these laws have come into operation Marshal MACMAHON will retain the office of President under the conditions laid down in the new laws, without having to undergo a fresh election. If, that is to say, the powers of the President are lessened by the new laws, Marshal MACMAHON'S powers will be lessened to that extent. But if under the new laws the President is to be elected by a popular vote or by an electoral College, or in any way other than by a vote of the Assembly, Marshal MACMAHON'S position will not be affected. He will remain President as though he had been elected in the prescribed manner. The date at which his term of office will come to an end is the dissolution of the next Legislature. In this way the country is secured against the excitement of a Presidential election, not only during the remainder of the present Assembly's life and the period of a general election, but also through the life of the next Assembly. It may be assumed that no future Chamber will be invested with the same power of absolutely determining its own duration enjoyed by the present one, but even with this limitation the concession to the Conservatives is a very large one.

Whether this amendment will be adopted by the Assembly is altogether uncertain. The Ministers are said by the Duke of BROGLIE'S organ to be in complete agreement with the minority of the Committee, and to be resolved to adhere firmly to ten years as the term for which Marshal MACMAHON'S powers shall be extended. The precise figure will not, however, count for much in the coming debate. Ten years have perhaps been chosen because so long a period conveys a false idea of the intentions of the Royalist faction. Long before ten, or five, or even three years have passed away they hope, if the definitive establishment of the Republic can be staved off, to have restored the Monarchy in one shape or another. They look to the disturbances which will almost certainly arise under Marshal MACMAHON'S Dictatorship to provide them with the necessary pretexts for replacing the provisional Saviour of Society by a permanent Saviour, whether in the person of the Count of CHAMBORE or the Count of PARIS. M. CASIMIR PERIER'S amendment makes this manoeuvre impossible, since it associates the prolongation of Marshal MACMAHON'S powers with the establishment of the Republic. Thus it aims at conciliating the Conservative members of the majority at the expense of the Royalist members, and its fate in the Assembly will depend on the extent to which this aim can be carried out. A very small defection from the Right Centre would avail to turn the balance and to convert the Republican minority into a Republican, though still Conservative, majority. Unfortunately for France it is by no means certain, not merely that any of the Right Centre will come over to M. CASIMIR PERIER, but even whether all the Left Centre will abide by him. Some of them are not unlikely to be influenced by an undefined fear of displeasing Marshal MACMAHON, and thus precipitating a change of President. They forget that France enjoyed the same tranquillity under M. THIERS that it has enjoyed under his successor. They forget that it was a civilian, not a soldier, who put down the Commune, and punished the insurgents with a cruel severity which neither general nor king could well have surpassed. Their imaginations are excited by the gloomy predictions of the Right, and they do not see that when the Royalists prophesy confusion and civil strife, they prophesy according to their wishes rather than their expectations. The real apprehension of the Royalist party is that the Republic

will be strong enough to put down disorder, and so leave nothing for the Saviour of Society to do. It is a prospect full of terror for the Royalists, and it will be a singular triumph of political audacity if they are able to make it seem equally formidable to the Left Centre.

MR. MIALI AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

WHETHER or not Mr. MIALI'S retirement from Parliament is to be regarded as final, he will be entitled to the satisfaction of knowing that he has been sincere and consistent in his sectarian and political career. His adversaries will do him the justice of admitting that his strong antipathy to certain institutions has not degenerated into personal injustice or violence. Those who agree in his opinions are justified in respecting him as an earnest and single-minded reformer; and the friends of the Establishment have no right to complain of the mode in which he has conducted his attack, although they may reasonably hold that the agitation in any form is mistaken and mischievous. There was a time when the Church, like the State, was taken for granted as a necessary and fundamental part of the national life. The profound irony of SWIFT'S fear lest the abolition of Christianity should bring the Church into danger involves a humorous recognition of the universal faith in the Establishment. Long afterwards the framers of the Irish Act of Union, and again the promoters of Catholic Emancipation, professed, and perhaps felt, the deepest anxiety for the maintenance of that Irish branch which has since been destroyed. The modern practice of testing all institutions by the standard of utility is perhaps not so universal an improvement as it may appear to reforming politicians; but it is idle to protest against the expediency of that which can no longer be prevented. The Church of England has for some time past been the object of systematic hostility; and Mr. MIALI, who has assumed the conduct of the attack, is a typical Nonconformist. It was a proof of imperfect taste on the part of himself and some of his coadjutors to profess a desire of liberating from State control the willing victims of establishment and endowment. A half-factious affectation of sympathy with the members of a detested Church partakes too much of the discourtesy which sometimes assumes the form of praying at an adversary. Mr. MIALI and his friends well know that, with the exception of a few fanatics, neither the clergy nor the laity of the Church claim the liberation which is offered them from without. The agitators of the Land and Labour League might with equal propriety profess their intention of liberating landlords from the burden of ownership. The least rancorous of the political Dissenters would only be content to tolerate the Anglican Church on the condition that it should be reduced to the level of one of the hundred Protestant sects. It is impossible to believe that the Liberation Society is in the smallest degree actuated by the friendly motives which purport to be involved in its title. In his speech of last Session Mr. MIALI candidly avowed the secret of Dissenting hostility, when he complained of the social superiority of the established clergy to the ministers of the Nonconformist communities. Disestablishment would perhaps in a generation or two prevent the sons of gentlemen from taking orders, while the pulpits of the sects would still, as now, be recruited from the ranks of farmers and tradesmen. There is nothing especially aristocratic in the creed or the formulas of the English Church which should make it an exception to the ordinary consequences of the alienation of ecclesiastical revenues. In France, and over the greater part of the Continent, the Roman Catholic clergy have, since the French Revolution, been generally taken from the humbler ranks of society. Dissenting ministers in England belong, with few exceptions, to a respectable section of the middle class; for the simple reason that the remuneration and the circumstances of their occupation are not attractive to the sons of refined and wealthy families. They would obtain no access of profit or of precedence by the abolition of the Church Establishment; but they think that they would be happier if they were not troubled with the sight of more prosperous or more favoured rivals. Many similar devotees of equality regard with jealousy and dislike the conventional advantages which in this country attach to rank and station; but laymen would feel the absurdity of affecting an anxiety to relieve lords and baronets from the trammels of their titles.

Mr. MIALLE's zeal for the religious purification of the Church of England would be officious, if it were not obviously fictitious. If Churchmen are contented with their own spiritual condition and opportunities, it is no business of those who dissent from their doctrines to promote their improvement, except in the way of religious proselytism. As MACAULAY said of the Puritans and the bear-baiters, the objection is not that endowments injure the spiritual welfare of Churchmen, but that they give pleasure to the clergy.

In a generation which habitually pulls up its fruit-trees to see whether they are growing, the advocates of all institutions are compelled to adopt the issue of utility which is tendered by their opponents. It is not enough to criticize the motives of the Liberation Society without showing that the Establishment conduces largely to the public welfare. For the immediate purpose it would be irrelevant to contend that the doctrines of the Church of England are sound and orthodox; and it may be said, to the credit of the Non-conformists, that they rarely denounce the object of their aversion on the ground of heretical pravity. Mr. MIALLE would admit that a Churchman may be a good Christian, if only he is first disestablished and disendowed. The grace of poverty, which is not highly esteemed among Dissenters as a personal merit, is considered as the most indispensable accompaniment of clerical personages and corporations. The question whether the clergy ought to be maintained by endowments is primarily important as it determines their social position. The English incumbent is, as a general rule, a gentleman before he is a clergyman, and he possesses the qualities, and perhaps the defects, of his station. It is well known that average clerical incomes are extremely modest in amount; but the possessor of a parsonage and of a parochial income of three or four hundred a year is included in the ranks of the gentry. One consequence of the existing state of custom and opinion is that the clergy often possess by inheritance or marriage private resources of their own which practically form a part of the ecclesiastical endowments. Out of their clerical and private incomes the clergy habitually contribute to public and charitable objects a percentage which proportionally exceeds several times over the benefactions of ordinary laymen. The voluntary schools which provoke the wrath of the Birmingham League would never have overspread the country but for the self-denying generosity which, in the case of the clergy, was pardonably or laudably stimulated by professional enthusiasm. It is true that Dissenting ministers have not enjoyed equal opportunities of doing good; but the existence of more or less efficient schools in rural districts is almost exclusively due to the exertions of the clergy. Even their enemies will admit that in morality and decorum the English clergy are blameless, and even exemplary; and, apart from their strictly religious functions, they are, in the majority of parishes, the most useful and the least costly of public functionaries. The withdrawal of the clergy from the rural districts would be a sweeping change, involving much evil and no compensating advantage, except in the increased cheerfulness of the neighbouring Nonconformist preachers. The revolution in the towns, where the work of the clergy is harder and still more beneficial to society, would be less complete, because there the Church might perhaps hold its ground by voluntary support. In ordinary country parishes either there would be no clergyman, or he would be merely one among many ministers of the Dissenting type. Even if moderate incomes were forthcoming, there would be no supply of candidates for orders who had received a liberal education. The cant of requiring that a clerical career shall be adopted exclusively from religious motives scarcely needs exposure. Young men enter professions which are selected for them by their families; and although temporary asceticism is not uncommon in youth, parents never bring up their children to be martyrs. The Irish parish priest almost always rises in the world by taking orders, and the English preacher suffers no loss of social position. The English clergy of the present and the future are and will be human beings, and their fathers and mothers will be still more universally influenced by worldly motives. It is possible that in some cases Mr. MIALLE's anticipations might be confirmed by an increase of religious zeal and corporate enthusiasm among a disendowed clergy; but secular legislators may well be contented with the ecclesiastical fervour which is found compatible with establishment. The Ultramontane bigotry which now disturbs half Europe is directly traceable to the

withdrawal from the Roman Catholic clergy of temporal interests, and of the social sympathies which they involve. Gallican tendencies are almost extinct in the land of their birth, because a peasant clergy cannot continue the traditions of the pre-revolutionary Church of France.

The organization by which the English Establishment is threatened may be formidable, but it is narrow. No considerable section of the laity of the Church, and no body of secular politicians except the more revolutionary democrats, shares in the passions and prejudices of the Dissenting sects. Neither politicians nor economists are prepared to suggest a better application of Church revenues than the maintenance in every parish of a comparatively refined and educated resident of moderate means, charged with the duty of promoting the moral and temporal welfare of the inhabitants. It is, after all, not an immutable law of nature that all property should be strictly hereditary. The hundreds of income of the parson are on the average as well employed as the thousands of the squire; and even in the days when an incumbent often enjoyed a sinecure, he was as useful a member of society as his lay neighbours of the same station. Mr. MIALLE knows what he means, for, if he effected his object, he would gratify his clients by lowering the social station of their rivals. The careless amateurs who from time to time profess supercilious indifference to the question of Disestablishment are ignorant of the working of the present system and of the state of the rural districts, and they have not taken the trouble to understand the consequences which would inevitably follow from the destruction of the Church of England.

OPENING OF THE PRUSSIAN PARLIAMENT.

THE new Prussian Parliament has met at Berlin, and at the same time Prince BISMARCK has resumed the office of Prime Minister. He has every reason to be pleased with the result of the elections which have just come to a close. The issue between him and his clerical enemies has been raised with the utmost distinctness, and the answer which has been given is unmistakable. Nothing on either side was thought of but the ecclesiastical struggle. The POPE's letter had been published just in time to give animation to the combatants, and the Government had taken every means to let it be known that the only effective reply that Prussia could give to this letter was to return an unhesitating band of Ministerial supporters. The consequence is that a majority of nearly three-fourths in an Assembly of four hundred has been returned to carry out the policy of Prince BISMARCK as far as he may wish to carry it. The Ultramontanes have indeed gained some seats. They had only sixty representatives in the last Parliament, and now they will have between eighty and ninety; but then the seats they have won have been gained at the expense of those Conservatives who used in the last Parliament to vote with them on ecclesiastical questions, and who thought Protestant orthodoxy as much endangered by the new legislation as the supremacy of the POPE. These old-fashioned politicians have encountered the fate which usually overtakes those who in times of agitation halt between two opinions. They have practically ceased to exist as a Parliamentary party, and have been replaced in almost equal numbers by those who have decided views one way or the other. There are two or three features of the recent elections which are especially remarkable. In the first place, the towns throughout Prussia may be said to support the Government. Even in Westphalia there have been Ministerial gains among the town populations, and it is only in remote country districts that the Ultramontanes have shown strength. There must therefore be, in towns where the Catholic element largely preponderates, a considerable section among the Catholics themselves who, for one reason or another, choose to quarrel with their ecclesiastical rather than with their temporal superiors. In Posen the Germans appear to be able to outvote the Poles in most of the towns, and the number of Poles who have been returned, and who although returned as Poles may practically be numbered among the Ultramontanes, is remarkably small. In the next place, the very natural tendency to gratify ancient grudges, which in the early days of annexation manifested itself through the provinces gained in 1866, seems to have almost faded away under the influence of the community of feeling produced by the French war, or through a willingness to sink all minor differences in a

critical time; and in no part of Prussia have the successes of Ministerial candidates been more conspicuous than in what used to be the Kingdom of Hanover. Lastly, the Liberal party has become greatly consolidated; its various fractious have worked together at the elections, and each has forgotten to ask how far its allies are more or less advanced in other spheres of political opinion, so that it could be sure of firmness and resolution in dealing with the great question of the day.

At the same time that an instrument for the prosecution of his policy has thus been provided for Prince BISMARCK in this new Parliament, he himself comes forward to work it openly and immediately, and resumes the office of Prime Minister. During the last year he has guided the domestic policy of Prussia indirectly, and Marshal von ROON has been the ostensible head of the Cabinet. According to the traditions of the House of HOHENZOLLERN, each Minister is the servant of the King, responsible only to him, and only bound to his colleagues by the common tie of Royal service. The Ministers of WILLIAM III. held exactly the same position in England, and it was because the system was found so inconvenient that the plan of having Cabinets with all, or almost all, of its members of one political colour came into fashion. Prince BISMARCK got tired of a state of things in which he had to waste his time and his strength in persuading each of his colleagues separately to concur in the measures which, as Prime Minister, he thought necessary. The King did not like to change the habits to which long use and the traditions of his family had accustomed him; and Prince BISMARCK therefore retired for a time into comparative obscurity. But he still remained as powerful as before. There was no one else who had any policy, and Prince BISMARCK's policy is of a kind which cannot be adopted by halves, or followed with alternations of ardour and apathy. He still said what was to be done, and his advice was adopted as a matter of course. He retained in his hands the whole conduct of the policy of the Empire, as distinct from Prussia; and the subordinate statesmen who filled the chief Ministerial offices in Prussia could never escape from the necessity of letting their views of Prussian policy be coloured by what Prince BISMARCK declared to be the policy that he thought best for Germany. The natural end of such a state of things has been that Marshal von ROON has got tired of holding a post where he had the name with little of the reality of power, and the King has been brought gradually to see that it is only a pure loss of time to have a Ministry which Prince BISMARCK guides indirectly, instead of leading it directly. The Prince is therefore to be once more Premier, and is to have a convenient Vice-President to do the heavy work of explaining to the rest of the Cabinet what Prince BISMARCK wishes to have done. But the real change is that now it is understood that, if his colleagues do not like to do what he wishes, they shall go, and be replaced by successors more intelligent or submissive. In other words, a constitutional Ministry has been formed in Prussia, and although constitutionalism is at present a plant of very tender growth in that country, yet a precedent has been established in favour of Prince BISMARCK, which, although said to be merely a temporary one, and made out of special deference to him, can scarcely fail to affect the whole future history of Prussia.

It is not easy to point to any one in recent years who has been borne onwards by so rapid and persistent a tide of success as Prince BISMARCK. His good fortune has been wonderful, but so has been the promptitude and audacity with which he has taken advantage of good fortune. That Austria should have attacked Prussia single-handed, and that then only four years later France should have done the same thing, and that at the turning point of Prussian domestic policy the Pope should have taken it into his head to write a letter which roused the indignation of Germany, and made it see in Prince BISMARCK the indispensable champion of the nation, are all singular instances of the kind strokes which fortune will sometimes deal to help her favourites. But it may safely be said that the man who could take advantage of them appears only once or twice in a century, if so often. It is because he succeeds in such a great variety of ways that the Prussian Parliament is so ready to follow Prince BISMARCK. He now comes before the new Assembly not only as the author of the ecclesiastical laws which have become popular to an extent far greater than could have been anticipated, but as the promoter of a foreign policy which has added largely to the power

and position of Prussia. The German Emperor's recent visit to Vienna is only the latest and most patent sign of the new order of things in which Austria has entered into an alliance with Prussia, looks up to her, invites her protection, and seeks to settle great questions with her concurrence. Everything therefore will make the new Prussian Parliament very easy, at least at first, for the Prime Minister to guide. He will be thought to know best, and that will be enough. He has begun by letting his friends understand that they are not to go faster than he thinks proper. It was generally supposed that the Speech from the Throne would gratify the enthusiasm of those who have just come fresh from a great conflict, and that it would foreshadow new directions in which the Government desires to see the clerical party checked or defeated. On the contrary, it is reticent and prudent in the extreme on the one topic of universal interest, and merely says that, if further measures are needed, they shall be proposed; and this reticence is the more remarkable if it is true that the Government has a Bill for establishing civil marriages ready for submission to Parliament. What may be the reason of this discretion, which to many Prussian deputies has been very disappointing, is a question which few persons could pretend to answer. It may be that Prince BISMARCK sees, in the support which he has received from some Catholic towns and some influential Catholic proprietors, a ground for hoping that, if he goes to work cautiously, he may even at this late hour induce his clerical adversaries to abate the extremity of their resistance. It may be that he has to consider Germany before he can attend to Prussia, and that he wishes to feel his way, lest he should by the completeness of his triumph in Prussia provoke opposition and receive a check in Germany. At any rate one thing cannot be doubted, and that is, that a Minister who could afford to satisfy in the Speech from the Throne so few of the desires of his eager supporters must have felt his position to be a very strong one.

LORD GREY ON THE ASHANTIE WAR.

LORD GREY'S letters on the Ashantie war raise the issue between two opposite systems of policy in a distinct and convenient form. It is possible either to leave the conduct of relations with savage tribes in the hands of private adventurers, or to employ the resources of the Empire for the protection of commerce and for the encouragement of civilization. There will always be plausible reasons for the avoidance of trouble, expense, and responsibility; but Lord GREY belongs to the older school of statesmen which held that power necessarily implied liabilities and duties. The establishment of fortified settlements on the African coast rendered it impossible, according to Lord GREY's opinion, to withhold a certain amount of protection and control from the neighbouring tribes; but he thinks that the measures which have actually been adopted were in many respects erroneous and defective. Lord GREY regards with approval, and with regret for the practical failure of the project, the abortive scheme of a constitutional Federation to be formed by the Fanteo chiefs and their followers. The proposal originated with certain educated natives, who probably wished to provide for themselves offices which would enable them to tax their neighbours. The officer who at the time administered the government peremptorily warned the would-be legislators that any attempt to try their constitutional experiment would be treated as an offence against the English Government. Although the Administrative decision received but a qualified approval at home, it is at least possible that in this instance local experience may be as safe a guide as the doctrines which Lord GREY has steadily maintained, while in the course of his life Liberal opinion has overtaken him, coincided with him, and passed him. Barbarous imitations of English institutions can scarcely be regarded with confidence while so many civilized States have repeatedly failed in acclimatizing Parliamentary government. If the Fanteo Federation had been created, the more warlike tribes of the interior would not the less have invaded the coast districts when it suited their convenience. There is no reason to suppose that the educated natives would have thought of organizing a military force which would have been capable of defending their territory. The direct subordination of the chiefs to the English Government would have furnished a simpler and more effective machine.

Lord GREY would judiciously confine the possessions of England on the Gold Coast to the area which is commanded by the guns of the forts; nor is it a sufficient objection to his system that he has not strictly defined the limits or the character of the protectorate over the adjacent districts which he proposes. There are numerous degrees of reciprocal influence and dependence between the Supreme Government and the various nations and States of India. More than a hundred millions of natives acknowledge the direct sovereignty of the QUEEN, while nearly an equal number are more or less completely governed by their own native chiefs. The Marhatta princes and many other potentates maintain considerable armies, though they are strictly prohibited from diplomatic intercourse with foreign Powers, and though they would be instantly checked if they attempted to engage in war with their neighbours. Other rulers, down to the rank of feudal nobles, exercise, with or without the interference of English officers, the powers of domestic administration. As a general rule, the Government interferes only when it is necessary to repress tyranny and misgovernment; but it carefully abstains from renouncing its contingent power of control. The example of India is instructive wherever dependencies inhabited by alien races have to be governed, because the existing system has been produced, not in accordance with any theory, but as a result of detailed and practical experience. In the Dominion of Canada, in New Zealand, and at the Cape, it has been found necessary to assume sovereignty over native tribes; and although the consequences have not been uniformly satisfactory, it may be taken for granted that private adventurers would have been less scrupulous and less considerate than a regular government. The converse case of the Fiji Islands, which the English Government has hitherto refused to annex, illustrates the inconvenience of leaving English settlers without the restraint or the aid of regular authority. On the whole, Lord GREY is justified in proposing as the only admissible alternative to the establishment of some kind of protectorate, the abandonment of the forts and the discontinuance of trade. Whether it will be necessary or expedient to assert any permanent power over the Ashantes is a question which cannot be solved until the results of the pending expedition are known. It is sometimes cheaper and safer to maintain a hold over a turbulent tribe during peace than to wait for attacks which must ultimately be repelled. In such cases it is impossible to be guided by any abstract principle, except that peace and order must be preserved by the most available means. The risk and cost of the present war may be directly traced to the efforts of the English Government and its officers to keep aloof from native quarrels. The handful of troops which was withdrawn from the Coast seven or eight years ago would perhaps have sufficed to prevent the invasion which must now be punished with the aid of the most elaborate preparations. Even the Fantees might have been united in defence of themselves and their territory if there had been half-a-dozen English officers on the spot with a nucleus of an army consisting of regular soldiers.

If the judgment of some of the newspaper Correspondents may be trusted, Sir GARNET WOLSELEY might, on his arrival, have been strong enough to attack the enemy, if he could have commanded the services of the sailors and marines of the squadron on the Coast. The Commodore, who, as far as his own force is concerned, is not under the orders of the General, had before his departure prohibited his crews from landing unless the town or the forts were attacked; and consequently Sir GARNET WOLSELEY must wait for the arrival of his English regiments before he makes a forward movement. To civilians at a distance it would seem that the Commodore was possibly in the right; nor is there any reason to believe that his orders in any way conflict with the wishes of the General. As a general rule, the place of sailors is on board ship; though they are always ready, in case of need, for service on shore. To commence the campaign before the arrival of the army which is, as it may be hoped, to carry it to a successful conclusion, would seem a precipitate policy. The main reason for preventing the sailors from landing unnecessarily is probably the risk of illness, from which they are comparatively exempt at sea. The announcement that several additional regiments are under orders for the coast of Africa has caused general surprise. It might have been supposed that a small European force would have been sufficient to decide the contest; but premature criticism would only interfere with the due responsibility of the Government.

Much trouble will probably be saved if the report of the advance of the Ashantes King and his army proves to be true; but a deliberately false rumour would be, even between civilized belligerents, a justifiable stratagem; and it would not exceed the capacity of an ingenious African King. It is of course probable that the Ashantes may exaggerate to themselves their own prowess; and they entertain an excusable contempt for the tribes on the coast whom they have frequently defeated; but in their only recent conflict with an insignificant English force they were so thoroughly beaten that they have not since ventured on any offensive movement. Some of the Ashantee leaders are said to possess a certain amount of military skill, and they may perhaps hesitate before they encounter superior weapons and European discipline with a river in their rear, which they might find it difficult to recross after a reverse. If the news of the advance is confirmed, Sir GARNET WOLSELEY will not be in a hurry to stop them until they have moved as far as possible from their own territory. The great object of the campaign is to get within reach of the enemy, and it is in every way desirable that he should accomplish for himself as much as possible of the intervening distance. It may be hoped that no time will be wasted in useless diplomatic formalities. A treaty of peace, concluded in consequence of a threatened attack on Coomassie, would endure as long as there was an English army in the field ready for the expedition. If the encounter is really destined to occur on the south of the Pra, the strategy of the Ashantee leaders can only be explained by their reasonable alarm at the progress of the road by which the English army is intended to advance. One-third of the road from the coast to the banks of the river was said to have been completed before the arrival of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, who will probably lose no time in continuing and completing an indispensable work.

MR. BRIGHT ON FREE LAND.

MR. BRIGHT'S return to office has been signalized by a multitude of not unnecessary explanations. An anonymous correspondent of the *Times* has extracted from him a curious explanation, which has, however, still to be explained, of the inaccuracies into which he had fallen in describing the conduct of his colleagues in regard to the Education Bill; and it can hardly be doubted that his own sense of justice has since led him to offer a more ample explanation, which would naturally take the form of an apology, to the VICE-PRESIDENT of the Council. Explanations, it seems, have also been exchanged between Mr. BRIGHT and the late Attorney-General. Sir JOHN COLERIDGE had gathered from the speech at Birmingham, as everybody else did, that Mr. BRIGHT thought it possible to have a compulsory system of education in which no account should be taken of the efforts of voluntary and religious bodies of any kind, and from which, as far as the State was concerned, every element of religious teaching should be rigidly excluded. Sir JOHN announces that he has just learned, "on the highest authority," that he did not correctly understand Mr. BRIGHT's meaning; but for obvious reasons he cautiously refrains from attempting "any affirmative expression" of Mr. BRIGHT's views. Mr. BRIGHT's latest explanations relate to what he calls "free land." He says, in a letter which has just been published, that he has often explained in his speeches what is intended by this term, but he is willing to explain it again. It is true that Mr. BRIGHT has frequently referred to the subject in his letters and speeches, and more particularly within the last few months; but unfortunately he has never been very explicit in his references, and it can hardly be said that the present letter furnishes a very satisfactory solution of the enigma.

Mr. BRIGHT states that "free land" means the abolition of the law of primogeniture; the limitation of entails and settlements, "so that life interests may for the most part be got rid of and a real ownership substituted for them"; and the simplification of the legal forms for the transfer of land. So far this is pretty clear. Primogeniture can of course be dealt with in a single clause, and the LORD CHANCELLOR'S Bill of last Session is a very good example of a measure for cutting down the costs and verbiage of conveyancers. It is not indeed quite clear to what extent Mr. BRIGHT thinks it necessary or possible to limit entails and settlements; but still one can imagine the sort of Bill which he would like to see on this subject. He intimates, however, that "free land"

means something more than all this. It means that "it shall be as easy to buy or sell land as to buy or sell a ship, or, at least, as easy as it is in Australia, and in many "or in all of the States of the American Union." And it means, further, "that no legal encouragement shall be given "to great estates and great farms, and that the natural "forces of accumulation and dispersion shall have free "play, as they have with regard to ships, and shares, and "machinery, and stock-in-trade, and money." Perhaps this may seem to some people very simple and plausible, but it would be interesting to know the precise terms of the legislation by which Mr. BRIGHT would make sure of producing these results. To this letter it is natural to tack the description of free land which Mr. BRIGHT gave at Birmingham. "What," he said, "the agricultural class in "this country requires is that the land should be made "absolutely free; that there should be steps by which the "best, the cleverest, the most industrious, the most "frugal of the agricultural labourers could gradu- "ally make their way to a better and higher position." As Mr. BRIGHT went on to condemn the laws which, he says, at present "keep great estates and great farms beyond the "reach of the agricultural labourers," it must be supposed that his object is to get laws passed which will bring great estates and great farms within the reach of agricultural labourers. Without inquiring how far legislation for the various objects which Mr. BRIGHT has enumerated is desirable, it would be well to know by what sort of legislation he thinks they are capable of being attained. It is just at this interesting point, however, that his explanations become conveniently dark and mysterious. Mr. BRIGHT has already proved his skill and energy as an agitator; but it has been supposed that he is now aspiring to the reputation of a statesman. Unfortunately, however the hands may be disguised, the voice betrays him. It is still the voice of the platform orator, careless of facts and without precise ideas or settled plans, whose only object is to excite popular passions by vague and violent declamation. Mr. BRIGHT has, indeed, frankly acknowledged that he does not think that what he calls the land question is ripe enough to be dealt with by the present Parliament; and it may perhaps be inferred that his declarations on the subject are merely intended to provide materials for agitation at the general election. It would thus appear that he is himself the cunning speculator whom he described in his speech at Birmingham as collecting subscriptions for a mysterious invention, the secret of which was to be divulged only when the money was all paid. After the elections perhaps Mr. BRIGHT will introduce a Bill for providing steps by which not only agricultural labourers, but all other poor labouring men, may obtain possession of great estates, great farms, great factories, and rich mines. At present they are unable to get these things, because they have no money to buy them with. How this difficulty is to be got over is Mr. BRIGHT's secret. It is an old secret with charlatans of every sort and in every age.

It is impossible to imagine a more mischievous or unscrupulous form of political agitation than that which consists in holding out to poor and ignorant people a prospect that something very grand and beneficent is going to be done for them by the Government, and that they are to wake up one fine morning out of their rags and penury to find that somehow or other they have suddenly come into possession of the squire's land or their employer's factory, and that they are henceforth to live at ease and to give their orders just as their masters used to do. Mr. BRIGHT professes to know the trick by which this can be done; he has a Bill in his head, if not in his pocket, by which labourers are to be enabled, not merely to buy little bits of land, but to acquire "great farms and great estates"; and at Birmingham he stated that this was not a mere Bill for simplifying titles and transfer, but something quite different. If Mr. BRIGHT has not such a Bill, and if he knows he has not, what shall be said of him? It is possible to test his knowledge of the subject and his sincerity by some of his other statements. Entails and settlements might no doubt be limited as he desires, but the sort of real ownership which would be substituted for them would be certain to prove in a great many cases extremely unreal. Experience has shown that a system of life tenancies affords perhaps the most effectual security that can be devised against the excessive creation of mortgages. In France land is much more heavily mortgaged than in England, and the agriculture of France, as well as of mortgaged estates in our own country, certainly does not encourage the opinion that it is better

for land to be mortgaged than to be in the hands of a tenant for life, who, after all, is just as likely as not to have the ordinary instincts of family affection. Mr. BRIGHT affects to believe that the laws of primogeniture and entail are the only cause of the creation and maintenance of great estates; but practically, as is well known, these laws operate in the majority of cases only to the extent to which landowners choose that they shall operate. Entails can almost always be broken, and a proprietor has only to make a will in order to divide his estates as freely as his personal property. In Kent, where the law is that in cases of intestacy land should go to all the sons alike, it is usually left to the eldest, as in other districts. Moreover, entails are known to have at least as much effect in preventing small properties from being absorbed into large ones as in adding to the extent of overgrown estates. In this country great estates are tolerated, but not enforced, by law; and they owe their existence simply to a natural and widely prevalent sentiment which could be controlled only by coercive legislation specially devised for the purpose, and intended not merely to provide for cases of intestacy, but to override the formal directions of testators. At present real and personal property stand on the same footing in this respect. Mr. BRIGHT's characteristic carelessness and disregard of everything except oratorical points is curiously shown by his remark that land ought to be bought or sold as easily as a ship, or at least as easily as land is bought or sold in Australia. He does not see that a ship is easily disposed of because it is something which can be handed over bodily to the purchaser, and carried away by him to a place of safe keeping, and also because it has not been the custom to make ships the basis of all sorts of family settlements and intricate pecuniary arrangements. The great difficulty in regard to the transfer of land is that a great deal of land in this country may be said to be held by little knots of persons in conjunction, and, the nominal owner is only one shareholder among many. Again, Mr. BRIGHT likens land to shares; but the analogy is obviously imperfect. A share is a specific and distinctly defined part of the whole property, whereas an interest in land is often of a contingent character, and cannot be sharply measured off in this way. So also Mr. BRIGHT forgets that England is an old country, where land has been passing from hand to hand for many generations, and where all sorts of complicated obligations and interests have grown up in connexion with it, while the ownership of land came into existence in Australia only, as it were, the day before yesterday.

It would certainly be very satisfactory to have a measure for the general registration of ownership and incumbrances of land, and for simplifying and cheapening conveyancing; but even if entails were to be limited, and the law of intestate succession to land assimilated to that relating to personalty, it would practically make very little difference; and assuredly none of these measures would enable poor men to obtain possession of "great estates and "great farms." A poor man who has scraped together some small savings is the last person in the world to be benefited by an investment which yields only two and a half or three per cent., when he might easily get five or six. But then it is Mr. BRIGHT's secret how poor men are to become landed proprietors all of a sudden merely by the passing of an Act of Parliament. "When I am King," said JACK CADR, "there shall be no money; the three-hooped pot shall have "ten hoops; all the realm shall be in common, and in "Cheapside shall my palfrey go grass."

ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS AND UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

THE Roman Catholic Bishops, whether in England or Ireland, have never shown any conspicuous zeal in the matter of the higher education. Probably it is doing them no injustice to say that the higher education, as such, holds a very secondary place in their thoughts. They are obliged to pay some attention to it from time to time, because the Roman Catholic laity want their sons to get a University degree; but if it were not for this external pressure, they would be quite ready to leave the question alone. If they would leave it alone, no better arrangement could be desired. It would then be possible to discover what the views and wishes of Roman Catholic parents really are. Unfortunately, however, the laity have interest enough in the

subject to force the bishops to take it up, but not interest enough in it to lead them to take it up for themselves. No one can say, for example, what opinion the Irish Roman Catholics would have pronounced on the University Bill of last Session if the bishops had not provided them with a ready-made condemnation of it. Irishmen are credited with a keen love of knowledge, and the most anxious parent might have been content with the safeguards provided in the proposed University for the theological soundness of his son. Yet scarcely a word of remonstrance was heard from the Catholic laity when their bishops kicked over the fabric which the Government had built up with so much pains, and left at least one more generation of Irishmen to end their education at eighteen or to pursue it in another country. Still their action in that matter has at last shamed the bishops into doing something. They have turned their minds to the Catholic University, with the view of seeing whether this languishing institution can possibly be galvanized into life.

"The Sovereign Pontiff," we are told, "has given it the 'power of granting decrees.'" In the early days of the University, when its founders were still striving to get a charter of incorporation from the Government, there was an obvious reason why the POPE should not lay claim to an authority which might seem to render a Royal charter unnecessary. After a time all talk of either asking or receiving a Royal charter came to an end. It was not to be had during Lord PALMERSTON'S life, and when Lord PALMERSTON'S Irish policy had given place to Mr. GLADSTONE'S, the ideas of the bishops had grown too ambitious to allow them to rest satisfied with a charter which did not carry an endowment with it. But the exercise of the power to which the POPE lays claim was still postponed, in order to ascertain whether money, as well as dignity, could be obtained from the Government. Now that the bishops see that an endowment is not to be had, except on condition of conceding the principle of a mixed University, it is suddenly remembered that the POPE is the true fountain of academical honour, and that, in holding its privileges from him, the Catholic University will only be in a position which nearly all the Universities of Europe have occupied at one time or another. If the Irish bishops had been in earnest, they would hardly have allowed their University to languish for so many years for want of a qualification which can so easily be supplied. If they had waited till now to set up a Catholic University in Dublin, it might have been explained on the hypothesis that they had not abandoned the hope that the necessity for founding such an institution would have been anticipated by the action of the Government. But the Catholic University in Stephen's Green was set up years ago, and it might have been expected that the bishops who thought it worth their while to go so far would have thought it worth their while to go further. A University which does not claim to give degrees is at best an anomaly, and on the Roman Catholic theory the POPE is the person from whom the authority to confer degrees is naturally derived. The Stephen's Green institution has not had a fair chance given it. If ever Dr. NEWMAN'S papers are published in their integrity, we shall probably know why this advantage was denied. It is highly unlikely that he should have thrown himself with so much energy into the infant undertaking, had he not believed that it would receive all the aid and countenance which it was possible to obtain for it. Under his guidance the Catholic University would have enjoyed far brighter prospects than any that now await it. The prestige of his name would have done much; his own high conception of what a University ought to be would have done much, and the deserved popularity which the University would have derived from these sources would have been increased by external circumstances which no longer exist. At that time tests were still maintained at Trinity College, and there was not, as there is now, a Queen's College possessing a President in every way qualified to command the confidence of Roman Catholics. The choice therefore lay between the new University and mixed education carried on under conditions not likely to recommend themselves to Irish parents. Yet, with all this in its favour, the Catholic University soon dwindled into insignificance. It is hard to believe that this failure was entirely attributable to the indifference of the Irish Roman Catholics.

By a curious coincidence Dr. NEWMAN has been condemned to witness the failure of another scheme for giving Roman Catholics the benefit of a University education without detriment to their religious principles. Some years later he pro-

posed to go up to Oxford, so as to secure to Roman Catholic students at his old University the advantage of being under the care of an orthodox theologian who was at the same time the intellectual equal of any by whom their religion was likely to be assailed or undermined. If this scheme had been carried out, it would probably have grown by degrees into a Roman Catholic College affiliated to the University; and in this shape it would have done real service to Oxford in securing the representation of an aspect of thought which is at present in danger of being undervalued, and to the Roman Catholic body in bringing them intellectually abreast of their countrymen. Dr. NEWMAN'S second effort met with even less success than his first. In Ireland he had been encouraged to make the experiment, and had, as there is good ground to suspect, been left in the lurch. In England he was not even allowed to make the attempt. The Roman Catholic authorities were resolved for their own purposes to discourage mixed education in any form, and they were not at all anxious to have it proved that it need not be attended with any danger to religious belief. If there had been no chance of Dr. NEWMAN retaining his influence over the Catholic students, the bishops might have been more willing to let him go to Oxford; what settled matters perhaps was that there was every probability of his doing so. A renegade or two might have served to point a moral, but a long list of young men who had passed through the furnace unscathed would have been a most damaging item of evidence.

Why the Roman Catholic bishops should so suddenly have awakened to a sense of their duties towards the laity of the upper and middle classes does not appear. That their change of attitude is in any way connected with a sense of the importance of University education is in the highest degree unlikely. Ecclesiastical bodies are not at all subject to instantaneous conversions, and years of comfortable and complacent neglect are by no means the usual forerunners of vigorous strivings after reformation. It may rather be supposed that the promised development of the Catholic University in Ireland, and the utterly unexpected announcement that a Catholic University is to be founded in England, have alike been called forth by the fear that Roman Catholic parents will not much longer submit to see the existing avenues to a University degree closed against their sons by the decree of the bishops, unless the bishops are prepared at the same time to open up some new avenue. The proposed schemes are hardly calculated to have the effect which the bishops desire. A conception of such magnitude as a new University can hardly be realized by so small a body as the English Roman Catholics, or by so poor a body as the Irish Roman Catholics. Mgr. CAPEL, who is spoken of as the Rector of the English University, is not known to the outside world to possess any natural gifts appropriate to the head of a University, while his practical experience has rather lain in training colleges and convent schools than in places devoted to learning or science. Both the English and the Irish Universities may occasionally secure an able teacher in this or that branch of knowledge, but unless the Continent is laid under contribution to an extent altogether inconsistent with that light-hearted indifference to the gravity of their task which at present seems the predominant feeling in all concerned, it will be impossible for them to maintain a single faculty—except perhaps theology—in a state of even nominal completeness. The day may not be far distant when the Roman Catholic Episcopate will regret the short-sighted obstinacy which has characterized their whole policy as regards University education.

POLICE RULE.

THE question between the public and the police is of so serious a character that it is important it should be clearly understood. Colonel HENDERSON has come forward to justify the conduct of his men, and we have to see what this conduct amounts to. Mr. BELT, a barrister, was lately arrested on a charge of being drunk and disorderly; but the magistrate did not believe the evidence of the police, and dismissed the case. Mr. BELT thereupon wrote to the Commissioner of Police, stating the facts; but the only satisfaction he has received is an intimation that "it is open to him to take his complaint before a magistrate." It would appear, therefore, that the Commissioner is himself satisfied with the conduct of the police on this occasion. They not only made a false charge, but peremptorily refused an application to have the charge tested by a

medical officer, which, the Commissioner assures us in his annual report, is taken in every case of doubt, "as a matter of humanity and precaution." Notwithstanding this, the Commissioner publicly expresses his approval of their conduct, or—which, under the circumstances, is the same thing—refuses to express disapproval. Nor is this all; Colonel HENDERSON, in effect, revives and repeats the charge against Mr. BELT. "I have," he says, "investigated the matter as far as I have the means of doing so, and the result of my inquiries places the matter in an entirely different light"—that is, in a light entirely different from Mr. BELT's statement and the magistrate's decision. What would he said of the editor of a newspaper who, having had a verdict against him in an action for libel, next morning reprinted the libel? Yet the police are practically in this position. The magistrate has decided that the police libelled Mr. BELT, and Colonel HENDERSON immediately repeats the libel in the most public manner, and with all the authority attaching to his position. We must say that this seems to us a very astonishing and intolerable state of things.

But Mr. BELT's case is unfortunately by no means the only case of this kind. There is the case of the officers of the First Life Guards. Here again there is a magisterial decision against the police; but the Duke of Cambridge has forbidden the officers to take legal proceedings against them, and the Commissioner apparently has no fault to find with their behaviour. We suppose, therefore, that there will be no further inquiry, unless the House of Commons takes up the matter. There is also the case of BONE, the carpenter, who, with his brother, was arrested on a charge of assaulting the police which the magistrate at Hammer-smith pronounced to be groundless. On Monday last there was a regular magisterial fusillade against the police. Mr. BAKER, at Clerkenwell, complained that the police preferred charges of drunkenness without bringing forward any evidence to support them, and that in charges of disorderly conduct they always threw in drunkenness as a matter of course, whether it was on the charge-sheet or not. He "thought it very strange that constables were not instructed to give their evidence in a straightforward and proper manner." At Marylebone GEORGE ROBINS, "respectably dressed," was charged with an assault on the police. He called evidence to show that he did not assault the constable but that it was the constable who assaulted him. Mr. MANSFIELD said he did not believe a word of the evidence in reference to an assault on the police, and discharged the defendant. At Southwark an old man of seventy-one, "of respectable appearance," was accused of being drunk and incapable. It turned out that he was very infirm, and subject to trembling, and Mr. PARTIDGE dismissed the case. Thus within a few days we have decisions against the police by the magistrates at Bow Street, Marlborough Street, Hammer-smith, Clerkenwell, Marylebone, and Southwark. Possibly the magistrates may have been mistaken in some of these cases, but that has nothing to do with the immediate question. All that the public knows is that half-a-dozen magistrates have declared that a certain number of police constables have given false evidence, and that these men, with this stigma upon them, are retained in a position in which they may continue to behave in the same outrageous manner.

Colonel HENDERSON seems to think that he concedes a great deal in allowing that it is open to persons who have been falsely accused by the police to summon them before a magistrate; and perhaps it is a great deal from his point of view. If things go on at their present rate, it is doubtful how long the public will be permitted to enjoy this indulgence, and perhaps they had better make use of it while they can. What Colonel HENDERSON appears to forget is, that the persons to whom it is open to go to a magistrate have already been before a magistrate, and have obtained, after full inquiry, a decision in their favour. It is not in the natural course of things that a suitor who has obtained a verdict should be anxious to carry the question before a court of appeal. That is usually left for the other side; and if the other side is indisposed to reopen the question, it may be inferred that it has good reasons for acquiescing in the decision which has been given against it. The Commissioner of Police has stated very distinctly the rule laid down by the Home Office in regard to complaints against the police. It is "that in all charges against members of the police force in which the evidence is conflicting, and supported on either side by witnesses who are not in the

"force, the case should be sent before a magistrate, and not decided by the Commissioner of Police." This is a very good rule. It is obvious, as Colonel HENDERSON remarks, that he has no power to hold a judicial inquiry, and that any decision at which he could arrive on *ex parte* evidence would not be satisfactory to either party. But the rule is one thing, and Colonel HENDERSON's interpretation of it is another thing. Every one will agree that these cases should be sent before a magistrate; but by whom should they be sent? Clearly, we should say, according to all justice, reason, and common sense, by the Commissioner of Police. The persons who have been acquitted by the magistrates have no reason for asking for another hearing. They are quite satisfied with the decisions which have vindicated their innocence. The Commissioner of Police is, therefore, in this position—either he must be supposed to acquiesce in the decisions against the constables, in which case he is bound to punish them, or he is anxious for further investigation, and this he can at once procure in the simplest possible way by sending the constables before a magistrate. In the navy, when a ship is lost, the officer in command is immediately placed on trial—that is to say, the burden is thrown on him of proving that it was not through any fault on his part that the ship was lost. The same rule should be applied to policemen who lose a case because their evidence is deemed unworthy of credit. The decision of the magistrate should not be a final decision, unless the police choose to accept it as such; but if there is to be a second inquiry, it should clearly be at the instance of those who have lost the verdict in the first one.

The question at issue may be very simply stated. The public has before it certain magisterial judgments against the police, together with evidence which appears to bear out those judgments in the strongest manner; and the confidence of the public in the honesty and capacity of the police has consequently been very much shaken. The only way in which this confidence can be restored is by the prompt punishment of the offenders, or by a reversal of the conclusions arrived at by another inquiry in open court. If the Commissioner does not choose to have another inquiry, he must not be surprised if the public declines to have confidence in his men. There are less than eight thousand constables for ordinary duty in the whole of the metropolitan district, which contains considerably more than three millions of people. As men must eat and sleep, there is only about half this number of policemen available for active duty at any time. It is estimated that there are more than three thousand "known thieves, depredators, and suspected persons" in the metropolitan district; and there are of course a great many more who are not known, as well as a large body of people who would be very likely to become disorderly if they were not kept in awe by the police. It is obvious, therefore, that if it came to a push, the police by themselves would be a very ineffectual protection against rapine and disorder. The strength of the police lies mainly in their character and prestige, and in the assumption that they have behind their backs the great body of honest, well-behaved, respectable citizens. Take this away, and they are no better than a cardboard battlement. The question is, how long the police will be able to reckon upon this indispensable support if they go on as they are now doing? And this is obviously a very serious question. There is some highly suggestive information bearing on this point in the Commissioner's annual Report. "The assaults on the police," we are told, "steadily increase"; every policeman is assaulted about once every two years. "The number of police charged before magistrates has increased from fourteen in 1871 to thirty-five in 1872." This shows that the police are becoming every year more unpopular, and more exposed to suspicion and distrust; and we have just seen the sort of encouragement which they receive from their chief when they bring false or reckless charges against innocent persons. On this point the testimony of various correspondents of the *Times* is fully corroborated by the cases to which we have above called attention. Last year the total number of persons apprehended by the Metropolitan police was 78,203, of whom 851 were acquitted on trial, and 22,425 discharged by magistrates. How many of the 2,455 who were convicted on trial, and of the 52,472 who were summarily convicted, were convicted on evidence of the kind of which we have just had so many painful examples, must be a matter of conjecture. Alongside of increasing charges against the police, and growing distrust of them, on the part of the public, we find that "the number

"of dismissals for misconduct, 234, in the past year shows a decrease on former years, and is the smallest number in any year since 1864, after eliminating a certain number who were re-enlisted on expressing their hearty regret for a grave dereliction of duty into which they were unwarrantably led." In other words, the conduct of the police was never so bad as it has been lately, and the number of dismissals never so few. Colonel HENDERSON thinks "this is satisfactory," but it is possible that other people may be disposed to regard it in a very different light. The flourish about the mutiny simply comes to this—that the mutineers were willing to stay in the force when they found that they were to get what they had struck for, and regretted that they had struck, since they might have saved themselves the trouble.

We have of course no desire to speak harshly or ungenerously of the police as a body. They are a very mixed body, made up of "butchers, clerks, grooms, tradesmen, agricultural labourers, sailors, discharged soldiers," and all sorts of people. It is impossible to expect a very high type of men for the wages that are offered; and a force of this kind must necessarily contain a proportion of black sheep. Whether the proportion shall be large or small, whether it shall be sufficient to taint and poison the whole body or only an insignificant speck which can be rubbed off from time to time as it shows itself, depends on the firmness with which discipline is maintained. Everybody will acknowledge the civility, good-nature, and intelligence of many, perhaps we may say of most, of the metropolitan constables. They are certainly not all bullies and perjurers, but it is difficult to resist the evidence that bullying and perjury are increasing, and that the police are in some degree becoming a danger, instead of a protection, to the public. Two great faults stand out conspicuously in the management of the police. The chiefs of the force have, on the one hand, been weak and vacillating in dealing with internal discipline; and, on the other hand, they have done incalculable mischief by importing the Continental idea of police absolutism, and encouraging the men to regard themselves as a sort of foreign power in the midst of an unfriendly population, whom it is hopeless to try to conciliate, and who must therefore be ruled by simple terrorism. A grave responsibility will rest upon Mr. Lowe if he allows this latest warning of the continuous disorganization and demoralization of the police to pass without taking measures to restore its efficiency.

FEASTING AND CHARITY.

WHILE we are still listening to the echoes of the great civic festivity, there comes to us a touching story which suggests a curious contrast. A Masonic banquet, it appears, lately took place in the City. After the mysteries of the Lodge had been duly celebrated, the members and their guests proceeded to the room where, according to custom, a sumptuous meal should have been provided. Its place, however, was taken by a plain meal of bread and cheese and ale. The visitors, we hope, had been duly prepared for this change in the programme. At any rate, whatever fleshly repinings found a place in their bosoms were sternly repressed, and the after-dinner speeches—if the sacred name of dinner may be profaned by such an association—expressed, we are informed, unequivocal satisfaction at the entertainment. The money saved, amounting to 50*l.* or 60*l.*, was given to the charity fund of the Lodge, and it was decided to continue the practice in future. These worthy Masons doubtless deserve all praise for their innovation. We cannot honestly conceal a certain misgiving as to the success of the feast in a purely convivial point of view. Can the flame of loyalty really burn with its usual brightness when stimulated by no more exciting liquor than beer? To make an after-dinner speech is a difficult task at best; and though the orator should not be drunk, he ought as a general rule to be slightly mellowed by the influence of good cheer. When a man is deliberately resolved to make a fool of himself, which is, we fear, a necessary accompaniment of most performances of the kind, it is well that he should loosen, though he should not entirely remove, the grasp of cooler reason. He who drinks beer thinks beer, and, we suppose it must be added, talks beer. Seen through the fumes which arise from the tankard, the prospects of the Church and of the army and navy would surely take an unduly sombre colouring; and the orator whose first duty is to throw a pleasantly rose-coloured tinge over the intellectual prospect would be apt to curse when he ought to bless. There is, however, little danger of the principle established by these enthusiasts being applied to the Lord Mayor's dinner. This is never likely to err on the side of asceticism. There is much more danger that the good humour of the company, and even the interests of cookery, considered as a high art, will suffer by stress than by defect. And therefore it would be an act of

childish supererogation to urge upon future Lord Mayors the duty of retaining something of that barbaric pomp which is an interesting relic of the old-fashioned drinking, roast-beef-eating habits of our gormandizing ancestors. When the art of feasting is properly understood among us, a careful study will doubtless reveal what is the diet which produces a maximum of eloquence. The final cause of a Lord Mayor's banquet is to elicit the best possible speeches from public officials. A certain degree of luxurious living will doubtless always be found necessary for that purpose; and all genuine eloquence would disappear long before the guests were reduced to the Spartan simplicity of bread and cheese.

The Masonic banquet of which we are speaking raises a question of a different kind. Before a man gives a dinner he should settle with himself what is his ultimate object. It is the great criterion of all practical success that we should never be aiming at two purposes at once. Civic conviviality has an obvious criterion; that is the best dinner which favours the best speech-making; but what is the criterion which should be observed in regard to those singular festivities of which charity is supposed to be the ultimate end? The reply, ordinarily assumed to be satisfactory, is that that dinner is the best which produces the largest subscriptions. There are certain institutions which practically regard a good dinner as the best means of providing their annual funds. If it is desired to raise money for the support of the indigent hangers-on of some profession, the ordinary method is to catch some distinguished person, a Minister, a bishop, or a celebrated author, and to advertise to the world at large that for a moderate sum they may have the pleasure of seeing the man dine, and afterwards of getting him upon his legs. The convivial board forms a galvanic battery, and the enthusiasm spreads and glows through the whole circle of guests. The consciousness that they are in some sense companions of their exalted chairman sets fire to bosoms already stimulated by a good dinner; and, like Franklin listening to the eloquence of Whitefield, they change the humble intentions which satisfied their consciences during soup to the reckless generosity of postprandial excitement. The success of such performances clearly depends upon many things besides the intrinsic merits of the charity. The records of the institutions prove that the public has been generous, not in proportion as their money was wanted, but as the orator was distinguished. And therefore, if the sole end of a charity be to get as much money as possible out of the public pocket, there can be little doubt that the managers of such performances are wise in their generation. The bread and cheese system, if it were generally introduced, would cut off this stream at its source. The eloquence of the ablest advocate would be damped. If the orator himself could speak, yet he would speak to cool and critical audiences. Half his power would be thrown away, and the charities would have to depend upon the results of an appeal to people's reasoning faculties, not to their sentimental emotions at moments of convivial relaxation.

Here, then, we come upon the ever-recurring problem. How far are the means sanctified by the end? Is it right to mix our appeals for charity with appeals to motives not exactly bad, but at least equivocal? There are, of course, a large number of people who confidently reply in the affirmative. In the controversy which has recently been raging as to the system of elections, it was obviously regarded as a primary truth that any system, not directly dishonourable, was justified if it increased the total amount of subscriptions. It was in vain to urge that a great deal of time and money was wasted upon a disproportionately small amount of good; that needless disappointment was caused to the recipients, and superfluous trouble to the bestowers, of charity. Every system, it was replied, is more or less bad; and no other system will raise so much. That was regarded as an ultimate and conclusive reply. Its natural tendency was to provoke an equally dogmatic opposition. Are we sure that the charities of which we boast so much do more good than harm? If subscriptions are thinned by the revelation of abuses, is not the thinning a desirable thing in itself? Political economists and the members of the Charitable Organization Society can supply us with abundant reasons for believing that asylums and hospitals pauperize more decidedly than they help the deserving. It is a very dangerous line of argument to say that people won't give money at all unless they are allowed to give without discrimination, or are encouraged to give by after-dinner rhetoric. It sounds very much like saying that you have no case which can be put before cool-headed people who insist upon some reasonable guarantees that their money will be well applied. Everybody is now willing to admit that much of our charity is so ill directed that it creates more evils than it cures. If we seek for a test to discriminate between good and bad charities, is there not some plausibility in making the test to consist in the power of dispensing with appeals to irrelevant considerations? Every sensible man after a little experience arrives at the conclusion that it is a mistake to mix his charity with his business. The result is pretty certain to be the injury of his business and the degradation of his charity. It is equally desirable, as a rule, to make a stern division between your charity and your pleasure. Charity should be a serious occupation, inasmuch as giving money usefully is a difficult art which requires calm consideration and constant attention. Directly you try to make it a picturesque amusement for fine ladies and gentlemen, and to get for your money, not merely the consciousness of having been useful, but the pleasure of having been flattered and coaxed, and called a munificent patron in public, the practice generally ceases to be healthy, either for yourself or for the people you profess to benefit.

This, we imagine, was the theory of our excellent friends

of the bread and cheese banquet. We cannot deny, however, that they have probably a rather hard battle still to fight. For the moment they have saved 60*l.*, and they have had a pleasant glow of natural self-complacency. The most refined good livers sometimes take a pleasure in returning for a moment to a piquant simplicity; and our Masons were no doubt amused for a time by their bread and cheese novelty. They perhaps regarded it as verging upon a practical joke; but still as a good-humoured joke, and one which served to point an excellent moral. But will they be able to keep it up in cold blood? Will not the fifth or sixth banquet on this frugal scale begin to be something of a bore, and the speeches which it provokes be somehow wanting in fire and felicity? Alas! this is the melancholy cynicism which always intrudes when one sees a bold attempt at reform. Even in the best motives there is a mixture of something earthly. The first ascetics renounce the world in all sincerity; the next generation find that asceticism is become the fashion, and play at it as they play at any popular amusement. And so this great bread and cheese movement may have its weak side. Possibly, if the prophetic spirit were granted to us, we might foresee a distant age when the bread and cheese would be still ostensibly eaten, but supplemented by luxurious fare introduced under some cunning pretence; as in times of corruption a hair-shirt may become a mere ornament worn over a comfortable substratum of inner clothing. But it is not given to us to raise the veil of the future, or to trace the seeds of decay in the fresh enthusiasm of the early reformers. The temptation will probably come when these puritan Masons discover that their subscriptions fall off, and that the saving produced by the frugality of their feast is counterbalanced by the want of stimulus to contributions. Will they be content to congratulate themselves that, if less has been received, it has been received without unworthy solicitations? or will they return to the use of the old coarser stimulants? If we could hope that the plan would succeed in both directions, that bread and cheese would be at once a cheaper and a more powerful stimulant, then indeed we should have a new hope for the future of our charities. Then we might look forward to a day when all institutions would be judged on their merits, and people would give money because money was really wanted, not because they had been agreeably warmed by wine and exhilarated by rhetorical flattery. Such a dream, we fear, is too good to be true. The great law that an Englishman is most accessible through his stomach is not to be so easily repealed; and it is to be feared that people will never be wanting to turn this truth to account. Bread and cheese are excellent articles of food; but we suspect that it is a long time before their price will be raised by a demand for the purposes of charitable banquets.

WOMEN AT SCHOOL.

A ROCHBISHOP WHATELY used to hold that there was one characteristic distinction between men and women. When men, he said, were spoken of disparagingly as a whole, they were apt to coincide; but when any particular man was attacked, they usually stood up for him, and did their best to show that he was not such a bad sort of fellow after all. On the other hand—this was Whately's theory, and we accept no responsibility for it—women were extremely sensitive as to the general character of their sex, while quite ready to join in cutting up the sisterhood in detail. It would be interesting to know what feelings will be excited in the female mind by the Report which has just been issued by the Cambridge Syndicate for the Examination of Women. The Syndicate affect to report, on the whole, very favourably of the industry and intelligence of the majority of the candidates who appeared before them at the different centres, but they take upon themselves to make some remarks which, we fear, will be thought to be offensively characteristic of the arrogance and presumption of man.

It is stated that only a few candidates, when examined in the *Horæ Pauline*, showed a knowledge of the book and a real hold on the argument, while most of them, although acquainted more or less with Paley's facts, exhibited great weakness in applying them conclusively. Most of the candidates had evidently studied the Scriptures very carefully, but "the answers to a question which asked for a careful summary of 1 Cor. xv. seemed to show that not more than two or three candidates had read the chapter so as to master its method and connexion." The ladies came out strongly in arithmetic; but in English history they are sarcastically advised to "avoid mere fluency of expression"; and in English literature "the besetting error was irrelevance." Thus, when a brief summary of the *Hydriothepia* was asked for, the result was that a great many accounts, the reverse of brief, were presented, not of the work, but of Sir Thomas Browne, the writer of it. It is remarked that it was observable that several candidates who complained of want of time had signally mispent the time allowed them. The examiner further noticed great "good will" but "a very prevalent inaccuracy." In English composition the examiner discovered a weakness for slang and a tendency to flippancy, and "too many of the writers did not sufficiently consider the meaning of the subject which they selected." One of the subjects which were set was to fix the place of the novel in modern literature; but many of the candidates started off at a tangent, and expatiated on the bad effects of reading novels. The examiner endeavours to take the edge off these home-thrusts by suggesting that, after all, he has in

his time read worse essays by men. The examiner may be a very learned man in his own way, but he clearly knows very little about women if he thinks to appease their natural indignation by a paltry concession of this kind.

We have very little doubt that women will see through the flimsy pretence of courtesy and conciliation under which the examiners endeavour to disguise this attack upon the general character of the sex, and especially on those very points on which women are known to be most sensitive. A woman will stand a good deal, but no woman with the least spirit ever submitted without an explosion to an insinuation that she was not a person of a logical turn of mind. Even the patient Griselda, who allowed her children to be taken from her one by one, would no doubt have startled her spouse by the sudden energy of her character if he had chanced to say, "My dear, it is really no use trying to argue with you, for women are always so illogical." All women are logical; and whether they are logical or not doesn't matter, for all the same they have a right to be considered so—this is the first great principle blazoned on the banner of the sex. Yet here we find a sneering examiner pointing out that only one candidate in logic showed a thorough grasp of the subject, and that he found it exceedingly "difficult to obtain a clear statement and ready application of important definitions and theorems." All this is quite of a piece with the malicious and impertinent suggestions of the examiners, that women are discursive and rambling, and that when they sit down to try to write a short account of one subject, they generally write a long account of something else. The difficulty of obtaining "a clear statement" from a lady is also a very stale bit of satire. The examiner in Latin remarks that the general impression produced on his mind by the work done was "that the knowledge shown was in most cases rather due to a retentive memory than actually assimilated with the mind and thought of the candidates." This is put in a very fine way, and perhaps the examiner may have flattered himself that there was something clever in the sonorous turn of his malignant epigram; but we can fancy we hear a female chorus crying, "So women are parrots, are they?" And it must be confessed that this is really what it comes to. The French examiner of course has his hit with the rest. He thinks it may not be amiss to warn candidates against rendering into verse passages which they are expected to render into prose. Here again is one of the old sarcasms on women, that they think the hard, plain prose of life not good enough for them, and are always wanting to soar into the region of poetry. The same spirit animates the whole of these reports. They are full of jeering allusions to all those little weaknesses reference to which is known to be peculiarly offensive to the gentler sex. It may be true that women have a relish for racy language, and there are no doubt rumours that in the highest circles this passion for colour, or perhaps we should say for something else than prose, in conversation has led to the use of a very astonishing vocabulary; but only a Cambridge examiner is capable of telling a lady to her face that she is flippant and talks slang. The passage, however, in these reports which will probably be most bitterly resented is that in which proficiency in arithmetic is ascribed to women. It will be understood at once that this is only another way of saying that, if women are fit for nothing else, at least they can keep a correct account of housekeeping expenses. It revives at least one part of the old imputation that their natural mission is "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer," although it is well known that no greater insult can nowadays be paid to a young lady than to suggest that she possesses, even in the most trifling degree and shadowy form, any of the qualities of a competent housewife.

Altogether this seems to us a very scandalous production. It has been printed by the *Times* as a genuine document, and names are appended to it which are certainly the names of gentlemen who are known in Cambridge. So we suppose it must be accepted as authentic. It will no doubt be taken up by the sex against which it is directed, and we shall hear what is thought of it. The object of the authors of this academical lampoon appears to have been to throw into an official form a consensus of the traditional fables of women, under pretence of giving the results of recent examinations. Some of them are, perhaps, married men, and they may have enjoyed a malicious but shabby satisfaction in giving vent to remarks which had occurred to them in the course of domestic conversation, but which they deemed it more prudent to suppress. "My darling, I do not dispute your facts, but you show great weakness in applying them," or "I do wish you would avoid fluency of expression," or "When you begin to say just a single word on one subject, why on earth do you start off into a thousand words upon another subject which has no possible connexion with it?" "You know, dearest, how I hate flippancy and slang," or "It's really hopeless trying to get a clear statement from a lady or expecting her to be logical"—these and other expressions in the Reports have certainly a strong flavour of conjugal controversy, and perhaps the examiners may feel relieved in having at last found an opportunity of speaking their minds freely. But after all it is surely rather hard on the innocent victims, and it is a pity they cannot have their revenge. In the old fable the lion observed that, if the picture of one of his species lying in the toils of the hunter had been painted by a lion, the man would have been on the ground and the lion on the top of him. Now that the women have been photographed by the examiners, it would be interesting to have a sketch of the examiners, as representing the male sex generally, from the point of view of the ladies who were examined. We

should probably find man described as hard, pedantic, and unimaginative; always in a fuss and hurry, and disposed to cry that time is up, although there is plenty of time to spare; and given over to a superstitious worship of mere rules and technical formalities. It would also be pointed out that man, with all his professed anxiety to make the most of time, often wasted it shamefully in asking for reasons when no reasons were necessary, and in carping at particular expressions, although all the while he knew very well what people meant; and that, with all his boasted logic, he has never mastered that elementary and most useful proposition, "It is because it is." It might further be remarked that, according to the ancient saying, Minerva had no sooner started on a journey than she arrived at her destination, and that women had no reason to be ashamed of resembling so respectable a goddess in the rapidity of their mental flight. If women are sometimes too quick, men are dreadfully slow and plodding, and women often attain by intuition to what men, with all their laborious logic, fail to reach. This would certainly be a good subject for the next exercises in English composition which are required to be written by ladies for the Cambridge Syndicate.

UNIDEAL ENGLAND.

IF our national character is not all that it ought to be, it certainly is not for want of fault-finding. Thanks to the indefatigable exertions of our own instructors, we are about the best abused people under the sun; inasmuch that, if we want to hear any good of ourselves, our best chance is to pick up what we can abroad. Now, if you take any average human being and predicate of him every vice and imperfection that can be thought of, it is highly probable, seeing that no human being is perfect, that if you only call him names enough some few of them will be true; and this chance will of course be increased if the thing is done on a larger scale; as, for example, if you extend your vituperations, according to the Oriental method, to all your enemy's ancestors and kinsfolk, or, according to the more ingenious Western method, to everybody who agrees with him or with whom he agrees. It is but one step further in the development of the principle on which the members of one considerable party cast collective obloquy on the other party, when those who are in a minority too small to constitute a party console themselves for the ill success of their projects by attributing it to a national perversity. And, since the number of persons of respectable ability who have ideas which they cannot get taken up either by the nation or by a party is very large, and their views range between all possible extremes, there is absolutely no kind of mistake, folly, or vice, of which the English people is not constantly accused with a loudness and pertinacity that must end by making some impression. Thus our great British institution of grumbling seems to have its root in our other great institution of party government, and to be inseparable from it; and this again suggests that the true reason why Parliamentary Government has not flourished in some places whither it has been attempted to transplant it may be that the princes and rulers of those lands omitted to take over as an essential part of the scheme this art and mystery of grumbling, without which it loses its vitality, and becomes no better than a cut-and-dry paper constitution. So it is, however, that we cannot play our comedy of life without an orchestra of grumbling; and we write ourselves down spendthrift and cheseparing, chimerical and pusillanimous, absurdly sensitive and stupidly indifferent, all in one morning. It would be strange if all the candid friends of their country who indite these charges did not sometimes happen to be right; but it is quite certain that several inconsistent accusations cannot be all true, and nearly certain that some of our platitudes of self-depreciation, which are commonly accepted without question, are very distinctly wrong.

One of these is the frequently and confidently repeated assertion that the English character is unimaginative, or, in a somewhat more imposing form, that the English mind is unfitted to grasp ideas. This fallacy is supported by an ambiguous use of the word practical. First, it is admitted that the English are a practical people. Then it is assumed that a practical man means a man who cannot foresee any but immediate consequences; whereas the most practical man is, in truth, he who can foresee the greatest number of the most remote and least obvious consequences of any given state of things or proposed action. Finally, it is concluded that practice is in some way opposed to ideas, and that therefore Englishmen, and especially successful Englishmen, are deficient in ideality. The injustice of this conclusion, and the confused way of thinking which it involves, have been pointed out by Mr. Herbert Spencer. Taking for his nominal theme the patriotic bias which clouds men's judgments on social questions, he has lifted up his voice against the anti-patriotic bias which leads many of us to put a bushel on our own candle; and he has shown how much of the progress of English invention and discovery during the present century has been due to the power of imagination. Professor Tyndall, too, has spoken of the necessity of imagination to science. So far as this department is concerned, we may take it that the popular fallacy is sufficiently exploded. Let us see whether it rests on any better ground as applied to the other arts of life.

Are we so much less ideal than our neighbours in politics, literature, and so forth? We think the true answer will in almost

every case be found to be the same as it is in regard to science. The work done in England is unideal only in this sense, that there is comparatively little talk about ideas; for our best ideas are fruitful, and are speedily translated into living realities. There are countries, no doubt, not very far from England, where ideas make a much more conspicuous figure in politics than they do here. But what sort of ideas? Such as remain in that form just because they have not the vital force to realize themselves. They remain barren abstractions, diverting men's minds from what can be done in the state of things which is to what might or ought to be done in some state of things which is not. We have heard, too, of making war for ideas, as if it were a new thing; but it is no such new thing for Englishmen to do, though perhaps without knowing it. Three centuries ago an idea took possession of us here that the Queen and the law of England, and not the Bishop of Rome, should bear rule in these kingdoms; and in the strength of that idea there lived and fought a generation of men whose deeds are not likely to be forgotten. But that was our heroic age, it may be said, and the national character has degenerated. During this century, then, we have pictured to ourselves in our unimaginative national mind the iniquities of the slave trade, till it has become a fixed idea with us to put it down; and so we have persisted and still persist, for the sake of that idea, in spending money and lives from one year's end to another in a thankless and obscure task, inglorious enough as warlike glory goes, but still a war against the evil thing, and a war which has its conquests, won indeed now and then with an over-high hand. And, last of all, we have done much more than make war for an idea; we have made an already historical treaty for the idea—surely speculative enough—of peace and goodwill among nations, in pursuance of which treaty, and in further promotion of which idea, we are about to pay hard money which we have always contended that in strict justice we never owed. Whether our conduct in this matter has been the wisest possible, or whether it is likely to have the results that were expected, it does not concern us now to inquire; but certainly it was not the conduct of a nation incapable of giving due weight to what are called ideal considerations in the motives of its foreign policy. And then most of our political controversies at home are controversies about ideas. Indeed the ideal part sometimes so overtops the rest that it is difficult to see what has become of the grain of fact. It is impossible that any fair-minded person can look at all the dust that has been raised about the 25th clause of the Education Act and then say that our politics are unideal.

We turn to literature. It would be absurd to waste time in showing that the best English poetry and fiction, not of any particular age, but of every age since we have had a literature at all, is eminently rich in imagination. Let us rather see if even our literary shortcomings do not point in the same direction. The manner for which English writers are generally least apt is the epigrammatic. We envy the felicitous terseness with which any French writer of average competence will give you his view of the universe in half-a-dozen lines. But is our national incapacity to bring heaven and earth within the compass of an epigram, even if we put all the exceptions out of sight, a thing to be wholly regretted? The epigrammatic faculty seems hardly compatible with a highly developed imagination. For it demands a sharply defined and limited view—that is, an unimaginative view—of the subject; it is almost the essence of an epigram to see a part of the thing and refuse to see the whole. Of course a writer of great imagination may be also an epigrammatist if he has cultivated the power of self-control in a degree corresponding to the extent of his imagination, as witness Goethe. Still the mind which cannot see detached parts without striving to see a whole, which looks before and after, and fills up the meagre outlines of present experience with pictures of the future and the past—in short, that which we call an imaginative mind—will be naturally less favourable to the development of epigram than one which is content to be comparatively discontinuous and fragmentary.

When we come to the fine arts, the case is somewhat different. We here find ourselves in presence of a considerable mass of discontented criticism, much of it proceeding from competent judges, on the besetting faults of our artists and our public. The sum and substance of the charges made is, that the public taste in matters of art is crude and unformed; that, in obedience to the demand created by such taste, there is a supply of hasty and inferior work; and that the demand and supply react on one another to keep down the general standard of artistic culture. No doubt there is truth in this; how much truth we need not now consider. But let us see what it means, if it is all true. In the first place, the mere fact of there being somebody to criticize the general standard of taste, and some superior work to hold up as an example of what average work ought to be, shows that at all events there are some members of the public, and some artists, who know better. Now it is natural for those who stand on a high level to be impatient with average culture for being below them. But one is entitled, looking at the matter broadly, to say that the average is as good as can fairly be expected of our community, things being as they are; that the existence of stirring criticism and discontent shows the existence of a good deal of exceptional merit; and that this again is the mark of an active faculty of self-development, tending on the whole to a steady improvement of the average quality, which ought to be counted as clear gain. Our very discontent with ourselves shows that we are not unideal; for discontent, in the higher sense in which everybody ought always to be discon-

tented, means having an idea of something better than the present. Again, what is the meaning of the indiscriminate demand complained of? People have not yet learnt to demand only the right sort of art; but they have learnt, or are learning, to seek art in some way, and surely that is something. Faith is there, and knowledge will come. Anyhow, it is not want of imagination that leads to imperfect work being tolerated. One might almost say it is excess of imagination, unqualified by the training which teaches both artists and public what degree of perfection can be attained and ought to be required. One of two children will be happy making a little world out of blocks of wood or scraps of paper; the same odds and ends serve at will for trees, houses, dogs, cats, or men, nay, for impossible monsters and castles in the air. The other must have model houses and elaborately dressed dolls. That is, the one is content with rougher and more primitive artistic representation than the other. Of these two which is the more imaginative? We must surely allow more imagination to the child who can carry through a whole fairy tale with its bits of wood than to the child who must have every ribbon of its doll's dress an accurate counterpart of the current fashion. For the present this last is wiser about ribbons; but we know of whom to expect most when the two are grown up. Perhaps something like this is true of the present transitional state of English education and English art.

What is amiss with our art, in short, is not that we have too little imagination, but that imagination has outrun knowledge. In the work of the greatest and most imaginative of modern painters—and he was an Englishman—we see his conceptions waxing from day to day bolder and more splendid, wrestling with his powers of expression, consummate though those were, and at last overwhelming them and losing themselves in excess of broken and unintelligible glory. In this direction, not in the direction of narrowness and poverty, lie our real dangers for the future. It is the office of criticism and education to avert them. For that end let education be accurate and criticism stringent. But let us not waste our time on mistaken self-abasement, or fancy that our ground is barren because it must be cultivated with thought and labour to bring forth good fruit.

ANCIENT VERONA.

WE spoke casually of some of the buildings of Verona when we were speaking, about two years since, of Romanesque architecture in Northern Italy. But, like all the great Italian cities, Verona may be looked at in many ways, and in truth the only way truly to master any of them is to visit them again and again, each time looking at them mainly with a view to one class of subjects. As for objects of other classes, it will be well for the time being, we will not say to shut the eyes to them altogether, but certainly to look at them only as subordinate to what for the time is the main object of study. Taking Verona as an example, there is at once the classic Verona, the Verona of Catullus and Pliny; there is the Verona of the Nibelungen, the Bern of Theodoric; there is the medieval Verona, the Verona of commonwealths and tyrants, the Verona of Ezzelino and Can Grande; and there is the Verona of later times, under Venetian, French, and Austrian bondage, the Verona of Congresses and fortifications. Verona, like Le Mans, is an Ecbatana, spreading, circle beyond circle, each range having its own history and its own monuments. Of one of these ranges it is at first disappointing to find so little to remind us. When we think of the fame of Verona in Teutonic romance—how the city and the hero have each taken the name of the other, and how they have been fused together on Teutonic lips—we are inclined to wonder that "Dietrich von Bern" should have left such slight traces of himself in his own *Dietrichsbirn*. But it is perhaps well that the surviving monuments of Theodoric and his age should be gathered together round the one spot which stands by itself in the whole world, and that the city which boasts of his church, his palace, and his tomb should not be exposed to rivalry from another city which, though it has come to bear his name, was, after all, only his occasional sojourn. It is perhaps well that, as Ravenna has no share in the earlier and later glories of other cities, as it boasts no arches or amphitheatres of heathen days, no palaces and churches of the later Christian ages, it should have its own intermediate age wholly to itself, and that neither Verona nor any other city should intrude on its special privilege as the bridge which joins together the two worlds which elsewhere are parted by so yawning a gap. Certain it is that, while Verona is so rich in remains of earlier and later times, it has not a single perfect building, nothing beyond doubtful portions of wall, which even pretends to belong to the age of Theodoric or to the ages immediately before and after him. Of his palace on the further side of the river, looking down on the city and surrounding lands, a contrast indeed to the site of his own home among the canals and marshes of Ravenna, the history can be traced down to our own century. But all traces both of the palace itself and of the many successive buildings which have succeeded it have vanished before the necessities of modern warfare and defence. As far as the great monuments of the city go, we leap from Gallienus and Diocletian to Henry the Third. The intermediate space is filled only by some fragments of wall, which, truly or falsely, bear the name of the great Charles, and by the single strange structure under the shadow of St. Zeno's minster, which calls itself the tomb of his son, the youngest Pippin, the first of the Frankish House who reigned over Italy as a separate

kingdom. The series is not an uninteresting one; Diocletian, Charles, and Henry each mark stages in the history of the Empire; each was a restorer after a time in which its power and glory had fallen. It is well that the series should be formed by them, while Theodoric, with all the splendour and happiness of his Italian reign, stands rather as a break than as a link in the Imperial series. And when we reach the reign of Henry the Third, we cannot point with certainty to any monument of his reign, except the unadorned lower stage of the great campanile of St. Zeno. All that gives that noble tower the character which is impressed on all the towers of the city for so many centuries is due to the stages which were carried up perhaps a hundred and thirty years later. Among the great buildings of Verona there is in truth a gap which spreads from the third century to the twelfth, and carries us at a bound from the amphitheatre in the days of Diocletian to the church of St. Zeno in the days of Frederick Barbarossa. To the architectural student indeed that church, the great example of what, in contrast to Pisa and Lucca, we may be tempted to call the barbaric form of Italian Romanesque, is alone worth a pilgrimage. It ranks as an example of its own style with Durham and Pisa and Speyer and St. Sernin at Toulouse. And far less stately, but hardly less interesting, is the little church of St. Stephen on Theodoric's side of the river. Its main body ruthlessly disfigured, but still keeping its central octagon, its pillared crypt, the arcades of its upper and its lower apse, and the stone chair of the bishop still in its ancient place, it is a monument of the times when St. Stephen's disputed with the vaster *Duomo* on the other side of the river its right to hold the first place among the churches of Verona, as the seat of her bishops in life and their burying-place in death.

No less full of associations in their own way are the later buildings, the tall tower of the municipality, the palaces and tombs of the tyrants, the house that sheltered Dante, the castle looking forth so proudly on the northern mountains, the broad arches of the bridge that stems the rushing Adige, the long array of domestic buildings which make Verona one of the chief schools of architecture of its own type. For the admirers of that type there is the *Duomo*—containing also parts of earlier and better work—and the more striking pile of St. Anastasia, one of those vast churches of pointed arches without appropriate detail which we should welcome at Palermo in the days of King Roger, but which we look on with less respect when we remember that, when they arose, Westminster and Köln and Amiens were already risen or rising. But for the nonce we wish to take our leap backwards to the earliest existing remains—to the Verona, not indeed of Catullus, hardly of Pliny, but to a Verona which was already beginning to be ancient when Claudian sang of it. The theatre on the left—on Theodoric's—side of the river, the theatre which had become a licensed quarry in the days of King Berengar, is so utterly shattered that we can hardly do more than judge from the noble capitals of the earlier and purer Ionic form how stately a pile it must have been in the days of its perfection. The amphitheatre all the world knows; perhaps it is less generally known how lately an Emperor sat there to behold the kind of spectacle for which the building was at first raised. Joseph the Second, who had so far forgotten who he was as to go to Rome and to come away without receiving the rite which would have enabled him to strike out the word *Erwählter* or *Electus* from his style, was reminded of his own existence by the popular voice both of Rome and of Verona. The Roman people welcomed their Emperor ("Imperatore nostro"), and when the people of Verona greeted him with a threefold clapping of hands—in our days it would doubtless be called a threefold ovation—as he beheld a bull-fight in the old arena, the magistrates duly commemorated the fact by an inscription in which "Imp. Cæs. Josephus II. P.F.A." came as naturally as if he had been Vespasian or Trajan. At first sight, while one laments the loss of nearly the whole of the outside range of arches, one is tempted to be displeased at the absolute perfection of the internal seats, and the new look of some of them. But when we find that the practice of keeping them in repair has gone on unbroken through all ages down to our own, the custom itself becomes a part of the history of the building, as well worth preserving as any other. Like all other buildings of the same class, the Veronese amphitheatre brings out in its full perfection the massive grandeur of the true Roman style of building. It is the arch, the true Roman feature, which gives the building its character. The (trick) features, which in the more enriched Roman buildings act as a mask to the real construction, are either not there or have so little prominence as not to interfere with the genuine Roman effect. They hardly count for more than the engaged shafts which surround the apses of Lucca and Speyer, or even than the pilaster buttresses of our own Norman buildings. And if we go into the vast and cavernous recesses of the building, we learn another lesson in the history of the building art. Those who have not carried their studies beyond our own island are irresistibly tempted to attribute some of the characteristic features of our earliest towers to imitation of a timber construction in stone, to what has been ingeniously called "stone carpentry." But in this respect, as in every other, our primitive Romanesque buildings are built as their founders preferred to build them; the stone carpentry, the long and short work of our primitive towers, is thoroughly Roman; it may be seen on a gigantic scale in the dark places of the amphitheatre of which we are now speaking. In short, the argument from the seeming construction of these buildings, though far more ingenious, is really of a piece with the notable argument at which we have had our laugh before now about the use of the word *timber*.

From the amphitheatre we turn to the gateways, and the great gate at Verona can hardly fail to suggest a comparison with the mighty Porta Nigra of Trier. Balancing the remains of the two cities and setting aside the basilica of Trier, Verona as much surpasses Trier in its amphitheatre as Trier surpasses Verona in its gateway. The comparison may be thought unfair, as the Trier gate is all but perfect, while the Verona gate is simply the outside shell. Still the outer face of the two may fairly be compared. Trier indeed has the advantage of outline, in the magnificent flanking towers on either side, while Verona has only a flat front on a single level. Trier too has the advantage of position, standing free from other buildings, as still being the actual entry to the city from its suburbs; while the gate at Verona suffers in architectural effect, though it really becomes more striking as an historical monument, by being no longer the entrance to anything, but spanning one of the busiest streets of a flourishing modern town. Our doctrine may sound frightful in classic ears, but to our mind the comparison between the two gateways shows how far the real art of architecture had advanced between the days of Gallienus, or the days before Gallienus, and those days after Constantine which beheld the building of the sublime pile at Trier. Between the two, in fact, architecture made its great step; the gate at Trier carries us to the days of Spalato, to the earliest days of Ravenna. In the Verona gate the Greek features are still there, masking the Roman construction; over the actual openings, over the windows above them, we get unmeaning entablatures and pediments, stone pictures, so to speak, of real entablatures and pediments, like the survivals of the old postchaise carved or painted on the modern railway-carriage. This gives the front the appearance of a confusion of Greek and Roman ideas, while at Trier, as in the amphitheatres, indeed even more thoroughly than in the amphitheatres, the remains of the columnar system, the half-columns or pilasters, have sunk into the subordinate place which they hold in Romanesque buildings. In fact, according to our heretical view that classical Roman architecture is only a transitional stage between one consistent form of construction and decoration in the shape of Greek art and another consistent form of construction and decoration in the shape of Romanesque art, one might doubt whether the Trier gateway is not entitled to be called Romanesque rather than Roman. Whether Gallienus built the whole gate at Verona, or simply repaired and raised an earlier gate, is of no importance at all in this point of view. Both parts of the gateway show the same fault, the inherent fault of the classical Roman style; both, in a word, are *pre-Spalatine*, while at Trier, though, from the nature of the buildings, no arches actually rest on columns, we see the working of the same principle, the effect of that great architectural revolution of which the hall of Diocletian was the beginning.

Still, with all this, the *Porta dei Borsari* of Verona is a striking object, the more striking, as we have already said, from those points in its position, the way in which it is hemmed in by modern buildings, which take away somewhat from its effect as a work of architecture. One wonders how it has lived through so many ages. At Trier, even if we did not know that the gateway was for nearly eight hundred years preserved by being used as a church, we do not for a moment wonder at its preservation. At Verona it is almost more striking than the preservation of the gateway itself to see the small inscribed stones which stand near it, remaining there in the crowded street untouched by the changes of sixteen hundred years. And it must always be remembered that the present gateway is simply one wall of the ancient structure; the place of its fellow may easily be marked some way back, where a small piece of the wall, which is still to be seen in the adjoining side street, marks the place where the other wall of the gateway spanned the main street.

Besides the gate of which so large a portion has been preserved, the traveller should not fail to notice a fragment of one of the other gateways known as the *Arco dei Leoni*, where one half of the gateway has been preserved through the accident of a change in the direction of the street. In this the faults of the *Porta dei Borsari* are less strongly marked, and great lightness and elegance must have been given to the highest story of all by the small detached columns with their twisted flutings, reminding us of what was to come on a vaster scale at Waltham, Durham, Dunfermline, and Lindisfarne. One only remains, but it struck us that some of its fellows had been used up again among the columns of various kinds which are to be found in the apse of St. Stephen's. We have not local knowledge enough to identify the *Triumvir Tiberius Flavius Noricus*, the son of Spurius, whose name may still clearly be read on the architrave above the surviving arch. But we certainly think that, when the building was perfect, it must have formed a finer whole than that which is still preserved to us nearly entire. Both, along with the other Roman remains of the city, form a noble beginning of that series of buildings earlier and later which gather, as round their centre, around the glorious pile of San Zeno, the greatest of them all.

BISHOPS AND CURATES.

WE congratulate the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol; we congratulate the Church Association. We congratulate the Bishop because he has got a spiritual director to his mind; we congratulate the Church Association because they have found a bishop who is willing to obey their orders. Dr. Elliott has the

kind of soul to which it must have been difficult to fit a guide. An ordinary bishop might be content to take his chaplain; but the Bishop of Gloucester's published views about confession made it impossible for him to assign the office to a clergyman. The Chancellor of the diocese is a layman, and there is secular precedent for chancellors being keepers of confessions; but a faint flavour of canon law still hangs about the office, and the canon law is not the rule by which a Protestant ecclesiastic would wish to be judged. The Church Association has just the qualifications which the post of confessor to the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol demands. It is mainly composed of laymen, so that the penitent may freely unburden himself without the least fear of being suspected of sacerdotal leanings. And there is a further safeguard in the fact that it is an association; so that even if it were accidentally composed entirely of priests, or if Dr. Close or Dr. Cumming should at any time decree that confession in secret, even to a layman, is unlawful, the Bishop can take refuge in numbers. There is nothing auricular about confession to a general meeting, and absolution would lose all its terrors if it were conveyed in a letter from a secretary, and began "I am directed by the Standing Committee." But the Church Association is no less fortunate than the Bishop of Gloucester. Even in these days it is something to have a bishop hanging on your words, and realizing his highest conception of the episcopal vocation in being the obedient instrument of your designs. And this blessing has been vouchsafed to the Church Association in a time of real need. They must soon have made their choice between seeing their labours go for nothing and entering on a fresh era of prosecutions. Both alternatives were unpleasant, yet unless a bishop had come to their aid there was no third course open to them. But the Church Association's necessity has been Dr. Elliott's opportunity. What was impossible without a bishop is more than possible with one. In one diocese, at least, the labours of the Church Association will not have proved unfruitful. They will bring starvation to curates and candidates for orders, and inconvenience even to the beneficed clergy. It may be objected perhaps that curates and candidates for orders are but small game to fly at; but in this respect the Church Association has never shown any unchristian pride, and their new disciple is not above his masters. If a curate is small, he is safe; if a candidate for orders is smaller still, he is also safer still.

The Bishop of Gloucester's public submission to the Church Association has been effected in this wise. In his charge to the clergy of the rural deanery of Cheltenham he has stated first his reasons for thinking that the Ritualistic, or, as he prefers to call it, the counter-Reformation, movement must be opposed, not tolerated; and, secondly, the particular measures by which he intends to oppose it. With the first of these points we are not concerned. We should certainly not think it a ground of quarrel with a bishop that he holds himself bound to fight the Ritualists. On this head his conduct must be determined by considerations which it is not within the province of a secular journal to appreciate. If, as he thinks, any section of the clergy are deliberately pursuing a mischievous or a dishonest course, he is bound to take all lawful means to prevent their pursuing it to any purpose. It is on the second point, the nature of the steps he proposes to take, that the Bishop of Gloucester comes within the range of secular criticism. The use of unlawful weapons, or the ungenerous use of lawful weapons, is as worthy of blame in a bishop as in a layman, and upon what constitutes an ungenerous use of power a layman is every whit as good a judge as a bishop. It is not a nice question to be decided by experts; it is a simple matter of fair play. To Dr. Elliott it "seems clear that the form of opposition which in the end will be found most successful, as it is certainly that which is most kindly and charitable, is the opposition which rests on moral influence and quiet persuasive moral force." This moral force is to be exerted wherever it appears to be beyond doubt that "practices which have been declared to be illegal by the final decisions of the Court of the Metropolitan" are persisted in. The form it will take in the first instance will be that of a letter to the offending clergyman. To this step, it is needless to say, no objection can be raised. The second, which is to follow upon the clergyman's disregarding the bishop's admonition, will be to place a copy of the letter in the registry of the diocese. This, again, is a matter clearly within the bishop's competence. He may flood the diocesan registry with copies of his correspondence if he so pleases; and, provided that he can raise the money, he may even build a new and special registry to contain them. While this letter remains in the registry the bishop will feel the church of that particular parish closed against him. In taking this view of the situation, the Bishop of Gloucester will be doing the very thing that his Ritualist adversary most desires. A clergyman who knows that he is going counter to the decrees of the Privy Council would rather have a mob in his church than his bishop. It is never pleasant to tell your superior officer to his face that you do not intend to obey him; besides which there is the danger, or rather the certainty, that the bishop would give scandal to the weaker members of the congregation by ordering a treacherous churchwarden to put out the candles, or by making himself an abomination of desolation for the nonce, and standing where he ought not. Up to this point, therefore, we have nothing to say against the Bishop of Gloucester's proposed policy. It comes legitimately under the definition of "moral influence," and it is likely to be as effective as moral influence usually is. Besides all this, however, the Bishop further declares that, so long as his letter remains uncancelled, it will be simply impossible for him "to

give the seal of the diocese to those documents which a bishop may give or withhold." As delivered at Cheltenham, this well-rounded sentence had the fault of not being quite intelligible, but the Bishop has since supplied the defect by a letter to the *Times*. From this latter document it appears that the meaning of his charge is that he will refuse to license curates or ordain candidates on the nomination of Ritualist incumbents. "Prosecutor," cries Dr. Ellicott, in quite a glow of moral self-approval, "I will not be, but the grave moral influence and discipline which I have briefly specified I feel myself solemnly called upon . . . sorrowfully to exercise." Translated into everyday language, the Bishop's protestation comes to this: The Ritualistic movement aims at undoing the Reformation by the introduction of usages which have been declared unlawful by the Supreme Court in matters ecclesiastical. It is my duty as a bishop to contend earnestly against this movement. But I do not intend to vindicate the law by prosecuting those who disobey it. Oh dear no, I am not such a fool. Public feeling is against prosecutions, and in these days "public feeling is an influence that cannot be disregarded by any thinking man"—certainly not by any thinking bishop. The course I propose to take will only bring me in contact with persons so insignificant that public opinion feels no interest in their fate. I shall have to turn adrift a few curates, but curates have no means of making themselves heard. I shall reject a few candidates for orders, but I am not bound to give my reasons, and no one can complain of a bishop's being careful as to whom he ordains. By steadily following out this unassuming policy, I shall live in peace, and die with a reputation from the Council of the Church Association grouped admiringly round my bed.

It seems cruel to disturb so pleasing a vision. To have all the glory of fighting the good fight, and yet to encounter no adversary who is strong enough to give you a damaging blow, is a prospect which may well fire Dr. Ellicott's imagination. Worldly men may think it mean to hit the servant because you cannot get at the master; but a bishop is bound to be unworldly, and in his notions of justice, at all events, the Bishop of Gloucester is evidently resolved to merit this praise to the utmost. There is one flaw, however, in his calculation which deserves to be pointed out. His notion is, that after he has withdrawn the licences of all the Ritualist curates in his diocese, and refused to ordain any candidates on the nomination of Ritualist incumbents, he will have nothing to do but to sit down quietly until these Ritualist incumbents die out, and the diocese has got back to that happy state in which the Bishop says he found it in 1864, when there were 104 churches in which there was no observance of Christmas Day or Good Friday. He forgets that when a bishop says to any section of his clergy, "Nothing shall induce me to prosecute you, but I will do all I can to make your lives a burden to you," he makes it very tempting for them to try whether they cannot force him to prosecute them. There are two ways in which a Ritualist clergyman might succeed in effecting this. One would be to disregard, and persuade his curate to disregard, the withdrawal of the licence, and to go on just as before. Another would be to delegate to laymen all those services and parts of services which are not specially appropriated to the priest, and to reserve all his strength for those services for which a priest is indispensable. In the Roman Church, we believe, the offices which answer to the Anglican morning and evening prayers are constantly said by laymen, and provided that a Ritualist incumbent can find ecclesiastical precedent for what he does, he may not much trouble himself about the law of the land. Supposing either of these lines to be taken in the diocese of Gloucester and Bristol, what is Dr. Ellicott to do? If he calmly allows himself to be defied, he will cease to be of any value in the eyes of the Church Association, and will run a terrible risk of having their countenance withdrawn from him. If he goes to law, he will be brought at last to do the very thing that he is determined to eschew. Whether a Ritualist incumbent is prosecuted for disobedience to "the Court of their Metropolitan," or for defying the action taken by the Bishop in consequence of this disobedience, does not much matter. To the law courts the Bishop must come at last.

It is not a point of much importance, but there is something not quite ingenuous in the phrase which Dr. Ellicott advisedly uses, "the Court of their Metropolitan." As a matter of fact, the final judgments in the Mackonochie case and in the Purchas case—to one or other of which the Bishop is plainly referring—were not given by the Court of the Archbishop of Canterbury, but by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. There is a sense perhaps in which the judgment of the Court of Final Appeal may be said to be the judgment of all the inferior Courts; but it has not been usual, and certainly it would not be convenient, to speak of the judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench when you really mean the judgment of the Court of Exchequer Chamber reversing the judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench. The object of the Bishop in assigning the decisions of the Judicial Committee to the Court of the Metropolitan is probably to invest them with an ecclesiastical dignity which he thinks the clergy might not be disposed to attribute to the judgment of a lay court. It is a harmless little device; but at the same time it is a little too transparent to have had even a chance of escaping detection.

CURIOUS WILLS.

THE liberty of making strange and unintelligible wills is allowed by English law to an extent that is not easily defensible. Granting that a testator may dispose as he pleases within wide limits of his property, it might at least be required that he should express his pleasure in unambiguous terms. If this be equivalent to saying that every testator ought to submit his will to an official or private lawyer, it is certainly not the lawyers who would chiefly benefit by the suggestion. The interpretation of obscure wills furnishes daily business to the Court of Chancery, where a judge and half-a-dozen counsel may be heard explaining one man's nonsense by another man's nonsense, or, in other words, endeavouring to construe a will by the light or darkness of decided cases. Where is the pale and melancholy ghost of the testator in the cause? Does he revisit earth to hear an order made for costs of all parties to be paid out of his estate? If he is doomed to expiate his other sins equally with that of making his own will, then indeed his term of purgatory suffering must be endless. We may pity those who in these dull November days are condemned to hover among the back benches of a Court of Equity and witness the dissipation of the estate which had been so painfully accumulated. The fog which pervades the court is only too exactly typical of the mental confusion produced by arguments upon the construction of a will; and after all the elaborate attempts of learned writers to educe order out of chaos, it comes nearly to this, that an astute judge may find plausible reasons for any conclusion that he thinks proper to adopt. An argument in Westminster Hall on a question of this kind assumes almost a sporting character, because there are more judges and less knowledge of testamentary law than exist at Lincoln's Inn, and therefore the number of possible views that may be taken of the case is larger.

Conditions in restraint of marriage have been the cause of perpetual litigation, and a learned writer honestly confesses that his readers may be likely to receive with some degree of jealousy his plan for "reconciling" the reported cases on this subject, since an eminent judge has expressed the opinion that they are so contradictory as to justify the Court in coming to any decision it might think proper. According to this writer, "conditions precedent to marry with consent, unaccompanied by a bequest over in default, will be held *in terrorem*," unless in certain cases which he enumerates. As ladies are interested in this branch of law, it should be explained that a condition precedent is a condition that precedes the vesting of an estate, while a condition subsequent is one of which the non-performance divests it; and a condition *in terrorem* is a sort of legal scarecrow, or dog that can bark but cannot bite. In order to explain this principle by an example, we will refer to a case where a testator inserted in his will a proviso that, if either his wife or daughter should marry a Scotchman, then his wife or daughter so marrying should forfeit all benefit under his will, and the estates given to such, his wife or daughter, as should so marry, should descend to such person or persons as would be entitled under his will in the same manner as if his wife and daughter were dead. It was held by the Court of King's Bench that such partial restraint of marriage was legal; and that the daughter having, while under age, married a Scotchman, and died, leaving a son, such son could not inherit; but that the limitation over (the testator's wife being also dead) to the two children of the testator's nephew took effect immediately on such marriage. It was argued on the one side that, though by the civil and canon laws restraints of marriage are in general discouraged and held void, yet even these laws admit of exceptions to the general rule, as, for instance, if the condition be only temporary, as not to marry before the age of twenty; or if it only exclude marriage with particular persons, as a widow, or a certain person by name, or in a particular place, as in York. But restraints of marriage have always been admitted by the law of England in devises of real estate, and a *fortiori* where there is a devise over, as in this case. Many cases establish the distinction that restrictions of marriage upon pecuniary legacies are governed by the rules of the civil and canon law, which in general repels such restrictions; but upon devises of land, or even charges on land, they follow and are upheld by the law of England. "It cannot be said, as in some former cases, that the prohibition of marriage with a Scotchman was merely *in terrorem*, for that argument has never been admitted where there is an immediate devise over." It was not necessary to contend that a devise on condition of a general restraint of marriage was good. It was enough that all the cases agreed in support of a reasonable restriction of that kind, and there is nothing unreasonable in the restriction in question. There can be nothing unlawful in restraining the object of a testator's bounty from marrying with forbidden persons by name, or with the inhabitants of such a town, even in his own country. A restraint of marrying any foreigner of a particular country is at least as reasonable as against marrying one of a different religion; and this would apply as well to Scotland, the established religion of which is different from the Church of England, and the country is governed by a different law, although united under the same crown. It was argued, on the other side, that this is a restraint extending to a whole nation, and that too forming an integral part of the kingdom. If the restraint went to every person in England, it would clearly be void upon general principles of policy. Then why should not the same principles extend to Scotland? The

fact of the testator having resided in England could not affect the question of policy. The restraints which have been supported in particular cases, such as having consent of parents or guardians, were considered more as regulations to prevent improvident marriages; but this goes to restrain marriages whether provident or improvident, which is unreasonable, and injurious to the interest of the public, which is concerned to promote provident marriages, or at least not to prohibit them. The case of restraining marriage with a person of different religion is distinguishable, not as restraint, but as regulation, of marriage. The difficulty of determining in what faith the children are to be brought up, and the domestic disputes consequent thereupon, may class this under the latter head. There may also be a distinction on the ground of public policy between prohibitions of marriage with a member of a foreign nation and with a member of a nation forming part of the kingdom.

The Court was only called upon to certify its opinion on this case without giving any reasons, so we are at liberty to conjecture how far both the will and the decision on it were influenced by the unpopularity of Scotchmen in England towards the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. The case shows that the law is or was different according as the property is real or personal; the rules as to the former being our own, while we have borrowed the rules as to the latter from the civil law. An interesting argument might be maintained upon the question whether, if marriage with a Scotchman could not, marriage with an Irishman could, be prohibited. But the Court held that marriage with a Scotchman could be prohibited, and not only was the son of the marriage excluded from the inheritance, but also the husband was not permitted to enjoy the estate for life as tenant by what is called courtesy. Thus the case in effect decides that the courtesy of England does not extend to Scotland. A case of great hardship occurred a few years ago where a testator, "providing that his daughter did not marry before she arrived at the age of twenty-eight," gave her 1,000*l*. A gentleman wrote to the testator asking his consent to the marriage of his daughter with the writer, and the testator wrote in answer that he gave his "qualified consent," but must hear from his daughter before he could make it absolute. The daughter wrote to her father that she had given her full consent. Then the father was taken ill and died, and a few months afterwards the daughter, who was then only twenty-one, married this gentleman, who claimed the legacy, insisting that the condition annexed by the will was waived by the consent given to the marriage. It was held that this was a valid and reasonable condition, that it had not been waived or discharged testamentarily, and that, if it could be waived or discharged otherwise than testamentarily, it had not been waived or discharged. The law would of course say that this lady of twenty-one might have waited till she was twenty-eight, and that if she could not wait, or the gentleman would not let her wait, they must content themselves with love, and give up the 1,000*l*. Another case decided, with more apparent reason, that a requisition to marry with consent, imposed by a testator on his daughters, then spinsters, did not apply to a daughter who afterwards married in the testator's lifetime, and was a widow at his death. The contrary construction would have produced the absurdity of obliging the legatee to marry again in order to provide for her children, if any, by her first husband. In an old case the devise was on condition that the devisee married the testator's granddaughter, and no doubt was entertained of the validity of it; but the judge thought that the granddaughter's refusal to marry the devisee was a dispensation of the condition, as it reasonably ought to be. A condition not to marry a Papist has been held valid, but a condition not to marry a man of a particular profession, or a man who is not possessed of a landed rental of 500*l*. a year, has been said to be too general to be legal. A gift during celibacy is good, but a general condition in restraint of marriage would be bad. A gift during widowhood is good, but a condition imposed by a testator on his widow not to marry again must be accompanied by a gift over in default of compliance with the condition, or it will be deemed to be *in terrorem* only, and the widow may disregard it if she has sufficient resolution to brave the vague fear of disobedience to a dead husband.

Many wives and a few husbands have desired their consorts to marry again after their own deaths. One of the best known instances of the kind was that of Queen Caroline. We have all heard what she said to King George IV., and what he answered to her, and she replied to him. Among some examples lately published by a contemporary of "curious wills" is that of a lady who expressed her earnest wish that her darling husband should marry "a nice pretty girl," a good housewife, and of a good tester. There are probably not many husbands who could display such anxiety for the filling of their own places. In a recent case, however, the departing husband earnestly advised his wife to unite herself again with some one who might deserve to enjoy the blessings of her society, and the lady has dutifully obeyed. But many husbands still entertain, though they do not always express, the feelings in which these gifts during widowhood, and conditions *in terrorem*, and all the curious and contradictory decisions thereupon, originated. It is strange that such a legal chaos should have been created, and still more strange that it should continue to exist. Our system encourages testators to make fanciful and capricious dispositions, and then encourages attempts to defeat these dispositions by litigation. Some of the wills that have been most fertile in difficult questions have been made by eminent lawyers for

themselves. Another class of intricacies have been produced by unlearned persons affecting to use technical terms which they do not understand. Testators who cannot or will not employ lawyers will do well to confine themselves to simple arrangements in plain English.

ITALY BEYOND RAILWAYS.

THOSE who know the Italy of romance by report are disposed to wonder at Italian financial difficulties. With its soil and its Southern climate, with a well-meaning constitutional Government always devising schemes of economy and inviting capital for reproductive works, why should there be a chronic deficiency in the Budget? Those who know Italy superficially by travel are inclined to participate in the astonishment. Except where their roads are over the passes of the Alps, or are carried under the bold spurs of the Apennines, they see nothing but richness all around them. Descending from the snows of the Simplon and Splügen, they look down through natural archways of rock over a wilderness of maize and trolled vines. The road of the Cornice runs under olive-yards and orange-gardens which hang on each strip of soil that has caught on the shelves of the precipices. The plains of Piedmont are waving in the season with great stretches of grain; so is the Val d'Arno, if you have turned southwards by way of Florence; and everything in it seems running to fat and fulness, like the teams of "milkwhite steers" that drag the waggon at their lumbering leisure. The rail by which you travel to Padua and Venice is taken for the most part through what look like carefully cultivated and irrigated allotment patches. Even when you go much further to the South, to the countries where despotism used to reign supreme, you are agreeably surprised by the air of well-doing in many places. The shadow of Rome falls, of course, across the desolate Campagna; and everything, except buffaloes and sickly sheep, dies in the fever-stricken Pontine marshes. But even in what used to be the Patrimony of the Church you see bits of garden ground here and there about the villages, where vegetables are grown for the market-stalls in the Piazza Navona; and vast barns scattered over the open country are eloquent of the overflowing harvests that are to be housed in them; while upon Neapolitan territory there is nothing richer than the plain that lies round sensual Capua, with the vines trailing from tree to tree over the dense vegetation beneath them, which is all the better for the shade of their foliage. Peasants and farmers grumble, and tell you that they are terribly overtaxed; you find upon inquiry that the agricultural imposts are in reality very heavy, although it seems that the farmers are very well able to pay them; and you are apt to argue that, if the rest of Italy at all resembles the parts you have seen, the Treasury should certainly show a surplus, making every allowance for its indifferent management.

Were you to extend your journeying to districts seldom visited by strangers, you would not only modify those first impressions, but would very likely be hurried to the opposite extreme. The Special Correspondent of the *Times* has just been travelling "beyond railways," as he expresses it, and he gives the result of his experiences in some interesting letters. They tell the old familiar story of the great natural capabilities of the country, and they show at the same time how very partially these capabilities have been developed hitherto, and how slow and gradual the progress must necessarily be. When Italy was constituted a kingdom, her loans were in high favour with foreigners. Piedmontese credit had been very good, and it was the Piedmontese who were to undertake the administration of the new kingdom. They offered their lenders an ample margin of security, founded chiefly on the certain promise of the future. No one questioned the existence of great material resources which had either been neglected or overtaxed. Lombardy, for example, could hardly be more highly farmed; but the Lombards had been groaning under the burdens imposed by the Austrians. As for the smaller Duchies—with the exception perhaps of Tuscany—the States of the Church, and the Kingdom of Naples, they had long languished under miserable misrule. All would be changed now; the work of regeneration would go forward apace, and the returns would be large and immediate. On the strength of expectations like these, the Italians not only borrowed money freely, but spent it more freely still. They kept up armies and fleets which were comparatively useless unless they were regarded as a speculative investment to be recouped some day by the capture of Venetia. They had their great armies of civil officials, too, which, as they said, they could not disband, except with the certainty of spreading disaffection everywhere. They went to considerable expense in making two successive changes of their capital. They spent money on railway lines, which took the shape of bills drawn on the future when the lines should have become great high roads of international commerce. All this outlay was either altogether or comparatively unremunerative, and in the meantime the general rise in their revenues was not such as to realize their sanguine expectations. In spite of the unquestionable benefits of the revolution, the country did not make the start they expected. In place of wealth accumulating almost spontaneously in the provinces under the more generous system of government and the general sense of relief, their Finance Minister had to cast about for fresh sources of taxation, some of them exceedingly unpopular.

The Correspondent of the *Times* explains in two words the cause of the disappointment. It was owing to the insecurity of life and property. Wherever the one and the other were safe, the

proprietors and occupants of the soil showed no lack of enterprise and intelligence. Districts traversed by high roads and railways, and lying within the reach of the troops and police, answered to the impulse given them by the opening of new and profitable markets. But to districts that were more out of the way, within reach of the brigand fastnesses and beyond reach of the authorities, the change of government brought little advantage. The brigands stopped the way, and, had a transaction with them been either honourable or practicable, it would have been cheap to buy them off on almost any terms. The aggregate of the ransoms they have exacted from their victims, and of the blackmail they have levied in their districts, represents an altogether insignificant proportion of the incalculable mischief they have done. It is not by his allocations alone that the holy successor of St. Peter has sought to injure his enemy the King. When he condoned the crimes of the robber bands on the score of their devotion, and connived at their seeking sanctuary in his dominions, he was injuring the credit of the sacrilegious Government of Italy, and imposing severe temporal penalties on the flock who had renounced his temporal rule. Although the route by which the *Times* Correspondent has been travelling lay beyond railways, it by no means led him into very remote districts. He was not wandering among the Apennines of Calabria towards the heel of the boot, or even in those mountains of Salerno hanging over the swamps of Lacustum, which have been infamous lately as the haunts of the most notorious brigand chiefs. He left the road that leads from Rome to Perugia at those falls of Terni so familiar to tourists, where "Vellino cleaves the wave-worn precipice"; and the journey to Aquila was only a ten hours' one even by the slow Italian post. The country is lovely. But "away from the towns, the population was sparse and scanty, the habitations being wretched and squalid beyond conception." The dress of the natives was in keeping with their dwellings. The men still cling to the cheap and very primitive costume which they have probably worn from time immemorial. Their sole garment in the warm season is a coarse hempen shirt. The attire of the women is "commonplace" and almost as simple. "The country is fruitful and not uncultivated." But the cultivation is of the most miserable kind, and it is no wonder. The people live huddled together in hamlets for mutual protection, and day after day, underfed as they are, they have to drag their weary limbs in all weathers long miles to and from their work. The roads by which they should send their produce to market are wretched, and its quality must be very inferior, thanks to their rude methods of cultivation. The vines still hang from branch to branch of the olms as they did in the days of Virgil, and the elms are not trimmed and pollarded like those we spoke of in the plain of Capua. The herds of horses are half-starved; the very pigs are lank and dissipated-looking, although there are still oak forests left for them to range in; for, in consequence no doubt of the scanty population, the forests in these parts have escaped comparatively cheaply. But the higher ridges are scoured in all directions by watercourses, and nothing has been done to bank the land against winter inundations. The explanation is that the brigands have made the country uninhabitable for any man who has anything but his life to lose. Along the whole way there was no sign of a proprietor's residence. Nay, it is evident that no farmer dare attempt to better himself; for it would be more than his life and liberty were worth to show any signs of competence. The miserable population lives from hand to mouth; the owners of domains that might yield them ample revenues are probably existing as paupers in corners of their palaces in Rome or the provincial towns, and paying next to nothing in the shape of property tax to the Government. Even at Aquila, the capital of an important province, it was unsafe only a few months ago to trust oneself five hundred yards from the gates.

We may be sure that the state of things thus described is nothing very exceptional, and that the conditions of the country between Terni and Aquila must repeat themselves in many of those rich districts to the South which have a still more infamous reputation. Brigandage has not only killed enterprise and frightened capital, but it has condemned the very labourers to lives of hopeless and abject misery. Many of the finest provinces of Italy are practically barren for the Government; probably their contributions have been more than swallowed up in attempting to collect them, to maintain the police, and to administer justice. Nothing can be more deplorable than the sketch drawn in these letters; but we are glad to say that they hold out a prospect of better days. Measures, seemingly effectual, have been taken against the brigands. Fifteen of these scourges of the neighbourhood were to be seen lately confined in one cage in the court at Aquila. We do not indeed learn whether any of them were put to death, or whether the prisons of the province have been strong enough to hold the rest of them. But the Sabina and Abruzzi are said to have been cleared of open brigandage, and they are beginning to experience an unwonted sense of security. The best proof of a marked change for the better is in the development of public-spirited enterprises undertaken in the confidence that they will prove remunerative. The *Times* Correspondent visited a large beet-root sugar manufactory at Rieti, in which a young noble of the neighbourhood is the largest shareholder, while Prince Torlonia, the famous Roman banker, has reclaimed a swampy lake from the sea, and turned it to a fertile "polder," at an estimated cost of rather more than a million sterling. It is believed that these bold ventures will prove successful; if so, there is no doubt they will be imitated; and if once capitalists begin to compete with each other in those rich fields which have so long lain fallow,

it is impossible to over-estimate the probable gain both to the population of the district and the finances of the country. But we need not expect to see a change worked by enchantment, and under the most favourable circumstances a generation may elapse before the downtrodden and brutalized peasantry can be educated into a law-abiding and industrious community.

WHAT'S IN AN ADJECTIVE?

ALL mankind have the right to call themselves by their own names; all mankind have the right to make and vend pickles and sauces, and not less so because their fathers did so before them. Such was the purport of the judgment delivered by the late Lord Justice Knight Bruce in a case of alleged trade-mark. It might be added that all Englishmen have a right to use the English language, and not less so because they happen to sell beer. A dealer in stout conceived the valuable idea of labelling it "nourishing," and he asks the Court of Chancery to protect by injunction the property which he alleges himself to have acquired in this word. He is probably correct in representing that the word is valuable to him, because the majority of mankind will believe anything that is confidently asserted. It may be also that there is no other word which so aptly describes the peculiar property of stout. It would, we should think, have been eminently applicable to stout drawn from the vat in which a negro foreman was many years ago drowned. According to the story which was embellished by the author of *Rejected Addresses*, this negro foreman mysteriously disappeared from the great brewery where he was employed, and his masters were astonished at receiving, within a short time after his death, urgent orders from their customers for further supplies of stout of the same excellent and nourishing quality as before. The cause of the superiority of this particular brewing having been discovered, the firm were obliged to announce with regret their inability to maintain the same high standard, and to explain that, the slave-trade not being allowed in England, it was beyond their power—however much they might desire to please their customers—to guarantee a regular infusion of sleek negro in their stout. It appears that the plaintiff in the present case purchased the business of Messrs. Blockey, brewers, who had been in the habit of calling their stout by their own name, apparently without producing any particular effect on the public mind. The plaintiff continued the "manufacture" of this article, but gave to it the more attractive name of "Nourishing Stout." Now tastes, we know, are various both in beer and words; and we should have doubted whether the effect of calling stout "nourishing" would be enhanced by announcing that it was "manufactured." The word would be to many minds disagreeably suggestive of recourse having been had for the ingredients to a doctor's shop, and this impression would not be removed by the plaintiff's statement that the stout had been analysed and favourably reported on by a well-known chemist. We entertain an old-fashioned, and perhaps erroneous, notion that malt and hops are the stuff to make beer. But now that port wine and champagne are manufactured, it is proper that stout should also be produced by a scientific process and submitted to a chemical analysis. The plaintiff's stout has been recommended by medical men of eminence, and the plaintiff himself alleges that it is of peculiar excellence, "very nutritive, wholesome, digestive, and well suited to invalids." The plaintiff will doubtless find his lawsuit useful as an advertisement, and if the *Alliance News* would take up the case and write a series of articles to demonstrate the wickedness of ascribing these qualities to "intoxicating liquors," his fortune would be as good as made. It will doubtless excite the pious anger of that estimable periodical to find a judge upon the Bench giving his sanction to the notion that the word "nourishing" is particularly applicable to good stout. "Many people," including, it is to be feared, the Vice-Chancellor, "would say that it was a beverage bearing that distinctive quality." We expect to see this case reported under the heading "Barrel and Bottle Trick in Chancery." One great brewer has given 100,000*l.* to restore a Protestant cathedral, and another great brewer has offered the like sum to build a Catholic cathedral in Ireland. "It is often thus," says the *Alliance News*, "that the human soul, seeking to give to God a ransom for its sins, overlooks the fact that it is offering to pay the Almighty in coin bearing quite the opposite Mint-mark." The opinion of Sir Richard Malins that stout is nourishing was only what lawyers call an *obiter dictum*, unnecessary to the decision of the case before him. But he is not less—indeed he is more—responsible on that account for recommending from the Bench poison under the name of nourishment. We may be quite sure that the Alliance will take the case into a higher Court, and it is perhaps indiscreet in a judge to apply the epithet "nourishing" to a liquor which the Legislature has declared to be "intoxicating." In this unhappy country, not only are fortunes made by brewers, but they actually regard as valuable property the right to publish what, according to the Alliance, are false and mischievous assertions. Medical men of eminence who recommend stout to their patients are even more culpable than a judge who praises it from the Bench, because they are speaking with an authority which upon such a point he does not possess. These medical men of eminence will do well to consider a description of their conduct and its results which was given in a recent number of the *Alliance News*. One of them may be called

to see a lady, the mother of a family, who will be found weak in body, depressed in mind. He prescribes a stimulant—perhaps “nourishing stout”—whenever the feeling of depression comes on, and the lady grows so fond of the prescription that she cannot leave it off. Thus misery has been introduced into a happy home, by a friend and medical adviser who has betrayed his trust.

Sir Richard Malins had suggested that “some arrangement might be come to” in the case, but the eagerness of the parties rendered that impossible. We certainly think that an arbitrator might have divided the English language fairly between the plaintiff and defendants. The plaintiff's stout is said to be “nutritive, wholesome, digestive,” as well as “nourishing.” The defendants are doubtless prepared to assert that their stout possesses in an equal or greater degree all these qualities, and they ought to be allowed to claim at least some of them. We are quite prepared to believe further that the defendants could obtain a favourable report from an analytical chemist upon their stout, and that medical men of eminence could be induced to recommend it to their patients. There are many adjectives in the English language, and the world produces a copious supply of malt, hops, and those other ingredients, if there be any other, which go to the composition of good stout. Some years ago a fortune was made by a brewer who discovered and announced to the world that he was using water of peculiar excellence for brewing. Nature usually operates on a large scale, and we incline to doubt assertions of the special quality of a small patch of ground or the water of a single spring. We think that a large quantity of good stout is brewed in London, and that there is not much to choose between the produce of several “manufacturers.” Nevertheless, if people like to be assured that the stout they drink is nourishing, even the *Alliance News* must confess that adjectives are a harmless form of stimulant. There is, of course, a semblance of foundation for the plaintiff's case. The Court of Chancery sustained the claim to a special property in the title “Eumeka” shirt, and it is difficult to see why an English word may not be appropriated equally with a Greek word. The plaintiff must have thought the property which he claimed valuable, as he went to the expense of adducing “voluminous evidence” to support it. Considering that the only question of fact was in the resemblance between two labels, which might be placed side by side on the judge's desk, it is difficult for an outsider to understand what the voluminous evidence could be. But appearances go for much, even in a Court of Equity, and if an important case were stated on a single sheet of paper, we doubt whether even a heavy fee would induce a leading counsel to believe in it. The same habit prevails everywhere. We like to see an ornamental label which assures us that our stout is nourishing; but it does not follow that only one such label is to be permitted to us. The plaintiff does not brew himself; but he alleged that stout was “expressly” brewed for him by Messrs. Truman, Hanbury, and Co. This reminds us of the announcement which appears in the advertisement by the Belgian State Railway Department of the Luxembourg Railway, that “special arrangements” have been made for passengers by the night train from Metz to breakfast at Brussels. It will be found on trial that the “special arrangements” consist of a pot of coffee and a pot of milk. It was perhaps on this point that voluminous evidence was adduced, and the result appears to be that Messrs. Truman, Hanbury, and Co. brew the same beer for the plaintiff as for their other customers. But then it was said that the quality claimed by the plaintiff for his stout was imparted to it after it came into his cellar, and of course it may be that the plaintiff finds his own sleek negro or an equivalent. The Vice-Chancellor inclined to believe that the plaintiff put into it nothing at all. He bottled it and stuck upon it a label, and doubtless he has customers who find it particularly nourishing, and think it equal to that Dublin stout, as to which, again, people believe that the world could not go on without it.

The principle on which relief is given in these cases is “that one man cannot offer his goods for sale representing them to be the manufacture of a rival trader.” This principle has been applied even to cases where the marks, when compared, were “altogether different.” The Court of Chancery has gone very far in protecting these trade names and marks, and it may reasonably hesitate to go further. It is impossible to define beforehand what degree of resemblance is necessary to induce the Court's interference. All that can be said is that no trader can adopt a trade-mark so resembling that of a rival as that ordinary purchasers using ordinary caution are likely to be misled. It would be a mistake to suppose that the resemblance must be such as would deceive persons who should see the two marks placed side by side. But when the question arises as to the degree of resemblance, comparison would, we should think, be worth any quantity of descriptive affidavits. There may be cases where a common word indicates some uncommon quality. But in the present case we may assume the truth to be that the labels were very different and the articles very much the same. It might seem absurd to protect the use of such a title as “Excelsior Stoup,” but there may have been an improvement in the manufacture of soap which was entitled to protection. If, however, we were told of improvement in the manufacture of beer, we should suspect that the alteration, if any, was for the worse. It is admitted that brewing is best on a large scale, and the genuine produce of one of the great London firms, if we could only get it, would, we think, be the most nourishing. Nevertheless, if the plaintiff can induce people to believe in the beneficial influence of his cellar or his treatment, he has by all

means have the advantage thereby secured to him. Only we think that attempts at appropriating the English language should be watched with jealousy.

LESSING AND THE BERLIN STAGE.

ONE frequently hears it asserted in England that modern life does not present the conditions of success for a high-class drama; and some little time since the *Daily Telegraph* told us that it is unreasonable to expect of a theatre-goer nowadays a taste for anything more exacting of intellectual effort than the reigning species of sensational tragedy and superficial burlesque. Such announcements naturally lead one to imagine that some occult universal law is at work, until perhaps we turn our attention to the theatre abroad. Here indeed, there are not wanting phenomena which seem to countenance the supposition. Yet even if Paris has shown of late years little relish for aught but trivial fæces or piquant immoralities, the German theatre proves on this hypothesis a rather troublesome anomaly. How it is we do not purpose to inquire, but the fact must be recognized that somehow or other in Germany, along with a host of tawdry productions (many of them being even now, a hundred years since Lessing penned his *Dramaturgie*, but feeble imitations of French pieces), the best classics in the language manage to hold their ground.

In Berlin, for instance, an Englishman who has perhaps grown weary in London of waiting for a good performance of Shakspeare will be surprised by the frequency with which the names of Schiller, Goethe, Lessing, and Shakspeare himself, figure in the daily play-bills. This “*Athens on the Spree*,” as its admirers are fond of styling it, is no doubt unfitted to be an average representative of national taste. Yet even as an extreme instance it is a valuable corrective to the hasty generalization just referred to. Old Berlin playgoers tell us that the present is by no means a flourishing period for the drama in their capital. They will deprecate with evident enthusiasm on the powers of actors who, like our own Macready, though unknown to the younger generation, live as giants and heroes in the memories of the more experienced. At the same time, in contrast to London at least, Berlin even now presents a high degree of genuine historic study and intelligent appreciation in the theatre-going public. Nothing can be more curious to a foreigner than to attend a performance of one of Schiller's favourites or Shakspeare's masterpieces at any one of the plain and homely Volkstheaters. One finds the pit packed with what appear to be the lower strata of the *bourgeois*, who sit in family knots complacently imbibing a whitish beer from a huge communistic tankard. Nothing would seem to promise less of a refined appreciation for classic poetry than such an exterior. But if you wait till the curtain rises, you will probably be surprised at the change of attitude in this heavy and prosaic-looking assemblage. Conversation suddenly ceases, and an earnest, almost comic, attention fixes every face. It is not, moreover, the very rough scenic devices which simply excite their admiration. Nor do they betray an exclusive interest in the most stirring sensational situations. The piece is a familiar classic, and the end is known from the beginning. What appears to attract and to delight these unpolished spectators must be the forcible and sympathetic rendering of some well-known line or stanza, learnt probably in the early days of the *Bürgerschule*. Energetic applause greets the impassioned deliverance of a noble sentiment or a fine moral reflection, and in the intervals of the play one may overhear some very acute criticisms on the rhetorical skill or deficiencies of the actors engaged. It is but a few years that this class of theatres have had accorded to them the privilege of playing these masterpieces of the German drama, and the frequency with which they are given augurs well for the taste of the Berlin public. Since, too, it is the exceptional thing in the German capital not to frequent the theatre, the selection of so many specimens of the higher drama is pretty certain, we may suppose, to effect a good deal in the way of general culture.

Of the popular classics on the Berlin stage, none probably speaks more distinctly for the intellectual quality of the spectators than Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*. Critics appear to agree that this dramatic poem lacks the deepest charm of a natural yet worthy plot. Many of the incidents are highly improbable, and the *dénouement*, in which an eager lover finds in his mistress a long-lost sister, is a shock to all our ordinary conceptions of a satisfactory termination. The excellence of the piece lies in its noble characters, pre-eminently that of Nathan himself, and in the moral truth, everywhere silently instilled, that religious tolerance must accompany a general sentiment of humanity. It is curious indeed that Lessing, who so jealously vindicated the freedom of dramatic art from all ulterior moral ends, displays conspicuously his own leaning to the inculcation of a lofty moral truth by the medium of the drama. There is nothing, for example, more unmistakably present in *Alles was Menschen sind*, in spite of all its bright and clever humour, than the lesson that even the whitest qualities, such as a chivalrous honour, may run to a ridiculous and even baseless excess. Nor can anybody overlook the moral truth conveyed in *Emilia Galotti*, fine though its proper tragic qualities certainly are. In the case of *Nathan der Weise*, the endeavour to present a new and exalted duty is probably felt by every thoughtful reader to restrict and enfeeble the dramatic effect. At the same time, as a fine didactic poem in dramatic dress, it possesses indisputable merits which have sufficed to raise it to the dignity of a permanent German classic. Indeed,

according to one, and by no means incompetent, authority, Adolf Stahr, this work ranks among the first of these classics, different from, yet co-ordinate with, *Faust* itself.

Lessing's admirers may note with satisfaction that the city which was so slow to recognize the young writer's genius, and which he left with a deep sense of relief, has in these latter days come to pay homage to his great powers. At the Schauspielhaus and even at the Volkstheater one may not unfrequently have the opportunity of hearing one of his famous trilogy. That a piece deriving so much of its interest as *Nathan der Weise* from the thoughts and sentiments uttered should be carefully studied, intelligently rendered with appropriate costume and scenery, and listened to with evident enjoyment by large assemblies, may be regarded as an unambiguous sign of superior aesthetic culture. Possibly in no other capital in Europe than Berlin would the representation of a work of Sophocles, with a scholarly attention to the laws of the Greek stage and the costumes of ancient Athens, prove an attractive ingredient of a repertory. No doubt it might be easy to say that such representations give less of a vivid dramatic impression than of a gratification to one's aesthetic perceptions and scholarly imagination. But, however this may be, the power of Lessing's chef-d'œuvre appears to be felt by the masses, and not simply by cultivated admirers of a past literature. At the Schauspielhaus we recently saw it rendered in the very best style, and with great effect; and a brief account of the mode of interpreting it may help perhaps to show in what the excellence of taste in the German public really consists.

The great overshadowing figure of the drama is Nathan himself, whose expansive intellect, high self-control, and breadth of moral sensibility lift him far out of the region of conventional Jewish character. This difficult part is taken by Herr Döhning, a veteran of the German stage, who proves himself a complete master of this particular character. With a calm figure, slightly inclined forwards by age, and unobtrusive gestures, above all, with the most varied and appropriate play of the facial muscles, betraying all the finest emotional shades of his dialogue, Herr Döhning manages to give an image of the ideal Jew which the spectator will pretty certainly associate henceforth with Lessing's verbal creation. The voice of the actor, moreover, capable of a rich force, yet tending to a grateful pathos and delicacy of expression, is singularly suited to elicit the subtle shades of feeling interwoven in Lessing's dialogue. Even the kindly blue eyes of the actor, however little suited to represent an Oriental physiognomy, helps to build up the impression of the wise, genial Nathan. In the few cases of vehement action, the raised figure, retiring head, flashing eye, and deep powerful voice produce a striking effect, such as is excluded from a uniformly strained mode of acting. The tremulous effect which Herr Döhning introduces into his voice when Nathan embraces Recha, his adopted daughter, after her deliverance from fire, and still more when he relates the murder of his wife and seven sons, are probably as good examples of fine histrionic realization as the modern stage, not excepting the French itself, exhibits, and might perhaps have satisfied even the exacting conditions laid down by the author himself. Even more masterly are the finely selected, yet never forced, expressional movements of face and gestures by which the actor interprets the internal processes of thought and feeling faintly shadowed forth in Nathan's monologue. The quiet composure springing from consciousness of inner worth is exhibited to great advantage by Herr Döhning in the approaches of Nathan to the brusque and surly Templar, the deliverer of Recha, who disdains the thanks of her Jewish protector, and in his interviews with the passionate and timorous Saladin.

The other parts of the play are rendered with a less masterly art. Recha, Nathan's protégée, is represented by a Fräulein Meyer, a young actress, whose somewhat excessive German sentimentality is not however inappropriate to the ardent character of the Christian Jewess. Impulsive feeling and warm imagination are the characteristics of this nature, and are very fairly expressed by the young actress's slightly gushing voice and movements. The part of the captive Templar, Recha's lover and brother, is taken by a less skilful actor, who makes the young knight needlessly awkward and repellent, though perhaps this peevish and unmanly character could scarcely be made satisfactory by the best acting. The parts of Daja, Recha's Christian nurse, and the Friar are given with a great deal of spirit, though the acting here possibly verges a little too closely on the caricature of low comedy.

The appreciation of a theatrical audience may be roughly estimated by the nature of the passages and the mode of rendering which excite the greatest applause. Accepting this test, we must confess that the Berlin public displays a very accurate knowledge of Lessing's merits, and of the finest features of his dramas. The calm, emphatic utterance by Nathan of his favourite moral truths awakens an enthusiastic response. Indeed all that is morally grand and intellectually fine appears to appeal successfully to a Berlin public. On the other hand, a stranger may notice the absence of many ingredients of a finer taste, such as one finds among the *habitués* of the French theatre. We were much struck, in witnessing a representation of *Mémo von Barnhelm* at the Schauspielhaus, by the apparent insensibility of the audience to many of the finer veins of humour and unobtrusive scintillations of wit which mark the play. So, too, one can hardly fail to notice a certain coarseness of feeling in even the more polished Berlin assemblies. We remember attending a fashionable morning performance at the Royal Opera, when between the first and second parts of the concert a lady orator came to the front of the stage, and, amid the exuberant merriment of the audience,

recited a very broad caricature of the woman's rights advocacy. Possibly the absence of all sense of congruity which permits a person to enjoy broad farce immediately after classical music may not be unconnected with a seeming moral obtuseness which shows itself not unfrequently in the Berlin theatres, in a too ready recognition of an indelicate implication in a passage, or of an undesigned ambiguity susceptible of a low interpretation. The Berlin public offers indeed a curious illustration of the fact that considerable mental culture, including even the more intellectual ingredients of aesthetic appreciation, is not incompatible with a certain bluntness of sensibility, the want of which is most conspicuous in those cases where there is a direct appeal to a fine feeling rather than to the intuitive perception of some established law of art.

REVIEWS.

M. LITTRÉ'S DICTIONARY.*

(Second Notice.)

THERE is a certain connexion between M. Littré's method in this Dictionary and the scientific principles of Positivism. He does not make the connexion salient by any emphatic announcement, but there is a phrase in the preface which shows that he is clearly aware of it. He is strongly opposed to arbitrary rules based upon abstract reasoning without reference to ascertainable fact, and believes that a Dictionary based upon the evidence supplied by the history of language will put a stop to that sort of abuse:—

Comme il consigne les faits, il remplit, quant à la langue, le rôle que remplissent les observations positives et les expériences quant aux sciences naturelles. Ces faits ainsi donnés, l'analyse, j'allais dire la raison grammaticale, s'y subordonne, et on s'y subordonnant, trouve les vraies lumières. Il faut en effet transporter le langage des sciences naturelles dans la science des mots, et dire que les matériaux qu'elle emploie sont les équivalents des faits expérimentaux, équivalents sans lesquels on ne peut procéder ni sûrement ni régulièrement. Puis intervient le rôle de la critique lexicographique et grammaticale, s'efforçant de tirer de ces faits toutes les informations qui y sont implicitement renfermées. De la sorte la raison générale se combine avec les faits particuliers, ce qui est le tout de la méthode scientifique.

Un dictionnaire ainsi fondé peut être défini un recueil d'observations positives et d'expériences disposé pour éclairer l'usage et la grammaire.

Treating language, therefore, simply as if it were one of the natural sciences, M. Littré takes the words and expressions which are used in French, and examines them in the temper of a botanical geologist who traces the connexion between a fossil flora and the flora of his own day. There is, however, this difference between the two cases, that whilst the flora of our own time is intelligible (so far as the physiology of plants is intelligible to us) without reference to fossils, no language can be scientifically apprehended without reference to words that are no longer used, and to the grammatical habits of a time when our own grammatical systems were not yet conceived or imagined. The basis of M. Littré's Dictionary is his immense and well-selected collection of examples from ancient and modern authors, and on this basis he founds his opinions and explanations:—

Mon dictionnaire à moi a pour éléments fondamentaux un choix d'exemples empruntés à l'âge classique et aux temps qui l'ont précédé, l'étymologie des mots et la classification rigoureuse des significations d'après le passage de l'acception primitive aux acceptions détournées et figurées. Si l'on considère l'ensemble et la connexion de ces éléments, on reconnaît qu'ils donnent précisément l'idée d'un dictionnaire qui, usant de la part d'histoire inhérente à toute langue, montre quels sont les fondements et les conditions de l'usage présent, et par là permet de le juger, de le rectifier, de l'assurer.

All the articles in the Dictionary are arranged on a uniform plan. After the word comes the pronunciation; then the conjugation, if it is an irregular verb; then a definition of meaning, and the different senses classed and supported by examples borrowed from authors of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, the modern language being considered to date from the seventeenth; then come observations on spelling, on meaning, on grammatical construction, on faults to be avoided, &c., and the discussion of synonyms. All this precedes the historical portion of the article, the examples already borrowed from authors of the last three centuries having but one purpose, the elucidation of meaning; and in those examples the order of arrangement is according to sense. In the historical portion, on the contrary, which comes next after the observations, we have a collection of examples from the remotest beginnings of the language down to the end of the sixteenth century, arranged this time in chronological order. Finally we have the etymology, including, as we mentioned in our former notice, an examination of related words in Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Provençal, with different French patois, when they can throw any light upon the subject; and then, by the help of the light thus gained collaterally, an ascent into the languages of the past or of countries outside the Latin family. Thus M. Littré gives us a monograph of every word which is as complete in every respect as the present state of philology permits. Many of these monographs are of great length, much longer than the articles in this Journal, so that it is impossible for us to quote any of the more important ones; but we extract two short ones as etymological curiosities illustrating the utility of M. Littré's method. Had

* *Dictionnaire de la langue française.* Par E. Littré, de l'Académie française. Paris: Hachette.

he confined himself to French amongst the Romance languages, he could never have found the etymology of *abricot*, which is utterly unascertainable without the help of Spanish; and if he had omitted the historical method, he could never have guessed the origin of *galeatas*:—

ABRICOT (a-bri-ko; le t ne se lie pas; au pluriel a-bri-kô ou a-bri-ko; la prononciation varie, les uns gardant au pluriel la prononciation du singulier où l'o est bref ou ouvert, les autres allongeant l'o suivant la règle qui est que l's du pluriel rend la voyelle longue ou fermée) s.m. Fruit de l'abricotier. L'abricot est un fruit à noyau, qui a beaucoup de saveur et de parfum. Abricot-pêche, abricot dont la grosseur se rapproche de celle de la pêche. Abricot plein vent, abricot venu sur un arbre en plein vent. L'abricot plein vent est meilleur que l'abricot d'espallier.

—**RISM.** Ne dites pas comme l'Académie: abricot en espallier. L'arbre est en espallier; le fruit est d'espallier.

—**HIST.** XVI^e s. Ne pouvant sortir par la porte, elles sont contraintes de se jeter par la fenêtre, pour aller dans quelque délicieux jardin manger des abricots, *Lanoue*, 140.

—**ETYM.** Ital. *alberocca*, *albicocca*; espagnol *albaricoque*; portug. *albricoque*. Ce mot français vient de l'espagnol, l'espagnol vient de l'arabe, *albirukh*, et, avec l'article, *al birukh*; l'arabe vient du bas-grec *πριγκοκκιον*, *prinkokkion*; le bas-grec vient du Latin *præcoquum*, nom donné à l'abricot à cause de sa précocité; enfin *præcoquus* n'est pas autre chose qu'une forme de *præcox* (voy. *Præcox*). Abricot est, comme on voit, un singulier exemple de la propagation et de l'altération des mots; c'est par l'intermédiaire de l'arabe qu'un mot Latin est revenu dans les langues romanes.

GALEATAS (ga-le-tâ; l's se lie; un ga-le-tas enfumé), s.m. Logement pratiqué sous les combles. Puisque du dieu des eaux tu tires ta naissance, Loger au galeatas choque la bienséance, *BENSRADAN* dans *RICHEFLET*. Il se retire au galeatas de son palais, *LA BRUYE* XIII. § 20. Tout logement misérable. Enfin, quoique ignorante à vingt et trois karats, Elle passait pour un oracle; L'oracle était logé dedans un galeatas, *LA FONT.* Fab. vii, 15. Le cardinal de Richelieu, appliqué à découvrir tout ce qu'il y avait de mérites cachés dans les galeatas de Paris, apprit en même temps le nom, les projets, la maladie de jeune historiographe, *D'OLIVET, Hist. Acad.* t. II, p. 198, dans *POISSONNAIS*. J'examine s'il est vrai qu'il y ait un architecte, ou si cette maison, remplie de tant de beaux appartements et de vilains galeatas, s'est bâtie toute seule, *VOLT.* *Diet. phil. Dieu, deux*.

—**HIST.** XIII^e s. La une des chevaliers fu à une des torz de Constantinople, li autre furent à une ville que l'on appelle Parte: au chief de cele ville avoit une torz où li uns des chides [boute] de cele chaine [qui barrait le port de Constantinople] fu qui de Constantinople venoit. . . cele torz a nom la torz de Galathas, *Guill. de Tyr*, dans *Martene, Ampl. collectio*, t. v, col. 662. [XV^e s. Et il [le roi] fut logé es chambres et galeatois que son père le roi Jehan fist faire, *CHRIST. DE PISAN, Charles V*, III, 38. Vignes aussi et les terres arables, Moulins tournans, beaux plains a regarder, Et beaux sauloirs pour les poissons garder, Galatas grans et adrois, Et belle tour qui garde les detours, Où l'on peut se retraire à sauté, *E. DESCHAMPS, Le bois de Vincennes*. Or, sus, sus, banquet et soupper, Salliez hors de ce galathas, *Rec. de farces*, p. 411. [XVI^e s. Il lui dit qu'elle montast au galatas, *MANU. NOUV.* XXVII. On remua ces deux prisonniers en un galatas où ils estoient fort incommodément, *D'AUN.* *Hist.* II, 152.

—**ETYM.** *Galathas* a été le nom donné à une tour de Constantinople. *Galatas* ou *galathas* a été le nom d'un appartement dans la maison des templiers. Datum in domo templi et in galata (tiré d'un acte du XIII^e siècle et communiqué par M. Coston de Montellmar), et d'un appartement à la cour des comtes; 1353; datum in domo de Galathas anno domini MCCCLIII, dans une lettre du roi Jean, *Ordonn. du roi*, t. IV, 1358; per dominum regentem, in consilio suo, in camera computorum superius ad galathas, ubi erant domini de Montemorenciac, *Ord. du roi*, t. III, p. 337. *Galatas*, dans Eust. Deschamps, signifie une partie importante d'un grand château; il faut donc admettre que c'est Galata, nom d'un quartier et d'une tour de Constantinople, qui, par une suite singulière, en est venu à signifier une chambre sous les combles.

M. Littré criticizes the Dictionary of the Academy for its popular and unscientific classification of meanings. The Academy, he says, always puts the commonest meaning first, but this may be remote from the true and logical order of the ideas. Thus for the verb *commettre* the Academy gives at first the sense *faire*, whereas *commettre* means primarily *mettre avec*, and only comes to *faire* in a circuitous fashion. In the verb *débattre* the Academy gives *contester*, *discuter*; whereas the word contains *battre*, to fight, which is its primary meaning, and we only arrive at the moral sense after having understood the physical one. As M. Littré himself selects these instances of the vicious method followed by the Academy, we have had the curiosity to see how he explains the two words in his own Dictionary, and we at once recognize the superiority of his own more rational and scientific plan. After conjugating the verb *commettre*, he places at the head of his list of meanings one which is in clear accordance with the etymology—"Proprement, mettre ensemble; usité seulement, au propre, en termes de marine. Tordre ensemble plusieurs torons pour en former un cordage." Starting from this, M. Littré gives us a great number of examples—a whole column of them—in which we may follow the meaning through the most delicate gradations, till we arrive at the word *commettre* in the common sense of committing crimes. So the physical sense of the word *débattre* is placed first, in the struggles of victims before altars, &c., before we come to struggling in argument. The value of this reference to the original physical sense is also shown in the paragraph on the synonyms of the word, where the author compares *débattre* and *discuter*, showing that, as *débattre* is composed from *battre*, it implies greater violence than *discuter*. M. Littré seems to attach great importance to his order of arrangement in meanings, and he has a fair right to congratulate himself on having adopted and adhered to a method which is so precisely in accordance with the course of a philosopher's reflections; the only difference being that, whereas the thoughtful student when he meets with a word tries to trace the meaning of it upwards to the source, M. Littré traces its course downwards.

The preface contains some very interesting remarks on pronunciation. M. Littré regards writing and pronunciation as two forces in a perpetual struggle; on the one hand, there are grammatical efforts to make writing conform to pronunciation, but only with

partial results; and, on the other hand, people who learn from books have a constant tendency to force pronunciation into conformity with the written form, and to articulate letters which ought to remain mute. He gives as an instance of this the vicious but now very common habit of sounding the *s* at the end of the word *file*, which ought to be pronounced *f*, and is so still by all who respect tradition. Any one who has closely observed the pronunciation of French people, even during so short a period as the last twenty years, will at once recognize the truth of M. Littré's remarks as to its tendencies, and the changes which are gradually taking place. The tendency to make speech conform to writing is shown in the pronunciation of final letters which ancient custom dropped altogether; thus we have the word *lace* (a bond), which ought to be pronounced *ld*, and yet is now often pronounced *lak* and even *laks*. There is a constantly increasing habit of pronouncing both consonants when they are double, as in *appeler*, *sommer*, &c., which are very frequently pronounced "ap-peler," "som-met," and so on. Every one says *secret* now, sounding the *c* hard like a *k*, but the old way was to soften it like a *g*, and the word used to be *segret*. As to *reins-claude* the struggle continues, and some say *reins-claude*, hardening the *c*, whilst others remain faithful to tradition, and say *reins-glaude*, as all French people did formerly. The same change is beginning with the numeral *second*, which, according to tradition, ought to be *segond*. There was an old custom of prolonging the vowel in the plural in such words as *chat*, *ot*, &c., which were pronounced *les chât, les ôt*; and this is almost abandoned. But one of the strongest cases is the change in the observation of *liaisons*. The habit of making *liaisons* is constantly increasing; we have met with some Frenchmen in whom it was most tiresome and pedantic, men who could not say *fermer une porte* or *aimer une femme* without vibrating the *r* at the end of the verb. Yet even the least pedantic tie their words more than their forefathers were accustomed to do. Old people used to say *les États-Unis*, but all French people at the present day mark the *liaison* and say *les États-Unis*. M. Littré quotes with approbation a saying of the Abbé d'Olivet:—"La conversation des honnêtes gens est pleine d'hiatus volontaires qui sont tellement autorisés par l'usage, que si l'on parlait autrement cela serait d'un pédant ou d'un provincial." Most people in the present day are going in the direction of pedantry or provincialism. M. Guérard, a friend of M. Littré's, knew an old gentleman who during all his life had been a constant attendant at the Théâtre Français, and had observed during that time a considerable change in the pronunciation of the actors. This shows that even the best actors, who in France are looked to as models in pronunciation, in reality follow the changing habits of the public they are supposed to lead.

Besides these changes of usage in pronunciation, *liaisons*, &c., there are vicissitudes in the value and meaning of the words themselves. This is so well said by M. Littré that we prefer to quote the passage itself:—

L'emploi divers et vivant par un auteur qui à la fois pense et écrit donne lieu à des acceptions et à des nuances qui échappent quand on forme des exemples pour des cadres tout faits. Sous les doigts qui le manient impérieusement, le mot s'échappe tantôt vers une signification, tantôt vers une autre; et sans qu'il perde rien de sa valeur propre et de son vrai caractère on y voit apparaître des propriétés qu'on n'aurait pas soupçonnées. L'on sent que le mot qui paraît le plus simple et, si je puis parler ainsi, le plus homogène, renferme en soi des affinités multiples que les contacts mettent en jeu et dont la langue profite.

This is one of the chief reasons why M. Littré has collected so many examples. It is only by the study of examples that we see the effects that may be produced by words, or rather by literary artists who have the mastery of words. Voltaire understood this, and said that a Dictionary without quotations was a skeleton. If the French nomenclature is a skeleton, M. Littré says that it is easy to give it the fulness of flesh by the help of extracts from a literature so rich as that of France. Here is a very pretty example of the use of quotation. If you look in the Dictionary of the Academy for the expression *sans date*, you will find *lettre sans date* as the illustration, and may possibly go away with the idea that *sans date* has only this prosaic and trivial signification. But M. Littré quotes two verses of Lamartine in which *sans date* occurs exactly in the sense of our own word *immemorial*, as when a poet speaks of "immemorial elms":—

Ce furent ces forêts, ces ténérêts, cette onde

Et ces arbres sans date et ces rocs immortels. . .

An especially interesting portion of M. Littré's labour, though comparatively a brief one, has been what he calls his "Remarks," by which he means critical observations on the use and abuse of the language, on odd expressions, and passages of doubtful grammar which custom has either in some degree sanctioned or else rendered positively authoritative. There are a great number of expressions in French in which the implied metaphor is either not strictly applicable, or else we have the vice of mixed metaphors. M. Littré mentions a few of these cases in his preface, but discusses many more in the body of the work. For example, there are his remarks on the common expression *imprimer un mouvement*. Having given many authoritative instances, M. Littré observes:—

Malgré l'autorité de l'Académie et des exemples ci-dessus rapportés, la locution *imprimer un mouvement* n'appartient pas à un style correct et exact; elle contient une métaphore furtive et incohérente. Imprimer, c'est d'abord et proprement, presser sur, puis faire une empreinte, faire une impression; ce rien de cela ne s'applique au mouvement. Quant au premier sens, qui est presser sur, on dit que le mouvement résulte, entre autres, d'une pression, et qu'imprimer le mouvement, c'est donner le mouvement au moyen d'une pression; mais cette explication ne justifie pas la locution, qui, prise en ce sens, ne dit pas: presser sur l'objet, mais qui dit: presser sur le mouvement, ce qui est inacceptable; l'objet est pressé, et le mouvement en résulte, mais

le mouvement n'est pas pressé; et à ce point de vue on ne peut pas plus dire imprimer le mouvement que déchauffer le mouvement, frotter le mouvement, parce qu'on donne le mouvement au moyen de la chaleur ou du frottement. Quant à l'autre point de vue et au second sens, qui est faire empreinte, faire impression, et qui est celui qu'on a eu véritablement dans l'idée, quand on a fait la locution, car c'est le seul qui implique la communication de quelque chose, l'incohérence de la métaphore est palpable à cause de la ressemblance qu'elle établit entre un mouvement et une impression.

In the course of the same remarks M. Littré observes that "en fait de métaphore, l'usage ne peut guère prescrire contre la logique," and he recommends the reader to avoid the vicious expression. Yet in the preface, when speaking of the atrocious barbarism *le lierre* (in which the article is repeated), which custom has authorized, he argues that the barbarism must be continued because we do not feel it to be a barbarism so long as we are used to it; but if we ceased to be used to it, then all the verses of the classic poets in which it occurs would become insupportable to modern ears. But if usage is not to prescribe against logic, why should it be permitted to prescribe against grammar and etymology? We should imagine that any educated person, even though he wore a Frenchman who had been accustomed to hear such things all his life, would feel a secret desire to get rid of two such abominations as *Antichrist* (for antichrist) and *antedater* (for antedate); yet no French lexicographer, not even M. Littré, who is much above the average in audacity, has the courage to suggest a reform of these old errors which shock the ears of every educated man. When we reflect that every one who lived B.C. was an antechrist, and that *antedater* can scarcely apply to any one but a chronologist quarrelling about a date, it is impossible not to become a little impatient with a nation which has the highest imaginable pretensions to culture and yet perpetuates blunders like these that originated in the vulgarisms of the uneducated. Besides the desirableness of such a reform on etymological grounds, it might be grounded on the authority of some writer in the past: for example, Rabelais wrote correctly *Antichrist*. We are the more surprised at M. Littré's indulgence for faults of this kind because he is so careful to warn his reader against all errors of phraseology, and at the same time is such a thorough etymologist. Many readers, even at the present day, have very little faith in etymology, and are disposed to consider it rather a good subject for joking than a serious intellectual pursuit having the characteristics of a positive science. On this point M. Littré has some observations that are well worth commending:—

Mais l'étymologie est-elle une science à laquelle on puisse se fier, et dépense-t-elle jamais le caractère de conjectures plus ou moins ingénieuses et plausibles? Cette appréhension subsiste encore chez de bons esprits restés sous l'impression des aberrations étymologiques et des querelles qu'elle suscite. L'étymologie fut à ses débuts dans la condition de toutes les recherches scientifiques, c'est-à-dire sans règle, sans méthode, sans expérience. La règle, la méthode, l'expérience, ne naissent que par la comparaison des langues, et la comparaison des langues est une application toute nouvelle de l'esprit de recherche et d'observation. Les savants qui les premiers s'occupèrent d'étymologie, ne pouvant consulter que la signification et la forme apparente des mots, ne réussaient que dans les cas simples: ils n'avaient aucun moyen de traiter les cas complexes et difficiles sinon par la conjecture et l'imagination; et dès lors les aberrations étaient sans limites, parce qu'il ne s'agissait que de satisfaire tellement quellement au sens et à la forme.

M. Littré has a great respect for the different patois still spoken by the French peasantry, which he justly considers as old forms of language quite independent of modern French, and not, as the vulgar imagine, a corruption of it. The patois are the heirs of the old French dialects which in their day were, though different in form, equally authoritative and of equal purity. The Dictionary before us abounds in proofs of the great utility of studying patois with reference to etymology, which it often helps most efficiently. Here are two very pretty instances of this:—

Dans notre mot *ornière*, si l'on prend en considération le commencement *or*... et le sens, on sera très-porté à y trouver un dérivé du Latin *orbita*, *ovata* (l'ornière étant la trace d'une roue) par l'intermédiaire d'une forme non latine *orbitaria*, mais qu'on peut supposer. Cependant, des scrupules étymologiques persistent, et la présence de l'*n* au lieu du *b* entretient des doutes; car *orbita* par l'intermédiaire d'*orbitaria* aurait dû donner *ornière*, non *ornière*. Si *orbita* était quelque part il éclaircirait *ornière*, qui ne pourrait pas en être séparé. Il est en effet quelque part; le wallon a *ornière*, qui signifie ornière, et de la sorte le chaînon nécessaire est trouvé. Prenons le verbe *rouger*: comparé à *songer* qui vient de *sonnare*, rompre viendrait de *rumiare*, dit, par l'épenthèse très-commune d'un *i*, pour *rumare*; de sorte que *rouger* est proprement *rumier*. Cette deduction, que la théorie soutient pour assurée, est vérifiée de fait par les patois, qui disent en effet *rouger* pour *rumier*.

M. Littré compares his own etymological method to the drawing-plate used by wire-makers. In his own *filière* an etymology is not accepted as trustworthy merely because it answers to the French condition of the word; for when the word is common to all the Romance languages, or to many of them, it must answer to the Italian condition, the Spanish condition, the Provençal condition. We cannot conclude this notice better than by an extract showing the utility of these tests:—

La particule préfixative *mes* (mésestimer, méseuer, mesprier, etc.) est un des exemples où ressort particulièrement la nécessité de la filière. A première vue on croirait qu'elle représente la particule allemande *miss* (en anglais *miss*), qui a même sens et même forme; avec le français seul et surtout avec l'italien qui dit *mis*, il serait impossible d'échapper à cette conclusion. Mais allons plus loin, et poussons jusqu'au bout la filière: *mes* ou *mis* devient dans les mots parallèles, en provençal *mens*, en espagnol (mesprezar, mensprezar, on mespreziar), en portugais *menos* (menospreziar, mespreziar, on menospreziar). Ce n'est donc pas à la particule allemande *miss* qu'on a

affaires; elle ne donnerait ni mens ni menos, ni mesprez, c'est à l'italienne, latin, moins moins, qui donne menos, menos, mens, et par là s'expliquent non seulement la nasale devant l'*s*, mais, puis, par altération de la voyelle, mis en italien.

HOLLAND HOUSE.*

THE Princess Marie Liechtenstein, who has written an account of Holland House, is well known in London society as the adopted child of the last Lord Holland and his wife, now his widow; and she speaks of her acquired parents with a filial affection which the public, allowing for natural exaggeration, will regard with pleasure as the innocent outpouring of a gentle heart. Judging the Princess by her book, we should say that she is diffident and modest, and quite conscious of her inadequacy to do justice to the literary and historic theme which she has chosen; and that, her ambition having been confined to merely producing something which would amuse her in the doing and please a partial private circle in the result, she must be infinitely surprised at the extravagant praise which has been lavished upon a slight and superficial performance. In the preface she has herself given us her own estimate of the work:—

Proceeding with the work, and gaining a deeper insight into the subject of it, a conviction has increasingly grown upon me that I was rendering but little justice to my theme. More than once have I felt tempted to lay aside the work—not from idleness, but from a sense of unworthiness. But then, encouraged by the love I bear the old house, and also by the notion that *some thing* is better than *no thing*, I laboured on; and I now place the result tremulously before the public. From my friends, I hopefully expect to receive indulgence.

May I not then be forgiven for having endeavoured to disinter some of the past, and to relate what I could gather of interest about the house in which I grew up under the care of her to whom I owe so much? In my endeavour, it is true, I have often fallen short, and perhaps oftener failed entirely. But I crave forgiveness still.

This is unaffected modesty, and shows a correct perception of the truth. It was natural enough for the Princess to conceive a desire to tell the story of an historic house which had been her home. Her acquired parents had lived much in Italy, where she gained a taste for art and some knowledge of it, which qualified her sufficiently for the compilation of an unambitious catalogue—to which she would have done well to confine herself—of the art treasures of Holland House. In her more ambitious task she has been aided by friends clearly incompetent to advise her, or to do her good service. Of Holland House in its famous days she herself has no personal knowledge. She never even saw—she is too young to have done so—that charming and brilliant Lord Holland, husband of the clever, eccentric, disagreeable, yet, in her way, kind-hearted lady who had been previously Lady Webster, who made Holland House a temple of Whig politics, and a cosmopolitan Exchange of literature, art, science, wit, and genius. Sir James Mackintosh made notes for a history of Holland House, which he could have worthily executed. The Princess speaks of these notes as if she had used them much; but her precise references to them are singularly few and uninteresting, and we should doubt from her actual use of them whether they have any great value. Lord Macaulay has left a brilliant miniature sketch of the Holland House library drawing-room in its days of literary glory. The Princess should never have touched this subject. Feeble as is throughout the literary execution of this work, there is perhaps no part of it so feeble and jejune as the list of celebrated guests who swelled the reputation of Holland House in those forty palmy years. The list was given by the last Lady Holland to Sir James Mackintosh. How much could not he or Macaulay have made of it! We have now a dull series of platitudes, and even worse. We are really sorry for the Princess, who has evidently been badly advised and assisted. Here are some of her notices:—

Sheridan, the wit, the genius, whose faults have been described as almost all of a poetical character—the excesses of generous virtues.

Sir Philip Francis, whose supposed authorship of "Junius" places him in historical interest on a level with the wearer of the iron mask.

George Ellis, of the *Anti-Jacobin*, the writer who changed his politics, and was right for what he did, if conviction guided him.

Lord Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Lewis, called after his famous book, *Monk Lewis*.

Lord Aberdeen:

"The travell'd Thane, Athenian Aberdeen."

Mr. Frere (the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere), for some time, during the early part of the present century, British Minister in Spain. Like his host, he was an accomplished translator of Spanish. But his most popular claim to literary renown will probably be his joint authorship with Canning of "The Needy Knife-grinder," more so than his character of Whistlecraft, Lord Byron's confessed immediate model for "Beppo."

The Duke of Richmond, a very Conservative name in a very Whig circle.

Charles James Fox, of course.

Whishaw, whose sense made his opinions valuable to have, and also difficult to obtain.

But enough, and more than enough, of this poor prosiness. The story of Frere's joint authorship with Canning of the *Needy Knife-grinder* may be true, but it requires confirmation; and the allusion to the character of Whistlecraft is utterly unintelligible to the general reader, because the Princess herself apparently does not understand what she is writing about. Frere published a burlesque poem by two pretended Whistlecrafts in the metre which Byron afterwards

* *Holland House*. By Princess Marie Liechtenstein. With numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

selected for *Byron* and for *Don Juan*; the "character of Whitbread" was no model for *Byron*. There has other claims upon the remembrance of scholars and cultivated men. The Duke of Richmond was a Cabinet Minister in Lord Grey's Reform Government. The original descriptions of George Ellis and Whistler are in a style which unfortunately abounds in the Princess's writing.

The historical part of this book is mere cram, poorly executed, and interspersed, we cannot say relieved, by some pointless attempts at wit and rapid meditations. The heiress of Sir Walter Cope, an early lord of the manor of Kensington, who built Cope Castle on the site of Holland House, married Sir Henry Rich, who was created Earl of Holland in 1624. This is all; a simple unromantic marriage, which the Princess inappropriately introduces by a stale reference to detective strategy. "But it may be time now to say with *Vidocq*, *Trouvez-moi la femme*." Sir Stephen Fox was the father of Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland; no relation of the Riches, but a subsequent owner by purchase of Holland House, whence his title. It appears that one of the armorial bearings of the Riches, a *fleur de lis* in a canton, had been given to Sir Stephen Fox in the mysterious disposition of Royal honours by Charles II. The Princess remarks, and we are utterly at a loss to catch her meaning:—"Perhaps, indeed, the person who traced the original heraldic employment of ermine to the coats of skins given by the Croator to our first parents would have found more than a mere coincidence in this fact." The daughter of Addison, who died in Holland House, is brought in as showing great eagerness to be married; and the Princess tells us that, "like many another poor gentlewoman, she died a spinster; and like many another poor spinster, she was one against her will." Miss Addison had shown much disposition to take a gentleman whose person was disagreeable to her, but the affair came to nothing, and the Princess moralizes:—"What a pity that so much valour should have remained unrewarded; what a pity that so much similar valour in the present day remains unrewarded still!" Sir Stephen Fox was, we are told, in 1679 "constituted" a Lord Commissioner of the Treasury. There is in the chapter on Sir Stephen Fox a very quaint little gem from the Holland House MSS., an account by his son Henry, the first Lord Holland, of the death of his widow and her excellent advice to her children. This is one of very few extracts from the Holland House MSS. that give any interest to this book; indeed there is only one more of much value, an epistolary curiosity in the shape of a letter from Voltaire to Henry, Lord Holland, giving a notice of a visit he had received from Lord Holland's son, Charles James Fox. A few letters relating to the same Lord Holland, from the MSS., are apparently not appreciated by the Princess (Vol. I., pp. 45-50). She begins by stating that Henry Fox was in 1755 appointed Secretary of State, the Duke of Newcastle being First Lord of the Treasury. "But they disagreed," she says, "and Fox asked the King's permission to resign, which he was allowed to do." Then she prints letters to "show that it was not intended he should have the actual management of affairs in the House of Commons." The first of these letters bears date March 14, 1734, and is from Fox to the Duke of Newcastle, declining the Secretaryship of State without the lead of the House of Commons; this was fifteen months before Fox became Secretary of State. The second letter is one from Fox to the King, delivered by Lord Waldegrave, dated December 10, 1754, accepting admission to the Cabinet, without the Secretaryship of State. Then in September 1755 Fox was appointed Secretary of State, with the lead of the House of Commons, which in March 1754 had been refused him; and it was thirteen months after this—in October 1756—that, dissatisfied with Newcastle, the Premier, he asked leave of the King to resign, and was permitted to do so. His resignation broke up Newcastle's Ministry. The third letter printed by the Princess, to "Friend Pater" [Collinson], is written after this resignation and the break-up of the Ministry. The Princess makes no attempt to explain the letters. The resignation had nothing to do with the original question between Fox and Newcastle as to whether Fox should or should not have the lead of the House of Commons, with the Secretaryship of the State. The *Quarterly Review* makes it a reproach against Fox that he broke off the treaty with Newcastle because they could not come to terms touching the secret service money to be employed in bribery. The question was the lead of the House of Commons, and the control of the secret service money was in those days a necessary part of the "lead." Secret service money for bribery was not personal to Fox; it was part of the system. Pitt afterwards, when consulted by Newcastle, reproached him for not having given Fox the lead of the House of Commons. When Fox was made Secretary of State in September 1755, the lead was given him, with control of secret service money.

In the chapter on Charles James Fox there is nothing ostensibly new; and the general result is poor enough. Here again we sigh for Mackintosh or Macaulay. It occurs to us that two or three statements, which are here made without specific authority, or of which at least the authority is unknown to us, may be made by the Princess from family hearsay not necessarily correct. A statement about the poet Wordsworth surprises us:—

The man who revelled in Dante's "Divine Comedy" could hardly be expected to have a taste for the school to which Wordsworth belonged, and he did not form any such taste even when he came in contact with the poet himself. Seeing him at a ball given by Mrs. Fox, he expressed pleasure at making his acquaintance, but expressed no admiration of his works. Said he, "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Wordsworth, though I am not of your faction."

Wordsworth sent Fox a copy of his *Lyrical Ballads* with a charming

letter which must have touched the statesman's heart. Fox's reply has been published with Wordsworth's letter in the *Edinburgh Review* of Lincoln's life of the poet; it does not bear out the Princess's statement. This correspondence was within five years of Fox's death. This is the beginning of Fox's letter, dated St. James's Hill, May 25, 1801:—"I owe you many apologies for having so long deferred thanking you for your poems and your obliging letter accompanying them. The poems have given me the greatest pleasure, and if I were obliged to choose out of them, I do not know whether I should not say that 'Harry Gill,' 'We are Seven,' 'The Mad Mother,' and 'The Idiot,' are my favourites." He goes on to say, with reference to other poems in the volume, that he is "no great friend to blank verse for subjects which are to be treated of with simplicity." He adds, "You will excuse my stating my opinion to you so freely, which I should not do if I did not really admire many of the poems in the collection, and many parts even of those in blank verse." And he concludes by noticing with favour Coleridge's poem on the Nightingale, in the same volume, as if his sympathy extended beyond Wordsworth to another chief member of "the faction." There can be little doubt that Fox, with his deep sensibility and poetic nature, the lover of Virgil and Theocritus, would have been an ardent admirer of Wordsworth. He knew only the poet's beginnings, and picked out for his favourites some of his most characteristic simple tales of the human heart.

The enterprise of the publishers or the wealth of the authoress has clothed the book in a splendid exterior; the paper and print are superlative, and the engravings and woodcuts exquisite. It is indeed a thousand pities that the Princess did not confine herself to the publication of the beautiful specimens of art which the volumes contain, accompanied by strictly illustrative letterpress. This would have been a choice memento for the Holland House circle, and would have given pleasure without alloy to others. Even as a guide through the house and grounds, the Princess continually spoils her work by unintelligible meditations. We should be disposed to give a liberal prize to whoever can interpret the following musings on the "Green Lane," to which an old ghost story, told in Aubrey's "Miscellanies," is attached:—

Nor do we doubt that if we knew all the stories of the Green Lane, if we could see all the visions it has witnessed that past us, we would learn a moral from each little romance, and find it difficult to quit the spot without many a serious thought, many an inquiring return upon our own hearts. For, contrary to the usual rendering of an oft-used proverb, should not charity begin at our neighbour's, and improvement at home? And, after all, the work of self-improvement ought to be as easy as well as profitable, inasmuch as vicinity enables us to command an advantage over our own premises which we cannot reckon upon with respect to our neighbour's!

The Princess's book is almost entirely wanting in stories of the remarkable and eccentric Lady Holland who was wife of the great literary Meccenas. One thing she tells us, which is, we believe, new, and which we take for granted is true, that when Charles James Fox expired, "Lady Holland appeared to those who were waiting near the chamber of death, and answered their breathless inquiries by walking through the room with her apron thrown over her head!" This was only eccentricity. The notices of this book which have appeared in the *Quarterly Review* and the *Times* are full of good stories of her. But "good" stories proverbially require sifting. Is it likely to be true, for example, that the imperious lady took Drumm into the railway carriage with her on one occasion, and made him slacken the pace of a Great Western express train twenty miles an hour, in spite of the protestations of the passengers? Another story, told by the writer in the *Times*, deserves careful examination:—

Allen was called her "pet Atheist," and she showed no extraordinary reverence for the Church ritual when she caused the Burial Service to be performed by a benighted clergyman (who, we hope, was not privy to the secret) over the body of a kid, having first given out that the funeral was that of a daughter by her first husband, whom his family had threatened to take from her. That daughter grew up to be a charming woman; and, till her death in 1849, was familiarly known as the "kid" among her friends.

This seems to us a very serious story indeed. If there be truth in it, Lady Holland's offence was not lessened by her having deceived the clergyman. It is right to say that the Princess Marie Liechtenstein makes no allusion to this story, which gravely affects the reputation of Lady Holland and of all that distinguished and brilliant circle who are represented as having known and enjoyed the joke. A highly respectable living nobleman has ventured, with what might be thought by some fastidious severity, to criticize Sydney Smith's intimate connexion with Holland House:—"He frequented and extolled with unqualified praise a society to which not only a moral objection existed, such as is usually recognized in England, but of which some of the leading members were, according to universal report, not only infidels, but atheists, and in which religion never could be mentioned" (Lord Lyttelton's *Ephemera*, First Series, p. 282). Lord Houghton, on the other hand, has lately made a serious contention that Sydney Smith was unjustly treated because he was not made a bishop. If it is really true that Lady Holland inveigled a clergyman into reading the funeral service over a dead kid, to throw dust in the eyes of her first husband's family who were seeking protection of his daughter, and that the profane imposture was a cherished joke at Holland House, Lord Lyttelton must be allowed to have some justification for his remarks.

DR. E. SMITH ON FOODS.*

WE have had within the last few years many works upon the subject of foods and dietaries, but none approaching in breadth or comprehensiveness that of Dr. Edward Smith. He has gone so far as to include within the scope of his treatment both water and air, as matters intimately bound up with alimentary substances, so as to form a section by themselves as "gaseous foods" supplementary to the universally received solid and liquid foods; and consequently commanding great attention, as well from the point of view of nutrition as from their sanitary aspect. Whilst aiming at the production of a work which should include all generally recognized and some less well-known foods, and should embody the latest and most correct scientific knowledge concerning them, he has judged it best to reserve for a future occasion the subject of diets and dietaries, including whatever gains to science have accrued since the issue of his *Practical Dietary*, restricting himself for the present to what concerns the origin, the chemical composition, the preparation, and the physiological effects of food. In his introduction Dr. Smith qualifies to some extent the definition of food broadly and popularly laid down as that of a substance which, when introduced into the body, "supplies such material as renews some structure or maintains some vital process," differing from a medicine, which, while modifying vital action, does not itself supply the material which sustains such action. This definition may be correct as far as relates to the substances classed by the Germans as *Nahrungsmittel*, which supply nearly all our nourishment. But there are, he adds, certain so-called foods known as *Genuasmittel*, which seem to form a connecting link, in that they increase vital action in a degree far beyond the amount of nutritive material which they supply, resembling certain medicines in their mode of action, while, in respect to the proportion of nutrition which they afford, ranking as food. It is of the essence of a food that it should support or increase vital action, whilst medicines as a rule lessen, though in some instances they increase, it. Various as foods may be classified, into simple and compound, into vegetable and animal, into those which peculiarly besit this or that climate, age, or season, or those which influence exceptionally this or that portion of the organism, the ultimate elements of all foods, in however different proportions they may combine, are found invariable. The vegetable draws water and minerals from the soil, whilst it incorporates the air in its own growth, and, when eaten by animals, enters into and sustains their life, the animal thus gaining the substances which the vegetable first acquired. Completing the circle, the vegetable receives back the air which the animal throws out in respiration, its excreta and final products of dissolution, the same elementary substances sustaining in turn or being animated by so many successive organisms, the young Phoenix, so to say, rising from the ashes of its parent.

There are, broadly speaking, two principal effects for which food is required by the body—the generation of heat and the maintenance or growth of the bodily structures. Not that this distinction, which we owe to Liebig, is to be taken as incisively correct; the flesh-forming food engendering at the same time a certain degree of heat, and the food which generates heat contributing to form an amount of flesh in the form of fat. Still, associated as they are in their vital work, the two processes are widely enough apart in their primary characteristics to form the best practical basis which we possess for the classification of foods. Recent experiments have resulted in our obtaining expressions for the equivalent of heat which enable us to test with accuracy the effects produced upon the body by foods of different kinds. A table borrowed by Dr. Smith from Dr. Letheby, based upon experiments made by Dr. Frankland, shows the amount of heat generated from ten grains of various foods during the process of combustion in the body, and the force which forms the equivalent to that amount of heat. For unsentimental readers this table is fitted to form a very suitable introduction to the study of the heat-generating properties of food. Thus ten grains of dry lean meat, if completely burnt in the body, would produce heat sufficient to raise 13 lbs. of water 1° Fahrenheit, or to lift 10·128 lbs. in weight one foot high. The same amount of albumen would raise to 1° Fahrenheit 12·85 lbs. of water, or lift 9·920 lbs. one foot. Lump-sugar of the same quantity would impart the equivalent heat to no more than 8·61 lbs. of water, or raise by one foot no more than 6·647 lbs. of matter; while butter would yield heat in the proportion of 18·68, and beef fat in that of 20·91 lbs., which is equivalent to raising by one foot 14·421 and 16·142 lbs. respectively. For the production of heat within the body, precisely as coal and wood supply fuel for fire without the body, there is needed the combustion of the chemical elements of oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon in certain combinations, supplied in the shape of fat, sugar, starch, or other digestible food into which those substances enter.

The structures of the body being in a state of continual change, a corresponding process of renewal has to be kept up by means of the assimilation of substances equivalent in kind and quantity to the matter wasted. Hence it is important to gain a general idea of what are the substances composing our bodies. A popular notion of the mysterious elements out of which our living organism is so fearfully and wonderfully made is perhaps best gained from a glimpse at the array of thirty or so glass and

earthenware vessels of various capacities which are to be seen at the South Kensington Museum. Next to this Dr. Smith's enumeration of the materials of which are composed the bodily structures or tissues—varying as they do in the case of the flesh, blood, bone, cartilage, the brain, the liver, the lungs, and the bile—will be found to supply as clear and full an idea as can well be given in so narrow a compass. The practical problem presented to the mind is how to provide the body with the necessary salts of potash, soda, lime, magnesia, sulphur, iron, and manganese, as well as with sulphuric, hydrochloric, phosphoric, and fluoric acids and water, and with the fat which it consumes daily, and all the nitrogenous substances that it requires, which are closely allied in composition, and are all but identical in vegetable and animal tissues, such as albumen, fibrin, gelatin, casein, and chondrin. It is difficult to say how far any of these multifarious substances are absolutely indispensable to the persistence of the powers of life, or whether the four primary elements at all events must enter in some proportion into the habitual modicum of food. Two points have, however, been sufficiently shown by experiment—first, that no animal can subsist for any length of time upon food from which nitrogen is wanting; secondly, that a certain mixture of elements is absolutely necessary to healthy food. No animal fed exclusively with starch or sugar or albumen or jelly can continue in health; but let these substances be properly mixed, and the animal thrives, and fattens. Nor, again, can any substance be fit for food which has not undergone the process of organization needful for its conversion into protoplasm and its assimilation into the tissues of the body. No combination of oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, and carbon artificially made can constitute food. Nor would it be possible, without the wondrous provision which we have in the processes of nature, for animal life to exist. The primary appetites and instincts, aided by the accumulation of experience, have enabled mankind, in anticipation of scientific knowledge, to select and blend those products which nature has prepared to hand both in the vegetable and animal kingdoms. And few things are more interesting than to trace how the tests and appliances of science harmonize with and vindicate those lessons which the voice of nature has for ages, inarticulately it may be, spoken in the ear of man.

Before passing to the special enumeration and analysis of the various constituents of food, Dr. Smith illustrates by the aid of diagrams the vital changes due to sudden and marked alterations of temperature, of bodily exertion, or of diet, as shown by the rate of pulsation and respiration, or that of the evolution of carbonic acid in the expired air. The cursive lines in which the use of the sphygmograph enables the variations of the pulse in health and disease, or in youth or age, while sleeping or awake, to be set before the eye, are of great use to the reader; as are also the various diagrams in which the effects of the starch series of foods and fats (95), the sugars (100), milk (124), tea (133), and alcohol (136) are shown in relation to respiration and the emission of carbonic acid. Highly abstract or theoretical as those tables may appear at first sight, the reader will soon see with gratitude in how many ways the physiologist can make them directly applicable to practice. They are of not less immediate or tangible value in the kitchen, the nursery, or the sick-room than in the laboratory of the chemist. What, for example, can be more practical than the experiments which, in treating sago and arrowroot, to take an instance among the non-nitrogenous series, Dr. Smith has made upon himself, and embodied in the first of these tables? Eaten alone, and upon an empty stomach, arrowroot gave no sense of satisfaction; but, on the contrary, there was a sense of sinking or *malaise* in the stomach and bowels in about an hour. The effect upon the respiratory and other vital functions was very slight. After eating 500 grains well cooked in water, the average increase in the emission of carbonic acid was only 0·154 grains a minute, whilst there was a subsidence in the rate of pulsation and respiration. When the same quantity was taken after a perfect fast of twenty-four hours, the effect was still very small, though greater than when eaten under ordinary circumstances; the maximum increase of carbonic acid being only 0·45 grains a minute. The addition of one ounce of fresh butter only brought up the increase to 0·4 grains at the most, the respiration being slightly lessened, and the pulsation increased four beats a second. When 250 grains of sugar were added to the arrowroot, as in the preparation of pudding, the carbonic acid evolved was raised by one grain, and the quantity of air inspired increased by 20 cubic inches a minute, the rate of pulsation being again somewhat lessened, and that of respiration increased. The sense of satisfaction was greatly increased by the addition of sugar and butter. When starch was obtained by washing wheat flour, or as commercial starch, the increase, both of carbonic acid evolved and of the rate of pulsation and respiration, varied with the amount of gluten retained after washing. Hence Dr. Smith infers there can be no doubt that starch, to be used as a nutriment, should not be entirely free from gluten or other nitrogenous matters.

Of nitrogenous or flesh-forming foods, the most important has been found by long experience to be wheat flour and its preparations. The scientific grounds for this preference, in comparison with the allied cereals such as barley, oats, rye, and maize or Indian corn, may be readily gathered from Dr. Smith's analyses and explanations. This portion of his book is instructively as well as amusingly diversified by a selection of receipts from a quaint and somewhat rare volume called *Chury*, compiled from the MS. records of the master-cook of Richard II. A table of the prices of live stock in the reign of Edward II. will have no less interest either

* *Foods*. By Edward Smith, M.D., LL.B., F.R.S., Inspector and Assistant Medical Officer for Poor Law Purposes of the Local Government Board, &c. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

for the curious in antiquarian lore or for those whose tastes lie in the direction of domestic and political economy. The assize of bread under the seal of "Wilkes Mayor," June 27, 1775, will remind the reader how late the notion of fixing by authority the prices of articles of food still lingered in the mind and in the statute-book of the country. These references will at the same time serve to show the width and variety of the materials of which Dr. Smith's book is made up. We should despair of doing justice, by any number of extracts compatible with our space, to the multiplicity of details with which it abounds, or to the skill with which the technicalities of the subject are made clear to the popular intelligence. The professional student might call for a more profound and elaborate treatise. But for the use of the comparatively unlearned, and within anything like its proportionate bulk, it would be difficult to produce a more instructive and serviceable manual.

CAMP NOTES.*

MR. BOYLE would hardly object, we presume, to be called a Bohemian. He does not belong indeed to the city variety of the species, but prefers to wander on the border-lands where civilization melts into barbarism. He has travelled far and wide, and seen many strange sights; but his favourite haunts, if we may judge from this book, are in Borneo and Central America. Rajah Brooke is the chief object of his hero-worship, but he has also a considerable sympathy for the filibuster Walker. Any region, however, in which there are tigers, crocodiles, poisonous snakes, savages, and half-civilized enemies of savages, would appear to have charms for him. The cultivated world enlarges its borders with painful rapidity, and the romance of the wilderness dies out before it. The old collections of voyages and travels which used to be the delight of our infancy are growing painfully obsolete. Eldorado and Prester John have disappeared, or, as we shall see, almost disappeared, before the inquiries of the Geographical Societies. Yet all along the frontier line of civilization a man may still put his life in danger, and be rewarded by sights which to some minds afford a pleasant relief after the monotony of European culture. Unluckily it must be added that even these regions are far from having their old picturesque charm. The backwoodsman has got rid of his leather stockings, and dresses himself from stores in the Broadway. The most desperate rowdy of the South-West used to appear, before a rifle bullet put an end to his distinguished career, in a black dress-coat, black trousers, and a velvet waistcoat. And it is still more lamentable that the modern representatives of the old buccaneers have learnt (if we may trust Mr. Boyle's reports) to talk a peculiar dialect, which is not only stuffed, as of old, with profane oaths, but seeks a new graco from the adoption of the phraseology used for padding magazines. Thus, for example, we find Mr. Boyle on the Mosquito coast camping out with a Yankee, an Americanized Englishman, and a wild Missourian. They are fine specimens of the gambling, gold-digging, froe-and-easy persons whom a squeamish coequey might possibly describe as ruffians, but who, as we are assured, are provided with excellent hearts under a rough exterior. They are full of legends about the exploits of Walker, and mysterious discoveries of gold in the heart of the Central American forests. And yet these gentlemen talk just as if they were dictating fragments of thrilling novels for serial publication. One of them in the course of a solitary expedition through the woods becomes convinced that some creature is on his track. How could he know this when he had seen nothing? "Perhaps," he replied to the supposed sceptic, "I'd seen the waving of the bushes when no wind stirred in the hollow wood; perhaps I'd thought to hear the crack of broken sticks as a heavy foot pressed on them; perhaps through my shut eyes at night I'd seen great green lamps glaring on my face, and awakening in the black stillness had heard a stealthy rustle of undergrowth." A vein of poetical sentiment occasionally crops out in a still more surprising way from the rough talk of these unsophisticated persons. An ex-filibuster, describing his experiences, observes that the church defended by a small garrison for nineteen days looked "like a Chicago pig-yard at slaughter-day." And then he breaks out, "Ah, boys, they're beautiful, these tropical lands! Gay and fragrant and full of flowers is their soil, dazzling bright the air, and shot with all colours the birds, the flies, and insects! But death waits everywhere, hidden beneath the brightness and the beauty," and so on. We were never personally acquainted with any human being who talked in sentences like these, and, if they are faithfully reported, we should say that some of these gentlemen might as well drop their revolvers and take to lecturing at Christian Young Men's Associations. Their sentiments, if rather obvious, are pathetic enough to draw tears from a crowded room. If, however, as we are inclined to suspect, Mr. Boyle has added a touch or two of his own to bring the talk of his friends into harmony with the magazines for which his sketches were probably originally intended, we can only say that he has rather damaged the local colouring. It is indeed a fault in the whole book that we are left to find out for ourselves what is and what is not authentic. We would not be so pedantic as to insist upon a traveller confusing himself to the strict unadulterated reality. We will allow him to soar occasionally from mere matter of fact into the regions of pure imagination, and at least to repeat stories which, if not credible in themselves, are interesting illustrations of the state of mind of the narrator. But we confess that we should prefer a rather more distinct intimation of what is to be taken for fiction. Some of the stories, which would be really curious if taken as accurately reported, become utterly uninteresting if they are simply specimens of Mr. Boyle's skill in polishing up old materials. After making these deductions, however, we may admit that Mr. Boyle's book may take a very respectable rank in the class to which it belongs. He is not so dull as most writers upon sport; and if we can hardly call him a good observer, he can yet accomplish respectable bits of what is called graphic description.

We will notice an anecdote or two in illustration of the general nature of his book. From one story, for example, we learn that the old notion of an Indian country free from the encroachments of white men, where gold is to be had for the gathering, and where the ancient superstitious rites are still practised, passes current amongst the adventurers in Central America. The scene of this country is laid on the river Frio, which flows into the Lake of Nicaragua; and the discoverer is a filibuster making his way across country after a defeat of Walker's forces. He and a companion travel by night along well-trodden paths, avoiding the villages; and in one place they come across a great temple in the forest, where they hear the priests beating upon their drums, and see human sacrifices suspended from the trees. Mr. Boyle feels it necessary to "give his authorities for this story": and he mentions two anonymous persons and various other indefinite persons, though he does not care to tell us how far they confirm this singular narrative. If anybody wants to find a remnant of the old native government, he has only to ascend the Frio and to take care that he is not converted into a victim. The Indian race however has, according to Mr. Boyle, a clearer prospect of turning the tables upon the descendants of its conquerors. The "Greasers," as the men of Spanish descent are called in that part of the world, are already a small minority of the population, and are rapidly dying out. If immigration were stopped, there would not, says one of his informants, be a Greaser left alive in the land thirty years hence. If they were once dead, the descendants of the old caciques would quietly step into the places of their forefathers; the idols, which are still sometimes found covered with flowers in a morning, would again become the objects of the old worship; and, in short, Christianity and European civilization drop off the Indians "like water off a stone."

These and some other remarks about various savage tribes are not without interest; though they would be all the better if Mr. Boyle would condescend to give us his views with less literary embroidery. Perhaps, however, most of his readers will be better pleased with the sporting stories, which are sometimes told with a good deal of spirit. There is, for example, a fight with a big serpent which is enough to make anybody feel uncomfortable who lives within a mile of the Zoological Gardens. There is a thrilling interview with a pack of the American wolves or coyotes. These interesting creatures have not the courage to attack a man, although they show an intelligence in hunting their game which is enough to gladden the heart of Mr. Darwin. They displayed their cunning very unpleasantly in the case of an unlucky Indian who was camping out alone. A ring of coyotes gathered round his fire in the darkness, and sat gazing upon him within a few feet. He threw a stick at one of them, and they ran off, but immediately returned and gazed more fixedly than before. He pretended to sleep, and watched them. They gazed for ten minutes, and then one crept a few inches nearer, and the others noiselessly followed his example. The hunter seized his gun, and shot one of them. They dispersed, and he fell asleep, but only to wake and find the eyes gazing from a shorter distance than ever. How long these interesting creatures would have confined themselves to gazing can never be known, though the hunter was nearly driven to despair, and unable to find a tree of refuge. A jaguar luckily came upon the scene, and the coyotes took themselves off to gaze upon something else. We have two or three anecdotes showing how, under the influence of similar scenes of extreme terror, men have been seized with the strange frenzy which is called "amok" amongst the Malays. We cannot say that they strike us as very much to the purpose, inasmuch as in neither of the cases related did the panic-stricken man attempt to relieve his feelings after the Malay fashion by massacring his neighbours.

There is, however, a thrilling account of a genuine case of the frenzy—though we do not know how far it is meant to be taken as matter of fact—where a Malay, being forbidden to kill an Englishman in revenge for the death of his brother, suddenly went mad, and, dashing into a surrounding crowd, slew four women and three men outright, besides wounding fourteen more. It is some satisfaction to anybody who may meet one of these amoks, that they generally run away when boldly confronted, and in this case a chief rushed at the murderer and stopped his career by a sabre-blow through the skull. Mr. Boyle discusses the question whether an amok ought to be acquitted on the ground of temporary insanity, and we are glad to say that he decides that a gentleman who indulges in this kind of excitement may be rightfully called to account for his proceedings.

We will not, however, accompany Mr. Boyle any further. There are a good many amusing passages in his book; whilst perhaps the worst is an elaborate bit of facetiousness apparently intended to illustrate personal vanity, by showing that savage beauties are as much given to painting and otherwise artificially improving them-

* *Camp Notes.* By Frederick Boyle. London: Chapman & Hall. 1874

selves as their civilized cousins. If Mr. Boyle had given less scope to his literary ambition, we suspect that he might have written a more really interesting book; but something must be forgiven to a writer who has before his eyes a constant dread of boring a hasty public.

THE WAR OFFICE GUIDE TO TACTICS.*

THOSE who have studied the last utterance of our War Department on the subject of tactics, and observed with amazement how completely General Macdougall fails to appreciate the advance of the science with which his name is connected, will be little disposed beforehand to welcome a more elaborate work from the same bureau. Is there, in truth, some fatal necessity that prevents those able men who cluster round the War Office from turning the full strength of modern daylight on our own shortcomings? We ask this question because it seems to be generally felt that there must be some impenetrable obstacle hidden from the public, some personal prejudice, or some tradition born of Peninsular veterans and hardened in the Crimean blunders, which stands in the way of the progress of our army. We have lately seen a distinguished writer who was once in the van of reform begin a War Office essay on the new arms with arguments against all recent experience, to end it with idle compliments to the Volunteers which the weakest members of that force would hardly swallow, and aiming his main efforts apparently to prove that Englishmen are exempt from the modern laws of war. And now that the Essay is succeeded by an Official Guide, the work is confined to, or its design is masked under the form of, a study of Continental tactics exclusively; as though our own were either beyond or above improvement. Surely, if it be well to call a spade a spade, it is well also to admit that breechloaders are breechloaders, even when held by or against Englishmen. It seems to us that this truth, which the chief of his department has missed, has been constantly present to Major Home, though reasons of State forbid his uttering it. Read in this light, his work becomes a prolonged satire on the backwardness of our own tactical system, if that is to be called a system which in truth is no better than a bundle of relics, made up of scraps of old Frederick's drill-book, mixed with bits of pedantry from the Dundas school of 1800, and here and there a fragment or two of the Algerian rags which the French army is discarding under the stern teaching of defeat. Each page of the more important parts of his *Précis*, in revealing the strength of others, carries with it this hidden lesson of our own weakness; and it is scarcely possible that so very able and modest a writer as Major Home clearly is should be unconscious of the tendency of his studies of recent Continental events, and his criticisms of recent Continental writers, to fix attention on domestic needs.

That ability and modesty are the characteristics of the work all candid readers will admit. There is modesty in the form chosen by the author, which consists chiefly in "collecting the opinions of others, and avoiding as much as possible putting forward his own." And ability is shown at every step in the execution of this design, and in the clear and vigorous remarks which bind his extracts into a harmonious whole. The mere mention of such a method will suggest that the work might be intolerably tedious, discursive, and unsatisfactory, if there were not sound judgment used in making the necessary excerpts, and intelligence in putting them together. Such judgment and intelligence are conspicuous in the result; and it will suffice to say, by way of preface, that there has nowhere yet appeared so masterly a compilation of the tactical science recently developed in Continental warfare as is to be found in this unpretending volume. Regarded in an abstract way, as simply a review of what has been done by our neighbours, it reflects credit alike on the author and on the Office under which he labours.

The book is not wholly tactical. Indeed, to have limited it strictly to a tactical character would have been hardly consistent with its official purpose, which is avowedly to "be useful to students of the military art who are not near good libraries, and who do not possess the number of volumes that are written on military subjects." The intention is wide, and could not be fulfilled, it is clear, without giving at least one explanatory chapter to army organization. With such a part accordingly the work opens; and here the writer is probably on even more delicate ground than in his later portion, for the reticence which is the quality of his Office is very apparent. He has here the task, too, of speaking of ourselves, since the book "has been prepared to aid officers in the examinations they must pass for promotion"; and it is necessary, therefore, in expounding the way in which armies are built up, to tell them something of the particular machine of which they form part. The task cannot have been very pleasant to one who knows the inside of the matter, as Major Home's recital shows us that he does thoroughly. For he has to speak of the uses of a Chief of Staff to us who, for inscrutable reasons, are allowed no such personage; to describe what a single harmonious Staff may be to officers who serve under the double-headed and clumsy system of adjutant and quarter-master-general, exploded throughout the rest of the world; to tell us formally of the duties of a Control system which he doubtless knows to be modelled on the worst vices of the fatal exercise which the French army is only now getting rid of, after being helped by it on the road to ruin; to give the proper

official strength of "an English Army Corps," whilst well aware that England has not in fact any Army Corps at all; nor any other organization worth serious mention; and that her army is, in plain truth, merely what it was before Crimean days, a roll of battalions gathered here or scattered there, as chance may direct them. We pity Major Home this part of his labours, and hurry on to that wherein the more real purpose of the *Précis* is to be found.

Of the five chapters devoted to tactics, the first is purely historical. No part of this will be found uninteresting even to the general reader. Major Home has a happy knack of digging out of the driest old authors the readable portions and shrewd remarks which would escape a careless observer; and the gradual development of modern tactics has seldom been so perfectly traced. Few readers will be prepared to find, for example, that the famous Company Column of modern France was advocated by the old technical author Mesnil Durand, whose views guided on most points the teaching of military schools when Napoleon was a cadet at Brienne. Yet here is but one of numerous points of interest brought out in this chapter. There is a study, to give another example, of Desaix's memorable charge at Marengo—which, more than even Kellerman's boasted swoop with his horse, "put the crown on the head of General Buonaparte"—that is as neat a bit of military antiquarianism in its way as the student could find in the whole library of which Major Home supposes him to be deprived. But we must pass on with our author from history to the discussion of tactics as they are.

At first sight it seems hard to quote from Major Home so as to do him full justice; for, following out his modest plan, he usually yields the more important portions of his ground to the authors whose opinions it is his business to collate. Here and there, however, he is compelled, as it were, to commit himself, and the clearness and thoroughness of his remarks prove how completely he has mastered the subject which he is employed to review. Not one of the German tacticians, for instance, who are travelling the same road has hit more perfectly the exact truth as regards the relative gain which the offensive has made by means of the breech-loader. We shall cite his opinion in full, as a masterly summary of what is really proved in a matter which is yet much under debate, and as an example of the thorough building up of theory on good groundwork:—

It is requisite here [he begins] to consider what the peculiar nature of the breech-loader is, as distinguished from the muzzle-loader, assuming it to possess equal accuracy and range. It can be loaded with greater ease and rapidity, hence its defensive power is greater than that of the muzzle-loader; but if the position of mere advancing to an attack be considered, it will be found that the breech-loader (from the very great ease with which it may be loaded) enables a well-sustained, well-directed fire to be kept up from troops advancing in extended order, the operation of loading being performed when lying down, or in confined places, with much greater ease than with the muzzle-loader. Hence the *offensive* power of the breech-loader is very much greater than that of the muzzle-loader. The defensive has gained greatly, but the offensive has, relatively speaking, gained still more; or, in other words, the *superiority of the defence over the attack is not now so marked as it was with muzzle-loader rifles*.

We have italicized the last few words of this thoughtful paragraph, because we believe they contain the whole pith of the question. How far this gain extends may be open to dispute; but that the gain is there, we suppose no one doubts who uses with unbiassed mind the means offered to our study by the results of the late wars on the Continent. And although Major Home proceeds to fortify his statements by quoting largely from Scherff's recent essay on the same subject, we find it unnecessary to follow him here, having convinced ourselves, from closely studying both writers, that in this exposition at least our nation is under no disadvantage whatever as compared with her victorious neighbour, and that the English writer is more luminous than the German, if he is not perhaps quite as eloquent.

To take a passage on a very different topic, the use of cavalry in modern war for reconnaissance, we have nowhere met the same grasp of the subject combined with the same power of setting it forth easily, as is shown by this unpretending writer. Let the reader judge for himself, and in weighing what is said he will not fail to observe how the science of war has developed with the developing resources of civilization:—

The action of cavalry in spreading a curtain round an army, hiding its movements and seeking to obtain information of the enemy's, is not the consequence so much of improved armies as it is a consequence of railways, telegraphs, improved roads, increased cultivation, and large armies. To develop the full power of railroads and telegraphs an army must be a large one operating over a large area. A small army of from 30,000 to 60,000 will by no means reap the same advantages from rapid means of communication as an army of from 300,000 to 400,000 men. But such an army cannot operate at all unless it operates over a large area; an area, again, which is not proportionate to the size of the army, but increases at a rate much greater than the size of the army. Now our troops using railways for supplies can be considered safe if these railways are subject to destruction by small bodies getting to the rear; consequently troops must be used to cover the whole front and close the openings. Cavalry, from their rapid means of locomotion, are the troops to whom this duty must fall, and the telegraph has given them a new power of being useful by enabling them to receive orders or send information more rapidly than formerly. Their object when thus employed is not to fight, but to watch and report.

It would be hardly possible to give in one brief paragraph a more thorough analysis of the philosophy of the question as viewed in the practical light of the great campaign of 1870.

We must not, however, leave the reader under the impression that our author is one of those who have carried German notions to extremes, and forgotten the first principles of discipline

* *A Précis of Modern Tactics, compiled from the Works of recent Continental Writers.* By Major Robert Home, R.E. Stationery Office.

in their haste to improve on the new tactics. It is right to state that while in this work there will (for the first time, we believe, in this country) be found the original General Order in which William of Prussia condemned the solidity of the columns (not company columns, as the Duke of Wurtemberg fancied, but battalion columns) exposed to slaughter at Gravelotte, Major Home is very careful to point out that "there is no counselling of loose formation, no urging of wild swarms of skirmishers out of hand." For, as he well adds, if officers think and speak only of loose order of fighting, the bonds of union that hold an armed body together may become relaxed, and the machine incapable of putting out its force when called on. "Modern fighting is not loose, though it may be individual."

We part from this work with some pride in the thought that our army possesses students thus capable of learning the lessons of their age. The hopes built on the new Office of the Intelligence Department, which were lately chilled by the published opinions of its chief, will revive when men see of what sound stuff are the subordinates who fill it. The roughness of Major Home's style here and there, and the want of complete punctuation which is a common sign of an author's haste to complete his task, remind us that he is one of the small band of thoughtful officers who have gone out willingly to support Sir Garnet Wolseley in his arduous task. May they be spared to carry out their work, and return safely to more congenial duties! We are assured that the country which has sent them forth will find her scientific soldiers, if fairly supported, as able to overcome new difficulties as they have shown themselves ready to face them.

MR. CARINGTON.*

THE author of this novel describes himself on the title-page as Robert Turner Cotton. He must, we suppose, be a better judge of his own name than we can possibly be. Otherwise we should have had no hesitation in saying that he is under some wonderful delusion, and that his real name is Mortimer Collins. Since the days of the *Comedy of Errors* there has been seen no such likeness between two men, and Mr. Collins might well say to Mr. Cotton, just as Mr. Cotton might equally well say to Mr. Collins—

Methinks you are my glass and not my brother;
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.

It is not merely in the outrageous extravagance of the plot, with its secret societies, its murders, and its hidden treasures, that the resemblance lies; Mr. Henry Kingsley has been equally extravagant. There are a hundred minor points of resemblance besides. Every one who is familiar with Mr. Mortimer Collins's writings knows how exact he is in recording on each occasion the fact that his hero had lighted or thrown away a cigar. Mr. Cotton—for we took the trouble to keep a rough account of such important matters—at least twenty-eight times, likely enough a good many times more, sings of tobacco, whether as smoked in the pipe, the cigarette, the cigar, the "big regalia," or the "huge chibouque." A friend of the hero's, by the way—Arthur Conyers—who "was of the F. O. and the C. C.," was also "the best maker of a cigarette out of Asia." Exact as Mr. Collins is in his records of smoking, still more exact is he in his records of eating and drinking. Mr. Cotton in his turn tells us at least thirty-times what was eaten or drunk. No scullion who by his genius alone had made himself a chef could be prouder of his knowledge of the science and art of cookery than is Mr. Collins. But no less proud is Mr. Cotton. Mr. Collins's heroes have a vast relish for devilled thighs of turkeys; Mr. Cotton's heroes enjoy them at least four times in the course of his story. Mr. Collins himself has more than once gloried in his Homeric appetite for beef; Mr. Cotton can "feel quite happy after a couple of pounds of rump steak with a hundred oysters melted into the sauce." Mr. Collins delights in fine words; Mr. Cotton gives us, among a host of others, such words and phrases as macilent, mental retina, sartorial wrappings, sporadic servants, snow hypnotizes, subacid smile, curves mathematic osculate curves metaphysic, decussate, hypæthral tetragon, and, last but not least (here we have an old favourite of Mr. Collins's), semihiant. Mr. Collins is not always over-delicate, and Mr. Cotton sometimes gets rather near to being indecent. They are both proud of their knowledge of the classics and mathematics. Mr. Cotton indeed goes so far as to give some definitions in geometry so as "to supersede that dreadful old bore, Euclid," and moreover boldly differs from Pericles as to the conduct that befits a great man. They are both as fond of introducing French words as their heroes are of lighting cigars. Mr. Cotton especially delights in "agaceries," introducing it several times with as much satisfaction as a child who has picked up a new phrase. They both introduce a great many verses of their own composition, and they both have the frankness to own that they find in them no small degree of merit. But nevertheless Mr. Cotton says "My name is Cotton," and Mr. Cotton therefore we must allow him to be. He boasts that among his "intimate friends are three of the five Englishmen who can write English." Mr. Froude, we have no doubt, is one of the five, Mr. Henry Kingsley a second, and Mr. Mortimer Collins a third. If a man can be rightly described as his own intimate friend, Mr. Cotton must be the fourth in this goodly company. Who the fifth can be we shall not venture to assert. Possibly it may be the author of the *New Magdalen*. We would venture to urge Mr. Cotton to save

himself from his friends, and above all, from Mr. Mortimer Collins, if he has any ambition one day to arrive at working English and at writing sense.

It is somewhat difficult within reasonable compass to give our readers any clear notion of a story which begins in the last century with a respectable old merchant of Salisbury, a staunch Hanoverian, and ends with the exile of the Emperor Napoleon, the Number One in a Secret Society of Assassins, and which gives the history of the marriage, not only of the hero, but also of the hero's father, grandfather, and even of his great-grandfather. The only one who could have held the clue to such a story was "Lawyer Pinniger," who was so fortunate in retaining life and the confidence of the family that he was consulted by the great-grandson scarcely less—if our estimate is correct—than seventy years after he had been consulted by the great-grandfather. The hero, Frank Noel, is the son of a man who had been shot in a duel by the Honourable Charles Delamere, his confederate in certain very questionable gambling transactions. On the father's death the boy's interests are looked after by Mr. Carington, who was "the most biting wit and best dressed man in London." As for his clothes, we are quite ready to take our author's word, though perhaps it would have been better evidence if he had adorned his volume with a picture of some portion of this gentleman's clothing, as the railway stations are adorned with a picture of the Sydenham trowers. But the bitingness of his wit is scarcely borne out by the specimens that Mr. Cotton gives. Our expectation is indeed raised, but when the wit, after this introduction of him, first opens his mouth, it is merely to say, "Going to bed at a fixed time is one of the causes of social decay." Mr. Collins, by the way, is very strong on the great advantages of turning night into day, and might almost himself, though he does not claim to be the most biting wit in London, have said an equally good thing. Later on Mr. Carington does succeed a little better, for when Frank Noel knocked down a Russian Prince, he wittily remarked, "The result as to his nose is—well, I fear, 'The Nose have it.'" But we must return to our hero in his younger days. At school, where he was thought a dull boy, he displayed so original a mind that at an examination in arithmetic "he sent up the result logarithmically," though he had never been taught logarithms. Mr. Cotton does well in printing the question and Frank's working. Mr. Collins, we believe, never introduced a logarithmic result into any of his stories, and so far Mr. Cotton can claim to be original. From school Frank goes to Oxford, and enters at "Maudlin (sic) College," the Alma Mater of his uncle the Canon. We have noticed before this that authors who wish to be thought Oxford men commonly send their heroes to "Maudlin College," as they write it. To spell Magdalen Maudlin has, they think, quite as much the true Oxford air as to call the University the "Varsity." Meanwhile the Honourable Charles Delamere had become the Earl of Delamere, the owner of an ancient hall and a vast estate in Cumberland. He asks Frank Noel to visit him, full of remorse at having shot his father in the duel. He does everything that a penitent nobleman can do to atone for so awkward a mishap. He sends "a snug omnibus with four horses" to meet him at Carlisle station. "The attentive footman showed Frank where to find a box of cigars and a stand of liquors." When he alighted at the stately portico, "several servants with lights were standing" there. In the great hall "a groom of the chamber received him respectfully," while Frank "sank into the cosiest of chairs, and took with great satisfaction some well-cooked game and dry Sillery." Even when bedtime came the Earl's penitence was not exhausted, for though he was not well enough himself to do the honours of the house, yet "a footman in waiting threw open" the door of Frank's bedroom, while through the night "a servant had come in and replenished his fire at intervals." Not content with what was so liberally offered, he next morning rang the bell and ordered a warm bath, and it was not till eleven o'clock that at breakfast "he was enjoying his devilled game and mocha." Breakfasting so late he scarcely needed lunch, and "at seven he dined—a good dinner and many servants. He drank a quiet pint of aged port and was in bed by midnight." Did space allow we should like to follow the hero through his meals, from his grand dinners, which take a whole page to describe, to his lunch on "Tokay and Presburg biscuits."

The Earl's cook, by the way, was an exiled French duke and late Number Seventeen in the Secret Society. And yet we might just as well go on describing the meals that every one eats as try to give any analysis of the plot, of which we have indeed ourselves but the most hazy conception. Frank's part in it is not so hard to follow. In the first volume he goes out for a ride in the snow over the Cumberland fells, and losing his way reaches a cottage where, alone with two old servants, was living a young lady, who has no surname, but who in the end turns out to be the Earl's granddaughter. He falls in love with her and she with him. He saves her from two robbers, to whom "he gave two sudden sharp strokes, close to their respective temples, and they dropped like oxen scientifically slain." He loses heart when he finds out her high birth and considers his small fortune; but happily at the end of the third volume Lawyer Pinniger, in an old cabinet of Frank's, which got completely dislocated, "found twenty sheets—and each sheet was a bank of England note for a thousand pounds." The Earl gives his daughter 50,000*l.*, and so the young folks can marry. Meanwhile her father had suddenly turned up, who was thought to have been drowned years before, and, despising the French duke's "*rogmons, homards, pigeonneaux, hûîtres*, breakfasted on a mighty junk of Canterbury brawn and a tankard of his favourite ale." In the hall there happened to be staying the Marchioness Rafflesia

* Mr. Carington. *A Tale of Love and Conspiracy*. By Robert Turner Cotton. 3 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

Ravioli, who had been Number Two in the Secret Society, but who now, like the Ducal cook, was sick of it, and, like him too, was in hiding. She still wore, by the way, in a sheath fastened to her garter, "a bright thin blade of steel." She at once recognizes the Earl's son, whose name is Rollo, as her long-lost Leo, and before long they are married. Besides the Marchesa there was also staying at the Hall the Russian Prince, who, having outraged a peasant girl in Russia, was in dread of the vengeance of the Secret Society of the Silent Sisters, and had come over to England as the place of the greatest safety. He was a dangerous man to deal with. Some one had once horsewhipped him, and "was found in the Morgue next day." The peasant girl had become Number Six in the Society, and had been sent over to England to try to entrap him. She drives in a low carriage and a pair of ponies, and, being beautiful in herself and wearing abundant lace and jewelry, caused no slight sensation. The Count fell into the trap and soon found himself a prisoner in the cellar of the Silent Sisters' house at Wandsworth. Among the Sisters was one who "was supposed to have been blessed by Robespierre as he passed to his fate on the 28th of July, 1794," and she, and indeed all the rest, would have liked to kill him off. But an order comes on a scrap of paper from Number Two that the Prince should marry Number Six. There is no help for it. The Prince, when the ceremony is over, sets out with the Princess on a bridal trip in his yacht. Meanwhile Number Six, the bride, had first, under strict orders, tried to kill off Mr. Carington, first by offering him some poisoned wine to drink, and next a poisoned flower to smell. As the Prince's yacht passed the Straits of Gibraltar, a gunboat, evidently sent by Number One, the Emperor Napoleon, "shot out from the African shore." The Prince and Princess are arrested. He is sent to the Emperor of Russia, who packs him off to Siberia for life. As some consolation for the loss that society sustained we read, "It has been asserted that these events greatly tended to accelerate the Emancipation of the Serfs." Of the Princess nothing is heard till a letter written in Russian was addressed to the Chief of the Police in London, telling him to go to the Red House at Wandsworth. "A detachment of intelligent officers" visited it, and found the following state of affairs:—

The only steadfast sight there was the ghastliest of all. On the table lay the corpse of a woman, clothed only in a nightdress, bound with cords, a long sharp foreign dagger struck so strongly through her left breast that it penetrated the board beneath. On her bosom lay a square of paper, with these words in Russian—

"Paulovna Oistravieff,
Princess and traitress."

She, too, had been killed by Napoleon; for, as the author observes, "the melodramatic method of that death showed the rough hoof of the caltiff-crowned conspirator." Later on the Princess's first lover—a Russian peasant—burning to revenge her death, tries to assassinate the Emperor, but is himself shot in the attempt. The Earl of Dolomere, when he hears of his death, pronounces that he is a hero, and says "he shall have a cenotaph of marble in this hall." If only Mr. Cotton, and his two great masters in the art of writing spasmodic nonsense, Mr. Mortimer Collins and Mr. Henry Kingsley, would join a Society of Silent Brothers, and would leave off writing, they would have done something towards deserving cenotaphs of marble for themselves.

THE SIMANCAS RECORDS.*

WE resume our account of the Calendars of Spanish Papers after an interval of more than five years. The death of Mr. Bergenroth has been felt as a very serious drawback, and probably there was scarcely any person fitted to succeed to his place but his friend Don Pascual de Gayangos, to whom we are indebted for this first instalment of a third volume. At first sight we must admit that we experienced a feeling of disappointment at finding so huge a volume, the contents of which run over a period of only two years. We had fondly hoped that Mr. Brewer's volumes, the Venetian despatches, and the Spanish documents, as they had all reached the same period, would proceed *pari passu*; whereas, on the contrary, the Venetian papers are so scanty that the last volume carries us over twenty years into the reign of Mary, leaving Mr. Brewer far behind; whilst the present volume only just reaches the commencement of the period occupied by Mr. Brewer's last publication. The slow progress of this Calendar is in part accounted for by the enlargement of the sphere of labour, as Don Pascual de Gayangos has had access to the muniments at Vienna, as well as to other sources which were not accessible to his predecessor, or at least which were not used by Mr. Bergenroth; and we notice that much of the more valuable part of the correspondence analysed in this volume is from documents at Vienna. We may observe that Don Pascual has not the same command of English which Mr. Bergenroth possessed; but, on the other hand, he is perhaps more free from that prejudice against the Court of Rome which we have had occasion to notice; neither do we find indications of the credulity which induced Mr. Bergenroth to believe that the mad Queen of Castile was persecuted for her Protestantism.

As regards the general appearance of the volume, it is not a reviewer's part to object to the handsome type and the readable

appearance of the pages. Nevertheless, a great deal of space is wasted by the ample margins; and upon comparing it with Mr. Brewer's Calendar, we should suppose that a page scarcely contains as much as two-thirds of one of his pages. But what is pleasant to a reviewer may be, owing to the increase in the number of volumes, very cumbersome to future investigators of knotty points of history.

The editor in his introduction, which is somewhat shorter than usual, has prudently not attempted to present us with a general view of the papers which comprise so short a period as two years; but after giving a brief account of the sources from which the documents are derived, devotes the greater part of his prefatory remarks to a very concise biography of the principal writers in the correspondence—beginning with Louis de Praet, the Emperor's Ambassador in England at the commencement of the period, and ending with a much less known character, whose reports are, as Don Pascual observes, a model of prudence and discretion—namely, Hernando Marin, Abbot of Santa Maria de Najera. To a reader ignorant of the history of the period we commend the introduction as likely to make the documents more easy and interesting. And indeed it may be truly said that a person almost entirely ignorant of the history of the period—that is to say, knowing little more than the names of the sovereigns and the countries over which they ruled—would gain from the reading of this correspondence of two years a greater insight into the characters and motives of the different agents than could be acquired from the study of most historical works. The reading is much facilitated by the constant repetition within brackets of the name of the person mentioned in any document. Thus, if the Viceroy of Naples, for instance, is referred to, Don Pascual has almost always added the words [Charles de Lannoy], and similarly with regard to the Queen Mother, the Duchess of Alençon, &c., &c. The volume a little overlaps Bergenroth's last published volume, which reached to the end of February 1525. It begins with January of that year. And whilst the documents of these two months in the previous editor's volume are comprised in less than twenty pages, the letters of the same period in the present work extend over three times the space. From this the reader may judge how much the field of research has been enlarged by access to the libraries of Vienna, Brussels, and Paris.

Nevertheless, whilst we are describing what may be called the framework of this volume, we must not omit to notice that there appears to us a notable deficiency as regards certain documents at Vienna. A very select few of these papers had been published by Bradford in 1850, in his valuable work on the "Correspondence of the Emperor Charles V.," and upon referring to this volume for documents of the year 1525, we were surprised to find several of first-rate importance of which no notice has been taken by Don Pascual de Gayangos. Upon turning to Mr. Brewer's Calendar, we found them duly chronicled and abridged. Don Pascual has had both works before him, and he may have designedly omitted them on the very ground of their having appeared previously among the English papers printed by Mr. Brewer. But the number of Viennese documents analysed in the volume is suspiciously small, and, after reading the twelve interesting and important letters of Louis de Praet which are printed at the beginning of the volume, we are not disposed to acquiesce contentedly in the editor's promise "to give at the end of Part II. of this volume a summary and abstract of such letters and papers from 1519 to 1525 as may increase the historical evidence already brought to light."

We do not desire to impute any fault to Don Pascual de Gayangos, but simply to call attention to the fact of want of hands to do the work required. An additional Calendarer is evidently required at Vienna, to supplement the inquiries that are being so successfully made at Simancas and Venice. Again, we shall not find fault with the editor; but we think the Master of the Rolls might reasonably complain of the number of documents reproduced from printed sources. They add greatly to the interest of the volume; and amongst them we may specify the important reply addressed by the Emperor to the Pope, Sept. 17, 1526, which contains the history of the last two years, as seen of course through Imperial spectacles. It is calendared in Mr. Brewer's volume, and, contrary to Mr. Brewer's custom, no attempt to analyse it has been made. There was therefore all the more need of its appearing here; and we may notice that the Pope's Brevé, to which it is an answer, bearing date June 23, 1526, does not appear here at all, and has unfortunately been very briefly analysed by Mr. Brewer. It may be seen at length in *Reynaldus*, but that is a work not accessible to ordinary readers. Still there appears to have been a great want of system in deciding what papers shall be inserted and what omitted. And we are quite at a loss to understand the admission of several letters from so common a book as the *Lettere di Principi*, especially as they have nearly all appeared before in Mr. Brewer's collection, where they have a kind of right to appear, as it is understood that this editor is not under the same restrictions with which other editors are fettered. Equally at a loss are we to understand on what principle the letters from these three volumes have been selected. Lastly, there is a great deal of space wasted in presenting a full analysis of many other papers which have been fully epitomized before by Mr. Brewer. It is true that Mr. Brewer has taken them from printed copies which alone were accessible to him, and the present editor gives them from the originals; but it would have been sufficient to refer to the volume of English State Papers and to notice any variations in the MS. on additional matters of importance.

* *Calendar of Letters, Despatches, and State Papers, relating to the Negotiations between England and Spain, preserved in the Archives at Simancas and elsewhere.* Vol. III. Part I. Henry VIII. 1525-1526. Edited by Pascual de Gayangos. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

As regards the historical information contained in this volume, we can only express our high gratification at the light that is shed on the fears and hopes, the motives and actions, of the leading sovereigns and statesmen of Europe. The different sources from which the papers have been derived enable the reader to see clearly the attitude of almost every nation in Europe, and the policy of every leader in the race for victory or struggle for existence, as the case may be. The volume stops at a point a few months short of the sack of Rome in 1527; but it may be briefly described as giving the diplomatic transactions consequent upon the defeat of Francis at Pavia, February 24, 1525, down to the beginning of Bourbon's march from Milan to invade the Papal territories. Our utter inability to give any adequate account of the papers analysed in the volume must plead our excuse for referring our readers back to three reviews of Mr. Brewer's Fourth Volume, Parts I. and II., in the *Saturday Review* for August 26, 1871, May 24, and June 21, 1873, which refer to nearly the same period of time, beginning a little earlier, and ending a little later. In those reviews we confined our attention mostly to the relations of England and France. We will here direct attention to the attitude of the Emperor towards the King of England and his all-powerful Minister, the Cardinal of York.

It is a mistake to suppose that Wolsey had ever entertained much hope of succeeding to the Papal throne, or that he was much disappointed when the election fell on Clement VII. on the 19th of November, 1523. He knew perfectly well how much confidence to place in the Emperor, and understood whose interest had been exerted on the election of the Cardinal of Tortosa, in 1522, as well as how it was that the Cardinal de Medici had succeeded him. In an interesting letter dated from Granada, September 18, 1526, the Emperor reminds the Pope how it was through his intercession and help he was raised to the Pontificate. But if Wolsey understood the Emperor, so had Charles also and his Ministers some insight into the intentions and views of the English Cardinal. Giberto, writing to Uberto di Gambara, the Papal Nuncio in England, describes Wolsey's attitude after the battle of Pavia with equal truth and wit. He says he

recollects when he was last in England at the time of the rupture between Henry and Francis, that the Cardinal of York said to him that the wings of so insolent a cock as the French King ought to be well clipped so as to prevent him in future disturbing Christianity. Now that the cock is chastised, and has been replaced by an eagle—much more powerful and dangerous—it will appear to his most Reverend Lordship no less glorious an act to have the talons of the said eagle cut in such manner that it may rest contented with the greatness and power which God has given it.—P. 736.

We may observe, in passing, that the letter has been by an error of the press attributed to Lope de Soria, the Imperial Ambassador at Genoa. The mistake could mislead no one, as it has the right signature at the end, with the address Rome.

At the beginning of the volume the Emperor stood under an engagement to marry the Princess Mary of England; but even before the battle of Pavia Charles began to suspect that there were negotiations for marrying her in Scotland or in France, and accordingly, in order to feel the pulse of the King and the Cardinal of England, his Ambassador was instructed to ask as a favour that the young Princess, not yet eleven years old, might be sent into Spain under pretext of becoming acquainted with Spanish life and customs. Charles was already considerably in Henry's debt, yet he does not scruple to ask that with the Princess should be sent a large sum of money, in addition to her dowry, to enable him to prosecute war with France, in conjunction with the King of England. This failing, the Ambassador is directed, if he can do no better, to obtain an additional loan of 400,000 ducats, in order that by the dismemberment of France the Emperor and the King of England might recover such provinces as by right belonged to them respectively. The Emperor could scarcely have expected his overtures to be seriously entertained; nevertheless, if he could have got the money, he would have been quite content to take the Princess; yet at the very time he was meditating and actually in treaty about his marriage with Isabella of Portugal, which took place about nine months afterwards. And this was the meaning of the speech made by Margaret of Savoy, the Governess of the Netherlands, to Sir Robert Wingfield, that, "If the King of England, your master, does not make up his mind to assist the Emperor with money and men, he, rather than give up and abandon his favourite idea, will be obliged to seek an alliance in the furthest part of the world." Accordingly, on the 12th of August of this year, the Emperor, of course knowing that Henry and Wolsey were quite aware of his intentions, writes the King of England a most polite letter, the very first words of which must have informed his correspondent of the proposition which was going to be made. He dwells upon the pleasure which an alliance with the King of England would have given him; but the circumstances of the Christian world in general, and of the Empire in particular, require an appropriate remedy. And as the Princess cannot be sent into Spain according to the ardent desire of his Castilian subjects, nor her dowry be paid in advance, he thinks it wise to marry in another quarter where the marriage can be speedily consummated, and the payment of the new Empress's dowry be made at once.

Such a proposal might be thought cool, not to say impudent, in the nineteenth century; but Royal alliances three centuries ago were such mere matters of convenience that the Emperor anticipates that his communications will be received in a friendly spirit, and neither Henry nor Wolsey cared to show any resentment for what was meant and was taken for a simple matter of

policy. Not many days later it was currently believed that peace between the Emperor and Francis was nearly arranged, and that it would be immediately followed by the marriage of Charles with the Princess Isabella of Portugal, of Francis with Eleanor, the Emperor's eldest sister and dowager of Portugal; and, lastly, of Bourbon with the Duchess of Alençon, the sister of the French King. But peace was not so near as was expected, and two only of the marriages were destined to take place. On the 20th of October the ceremony of affiancing Charles and Isabella *per verba de futuro* was gone through, and it was then discovered that the Breve of Dispensation was not sufficiently explicit. The Breve which was granted on the 8th of September seems ample enough, as, without mentioning any names, it gives the Emperor liberty to marry any one excepting a person allied to him in the first degree of affinity. But the Princess of Portugal was first cousin to Charles, being children respectively of Juana and Maria, daughters of Ferdinand and Isabella; and there was a double connexion, as her father Emanuel, King of Portugal, had married for his third wife the Emperor's sister, who was therefore her stepmother; and there had been a further complication in the family, owing to the fact that her father had married two sisters, one of whom had previously married Alfonso, the brother of Emanuel. Neither of these complications at all affected the case in reality, yet it was thought worth while to procure a fuller dispensation, owing, as the Emperor expressed it to his Ambassador at Rome, to the "several degrees of affinity and consanguinity that exist between us." The Pope therefore gave a second dispensation mentioning the affinity that existed in the second, third, and fourth degrees. This was dated November 13, and we commend it to Mr. Froude's attention. He will see, if he compares it with the celebrated dispensation asked for Anne Boleyn, what are the official terms of such a document, and what are the special provisions for the individual case. The marriage took place in the following year, and the Emperor secured the money that he wanted to carry on the war with.

We have been obliged to confine our attention to a few points, but must not conclude without recommending the reader, before he begins the regular reading of this volume, to look at the Pope's Breve of June 23, 1526, which may be found in *Raynaldus*, and then to proceed to the Emperor's reply to it as containing a good outline of the state of affairs in Europe in 1525.

(To be continued.)

OWEN'S BRISTOL PORCELAIN.*

THERE would seem to be an inevitable romance in the personal narrative connected with pottery and porcelain. The story of the misadventures of Palissy is too well known to need repetition, but the account here given by Mr. Owen of the difficulties and discouragements in the making of "true porcelain" in the old city of Bristol carries the reader over some untrodden ground. It may be well in a few words to state the nature of the problem which the early experimentalists set themselves to solve; the question simply was whether "the Chinese China might be made in Britain." Mr. Owen truly states that "the last century was a busy one in the ceramic history of Europe. The superior excellence of Oriental porcelain, the high price it commanded, and the ready market it had obtained from an unknown period, rendered every potter ambitious to imitate its peculiar merit." The Chinese had held their secret for eighteen centuries; so greatly, too, did they value the manufacture of the best periods that the prices were higher in the Celestial Empire than in Europe, and every effort was made to prevent exportation. And when, with difficulty, the materials essential to the fabric had been obtained in China and were brought to Europe, the conviction seemed to be strengthened that in the geologic strata of the Western World the needful clay and stone could not be found. By one of those happy chances which from time to time have brought about unforeseen revolutions in the arts, it was discovered that a white tenacious earth dug up in Saxony, and used extensively throughout Germany as hair-powder, contained the long-sought elements of "true porcelain." Thereupon was established the royal manufactory at Meissen near Dresden, which continues in operation down to the present day. So great was the value set upon the discovered mystery that "the workmen were sworn to inviolable secrecy, and the precious earth, in sealed packages, was carried to the factory under military escort."

France, ever jealous of any advantage gained by her rival Germany, set her chemists to find out the Chinese secret, and so clever were they that, though denied the essential ingredients of "true porcelain" or "hard paste," they succeeded in compounding a beautiful material, the "soft paste," known as the "pâte tendre" of Sévres. This porcelain, though highly prized, and indeed never surpassed for delicacy of fabric, skill in enamel-painting, and rare beauty and brilliance in colour, became superseded when a clay was found on French soil which more nearly approached the Oriental manufacture. Soft paste, which is so tender as to be

* *Two Centuries of Ceramic Art in Bristol; being a History of the Manufacture of "the True Porcelain,"* by Richard Champion, with a Biography compiled from Private Correspondence, Journals, and Family Papers; containing unpublished Letters of Edmund Burke, Richard and William Burke, the Duke of Portland, the Marquis of Rockingham, and others; with an account of the Delft, Earthenware, and Enamel Glass Works, from original sources, by Hugh Owen, F.R.S. Illustrated with 160 Engravings. London: Bell & Daldy. 1873.

injured by the friction of a silver spoon, gave place to a harder paste, which at its hardest cannot be scratched by any metal save the keenest steel. It would thus appear that "soft paste," whatever be its exclusive beauty, was but a spurious porcelain.

England, in the latter half of the last century, passed through like experiences with Germany and France; the success of her neighbours naturally moved her to envy and incited her to emulation, and the consequent efforts made in the South-West of England to produce a veritable "Chinese China" obtain in the pages before us a full and faithful record. At first, from want of the needful clay and stone, the English factories, like those in France, were reduced to work with artificial compounds. But at length, about the year 1755, Cookworthy of Plymouth "found the coveted Kaolin in the burrows of an old mine, near Helstone in Cornwall." This "Kaolin" answers to what "the Chinese call the bones of china." But it still remained to discover the "Petunse," paradoxically "described in China as the flesh," necessary for "firmness, lustre, and transparency." This last material, indispensable for transmitting the opacity of earthenware into the transparency of porcelain, was at length found in a stone near St. Austell in Cornwall, and thereupon Mr. Cookworthy was enabled to take out "his famous patent for making porcelain." By a kind provision of nature the two elementary ingredients of "Kaolin" and "Petunse" are seldom widely discovered; like iron and coal in a later geological stratum, they are usually placed in proximity. Mr. Cookworthy, writing about the year 1775, gives a graphic sketch of "the natural history of the materials" employed under his patent. "It is now," he says, "near twenty years since I discovered that the ingredients used by the Chinese in the composition of their porcelain were to be got in immense quantities in the county of Cornwall." The clay and the stone being thus ready to hand, it appears that a kiln for the burning was "the only desideratum wanting to the bringing of the manufacture of porcelain, equal to any in the world, to perfection in England." We fear that it must be admitted that the narrative of good Mr. Cookworthy belongs to the period of empiricism rather than of science. To state the case plainly, it would seem that the true porcelain needs two ingredients—the one a clay which furnishes alumina, the other a stone which supplies silica. The clay alone yields an opaque ware; the addition of the silica gives transparency. Each is a product of granite under disintegration; the alumina is the felspar, the silica the quartz; the mica, the remaining ingredient in granite, being for porcelain purposes a superfluity. Accordingly, as might have been anticipated, the discoveries in Europe already recounted of the materials suited to porcelain were in localities identical in geological conditions; thus the neighbourhood of Meissen and Dresden, the district of Limoges and the counties of Devon and Cornwall, are alike known for granite formations. As true porcelain seems to need nothing more than disintegrated granite, the physical conditions essential to the manufacture are not so rare as this narrative would lead the reader to suppose. It is admitted, however, that porcelain clay was found during the last century in South Carolina. Thus in three quarters of the globe it would seem possible to produce "true porcelain."

This "true porcelain" process, though patented as we have seen by Mr. Cookworthy, did not succeed commercially at Plymouth, its first place of trial. Yet collectors are known to set great store on the Plymouth fabric, and Mr. Owen cites "a pair of vases with the Plymouth mark, fine in form and well decorated," though "of coarser paste than any Bristol ware known." The accounts which follow of the transfer of the patent rights of Mr. Cookworthy to Mr. Champion, and of the subsequent establishment of the Bristol works, are encumbered with prolix personal narratives which have no immediate bearing on the question in hand. Yet Bristolians at least will feel an interest in trustworthy pedigrees of old local families, and people in general may not object to hear how Alexander Selkirk was picked up by a Bristol privateer, how he became a well-known character in the old city, how he "placed his papers in Defoe's hands," and thus furnished the materials, and indeed served as the original model, for Robinson Crusoe.

The Bristol porcelain manufactory, like its predecessor at Plymouth, met with no financial success. One Bristolian contributed 1,000*l.*, another 1,500*l.* to help on the concern, and the money, we have always understood, was lost. Yet every effort seems to have been made to drive a trade; Oriental China, and especially Dresden China, was imitated; cheaper wares were also produced. Nevertheless in the year 1772 appears, in Sarah Farley's Journal, an advertisement which reads suspiciously of "a sale by auction" "without reserve" of "useful and ornamental China, the produce of the Bristol manufactory." Three months later we find in Felix Farley's Journal (Felix was brother of the above-mentioned Sarah) another advertisement which may be worth reading:—

CHINA.

[At the Manufactory in Castle Green, Bristol, are sold various kinds of The True Porcelain, both useful and ornamental, Consisting of a new Assortment.

The Figures, Vases, Jars, and Beakers are very elegant, and the useful Ware exceedingly good.

As this Manufactory is not at the present sufficiently known, it may not be improper to remark that this Porcelain is wholly free from the Imperfections in Wareing which the English China, usually has, and that its composition is equal in Fineness to the East Indian, and will wear as well. The Enamelled Ware, which is rendered nearly as cheap as the English Blue and White, comes very near, and in some Pieces equal to Dresden, which this work more particularly imitates.

N.B. There is some of the old Stock, which will be sold very cheap. Two or three careful Boys are wanted.

This advertisement of "very cheap" contrasts strongly with the fabulous prices recently paid. Old Bristol China is now quite the rage; collectors compete more keenly for this porcelain than for any other. "Three fine Vases," described as "of great rarity and extreme beauty," exhibited last season at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, are valued at above 1,000*l.* And some pieces of "the most elaborately ornamented tea-service known," presented by Mr. and Mrs. Champion to the wife of Edmund Burke on his return as member for Bristol, have realized thrice the value of their weight in pure gold. Mr. Burke's country residence was at Passenousfield, an estate which has since given a title to Mrs. Disraeli. The tea-service is dispersed. Nevertheless Mr. Disraeli, by a curious conjunction of circumstances, drank tea out of one of the Burke cups on the occasion of a Conservative demonstration in Manchester. He was then the guest of Mr. Romain Calender, who had purchased the teapot at the cost of 220*l.*, and the cup and saucer at the price of 90*l.* It is not stated how much these prices were raised when the leader of the Opposition partook of "the cup that cheers but not inebriates." China, like a picture, may boast a noble pedigree; and it is nowadays more easy than ever to understand how Charles Lamb should have made the confession that when he went to see any great house he first inquired for the China closet, and next for the Picture Gallery.

Bristol porcelain is, as we have seen, emphatically "hard paste"; it is burnt in the kiln at a higher temperature than other porcelain, and the extra amount of heat required to render the materials vitreous is a measure of its hardness and a guarantee of its "wearing." We have already seen that this "true porcelain" was advertised to wear well. Unfortunately the difficulties of manufacture proved proportionate to the perfections of the body and of the glaze. The exceptionally high temperature within the kiln not only called for additional fuel, but made the process of firing doubly hazardous. The problem was how to adjust the heat to chemical constituents which were apt to vary; if the fire became excessive, the paste grew semi-fluid, and bent and sank under its own weight. Even in the birthplace of the art the dilemma is an admitted difficulty; thus we learn that the manufacture in China has been precarious "from the want of some precise method of ascertaining and regulating the heat within the furnaces, in consequence of which the whole contents are baked sometimes into one solid mass."

Since Mr. Owen's book was published the comparative claims of competing factories to the production of "true porcelain" have been put to a proof as unexpected as it is painful. Unhappily in the Alexandra Palace there had been collected several thousand rare specimens of English ceramics. When the fire came the Palace was literally as the furnace wherein each work had been originally baked; and just as we have seen that in China or Europe, when the heat in the furnace was too fierce, "the whole contents are baked into one solid mass," so after the fire in the Alexandra Palace the porcelain of Bow, Chelsea, and Worcester was reduced to a molten mass, and came out from the debris in a state of chaos. The owners when they went to search for their treasures found nought in form or in colour that was distinguishable as their own. But, in contrast, the Bristol porcelain, being of "hard paste," and having consequently been subject to the utmost heat in the furnace, issued from the fiery ordeal comparatively unscathed. We have in Bristol seen a superb series of "the four seasons" since they were rescued from the ruins; they are smashed into pieces and ground into powder by the falling roof; they are in parts encrusted with glass, which the flames had melted; and yet the fashion of the figures, and even the painted surface decoration, remain all but intact. Thus this crucial experiment proves, though at a painful sacrifice, that the Bristol manufacture is, as it claims to be, "the true porcelain."

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE prodigious industry of the veteran historian Von Ranke is displayed in yet another laborious work, the reconstruction of the first book of his standard "History of Prussia," and its expansion into four books, embracing the period from the Teutonic conquest of Brandenburg to the accession of Frederick William I. The principal reason assigned for the undertaking is the new light thrown on the early history of Brandenburg by the researches of scholars since the original publication of Ranke's labours in 1847. At the bottom of it, however, probably lies the feeling that the history of so powerful a State should no longer be treated as comparatively a thing of yesterday. Such a sentiment can best be justified by an impartial review of the Prussian annals, which exhibit a regular development, an unbroken sequence, and a prevailing unity of idea. The boast of Napoleon III., liable to heavy deductions in its original application to France, may be almost literally applied to Prussia—it has been her wisdom or good fortune to be, as a rule, on the side of justice and civilization. At its foundation Brandenburg represented the mission of European culture to subdue Slavonic barbarism; at a later period she served as a barrier against the hordes of the Mongols; later still she powerfully contributed to the triumph of the Reformation. If her part in the Thirty Years' War was less brilliant than it should have been, the Great Elector made ample

* *Geschichte des Preussischen Staates. Vier Bücher Preussischer Geschichte.* Von Leopold von Ranke. Leipzig: Daucker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

amends by his courageous resistance to Louis XIV.; in ensuring the definite preponderance of German Protestantism, Frederick the Great contributed one of the most powerful factors to European civilization; of the exploits of the War of Liberation it is needless to speak; and we have just beheld the aspiration of every German heart realized by a Brandenburg squire. The manner of these great achievements, it must be owned, has been unfortunate; few histories are more disagreeably characterized than the Prussian by harshness, rapacity, and general unamiability; but nevertheless the fact stands out palpably and incontestably that Prussia has never yet been engaged in any considerable contest where defeat would not have been a misfortune to the world. Without any undue parade of this flattering circumstance, Von Ranke shows himself fully conscious of it, and the perception imparts dramatic unity to a history necessarily much engrossed in its earlier stages with particulars of an apparently trivial and uninteresting character. It would, in fact, be beyond the power of the greatest historian to elevate the details comprised in the present volume beyond the rank of provincial history; an historical classic, like the classical drama, requires dignified actors and a spacious field. Nor is the cool, penetrating, judicious, but matter-of-fact, historian of Courts and Cabinets the man to exalt and transfigure an ordinary theme. In his own department he is an unsurpassed model, and he especially deserves study for his combination of the two divergent, but by no means incompatible, merits of fulness and conciseness. The neglect of the latter will prove ruinous to the fame of most contemporary English historians, who may or may not have sufficient imagination to reconstruct the past, but obviously have not enough to place themselves in the position of the reader of the future.

The history of Finland is until a very recent period virtually the history of Sweden, and to narrate it is merely to tell the history of the latter country, with the omission of some of its most interesting features. Finnish national feeling nevertheless demands a national history, and the task has been ably performed by Professor Koskinen*, who, while necessarily interweaving into his narrative the picturesque and dramatic vicissitudes of one of the most eventful of European chronicles, does not forget that his business is properly with a district which has only attained political importance in so far as it has been the subject of contention between powerful neighbours. The first mention of a Ugrian occupation of Finland refers to about 100 A.D., from which period everything is obscure until the beginning of the Christian era in 1157, at the instigation, as is believed, of the English Pope Adrian IV., then legate in Sweden, and which was subsequently revived (1220) by another Englishman, Thomas, the first Bishop of Finland. The conquest of Finland was completed about the middle of the thirteenth century. From this period the people seem to have been thoroughly attached to Sweden until their loyalty was shaken by the disastrous wars of Charles XII.'s reign, the Russian occupation of the country, and the complete disorganization which ensued. A quarter of a century of incessant misfortune seems to have destroyed the prestige of Sweden, and to have had much influence in reconciling the inhabitants to the second and final Russian conquest in 1809. Up to this time Finnish nationality seems to have been respected, and Professor Koskinen is able to point with pride to the patriotic feeling of his countrymen, their zealous and successful cultivation of their native speech, and their contributions to literature and general knowledge in other languages. If all the eminent Finns had written Finnish, the wealth of the language, even in imaginative literature, would have been far from inconsiderable. In such a case, however, Runenberg and Topelius would hardly have found translators as yet, even in all-translating Germany.

The homely, but by no means uninteresting, little archipelago on the western shore of the Cimbric peninsula forms the subject of a neat volume by G. Weigelt†, who has rendered full justice to the bracing and stirring influences of seas and gales that seem to inspire the dull landscape with something of their own animation, and to the spirit of seafaring adventure that instils an element of poetry into the daily life of the hardy but prosaic people. One of the most interesting circumstances connected with these islands is their condition as wrecks of a peninsula partially overwhelmed by a succession of devastating floods from the middle of the thirteenth to the middle of the fifteenth century. A restoration of the submerged district is attempted in a map.

Herr Ratzel‡ should have explained that his zoological epistles from the Mediterranean relate almost exclusively to the lowest orders of marine animal life. Those readers, accordingly, whose interest in natural history is confined to picturesque details of the habits of animals will find little to interest them in a book which, though strictly popular, will nevertheless be attractive to students of the minute operations of nature, and in particular of the metamorphoses and embryonic stages which allow the course of her evolutions to be traced or surmised. Some of the essays are especially devoted to this latter subject, and deserve the praise of pre-

senting in a clear and agreeable manner the results of much intelligent study, though not perhaps of much original research.

The vividness of local colouring in Herr Oscar Flex's account of Assam* attests the fact of his residence in the country, and we can only trust that the details of a planter's life conveyed in his pages may be equally authentic, both on account of the testimony they bear to the undeveloped resources of the region, and from their graphic illustration of the numerous ways in which an energetic and philanthropic European has it in his power to benefit the aborigines. The author appears in the character of the Crusoe of the second and less known part of Defoe's immortal work, ruling with a firm yet gentle hand over a rude and primitive but well-disposed people, aiding them in their troubles and arbitrating in their disputes, protecting them against the oppression and imposition of the more intelligent among themselves, and, while enforcing the due performance of their tasks, gradually accustoming them to a higher standard of culture and morality. He informs us that he was engaged as manager of a minor tea-plantation from 1864 to 1867, at which latter date he became general manager of the estates of the East India Tea Company. The volume leaves him meditating projects of still more extensive usefulness, commensurate with the responsibility of his new situation. We are not informed whether these took effect, or, since he appears to have resigned his post, what may have led to the termination of his engagement. One of these projects, the importation of native converts from a distance to work on the plantations, seems of questionable justice towards the aborigines, and of still more dubious expediency. The pictures of life in the country are highly spirited, and those of the frank social intercourse of the English settlers are very pleasing. The clearness of the style suggests that the writer is accustomed to think in English, and so far corroborates the truth of his narrative. The description of the resources of Assam confirms the wisdom of the resolution at which the Indian Government is stated to have recently arrived, of erecting it into an independent government with a view to their more effectual development. Coal, salt, sulphur, gold, and petroleum abound; tea, cotton, tobacco, and rice may be raised in any quantity; every cottage has its mulberry-tree and silkworms; the variety of the animal creation—especially, it must be owned, of the noxious part of it—is inexhaustible; while, if our traveller may be credited, Assam possesses a wonder unmatched by any other land in the shape of herds of domestic rhinoceroses.

Paul Wurm's Historical Manual of the Religion of India† is distinguished by the clear and practical arrangement of its vast theme, and still more eminently by an impartiality rare indeed in works prepared from a missionary point of view. The author, it is true, gives no proof of ability to apprehend the ideas that are at the foundation of the Indian religions, which in fact would have hardly been compatible with the object of his treatise. If, however, the breathing spirit is absent, the anatomy of the corporeal framework is complete. The students of the Basel Missionary College will gain a clear conception of the origin of the national religion of India in polytheistic nature-worship, its successive concentration into Monotheism, expansion into Pantheism, and resolution, as regards its more spiritual elements, into a subtle metaphysic, while the grosser hardened into a lifeless mass of oppressive ceremonial observances, provoking the religious democracy of Buddha into existence as a protest, and ultimately triumphing by means analogous to those at present employed by the Catholic hierarchy on the Continent of Europe. Herr Wurm thinks that the peculiar form of nature-worship expressed in the ritual of Siva was borrowed from the non-Aryan races of India; it may be so, but the affinity to the religion of Babylon is very striking. The chief omission in the work seems to be the want of adequate notice of that remarkable series of religious reformers, followers of Vishnu, described in Mr. Hunter's work on Orissa, who carried liberality so far as to seek to merge the Hindoo and Mohammedan creeds in a common mysticism, and whose spirit is manifest at this day in the peculiar mildness of the worship of Vishnu under the form of Jugernaut, and the fraternal union of all classes at his festival.

Professor Immer's manual of New Testament interpretation‡ is a most satisfactory volume, admirable alike on the score of erudition, lucidity, conciseness, impartiality, and good sense. The author's object is simply to lay down, explain, and illustrate the principles by which the expositor of the New Testament should be guided; which, if not differing in principle from those observed in the interpretation of profane authors, are nevertheless far more complicated in detail from peculiarities of language, the presence of a supernatural element, and the intimate relation to an earlier, non-Hellenic literature. The treatise is divided into sections, respectively referring to the textual, philological, historical, and other branches of the subject; and the clear and judicious rules of interpretation laid down are illustrated by pertinent examples of their application to passages of acknowledged difficulty.

The title of Dr. Lange's "Contributions to the Psychological Element in Theology"§ may induce the reader to expect a more

* *Finnische Geschichte, von den frühesten Zeiten bis auf die Gegenwart.* Von U. Koskinen. Autorisirte Uebersetzung. Leipzig: Drucker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die nordfriesischen Inseln vormals und jetzt. Eine Skizze des Landes und seiner Bewohner.* Von G. Weigelt. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Nutt.

‡ *Wandertage eines Naturforschers.* Von F. Ratzel. Th. I. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Pflanzenleben in Indien. Kulturgeschichtliche Bilder aus Assam.* Von Oscar Flex. Berlin: Nicolai. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Geschichte der indischen Religionen im Umriss dargestellt.* Von Paul Wurm. Basel: Birkbeck. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Hermeneutik des Neuen Testaments.* Herausgegeben von Dr. Immer. Wittenberg: Kolling. London: Nutt.

§ *Zur Psychologie in der Theologie. Abhandlungen und Forträge.* Von J. P. Lange. Heidelberg: Winter. London: Williams & Norgate.

profound and elaborate treatise than he will find. The work is as desultory as is usually the case with a group of essays not originally intended for collective publication, and the success of the treatment is usually in inverse ratio to the importance of the subject. The "nature and development of the Papacy," for example, is hardly a subject to be discussed in sixteen pages; but eighteen pages is very fair measure for "the deaths of the mediæval Popes," and on such comparatively minor themes as this Dr. Lange writes agreeably enough.

An interesting and suggestive little volume, by Philipp Spiller*, propounds what the author seems to consider a new, but what is in fact a very old, philosophy of the universe. Herr Spiller is in effect a materialist, but is not an adherent of the purely mechanical system of materialism chiefly in vogue in the present age of physical research. Some more subtle agency seems to him required to work the machinery by which ordinary physical processes are carried on, and to superintend the evolution of mental force. This he finds in an all-pervading ether, the existence of which, though unrecognizable by our senses, he, in common with most other natural philosophers, considers sufficiently established by the propagation of light, the retardation of the planetary motions, and other well-known phenomena. The theory is worked out with much ingenuity, but the writer never seems to suspect the absolute identity of his ether with the first principle, material in its constitution, and intellectual in its attributes, postulated by the ancient Stoics, who would have thanked him heartily for his scientific confirmation of the conceptions they had attained by *a priori* reasoning.

The Stoic, the Epicurean, and all other forms of materialism down to the time of Kant will be found ably and dispassionately treated in the first volume of Lange's "History of Materialism"†, republished with considerable modifications in a second edition. The most remarkable characteristic of the work on a first view is its extreme impartiality. It would be difficult to assign the author's own relation to the controversy on which he treats. We only gather from an announcement of the forthcoming volumes that his ultimate endeavour will be to indicate a way out of and beyond a philosophy of sensation, but nothing can be more candid, and in many cases more appreciative, than his account of its most eminent representatives. He offers, for example, a cogent vindication of the deified La Mettrie, and justly remarks that in the worst days of the Roman Empire no system had so little influence as the Epicurean. The most interesting chapters of an extremely interesting book are perhaps the analyses of the poem of Lucretius and the materialistic *vade mecum* of La Mettrie, and the sketch of the influence of Arabic philosophy in Europe during the middle ages. The next volume is to be principally devoted to recent discoveries and theories in natural science, and their influence on metaphysical speculation.

The *jus regale*‡ denotes the right of a sovereign, according to mediæval law, to administer to the revenues of bishoprics and royal abbeys during a vacancy, exercising simultaneously the rights of patronage connected with them. Under such circumstances it was manifestly to the sovereign's interest to keep the appointment as long open as possible, and abuses of the privilege led to continual conflicts with the Church. The history of these, as they relate to the history of France, and the investigation of the much disputed question of the origin of the custom itself, form the subject of Dr. Phillips's very readable volume. It appears to us that jurists have given themselves much needless trouble to deduce from principle what originated solely in expediency.

Under the title of "Studies in Archæic Latin," Herr W. Stadenmund§ is to edit a series of essays treating of points connected with the early Latin writers; more particularly, for excellent reasons, Plautus and Terence. The first number contains three essays—one by A. Luchs on metrical questions, another by L. Reinhardt on interpolations and mutilations in the text of Plautus, and a third by E. Becker on some peculiarities of Plautine syntax. Being written in Latin, these essays will be generally intelligible to foreign scholars.

A. Schæffer's|| recension of the sources for Greek history up to the time of Polybius comprises a compendious notice of all historians extant and lost, including in the case of the latter the quotation of ancient testimonies concerning them. The term "historian," receives a liberal interpretation so as to include orators, biographers, chronologists, and in fine all writers whose works contain information respecting public affairs.

Paul and Braune's "Contributions to the Philological and Literary History of Germany"¶ will assume the form of a

periodical publication with essays by various hands. All the Germanic languages will come within the scope of the work; and one of the most important contributions to the first number relates to the chief literary monuments of early English.

We must let Professor Sigwart* speak for himself as to the object of his work on Logic, and define it as the treatment of the subject "from a methodological point of view." He acknowledges his special obligations to Mill, Ueberweg, and Trendelenburg, all of whom have died during the prosecution of his labours.

An unpretending little biography of Goldsmith is compiled with taste and skill.† The writer has restricted his account of Goldsmith's life to such essential particulars as may be fairly expected to possess interest for readers of every country, and has completed the portrait of the man by a judicious selection of well-rendered passages from his writings.

Jacob Falke's "Art in the Dwelling"‡ consists of a series of lectures principally delivered in the South Kensington Museum of Vienna, and corresponds pretty accurately to the same class of æsthetic literature in England. Its object may be defined as the reconciliation, as far as possible, of the modern demand for comfort with the love of beauty predominant in more artistic ages. The inevitable result is an eclectic style of decoration, approximating in sentiment to the Renaissance. Herr Falke is a man of taste and culture.

The text of M. Schalekamp's magnificent publication, *Les quatre derniers siècles*,§, is by a French critic, the illustrations are by a Belgian artist, and the work is published in Holland. We must nevertheless be allowed to ignore the frontier of Holland and Germany on the present occasion, for the sake of rendering justice to the most spirited artistic enterprise ever undertaken by a Dutch publisher, and quite an original conception in some respects. The kernel of the work is to be composed of the fourteen grand designs of M. Madou, representing the changes in manners and the external aspects of society from the commencement of the fifteenth century to the present day, in a series of drawings reproduced in photography by a permanent process. Judging from the two already published, these designs promise to form a series of admirable works, full of movement and animation. The subjects selected for the first number are the portal of a Flemish Mansion of the date 1400 and an Interior of 1460. The accompanying letterpress, describing the modifications which art has undergone during the period embraced by the illustrations, is lively and readable, and paper and print are in the highest degree creditable to the country of the Elzevirs.

* *Logik*. Von Dr. C. Sigwart. Bd. i. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Asher & Co.

† *Oliver Goldsmith. Ein Gesamtbild seines Lebens und seiner Werke*. Von Johannes Kausten. Strassburg: K. Trübner. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *Die Kunst im Hause*. Von Jacob Falke. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Les quatre derniers siècles*. Étude artistique par Henry Havard; illustrée par J. B. Madou. Haarlem: Schalekamp. London: Kolckmann.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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* *Gott im Lichte der Naturwissenschaften. Studien über Gott, Welt, Unsterblichkeit*. Von Philipp Spiller. Berlin: Denicke. London: Asher & Co.

† *Geschichte des Materialismus*. Von F. A. Lange. Zweite verbesserte und vermehrte Auflage. Erstes Buch. Iserlohn: Baedeker. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Das Regalienrecht im Freyreich*. Von Dr. G. J. Phillips. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Studium auf dem Gebiete des archaischen Lateins*. Herausgegeben von W. Stadenmund. Bd. 1. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Abriß der Quellennach der griechischen Geschichte bis auf Polybios*. Von Arnold Schæffer. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Beiträge zur Geschichte der deutschen Sprache und Literatur*. Herausgegeben von H. Paul und W. Braune. Bd. 2. Halle: Niemeyer. London: Asher & Co.

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MR. DISRAELI AT GLASGOW.

THE ceremony of his installation as Lord Rector, and the evening banquet which followed, afforded Mr. DISRAELI an opportunity of making at Glasgow two speeches which had the attraction of some novelty, the charm of personal memories and peculiar thoughts, and the fascination of the highest degree of cultivated ease and epigrammatic polish. It was impossible that the novelist should compose more in the style of his novels, or the politician better represent the vein of his orations. There was scarcely a sentence that was not telling, and it may be added that there was scarcely a thought that was not fanciful. He spoke of the preparation of the young for the combat of life, and, although the sermon was full of interest, it was practically as useful or as useless as the dissertations of *Coningsby* or *Sybil*. He lectured merchants on the dangers and destinies of commerce; and if what he said was true, it was now in the manner, not in the matter, of the lecture. Where he was on firm ground was in those parts of his speeches which gave passages of his own past history, traced the thoughts that had most deeply moved him in his own astonishing career, or appealed to the familiar prejudices or passions of his hearers. It is the business of an orator to embellish his pictures with plenty of local colouring, and Scotchmen may naturally have been delighted with the adroitness with which Mr. DISRAELI managed to make a denunciation of the Commune lead his hearers to take note that the flame of Scotch patriotism burns with equal brightness on the banks of the Clyde and of the Ganges. But it was not a matter of merely Scotch interest to hear the story of the reception given him when he was almost a boy by the Laird of Abbotsford. Sir WALTER SCOTT was kind to the son of the elder DISRAELI, not because such kindness might be a key to posthumous fame, but because it was in his nature to be kind to every one, because he was young enough in his old age to cherish the hopes of the young, and because he had a profound respect for kinds of intellectual excellence alien to his own. It was a happy accident that Mr. DISRAELI could thus, in speaking to a Scotch audience, add from his own recollections one more stone to the pillar of SCOTT's unpretending greatness. Nor could anything have at once awakened the higher political interest of his hearers, and yet complied with the rule prohibiting political discussion, more successfully than Mr. DISRAELI's reference to his long connexion with the Conservative party. That this party has often distrusted, and sometimes wished to be rid of him, was for years a matter of gossip, and perhaps of not ill-founded rumour; until the discovery that his followers were prepared, not only to be educated by him to accept the Reform Bill of 1867, but to look on him as its master, in the paths of subsequent tuition, dispelled the notion that his supremacy could be successfully disputed. Mr. DISRAELI now records that he has always been willing to resign his leadership, but that every manifestation of his willingness to do so has been met with fresh expressions of kindness and indulgence toward him. What, with the generosity of romance, he ascribes to the whole party is incontestably true of a few of its chiefs, and especially of the late Lord DABRY; and it may be said, to the credit of the whole party, that, under the guidance of those in whom they most trusted, they have gradually recognised that in a critical period, and before an adverse public, they wanted something more than the simple wisdom of a good honest Conservative to steer their course.

The two scenes of instruction which Mr. Disraeli com-

municated to the youthful students who had elected him were that they should commune with their own hearts and study the spirit of the age. How, he asked, is a young man to find out what he is fit for, and what he can practically do? He cannot learn this from his tutors; for, except ISOCRATES and the earlier Jesuits, no tutors have been capable of giving an answer to such a question. He cannot learn it at home, for the blind fondness or neglect of parents makes them habitually see swans in their geese, and geese in their swans. He cannot learn it from his companions, for they will admire in him the wrong qualities, and at best their admiration will be too extravagant to be just. What he must do is to try, to fail, and to analyse his failures. Emulating the fashionable poet of the day, he must write poems which no one will read. As a rival of the most practised orators, he must make speeches to which no one will listen; or, striving to tread in the path of a great general, he must order men only to discover that he cannot influence the conduct of a single individual. Then, instead of being disheartened, he must patiently and impartially examine himself, profit by his experience, and resolutely proceed in the direction in which the whisperings of hope or genius prompt him still to think he may succeed. Who does not see that in all this it is RASSELAS who is telling the history of the Prince of Abyssinia? Mr. DISRAELI was not really guiding ordinary Scotch students into the way that would lead them to distinction; he was telling them the tale of his youth and rehearsing a chapter of his Autobiography. He was relating how he had in his early days tried, failed, analysed his failures, and prepared himself for success. The usual boy would learn nothing from the process of such a self-examination even were he not, happily, entirely incapable of it. He would soon get weary of the comedy of looking into the blank of his own mind, and indolence and the sense of duty would rapidly bring him back to the humble task of seeing how he could best take advantage of such opportunities as his parents or friends might be able to assure him. But if we permit ourselves to forget the fictitious Scotch lads whom Mr. DISRAELI was nominally addressing, and look only at the actual career of the speaker himself, the memory of which lay at the bottom of what he said, nothing in it is more deserving of notice than that Mr. DISRAELI has attained a wonderful success in spite, not only of extraordinary obstacles, but of extraordinary failures. He has in his life been not only untried but ridiculous; and, few as there are who can surmount the want of friends and position, there are still fewer who can survive ridicule. Mr. DISRAELI has written poetry and spoken speeches which were in his history what the eagle of Bonlogue was in the history of NAPOLEON III. Among the writers of bad poetry and the speakers of speeches that fall flat, among conspirators capable of landing at a seaport with half-stolen followers and a tame bird, there is one in an innumerable number of thousands who has it in him to lead an English party or govern a Continental nation. This one possibly, imaginable, undiscoverable being was the real hearer whom Mr. DISRAELI addressed. Whether, as a matter of fact, he was present at the Kibble is a mystery as yet lost in the womb of time.

The wise youth who has completed the process of introspection is next called to study the spirit of the age. Having, to use Mr. DISRAELI's daring image, traversed wild tracts and mountain gorges and ridges and ranges, he will stand like a soldier of XENOPHON, with the sea before him, and recognize that, on the boundless ocean of life he is to be guided by the compass with which the knowledge

of this great secret will furnish him. Fortunately even commonplace people, with minds inadequate to improve themselves by ambitious failures, may profit as well as their cleverer rivals by studying the spirit of the age; for if the most vulgar good sense failed to teach the lesson, this study would teach them, it appears, not to adopt professions that are obsolete, or venture their capital in countries where trading is carried on at a loss. For greater minds the spirit or knowledge of the age will do far more. Mr. DISRAELI most goodnaturedly told his Scotch friends what the spirit of the age is, and announced that it is the spirit of equality. In England we have got the right sort of equality; in France there is set up the wrong sort of equality; and Mr. DISRAELI owned that it was not getting very far if an Englishman merely recognized the superiority of English over French institutions. But there is another sort of equality which promises to be soon the spirit of the age in England and elsewhere, and that is the equality of Cosmopolitan Communism. Here the use of understanding the spirit of the age is to learn to combat it. If part of the preparation for combat consists in accurately apprehending the character and designs of the enemy, Mr. DISRAELI did not perhaps do much to help his hearers. Mischievous and absurd in most respects as are the dreams of Communism, it is obviously a false view to regard them as only pointing in the direction of material prosperity. The aims of Communists are futile, and the conditions they demand are impracticable, but nothing would astonish them so much as to hear that, when they have given a man a good bellyful, they propose to let him alone. But if young Scotchmen require to be warned against the attractions of Communism, and if they can be warned as easily against them as against adopting professions from which they will not get a farthing and commercial ventures in which they are sure to lose all they possess, by the simple process of calling the pursuit of obvious reflections the apprehension of the spirit of the age, Mr. DISRAELI has been a kind friend in giving them the recipe. That they really need this recipe is, however, so unlikely that here again we must see an illustration of Mr. DISRAELI's personal history rather than any attempt to tell Scotch students profitable truths. It has been one of the secrets of Mr. DISRAELI's success that he has been able to cheer himself in the task of playing a political part in many respects antipathetic to his tastes and intellectual ambition by his singular power of inventing a romantic mist through which he views humble duties and ordinary aims. Having partly, at least, through accident thrown in his lot with the Conservative party, he has successfully striven to make Conservatism poetical to his mind with a poetry specially his own. He had fancies, prejudices, or beliefs in abundance, which readily served the purpose, and although it is always hard to say where, in what he says or writes, belief ends and irony begins, yet it would be most unjust not to recognize that, on the whole, he naturally discloses, rather than insincerely invents, what he says for the satisfaction of himself and his readers. He has been, as a politician, in a position not unlike that of a person who, having got hold of a picture which he does not admire, and being obliged to have it always in his dining-room, comforts himself by setting it in a magnificent frame; and this ornate discourse at Glasgow about the spirit of the age may be regarded as one more scroll or boss in the gilding.

THE SANTIAGO EXECUTIONS.

THE execution of a large number of prisoners at Santiago in Cuba will probably lead to serious consequences. It is remarkable that a Spanish Prime Minister lately resigned office because he was irrevocably opposed to the infliction of capital punishment. The authorities who have put to death without necessity a large number of their captive enemies are Spaniards who for the most part were born in the mother-country. It seems that there was at one time some exaggeration in the number of the alleged victims; but there can be no doubt that the executions were painfully numerous. No account which has yet been published furnishes sufficient materials for a confident judgment on the legal right of the Colonial Government to treat the crew and passengers of the *Virginian* as rebels. It was already known that in the civil war which has now smouldered for three or four years no quarter was given on either side. The Volunteers not long since perpetrated a

judicial murder of the most barbarous kind on a number of students who were merely accused of desecrating a burial-ground in which a monument had been erected to a Loyalist. The savage cruelty of the Volunteers excited general reprobation, but it gave foreign Powers no ground of interference; nor would they be able to control the violence of the equally merciless insurgents. Indignation which is likely to have practical results has been excited by the execution of a number of English subjects and American citizens. The *Virginian* appears to have been engaged, in some undefined character, in the service of the insurgents. The ship can scarcely have been a privateer, for there is no rebel Government in Cuba to issue letters of marque; nor is it stated that any attempts had been made to search for or capture Spanish vessels. The term "blockade-runner" is inapplicable, because there is no blockade on the coast of Cuba; and, on the whole, it must be supposed that the *Virginian* was employed as a transport and a store ship. Among the passengers on board was a son of the rebel chief; and it is said that the cargo consisted of munitions of war. On previous occasions the *Virginian* had been protected by American naval officers from capture by the Spanish cruisers; and the irritation which ultimately found vent in the executions at Santiago may perhaps have been aggravated by the connivance of the American navy with the rebellion. If the seizure had been effected in Spanish waters, it would have been an ordinary warlike operation; and even on the high seas an enemy's ship would be a lawful prize. The question whether the *Virginian* is entitled to claim American nationality is of the highest importance. The recent precedent of the *Deerhound*, which was voluntarily released by the Spanish Government though the vessel had been engaged in carrying munitions of war for the use of the Carlists, proves that in time of peace a Government has no right in any case to make prize of a foreign ship.

If it should be found that the capture was legally unobjectionable, the cruelty of the colonial authorities may nevertheless furnish reasonable ground for remonstrance. It is true that foreigners have no right to take part in domestic contests; but a Government which is unable during three or four years to suppress a rebellion is morally bound so far to treat the insurgents as belligerents as to give quarter to insurgents. The Englishmen who were put to death appear to have been sailors who were probably tempted by high wages to pursue their occupation in the rebel cruiser without inquiring too curiously into the nature of her employment. They would have had little ground for complaint if they had been detained as prisoners of war, but they could never have conjectured that they incurred the risk of capital punishment. The Americans on board may perhaps have been more directly engaged in hostile operations, but they also were entitled to the ordinary treatment of prisoners of war. The American adventurers who several years ago took part in the enterprise of LOPEZ were executed by the Cuban authorities as soon as they were taken, but they had landed for the purpose of organizing an insurrection, and they had undoubtedly incurred the penalties of treason. The existence of a chronic civil war introduces new elements into the question. Even if it can be shown that no actual violation of the law has been perpetrated, the ruling faction in Cuba cannot be allowed to persist in its blood-thirsty course. In the probable contingency of a legal irregularity in the proceedings, there will be more conclusive reason for interference. There can be little doubt that the Government of Madrid will willingly offer any reparation in its power; but orders for the punishment of the offenders would be disregarded in Cuba, and one of the remonstrating Governments may not improbably prefer an unredressed grievance to any form of satisfaction.

Popular opinion in the United States is, as might be expected, strongly excited; and the Government takes advantage of the opportunity to stimulate the clamour for intervention in Cuba. The naval authorities are fitting out ships, and recruiting to the utmost extent allowed by law; and the organs of the PRESIDENT take credit for his determination to wait for the decision of Congress. As the Constitution prohibits the PRESIDENT from declaring war at his own discretion, his present moderation is scarcely voluntary. On the meeting of Congress in the first week of December the PRESIDENT will disclose his opinions in his Message; and in the meantime his recommendations may be confidently anticipated. A year ago, when there was no apparent occasion for discussing the question, the PRESIDENT urged upon Congress the expediency of profiting by every

opportunity to extend the national territory. His obstinate and perhaps successful persistence in the project of annexing San Domingo proves that he excludes neither tropical countries nor alien races from his ambitious designs. It is fortunate that a short delay is interposed between the transaction of Santiago and the meeting of Congress. The outrage which has been perpetrated, and the probable failure to obtain redress, will furnish a plausible pretext for hostile measures; but prudent American politicians will hesitate before they sanction an enterprise which may lead to unforeseen results. An invasion of Cuba would in the end be almost certainly successful, but it might involve heavy sacrifices of life and money. The numbers of the American standing army are scarcely sufficient for ordinary service in time of peace; and although volunteer regiments may be raised, the proposed conquest of Cuba would not excite the patriotic enthusiasm which filled the Federal ranks during the war with the Southern Confederacy. In spite of all difficulties, the power of the United States is sufficient to ensure the annexation or the independence of Cuba; but the objections which proved fatal to General GRANT's first project of occupying San Domingo will apply far more forcibly to the annexation of Cuba. Neither the white nor the black inhabitants of the island would be a desirable addition to the number of American citizens; and, without a fundamental change in the Constitution, it would be difficult to manage a large dependency with two millions of alien subjects. Any scruple which might be felt as to the dismemberment of the territory of a friendly Republic would probably not be shared by the PRESIDENT; but it is doubtful whether he will obtain a majority in the Senate for the policy which he will probably recommend.

Another alternative, which is more likely to be adopted, would consist in a declaration of the independence of Cuba, and of the abolition of slavery. The dominant faction in Cuba pays no attention to the measures of the Spanish Government or Legislature for the emancipation of the negroes; but with the aid of an American fleet and army, the Creoles would assume a superiority over the white planters; and the negroes, though they are at present neutral, would naturally accept the boon of freedom. The chief difficulties of such a policy would perhaps disclose themselves when the original enterprise was successfully accomplished. The native or immigrant Spaniards govern Cuba because they are more vigorous and more warlike than their adversaries; and they would either leave the island in a body, or they would not submit after the withdrawal of the American troops to the supremacy of the Creoles. If the slaveholders were disinclined to remain in Cuba after emancipation, the residue of the population would be incapable of organizing and maintaining a free Republic. The island would be impoverished by the discontinuance of labour by the negroes; and the inhabitants at the best would not maintain themselves above the level of the South American Republics. CESPEDES or some other adventurer would become Dictator under the title of President, until he was overthrown by a rival of his own class; and the negroes would have no part in political life until they became numerous enough to establish another Hayti in Cuba. At some stage in the downward movement the United States would have again to interfere; and perhaps annexation might become necessary when degeneracy had already made considerable progress. If the Senate is wise, the present quarrel will be hushed up on any terms which may not be inconsistent with the national honour; and the excusable excitement of popular feeling will gradually subside.

FRENCH PROSPECTS.

IF Versailles and the Assembly that meets in it could in any way be got rid of, the prospects of France would be more satisfactory than they have been for a very long time. The elections of Sunday last confirm all that has been said about the steady growth of a genuine political opinion. The voting took place in the very middle of a political crisis. The electors had been warned that the return of a Republican candidate would be tantamount to inviting murder, robbery, and arson to do their worst. The Government, we may be sure, had made full use of all the local strength at its command, and at the last moment the Assembly had thrown its weight into the same scale by voting urgency for a Bill to disqualify officers on active

service from sitting as deputies. Yet, notwithstanding this extraordinary combination of hostile influences, the Republican candidates were returned by large majorities. The manufacturers of Rouen, the ship-owners of Havre, the shopkeepers of Troyes, the peasants of the villages round were all of one mind. Under the circumstances a different result might not have had much significance. The return of Conservative candidates for Aube and the Lower Seine would only have shown that the Republican feeling in the country was not confirmed enough to resist the unusual pressure brought to bear upon it. But that two important and representative departments should have given so certain a sound at a moment of unexampled trial is conclusive evidence of what France really desires.

It is only when we turn to the nominal Legislature of the country that there is real ground for anxiety. There, each fresh manifestation of Republican conviction seems only to harden the heart of the majority. The pretence of representing France has been abandoned, and the Assembly avowedly sets its face against a dissolution because it hates the institutions which a dissolution would certainly establish. In May the majority thought that their purpose would be answered by making Marshal MACMAHON President in the room of M. THIESS. They have now discovered that this expedient has had no effect on the constituencies, and that, if they wish the next Assembly to emulate the virtues of its predecessor, they must get rid of the majority of the electors. Under a free Government this manoeuvre might be difficult to execute; but in Marshal MACMAHON they have the happiness to possess a leader who is willing to rule either on constitutional or on autocratic principles, as best pleases his friends. His deference to their wishes is the more graceful that in the recess they did their best to get rid of him. But Marshal MACMAHON is above any petty irritation. Though he was employed to keep the throne for the Count of CHAMBORD all through the vacation, he is still ready to sit on it himself. He has no objection to being nominated dictator; his only stipulation on that point has been that, if he is to be dictator, he shall be a dictator with plenary powers, and shall enter at once into his inheritance. Such a ruler is exactly suited to meet the various wants of the majority in the Assembly. The Right are favourable to him because he will allow them to scheme for HENRY V. The weak-kneed members of the Left Centre are favourable to him because he will prevent the Left from scheming for a Republic. The Bonapartists are not actively hostile to him because they want time to develop their plans. In short, Marshal MACMAHON has not a single enemy except those who care for the freedom and dignity of France, and in the existing Chamber they are in a hopeless minority. The crowd of intriguers to whom an unkind fortune has committed the affairs of France will now be free to pass what, with the humour natural to successful plotters, they will call Constitutional laws. What the nature of these laws will be it is not difficult to guess. At present the Marshal is absolute ruler over a large part of France by virtue of a state of siege. He is naturally anxious that there should be no invidious distinction between one part of his territory and another; and though there is nothing to prevent the actual master of the army from making a state of siege universal, he modestly prefers to exercise his powers under another title. Bishop TAYLOR somewhere says that a virtuous Christian will rather increase his ordinary devotions than add special devotions. This is precisely Marshal MACMAHON's view of his office. As it is, he can do pretty much what he chooses in an emergency, but he wishes to be able to do what he chooses without an emergency. It is difficult to proclaim a state of siege in a department which has given no other sign of disaffection than a disposition to return an Opposition candidate; and even if it were proclaimed, the general in command might be puzzled how to apply it to voters who took refuge in discreet silence, or still more discreet lying. Only a Constitutional law can meet such a case as this, because only a Constitutional law can provide that no ill-disposed or enthusiastic person shall enjoy the franchise, or that votes given on the wrong side shall count as though they were given on the right side.

It seems likely, therefore, that the really critical moment for France has not yet arrived. Supposing that the electoral law remained unaltered, the vote of Wednesday would be comparatively unimportant. The partial elections would go on in their present course, and by degrees the majority of the Assembly would come to represent with some ap-

proach to accuracy the majority in the country. There would come a time therefore when the Legislature and the Dictator would find themselves in a position of antagonism from which there would be no escape except by the retreat of one or other. In such a dilemma as this the surrender would probably come from Marshal MACMAHON. He would hardly have the resolution to send the Assembly to prison; or, popular as he is with the army, he is not the heir of NAPOLEON I. The Right are not far-sighted politicians, but they have the wits to see that their chances of keeping France under their feet are inextricably associated with the success of a new electoral law; and it is when this comes to be debated on that the Liberal party will find themselves in presence of their greatest danger. It is quite conceivable that by that time some attack will have been made on the inviolability of deputies, and that M. BUFFET will have been armed with the power of ordering into arrest any member who uses language which the majority may think derogatory to their sovereignty. It may be that it is to guard against a possibility of this kind that M. THIERS has maintained unexpected silence throughout his debate on the extension of the President's powers. There may be some reason for not weakening the force of his supreme effort by showing that his arguments are powerless to influence votes, and he may think it prudent to reserve his supreme effort for an occasion on which orators of smaller mark may be less able to speak their mind with impunity. If that effort is made, and fails, if the majority in the Assembly do not shrink from confessing that France must be gagged, as the only means of bringing her into even seeming agreement with the representatives who have betrayed her, the question presented for the decision of the Liberal party will be one of extreme difficulty. That they would consider themselves justified in resisting a law reducing the constituencies to manageable dimensions is more than probable. Such a change would, in fact, be not the less a usurpation because it was effected by constitutional forms. The essence of usurpation is the imposition of a government by armed force, and the adoption of such an electoral law as the Right would wish to pass would exactly answer to this description. So long as this extreme measure is not taken, the triumph of the Republican party is only a matter of time. They have evidently the country with them, and every new election loses its part towards bringing the Assembly into harmony with the country. But if the machinery by which alone his process can be peaceably effected is destroyed, if the majority in the Assembly secure themselves against being displaced by depriving the country of its right to genuine representatives, the conditions of the question will be altogether altered. Those, however, who may be disposed to resort to extreme and exceptional measures will have to consider whether open resistance could be attempted with any chance of success. If the army were prepared to support Marshal MACMAHON, resistance to the majority in the Assembly could, and probably would, be put down with unscrupulous force. Whether a French army will be found to act against the French nation, whether the new Republican convictions will stand the test of imminent civil war, whether generals whose names are associated with incidents in the late war more readily creditable to France than any with which Marshal MACMAHON has been connected, can succeed in rivalling him in the affections of the troops—these are the problems with which M. THIERS and M. GAMBETTA may possibly be confronted in a week or two. For the present their thoughts are probably too much taken up with devising how to keep their followers from moving prematurely to leave them any time to spare for considering whether they can move to any advantage hereafter.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENTS.

THE two appointments which were announced last week will add strength to the Government. Mr. VERNON HARCOURT had been generally regarded as the probable successor to the office of Solicitor-General; but the selection of Dr. LYON PLAYFAIR as Postmaster-General caused a certain amount of surprise, though not of disapproval. Although the retirement of Mr. MONSELL seemed to have become less urgently necessary when Mr. LOWE ceased to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, he has shown good sense and self-respect by resigning his nominal presidency over a department which, by his own admission, he was unable to control. An active and able subordinate had entirely set

aside the authority of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL; and the Treasury had actually corresponded with a Secretary, on the assumption that the Parliamentary chief of the Post Office had subsided into the position of a constitutional sovereign. Mr. MONSELL, who had neither resented the encroachments of Mr. SCUDAMORE nor the contumelious treatment which he received from Mr. LOWE, rightly thought that, after the public exposure of his relations to the Post Office and the Treasury, he would consult his own personal dignity and the public interest by resignation. Mr. MONSELL is popular in the House of Commons, and he will be regretted by the majority of his colleagues; but it happens by a casual coincidence that, while his resignation arises from administrative miscarriages, the causes to which he probably owed his appointment have for the present ceased to operate. Dr. PLAYFAIR has shown in the comparatively humble capacity of an Exhibition Commissioner a faculty of managing details which renders it probable that he may become an efficient administrator; and his general vigour and ability afford a security that he will never allow any office which he may hold to become a sinecure in his hands. Having entered Parliament in middle life, he has in the course of five years acquired in the House of Commons a respectable position as a thoughtful, if not an eloquent, speaker, who always contributes information on subjects which he thinks it convenient to discuss. Scientific culture, though it may be less immediately valuable to a politician or debater than literary accomplishments, adds to the weight of his authority through the well-founded impression that he possesses a reserve of intellectual power. A constituency of far more than average competency which made Dr. PLAYFAIR its first choice when it had acquired the Parliamentary franchise, will be gratified by Mr. GLADSTONE'S recognition of his character and ability. The Conservatives of the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews will certainly not adopt the ungenerous innovation of contesting a seat which has, to the credit of the constituency, been vacated by the acceptance of office.

The appointment of Dr. PLAYFAIR to succeed Mr. MONSELL probably indicates a change in the Irish policy of the Government. When Mr. GLADSTONE formed his Administration, it was thought that the Roman Catholic hierarchy would be conciliated by the promotion of a respectable convert to their faith. It is not known how far Mr. MONSELL enjoyed the confidence of any portion of the episcopal body; but it was generally believed that he was habitually consulted by Mr. GLADSTONE during the preparation of the Irish University Bill. If Mr. MONSELL expressed an opinion that the concessions included in the measure would be accepted with gratitude, he is certainly not to be blamed for failing to anticipate the unwise rejection of a boldly liberal offer. It is highly probable that the majority of the Roman Catholic bishops themselves were unaware of the course which would be adopted until they received instructions from Rome through the representative of the Holy See. After the denunciation of the University Bill by the bishops, it must have become evident to Mr. GLADSTONE that no political advantage could any longer be derived from the presence in the ante-chamber of the Cabinet of a Roman Catholic member who was not trusted by the heads of his Church. When it became expedient on other grounds that Mr. MONSELL should retire from office, there was a certain show of defiance of episcopal dictation in the appointment of a successor who had actively opposed the University Bill on directly opposite grounds to the objections proffered by the Roman Catholic bishops. Of the many sections of the community to which Mr. GLADSTONE'S proposals were distasteful, none were more zealous or more indignant than the Professors of the Scotch Universities, who complained that the Bill was a violation of that which they described as academic freedom. They anticipated that, if the Bill were passed, the new University would in a few years fall under the control of the Roman Catholic bishops; and that it would consequently be administered in the interests of orthodoxy rather than for the promotion of learning and science. Dr. PLAYFAIR fully shared and strongly expressed the opinion of his friends and constituents. It was a proof of spirit and independence to offer active opposition to a measure which the PRIME MINISTER was strongly bent on carrying, and on which he had staked the existence of his Government. It is creditable to Mr. GLADSTONE that he should not have been induced by his disappointment to forget that one of its authors was on other questions one of his most

meritorious supporters. Nevertheless it can hardly be supposed that the appointment of Dr. PLAYFAIR would have been made if all schemes of attempting to effect an understanding with the Irish Roman Catholic bishops had not finally been abandoned. The project of the constitution of a University by Papal licence is perhaps not without reason regarded as the signal of a final rupture.

Mr. HARCOURT, in the exercise of a judgment which was certainly not biased by habits of excessive subserviency to Ministerial dictation, expressed his intention of voting for the University Bill, in a speech which contained much criticism of its principle and details; yet he is well known to be as hostile as Dr. PLAYFAIR to the pretensions of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. In Great Britain Ultramontane doctrines are at present almost as unpopular as in Germany; and it is only by the exercise of statesmanlike calmness that politicians will be likely to remember that an influence, whether useful or pernicious, which is dominant over some millions of the QUEEN'S subjects must be dealt with as one of the conditions of the government of the Empire. There is no reason to suppose that any opinions which Mr. HARCOURT may hold on conflicts of secular and ecclesiastical policy had anything to do with his promotion. Mr. GLADSTONE properly held that his choice ought to be determined by considerations of professional and Parliamentary eminence. He could perhaps scarcely have been blamed if he had remembered the numerous occasions on which Mr. HARCOURT has led malcontent Liberals below the gangway in isolated attacks on the Government; but little is to be hoped from the services of an ally who has not the power of making himself a troublesome critic. In legislation and in debate the SOLICITOR-GENERAL will be able to give valuable assistance to the Government; and even if he at any time dissents from parts of Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy, official discipline will justify and require acquiescence in the decisions of the Cabinet. With the details of Common Law practice Mr. HARCOURT is less familiar than some of his competitors, because he earned his professional rank at the Parliamentary Bar; but when his official duties require his appearance in Westminster Hall, there can be little doubt that he will prove himself a sound lawyer as well as a brilliant advocate. No other member of the Bar in the House of Commons has devoted equally long and systematic study to those doctrines of international law which have lately acquired novel importance. In the very crisis of the American war he commenced his well-known series of letters under the name of "HISTORICUS" with a defence of the strict principles of non-intervention, which were at that time represented in a divided Cabinet by Mr. HARCOURT'S friend and connexion, Sir GEORGE LEWIS. As the subject of controversy changed with the circumstances of the war, and with the increasing exigency of the American Government, Mr. HARCOURT'S letters were characterized by still clearer apprehension of the points of issue, and by the results of constantly extending research. His writings, together with the valuable work of Mr. MOUNTAGUE BERNARD, and with the Geneva Judgment of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, form an exhaustive apology for the conduct of the English Government and nation, and a conclusive proof that the Washington Treaty, with the untoward Arbitration which followed, could be justified only by supposed considerations of political expediency. For some years past Mr. HARCOURT has been engaged, as the first incumbent of the new Professorship at Cambridge, in studying and teaching the general principles of international jurisprudence. While the ATTORNEY-GENERAL will bring to the consideration of such questions an acute intellect well furnished with legal learning, his colleague will possess the special aptitude which arises from familiarity with all historical and legal precedents. The complication of international controversies seems to be constantly increasing. In the last generation wars were rare, and they were conducted by definite belligerents in the midst of recognized neutrals. There are now recognized and unrecognized belligerents, and benevolent or malevolent neutrals, and it becomes more and more difficult in such cases as those of Carthage and Cuba to distinguish patriots from pirates. It is highly desirable that in all such cases the English Government should have the best advice, though, after all, it will in the future, as in the past, be generally vituperated by all parties. On official and Parliamentary grounds, the appointment of Mr. HARCOURT was probably the best that could have been made.

THE COMMITTEE OF FIFTEEN AND THE ASSEMBLY.

THE form in which M. CASIMIR PERIER'S amendment was finally adopted by the Committee of Fifteen differed from the form of which we spoke last week in one material particular. As originally drafted, it extended the powers of the PRESIDENT of the Republic until the close of the next Assembly; as it appeared in M. LABOULAYE'S report, the term prescribed was five years from the meeting of the next Assembly. The change has already ceased to be important, but, had the Bill introduced by the majority of the Committee been adopted, it would have proved a change for the worse. If the Marshal's powers had come to an end with the life of the next Assembly, it would have been in the power of the majority to depose him by hurrying on a dissolution. If he had been President for five years certain, there would have been no security against a succession of conflicts between the Legislature and the Executive. The change was no doubt made to catch the votes of the more timid members of the Left Centre. There are some of them who dread nothing so much as finding themselves under the Republic which they profess to wish to see established, and it is some consolation to them amid their terrors that, whatever the Government of France may be called, it will be administered by a soldier for a fixed term of years. If they must put up with freedom when that term is over, it is still a gain to have something very like a despotism secured to them in the interval. It is difficult to blame the majority of the Committee for making such a concession, because it was probably their last chance of carrying their project in the Assembly, and politicians who have to get a straight vote out of such uncertain politicians as the Conservative wing of the Left Centre must accept much which they would gladly repudiate. It was to this same element in the Left Centre that Marshal MACMAHON'S second Message was addressed. The effect produced by the consent of the majority in the Committee to give him a five years' lease of power had to be done away with. The mere reduction of the term from ten years to five he might have assented to; but the majority of the Committee had made the extension of the PRESIDENT'S powers depend on the passing of the Constitutional laws; and not even to secure five years of Marshal MACMAHON'S rule would his advisers submit to be instrumental in setting up the Republic. The necessary contingent from the Left Centre had, therefore, to be detached somehow; and the fact that the majority of the Committee had thought it necessary to tempt them by a proposal to keep Marshal MACMAHON at the head of affairs for five years may have suggested to the Ministry that the way to win them was to let them know that this proposal would certainly be declined. If, said the Marshal, you give me a power the extent of which is to be determined by laws to be passed by and by, the question professedly decided this week may be reopened next week. It does not suit me to retain office "under reserves and suspensory conditions." My powers must be extended for a given term of years without the law which extends them being made in any way dependent for its constitutional validity on the passing of other laws. If I do not have my way upon this point, I cannot accept the charge the Committee propose to lay upon me.

From the moment that this Message had been read, the result of the division ceased to be doubtful. The thought of Marshal MACMAHON'S resignation was unendurable to a section of the Left Centre on two grounds. They were alarmed for France; they were still more alarmed for themselves. They were alarmed for France because they distrusted M. THIERS'S ability to maintain order. They were still more alarmed for themselves because they distrusted the willingness of their constituents to send them again to Versailles. It is admitted on all hands that, if Marshal MACMAHON were to retire, a dissolution would be unavoidable. There is no one else for whom a majority could be obtained in the existing Assembly, and it would be necessary to get a new Chamber as the first step towards getting a new President. There was some talk of securing wavering votes by a promise on the part of the editors of Republican newspapers to support the re-election of every deputy who voted for the Committee's Bill. But there must be some members of the Left Centre whose estimate of their own deserts is too modest to allow them to believe that such a promise would be kept. At all events they now have the bird in their hand, and

why should they let it go on the chance at most of getting another equally good? Even if they came back to the Assembly after a dissolution, they would come back laden with all manner of inconvenient pledges; whereas their present seat never cost them a promise, except the promise, long since honourably redeemed, to make peace with Germany at any price.

A debate conducted under these conditions might have been languid and uninteresting. But the Republican speakers felt that they were addressing a public larger than that which filled the benches and galleries of the Assembly. Marshal MACMAHON's Message furnished M. JULES SIMON with an excellent text. It is in vain that the Marshal assures the Assembly that he holds office simply to carry out its will. Why, if this be so, is he so anxious to be made independent of it? The difference between the Bill introduced by the majority of the Committee and the Bill introduced by the minority is only this, that the former does not invest the provision extending the PRESIDENT's powers with a "constitutional character" until after the Constitutional laws have been voted, while the latter makes no mention of this restriction. What is understood in France by investing a law with a constitutional character it would be hard to say; but, so far as such a phrase can have any meaning, it must imply that the law extending Marshal MACMAHON's powers for a term of years is more irrevocable, now that it has been voted in the form proposed by the minority of the Committee, than it would have been if it had been voted in the form proposed by the majority. This conclusion follows directly from the Marshal's own words. He refused to retain power if his tenure of it were associated with the passing of the Constitutional laws. What is this but a warning that he does not intend to recognize any future decision of the Assembly, supposing that in his judgment it conflicts with the decision just arrived at? This single sentence is the measure of the Marshal's honesty of purpose. He has dealt fairly with the Assembly in that he has not allowed it to remain ignorant of the interpretation he intends to put upon its vote. He has declared that he will only accept power on condition that his possession of it shall not hereafter be called in question by the authority which conferred it. It is true that the Bill introduced by the minority of the Committee says that the PRESIDENT's powers are to be exercised under the restrictions now existing, until these restrictions have been modified by the Constitutional laws. But who is to ensure that the Marshal, being irrevocably President for seven years, will regard these modifications as binding upon him? There is no sense in making such a point of getting the duration of the power agreed to before the conditions under which it is to be used are agreed to, unless the holder of power foresees that the conditions when imposed may be distasteful to him, and is consequently resolved to be well settled in his seat before the time for manifesting his distaste has come.

M. JULES SIMON had no difficulty in demonstrating that the proposal of the minority of the Committee was a proposal to hand France over to an autocrat who has neither the genius of NAPOLEON I. nor the prestige of HENRY V. But his proofs were wasted on men who had made up their minds to run any risks rather than see themselves sent back to their natural obscurity. By a majority of 66 Marshal MACMAHON has been made dictator of France, and every possible precaution has been taken to give the Constitutional laws the reactionary character which can alone secure the re-election of certain deputies of the Left Centre. It seems a small object for which to throw away liberty, but it is as large a one as either the intellect or the patriotism of the deserters from the Liberal party is able to embrace.

INDEPENDENT LIBERALS.

THE ranks of the independent Liberals in the House of Commons have lately been thinned so rapidly by promotion that the utterances and conduct of those who remain possess more than usual interest. Mr. BOUVIER is in the first rank of the few who are left, and he has lately been affording his constituents at Kilmarnock an opportunity of clearly understanding what an independent Liberal is like. He is an independent Liberal all round, independent of his constituents, independent of his party, and independent of the Government. It must be owned that an independent Liberal is very trying to his constituents. If they put up with him, and return him in spite of his inde-

pendence, they do themselves very great credit, raise the standard of electors and elected, and render the nation a great service. But they would be more than human if they were not always on the verge of quarrelling with him. What makes an independent Liberal of the BOUVIER type so especially aggravating is that he makes things unpleasant when it appears so natural and easy for him to make them pleasant. Instead of offering his friends outbursts of genial enthusiasm, taking refuge in vague panegyrics of the Liberal party, and professing that, though not quite convinced, he sees much that is good and true in the most ridiculous proposals, he tortures them by thrusting on their attention the deliberate judgments of a man who thinks before he speaks, and says exactly what he thinks. The electors of Kilmarnock who met Mr. BOUVIER on Monday night had not the satisfaction of getting him to adopt a single reform of which he did not approve, to hesitate on a single subject on which he had made up his mind, or to refrain from stating a single argument that had determined his opinion. When Home Rule was the subject of discussion, he told his hearers, not that if the Irish wished for it they should have it, but that it would break up the Empire, and was not a thing to be thought of for an instant, although he condescended to human weakness so far as to show, by the way, that it would also bring ruin on Ireland in the long run, and meantime burden it with increased taxation. In speaking of the 25th Clause he disclaimed to consider the sympathies of Scotch Presbyterians with English Nonconformists, and candidly explained that, although he should be glad to mitigate if possible the irritation which the clause has produced, yet he thought the principle on which it was founded quite right, and that he had never heard of any practical proposal to amend it. The Permissive Bill, for which he owned that he knew many of his hearers had a fancy, he summarily dismissed by saying that he was an upholder of civil liberty, of which the Bill would be a direct infraction. When his questioners came nearer home, and asked whether he would support a measure compelling landlords holding land near a "great town like Kilmarnock" to lease building land at moderate rents, he simply replied that he could not sanction any attacks on private property. Perhaps, however, he was still more irritating when he invited his hearers to suspend their judgments on points which discussion, in or out of Parliament, has not yet made ripe for settlement. He took as an instance the issue of the Ashantee war, and said that he was inclined to think that the best thing to do would be to abandon our possessions on the Gold Coast when we had defeated the Ashantees; but that he saw such forcible objections to that course that he must wait till further discussion and a better knowledge of the facts had made him see his way clearer, and he entreated his hearers to do the same. It was bad enough to have a member who had not got a cut-and-dried opinion about everything, and one fortunately in harmony with that prevailing among his constituents; but it was little short of an outrage when he suggested that they themselves should go grinding away at facts, and seeking to see questions on various sides, before they arrived at an opinion on any vexed point of current politics.

But, independently of his general way of thinking and talking, his constituents had a special ground of quarrel with Mr. BOUVIER; and this was that he had voted against his party on the Irish University Bill, and thus helped to turn Mr. GLADSTONE out of office. We may be sure that there was not a single man in the room who approved of the Bill, because we know that there was no one in the kingdom, out of the Cabinet, who approved of the Bill as originally drawn, while the Cabinet offered during the debate to reconstruct the Bill altogether. But as the vote was turned into a strictly party vote, intended to decide whether the Government should go out of office or not, the Kilmarnock electors considered that Mr. BOUVIER ought to have thought more of the fate of Mr. GLADSTONE than of the demerits of the Bill. How far an honest man is at liberty to vote on a critical occasion with his party for a Bill which he thinks radically mischievous is the most difficult problem of political life. There is much to be said in favour of party fidelity, and even obstinacy; and it must be owned that the passionate attachment of the Scotch constituencies to their party is one of the elements of strength which give the Liberal party a compactness in which, in many respects, it is sadly deficient. Nor is it possible to accept Mr. BOUVIER's theory as to the duties of a Ministry, and to hold that no Ministry is entitled to make a question one of confidence, to go

out of office, and then to resume office without reviving the question. It is the peculiar circumstances of each case by which the conduct of a Ministry is to be judged, and Mr. BOUVIER was unable to find any parallel in Parliamentary history to the course taken by Mr. GLADSTONE, merely because the circumstances under which Mr. GLADSTONE had to act were without precedent. Mr. GLADSTONE resigned because he was beaten; he came into office again, much against his own will, because there was no other way of getting the Government of the Crown carried on decently; and he did not revive his Bill because the whole ground of the Bill, as an endeavour to please the Irish, had been cut away by the Irish opposition to it. It was not, however, merely his vote on the Irish Bill that Mr. BOUVIER's constituents objected to. They had taken it into their heads that he was an habitual opponent of the Government, and a malicious local pamphleteer had spread the rumour that Mr. BOUVIER's hostility to the Government sprang from his irritation at being neglected by it. Mr. BOUVIER met this accusation by comparing his conduct with that of Scotch members for adjacent constituencies, and he quoted figures to show that he had not voted against the Government so often as Mr. FINNIS or Mr. CRUM-ELWING or Mr. CRAWFORD. Mr. BOUVIER did not do himself justice. He can reason forcibly and speak with weight and fluency, and therefore when he opposes the Government he damages it, whereas the mild and unnoticed opposition of minor Scotch members does not hurt the Government at all. An independent Liberal member of ability and courage is very often disagreeable to the Government. He has a power which he uses, and which he makes the leaders of his party feel, and no statistics from *Hansard* can dispel the conviction that the Government may often wish Mr. BOUVIER out of the House, while they are perfectly indifferent whether Mr. FINNIS is in it or not.

It is, however, not so much by occasionally forsaking his party that Mr. BOUVIER hurts Ministerial feelings as by the attitude he assumes to Ministers individually. He insists upon not worshipping them. When they are wrong he does not think they are such great men as not to be told they are wrong; and if, as members of the present Cabinet have been in the habit of doing, they reply that men so great cannot be wrong, he criticizes and ridicules them. He especially referred to Mr. LOWE, and said that what irritated him and others who felt with him was not the gross blunders in which Mr. LOWE had been detected, but the serene unconsciousness with which Mr. LOWE ignored these blunders, and always assumed an air as if he were the only human being capable of understanding the questions in the solution of which he had been proved to be grievously mistaken. Mr. BOUVIER openly congratulated himself on having done his best to give Mr. LOWE a check, and was delighted that he had been successful to a great extent, and forced Mr. LOWE out of the office to which Mr. LOWE asserted a sort of super-human claim. The electors of Kilmarnock probably neither know nor care much about these personal struggles in the House of Commons. Mr. BOUVIER may help to make the Cabinet shift about and undergo any number of transmutations without Scotch voters thanking him for his pains or grudging him his little victories. But Parliament receives real help every now and then from Ministers being subjected to such criticism as that which Mr. BOUVIER freely offers, and those who are nearer the scene of action than the inhabitants of Kilmarnock can see that the Government itself has greatly benefited by having its arrogance considerably diminished under the pressure put on it by some of its own supporters. If the electors of Kilmarnock can but pardon what they object to in him, they may be assured that in Mr. BOUVIER they contribute a very valuable member to the House. Of the independent Liberals generally it has often been said, and it may be said quite truly, that, if there were many of them, a strong Government would be almost impossible; and if there were none of them, the House would become much duller, poorer, and weaker than it is. Some constituencies must make a sacrifice of prejudices and feelings if such members are to be returned, and the number of independent Liberals in the House of any distinction is now so small, and is likely to be so small in the next Parliament, that Kilmarnock, if it is wavering as to whether it will make such a sacrifice again, has at least the motive for making it that the sacrifice, if made, is likely to be especially useful.

MR. STEPHEN ON POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

MR. FITZJAMES STEPHEN concluded the second of two lectures on Popular Government, which he lately delivered at Edinburgh, with the expression of a hope that he had rendered himself intelligible. The most adverse critic would never impute to Mr. STEPHEN the defect of failing to make his meaning understood. In political discussion perfect clearness is a quality of substance as well as of style. A chimera, either in a primary or a secondary sense, must always remain unintelligible, because the ideal State described by dreamers such as MAZZINI, or by rhetoricians like CASTELAR, is as inconsistent, and therefore as inconceivable, a monster as the Homeric combination of a lion, a serpent, and a goat. Only a small part of Mr. STEPHEN's lectures is devoted to the suggestion of partial remedies for the numerous drawbacks which he discerns in the existing system of Parliamentary government. He strictly confines himself, not to changes which might be theoretically desirable, but to modifications of the actual practice which might possibly obtain the assent of the country and of Parliament. His principal object is to convince those whom he addresses that Parliamentary government is in some respects defective, although he fully admits that it is in itself, for the present, an ultimate and indisputable fact. His interpretation of the English Constitution as it now exists nearly coincides with the results of Mr. BACON's able analysis; but Mr. STEPHEN further remarks that the Constitution would probably have been less democratic if it had been deliberately framed on a democratic principle. In the United States the President is, during his term of office, in some respects independent of Congress, though his patronage and foreign policy are controlled by the Senate, while his financial proposals require the sanction of the House of Representatives. Nevertheless it is doubtful whether Mr. STEPHEN is right in his opinion that the power of the President and his Ministers is greater than that of an English King and his Cabinet. In both countries the Executive Government would be helpless against popular feeling; and in England, in imaginable circumstances, a favourite Minister might draw on a latent hoard of prerogative which is more ample than the constitutional powers of the President. Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON could neither conclude a treaty nor regulate the policy which was adopted towards the conquered Southern States; and his recommendation that the National Debt should be repudiated was not adopted by Congress, although a similar proposal had been previously approved by a great majority of the House of Representatives. Mr. STEPHEN is, as far as the ordinary conduct of affairs is considered, fully justified in saying that the Royal power, and other forces which were formerly operative, have been paralysed or have shrivelled into fictions; but it is not certain that half the women in England, including nearly the whole of those of the poorest class, are not at this moment persuaded that the country is absolutely governed by the QUEEN. On three occasions at least, within living memory, politicians have proposed or tried a revival of obsolete prerogative; and in one case the attempt has succeeded. Every constitutional lawyer would have known, if he had considered the subject, that the purchase of commissions in the army, which had been practised for several generations with the approval or connivance of the Government, was legally dependent on the continued sanction of the Crown; but until Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CARDWELL abolished the practice by Royal Warrant, no officer and no civilian had supposed that some millions of private property could be summarily confiscated at the discretion of a Minister. It was theoretically possible that the House of Commons might have refused to vote to the officers a shilling of compensation; but the Warrant which forbade the future sale of commissions would have been not less valid because it might have caused the most flagrant injustice. It would be not only possible, but probable, that in a similar case a House of Commons elected after the pattern which is proposed by Mr. TERVELYAN or Sir C. DILKE would refuse compensation to a class of persons which might be regarded as aristocratic. The still more audacious attempt of Lord PALMERSTON and Lord CRANWORTH to revive after an intermission of four hundred years the prerogative of creating life peers was happily defeated by the firmness of the House of Lords. The advantages of the proposal, whatever they may have been, were utterly insignificant in comparison with the danger of a Ministerial usurpation, which was nevertheless not unpopular. At the time of the first Reform

Bill many extreme politicians had urged on Lord GREY's Government the similar scheme of rendering the intervention of Parliament unnecessary by issuing writs to boroughs which were then not represented in the House of Commons. If Lord GREY and his colleagues had been equally unscrupulous with their advisers, they would have been supported by an overwhelming majority of the people in a fatal attack by legal methods on Parliamentary government.

After making allowance for possible and occasional exceptions, there is no reason to dispute Mr. STEPHEN's proposition that "the majority of the House of Commons, governing through a Committee of Ministers absolutely dependent on its favour, is the absolute master of every institution in the country, and of the lives and fortunes of all its inhabitants." Mr. STEPHEN would not deny that extraordinary popularity, such as that of Lord PALMERSTON in 1857, or of Mr. GLADSTONE in 1869, inverts the relations of the Minister with a House which he can dissolve with the certainty that mutinous followers will lose their seats. It is infinitely better that supreme power should rest with a Parliament than with the majority of the population. As Mr. STEPHEN truly says, moral and social checks offer valuable impediments to the abuse of power by a limited Assembly, while they would be almost wholly ineffective against the mob. It is difficult to attach too much historical and political importance to the remarkable fact that, of all modern Legislatures, the English Parliament alone has succeeded in acquiring and retaining sovereign power. When its constitution has become permanently and exclusively democratic, it is at least possible that, through the necessity of the case, but by some unforeseen process, Parliament may cease to be supreme. Men of rank and men of wealth have the invaluable quality of being non-conductors of popular violence and caprice; and even when gentlemen think it expedient to become demagogues and revolutionary reformers, they are almost unconsciously restrained by many invisible ties. When Mr. GLADSTONE expressed his approval of the principle of universal suffrage, he tacitly assumed that the powers which it would confer would be administered by himself or his equals. These are not the questions which Mr. STEPHEN thinks it profitable for his immediate purpose to discuss. He prefers to explain in detail, with perspicuity and force, the defects which seem to him inherent in all large deliberative assemblies. The necessary division into parties undoubtedly aggravates the inconvenience which is otherwise inseparable from legislation by numerous bodies. On the other hand, it provides the only security which can be devised for strict and severe criticism of political or administrative measures; and the cases in which the traditions of party warfare have been suspended illustrate the convenience of the ordinary practice. The absurdities of Mr. GLADSTONE's mission to the Ionian Islands were wholly exempt from Parliamentary examination because he was at that time wavering between the Conservatives who had hoped to purchase his support, and the Liberals who feared to alienate their former ally and recent opponent. The Opposition allowed the Washington Treaty to pass without comment because one of their leading members had been irregularly made a Commissioner. A conflict of competent advocates has been found by experience to be the best possible mode of determining an issue of fact or of law. Each party contributes half the truth, and it is for the judge to combine their proofs and arguments into a whole. A Minister and an Opposition leader perform the functions of the counsel on either side, and, if the tribunal is not impartial, it has at least the materials for judgment before it.

It may be admitted that, as Mr. STEPHEN contends, Parliament is but an awkward machine for constructing Acts of Parliament. He has on many former occasions recommended the appointment of skilled legislators, who should, on their own responsibility, give effect to the decisions which Parliament might form on the principles of measure. His arguments are so vigorously expressed that it would be undesirable to attempt either to reproduce or to compress them. In his Edinburgh lectures he extends his criticisms of the present system and his proposals of improvement to the conduct of the great departments of State. He considers that the permanent Civil Servants ought to occupy a higher and more conspicuous position; and he makes the judicious suggestion that they should occasionally be transferred from one office to another. Sixteen Prime Ministers have, according to his calculation, held office since 1830; but the true number is only nine, as some of them have had more than one term of office. It may be added that

at least three of the number have been by universal consent regarded as the ablest men in the country; and the other six—Lord GREY, Lord MELBOURNE, Lord ABERDEEN, Lord RUSSELL, Lord DERBY, and Mr. DISRAELI—approached to the highest rank, though they may not have attained the pre-eminence of the first three, consisting of Sir ROBERT PEEL, Lord PALMERSTON, and Mr. GLADSTONE. Among many eminent and useful members of the Civil Service, scarcely one would claim equality with any Prime Minister of their time. It seems more useful to treat Mr. STEPHEN's lectures as a text for comments on some of the matters which he discusses than either to adopt or dispute his opinions. One of his remarks may serve as a specimen of his frequent combination of truth with approximate novelty. By far the greater part of the business which comes before Parliament properly lies beyond the domain of party politics. There is nothing Conservative or Liberal about the Ashantee war or the drainage of towns.

SIR E. WATKIN AT EXETER.

SIR E. WATKIN has offered himself, "not without diffidence," as the Liberal candidate at Exeter; and has informed the electors that he appears before them "rather in the character of a man of business than in that of a party politician." Sir EDWARD certainly does not appear to have been very successful in making a clear and definite statement of his political opinions; but they are supposed to be summed up in a general expression of devotion to "the Great Minister" at the head of the Government. Reckoning in his father and grandfather, he calculates that he is identified with a century of political reform, and he also takes credit for the future on account of hisson having been elected a member of the Reform Club. He goes rather further back, however, for imputations on his opponent; for we find him making some very severe remarks on the Conservative candidate in connexion with an old law, which was passed by the barons in the reign of HENRY VII. Sir EDWARD has of course been put to the test by the licensed victuallers and the Permissive Bill people, and has intimated that he is on the whole very much in favour of both parties. His enthusiasm for the objects of the Alliance is only equalled by his respect for the publicans and his affectionate solicitude for their material interests; and he is probably surprised that his impartial desire to do equal justice to both sides has not afforded much satisfaction to either. He has said that he thinks the agitation of the Alliance very injurious to the property of the licensed victuallers, and also to public opinion, inasmuch as it leads people to look to legislation to do for them what they should do for themselves. Yet he sees no inconsistency in doing his best to encourage this mischievous agitation by proposing that the House of Commons should so far give it countenance as to send the Permissive Bill to be reported on by a Select Committee. It is, however, to be a condition of this concession that the Bill shall contain a clause for compensation which shall be satisfactory to all classes of licensed victuallers. It is not perhaps very surprising that both the lecturers and the publicans should alike resent the too obvious imputation of imbecility which is involved in the idea that they were likely to be satisfied by such a ridiculous subterfuge. Sir E. WATKIN professes to desire that the question should be referred to the judgment of the House of Commons, and he also asks that he should be made a member of the assembly which is to pass this judgment; yet at the same time he acknowledges that he is incapable of forming an opinion on the subject.

Sir EDWARD, it may be observed, "as a man of business," does not forget to say that "he never laid hold of a horny hand—and he had shaken hundreds, and he might say thousands, of them since he had been in Exeter—without feeling that he was in the presence of a useful and superior being entitled to honour and happiness." England, he added, was "divided into two classes; men and women who worked and those who did not work, and the latter—of whom, unfortunately, a great many were connected with statesmanship—wished to be maintained at the expense of the country." It was his ambition, he told the working classes, that he might go to Parliament as their representative, "in order that he might elevate the substratum of society, and find them better employment and better homes." Sir E. WATKIN, it seems, had a little misfortune in the course of his political youth. His name has occupied a conspicuous place in the notorious history

of Yarmouth, and the Commissioners who were appointed to inquire into the matter found it necessary to report that he "largely contributed to the corruption of 1859," and "must take his share of the responsibility which belongs to all concerned in the degradation of the constituency in 1865." He assured the Commissioners, as he now assures the electors of Exeter, that he had really no idea of the use that was being made of his money by incautious friends; but the Commissioners replied that they "would be doing injustice to Mr. WATKIN's obvious abilities if they supposed him incapable of reasoning, even in the heat of a contested election." Sir E. WATKIN now proposes to enrich the working classes of Exeter; but we presume that the higher wages and better employment which are held out to them as a reward for returning him to Parliament are intended to be provided at the expense of the State. One of his supporters has described him as a philanthropist by nature; but art has also been called into play, for Sir EDWARD mentions that he is a member of a Political Economy Club at Oxford.

As Sir E. WATKIN has presented himself at Exeter as a man of business, he has no reason to complain that this aspect of his character should be particularly examined. He is indeed a well-known and successful man of business, and his business is that of a railway director. Mr. FORBES, who was anxious to get the people of Dover to send him to Parliament because time hung so heavily on his hands, had only a couple of railways to look after; but Sir E. WATKIN has three. He is the Chairman of the South-Eastern, the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, and the Metropolitan Railway Companies; and he exercises, it may be presumed, directly or indirectly, considerable influence on the general management of the railway system of the country. If he is returned to Parliament he will represent there not only the constituency of Exeter, but three Railway Companies, and the common interests and objects of railway directors. It may perhaps be doubted whether at the present moment these interests and objects are exactly coincident with those of the public at large. The incessant accidents of the last few months are in the recollection of every one. It was hoped that the slaughter of August and September would be abated as the excursion season drew to a close; but the disasters of October were scarcely less numerous and destructive than those of the previous months, and even at the present time scarcely a day passes without its tale of so-called accidents. Sir E. WATKIN pleads that on the lines with which he is personally connected bad accidents are comparatively rare; but when carriages are thrown off the rails by imperfect facing-points, or two trains are sent dashing into each other, the directors are not entitled to take credit to themselves if no lives are lost. It is really only an accident, in the true sense of the word, that the injuries which may be inflicted are not fatal; and in this respect some Companies are more lucky than others. The South-Eastern has always been—as railways go—a well-managed line, and the peculiar nature of the Metropolitan Railway reduces the risk of accidents. We find, however, that in Captain TYLER's Report for 1872, the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway stands sixth in the list of railways on which train accidents occurred in that year; but, in point of fact, it should rank among the foremost offenders, seeing that, taking mileage into account, it had a larger number of accidents than the London and North-Western and the North-Eastern, which were certainly not behindhand in their sorry work. The accidents on this line have doubled since 1871; and this week there was a collision on it in which several people have been seriously injured. It was, of course, only a chance that they were not killed.

We have no intention, however, of discussing the comparative statistics of homicidal competition between different railways. It is more important to look at broad results. Last year 246 accidents on railways formed the subject of inquiry by officers of the Board of Trade, being 75 more than in the previous year, or an increase of 44 per cent.; and this year the increase will probably be greater still. The total number of persons reported to have been killed was 1,145, and the number of injured 3,038; but a considerable proportion of these cases are alleged to have been due to misconduct or want of attention. However that may be, the aggregate figures are certainly under the actual number; first, because accidents to railway servants are often concealed, and also because injuries are sometimes not discovered at the time, and occasionally result in deaths which are not reported. Colonel TYLER repeats the familiar remark that a dangerous

or defective mode of working is frequently carried on for a great length of time without disastrous consequences; and it is apparently in reliance on this chance that railway directors and managers continue to neglect the necessary precautions against accident. Of 238 train accidents, nearly five-eighths of the whole were cases of collision; while 10 per cent. were from passenger trains being wrongly turned into sidings, or otherwise, through facing-points; 9 per cent. were from engines or vehicles meeting with or leaving the rails, in connexion with defects or obstructions in the permanent way; 7 per cent. were from failures of axles or tyres, or from other defects in rolling-stock; and nearly 4 per cent. were on inclines. No amount of human care or foresight will absolutely put a stop to accidents, but it is obvious that the chief causes of accidents are to a great extent under the control of the Companies. For defective construction and maintenance of roads, works, and rolling-stock; for insufficient or defective accommodation for the requirements of traffic; for insufficient establishments, long hours, and inexperienced servants; for insufficient brake-power; for defective arrangement of signals and points; for insufficient or inadequately enforced regulations; for neglect of arrangements to secure intervals between trains; for excessive speed, having regard to engine, road, or other circumstances—the Companies are distinctly responsible; and these are the causes of the majority of accidents. "The above 238 accidents," says Captain TYLER, "were all of a more or less preventable character; the means of prevention were well known, and have often been urged." If the Companies neglect or refuse to take the natural and obvious precautions to ensure the safety of travellers, it must be assumed that they deliberately prefer to introduce unnecessary risks into railway travelling rather than bear the expense of making their lines safe.

These are the circumstances under which Sir E. WATKIN, the Chairman of three Railway Companies, asks to be sent to the House of Commons, in order to add to the strength—already excessive—of the railway interest in that assembly. Experience has shown that the only means of influencing the Companies is by making them amenable to heavy penalties for killing and maiming their passengers; and the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE has acknowledged the necessity of providing the public with more summary and stringent means of redress. Sir E. WATKIN may be trusted to do his best, if he is returned to Parliament, to resist any measure of this kind, and to support the interest with which he is connected in endeavouring to limit and curtail the claims of the victims for compensation.

A WANT OF THE AGE.

THERE is one deficiency in our day, one remarkable want, to which we do not find the public painfully alive, but from which it will surely suffer some time. We mean the want of pre-eminent men—men universally acknowledged as such, at whom all the world would be glad to have a stare, so as to be able to say fifty years hence "I saw him." Who looks at a man now, thinking "I can tell my grandchild I have seen him"? What will the octogenarians of the future have to talk about which shall constitute them links with the historical past? What men do people run after to-day in any walk of greatness or distinction? Who is notorious out of his own set or following? We are not requiring an heroic greatness; the prevailing furore need not be a wise one to answer our demand. We ask for pre-eminence of any kind, the elevation that puts a man at the top of his calling beyond all rivalry, and makes him as such an object of universal interest. Now what captain, orator, or preacher, what author, poet, novelist, painter, what talker, wit, actor, singer, fiddler, dancer, answers to this test, or awakens that thrill of common consent which persuades us without or against reason that what we see, hear, or read is new, unmatched, unprecedented, altogether best of its kind? Of every one of these eminences a past more or less recent furnishes examples to our point. The judgment may have been run away with, the head may have been turned by a wave of enthusiasm; but while men saw or heard, they thought themselves the better, felt themselves to be somebody for assisting at the spectacle. It is but a little while since there were old men who had heard Wesley preach, and the mere fact invested them with a quaint venerableness. There are men still who have seen Nelson and Bonaparte, and derive importance from this visual contact with great men. It is some persons' intellectual distinction to have heard Coleridge talk or lecture. Dr. Routh of Magdalen could remember seeing Dr. Johnson, and a light from the past was reflected on him as he told his impressions. A writer in the *Pall Mall* has lately very naturally valued himself on having breakfasted with an old lady who remembered Robespierre, informing him in a cautious

whisper that he was suspected of being *reactionnaire*. Charles Lamb relates how he was accosted in London streets by an unknown artisan to point out to him Walter Scott passing on the other side. Now what parallels does our generation offer wherewith to store the memory? We do not ask what talker we have like Dr. Johnson, of whom, when he died, it was said he left no one to be called even second to Johnson; or what actor like Garrick, whose death eclipsed the gaiety of nations; but who values himself on sharing conversations such as distinguished Holland House? What modern wit has the wide fame of Sydney Smith? What modern actor will it be a distinction to have seen, like Mrs. Siddons? Who provokes the social circle to laughter, who charms them to smiles and tears, like Theodore Hook extemporizing verses, or Tom Moore singing his own songs? What dilettantism like Horace Walpole's, what eloquence like Burke's or Sheridan's, what humour like Charles Lamb's, what talking like Madame de Staël's, what beauty like the Gunnings, or Madame Récamier? We do not say that none of these have their equals with us, but we ask for celebrities. Such as we have are most of them on the shady side of sixty; the breed seems dying out. We cannot even put forward a fop, or a rogue, or a villain to match past greatness—no Beau Nash, no Beaumont, "the very glass of fashion, whom everybody from the highest to the lowest conspired to spoil, who could decide the fate of a young man just launched into the world, whose dress was the general model, who struck out new ideas, and smiled to see them gradually descend from the highest class to the lowest." To be celebrated demands no doubt a will to celebrate, which does not perhaps prevail in our time; but have we not got out of the way of such homage from a dearth of exactly the right material?

The answer to our sentimental regrets lies perhaps in the fact that science stands foremost now; and science, though it can do many things, cannot create popular celebrities. The scientific discoverer can only get a niche in the popular mind by allowing it to transpire that he deals in the black art, or by the good luck of persecution. Only by these means does he become an object outside his special subject and aims. It was not for finding out that the earth went round the sun, but for being persecuted for saying it, that Galileo was popularly eminent. To shut yourself up in a dissecting-room or in a laboratory is not the way to general notoriety or to the universal memory. People may distinctly remember the first gaslight, the first steam-engine, the first telegram, the first operation under chloroform, without thinking of their inventors or caring to ask their names. Science as it now stands has an ardent, but numerically small, following. Its leaders are not celebrities of the sort we mean; people don't value themselves for having seen them—don't go in crowds to see and hear them; and for the reason that science is an impersonal thing, dissociated from flesh and blood. It does not appeal to feeling and emotion, and therefore does not excite the impressionable part of our nature. People cannot think of a battle without simultaneously recalling who fought it, who won or lost it; but they may be awe-struck by a star shower, or may hear of new-found worlds, without caring to know who calculated or foretold them, when once it is conceded that the supernatural has no share in it. Geographical discoverers we may allow to have a foremost man in the popular sense—Livingstone is a rival to Cook. But the exception proves the rule, for here the personal element comes in.

It must be granted that common fame is capricious and unjust towards merit. It often distinguishes unworthy objects, and sets up very trumpety idols. But the reason, we think, why the absence of celebrities is a real want is that the dawning imagination of our generation seems thereby to miss a very important aliment. To impress a child's fancy there must be a central figure—a hero; and what colossal central figure does any department present just now, if we except "the Claimant," who will leave traces of himself behind him, we do not doubt, in innumerable plots of novels and romances, just as Beau Brummel formed the school of the fashionable novels of forty years ago. "Lord Wellington" was the central figure to the Brontë family, which no doubt told on their notions of manliness—though we detect no family likeness—and imparted something of that vigour which is so rare in woman's writings. The Pretender was still a hero in Scotland during Walter Scott's childhood, and perhaps determined his course of romantic thought. As we look further back still, every department of life and action shows its central figure in a way which we cannot parallel now; nor do we think that posterity reviewing our own particular period will see what we do not see. Our social life does not encourage personages of this kind; people shut themselves up much more than they did. Every tolerably educated youth could get near the celebrities of the last century. Pope at twelve years old saw Dryden, and anybody who liked might stand outside his immediate circle at Will's, hear what he had to say, and even perhaps put in his own word in reply. Addison spent eight hours a day at Button's Coffee House, where he held a sort of court. Reverence for intellect was of a more simple, implicit sort then than now; people were glad to listen and accept. Sir Joshua Reynolds when a boy at an auction had his skill in physiognomy quickened by the sight of Pope. "Mr. Pope! Mr. Pope!" was whispered through the room; all hands were held out to touch him as he passed. The boy eagerly thrust forth his hand under an elbow in the front row, and was allowed to shake the hand that had penned the *Rape of the Lock*. Such encounters are suggestive. To have touched a poet, believing him to be the

greatest poet of his time, is of the nature of an inspiration. A good many persons like Mr. Browning's poetry better than Pope's, but this preference does not give the prominence which attached to the genius of the eighteenth century, which not only lived more in public, but succeeded in impressing itself on the notice and respect of the commonality; a respect (whether sour grapes or not) rather disdained by the choicer spirits of our time. Warburton travelled in stage-coaches, and gave such an impression of his cleverness that he was described by one who had heard him talk as an "old orator whom you may read about in the almanacs," the very ideal of fame. The ladies of our day, solicitous as some are of a prominent place in the world's regard, do not attain to the notoriety once willingly and graciously accorded to exceptional beauty or learning. Mrs. Elizabeth Carter stood out as the representative of all knowledge to her poor neighbours. "It will be dreadful winter," said one, "and a great scarcity of corn; the famous Miss Carter has foretold it"; they also spread it so confidently abroad that she was going to be a member of Parliament, that her sister at a distance wrote to ask her if it was true. Undoubtedly society is far less inclined to constitute celebrities than it was in those simple times, and is much more sensible of its own power to make and unmake reputations. There is a union of the aggregate intelligence against pretenders to particular renown. It treats them after the manner of that Czar who pronounced nobody to be distinguished in Russia "except the man whom I speak to, and him only so long as I speak to him." Critics and arbiters are enemies to popular celebrities.

And yet is there not something in our common human nature which craves for pre-eminence, a deep-seated desire to attach ourselves to something memorable, to some name and fame on which we can pin our insignificance, and so hold on to our age by some imagined connexion? We do not expect to be remembered long on our own account; but it is something to live in the era, to be one of the same generation with a great man whose name we believe the world will not let die, to go down the stream of future time in the same boat with him as his compatriot, as having pronounced his name, prophesied his fame, been familiar with his words and deeds, as having seen him, or perhaps shaken hands with him. There are degrees of oblivion; to have been one of an age of which not one name or one act is remembered, which has left no trace of itself, strikes with a more icy sense of isolation than to have lived when the Zamzummids fought with the children of Anak and lost. A word is all that remains to them, but that word connects ages together. Every one that accords fame helps to establish it. We have "assisted," as the French idiom has it, and something of the acts is reflected back upon ourselves. Reason tells us how vain is the effort and the longing, and how mistaken often our award.

Oh fond attempt to give a deathless lot
To names ignoble born to be forgot.

So when a child, as playful children use,
Has burnt to cinder a stale last year's news,
The flame extinct, he views the roving fire—
There goes my lady, and there goes the squire,
There goes the parson—O illustrious spark!
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk!

Time, no doubt, makes short work with many a hero of his day, but not the less is it rather a dull feature of an age, unsurpassed in wonders of its own, to have no central figures, and to miss—if nothing else—at least a sensation, a thrill of universal consent and exultant approval.

MR. TROLLOPE ON NOVELS.

MR. TROLLOPE has lately delivered an address to some youthful students upon a subject which he has some right to consider as his own. He discoursed upon the morality of novels. Although we have unfortunately a very imperfect report of his observations, we hope that we can understand his general line of argument. It is characteristic and amusing. French critics have found fault with the eternal moralizing of English writers; preaching, they urge, may be a very good thing in its time and place, but it should be confined to the pulpit, or at least kept out of artistic work. Mr. Trollope accepts with perfect simplicity the theory which is thus condemned. Novels, he tells us, are the sermons of the present day; and novelists have more eager and attentive audiences than those who make a profession of preaching. If this theory be true, it perhaps explains why so many novelists are intolerably dull. Mr. Trollope indeed is an honourable exception. Though he preaches, and preaches at considerable length, he preserves himself with surprising skill from the dangers which most easily beset the pulpit. If we do not find his doctrine very exciting, it never sends us to sleep. And we will venture to add that one reason is that the didactic tendency is so skilfully kept in the background that we scarcely suspect its existence. Had not Mr. Trollope asserted that all novelists preach, we should have supposed him to be entirely unconscious that any definite moral could be extracted from his pages. Mr. Trollope, however, proceeded to explain by examples the sense in which he understands the proposition that all novels are sermons; and, in days when we hear so much of the immoral tendency of a good deal of our fictitious literature, it may be well to learn from an eminent master of the art how his colleagues inculcate virtuous precepts. Scott, he tells us, has drawn many

villains; but he never taught anybody to be a villain. Thackeray has dissected the meanness of many men and women, but nobody was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching. Dickens, again, has drawn deep designing usurers and vicious young men; but nobody ever became a usurer or a Lord Frederick Verisopht in consequence of Dickens's teaching. On this ground it is indeed pretty plain that few novelists have taught anything which they ought not to teach. Schiller's *Robbers* was said to have sent some students to the highway; and a similar charge was made against the *Beggar's Opera*. The accusation was probably silly enough in both cases; but at any rate few novelists have ever in plain terms advised their readers to be thieves or murderers. Yet that is hardly sufficient to prove that their writings have a good moral tendency. Nor could we acquit Scott, Thackeray, or Dickens, if anybody was inclined to attack them, on the simple ground that they did not commend the vices which they satirized. We quite agree with Mr. Trollope that nobody would take Lord Frederick Verisopht or Jonas Chuzzlewit or Bill Sykes or Mrs. Gamp for a model on the strength of their portraits. Some people, however, have thought that this mode of preaching was liable to very grave objections. It is merely an expansion of the method adopted in countless religious tracts. The truant from a Sunday-school falls into a stream and is drowned; the fast young man is shot by his companion in a duel. The reader is edified till he finds that many truants escape from drowning and many fast young men from shooting; and then he begins to laugh at the bugbears set up by these well-meaning moralists, and thinks that they have founded their exhortations upon a gross misrepresentation of the facts. There are very good artistic reasons for distributing poetical justice at the end of a novel; but if novels were really sermons, the practice would be highly objectionable. It would amount to saying, Be virtuous and you shall have a coach and six; whereas the purpose of all lofty teaching is to inculcate a love of virtue without regard to personal profit. We in fact justify the practice of novelists in general, and of Mr. Trollope in particular, on the ground that we want to be amused and do not want to have *Æsop's Fables* converted into modern language. That novels should introduce us to a healthy moral atmosphere is highly desirable; that they should force little moral commonplaces down our throats would be as bad in an artistic as in a moral sense.

Let us endeavour to put a rather more rational interpretation upon Mr. Trollope's theory. He may perhaps be interpreted as meaning that from Scott we learn to love manliness, that from Thackeray we learn to despise meanness, and from Dickens to hate cruelty and frivolity. In this there is no doubt some truth. Scott revealed a type of character at once pure and manly, which was an admirable relief from the coarseness and the false sentimentality of the earlier school of English novelists. Thackeray opened many people's eyes to the meanness which results from an artificial state of society; and a large class of readers learnt from Dickens to look with greater tolerance and kindness upon the most helpless classes. So far, their teaching was good, but the fact that a man has taught some good lessons does not prove that his morality is unimpeachable. So much may indeed be said for everybody who is not an unmitigated scoundrel. If Brigham Young has preached some very degrading doctrines, he has also taught the advantages of industry and sobriety, or he would never have attained a commanding position. Before we can pronounce the teaching of Dickens, for example, to be good, we must inquire into the justice of the accusations sometimes made against him; we must ask whether he does not encourage an effeminate sentimentalism, and a conviction that the cure for all human evils is to be found in a plentiful effusion of genial twaddle. If this criticism were well founded, it would not be fairly met by the statement that he disliked usurers and youthful rascals. An obvious retort would be open in that case to the unbelievers. If Dickens never induced anybody to be a debauched youth, we may ask whether the portrait of Verisopht ever saved a young man from debauchery. If so, the task of keeping youthful passions under sound restrictions must be very much easier than is commonly supposed.

The real question, therefore, still remains open, in spite of Mr. Trollope's simple-minded advocacy. There are novels to which we may attribute a certain direct practical influence. Dickens, for example, called attention to the abuses of certain private schools; and Mr. Charles Reade has endeavoured on various occasions to expose the malpractices of various classes of his countrymen. A novel of this kind, whatever its merits in an artistic point of view, is a political pamphlet in disguise. It is a picturesque statement of the existence of certain grievances; and it may be useful, if it attacks a real evil, though a certain unfairness is always inherent in this method of argument. We will not now inquire whether such writing comes within the legitimate scope of the novelist's art, for such novels are still the rare exception, and, as dealing with a special set of concrete facts rather than with general principles, cannot be said to be moral or the reverse. Their tendency must be judged by the merits of each particular case. The wider question which Mr. Trollope has raised must be answered on different principles. In what way do modern novels generally supply the place of sermons? That novel which is neither a pamphlet nor a religious tract may undoubtedly exercise a considerable moral influence by virtue of a very simple principle. In reading a novel you are really putting yourself into close connexion with the novelist; you are for the time looking at the world through his eyes, and imperceptibly you transfer some of his prejudices, and are infected by his general temper. For example, if

has enjoyed Mr. Trollope's novels—and the class includes all who enjoy healthy literature—has the same kind of effect produced upon him which would be produced by personal association with the author. He learns, perhaps, that the world is full of fresh, healthy, pure-minded country girls, and of solid and hard-working persons, whose little foibles make us love them all the better, whilst there is a certain sprinkling of selfish and designing people whom we rather dislike than actively hate. But few readers are so simple as to take Mr. Trollope's statements of fact for granted. They have their own experience of mankind, which naturally impresses them more forcibly than the picture drawn for their amusement at leisure hours. The effect upon them is more subtle than any acceptance of a definite number of statistical propositions. They have been for the time in company with a shrewd, sensible, and kindly human being, and it is their own fault if they are not the better for it. Possibly they have missed a power of abstract speculation, and have not been introduced to an ideal much loftier than their own; but they have enjoyed a thoroughly innocent amusement, and have generally, we may hope, caught the contagion of good sense and good nature. Unluckily there are other novelists besides Mr. Trollope. There are, or there have been, writers with whom it is not good for any one to associate. To be intimate with some people, even for a time and on paper, is to feel as if you had been at a police-court or in the smoking-room of a sporting club. Such intimacies do no good to anybody, and help to spread morbid and distorted views of life. To make any general statement about the good or bad influence of novels, we should therefore have to inquire whether novelists, as a class, are better or worse than the average of their neighbours. To that inquiry it would be difficult to give any summary reply. The novelists of the present day are, for the most part, realists; and altogether renounce the attempt to hold up before us any loftier conceptions of society than those which we may read in every newspaper, and hear in every commonplace conversation. Perhaps it would be safest to say that their influence is, on the whole, neutral; that they do about as much harm as good; and that Mr. Trollope would therefore have been better employed in discovering some criterion by which to distinguish the good from the bad, than in attempting to approve or condemn in one mass influences of so diversified a character.

One question, indeed, remains. It is possible to maintain that this mode of preaching is of an essentially demoralizing kind. Nobody can look upon the stream of fiction which is constantly poured forth upon the public without some doubts as to the intellectual habits which it fosters. Every day brings forth some new aspirant to the pulpit. If we could believe, which indeed would be a rather rash assumption, that they all succeed in obtaining some kind of hearing, we should be awestruck by the revelation of the waste of human energy. It is bad enough that so many people should write such trash, that so many printers should waste so much paper in circulating it, and that so many critics should be doomed to give it at least a cursory glance. It would be still more lamentable if we could believe that a large class of readers derives its chief intellectual sustenance from these monotonous reproductions of old materials. How can standard literature—or, not to use a term which has unfortunately become associated with much that is wearisome, how can the thoughts of men who have really had something to say about the world—receive a due share of attention when swamped and overwhelmed in this torrent of vapid literature? Nobody, of course, would be puritanical enough to deny to hard-worked men and women the right of unbending their minds over innocent, if insipid, literature at odd moments. We cannot all fill up the interstices of our lives with metaphysical or scientific or historical researches. But certainly it is a natural impression that the habit of endless story-telling and endless story-reading is hardly likely to encourage strenuous thought. If not demoralizing in the sense of actually encouraging vice, it is perhaps demoralizing in the sense of softening the intellectual fibre. A man raised upon rice-pudding and water-gruel would not have strong bones and firm muscles; and a mind nourished by modern novels would hardly be fitted for vigorous intellectual labour. In spite of the outcry about sensationalism, the bulk of our novel literature is dull and colourless enough in all conscience. The objection to it is not that it is vicious, but that it is enervating; and when Mr. Trollope was delivering an address to youths who had won prizes in some kind of intellectual competition, he would perhaps have spoken more to the purpose if, instead of proving that Dickens does not teach us to be misers and debauchers, he had shown under what conditions Dickens and other modern writers may be used for purposes of rational relaxation without crushing the loftier imaginative or reasoning faculties under a weight of commonplace moralizing and indolent representations of everyday life.

GENERAL WOLSELEY AND THE ASHANTES.

THE news from Cape Coast Castle is encouraging as far as it goes, but it would of course be unwise to make too much of it. It brings out very clearly the sort of difficulties which the expedition will have to encounter, but it also shows that there is no reason to anticipate that our countrymen will be unable to overcome them. General Wolseley, falling by surprise on a number of villages occupied by hostile tribes in league with the Ashantes, met with only partial resistance, and quickly drove off the natives

and destroyed their settlements. A fortnight afterwards Colonel Festing took the Ashantees themselves by surprise near Dunquah; "two volleys and a rush," the Ashantees were dispersed, and their camp burned. Exploits of this kind cannot be regarded as very wonderful. What has happened is just what might have been expected to happen, and would hardly call for remark, were it not for the strange tone of hopelessness and despondency in which some of our contemporaries invariably speak of this war, and the affectation of gratified surprise with which they have received the news that our forces have actually not been beaten by savages. That it will possibly be a troublesome, disagreeable, and not particularly glorious war, is clear enough to everybody; but there is something positively childish in the pictures which have been drawn of its supposed difficulties and dangers, as if nothing of the kind had ever before been faced in any part of the world. The Ashantee expedition is, after all, a very modest effort compared with the Khivan expedition of the Russians, and English troops have frequently been engaged in much more hazardous enterprises. Cassius complained that the Romans of his day had terrors and sinews like their ancestors but that they were governed by their mothers' spirits, and a similar observation is suggested by a good deal of the criticism on the Ashantee war. Indeed one is almost tempted to think that our grandmothers' spirits must have had something to do with recent articles on the subject in the *Times* and *Pall Mall Gazette*. The peril which white men especially require to guard against in a conflict with an uncivilized enemy is excessive confidence in their own superiority, and contempt for their adversaries; and it is well no doubt that it should not be assumed that the conquest of the Ashantees will be a very simple and easy affair. This is a wholesome frame of mind to cultivate, and it is satisfactory to observe that General Wolseley and the Government appear to be disposed to fall in with it. Arrangements have been made to provide for every possible contingency, and the Ashantees are to be subdued with all the honours of scientific warfare. Oddly enough, however, the very critics who are so anxious to impress upon us the appalling difficulties of the campaign never lose an opportunity of blaming and deriding the Government for the prudent scale of its preparations. Whatever may be thought of the origin of the war, or of the measures which should be taken when it is over, it is obvious at least that it must in the meantime be fought out; and the natural and manly course would surely be to accept it as a piece of work which must be done, and to try to make the best of it, instead of conjuring up imaginary perils and improbable disasters.

Sir G. Wolseley's despatches, together with the letters in the newspapers, particularly those from the Special Correspondent of the *Daily News*, present a very clear view of the operations in which he has been engaged. On arriving in the country he saw that no time was to be lost in making a clearance of the hostile tribes in the neighbourhood of Elmina. They not only kept the Ashantee camp at Mampon supplied with stores and ammunition from the coast, but they were also a constant menace to the English garrison. Officers could not go a mile or two away from Elmina without being insulted and threatened with attack, and on one occasion some of them were fired upon. Moreover, the audacity of these tribes had a bad effect on others who were hesitating which side they should take, and encouraged the idea that the English were afraid of them, or at least of the Ashantees who protected them. It was necessary to remove this impression, but the English commander first summoned before him the chiefs of the tribes around Elmina in order to give them an opportunity of returning to their former allegiance. He learned that the chiefs had sent to the Ashantee camp for instructions, and had been told not to be afraid of the English, as they would be sure not to venture into the bush, and, if they did, the Ashantees would know how to deal with them. A Correspondent of the *Daily News* mentions that their replies were characteristic of their degree of confidence in the inaccessibility of their towns. Amquana sent word that the chief had the smallpox, but would come next day. Essaman cried jeeringly, "Come on." Ampenee cut off the head of a native known to be friendly to the English. Mafero Bakkinen, being a small village on the plain, came in and told the usual amount of lies. General Wolseley accepted these answers as a challenge, and at once resolved to convince the enemy that he was able to do what they said he dared not attempt. Having first spread a report that the English at Cape Coast Castle were about to send a force to Addah in the east, he suddenly, on the night of the 13th of October, took ship westwards for Elmina, with a detachment of the 2nd West India Regiment, and a body of marines; picking up some more troops there, he marched next morning upon Essaman, a village surrounded by thick bush, four or five miles inland, which was held as an important outpost and depot by the Ashantees. The inhabitants met them on the road, but after a short action were driven back, and then dislodged from the village by shells and rockets. The whole place was burnt to the ground. A large quantity of powder was found here, as well as many guns. It was now about ten o'clock in the morning, and soon after noon the column reached Amquana, a village on the coast which had already been deserted, and which was destroyed without resistance. Uasting the main body of the troops here, General Wolseley pushed on with a detachment, first to Akimfoo, and next to Ampenee. These villages were also found to be deserted, and were treated like the rest. While Ampenee was in flames, the troops were fired upon from the neighbouring bush, but the enemy was soon silenced by the fire of the blue-jackets and a few rockets. This was the day's work. Part of the column

went back to Cape Coast Castle with its chief, and the rest to Elmina.

Nearly a fortnight elapsed before another movement was attempted. On the 26th General Wolseley, taking with him 250 blue jackets and marines, started in a northerly direction with a view to cut off the retreat which the Ashantees were supposed to be making towards the Prai. At the same time Colonel Festing moved from the camp at Dunquah, where the native levies had been collected, in order to attack an Ashantee encampment a few miles off. It had been intended that the two parties should co-operate, but as it happened, Colonel Festing, with some six hundred friendly natives and fifty West India soldiers, had alone to bear the brunt of the fighting. He marched stealthily by a tract through the forest, known as the Haunted Road, which is in some way sacred to fetish customs, and is consequently shunned by the Africans. A stray Ashantee was caught, and compelled to act as guide. The camp was soon reached, and the inmates fled without even attempting resistance. The camp was burnt, and everything in it destroyed. So far all was easy; but the return was a different matter. The foe was now safely in the bush, while the English levies were almost in the open, and subjected to a galling fire. It was impossible to remain in such a situation, and Colonel Festing saw nothing for it but to fight his way back to Dunquah, which he did, but not without loss, for he had to contest every inch of road. It was resolved that General Wolseley and Colonel Festing should next morning operate in conjunction in order to hem in the Ashantees who had been dispersed on the previous day; but Colonel Festing's native levies had had enough of it for the present, and refused to stir. And here for the present the story breaks off. General Wolseley has issued a spirited proclamation to the natives, in which he warns them that now or never they must show that they are men, and that he will regard as enemies all who are not active friends. He has also stirred up the women to use their influence on his side; and we have an amusing picture of the women turning out, and "with gentle whips of masses of single threads stuck into bamboo handles, attacking with derisive and contemptuous gestures every man who had not gone out to fight, and who ought to have done so."

From a military point of view these skirmishes are not of much consequence. At Elmina everything was in favour of the troops. The weather was good, the surf not too high for landing, the troops were fresh, and the enemy were completely taken by surprise. It is impossible to say what sort of resistance the enemy might have offered if they had been prepared for the attack; but Colonel Festing's experience near Dunquah is suggestive on this point. On the road to Essaman the track led "through swamp knee-deep, and at times through high bush." General Wolseley also tells us that "the nature of the bush renders all estimate either of the enemy's numbers or losses so conjectural that I prefer to make no attempt to define them"; in other words, that it was impossible to see the enemy in the bush, or to know where they were, except from their fire. The Correspondent of the *Standard* gives a similar account. "The bush," he says, "was so thick on either side that we could not see a foot from the narrow path, so matted were the shrubs, so dense the coating of creepers of all kinds." Describing the first skirmish in the bush the same writer says:—"All this time I had not seen a single native, and had it not been that in the centre of our position lay one Houssa, mortally wounded, with four slugs in his body, and that the doctors were at work taking out slugs which had wounded two or three others, I should have been inclined to imagine that the whole thing had been a false alarm. The enemy was in considerable force, though it was impossible to say how great that force was." It is obvious from these accounts, that the natives, if they were on their guard, and had time to form plans, might take great advantage of the bush; but on the other hand it may be observed that the vegetation affords impartial cover to either side, and that the natives do not seem to be able to hold out very long in their shelter under a brisk musketry fire, especially when it is supplemented by a few shells or rockets.

Any importance which can be attached to these exploits is moral and political rather than military. The Ashantees declared that the white man would not dare to come into the bush as far as Essaman; but now he has dared, and Essaman, Amquana, Akimfoo, and Ampenee have been swept away, and the Ashantees have also been burned out of one of their own camps. Even if this does not produce much effect on the Ashantees themselves, it can hardly fail to suggest reflections to such of their allies as happen to be within reach of the white man's arm. It will confirm the friendly tribes, and bring over the wavering ones, and frighten those which are hostile into keeping very quiet. This at least is what is anticipated, and the anticipation seems reasonable enough. It is said to be scarcely possible to give an adequate idea of the way in which every little bit of the country is divided and subdivided among small tribes, apparently interlaced with one another in an almost inextricable territorial confusion; and petty tribes of this kind naturally huddle together like sheep in a storm, and try to get shelter under the biggest wall they can find. Their fickleness is merely a sense of their own feebleness, and a desire for protection. It was indispensable that the English should establish their authority decisively at least in the neighbourhood of their own forts; but it will probably be more important to persuade the natives of the coast and of the borderland to maintain what Prince Bismarck would call a benevolent neutrality, especially with regard to information, than to join our forces in the field. Sir G. Wolseley does not appear to be disposed to overrate

the benefit of native aid. He has learned, he says, from his recent experience, how little reliance can be placed on even the best native troops in bush-fighting, where it is impossible to keep them under the immediate control of European officers. "The Houssas showed undeniable courage and spirit; but their uncontrollable wildness, the way in which they fired volley after volley in the air, or at imaginary foes in the bush, expending all their ammunition, shows how little use they are for the work we have in hand." He hopes they may improve, but he does not expect to make them a thoroughly disciplined body; and experience of the Houssas at Dunquah is to the same effect. In compliance with his request, the Government has decided to send out two battalions from England at once, and a third will be held in readiness in case it should be required; and it will therefore probably not be necessary to entrust much real military work to the natives.

General Wolseley and his associates have exhibited the qualities which are essential to success in the sort of warfare in which they are engaged. The secrecy and rapidity of their movements, the sudden arrival of the troops, their equally sudden departure, and the promptitude and completeness with which they did their work, must have added very much to the moral effect of the chastisement which has been inflicted on the natives. On the whole, the news just received leaves the general prospects of the campaign pretty much as they were. There never was any reason for melancholy forebodings as to the result of the expedition, nor is there now any reason for assuming that its success is assured.

ARIMINUM.

THE towns of Romagna lie thickly set along one of the main roads of the world, but we fancy that they lie also out of the ordinary tourist range. After a diligent study of Mr. Cook's programmes, we could find no provision for them; Mr. Cook indeed does not give tickets for Ravenna itself. All this is perhaps so much the better for the real traveller; but it is curious as throwing light on the tourist mind. Most of those, we fancy, who make the modern "iter ad Brundisium" have the best possible reasons for getting over the ground as fast as they can; people stop at Bologna because they must stop somewhere, but it does not come into their heads to stop at Pesaro or Fano. A most interesting line of country is therefore left pretty well undisturbed. No part of the world brings more thoroughly home to us one side both of ancient and mediæval history. At no time, save during the short dominion of Ravenna, has the Adriatic coast of Italy (Venice is not Italy) held the same position as the Etruscan, Latin, and Campanian coast. Neither in the days before the establishment of the Roman dominion in the peninsula, nor in the days after that dominion had fallen to pieces, did any of the cities of that side of the peninsula hold the same place as the great cities of the other side. It was withal less purely Italian than some other districts. We must remember how far down the Gaulish occupation reached; that even in Cæsar's day Ravenna, like Lucca on the other side, was still within his Gaulish province, and that, in the third century before Christ, the Sena on the Adriatic coast still deserved the epithet of *Gallica*, which it has kept in its corrupted form of Sinigaglia. Greek colonists too were believed to have settled on this coast in early times; various legends were told of the origin of Ravenna, as of Spina, and Ancona has not yet forgotten the days when it claimed to be the Dorian Ankon. But none of these real or pretended Greek settlements ever reached anything like the greatness of the famous Greek cities of the South of Italy. In later times too the cities which played a great part in mediæval history lie either further to the North, in the old Gaulish land, like Milan and her Lombard sisters, or else, like Genoa, Pisa, and Florence, to say nothing of Rome herself, they lie on the Western side of the Apennines. It is by a kind of irony of fortune that the Roman name was doomed to cleave in an especial way to this comparatively obscure district of Italy, and that it should owe its name of Romagna, not to any special connexion with the Old Rome, but to its being the dwelling-place of the Exarchs who represented in Italy the majesty of the New. Yet it is perhaps in some measure owing to this very lack of cities of great and historic fame that the upper coast of the Adriatic has been enabled to show forth the characteristics of Italian history in an almost exaggerated form. The passenger by the railway which has become one of the great roads of Europe has his car greeted at almost every station by the names of towns which, if they never ranked alongside of Milan and Florence and Genoa, still had each one its history, each one its revolutions, each one its short-lived commonwealth and its often short-lived tyranny. Nowhere is that state of things more forcibly brought home to us in which it was the first principle of political life that every town, whether commonwealth or principality, should form an independent State, enjoying the same attributes of sovereignty as those great cities which might rank as the peers of kingdoms. Among these towns one stands out as having somewhat more pretension to have played a part in the general history of the world than most of its fellows. The name of Rimini will to most minds first suggest the most pathetic passage in the whole range of the *Inferno* of Dante; but, whether as classic Ariminum or as mediæval Rimini, the city has higher historic claims to notice than to have been the birth-place of the erring Francesca. The first strictly Italian city where Cæsar appeared in arms after crossing the borders of his own province, the

city which was the scene of the Council after which the world was said to have mourned and wondered to find itself Arian, certainly stands out in historic importance above its neighbours. Its later tyrants, too, of the House of Malatesta bear a more famous name than most of their neighbours, whom we chiefly remember, if we remember them at all, as falling into the common gulf of ecclesiastical dominion, either in the days of the Borgia or in the earlier days when Robert of Geneva, the future anti-Pope, wrought the great slaughter of Cesena. In the Forum of Ariminum we may see the stone which marks the spot where, according to local belief, Cæsar addressed his soldiers; but the inscription speaks of the oration as having been made "*superato Rubicone*"—a phrase which savours rather of the rhetoric of Lucan than of the simple narrative of the great rebel himself, who did not think the crossing of the border streamlet worth recording. The momentary triumph of Arianism at Ariminum has left its memory in the name of the neighbouring La Cattolica, a spot which legend points out as the place of dwelling or shelter of the Orthodox minority in the famous Synod. In the general course of events there may seem to be a certain kind of propriety in the formal promulgation of the heretical faith in this particular district, as a kind of foreshadowing of the coming rule of the Arian Goth in not far distant Ravenna. As for the tyrants, one at least among them has taken care that neither himself nor his wife shall be forgotten by any visitor to Rimini. Sigismund and Isotta appear on church and fortress as the chief later adorners of the city; and in the nomenclature of the modern streets, while the Dictator himself claims the great square of the ancient Forum, other and lowlier portions of the city bear the names of the most famous of the House of Malatesta.

If it be true that the voices of the sea and of the mountains are two voices which call men to freedom, Rimini ought never to have fallen under the power of tyrants. The Adriatic has gone back from Rimini as it has gone back from Ravenna, but it has not left the city so utterly stranded. It still keeps up somewhat of a seafaring character, both in the form of a haven, and in the more modern form of a watering-place. But both port and watering-place lie beyond the walls, both of the ancient and the mediæval city; the city itself, like Chester, has at some points spread beyond the walls, and at others shrunk up within them. As we enter from the sea, from the port, or from the station, a wall crosses the modern street, while at other points, as at Rome and Soest, large tracts of cultivated ground are found within the walls even of the sixteenth century. And while there is the sea on one side, there are the mountains on the other. Some of the noblest peaks of the Apennines rise in the distant view; and almost every child in the street is ready to point out to the passers-by the site of the Commonwealth of San Marino, the last surviving Italian commonwealth, the sharer in the ancient freedom of Andorra and of Uri. It is something to look out on this abiding stronghold of freedom, whether it be from the bridge of Tiberius, from the castle of the Malatesta, or from the walls of Pope Paul the Fifth. If we add to these the arch of Augustus and the church of St. Francis, the later *duomo*, we shall have gone through the list of the chief antiquities of Rimini; a list scanty certainly as compared with the wealth of many other Italian cities, but which, it will be seen, is spread over nearly the whole range of Italian history. Where there is a gap at Rimini, it is the same gap which we see at Rome itself, the gap which at Verona is so nobly filled by St. Zeno, and at Venice by St. Mark's and the range of Romanesque palaces by the Grand Canal. We leap from the days of the Cæsars—in this case from the Julian House itself—to works of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The two works of the early Imperial age which remain at Rimini are both striking in their grand simplicity. The bridge is specially so; in a structure of that kind there was hardly any scope for the ever-recurring fault of Roman architecture, the masking of a body built according to the native Italian arched construction with a veil borrowed from the entablature system of the Greeks. The stream is spanned by bold and simple arches of the best Roman masonry, with but little attempt at ornament. The general preservation is wonderful, though more than one of the arches has been partly patched, if not set up afresh. And to more than one of the piers it has been thought needful at some later time to add buttresses of brickwork, to which a mediæval architect might perhaps point with some triumph as a sign that his system of construction was after all better than that of the ancient engineers. The inscription on the bridge is not quite perfect; but it is striking, when crossing a thickly crowded thoroughfare between two parts of a modern city, to light on letters still plainly commemorating the names and offices of Augustus and his stepson. In Rome itself we soon cease to be startled as we stumble on fragments of this kind at every step. Their presence, or rather their abundance, is in truth what makes Rome Rome. But elsewhere, even in Italy, every fragment has a distinct being, and makes a distinct impression of its own. From the bridge we follow the main street of the town, passing through the square which bears the name of Cæsar, and at the further end of Rimini, hard by one of the gates of the Papal fortifications, we pass under the arch of Augustus. Spanning the street as it now does, it needs a slight effort to keep in mind that it is not the gate of the city, but simply a commemorative arch, which, like all others of the class, was in its original object simply commemorative, which served no practical purpose, and never fulfilled the purpose of a gateway by being furnished with a gate. Later ages, however, turned the arch of Rimini, as they turned the arches of Rome, to their own purposes, and a mass of brickwork on each side and above the arch, crowned

with a double row of the so-called Scala battlement, shows that the arch raised in the seventh consulship of Augustus to commemorate no warlike triumph, but the peaceful work of mending the roads, was found convenient for the purposes of a fortress. We will mark in passing that this is part of the history of the building and of the city, and we trust that no reformer or restorer will ever wipe out this small page in Italian history by pulling down the mediæval crest of the Roman arch. The arch itself, as we have said, is wide, and spans the street, and the arch itself takes up nearly the whole width of the building, leaving room only for a single Corinthian column on each side. It has therefore little in common in point of effect with its neighbour at Ancona; but it has still less likeness to such massive structures as the later arches of Severus and Constantine. It exhibits the usual faults of Roman architecture in columns which support nothing except the projecting bits of entablature upon them, and in a sham pediment which not only ends no real roof, but does not even pretend to rest upon the columns. Above this pediment is the inscription which records the date and object of the monument. These confusions of the constructive and decorative system must be taken for granted in every Roman building, till in the days of Diocletian men learned that the Roman arch answered to the Greek entablature, and that the column, used first as a support for the entablature, was equally fitted to become the support of the arch. Still the arch of Rimini is a simple, stately, and noble structure, all the better for standing out boldly in the simple dignity of its main architectural features, the arch itself and its attendant column, and not being overloaded with sculpture or with exaggerated detail of any kind.

The visitor who reaches the arch can hardly fail to turn one way or the other along the fortifications of Pope Paul. On the side nearest the sea a hand set up by authority of the Senate of Ariminum points to the spot where he is to see the remains of an amphitheatre within the Papal walls; but doubtless, as we believe is the case everywhere but in Rome itself, outside the gates of the ancient city. We will not dispute a fact stated on such authority, but we will only say that, to make out the extent, or even the position, of the Amphitheatre of Ariminum must be the work of some one to whom Jupiter or Mars, or whoever presides over such buildings, has given a keener sight than we can pretend to. The fortifications of Pope Paul are well preserved through a great part of their extent; they jut in and out so as to form a most irregular outline; and, reaching in many parts far beyond the extent of the modern town, they form a walk commanding fine points of view both towards the mountains and towards the sea. The huge brick castle of Sigismund Malatesta looks mountainwards; the great church which owes its present form to him bears locally the name of the Temple of the Malatesta. Its date is 1450, a few years before the building of the castle. It is remarkable as a case in which infinite pains have been taken to turn a church of the Italian Gothic, with windows better deserving the name of Gothic than most which are to be found in Italy, into a building of the Renaissance. The effect is strange, but it is striking in its way; the initials of Sigismund and Isotta appear everywhere, so does the Malatesta badge of the elephant, and the huge earth-shaking beast is everywhere shown of the African species, with the vast ears, an abiding remembrance, it may be, of the Gæstulian beast of Hannibal. The other churches of Rimini are of no great moment, and there is nothing very striking in its domestic architecture, though, as in every Italian city except Rome, graceful fragments are here and there scattered up and down its streets. Altogether, while neither in its history nor its architecture can Rimini at all claim to be a city of the first rank, it is a spot well worth turning aside to visit, and one, it may not be out of place to add, where better quarters may be had, and at lower cost, than in some cities of greater fame.

THE BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL OF THOUGHT.

EVERY one is familiar with the heavy and consequential bore of private life who secures for himself a certain influence in the management of affairs by a noisy self-assertion which he calls force of character. All bores are, in their way, rulers of men; but there are bores whose yoke is borne with patient submission, and there are bores whose yoke galls beyond endurance, and provokes a sullen resentment which only does not break out into active retaliation because nothing of the kind would be of the least use. The bore of the Ancient Mariner type pours into your ear in a monotonous flood the story of some interminable grievance, and you listen to him with feelings such as are excited by a bluebottle caught in a cobweb at church. He will go on for ever; but within some definite time you will get out of hearing of him, and meanwhile he is not actively irritating. He is an affliction to a certain extent; but not to the same extent, nor even of the same kind, as the man who gets on in life, and advances his position by a steady application of Thackeray's cynical rule, "If your neighbour's foot is in your way, stamp on it. Do you think he will not take it out of your way then?" In domestic and social life there is usually some escape from this tyrant. He cannot sit down at a dinner-table without being invited, and he cannot follow you into the recesses of your study, or invade your wife's drawing-room, unless you choose. In associated or corporate action there is no such escape, and in Committees or on Boards, in Vestries, Petty Sessions, and the like he is in his element, rides rough-

shod over wiser and better men who have the misfortune to be modest and quiet, and carries things with a high hand in his own way.

Individual character is apt to be represented on a larger scale in the life of towns and societies, and a domestic or social nuisance may have its type on a wider field, as Plato puts it, in national or international affairs. The self-constituted dictator of the hearth-rug or the board-room is the political blusterer of the platform and the deputation, who speaks "in the name of the vast and important commercial interest which has its headquarters in our midst," or the pompous diplomatist of the Congress who represents a power bounded only by limits unknown to terrestrial geography. A community of this type, like its representative in private life, will usually be very big, very prosperous, somewhat new, and not very highly educated. The consequential bore who stamps his opinions into his neighbourhood with his boot-heel is generally a rich man. He, or his immediate ancestry at least, is probably self-made, and he compares himself, not to his own disadvantage, with the common run of men who are simply as God made them. Accordingly he is not without energy, nor was his father before him. He is not by any means a fool. In his own line he has a right to attention and respect. Only he will not keep within his own line. He has most likely in the course of his life had a grievance to be redressed and an uphill fight to win, which he has carried through, or which the course of events has carried through for him, to a triumphant issue. From the local eminence which he has thus attained it becomes his whole duty to crow for the remainder of his life, and he considers it the whole duty of all the rest of mankind to listen to him.

From the days when—to go no further back—Mr. Thomas Attwood is said to have made an offer to Lord Grey to march up to Birmingham from London with two hundred thousand men at his back, in order to compel the House of Lords to pass the Reform Bill, the busy metropolis of the midland counties has assumed to itself much such a position in the political world as we have described. It is simply as an interesting phenomenon in public affairs that we direct attention to the fact. There is no more possibility that in the sphere of political thought Birmingham will ever condescend to come down from its smoky throne, and to place itself on the level of ordinary humanity, than that it will descend from its physical heights to rest in the lowly valley of the Severn or of the Trent. The Birmingham man of centuries to come, as he takes his business correspondent home to luncheon at his West-end villa at Edgbaston, will still complacently point to his door-scraper with the remark, "This, Sir, is on a level with the top of the cross on St. Paul's." There is no doubt that Birmingham is very big. Its population is at least as great as that of the Tower Hamlets, now that Bethnal Green has been subtracted from that constituency. Nor is there any question as to the energy and enterprise or the prosperity of the town. Even Chicago itself has not as yet risen on its pedestal of pigs and timber to so conspicuous a rank in the commercial world as that which the "toy-trade" of Birmingham, with its later outgrowths, has conferred on the Warwickshire borough. Whether an assemblage of three hundred thousand or so of manufacturers and mechanics may stand any higher in inches on the central table-land of England than a similar crowd on the banks of the Thames may perhaps be a matter known to recruiting-sergeants. Generally it may be taken for granted that a crowd, however big, is not anywhere more than six feet high. It is therefore a curious psychological problem to ascertain by what authority and on what grounds a right is claimed for Birmingham ideas on politics, education, religion, and other matters not exclusively connected with the hardware trade, to dominate national thought. The claim itself is conspicuous to every one who has watched the course of events during the present generation from a point within the Birmingham horizon; and it can easily be recognized at any time by the most casual glance at the local papers. A Birmingham audience must be addressed cap in hand and "lounging low." Even so distinguished a public man as Mr. Bright is obliged to remember that, like the Athenian democracy, Birmingham expects every orator to approach its stately presence with a respectful and finely-tuned compliment. To hint so much as a faint doubt of its majestic omniscience lets loose a torrent of indignant contempt, even if nothing worse comes of it. Where lies the secret of this awful dignity, to which no parallel can be found in Liverpool or Manchester, in Leeds or Bristol? Birmingham is, as we have remarked, very big. It was very big more than forty years ago, when it had a proportionately big grievance in being unrepresented. It lifted up its voice, just as other big places with similar grievances did, much in the same way, only a little more loudly perhaps than the rest. Its voice was manly and sensible in the main, though it talked nonsense at times, as in the case of the President of its Political Union, who might have found the discipline and commissariat of his marching regiments rather an obstacle to his plans. But Birmingham gained its members, and on the score of its old grievance the nation is quits with it. It has not been behindhand in progress. It built a very big Town Hall, when other big places had not begun to build big town halls. It was fully in its rights. If it liked to hear itself talk, it was a very proper thing to build a place to talk in. Then it put a very big organ in the Town Hall; for Birmingham had set up a music meeting long before on its own account, when no other manufacturing centre had done anything of the kind, and the meeting had deservedly outgrown the capacity of St. Philip's Church. But while we must give due honour to the modern

Orpheus, we can scarcely admit his right, on the strength of his music alone, to lead all mankind by the nose wherever it may please him to take them. We must look deeper for the credentials of Birmingham sovereignty than this. In the domain of art the town has long enjoyed a distinction peculiarly its own. Its very name has become a descriptive adjective of distinct and well-known meaning, following indeed in pronunciation the local use, which suggests to some critics that "Birmingham" is a corruption of the true name of a place lying between East and West Bromwich, and originally known as Bromwich-ham. It has been our own good fortune to inspect very closely a collection of specimens of Birmingham art of a date some seventy years since, described as having been produced "for use among the Indians." They were marvellously inexpensive; and, being such ingenious imitations of the spade guineas and half-guineas then current that many Englishmen might have failed to detect the difference, they must have been of very great "use to the Indians" indeed. In fact, the art which could supply coinage for "use" and idols for devotion, indifferently to the heathen world has deserved to be immortalized by a name of its own; and possibly it is on the strength of the Birmingham guineas of one period and the Birmingham idols of another having been found productive of such lasting benefits to the human race that Birmingham political theories and Birmingham educational crotchets are so confidently offered in our own day for universal and reverential acceptance.

At any rate, those who go to Birmingham must do as Birmingham does, and think as Birmingham thinks; or they must take the consequences. It is on record that upon the occasion of some check in the progress of the first Reform Bill, it seemed good to the Political Unionists of the town to mark their displeasure at the event by hoisting a black flag on one of the church steeples. The curate in charge, observing the decoration, and conceiving perhaps that it hardly came within the scope of the "ornaments" rubric, ventured mildly to remonstrate. Birmingham, as the most convincing way of showing that in this case, as always, it was in the right, hustled the curate, knocked him down, and broke his arm. After that, he became no doubt very tolerant in the matter of black flags. It appears from the local papers that in the course of the late School Board election proceedings a clergyman of the town has given a similar, or perhaps even stronger, cause of offence. He has ventured to doubt the infallibility of Birmingham theorists in matters of education, and he has been promptly taken in hand by them for reformation of life and manners; although happily, up to the latest advices, he had not required the care of the surgeons. He had ventured to express some jocular alarm lest "blazing principles" lighted up in the big Town Hall should result in the "gutting" of that crowning triumph of midland architecture, organ and all. The speaker forgot that he was in Birmingham. The whole force of the "Liberal Eight" was upon him in a moment, and his innocent rhetoric re-appeared everywhere on their platforms, in the form of a prophecy that the day of the Liberal victory in the School Board contest would see the Town Hall "guttled" by the fires of Communism. It would have seemed anywhere else perfectly needless to disclaim an interpretation of his words so obviously absurd, but Mr. Lea has actually been at the trouble of doing so, with no better result than to bring forth the grand reply of a genuine Birmingham logician, "We also have read French history." The incident is only worth quoting as a specimen of the shallowness and intolerance which mark any attempt to dispute the dicta of the typical Birmingham agitator. He is a very windy personage; but he and his like have managed to get themselves taken as representatives of opinion for a large manufacturing population, and there is no doubt that the claim has been widely accepted both in the press and by the public.

One comfort remains. Noisy and obtrusive as Birmingham is in its capacity of consequential political bore, it might have been a good deal worse. In the early days of the railway system the town became, and seemed likely to remain, the centre of communication in England, the very axle of the wheel of commerce. To what heights of unapproachable infallibility its inhabitants might by this time have arrived had this position been maintained, we will not attempt to conjecture. A grateful posterity in the midland counties and throughout England generally will have reason to record among the occasions on which the late Sir Robert Peel eminently deserved well of his country the day when he turned the first sod of the Trent Valley Railway, and shunted Birmingham into a siding.

THE PECULIAR PEOPLE.

SOME months ago we took occasion to comment on a suggestion emanating from a highly Liberal and cultivated quarter, which to persons of less finished culture seemed to stand in rather awkward relations to the sixth Commandment. This latest outcome of the religion of sweetness and light received from its literary godfathers the musical name of "Euthanasia," but was stigmatized by the coarser criticism of a bigoted and unappreciative public with the ugly appellation of murder. Its advocates did not indeed deny that killing was involved in their recommendation, for their special aim was to explain by what means, and under what circumstances their victims could be conveniently disposed of; but they argued that there are cases where killing is no murder, and that this was one of them. The Spartans used to expose deformed children in the interests of the

State, and the apostles of modern culture would get rid of incurable patients both for the public convenience and their own. The formality of asking the invalid's consent before the fatal dose was administered might be observed, at least for the present, in condescension to vulgar prejudices, and the presence of the parson and the doctor might be required at the closing ceremony. But if nature did not yield with sufficient promptitude to the pressure of disease, there could be no use in prolonging an existence which had become a burden to the living, and whose extinction would be a benefit to the dying. That this short and easy method of dealing with sickness was open, at best, to the most obvious and inevitable abuse in practice we ventured to point out at the time, while it was enough to hint at the still more fundamental objections on moral and religious grounds which its advocates did not so much answer as ignore. Some sort of Pagan precedent they might be able to plead, though the greatest of heathen philosophers had condemned their theory as opposed to the first principles of Theism; but to Christian authority they did not even profess to appeal. It was, in fact, against a popular Christian superstition that this new code of philanthropy was expressly directed. The religion of culture, if it claims to be a phase of Christianity, is at least a very Broad Church phase of it, and is apt to curse the people which knoweth not anything better than the law and the prophets. There is no lack of self-assertion in the preachers of the gospel of Euthanasia; but they scarcely care to assert its identity with the Gospel of St. John. But the old proverb that extremes meet is constantly being verified by some fresh experience, and the doctrine of the latest apostles of modern enlightenment is curiously confirmed by the fanatics of a sect which aspires to the most literal fulfilment of the letter of Scripture. The Peculiar People do not, indeed, curtail the sufferings of their dying relatives by stifling or poisoning, and so far they fall short of the new programme of Euthanasia; but then their method of procedure, if less drastic, is quite as effective, and it is by no means reserved for cases of apparently incurable illness. Death by starvation is quite as sure as death by fire or sword, and in numberless cases of sickness the refusal of medicine is practically equivalent to the refusal of food. An event which occurred the other day at Plaistow in Essex, and which has suggested these observations, serves to illustrate the point.

There exists in that favoured county a small sect of religionists who have carried the Protestant principle of private judgment to the rather suicidal extent of absolutely surrendering all exercise of their own judgment on matters where they suppose the letter of Scripture to be explicit. On what particular texts their treatment of the various ills which flesh is heir to, whether in infancy or in mature age, is based we are not informed. A literal interpretation of the command to take no thought for the morrow would prove more than they seem prepared to accept, and where the precise line is to be drawn between a lawful supply of bodily wants and an unlawful remedy of bodily ailments does not clearly appear. There is a censure pronounced no doubt on a King of Judah who sought the physicians instead of seeking the Lord in his sickness; but the context of the history has generally been understood to imply that his fault lay rather in what he left undone than in what he did. Be the reason, however, what it may, the Peculiar People consider the medical art, like the black art, a wicked and diabolical invention, entirely repugnant to the word of God, and forbidden to the faithful under all circumstances. One remedy and one alone is to be used in sickness, and that is—tell it not at Exeter Hall and proclaim it not to the *Record*—the administration of extreme unction by the elders of the sect. And here we may pause to note in passing that this casual deflection into Popery is very much like the revival of one of the least pleasing peculiarities of a mediæval sect which Rome stamped out with a vigour that the Essex magistrates would probably scruple to emulate. Dr. Maitland has shown that the Albigenes, among other anti-social practices, used to administer to the sick a sacrament of "heretication," after which they were not allowed to touch either food or medicine, but were left to die. Our English sectaries may surely be acquitted of all knowledge of the very name of their mediæval prototypes, but the resemblance is certainly a curious one. On the occasion already referred to a certain Mrs. Benton of Plaistow was attacked with erysipelas in the face, from which she suffered agonies for some days. At length an elder, of the name of Tunsley, was called in, who anointed her several times, without any beneficial effect on her bodily condition; but no doctor was summoned, and after ten days the unfortunate woman died of inflammation on the brain. It came out on the inquest that her husband had never suggested calling in medical advice, and did not wish it, though he said he would not have refused to comply with her own desires for such aid, had she expressed any. But she did not desire it; "she put her trust in the Lord" and in Daniel Tunsley's unction, and so succumbed to an attack which a little ordinary care would pretty certainly have subdued. The conduct of those concerned is strange enough, but it is not the first time we have heard of this very "peculiar" community, and they may plead the excuse—whatever it be worth—of consistent adherence to their stupid and fanatical creed. It is not equally easy to explain—still less excuse—the still stranger conduct of the jury, who returned a verdict of "death from natural causes." In one sense, of course, a prisoner who was starved to death would die from natural causes, but his gaoler would be held guilty of manslaughter, if not of murder. And the Coroner did go so far as to remind Mr. Benton that he was morally, though not legally, responsible for the death

of his wife. But why not legally? The jury indeed added a sort of explanatory rider to their verdict, which stands itself in still sorer need of explanation, expressing their regret that "there were no means of punishing these Peculiar People for their disregard of human life." On previous occasions of the same kind a more rational verdict has been recorded, but it has been accompanied with one of those perverse recommendations to mercy which are so terribly unmerciful to every one except the criminal. The Plaistow jury seem to labour under some confused impression that freedom of conscience includes freedom to violate any legal or moral obligations which happen to conflict with the professed creed of the culprit. If a community of Thugs were to take up their abode in some remote corner of Essex, it would be interesting to know whether a Coroner's jury, pronouncing on the death of one of their victims, would feel bound to content themselves with an expression of regret that the principle of religious liberty embodied in the laws of England precluded them from inflicting any punishment on the murderers. Yet the Thugs are a religious sect, and homicide is the first of their religious duties; it is also, under certain constantly recurring conditions, a religious duty of the Peculiar People, only they do not use deadly weapons.

There is something about the whole affair very humiliating to our modern boast of civilization and enlightenment. A good deal has been said lately about "the principles of the Reformation." It is one of those cuckoo cries which are always most frequent on the lips of those who are least capable of attaching any definite meaning to their words. But if we were to press for an explanation of the cabalistic formula, probably the first answer elicited would be a reference to the principle of private judgment, and the next an appeal to the principle of religious liberty. Well, the Peculiar People have just given us a wonderful travesty of the first, and the Plaistow jury of the second. We have not forgotten Chillingworth's classical definition of the Protestant religion; but if for private judgment we substitute "the Bible and the Bible only," the cap will fit only the more closely. That is precisely what those miso-medical fanatics profess to act upon, and, like all other fanatics, they can put their finger on texts which give a plausible sanction to their claim. It was an old saying of we forget what mediæval author, *Scriptura est sensus Scriptura*, and it would really be a great advantage if some of our modern zealots for Scriptural education would take more pains than they do to teach, not simply the letter of the Bible—which nine-tenths of their pupils are wholly incapable of applying, to any purpose, for themselves—but the religion of the Bible, which is liable to be so cruelly misinterpreted. Until this is done we can hardly wonder that one sect finds authority for child-murder and wife-murder in the condemnation of Asa for trusting to the physicians, while a second pleads the example of the whole line of Patriarchs in favour of another "peculiar institution," which is happily not as yet permitted to become domesticated among us. Meanwhile we would commend the instructive analogy of the Thugs and the Mormons to the Plaistow jury, in case they should again be called upon to decide on any death arising from the same "natural causes" as that of Emma Beuton.

A PET MURDERER.

IT is announced by telegraph that on Wednesday William M. Tweed was convicted of embezzlement in connexion with the New York Tammany frauds. The jury were out all night considering their verdict, and it was probably only at the last moment that they agreed to it. A previous jury which had tried the case in January last disagreed, and it was reported, and apparently believed by many in New York, that they had been bought up by the prisoner. Mr. Tweed and his friends are probably not in the least dismayed by the formality which has just been transacted; and there is no reason to suppose that the conviction, even if it should fail to be quashed by some process of law, will ever be followed by any kind of punishment. It is now nearly two years since Fisk, Tweed's more notorious confederate in the gigantic frauds and robberies of the Tammany ring, was shot down like a dog in open day on the stairs of his hotel by a man whom he had crossed both in love and business. Stokes, the assassin, is at the present moment alive and in excellent spirits, and apparently an object of affectionate interest to all classes of the American public. On his first trial the jury disagreed; an interval elapsed and then there was another trial, and this time the jury found him guilty. There had never of course been the slightest doubt as to his guilt. He was taken red-handed within a few feet of his victim. The only question with the juries seems to have been whether ridding the world of such a scoundrel as Fisk should technically be regarded as murder, and whether, instead of a verdict of guilty, they should not return a vote of thanks. There is no reason to believe that, if Tweed had been shot instead of Fisk, his loss would have been regretted or his murderer hanged; but he has the consolation of knowing that an equally lenient view will be taken of his own crimes. Stokes, instead of being carried to the gallows, was sentenced to four years' imprisonment in Sing-Sing, and it would be an interesting historical event if, by any chance, Tweed should meet him there. Even the mild sentence of four years will probably be reduced by half a year as a reward for good conduct.

Stokes's removal from the Tombs to Sing-Sing gives one a curious idea of the position of criminals in the United States, and the affectionate and fraternal relations which subsist between them and the officers who have charge of them. Reporters of course accompanied Stokes on his journey, which might perhaps be called a progress. The Deputy-Sheriff, whose duty it was to convey him to his new quarters, was familiarly addressed as Bill, and called his prisoner Ed. It has often been remarked that our own institutions are rapidly becoming Americanized, and there was a case the other day in which the magistrates had to subscribe sixpence among them in order to provide a birch for whipping a little boy, no provision having been made by the State for such an extravagance. In the United States the administration of criminal justice is conducted in the most economical manner, and the Deputy-Sheriff, with Stokes and another prisoner, went to the railway in a tramway car as part of the general public. The expense of a cab would no doubt have been disallowed by the authorities. When Stokes first stepped out of his cell he was pale and nervous. He had on—for everything is minutely chronicled—his old dark-checked suit, a white shirt, and a black and white silk necktie, which he wore at the trial. He also wore a black soft hat. Stokes's companion was Couse, a clerk who had pleaded guilty to embezzlement, and had been sentenced to imprisonment for two years and a half; he was "well attired and wore a fashionable overcoat." Stokes stood by the stove and smoked a cigar, and, having murdered a man in cold blood, seems to have thought himself superior to Couse, who was only a thief. When a pair of handcuffs was produced Stokes looked surprised, but he had to go through the form of being manacled to Couse. In the car Stokes expressed great commiseration for himself, and suggested that the District Attorney ought really to prosecute the witnesses against him for perjury. His remarks on the weather, on his health—it seems he does not like confinement—on the architecture of the streets, are all recorded with reverent care. At first he was not recognized in the car; but before he left it to go to the railway the crowd gathered round him, and everybody wanted to ride in the same vehicle. The Deputy-Sheriff placed his prisoners in the smoking-car of the train, and here again the public rushed in. "Men were standing on the seats, and the aisle was packed." We are also told that "police officers laid aside their dignity, elderly ladies and gentlemen forgot their anxiety to obtain seats, employes forgot their work, and all joined the newsboys in the rush to see him." Many clung to the platform of the carriage, and had to be plucked away by force. When the train started a solemn, elderly gentleman, wearing a silk hat, approached Stokes and took his hand, saying, "Ed, I am sorry to see you here, it's terrible. Be a man when you come out. Ed, be a man." As this sort of admonition appeared to be offensive to Stokes, the Deputy-Sheriff benevolently interfered. Then an Irish friend introduced himself, and Stokes denounced the rascality of the man he had murdered. At Tarrytown Couse struck in a word. He had been offered a situation there, and was sorry he had not taken it. "But, then, you know," he added, "the salary was only three thousand dollars, and the people here are high-toned, so I couldn't have lived on that and been one of them." He probably intended to convey that the high tone of the people of Tarrytown led him into embezzlement. When the train stopped at the Sing-Sing station, the party went to an hotel, and ordered a bottle of wine, which was all drunk. "Ed," said the Deputy-Sheriff to his prisoner, "I thought you'd like a drink before going inside." In front of the prison the mob, perhaps from an affectionate recollection of Fisk, used insulting language to Stokes. "Shoot him!" cried one. When Mr. Hubbard, the Warden of the prison, appeared, Stokes gave him a letter from Mr. Tremaine, his counsel, and the Warden promised to do what he could to make him comfortable. "We'll take good care of you here," he said; "you'll like this place better than the Tombs. Here you have a change of scenery and an occupation." The clerk of the prison then put the usual questions to him, and "every time the clerk asked a question a broad grin overspread his countenance, and Stokes, in answering, smiled." All the associations connected with Stokes seem to have been regarded as gay and comical. He had only shot a man whom he did not like, and who, though good fun in a sort of way while he lived, was no great loss. Couse was in excellent spirits, and could not help laughing outright when he heard that he was at once to be appointed chaplain's clerk. But the prison clerk did not laugh at Couse; there is no humour in mere embezzlement compared with murder. The next thing was that Stokes and his companion had to exchange their ordinary clothes for the prison uniform. It is satisfactory to know that "they were in excellent humour." The public would have been sorry, no doubt, if a swindler and an assassin had been at all put out by the formalities of criminal justice. When Stokes had put on his new suit, "he indulged in a little pleasantry," remarking that he had worn something like it "when playing at base-ball." When he pulled on the trousers he said, "Who wants a better pair than that? A little too tight round the waist, that's all." But he was surprised to find that there were no pockets. "What, not a pistol pocket?" he exclaimed; and the delicate humour of the allusion was fully appreciated. Stokes was then weighed. He had been snivelling about his sufferings in the Tombs and loss of weight, and was annoyed to be told that he had been getting fat. After so many marks of genial and kindly interest, he seems to have felt rather disappointed that the upshot was to be life in a cell. Couse was talking glibly to the reporters, until a keeper said, "Stand over there; you're a convict now and must not talk." Couse, we are

told, looked appealingly at the reporters, and then wept like a child. "He felt that he was indeed a convict." While attended by a suite of eager and respectful reporters, all waiting with sharpened pencils and big note-books to take down everything he said, and observe how he looked, he had, perhaps not been quite sure as to his real position. Stokes's voice also trembled, and the hero applied a handkerchief which a keeper gave him to his eyes. This must indeed have been an affecting moment, and it does not seem to have occurred to any one that Stokes, who was only about to undergo a mild punishment, ought by rights to have been hanged last year. It has been arranged that he is to be shipping clerk in the cigar manufactory of the prison, "a very easy and comfortable position"; but as he had a bad cold in the head, it was believed that he would "be allowed to remain in the hospital for a time in order to gain strength."

It must be admitted that the gentle and tender treatment of the murderer of Fisk affords every encouragement to somebody to shoot Tweed, and this would probably relieve the people of New York of a good deal of embarrassment. We have to apologize to our readers for transcribing so much of this sickly and nonsensical rubbish, but it may perhaps serve as a warning to some of our own journals of what they will come to if they do not impose some restraint on their passion for morbid gossip and sensational description. It must be remarked that this sort of writing about criminals is not merely a reflex of a debased public opinion, but that it has had a great deal to do with debasing and corrupting opinions. The newspapers make heroes of rogues and villains, and hold them up as objects of public interest, watching them from house to house, and recording every particular concerning them as if it were of the utmost importance; and the public, having been entertained by this minute biographical and psycho-physiological record, begin to look upon the criminals thus presented to them as if they were somehow old friends whose errors cannot very well be condoned, but who ought, on account of the amusement they have furnished, to be treated as kindly as possible. The moral is that justice can never be satisfactorily administered as long as a fuss is made about malefactors. They should be locked up out of the way or hanged, as the case may be, with the least possible amount of publicity and ceremony.

RAILWAY PARCELS.

SEVERAL carmen have been tried and convicted on charges of stealing goods entrusted to their care. When the system of collecting parcels in London is described, the wonder is, not that thefts occur, but that any valuable property travels safely. A firm of jewellers sent two gold watches to a firm at Liverpool in a parcel which was sealed with a seal bearing the name of the firm. It was delivered at a Receiving House in Oxford Street, where it was taken in a cart to the railway station at Euston Square. A detective officer employed there noticed a parcel sealed in a very clumsy and suspicious manner, not with a proper seal, but with the pressure of a finger. This parcel was addressed to the same firm at Liverpool as the parcel which had contained the two gold watches, and it is not, we believe, disputed that the two parcels were the same. But when the parcel was opened at Liverpool it contained nothing but hay and straw. The cart employed to collect these parcels was in charge of a man and a boy. According to the evidence of the boy, who was admitted as an "approver," the parcel was opened by an accomplice, who got into the cart; the watches were taken out, and the parcel was re-sealed at a public-house at which they stopped for the purpose. If this story is not true, it might be true; and it may excite surprise by showing that these carmen have almost been invited to plunder the valuable property which passes through their hands. Railway Companies make efforts, more or less effectual, to ensure the safety of goods carried upon their lines; but it seems that goods in process of collection have been allowed to take their chance. A jeweller's parcel might, we should think, deserve to be treated with special care. It might be placed in a locked receptacle, instead of being thrown promiscuously into a cart. But if it is not worth while to take such precautions, robberies must inevitably occur. The jury found the carman guilty, but acquitted the alleged accomplice, so that they did not altogether believe the boy's story. This, however, for our purpose matters little. The jury believed that the watches were stolen between the Receiving Office and the railway station, and they could only be stolen by opening the parcel and re-sealing it. In another case a parcel of gold chains was made up in London for Liverpool, and this also was opened by the carman, and some of the chains were taken out. In this case the carman confessed his guilt. In another case a shoemaker was convicted of receiving gold chains knowing them to have been stolen from a parcel under similar circumstances. He had been tried previously on a charge of receiving a silver flask, and acquitted. It is stated that fifteen or twenty tradesmen of Chelsea and Brompton gave this man an excellent character for honesty extending over twenty years, and of course it was convenient to the thieves to have such a respectable associate. In another case, jewelry of the value of upwards of 1,000*l.* was stolen. The parcel containing this jewelry was sent from London to Liverpool, and on arrival was found to have been opened, and part of its contents abstracted. When we arrive at such a sum as this, it seems incredible that greater care should not be taken. The prisoner told his boy to drive, and got inside himself. On arriving at Euston Square, he told the boy to unload the van, while he went away to get his book signed. It would

hardly be believed, if it had not been proved in Court, that parcels worth 1,000*l.* each could be dealt with in this loose way. It is not a new thing to send valuable property by public conveyance, but the quantities now sent are enormous, and commercial men will not endure to be fettered in their operations.

We may learn from the law reports how parcels are managed upon railways. Thus in a case which came before the Court of Common Pleas, it was stated by a witness that, if a parcel had been insured, it would have been specially taken care of; but, brought as an ordinary parcel, "it would be chucked down in the London corner." The parcel in that case was worth 40*l.*, and it was not insured. The same witness stated that the parcels are thrown down; they are left to take care of themselves. There are two guards of the mail train. They lock the parcels in the compartment in which they ride, or the next compartment. "If," said a witness, "I had been told the parcel was of great value, the guard could have taken it with him in his pocket or in the box he rides in." A parcel arrived late, and the guard not being at hand, a porter unlocked his box, and took out the waybill, and entered the parcel in it. Other persons have keys that open the box. A good many workmen in the Company's service who repair carriages have keys which open the parcel-box, and passengers also have keys. This was on the Great Western Railway some years ago. A guard stated in that case that he had never lost a parcel before or since that night, and he had carried hundreds of thousands of parcels. According to this report, the difference between insured and uninsured parcels is merely this, that the former ride in the guard's box and the latter in the box next to it. Perhaps if this be so, it is hardly worth while to insure parcels, and we may conjecture that some of the parcels lately lost in London were not insured. It is rather difficult to see how the man and boy who manage a collecting cart could devise and carry out different modes of treatment for insured and uninsured parcels; and if their treatment be the same, it is hardly worth while to pay the higher rate for carriage.

It is to be feared that, although heavy sentences may produce a momentary impression upon the class of carmen, yet the existence of the temptation will ensure the renewal of the offence. Trade requires great facility of transmitting goods; and perhaps occasional losses are balanced by everyday convenience. We might ask, however, whether it would not be desirable that Railway Companies should make special arrangements for the carriage of watches and jewelry, and charge an extra rate in consideration of extra care. The Carriers' Act, which was passed before the establishment of railways, enables carriers to give notice that they will not be liable for valuable articles unless declared and paid for accordingly. The object of this enactment may be supposed to be to give opportunity to carriers of making special arrangements for the safety of property thus declared. We believe that on some railways small parcels are placed in a locked receptacle; and when once the parcel gets upon the railway it is easy to take some such precaution for its safety. But carts which traverse the streets of London with such deviations and stoppages as their drivers please, afford dangerous facilities for robbery. We are tolerably outspoken in our complaints of losses on foreign railways, but it would be difficult to find any worse cases than those which have lately occurred in London.

The Judge addressed the prisoners in the usual style in passing sentence. "To your care," says he, "a large amount of valuable property has been entrusted, and it is a matter of necessity that carmen should be so trusted." We may perhaps question the necessity which is here assumed; but we may admit that the arrangement is convenient. It might be required that jewellers and other dealers in valuable goods should send them direct to the railway stations, or that special collections, with additional precautions against thieves, should be made a few times a day. It hardly seems necessary that in the conduct of daily business such strong temptations should be offered to dishonesty. No doubt all precautions are inconvenient; but some precautions are necessary in all trades. The plans of the prisoners were so skilfully laid that for a long time they succeeded in avoiding detection, and at last it was only through the information of accomplices that the offences were proved and convictions secured. From this the Judge trusts that other criminals will learn that they are never secure against being betrayed by their partners in guilt, and that there is no safety for them whatever their skill and caution. Unhappily these lessons have been taught by criminal trials for many generations, but the temptation of valuable property easily accessible has proved too strong to be resisted. It is, says the Judge, absolutely essential for the protection of the public who are compelled to entrust their property to carriers and railways, and for the protection of carriers and Railway Companies from the depredations of their servants, that when detection is made it shall be followed by exemplary punishment. This, of course, nobody denies. But unhappily it has been said and acted upon many times before; and after it has been acted upon up to a certain point, reaction is sure to follow. Horses and cattle are very much exposed in fields, and formerly it was thought desirable for the protection of this valuable property to hang those who stole it. Lately, however, we have come to consider life more important than property; and by an extension of the same principle we might arrive at the conclusion that it would be better to offer fewer facilities for crime, even by the abridgment of some of the convenience of railway traffic. The question whether these prisoners should be respectively sentenced to penal servitude for seven or ten years is principally interesting

to the prisoner himself, for we are unable to persuade ourselves that the security of jewellers' parcels during the next few years will greatly depend upon the precise apportionment of punishment. However, it is to be hoped that the Judge is well satisfied both with his own speech and with the sentences which he pronounced. The receiver was told that it is such as he who make thieves, and that he could not fail to know that the valuable property which he bought of a carman had been part of that entrusted to him by his employers. All these remarks are as old as sin and suffering; but it is pleasant to observe that a judge can derive satisfaction from enunciating them.

THE THEATRES.

MISS BRADDON perhaps intended a satire on modern wives when she wrote the drama *Griselda*. Certainly the character she has drawn is as different as possible from the energetic ladies who sit upon School Boards and agitate for Woman's Rights, and it is to be feared that *Griselda*'s virtue both on the stage and at home must be insipid. The experiment of producing such a play was bold, and we wish we could add that it is likely to be successful. In point of art it is highly commendable, but its popularity can hardly be more than moderate. We shall not attract many visitors to the Princess's Theatre by the statement that this play is exceedingly well written, and contains some passages of great power and beauty. This merely literary merit is almost unmarketable, and as the play contains only two characters besides the lady, there is not much scope for acting, even if the company at the Princess's Theatre were strong, which it certainly is not. All depends on Mrs. Rousby, who both looks and acts the patient wife satisfactorily. We do not think a better representative of the character could be found; but then it would be possible to reconcile oneself to the character not being represented at all. Modern dramatists labour under the difficulty that Shakespeare thought of the same things before them, and we cannot blame Miss Braddon if some of her lines recall the memory of him who

Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe.

Nobody can object to the reproduction in a slightly altered form of *Othello* and *Ishlemon*; but it will, we think, be generally felt that one *Iago* either on the stage or in the closet is enough. An imitation almost approaching to burlesque of the looks and tones appropriated by theatrical tradition to *Iago* fails to render the character of *Cosmo* interesting, while it is necessarily disagreeable. We had almost forgotten to mention that Miss Braddon has redeemed her *Griselda* from impossible and intolerable completeness of virtue by making her spend her husband's money, like a heroine of one of Miss Braddon's own novels who orders her lover to build her a few conservatories in the London house which they are to occupy after marriage. The ruling passion for millinery and upholstery shows itself in the bills which *Gualtiero*'s steward brings to his master after he has been three months married. Fine dresses and jewels cost nothing in a novel, and are a profitable outlay upon a play. Everything has been done by scenic ornamentation and magnificent costume to render this play attractive; but if it stood simply upon this, it would have to contend with formidable rivals, and we fear that the merit of Miss Braddon in writing, and of Mrs. Rousby in acting, the character of *Griselda* will be less appreciated than it deserves. There are not enough people in London who care for this kind of thing; and some of these people are too indolent or too fastidious to contribute by their presence to a success which nevertheless they would be glad to hear of. If we compare this play with that in which Mrs. Rousby first became known in London, we shall perceive how far it is deficient in the elements of durable popularity. It has obtained what would be called in Paris a *succès d'estime*, and that is all that can be expected from it. We hope, however, that the author will not be discouraged from further effort. If she would turn her talent in this direction, the public would gain in two ways—by getting more good plays and fewer of those novels which, although undeniably clever, have become monotonous. We should be glad if she could produce another equally good part for Mrs. Rousby, and contrive to set the jewel more attractively. We can hardly say that it is worth while to go and see this lady in *Griselda*, although she does very well in it. The public always resent being drawn to a theatre on false pretences, and it is better therefore to say honestly that Miss Braddon will not, we think, succeed in making a very barren tree fruitful. People who have nothing else to do may listen to almost anything, but there is a wide difference between busy Londoners and lazy loitering Italians. A party of English people under the circumstances of the *Decameron* would certainly not tell one another stories. Women would take to fancy-work, and men would smoke or play at cards or billiards. The story of *Griselda* might be interesting to those who had heard a great many other stories, and had exhausted all the more violent emotions capable of being produced by narrative. Even in modern English life, which moves so much faster than that of mediæval Italy, we are grateful to Miss Braddon for occasionally giving us a novel without a murder. To speak more plainly than politely, the play of *Griselda* is "slow." We do not imagine this as a fault; indeed it is almost a virtue. But it is a quality in a play which theatrical managers most dislike, and unless

Miss Braddon can infuse other qualities into her plays, they will exhibit only that kind of merit which is unprofitable. The contempt which women feel for the character of *Griselda* is probably very far beyond that of men for her husband. Yet almost the only point of sympathy which we can discover for *Gualtiero* is that he goes into a passion when the steward brings under his inspection his wife's bills. He is not a party to the abduction of the child, which is managed entirely by the wicked cousin; and indeed if the idea of testing his wife's docility had been much obtruded, the play would be intolerable. The obedience of Catherine exemplifies the taming of the shrew, but we doubt whether men or women would be pleased to see her pull off her cap and throw it under foot, if she did this in the first act. *Griselda* says that she owes everything to her husband, and that he may, if he pleases, take away that which he has given. This, however, is nearly the limit of her patience. She utters eloquent protests against her husband's supposed project of divorce, and when her child is abducted, she becomes a mild reproduction, first of *Constance*, and afterwards of *Ophelia*. We do not suggest that Miss Braddon has plagiarized a single thought or word, and yet neither she nor other authors can help remembering what they have read in Shakespeare.

There appears to be no reason why Mr. Charles Reade should not succeed on the stage equally with other authors, when he adopts the same methods to obtain success. The *Wandering Heir* is founded on a real story of the last century, which is well adapted to enlist the sympathy of pit and galleries, and it must be allowed in the author's and manager's favour that that sympathy is abundantly displayed. This story has been taken from a volume of Howells's *State Trials*, and we are happy to think that Mr. Reade has opened a vein of incident and character which may supply him with materials for novels and plays during the remainder of his career. We do not indeed think that Mr. Reade's drama can have a fair chance on the London stage unless it be more expensively got up. It is quite true that the cows and trees in one scene are only too conspicuously new; but other scenes are rather disagreeably old. It may be the fault of the tailor or of the wearer when clothes look as if they had been thrown upon the person with a pitchfork; but a manager who produces a drama of the last century must fulfil two requisites—first, to supply a number of characters with the clothes of gentlemen of the period; and, secondly, to make these characters look like gentlemen when they are dressed.

Two trials are reported in a single volume, and the defendant in the first becomes plaintiff in the second. To prevent disappointment, we may mention that neither judge nor counsel in the trial which forms the last act of the *Wandering Heir* are got up in imitation of celebrities of Westminster Hall, and we may add that Mr. Reade has agreeably varied the ordinary procedure of English courts by causing the witnesses in the trial of his hero for murder to be called alternately by the prosecution and defence. It has been suggested as an improvement in the procedure of the Tichborne case to try each issue separately; and the only difficulty in doing this appears to be to settle how many issues there are, and where each begins and ends. But it would be quite simple and intelligible to propose to call the witnesses alternately, and it would be a great deal more lively. The hero of the play was kidnapped as a boy by a contrivance of his uncle, and transported to a plantation in Pennsylvania. Returning as a man, he claims his father's title and estates; and, while litigation is pending, he accidentally shoots a poacher. The uncle, who is in possession, seizes the opportunity thus presented to get his nephew hanged. He suborns witnesses, who swear that the shooting was deliberate; but other witnesses expose the character and motives of these witnesses, and ultimately the Crown counsel throws up his brief, and the virtuous characters of the play fall upon each other's breasts, while the wicked uncle and his accomplices fold their arms and scowl. The second trial, which was a civil action to recover the estates, is not included in the drama, which is certainly a pity, as we should have liked to see a representation of that remarkable device of the Irish judges, who caused all the witnesses on both sides to stand upon the same table and look one another in the face. If each witness were provided with a shillelagh, and if the band would strike up a lively tune, we think the effect would be so good as almost to cause us to regret the omission of this scene from the play. But as a matter of constructive art, Mr. Reade was doubtless correct in stopping where he did, and the spectators easily suppose that which actually did occur—namely, that the hero obtained a verdict. The best part of the play is that which passes in America. It exhibits a condition of things now entirely departed. Transportation has been abolished in Australia, and although one of the Australian colonies did agree, or even request, to be supplied with convicts, yet the colonists are careful to explain that they stipulated only for convicts of good character. But in the last century "white slaves," as they may be called, worked upon American plantations just as in the first half of this century they worked upon Australian roads and farms. Many of them were faithful and valuable servants, and contributed to make the fortunes of their masters and frequently made their own. Cases of free and honest men or boys being kidnapped and sold or bound to planters were not uncommon, and there is at once reality and novelty in the picture which this play presents of its hero working on a plantation in Pennsylvania. The owner of the next plantation is a Scotchman, and his countrymen have the credit of having made the hardest "drivers," while the owner is a planter of Yankee type. A gentler régime may be supposed to be maintained

by the Quaker master of the herd, but the neighbouring owner and "driver" come upon his plantation and crack whips, and make the negroes tremble in the most real and delightful manner. The hero, wearing an elegant and unsoiled shirt, draws a truck of groceries across the stage, and of course his master's daughter, and at least one more young lady, are in love with him. It is a pity that rather more pains were not taken in producing a play which has considerable elements of popularity.

REVIEWS.

MORLEY'S STRUGGLE FOR NATIONAL EDUCATION.*

MR. MORLEY'S articles on Education in the *Fortnightly Review* have become, as they well deserve to become, the text-book and manual of those who object to the Education Act on Nonconformist or Secularist grounds. They form incomparably the best statement of their case that has appeared—the most thorough in its treatment of the subject, and the most far-reaching in its educational and political aims. As such his volume merits a detailed review, notwithstanding that its character and purpose are political rather than literary.

Mr. Morley opens with a plea which strikes us as irrelevant. Whether the Church or Dissent has the better political antecedents would be an important question if we were left to estimate the arguments for and against the Education Act by purely *a priori* considerations. As a matter of fact we are not so left. The case for the Government and the case for the Education League are perfectly intelligible on their own merits. In Mr. Morley's hands neither of these cases is made to rest, in any considerable degree, on the terrible 25th Clause. That clause is mainly important, he frankly admits, as "the key to a position." It is the vulnerable point in a large system, and it is for this reason that it is singled out for attack. Mr. Morley's own estimate of its real significance may perhaps be judged from the fact that he takes no notice of the principal argument that has been urged in its defence. The League has been repeatedly challenged to show why it is worse to buy instruction in reading and writing from a Denominational teacher than to buy instruction in higher subjects. Mr. Chamberlain himself would not object to send his daughter to learn drawing or music at a Roman Catholic school, provided that he was satisfied that she would be subjected to no proselytizing influences while there. He would simply inquire whether this was the most convenient way of getting the particular lessons he wanted for her. A School Board which pays the fee for a child attending a Denominational school is in a similar position, with the difference that, as the parent is presumably himself of the denomination to which the school belongs, proselytism is more entirely impossible than it ever could be in the case supposed. The objection to the agitation against the 25th Clause is not that it is a small matter—that, we agree with Mr. Morley, might be nothing to the point; the objection is that it is a matter which does not really concern the controversy between Denominationalism and Secularism. It is not a case of the Nonconformist refusing to pay 2½d. for Conformist teaching—there Mr. Morley's parallels of Hougmont and Hampden might apply. It is the case of the Nonconformist refusing to buy rudimentary instruction in the cheapest market, because that market happens to be kept by Conformists.

The essential part, however, of Mr. Morley's argument is concerned with much larger questions than the maintenance or repeal of the 25th Clause. He condemns the Education Act on two grounds; first, because it perpetuates a system which commits the work of elementary education to the clergy; secondly, because the elementary education thus obtained is bad in quality. Mr. Morley devotes many pages to the first of these points, but he ends by making an admission which virtually absolves us from criticizing them. Objectionable as he thinks the plan of giving State aid to Denominational schools, he would acquiesce in it—if we understand him rightly—provided that it secured a sound secular education. We shall not maintain that the Denominational system as at present administered does secure this, though Mr. Fitch has shown in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* that it comes nearer doing so than Mr. Morley, following Mr. Joseph Payne, had supposed. We shall only contend, first, that the shortcomings, whatever they are, of elementary education in England are due to causes lying outside the Denominational system; and, secondly, that Mr. Morley and those who think and act with him are the main obstacles to the development of a really effective system.

It may be conceded therefore, at all events for the purposes of the present argument, that the quality of the secular education given in Denominational schools is as bad as Mr. Morley represents it. Let us now examine the causes to which he ascribes this badness. These causes are mainly two—the sectarian aims of school managers and the inefficiency of the teachers. "Denominational schools," says Mr. Morley, "can never make the provision of good secular instruction their main object, for the excellent reason that the provision of good secular instruction is a secondary object with those who work them." If this is meant to be anything more than a barren truism, it must rest on the assumption that secondary objects can never be perfectly attained.

It cannot be necessary to prove that this assumption is false. The Jews did not care for education for its own sake, but when they thought that religious influences over the young would be best exerted by those who had the care of them for secular training, they made their schools famous throughout Europe. In this case the motive which ensured the attainment of the secondary object was the desire to convince parents that, whatever faults might be as regards another world, they were the best possible hands at preparing boys to play their part well in this world. The case of Denominational school-managers is precisely similar, except that the authorities of the Education Department take the place of parents as the persons to be convinced. Mr. Morley quotes from a circular of the National Society a statement that the object at which the managers of Church schools ought uniformly to aim is "the training of the young Christian for full communion with the Church; and, as a preliminary to that, a training for Confirmation. The whole school time of a child should lead up to this." He then adds, "of course, therefore, secular instruction goes to the wall." Where is the *acquitur*? Even if we grant that secular instruction would certainly go to the wall if it were left to Denominational school-managers to assign it its proper place, that is no reason why it should go to the wall when its place has to be assigned, not by the managers, but by a Department which holds the purse-strings, and consequently has the power of saying to the managers, "If you do not make the whole school time of a child lead up to something besides 'this,' you shall not have the opportunity of making it lead up to 'this.'" Some of the writers in the National Society's *Monthly Paper* say such inconceivably foolish things that we are tempted to suspect that they must have been suborned by the Secularists to discredit their own professed principles. But their folly does not affect the question so long as the managers for whose benefit they write have sense enough to see that, however much they decry secular education, they must give as much of it as the Education Office demands, or lose their share of the Parliamentary grant. And even if they have not the sense to see this, it does not affect the question, because in that event the grant will certainly be withdrawn.

The second reason why Denominational schools are bad, according to Mr. Morley, is the badness of the teachers, and this he attributes to their having been brought up in Denominational training schools. We will again assume, for the sake of argument, that the teachers in Denominational schools are as inefficient as Mr. Morley says. But where is the evidence that this inefficiency is the fault of the training schools? Mr. Morley quotes several passages from Inspectors' Reports setting out the subjects in which the students of this or that college have fallen below a fair standard of proficiency. But he forgets that before a student in a training college can become a certificated teacher he must pass an examination conducted by officers of the Education Department, and must after that, as a teacher continuously engaged in the same school, obtain two favourable reports from an Inspector, with an interval of a year between them. It follows from this that, if the Education Department and the Inspectors do their duty, the low standard of proficiency to which Mr. Morley takes exception is only evidence that a large proportion of the students in these training schools will not succeed in becoming teachers. Again, it is only fair to the training schools to take into account the character of the material on which they have to work. Mr. Morley quotes Dr. Lyon Playfair to the effect that in Scotland "the teachers of elementary schools are University-bred men, and they bridge over the chasm between the lower and upper schools by their learning and zeal," and then he says, by way of comment, "Obtrude men of such a training and such a temper with the corresponding class in England." There is a double fallacy in this comparison. The condition to which Mr. Morley attributes the badness of English teachers is equally present in Scotland, and the condition to which Dr. Playfair attributes the goodness of Scotch teachers is wanting in England. Scotland has Denominational schools and Denominational training colleges, yet it provides good teachers. England has no means of giving a higher education to poor students at all analogous to the Scotch Universities, and consequently she fails to provide teachers of equal excellence. In the Scotch Code there is a clause to the effect that candidates admissible to be examined for certificates must be, besides students in training schools and acting teachers, "graduates in arts or science of any University in the United Kingdom." In the English Code such a clause would have no meaning, and it is because it has no meaning in the Scotch Code that Scotch elementary teaching is superior to English. The standard of attainments prescribed to students of training colleges is identical in the two countries, and there is nothing in Dr. Playfair's statement, as given by Mr. Morley, to show that Scotch pupil-teachers who are not "University-bred men" make any better schoolmasters than English pupil-teachers.

We think it has been shown that the badness of our existing elementary instruction is not due to the Denominational system. We shall now endeavour to show to what it is attributable. Elementary instruction is bad, because the Education Department prescribes a very low standard; and the Education Department prescribes a very low standard because, until children can be got to come to school more regularly and for a longer time, it would be merely a mockery to prescribe a higher standard. We have no controversy with Mr. Morley as to the insufficiency of the "superb attainments of the Third Standard" regarded as an educational provision for life. That the Education Department are no more contented with the present state of things than other people may be seen from a comparison of the standards of examination prescribed by the Scotch

* *The Struggle for National Education*. By John Morley. London: Chapman & Hall, 1873.

Code of 1873 with the standards prescribed in the English Code of the same year. We give what is required for a pass in reading and writing in the two highest standards:—

READING.

STANDARD V.

English Code.

Reading a short ordinary paragraph in a newspaper or other modern narrative.

Scotch Code.

Reading with expression a short passage of prose, or a short piece of poetry, from the highest class-book used in the school, with explanation, grammar, and elementary analysis of sentences.

STANDARD VI.

To read with fluency and expression.

Reading with improved expression, explanation, and grammatical analysis, of passages selected by the Inspector.

WRITING.

STANDARD V.

English Code.

A short paragraph in a newspaper or ten lines of verse slowly dictated once by a few words at a time.

Scotch Code.

A short letter on a subject to be prescribed by the Inspector. The form of composition, spelling, grammar, and handwriting to be considered.

STANDARD VI.

A short theme or letter or an easy paraphrase.

Writing from memory the substance of a short story or narrative read out twice by the Inspector; spelling, grammar, and handwriting to be considered.

This is only one of the points in which the Scotch Code makes larger demands on the intelligence of the children than the English Code; and the reason why it is able to do so is not certainly that the Scotch are an undenominational people, but, in the first instance, that Scotch parents care much more about education than English parents, and consequently send them to school much more regularly, and next, that in Scotland any shortcomings in this respect are now supplemented by a law which makes attendance at school compulsory. Pass a similar law for England, and the standards might be raised in successive years to the Scotch or any other reasonable level. It may be asked, why not raise the level at once, without waiting for compulsory attendance to be made universal? Because to do this, though it would save a great deal of public money, would do nothing to advance education. If Denominational school-managers were simply unwilling to give good secular instruction, as Mr. Morley seems to suppose, the course of the Education Department would be easy enough. The managers would be offered the alternative, either improve your schools, or forfeit the grant. But so long as children leave school at ten, or do not come to school until they are ten, and in either case come very irregularly during the time that they are nominally attending school, the most willing school-managers are powerless. They may do the best they can—employ a good teacher, urge him to bring the children forward, aim at presenting the largest possible percentage of scholars in the highest standard—and be beaten after all by the irresistible strength of absence and irregularity. Without compulsion, Secularism would find itself as much at a loss how to improve the quality of elementary education as Denominationalism is now. With compulsion, the main difficulty of the problem would disappear, and ardent Denominationalists would necessarily become as anxious as ardent Secularists to make their schools thoroughly efficient. If they did not make them so, they would not only lose their share of the grant, but would have to submit to see attendance at their schools not counted as attendance recognized by law.

(To be continued.)

MURRAY'S HANDBOOK FOR ALGERIA.*

MR. MURRAY, it will be seen, still continues his career of annexation. The red calico of Albemarle Street now floats, figuratively speaking, over Algeria; and it is, no doubt, only a question of time how soon it will be floating over Japan and Polynesia—over an empire, in short, on which the sun will never set, and in which, at any given moment of the twenty-four hours, a Briton may be found somewhere absorbed in the study of the national "Handbook." We might, indeed, have expected an Algerian Handbook before this, for Algeria is a country which is likely to attract, and already to some extent does attract, English travellers. As a health resort, Algiers seems to be growing in favour; and probably, except Madeira, no place offers the same combination of climate and comfort. But of course it is rather to the vacation tourist than to the invalid that a Handbook of this sort addresses itself, and for this class there is an unusual variety of attractions within easy reach in French Africa. There is mountain scenery which, if it does not reach the grandeur of the Alps or the boldness of the Pyrenees, is still grand and bold enough to make it well worth exploration. There are few countries more interesting to the antiquarian or historical traveller, and in Roman remains there is no country so rich except Italy. But, after all, the main attraction of Algeria is that it is not Europe. There are many parts of Southern Europe—the country between Alicante and Murcia, for instance—which are

far more like the ideal Africa than the environs of Algiers or Bona. But, semi-tropical as they may look, there is no getting over the fact that they are still Europe, and consequently nearer home and more homely than the most Europeanized spot in Algeria, Mustapha Supérieur, or the Place du Gouvernement itself, with all its commonplace of French architecture, and shops, and cafés. And then, for a plunge into the genuine, unadulterated Africa, there is no place which offers such advantages as Algeria. Any one upon whom European travel and civilization have begun to pall, and who, like the author of *Lothian*, longs to see the low black tents of the Bedouin, may within a week from London, *vis* Algiers, find himself beneath one, with his fingers in a bowl of koussous at an Arab table-d'hôte.

Possibly travellers of this kind may not be sufficiently numerous to make a guide-book a desideratum; nor indeed are they likely to be the sort of travellers who stand in absolute need of such assistance—feeble, helpless "Cook's Tourist" sort of creatures, who dare not trust themselves with as much freedom of action as lies in the purchase of a railway-ticket or the payment of an hotel-bill, lest they should make a mess of it somehow. Possibly, therefore, it was not worth while to produce a very elaborate Handbook for Algeria. We incline, however, to a belief in the principle that, if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, and we regret to say that we cannot describe this Handbook as in any way well done. We regret it especially because of its time-honoured title. Every one, even of the most rudimentary conservatism, must feel a kind of reverential affection for that now venerable institution "Murray's Handbook," the trusty counsellor of our youthful travels, and the guide, philosopher, and friend of many a pleasant holiday ramble, and will be sorry to see anything published under that name which does not fully maintain the reputation of the series. It is neither possible nor necessary that the "Handbook" should try to compete with all its rivals. It has a line of its own, and does well to adhere to it. In some respects "Murray" belongs rather to the post-chaise period than to the railway age; and this is the reason why his treatment of a country sometimes seems wanting in perspective to the tourist rushing over the beaten tracks at express pace, who cannot comprehend why places which appear quite out of the way, like Ravenna or Ferrara or Cuernavaca or Merida, should occupy as much space comparatively as Milan or Seville. But for this very reason "Murray," though he may not suit the hasty traveller following the railway line and "doing" a dozen towns per week, is invaluable and indispensable to him who goes further a-field and penetrates into remote districts.

Algeria may be considered as completely new ground, and it offered a fair opening for a Handbook of the old stamp. Of French guide-books there are several, some good as far as their limits go, and that of M. Piesse particularly so; but all of them adapted more especially to the necessities of the Parisian tourist, who wants to make what, in his own magniloquent style he calls the "tour d'Afrique," in as short a time and with as little discomfort as possible. We cannot perceive that the author of the volume before us has made any improvement on these. He might just as well, for all we can see, have translated some one of them bodily, or made a compilation of the available matter of all of them. He tells us in the preface that "this Handbook has been compiled chiefly from notes made on the spot by the author during a recent residence at Algiers and journey through Algeria," and we need not say that we entirely accept the strict and literal truth of the assertion. But we do say that, for all the use he has made of his personal observation and experience, he might just as well have compiled it, with the help of a few French guides and a dictionary, without ever leaving London. Picturesque or graphic writing is not required in a guide-book; indeed it is generally rather an impertinence, if not very sparingly indulged in. It is not of the absence of this that we complain, but of the total want of a certain indefinable local colour which will always show in the work of a writer who, however much he may be beholden to the observation of others, sees with his own eyes also. His journeys, too, in Algeria seem to have been anything but extensive, and as unenterprising as if he had been a Cook's excursionist. He follows slavishly the beaten tracks laid down in the French guide-books, never venturing to diverge right or left, and stopping where they stop. An example will illustrate better the nature of the shortcomings with which the book is to be charged. Every one who has looked into a work on Algeria knows that, not far from Algiers, there is a region called by the French La Grande Kabylie, which is sometimes described as the Switzerland of North Africa; and not inaptly, for the scenery, if not strictly Alpine in character, is sufficiently so to justify the comparison, and the district was, and to some extent still remains, a kind of Federal Republic, resembling the Swiss in its institutions in many points. It is in some respects the most interesting part of Algeria. Its mountains and valleys and villages and Berber inhabitants are all, to a European eye, wild, striking, and picturesque in the extreme; and it is moreover readily accessible, being within a day's journey of Algiers. A more inviting field for tourists who don't mind roughing it for a few days could scarcely be found, and we might reasonably have expected that a book intended expressly for English tourists would contain some hints and suggestions about the things to be seen, and the best ways of seeing them. But the few French tourists who venture on an excursion into the Kabyle country content themselves with the journey to Fort Napoleon—for the present called Fort National—and the view, a

* A Handbook for Travellers in Algeria. London: John Murray. 1873.

magnificent one certainly, which it commands; and with this our author rests satisfied also. Even if he was unable to give the results of personal explorations or inquiries, he might at least have mentioned some two or three well-known and perfectly practicable routes across the mountains leading to Bougie, Setif, and Aumale, by which the traveller is saved the necessity of retracing his footsteps to Algiers, and at the same time gets an insight into the grand scenery of the Djurjura range, as well as into the village life of one of the most interesting and original of the peoples of Africa. But he seems sometimes to be ignorant even of the geography of the country through which he undertakes to guide his reader. He tells him, for example, that "there is a road from Aumale to Bougie across the Djurjura mountains, which is practicable for carriages." This is exactly like saying that there is a road from Bordeaux to Toulouse across the Pyrenees. We cannot conceive how, with any personal knowledge of the country, or indeed even of the map, the author could have forgotten that Aumale and Bougie lie on the same side of the Djurjura range, and that the road he means (which, it is quite true, does pass through "scenery very grand and striking") runs, not across a mountain chain, but down the broad and deep valley of the Wad Sahel.

After this we have no right to be surprised that our author has never contemplated the possibility of his readers feeling any curiosity to explore the more remote mountain region of the Aures, to which there is no road at all, and into which hardly any Europeans, except a few French engineers and Bureau-Arabe officials, have ever penetrated. But a guide who had the interests of his clients at heart should, we think, have been at some pains to ascertain to what extent and how a tract of country so historically interesting might be best explored. Again, although travellers of the stamp of Mr. Tristram, who plunge into the depths of the southern Sahara, may be safely trusted to take care of themselves, and though they may always rely on the advice and assistance of the French authorities, still they have a right to look for more information than they will find here from an author who professes to write a Guide to Algeria for the use of English travellers. The shortcomings we have mentioned, to be sure, only affect the more adventurous sort of tourists, who are, in proportion, a small body; but English tourists of any sort who go as far as Eastern Algeria will in all probability push on to Tunis and Carthage, and would no doubt be thankful for the latest information as to conveyances, accommodation, and such matters. The probability, however, does not suggest itself to our author; possibly because the French guides hardly ever condescend to mention Tunis.

The historical sketches which are inserted are, on the whole, concisely and clearly written, but the preliminary matter generally is meagre and not always accurate. The author does his best to perpetuate the old notion that the Atlas is composed of three parallel continuous mountain ranges, a Greater, Middle, and Lesser Atlas, stretching along between the Sahara and the Mediterranean. We need scarcely say that this description is an entirely misleading one, and conveys an altogether erroneous idea of the physical geography of the country; the Atlas mountains being in fact nothing more than a disconnected series of ridges cropping up here and there out of a great elevated tract (very similar to the opposite plateau of Spain) which divides the Sahara from the Mediterranean. Some of these ridges rise on the verge of the Sahara, like the Jebel Amour and the Aures, some near the coast, like the Djurjura; but, except so far as they spring from a common base of elevation, they cannot be described as in any way constituting a chain or chains, such as the Pyrenees for example.

The antiquities, too, are but lightly touched on, considering the wealth of Algeria in this respect. The author mentions the chief ruins and objects of interest at places like Lambessa and Tebessa, but of the abundant traces of Roman colonization scattered over the face of the country, especially in its Eastern portion, he takes little note. He makes no use whatever of Berbrugger's researches, and it will scarcely be credited by any one acquainted with the bibliography of North Africa that he does not seem to be aware that one Dr. Shaw a hundred and fifty years ago, when Barbary was far more difficult travelling ground than Abyssinia is now, thoroughly explored the whole country from the Morocco frontier to the Gulf of Gabes, and afterwards published the result of his travels in a volume which leaves scarcely a river, mountain, village, or ruin undescribed. If not minded to follow the example of the painstaking Oxford Don, he might, had he been aware of it, have borrowed with advantage from the book, and thus made the one before us infinitely more acceptable to the majority of English travellers. As it is, we cannot see any reason why those who can read French should prefer it to the existing guides in that language. In one respect, indeed, we must admit it deserves the preference. It does not give an Arab vocabulary, with phrases and dialogues, for intercourse with the "indigènes," as the French guides are fond of doing. The compilers of things of this sort, it may be remarked, have in general a curious knack of selecting the most useless words and conceiving the most unlikely situations; so that the traveller who merely wants his supper and bed finds nothing more germane to the matter than an imaginary conversation, "At a gas-litter's," or "Of buying a grand piano," or something else equally inconsistent with his requirements and circumstances. Most of the conversations we have seen in the French manuals are no exception to this rule, and they are usually rendered still more un-serviceable by desperate struggles to represent the Arab pronunciation by French sounds. The author has abstained from following

the French guides in this matter, and this is fortunate for his readers, for French Arabic delivered by the inflexible British organs of speech would be indeed confusion worse confounded.

QUAKERISM.

THE Quakers have lately held a Conference in London for the purpose of considering the present condition of their body, and whether anything can be done to check its apparently continuous and confirmed decay. Some brave and faithful spirits among them appear to be also endeavouring to reinstate Quakerism in public opinion, but their efforts, though exerted in a better cause, remind us a little of the despairing struggles of Julian and Zola on behalf of old Paganism in an age which was fast becoming Christian. We are quite sure that Charles Lamb would have entered Friend Smith's *Bibliotheca Anti-Quakeriana* in his whimsical catalogue of *biblia abiblia*—books that are no books—as a fit companion for almanacks, pocket diaries, and draughtboards bound and lettered at the back. It is hard to imagine any rational purpose which this volume can possibly answer. It is not a mere list of publications which may be bought at his own shop in Whitechapel, though he tells us incidentally that "he has many of them constantly on sale"; still less is it a *catalogue raisonné* of the literary controversy between his Society and its adversaries; for the alphabetical arrangement which he has adopted necessarily sets both chronology and logical order at defiance. Yet it is hard to assign any other purpose which the compiler could have proposed to himself in a work which he fondly hopes "may prove one means of opening the eyes of some." Certain it is that a reader who was previously ignorant of the peculiar doctrines of the people called Quakers would never gather the most indistinct notion of them from glancing over these pages; he would carry away with him mainly one idea—namely, that those who wrote the most vigorously, not to say passionately, against the sect were, in their respective generations, the very salt of the earth. For this conclusion, which we are far from maintaining as indisputably true, he would be indebted to Joseph Smith's almost ludicrous candour, who, "having no desire to misrepresent any of the authors whose names appear in this book, though holding views differing from his own, has taken the short sketches or biographical accounts mostly from sources furnished by their own bodies or favourable to them." Sometimes indeed the agreeable impression would be effectually removed by the very titles of the books he cites. What can we think of the temper of men who could not conduct a grave discussion on the most important of all subjects without proclaiming on the frontispiece the bitter malice of their hearts? And this charge may be made good, not only against such persons as the fanatic Lodowick Muggleton, of unsavoury memory, whose "Answer to William Penn" professes to prove him to be "an ignorant spate-brained Quaker, who knows no more what the true God is, nor His secret decrees, than one of his own coach-horses, nor so much," but against men of a wholly different stamp, some of whom had suffered sharply for their principles, and might thus have learned to be tolerant to others. Such were Nathaniel Morton, Secretary to the Court of Jurisdiction at New Plymouth, who in his "New England's Memorial" of the Divine mercies manifested to that plantation, "published for the use and benefit of the present and future generations" (1669), must needs go out of his way to tell how "the Quakers (that cursed sect) arrive at Plymouth in 1657," and "their damnable opinions are vented up and down the country" a year or two later. Our author cannot help noting in his preface that the greatest enemies his Society had to contend with in early days were Nonconformist ministers, not the clergy of the Church of England, covetous hirelings and diviners for money though they were called. John Faldo's book, with the promising heading "Quakerism no Christianity," received the countenance of Thomas Manton and of Richard Baxter, the latter (whose habitual incoherence of speech all that have been edified by his writings would be glad to forget if they could) carrying on the war upon his own account in a pamphlet called "The Quaker's Catechism . . . published for the sake of those who have not yet sinned unto Death" (1655). But, in truth, this whole volume is full of matter which cannot fail to grieve and shock those who would fain hold the Christian faith in quietness and charity. Reproaches the most unworthy, ribaldry the most profane, abuse of Scripture language hardly less than blasphemous, are here reprinted for no possible object that we can detect, with the sure consequence of bringing holy things into contempt, and of reviving evil passions long since at rest. It is with positive shame that we note the venerable name of Charles Leslie, the brilliant scholar, the cogent logician ("a reasoner who was not to be reasoned against," as Dr. Johnson characterized him), one of the few great men the Irish Church has produced, annexed to such a work as the following:—"The Snake in the Grass; or, Satan Transformed into an Angel of Light, Discovering the Deep and Unsuspected Subtlety which is couched under the Pretended Simplicity of many of the Principal Leaders of those People called Quakers" (1696). Of *Bibliotheca Anti-Quakeriana* we have probably said enough to convince the reader that its pages are not likely either to instruct or to amuse him, and we shall only point

* *Bibliotheca Anti-Quakeriana*; or, a Catalogue of Books adverse to the Society of Friends. Alphabetically arranged, with Biographical Notices of the Authors, together with the Answers which have been given to some of them by Friends and others. By Joseph Smith, Author of "A Descriptive Catalogue of Friends' Books." 2 vols. London: Joseph Smith, 5 Oxford Street, Whitechapel. 1872.

out one blunder, which cannot be imputed to the printer, inasmuch as it occurs twice or three times over in the book. Instead of "Francis Duke, of Westminster," the author of a treatise on the "Fulness and Freedom of Grace," considered with a view to predestination, we are introduced to "Francis, Duke of Westminster." Friends are not quite at home with titles of honour, but Joseph Smith might have known that a Duke of Shoreditch has been heard of, a Duke of Westminster never.

We have before us, among other little books written in the same tone, and evidently intended for general circulation, *A Memoir of the Life, Travels, and Gospel Labours of George Fox, an eminent Minister of the Society of Friends*, issued in 1867 from the Friends' Book and Tract Depository in Bishopsgate Without, and thus comprising, though anonymous, what as closely approximates to an authorized exposition of their creed and practice as this strange communion has ever submitted to the outward world. George Fox (1624-1690), whom the Memoir terms nothing more than "an eminent minister" of the Society, is well known to have been its originator; the first minister, "himself excepted" (Memoir, p. 91), being a woman, Elizabeth Hooton. An interesting parallel might be instituted between Quakerism and Methodism in their rise and progress, only that the former has fully entered upon its period of decadence, which in the latter is only just commencing. Between the two men, George Fox and John Wesley, there is no small likeness, set off by sharp and striking points of contrast; indeed, as we read many pages together of the Memoir we are forcibly reminded of Mr. Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, only that the Friends write the better English, and in a milder and more restrained spirit. Wesley was the son of an eminent clergyman, poor indeed but not ill benefited, himself well read rather than learned, possessed of more than average culture in a not very polished era. Fox's father was a humble weaver, known by the honourable name of "Righteous Christer" (Christopher), in consequence of the strictness of his life. Yet the Society instituted by the Oxford Fellow has never been able to assimilate itself to the tastes of any class much above that of small shopkeepers, until within the last few years, and even now only to a very limited extent; the weaver's son won over early, and retained to the last, the zealous affection of Robert Barclay the Apologist, and of that gallant and true gentleman, William Penn. The consequence is that, while glorious John stands forth among the Methodists as their only great man, the reputation of Fox has been thrown comparatively into the shade, and Friends, as in this Memoir, are ready to withhold from him the name of Founder, which, as an historical fact, they are forced to concede to him. Be this as it may, that solid respectability which has ever cleaved to the Quakers in popular estimation is not more decidedly characteristic of this people than the far more intrinsically valuable qualities of simple refinement and intellectual curiosity, which none who have had much intercourse with them can fail to have been impressed with; a title of which has been repeatedly found to be an infallible recipe for severing any lay Methodist who may possess them from a connexion wherein they can find no fit place.

William Penn's answer to the natural question "What is Quakerism?" was a very simple one; it was, he said, "a new nickname for old Christianity," or "Primitive Christianity revived." Since we outsiders can hardly be expected to acquiesce in a definition which assumes against us the whole point at issue, we must needs look a little further into the matter, drawing our information, as in justice we are bound to do, mainly from the statements of those who profess that faith. "The perceptible influences of the Holy Spirit in the mind of man," says our Memoir of George Fox, "was a fundamental doctrine with him; and it is only by a belief in the same doctrine, and a humble submission to its operations in the soul, that we of the present day can sincerely embrace and practically maintain those religious principles which, through the faithfulness and sufferings of our worthy forefathers, have been transmitted to us" (p. 89). Here again the Methodist line of thought coincides for a brief space with that of the mystic Quaker, before it is diverted elsewhere by the healthful common sense of Wesley. Every follower of the latter, when admitted into full connexion, is bound to believe that conversion from the dominion of sin to the spiritual life is an act or state of feeling usually instantaneous, always sensible to the inward experience of the receiver of the mighty gift. But what with the disciple of John Wesley is a theoretical article of his belief, held languidly and loosely enough by the ordinary members of the body, comprises the very sum and substance of a Friend's Christianity, and the notion of a supernatural guidance vouchsafed to him above and beyond all other children of men is the groundwork of the whole superstructure of his ecclesiastical (or rather anti-ecclesiastical) system. He honours and regards the Holy Scriptures, but always in subordination to the inner light whereby they are spiritually discerned. A steepleside priest once ventured to call them "the word of God"; but George Fox told him "they are the words of God, but not the Word, which is Christ" (p. 110), and he meant thereby a great deal more than a poor play on terms of speech. Certainly the Friends' claim to special inspiration enables them to interpret the sacred oracles now with servile bondage to the letter, now with a license of metaphor and allegory which far exceeds that whereby the school of Origen has attained its bad pre-eminence in fame. The Lord and his Apostle bade us "swear not at all," and the Quaker refuses a solemn oath imposed on the gravest occasions by the civil power, though the example of his Master might seem to authorize his submission—as unwavering in his obedience to the

letter. The same Divine Teacher appoints that all the nations should be baptized, and that His people should perform a solemn act in remembrance of Him, "showing forth the Lord's death till He come." To the Friends the Sacraments are but carnal ordinances long since superseded, and never permitted save in tenderness to the people, who had been used to such baptisms as John practised, and "did use to take a cup, and to break bread and divide it among them in their feasts, as may be seen in the Jewish Antiquities; so that the breaking of bread and drinking of wine were Jewish rites, which were not to last always" (p. 131). Expositions like these possess one of the advantages which the author of *Indubitan* imputed to nonsense—namely, that it cannot be refuted, as being in its essence neither true nor false. Deny the spiritual illumination of him who propounds them, and the whole fabric vanishes at once into thin air; admit it, and we must patiently take the consequences, without knowing in the least beforehand what these will be. George Fox was far more successful when dogmatizing in this lofty fashion than when he came to fence with the language of Holy Writ in such poor quibbles as the following:—

But as to the matter, Christ said "Do this in remembrance of me." He did not tell them how oft they should do it, or how long; neither did He enjoin them to do it always as long as they lived, or that all believers in Him should do it to the world's end. The Apostle Paul, who was not converted till after Christ's death, tells the Corinthians that he had received of the Lord that which he delivered unto them concerning this matter; and he relates Christ's words concerning the cup, thus: "This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me;" and himself adds, "For as oft as ye do eat this bread and drink this cup ye do show the Lord's death till He come." So according to what the Apostle here delivers, neither Christ nor he did enjoin people to do this always, but leaves it to their liberty, ("As oft as ye drink it," &c.).—P. 131.

It may be doubted whether even the prophetic writings of Dr. Cumming contain a finer example than this of the noble art of forcing any form of words to bear any sense that men may like to put upon it.

If the Quakers recognize no Sacraments, we may readily conclude that they reject with scorn the constitution of a settled ministry, and the notion of the Church as a corporate body. Their own Society, whose complex arrangement of meetings for despatch of business and exercise of discipline, whether yearly (first held at Balby, near Doncaster, in 1656, but regularly in London every year since 1672), or quarterly, or monthly, exists pretty much as Fox appointed it, may no doubt vary these meetings at pleasure or convenience without infringing any principle of the sect. To the quarterly meeting it specially appertains to look after the morals of the members—who, to give them their due, are willing to submit to a scrutiny of their private lives more thorough than any that Wesley was able to carry out—to sanction the proposed marriages of Friends, to "read out" unworthy persons, especially those who have unevenly yoked themselves with unbelievers. This last function must have been pretty frequently called into action of late years, though it is usually anticipated by the voluntary withdrawal of such as intend to transgress. In their assemblies for religious purposes (one can hardly say for worship), the most painful novelty which strikes a stranger is the absence of all provision for public prayer. There is often solemn silence for a space, there is much grave exhortation, hopeful encouragement, and earnest warning, in a strain seldom perhaps rising to eloquence, as rarely subsiding into commonplace; but there appears to be rarely any direct or express address to the Almighty. Indeed those who have been admitted into the family circle of the most pious Friends, or who have watched, so far as good manners will allow, their demeanour before meals, can scarcely help doubting whether they pray at all; whether the habit of devout meditation and spiritual self-communion has not superseded with them the Christian rule of making our requests known unto God.

Far below these essential principles of the Quaker creed we place those *bizarre* fashions and gentle absurdities by which from George Fox's time the Friends have been vulgarly known. Such are their silly dislike for the common names of the months and days of the week, their affected use of the second person singular of the personal pronoun (usually with the pleasant variation of *Thou* in the place of *Thou*), and other social or anti-social observances too familiar to need detail. That these things are deemed of minor importance in themselves, still as they were once insisted upon, may be inferred from the fact that the younger people of the present day have largely dispensed with them, if not by direct permission, at least without authoritative rebuke. From this singular community, however, we have already learnt much, and might with advantage learn more. Their care first for their own poor, and then for "the world's poor" (Memoir, p. 225), was early conspicuous. What Friends have done for sufferers in goals and dungeons will never be fully known before the day when all things shall be revealed; their simplicity, or, we should rather say, their pure taste, in regard to female dress, might be imitated by their mundane sisters to the comfort of us all; even their abstinence from outward emblems of mourning is surely in accordance with the Christian notion of what death is; their abhorrence of oaths has removed from the Statute-book many an obligation to take one on slight causes, though it has left somewhat more to be done in the same direction. In a word, your true Quaker may sometimes provoke us by his hardness, or excite a smile by his eccentricities, but he is usually a man of public spirit, upright and sincere, claiming men's respect if they cannot share his convictions.

And for his hardness and obstinacy to English sectarianism can plead no good excuse, for none has been persecuted with the same relentless bigotry as he. When George Fox, at the age of twenty-

three, began his ministry in 1647, the result of the civil wars had left Presbyterianism in the ascendant, and he soon tasted of the tender mercies of old Priest writ large. At Nottingham, in 1648, "where he entered the place of public worship on a First-day morning and spoke to the people," he was thrust into a filthy prison for his pains; at Mansfield Woodhouse, in 1649, on the same provocation, "they fell upon him and cruelly beat him with their hands, Bibles, and sticks," put him in the stocks, and finally stoned him out of the town, injuring him so that he could scarcely walk. This habit of entering the churches and interrupting the public services sorely exercises the spirit of his admirers in the Memoir, who make an excuse for it which we fear is not quite true to the facts:—

Whether the practice of going into the places of worship and addressing the Assembly was at all times warrantable, it would be difficult at this day to decide. That it was not uncommon is evident, and the peculiar circumstances of the times furnish reasons in defence of it which do not now exist. It was by no means peculiar to our Society, and in most cases where Friends did it, there is reason to believe that they waited until the stated preacher had done, before they attempted to speak."—Memoir p. 98, note.

There is yet better reason to believe the direct contrary. At any rate Fox had much to endure, and bore it manfully and patiently. At Derby in 1650, for the crime of preaching only, he had to spend six months in the House of Correction, and another six among felons in the common goal; the committing magistrate, Justice Gervas Bennet, stooping to the enormity of striking the prisoner, first giving him the name of "Quaker," because George Fox had bidden him "tremble at the word of the Lord" (p. 103). Here too, as at so many points, we have a parallel with Methodism, itself originally a nickname, adopted in proud humility by the people on whom it was laid. His worst adventure was at Tickhill, near Doncaster, in 1652, where, going as was his wont to the "public-worship house" there, "the clerk struck him on the face with a Bible, so that the blood gushed out on the floor of the house;" (p. 107), and the congregation beat him, knocked him down, and threw him over a hedge. His Cornish campaign in 1655 was a more troubled one than even John Wesley's first in that barbarous region; and in the case of both partly for the same honourable cause, their lifting up their voices loud against the native sin of "wrecking" (p. 153). At Redruth the zeal of a Friend who persisted in addressing the people in the "steeple-house" (p. 119) got him into difficulty. From St. Ives he was sent to Launceston goal, and, refusing when arraigned to doff his hat to the Judge at the Assizes, he was thrust "into a hole called Doomsdale, which was so filthy, damp, and unwholesome, that few who went into it came out alive" (p. 121). From the mire and water of this dungeon, like another Jeremiah, George came forth to bear fresh testimony to the truth as he held it. His sincerity and plain-speaking had already won the esteem of Oliver Cromwell, who indeed was rather fond of vexing the Presbyterian ministers by talk about Eldad and Medad; yet the Protector's countenance seems to have availed but little. Seven hundred Friends were languishing in different prisons when Charles II. was proclaimed king, and one of his first acts was to set them all free. By this time Fox had spent three years of his life in prison, and his marriage with a reputable widow of mature age in 1669 put him at ease in his worldly affairs. The fire of persecution abated after the Restoration, though it was not wholly extinguished. Friends had even the satisfaction of obtaining in courts of law a formal recognition of the validity of marriages celebrated in their meetings between Friends (p. 181), being the only religious body without the Church which obtained that privilege for many a year. Fox's latter days were clouded chiefly by sorrows which seem but the righteous inheritance of such as he, the schisms and divisions which sprang up among his people. These he put down with a high hand, sometimes with an energy of expression which might do credit to a Hildebrand:—

Whoever is tainted with this spirit of John Perrot, it will perish. Mark theirs and his end, that are turned into those outward things and janglings about them, and that which is not savoury; all which is for perpetual judgment, and is to be swept and cleansed out of the camp of God's elect. This is to that spirit that is gone into jangling about that which is below (the rotten principle of the old Ranters), and gone from the invisible power of God, in which is the everlasting fellowship. And so many are become like the corn on the houstop. . . . (P. 180.)

The reader will easily supply the rest.

Forty years ago Coleridge, in his grand style, compared modern Quakerism to "one of those gigantic trees which are seen in the forests of North America, apparently flourishing and preserving all its greatest stretch and spread of branches; but when you cut through an enormously thick and gnarled bark, you find the whole inside hollow and rotten." The bark is now fast peeling off, and the inevitable fall must come soon, for the tree began to rot from its heart. These who have left the Society since Coleridge spoke are not the vain or frivolous of its *jeunesse dorée* (their revolt may be delayed for a while by the recent indulgences which have been held out to them), but the grave, the thoughtful, the cultivated, the conscientious. These men have ceased to believe in the fundamental doctrine of Quakerism, and have had firmness and honesty enough to endure the wrench of formal separation from their former associations and habits. They are a fatal loss to the communion which they are constrained to leave; they are a valued gain to the Church of England, which, and not the Nonconformists, are a rigid Quaker with much complacency since, as we observe, the departure from his body almost invariably proves

MY DIARY DURING THE LAST GREAT WAR.*

"I WOULD not choose, says a French philosopher"—we are quoting from the *Citizen of the World*—"I would not choose to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted." Much the same unwillingness should we feel to see our old friend the great Special Correspondent ever laid aside. We have been so long acquainted with him, we have derived so much amusement from him, that we could far better spare a better man. Who can hear a rumour of a coming war, who can read how armies are being placed on a war footing, and ammunition trains formed, without saying to himself with satisfaction, Now is Mr. Russell's servant busy in looking up his master's big boots, and now is Mr. Russell himself still busier in looking up his yet bigger words. To be sure, for anything we know, it may be that Mr. Russell's boots and his words are as great in time of peace as in time of war, and that

Wars like mists that rise against the sun,
Make him but greater seen, not greater grown.

Still we always picture to ourselves that he as well as the combatants has to put himself upon a war footing, and to get into training. Indeed in the work now before us his wind, if we may venture to use the expression, seems at first a little short. It improves with exercise; but it is not till he is through nearly one half of the book and has reached Versailles, that he warms up to the kings, and princes, and grand-dukes with whom he is hand and glove, and with ease becomes a man

Rexes atque tyrannos,
Omnia magna loquens.

We cannot but regret that the plan on which he has written his book does not allow him to repeat the description of that grand dinner at Versailles which may still live in the memory of our readers, when the princes and generals of Germany met their newly-made Emperor and Mr. Russell. This work, however, is no mere republication of those letters to the *Times* which were as long as the last great war was short. We have here what is pleasantly called "a condensation of the matter which has appeared in the columns of the *Army and Navy Gazette* during the last two years." These five hundred and eighty pages may indeed be a condensation, just as we believe the Shorter Scotch Catechism is not, as has been supposed, the longest Catechism in the world. But the specific gravity of Mr. Russell when most condensed would be found to be equal to that of an ordinary writer when most expanded. While the history of the famous dinner is omitted, we are glad to find, given in the most uncondensed form possible, a full account of the memorable controversy between Mr. Russell on the one part and Count Bismarck on the other. The *Times* has already complimented its Special Correspondent on the part he played and the victory he gained, and Mr. Russell may fairly claim to be *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*. When, indeed, we consider the compliments that have been paid him, the learned University that has conferred upon him its degree, the foreigner he has overcome, the literary staff over which he presides, and the hearty relish which he shows throughout all this work for his meals, we are again reminded of the *Citizen of the World*, and of the great man there described:—"The learned Societies invite him to become a member; he disputes with some foreigner with a long name, conquers in the controversy, is complimented by several authors of gravity and importance, is excessively fond of egg-sauce with his pig, becomes president of a literary club, and dies in the meridian of his glory."

Where are we to begin our condensation of such a work as this Diary, which embraces everything from the author's appetite to the battle of Sedan, and from the Crown Prince's white breeches to the fall of Paris? Mr. Russell may be likened to an elephant which with its trunk can raise either a cannon or a pin, or to Nasmyth's steam-hammer which can crack a nut as accurately as it can beat out a huge bar of iron. Perhaps he is greatest when telling of great men doing little things. Of the battle of Sedan and of the siege of Paris we have but a somewhat hazy view in these pages, but of Bismarck, whether "whiffing a cigar" at Bar-le-Duc, or "pulling a cigar" at Rheims, or "lighting his cigar while waiting for his cloak" at Versailles, whether offering Mr. Russell a cigar, or apologising a moment after for not giving him a light at the same time, we have a very striking picture before us. Still more strikingly drawn is the Crown Prince, for whom indeed, as for the elephant and Mr. Russell, nothing is too big, nothing too small. On one occasion indeed, when our Special Correspondent cannot find his lodgings, he does admit that "the Crown Prince cannot attend to small matters. He takes it for granted that those who accompany him are properly attended to or can shift for themselves." We scarcely know, by the way, at which to wonder most—the condensation of Mr. Russell in admitting that the question where he is to lay his head is a small matter, or his obligingness in so carefully explaining to his reader that the Crown Prince does not generally discharge the duties of a quartermaster even when there is a Special Correspondent from the *Times* on his staff. And yet it would not have surprised us if his Royal Highness had really settled whether Mr. Russell should sleep at the butler's or the chandler's, in the front room or the back. For when, on the very day on which the battle of Worth was fought, he joined for the first time the Head-Quarters, he found that he had been expected, and was "to breakfast with the Crown Prince at 12 o'clock."

* *My Diary during the Last Great War*. By W. H. Russell, Author of the "British Expedition to the Crimea," "My Diary in India," &c. London and New York: Routledge & Sons. 1874.

Again, on the day of Sedan, he is roused up by "a knocking at the door," and a rough voice calling out, "The Crown Prince has sent to tell you to come to the battle"; while at the close of the fighting on the next day "a Jäger," we read, "came into my room flushed and bright-eyed, and said, 'The day is ended. The Crown Prince is coming, and you are bidden to dine with him to-night. (God be praised!'" Whether, by the way, the pious "Jäger" praises God because the day is ended, or because the Crown Prince is coming, or because Mr. Russell is going to have a dinner, is not left so clear as might be wished. Perhaps he knew that with the dinner there would be some of the Emperor Napoleon's champagne, or, rather, some champagne which had been intended for the Emperor but had been captured by the Prussian hussars, and so thought that there was need of some extra devoutness. The courtesy of the Crown Prince is repaid to the full by Mr. Russell, who never wears of painting him. The day after the battle of Worth.

His Royal Highness, dressed in flat cap, plain frock, with the Order of Merit and general's badges, white breeches, and heavy riding boots above the knee, came in and gave Lord Ronald and myself a most gracious reception.

The next day, August 8, "at 8.15, the Crown Prince, wearing his flat cap and a black waterproof with military brass buttons, heavy jack-boots and spurs, walked out of the château." A too hasty reasoner might infer that on this occasion the exigencies of warfare had not given the Prince time to put on his breeches, as no mention is made of them. Of the improbability, however, of such a supposition we are warned on August 15, when we read that "his Highness generally wears white breeches and heavy jack-boots." The battle of Sedan, we may add, he gazed at "with his arms folded," and wearing "his flat cap, uniform frock, and jack-boots"; while in the same flat cap and the same boots, unless indeed his Highness has a change or two, he distributed the Iron Cross at Versailles. The King of Prussia, by the way, wears Wellington boots, while the Duke of Coburg and Bismarck wear "white cords or leathers, and heavy jack-boots." What a picture we have for the artist of the Crown Prince in his breeches and boots, when, "as he put up his glass" to look at Paris, "there was, if I mistake not, a gleam of softer feeling than the conqueror's pride in his eye." Madame Tussaud with her clockwork model could alone do justice to him, as on another occasion, "with his arms folded, listening attentively" to the reading of a despatch, "he shook his head slowly." Into the picture of the model should be introduced "the pipe with a porcelain bowl, on which were the Royal Arms of Prussia, painted, it was said, by the fair hand of the Crown Princess." We are glad to say that Mr. Russell finds time to tell us a good deal about himself as well as about the great people and their boots, and the million or so of soldiers and their battles, whom he was especially engaged to write of. He thus gives a graphic account of the sufferings of the wounded and the dying, and of the uncomfortable bed he himself had on the night after the battle of Worth:—

August 7.—The events of last night were too horrible. The wounded men in the room below died almost as fast as they were carried in. Their bodies were taken out from the bloody straw, only to be succeeded by those of men scarcely living. The sounds came up through the thin floor. Soldiers were going round knocking at the door, asking for bread and quarters. Then, in the middle of the night, there came great convoys, and the tramp of troops over the stony street. Sleep was difficult under such circumstances, hardened as I am; and my couch was curved, so that whether I lay in it or on it, I was obliged to look at my feet high in air above my head, my body being bent as if I were a fish tied up head and tail to accommodate the pot in which it was to be boiled.

It is some consolation to learn that on the next day he dined with the Crown Prince, that after dinner "cigars and coffee were brought in," and that in the sight of the porcelain pipe, which he then saw, for the first time, he could forget the horrible spectacles which he had so lately seen. On the morrow, moreover, he "feasted sumptuously on *potage, bouillon*, roast veal, potatoes, and country wine." The diary that he wrote of the battle of Sedan was unfortunately lost. Let us be thankful that it was not the accounts of his bed and his meals, or of the boots and breeches of princes, that fell into the hands of the enemy.

Our readers must not carry away with them the notion that Mr. Russell has forgotten to tell us anything about the war. The first part of his work has undoubtedly a considerable amount of interest. While, half a million of men are fighting at Sedan he makes a nearer approach to forgetting his own existence than we had thought possible. But when he gets shut up in Versailles, then he feeds on himself and becomes very dull indeed. To quote his own words:—

I certainly never bargained for this. It is now three months and three weeks nearly since I arrived in Versailles, and except to make an excursion here and there, to go to St. Germain, St. Cloud, Sevres, St. Cyr, Villecoublay, Villeneuve St. Georges, or the environs, I have been a fixture.

But, though Mr. Russell was a fixture and had little to tell, yet there were a certain number of pages to be filled in telling it. "Each historian, as he," to quote Fielding, "do, in reality, very much resemble a newspaper, which consists of just the same number of words, whether there be any news in it or not. They may likewise be compared to a stage-coach, which performs constantly the same course, empty as well as full." Inspired by the memories of Bonnie the Great and by the presence of so many living princes, at times, like the German bands, he "bursts into a strident strain of triumph," but he too often falls back into what we may call a solo on a penny trumpet. He gives fifty lines

to describe the events of December 2, when, as he tell us, the fight was so severe and the losses so heavy that "General von Rannbach was crying like a child." Of these fifty lines twelve are given to a description of the great coat in which the great Special Correspondent viewed the fight.

Uninteresting as are these petty details, the reader's dissatisfaction is increased by the extraordinary inaccuracy which runs through them. On one occasion, indeed, we detect a gross error in a matter which is by no means potty. On September 14 Mr. Russell writes:—"The German horse have got within 120 miles of Paris, breaking up bands, and displaying the utmost boldness." Mr. Russell, when he wrote this, had with the Crown Prince's army passed through Rheims and Eprenay, and was himself at Montmirail, scarcely sixty miles from Paris. But it is in the scraps of Greek, Latin, French, and German, and the quotations, that he blunders the most terribly and the most needlessly. It was scarcely necessary, in order to bring home to his readers that the King of Prussia—King William the Conqueror, as he calls him—was "well lodged and entertained at the Prefecture of Versailles," to bring in Louis XIV., Xerxes, Alexander, Caesar, or "Napoleon at the Bridge of Lodi or Arcoli," much less to try to quote Greek, and to say "he was an *αυακ ανθρωπος*" (*sic*). We could quite as easily understand how Prussian Versailles had become, without being told that "the *genus* (*sic*) *loci* is certainly Prussian." We should like to know, by the way, why the name of the celebrated street in Berlin is written by Mr. Russell before the war Unter den Linden, and after the war Unter der Linden. Greek, Latin, and German, however, he quotes too sparingly to blunder much. But of French his pages are full, and of a French of which "Stratford atte Bow" or a modern schoolgirl might well be ashamed. "Some Paris papers have arrived," he writes, "which were read with interest. One contained a poem—'Asses d'azur.'" What these azure asses could be we were at a loss to guess. By that time the besieged Parisians had not begun to eat the strange animals of the menageries, and so the poet could scarcely be writing of them. In a few lines Mr. Russell kindly furnishes us with a translation. "Asses d'azur" is the poetical French for "enough of blue." We cannot quote one tenth part of his errors, but the following instances will suffice to show how inaccurate he is:—"Ils n'ont pas osés," "In the evening all the *bourgeois* cowering inside their houses," "bon compagnie," "café-billiard," "franc-tireurs," "Le Ministre l'Intérieur du Seine-et-Oise," "Rue Boissy d'Anglais," "Prince of Wurtemberg," "Wurtembergers," "Wurtembergers" (this seems to be an unlucky word for Mr. Russell), and, lastly, "the ordinary line regiments; le petit perdre de rouge." Worse even than these is the blunder of the following line—"Generals Clément and Thomas were murdered after a fashion possible only in Paris and parts of Spain." What are we to think of the accuracy of a Special Correspondent who was in Paris on the very day when the unfortunate General Clément Thomas was murdered, who "met General Vinoy that forenoon returning from the official residence of M. Thiers, and never saw a man in greater dejection," and who yet can make such a blunder as this? If "the English press" was fairly represented by the author of *My Diary during the Late Great War*, we do not know that there would have been much to regret if it had suffered that "ostracism and paralysis" with which, as Mr. Russell tells us, it was threatened when hostilities first broke out.

TRUE TO LIFE.

THERE is a simplicity about this little story which quite disarms criticism. The author informs us in a dedicatory preface that her sister has been for years urging her to write a story, and that she has finally yielded from a conviction that what bores some people may be interesting to others. The statement, we fear, is not quite true; there are some books which bore everybody. We do not mean to place *True to Life* in this light; for we must admit that it has amused us. If, indeed, we were required to analyse the sources of our amusement, and to say whether the literary merits of the book or the unconscious revelation of the author's character was the cause of our rather gentle amusement, we could not give an entirely satisfactory reply. Indeed, to say the truth at once, the book does not rise to the point at which criticism fairly begins. But for the statement that the author has been asked to write for "many years," we should have attributed it to a very youthful performer indeed. We will not, therefore, be so cruel as to expose it to any of the tests by which we judge works of any pretension; we will not ask whether the characters are good, or the story well told, or the sentiments vigorously expressed; but we will confine ourselves to a brief study of the state of mind indicated by the writings of which this is a specimen. We are quite unable indeed to understand why anybody should publish a book who is compelled, for example, to fill a page by the simple expedient of copying the ordinary form of an invitation to dinner and the reply to it; but there is a kind of interest in endeavouring for once to look at the world as it presents itself to a benevolent young lady. In one of his essays Thackeray describes a scene at a play where the rich uncle turns up at the right moment and puts everything straight by a lavish distribution of funds, and he adds that, if he had once wished the theatre to be like life, he now wished that life might be a little more like the theatre. Some such reflection occurs to us as we read *True to Life*.

We are tempted at moments to wish that the title was appropriate. Perhaps, for example, we have been reading a revolutionary article showing that the world will never be well off till the last king, in the picturesque old phrase, is strangled with the bowels of the last priest; or a reactionary article showing that our only hope is in laying aside our intellects and bowing before an infallible Pope; or a declaration from a follower of Mr. Carlyle that we are shooting Niagara, and going headlong into chaos; or the assurance of a cynic that everything always is and always will be wrong, and that we may as well content ourselves with that conclusion; and we have felt ourselves rather puzzled by the confused hubbub of contradictory cries which arises on all sides of us. Is it not pleasant, after some such experience, to retire into a land where none of these lamentations have hitherto penetrated; where everybody is good and amiable and contented; and where the existence of anything wrong in the world is only indicated by some rudimentary attempts at satire, suggested by the contempt felt by deans for minor canons?

In that charming country all things are seen through a rose-coloured atmosphere, or, to use language more appropriate to the occasion, everything is what young ladies call emphatically "nice." There are a few poor people, but they exist only in order to provide their richer neighbours with opportunities for indulging in a little picturesque charity. They are always affected to tears by any misfortune which happens to the family of the clergyman, and they are able when the daughters of a former incumbent return after a long absence to set before them nice little refectories of buns and currant-wine. The centre of so agreeable a picture is of course the model country parson, and his most intimate friend is, equally of course, the model peer. These two persons respect each other with a warmth which is creditable to human nature, and their only rivalry is a rivalry in doing good. The clergyman is almost too nice for his own happiness. He is so admirable a creature that it becomes necessary for him to go through a death-bed scene. In the region of which we are speaking, indeed, death-bed scenes are not merely edifying, but almost agreeable. The principal performers have a little stock of phrases, some of which may possibly strike us as being somehow familiar, but which they discharge with admirable punctuality at the most appropriate moments. In the regions of the nice, there are no rough gravediggers to make heartless jokes after the fashion of *Hamlet*; no selfish relatives waiting in the background and covering a grim complacency under a mask of studied decorum; everybody is perfectly sincere and admirably considerate. The exemplary widow sheds a few natural tears, but dries them soon under the influence of judicious reflections administered by everybody in the neighbourhood, and of admirably composed epistles extracted, as we infer, from the Complete Letter-writer by the equally exemplary peer. When that nobleman invites her for the time to take up her abode in his elegant mansion in Belgrave Square, she is made quite happy by his delicate attentions and by the numerous letters of condolence which are piled upon her table. Perhaps this last touch is a little too strong. In this commonplace world we have seldom reason to be thankful for letters; and though young ladies regard letters in general as nice, even they, we should fancy, must make some exception in the case of letters of condolence. However this may be, a widow in this world of fiction has other consolations to fall back upon. Of course she has two lovely daughters, and each of the lovely daughters has her pick of several nice young men. There is, for example, the young lord who has lived with them like a brother from their infancy, and whose fraternal affection gradually deepens into a more tender sentiment. When he ventures to express his love to one of the charming girls, she has unfortunately—for it must be admitted that human arrangements will sometimes get themselves into a mess in the nicest of worlds—taken the opportunity of falling in love with another still nicer young gentleman, who is on his way to Australia. But we may be pretty certain that everything will come right in the end. No novelist, even though he belonged to a much sterner variety of his race than the author of *True to Life*, could keep his heroine in England and send his hero permanently to Australia. The trip to the colonies, in fact, is at once perceived to be merely an expedient for showing how independent and vigorous that excellent young gentleman would have been if he had only had the chance. But no lasting troubles can happen to him in a state of things so carefully arranged for his convenience. A gentleman who had left him a large property has indeed perversely managed matters in such a way that the will by which it comes to him is carefully hidden away in a drawer, of which no living person knows the secret. Such an occurrence is in all novels a well-understood preliminary to the will turning up again just when it is wanted. Of course the drawer gets to Wardour Street, and is there bought by the very man who is interested in the will. Such an odd coincidence might seem suspicious in the world of reality. In the world of fiction it raises no doubt in anybody's mind, and the validity of the will thus oddly turning up is instantly recognized by all concerned. But even in the world of ordinary fiction, such an event generally causes a certain amount of ill-feeling. The wicked usurper who has been enjoying the property which did not rightfully belong to him is apt to be of a surly and grasping disposition, and gives rise to a good many troubles before the honest attorney and the incorruptible judge put everything straight a few pages before the final consummation. In this delightful region no such bad passions are admitted. The usurper has taken what did not belong to him

in spite of himself; he has always had a secret conviction that the charming hero ought to have inherited the money, and he has most carefully kept his accounts with a view to a final restitution. And thus, when the will is discovered, far from being annoyed at the change in his prospects, he is delighted at getting rid of a burden to which he was not born, and which, as the poet observes, had been weighing upon him night and morn.

Of course, too, there is an equally nice clergyman for the other sister; and there is a bishop so amiable that he accepts a volume of sermons published by a Unitarian, though he is excusably annoyed when his name is by mistake put down as a subscriber; he has his reward indeed, for the good peer comes to stay with him, and wins the Dean's heart for ever by asking to be shown over the cathedral. When an accident happens in this well-regulated world, it only gives an opportunity for one of these excellent persons to perform an act of heroism; one admirable youth saves a child from being burnt to death, and another saves a shipwrecked crew; but, as a rule, everything happens in the most charming way conceivable; and the volume closes as with the sound of marriage-bells and with a general flavour of wedding-cake.

Is not this a world which it is pleasant to inhabit, even for a spare half-hour? Would it not be as preposterous as cruel to endeavour to compare it too closely with the realities of life, and to condemn it if it differed from them? We might as well say that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is defective because we have never met Oberon and Titania in any modern forest. Literary criticism would be here entirely out of place; and we can only say that we wish we could be introduced in flesh and blood to a few of these model bishops, these nice young men, and these perfect young ladies. If we were then able to distribute patronage and fortunes at pleasure, and to prevent any one from falling ill till he was prepared for an edifying death-bed scene, things would be pretty nearly as comfortable as we could wish to have them. To whatever remarks of a different kind the author of *True to Life* may be fairly liable, we are content to say that she has obviously a very kind heart, and that, if everything disagreeable could be removed from the world by a simple exertion of the will, we are quite certain that she would put everything straight with surprising rapidity. Perhaps a world conformed to her scheme of things might be a trifle insipid; but it may be that our palates are vitiated.

THE ROD IN INDIA.*

THIS is, in every sense of the word, an Indian book. Its author is a member of the Madras Civil Service. The subject is rod-fishing, principally in the tract of country known as the Western Ghats. The work, though it may be had at four well-known publishers, either at the three Presidencies or in London, was originally published at Mangalore. And the specimen before us was actually bound by a local bookbinder at the same place. We have had abundance of works descriptive of other kinds of sport in India, and English gentlemen of wealth, leisure, and activity need be at no loss for guides to tell them how tigers can be shot on foot, on raised platforms, or from the backs of elephants; whether the art of spearing the wild hog is more difficult of attainment with a lance of eight feet or with one of six and a half; how many quail and black partridges may be reasonably expected in low scrub jungle, with a good line of beaters, on an afternoon in February on the banks of the Sone or the Nerbudda; and what analogies are to be discovered between snipe in a first-class Irish bog and the same birds in the rice-fields of the Gangetic Delta. But we know of no standard authority on Indian fishing; and though many Anglo-Indians are to be found who will defy the heats of April and May in pursuit of tigers, and who will swelter in an afternoon in September for a few couple of snipe, when no cloud obscures the sun and no breeze rustles the plantain leaves, the rod is less frequently handled than the rifle, the cricket-bat, or the spear. The reason of this is not far to seek. Blinding glare and furnace blasts are little heeded when the sportsman is constantly on the move on elephant or horseback. Fishing is obviously a stationary pursuit, and nothing is more trying and exhausting than rowing across a lake from the surface of which the sun's rays are refracted as from a mirror, or fishing in some deep and narrow gorge where the rocks are glowing like an oven, air is shut out, and the sand is literally burning under your feet. The capture of ordinary fish which abound in reservoirs, lakes, and streams gives little excitement, and demands no extraordinary skill. And the increased amount of work demanded of late years from the servants of Government of every grade and denomination leaves but little leisure for such a pursuit as angling. Men who have been boxed up in cantonments for eight months of hot weather and rains, and civilians who have been stifled in a crowded court-house or treasury for seven hours a day, prefer a stirring gallop to wading a stream with the chance of encountering an alligator, and a walk with a smoothbore or a rifle to casting a fly or spinning with an artificial bait. Nevertheless there is always a class of Englishmen interested in any kind of adventure, and Mr. Thomas was interested in holding that his devotion to the subject warranted him in writing a book.

Unfortunately the execution of the work is by no means on a par with the information evidently possessed by the author. The

* *The Rod in India; being Hints how to obtain Sport, with Remarks on the Natural History of Fish, Otters, &c., and Illustrations of Fish and Trout.* By Henry Sullivan Thomas, Madras Civil Service, F.R.S., and F.Z.S. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

style is disfigured by slang. The anecdotes are marred in the telling by jokes of the feeblest quality; and readers or the fishes themselves are apostrophized after the fashion of the worst of contributors to a third-rate sporting periodical. Yet, of late years, residents in the East have been found to write on sporting subjects with the discernment and accuracy imparted by official training, and with the good taste of scholars and gentlemen. Perhaps one of the best works on Indian sporting was written, thirty years back, by a gentleman who had served in the very Presidency to which Mr. Thomas belongs. If Mr. Thomas could not excel or equal the animation and liveliness which characterize the pages of the *Old Forest Ranger*, his service in South Canara might at least have taught him to avoid slang which would be out of place in the mouth of a girl of the period, and jokes which would hardly excite a smile in the dulllest circle of subalterns devoted to billiards, botching, and "poga." Quotations from modern poets and ancient classics are Mr. Thomas's snare. In two lines taken from Ovid there is an omission and a false quantity which in old days might have brought an Etonian in unpleasant conference with Dr. Keate. In another place Virgil is quoted in the same line with Horace, so as to induce a suspicion that the author believed himself to be citing one continuous passage. And the Virgilian and trite phrase of *facilis descensus* is actually given as *facile est descensus*. In a third passage the author, while describing a certain fishing locality in South Canara, warns his reader that if he fishes late, he must be on the look-out for tigers; and then adds, "reddas incolu-nem, precor." What he really meant to say in his Latin was evidently "redens incolumnis, precor." But then he must have had a regard for grammar and syntax, and he would have lost the point of Horace's prayer in behalf of Virgil. Another disfigurement in the book arises not from the style, but from the woodcuts. Mr. Thomas has been at considerable pains to give effect to his remarks and advice to anglers by what he considers to be graphic illustrations. For this end he seems to have compassed land and sea, to have dived into forgotten numbers of comic annuals, and even to have drawn on Arctic travellers for penguins and whales. In many instances the woodcuts illustrate no one phase of Indian adventure, native custom, or tropical scenery. They are merely dragged in by the head and shoulders to point the moral of the chapters, and are set off by such facetious remarks as "A cool fish, sometimes met," "A land lubber," i.e. a hippopotamus, "Not to be caught with chaff," and so forth. Of real humour Mr. Thomas seems to have little or no sense. He has evidently taken quite seriously an account which appeared in the *Field* of a mahseer which weighed 200 lbs., and which was caught by the angler using his own body as a rod or windlass; and he warns his readers not to be misled by a tale which would have deceived no one but the typical country clergyman who did not understand why the celebrated "Addresses" should have been "Rejected." We will venture to say, too, that no one with the smallest appreciation of *ῥο αἰσχυρὸν ἀνευ λόγου* would ever have put the three following names in juxtaposition. Mr. Thomas informs us that he is quoting from his own Report on Pisciculture, addressed to the Madras Government:—"Long before the commencement of pisciculture as a science, Aristotle, and subsequently Mr. Yarrell, and Sir J. Emerson Tennent, had observed that the impregnated ova of the fish of one rainy season," &c.

We have done with criticism on style and manner, and turn to the gist of the book. In spite of all its annoying defects of slang, and style, and feeble witticism, there is a good deal that is novel and suggestive in the volume. Details are given in regard to at least three kinds of Indian fish, which will repay the attention of fishermen and naturalists. First in size, character, and attractiveness to the angler, comes the mahseer. Mr. Thomas is no doubt correct when he talks of this fish as of the genus carp. But whether rushing away from the angler at railroad speed, or dressed for dinner, the mahseer practically has no resemblance to that fish. It is not found in ponds. It grows to an enormous size; for we see no reason to doubt the fact that a mahseer above 100 lbs. in weight was really hooked and landed in the Deyrah Dhoon only last year, by Mr. Ross of the Bengal Civil Service, a brother of the champion shot of England. The Indian fish that bears the closest resemblance to the English or European carp is the *rohita* or *rohi*, which is often caught of the weight of 20 or 25 lbs. The mahseer, for the purposes of sport or food, is the salmon of India. But a counterpart of the inhabitant of the Spey or the Findhorn is not to be looked for. It is found in all three Presidencies, and includes several varieties. It migrates from the lower to the upper waters of Indian rivers during the rainy season, but never descends to the sea like trout or salmon. Mr. Thomas, from minute and careful examination, concludes that the mahseer lays its ova in batches, and makes at least three distinct deposits, "dropping gently downwards with the continually decreasing waters." Consequently the mahseer rarely becomes lank and emaciated like spent salmon. Its food consists of rice, aquatic weeds, small fish, beetles and earth-worms, flies and grasshoppers, snails and crabs. General and acknowledged rules for the guidance of all fly-fishers must, in India, be subject to modifications. That an angler should study the habits of his fish; that he should keep out of sight; that he should combine wariness, patience, and dexterity of hand; that he should go to the river-side prepared to exchange one fly for another, and any flies for the artificial or the live bait—these and similar cautions, well known to fishermen in Irish and Scotch waters, are equally applicable to the comparatively unexplored rivers in India. But the mahseer must be studied from the

Asiatic point of view, just as the land revenue and the salt taxes, or whatever in social and religious feelings appears strange and abhorrent to European ideas. The best time for fishing is not when the waters are discoloured, but when they are clear. The rains are too violent, the waters too muddy and turbulent, for the fish to feed at such times. The strength of the mahseer, according to Mr. Thomas, lies in his throat, by which he can exert a marvellous amount of compression on hard foreign substances. Hooks and "spoons" are literally crushed by the enormous power which nature has bestowed on the muscles of the back jaw. Then the mahseer has by no means the endurance which enables the salmon to make a long running fight. His first rush is tremendous; but just as the violent impulses of the Asiatic are not to be compared with the dogged perseverance of the Englishman, so does the giant of the Oavery or the Toombuddra try the angler less than a salmon of smaller size in the Tweed or Tay. We are bound to admit that a writer in the *Field*, whom Mr. Thomas quotes in his appendix, inclines to the opinion that the mahseer "for gameness and vigour" is superior to the salmon. But whether the mahseer be wholly or half Oriental in his ways, those who like grand scenery and who are proof against violent alternations of heat and cold, would be amply repaid by a month's fishing in March and April along streams where there are no water-bailiffs, and no exasperating restrictions, and on which no usurious landlord has set a deterrent price.

Mr. Thomas has also some valuable information about other fish, of the very names of which even Anglo-Indians may be ignorant. The murrel, or, according to the pedantic spelling lately enforced by the Government of India, the mairai, is the Indian pike. He has the formidable teeth of this fish, and is given to basking near the top of the water, or to concealing himself in holes under the bank, on the look-out for frogs or other prey. Natives fish for murrel with contrivances clumsy and coarse, but in reality effectual and deadly. A frog is hooked on to the barb and dropped as a bait from an overhanging bough, on the very surface of the water; or the line is made fast to three pieces of bamboo stuck into the mud on the shore. No play is allowed; wire or gimp takes the place of gut; the murrel, when hooked, is hauled out by main force. Then we have a brief notice of a species called "Hyder's fish," because native tradition holds that this sort was introduced by the celebrated ruler of Mysore into ponds at Cundapoor, to serve as a luxury for the table. According to Dr. Day, the present Inspector-General of Indian Fisheries, and no mean authority, the fish originally belonged to the sea, but it has been acclimatized to fresh or brackish water. There is a curious account of its capture written by Dr. Buchanan many years ago and quoted by Mr. Thomas. The shoal is driven by drag-nets across the pond, and forced to leap in the air, and so to fall into a set of other nets spread out above the water by natives standing in rows of small canoes. Much useful advice is given by Mr. Thomas concerning fishing gear, the preservation of hooks, and the preparation of flies. The sore trial of anglers and sportsmen in India is the effect of the climate. Nothing seems proof against a temperature which at one time warps ivory, and at another resembles a hot-house or stifling conservatory thoroughly watered on an English summer's day. The rainfall on the Western coast, from which date all the author's experiences, reaches to 130 inches in the year; and though that of Murree and the Doon and Northern India is generally, in round numbers, not much more than half this amount, yet there is always something in every Indian variety of climate hostile to articles of European make. Hooks rust; swivels eat into the gut to which they are tied; the gut and the silk shrink or slacken; and every kind of implement which requires nicety of hand and artistic skill for its adjustment or preservation is liable to be ruined by mildew or spoilt by native servants. The best plan for an ardent fisherman is to have out his tackle fresh from England at the beginning of the cold weather, or else to be able himself to make use of indigenous materials, and to superintend native workmen, who occasionally display a power of imitation and a delicacy of touch absolutely marvellous.

We could have wished that the author had given us more detailed information as to other kinds of fish, and as to the native modes of catching and dressing them. We might have been spared some speculations as to the power of fish to communicate ideas to each other, and as to the suitability of a forked twig for carrying your catch when you have no basket. Surely every schoolboy who fishes for dace or gudgeon with a coarse line and a willow wand knows how to insert a twig through the gills of his captures. Fish, in the plains of India, are found everywhere during the rainy season. No tank can boast of pure waters without a due proportion of fish; and the first thing which is done by a pious and wealthy native who has excavated a vast reservoir for the population of three villages is to stock it with fry. No stream is without its dozen varieties, and tidal rivers, lakes of two to three feet in depth, and even flooded rice-fields seem alive with small fish, and even fish of half a pound weight, at particular seasons of the year. But nothing is proof against the recklessness and shortsightedness of the Hindu. Cruives and fish weirs of indigenous make are so artfully constructed, and with such intimate knowledge of levels and gradients and outfalls, as to give the shoals little or no chance. It has been found necessary to appoint Inspectors of fisheries, and to take into consideration the necessity for a close season, the various modes of capture, and the size and modes of the native nets. One of the most difficult tasks in Indian administration is to make natives understand that, prodigal as nature is of her bounties, she cannot hold out for ever against

wanton and indiscriminate waste. The forests of India, rich in timber, wax, caoutchouc, and other products, would ere this have disappeared before the fire and steel of squatters and cattle-feeders; many of the smaller kinds of game birds have already vanished from cultivated districts, leaving the crops to be preyed on by grubs, ants, and insects, the natural food of the genus francolin. And the extracts from Mr. Thomas's official writings show conclusively that the restraining hand of a powerful Government has not been put forth one day too soon in order to arrest the annihilation of one of the staple articles of village consumption.

In conclusion, we have only a few words more of advice to offer to Mr. Thomas. In place of illustrations drawn from tales fitted for the nursery and the schoolroom, let him adorn his next work with photographic views of celebrated scenes in Mysore, the plateau of the Nilgherries, or the stations of the Western coast. Artists, professional and even amateur, abound in India, who are quite capable of using either the camera or the pencil, and of enlivening a letterpress with scenes of the jungle and the bazaar. We could gladly exchange the woodcuts of a whale and a panther for a good view of the falls of the Gairsoppa, or for Ranoo and Toolai Dass destroying the fry as they wade in the rice-fields. Let him, we say, draw on his friends or on the professional artists who have photographed the most picturesque scenes in Upper or Central India; let him eschew slang, and avoid false quantities and used-up quotations, and in his next edition he may treat a novel subject in a manner not unworthy of one who has received a medal from the Acclimatization Society of Paris, and of a member of that Service which periodically either delights or terrifies a much-enduring and benevolent Government by a series of exhaustive and luminous Reports.

RATTIGAN'S ROMAN LAW OF PERSONS.*

WHILE the occupants of the Bench and the leaders of the Bar, faithful to the traditions of centuries, trouble themselves as little about the Pandects of Justinian as about the Institutes of Moen, a generation of students is being carefully drilled in the principles and history of the law of Rome. It is impossible to predict the precise result of so great a revolution in legal training; but it is worth while to point out that in the ordinary course of things the high places of the profession will some day be filled by men who have felt its influence. The Judges of the future will have commenced practice equipped not merely with such scraps of knowledge as they may have picked up in the chambers of conveyancers and special pleaders, but also with an acquaintance with that great and carefully reasoned system which is the foundation of all the law of the Continent, as well as of the law of our fellow-subjects north of the Tweed. It is a curiously fortunate coincidence that the fusion of Law and Equity, which will be the work of the next twenty years, will be carried on by men not wholly ignorant of the mode in which equitable pleas were grafted on the old civil law by the pretors, and of the history of the distinction between legal and equitable ownership which was at length put an end to by Justinian.

A reaction against the revival of Roman Law is of course possible; but of this there is no sign whatever, and, in the meantime, the new study is creating a literature of its own. The publication of books upon a subject on which till quite lately scarcely anything had been written in this country is going on at such a rate that it is difficult to keep pace with the new arrivals. They are, indeed, of very unequal degrees of merit. Produced in the first fervour of the study, and often by young men who have made a somewhat rapid transition from the position of learners to that of teachers, they can hardly be expected to reach a standard of excellence which is habitually attained by works of the same class in countries where Roman Law has attracted the exclusive devotion of mature minds for many generations. So inevitably indeed must this be the case, that we incline to think that the study would, for some time to come, be better promoted by translations of the best Continental text-books than by original authorship. It is true that most of these works assume some familiarity with a terminology and method which, though traditional in France and Germany, are strange to the English student; but this is a difficulty which may be removed by judicious annotation and intelligent oral teaching.

Mr. Rattigan has ventured on the bolder course of writing a book of his own; the binding and red-letter decoration of which give it a family likeness to a series of recent works upon various branches of the civil law by Dr. Tomkins and Messrs. Jenken and Lomax, with which it seems however to have only this superficial connexion. It would be an easier task than it is to estimate Mr. Rattigan's achievement if he had told us more precisely what rank his "Law of Persons" is meant to occupy in the hierarchy of books. The materials for the work were, we are told, collected "while the author was preparing for the Honours Examination of Trinity Term 1872." What was the result of that examination we do not know; but if Mr. Rattigan bestowed anything like the same care upon the other subjects in which he must have offered himself as he gave to one branch of Roman Law, his name should have headed the class-list.

The work before us was, therefore, originally a note-book compiled by the author for his own assistance. It is now published, as the title-page informs us, for the use of other students preparing for examination. They will find it a trustworthy guide for the purpose; but the author, if one may judge from his elaborate repudiation of any claim to have made new discoveries in Roman Law, and from an imposing list of authorities cited, seems inclined to rate his work somewhat higher. It is, however, just what he has honestly told us it is—a very carefully revised edition of the notes made in the course of his own reading. As such it deserves the praise of being a convenient and creditably accurate hand-book upon the subject of which it treats; we should therefore have been glad had Mr. Rattigan avoided the apparent ostentation of wide original research which is implied by his long list of writers consulted, and not unfrequently by passages in the body of the work. For instance, with reference to a master's power over his slave, we get the following note, which might seem to condense into three lines the result of an independent examination of the works of at least three jurists:—"This law is ascribed by Hæubold and Hugo to the latter part of the reign of Augustus (764 A.U.C.), but Hotoman and others refer it to the year 814 A.U.C., in the reign of Nero." Any one who has some acquaintance with the literature of the subject, gets to know the ring of this sort of erudition, and, turning instinctively to Ortolan, finds:—"Cette loi est placée par M. Hæubold et Hugo dans les dernières années du règne d'Auguste (an 764 de R.), quoique Hotoman et d'autres auteurs l'aient rapportée à l'an 814, sous Néron." So when a commonplace reference to Blackstone is followed by more recondite citations from Coke, Glauville, and Porteus, one at once concludes that, given the reference to Blackstone, all the other extracts may be found duly set forth in the text of that respectable authority. As the editor of *Lending Cases in Hindu Law*, and author of a treatise on the Hindu Law of Adoption, Mr. Rattigan could doubtless have pointed out many interesting analogies between the Institutions of India and those of Rome. He has, nevertheless, done so but sparingly. We are inclined to quarrel with him on several other minor points, such as his unnecessary translation of common words such as *miles*, "a soldier," *plerumque*, "generally"; and redundantly complimentary phrases such as "Sir Walter Scott's charming romance of *Ivanhoe*"; but must pass on to a larger ground of complaint, which, useful as we believe the book will be found for practical purposes, must prevent it from being welcomed by scholars.

We think that the author has misconceived the limits of his subject. He has failed to grasp the true significance of the "Jus quod ad personas attinet," and is thus led to blame the Roman institutional writers for not treating in one place of matters which they deliberately assigned to different departments of law. The "Jus Personarum," which composes, together with the "Jus quod ad res attinet" and the "Jus actionum," the triple subject of the Institutes of Gaius, and after him of Justinian, was no doubt conceived of somewhat loosely. Mr. Rattigan must, however, be aware that, in the opinion of the best authorities, the term denoted what the Germans call "Familienrecht," and not what Austin, for instance, means by "the Law of Persons." The Roman "Jus Personarum" and the German "Familienrecht" embrace those mutual rights which arise out of domestic relationships, such as the right of a father over his son, or of a guardian over his ward. Austin's "Law of Persons" is, as he explains it, the Law of Status, or of those modifications of rights which are the result of the special character of the parties concerned; such, for instance, as the limitations to the ordinary power of contracting which result from infancy or coverture. Mr. Rattigan has amalgamated the two; and while half of his book treats of Status, the other half deals with the Family. He is quite right in discussing such artificial persons as corporations and the "fiscus" under the head of Status, but he is unreasonable in complaining that the Roman writers did not discuss them under the Law of Family, with which they have no concern. His position is this:—He adopts the threefold division of Law, but thinks that Gaius and his imitators, after inventing a sound system of arrangement, bungled in working it out. "The student continually finds himself under the necessity of referring to one or other of the second, third, or fourth books to complete what has been said in the first book concerning the capacity or disability of Persons." It has therefore occurred to our author to collect together these scattered notices into a separate treatise on the Law of Persons; which he seems inclined to follow up by a treatise on the Law of Things, and by another on Actions. In spite of what, according to the best opinion, is a mistaken idea of what the Romans meant by the Law of Persons, the three treatises would undoubtedly be convenient. Should, however, Mr. Rattigan carry out such a design, he will find it very difficult to avoid repeating himself. In his "Law of Persons" he has already trespassed largely both on the Law of Things and on the Law of Actions—in some instances, indeed, without any justification. He has gone at considerable length into the rules of succession, which is a mode of acquiring property; and has devoted several pages to Partnership, which has really nothing to do with the subject of corporate bodies which led to its discussion.

Although we have been compelled to point out these flaws in the plan of the work, we are bound to say that they do not materially impair its practical usefulness as a student's handbook. A large amount of trustworthy information has been got together, and the author's belief that "few, if any, misinterpretations or misstatements will be found in the actual texts," is not as presumptuous

* *De Jure Personarum*, or, *a Treatise on the Roman Law of Persons*. By W. H. Rattigan, M.A., Ph.D., Barrister-at-Law, Author of "*Lending Cases in Hindu Law*," "*The Hindu Law of Adoption*," &c. London: Widd & Sons. 1873.

tuous as might be supposed. Here and there, however, he will find statements which are capable of correction. The note on "fidejussor," for instance, is very vaguely expressed; and Mr. Rattigan is quite wrong in supposing that the power of an insolvent master to make his slave his "heres necessarius," and so to prevent the stigma of bankruptcy from attaching to his own memory, was conferred by the *Lex Ælia Sentia*. Should the book reach a second edition, it is to be hoped that the mode in which references are made to the different parts of the *Corpus juris* will be altered. The old mode, for nonconformity to which Gibbon thought it necessary to apologize, by citation of the first words of the title, is safe though cumbersome; while the newest mode, by the letters C. or D., for Code or Digest, as the case may be, followed by figures indicating the book, title, and law successively, is short and simple. Both are preferable to Mr. Rattigan's. The mistake of talking of the "Commentaries" of Gaius, as contrasted with the "Institutes" of Justinian, is so general as to be almost venial; but it should really be understood that both works were alike entitled "Institutes," although the earlier work was subdivided into four "Commentaries," and the later one into four "Books." We can recommend the *Roman Law of Persons* to "students preparing for examination."

FORTNUM'S MAJOLICA.*

WHAT Dr. Birch has done for ancient pottery has been attempted by Mr. Fortnum for the several glazed and enamelled potteries of Italy, and for those earlier Oriental ceramic wares from which the fictile arts of Italy most probably "derived their inspiration or acquired their development." Mr. Fortnum explains in a modest preface that he would not have undertaken this task had not Mr. J. C. Robinson, to whom the South Kensington collection of majolica owed in great measure its original formation, been hindered by circumstances from carrying out the intention he had once expressed of illustrating and describing it. Without access to the South Kensington Museum the compilation of this handsome volume would have been impossible. But the collection at Brompton is not only a very large one, but it is especially rich in those signed or marked and dated pieces which are indispensable for an accurate history of the art. There can be no doubt that, with Mr. Fortnum's book in hand, any one could master the whole subject of Italian ceramic art by ocular study in the South Kensington galleries. Not, however, that the volume is in any sense portable. On the contrary, it is prodigiously thick and heavy, printed sumptuously on large thick paper, in noble type, and most profusely illustrated with woodcuts and coloured plates. We express no opinion here as to the propriety of publishing at the public expense a work so costly that it can only be available to the few, and indeed can only be purchased by the richer part of the community. But undoubtedly for those who wish to study Italian pottery Mr. Fortnum's magnificent volume is a very valuable aid indeed, and we proceed to lay some account of it before our readers.

Pottery, or Fayence, is here defined as being formed of potter's clay mixed in various proportions with marl and sand, and divided into soft ware or hard ware, according to the composition of the paste and the degree of heat to which it is exposed. Soft ware is that which can be scratched with a knife or file, and which is fusible at the heat of a porcelain furnace. These soft wares again are either unglazed, lustrous, glazed, or enamelled. The first three of these subdivisions include not only almost all the pottery of antiquity, but by far the greater part of modern earthenware. It is with glazed and enamelled wares in particular that the volume before us proposes to deal. Of glazed ware again, some is vitreous, or glass-glazed, and some is plumbeous, or lead-glazed; while enamelled ware is stanniferous, or glazed with tin. People know so little of ceramic processes that the following lucid account of the methods employed may be not unacceptable:—

In these subdivisions the foundation is in all cases the same, the mixed clay or "paste" or "body," varied in composition according to the nature of the glaze to be superimposed, is formed by the hand, or on the wheel, or impressed into moulds, then slowly dried or baked in a furnace or stove, after which, on cooling, it is in a state to receive the glaze. This is prepared by fusing sand or other siliceous material with potash or soda, to form a translucent glass, the composition, in the main, of the glaze upon the siliceous, vitreous, or glass-glazed wares. The addition of a varying but considerable quantity of the oxide of lead, by which it is rendered more easily fusible, but still translucent, constitutes the glaze of the plumbeous or lead-glazed wares; whereas the further addition of the oxide of tin produces an enamel of an opaque white of great purity, and is the characteristic glazing of the tin-glazed wares. In either case the vitreous substance is reduced to the finest powder by mechanical and other means, being milled with water to the consistency of cream; into this the dry and absorbent baked piece is dipped and withdrawn, leaving a coating of the material of the bath adhering to its surface. A second firing, when quite dry, fuses this coating into a glazed surface on the piece, rendering it lustrous and impermeable to liquids. The two former of these glazes may be variously coloured by the admixture of metallic oxides, as copper for green, iron for yellow, &c.; but they are nevertheless translucent, and show the natural colour of the baked clay beneath.

In all cases where the glaze is translucent, the ornamentation, of whatever kind, is of course executed on the biscuit or surface of the baked piece before the glaze is added. Of the vitreous sort is

all the ancient glazed ware of Egypt and the East, and the modern pottery of Persia and Upper India is of exactly the same manufacture. On the other hand, the ancient European pottery was, generally speaking, lead-glazed. But, not to speak of some exceptions and doubtful anticipations of the process, it may be considered that the stanniferous enamel was introduced, if not discovered, in the fifteenth century. It is to this branch of the art that the true majolica of Italy belongs. The picturesque story that the first specimens of lead-glazed ware were brought to Pisa in the twelfth century by its triumphant galleys after the conquest of the Balearic Isles has been of late discredited. But Mr. Fortnum is now disposed, as it seems, to think that the tradition has some truth in it, and that the Pisan *bacini*, such as are found in so many campaniles of that city, are really of Oriental origin. This part, however, of his introduction is, it must be confessed, ill-arranged and far from clear. It is very difficult to know what his real opinion is. Whatever may have been the original sources of the art, there is, however, no doubt that the stanniferous enamelled lustrous ware of Italy derives its name of majolica from the island of Majorca, where it was practised and perhaps invented by the Moorish potters. The progress of inquiry has robbed Luca della Robbia of the credit of the first invention of a stanniferous enamel; but there is no doubt that this great artist improved the process, and made it in a sense his own.

Pursuing his introductory sketch, which much needs not only more perspicuous arrangement, but less repetition and less self-contradiction, Mr. Fortnum describes the several schools of the Umbrian duchy in particular—the chosen home of artistic pottery—tracing the manufacture down to its revival in our own days at Doccia, near Florence, in the *fabrique* of the Marquis Ginori. Already, it seems, certain pieces of the modern wares of Doccia have crept into several European museums as authentic examples of the genuine ancient majolica of Gubbio.

A very valuable contribution to Mr. Fortnum's book is a selection of extracts from the manuscript of Piccolpassi, written in 1548, forming a complete manual of the potter's art as then practised, from which Passeri and others have borrowed the greater part of their information on the subject. Why are we not told in the proper place that this invaluable manuscript has been acquired for the South Kensington Museum? This fact only creeps out in a foot-note towards the end of the book. The introduction concludes with a description of the chief collections of ceramic art, public and private, in the various countries of Europe.

The bulk of this volume is a classified descriptive catalogue of specimens belonging to every subject of majolica. It begins with Persian, Damascus, and Rhodian wares. Each variety is described; the marks, such as exist, are engraved, and the specimens enumerated are minutely illustrated. Some of the Persian wall-tiles of the seventeenth century are of much interest. They are ornamented with embossed figures of horsemen and the like, and with conventional flowers; the ground blue, the other colours purple and white and green. Next comes the Hispano-Moresque pottery. Mr. Fortnum tells us that connoisseurs are now able to distinguish without difficulty between specimens of this ware and the lustrous majolica of Italy, which was undoubtedly derived from it. Bowls, plates, dishes, &c., of Hispano-Moresque manufacture are here described, and many of them figured. And so we reach Italian pottery. This subject, which is the chief part of the book, is led off with a section on Sgraffiati or incised ware, in which the patterns and ornaments are scratched through a layer of white substance upon the clay beneath, and then the whole covered with a translucent lead glaze. One late Pavian artist in this manner inscribes his work with his full name, thus:—"Presbyter Antonius Maria Cutius Papiensis Prothonotarius Apostolicus fecit, 1694." The best specimen of his work is a bowl bearing the portrait of an ecclesiastic, with pious legends in the border. Mr. Fortnum has been judicious in classifying his Italian examples according to the different local schools of artistic pottery. Here we first encounter the endless variety of pieces, technical names, styles, and subjects which so puzzle the learner in the ceramic art. He must learn to distinguish between the plateau, the tazza, the plaque, the bacile, the vaso, the fruttiera, the chiccera, the drug-pot, the scodella, the ewer, the mezzina, the tagliera, the tondino, the scaldino (or fire-pot), the confettiera, and the rinfrescatojo (or wine-cooler). Then, again, he must learn the special peculiarities of the Tuscan school, including that of Caffaggiolo in particular, and also the different characteristics of the potteries of Urbino, the old Papal States, the Marches, the Venetian States, &c. The pottery of Caffaggiolo is one of considerable importance in the history of the art. It was here, most probably, that Luca della Robbia learnt the secret of the enamel glaze which he applied to his modelled terra-cotta. It seems probable that this *fabrique* of Caffaggiolo was one founded by the Medici family. The finest existing specimen of this school is that splendid plateau, representing the triumph of Pope Leo X., in his *schola gestatoria*, which was purchased for South Kensington from the famous Soulagés collection. But the tagliera, or large plate, representing a majolica-painter in his studio visited by two of his patrons, a gentleman and his wife, which was acquired from the Bernal collection, is scarcely inferior either in design or in interest.

There seems to be scarcely a *bottega* of the art-pottery of Italy which is not described, with woodcuts of the signatures, &c., in these careful and learned pages. Less instructed connoisseurs, who judge chiefly by the eye, will turn with special interest to the account of the school of Gubbio, where the famous Maestro Giorgio invented that iridescent lustre which is the most beautiful and

* A Descriptive Catalogue of the Majolica, Hispano-Moresque, Persian, Damascus, and Rhodian Wares in the South Kensington Museum; with Historical Notices, Marks, and Monograms. By C. Drury E. Fortnum, F.S.A. Published for the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education. London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.

striking of all ceramic effects, and which is almost peculiar to that particular *fabrique*. Mr. Fortnum tells us that this coveted designation of Maestro, which was prized more highly than a title of nobility, was conferred on Giorgio Andreoli in 1498. All majolica-painters, it is said, were considered noble by profession. The Andreoli family and their Onas still exist, we are told, in Gubbio. But the secret of the opalescent lustre has not remained as a tradition of the family. Indeed the art of the composition and manipulation of the lustre pigments seems to have been lost a little after the middle of the sixteenth century, in the general decadence of Italian ceramic manufacture. We learn, however, that a young chemist and artist, by name Luigi Carocci, has lately reproduced this marvellous lustre, not unsuccessfully, in Gubbio itself. Already modern lustred ware, artificially defaced and "antiquated," has been palmed upon unwary collectors. But the special artistic qualities of the genuine works of Maestro Giorgio have not yet been recovered.

It is impossible to turn over the pages of this beautiful volume without astonishment at the grace and fancy and variety of the Italian ceramic artists. The conceits and legends to be found on so many of the pieces are often rather hard to be deciphered; and they are not always explained or translated by Mr. Fortnum. We think that this is to be regretted. Surely it would have been better to confess ignorance in cases where the inscriptions or devices are really unintelligible. Some of these legends seem to have been repeated without much reason. What, for instance, is the fitness of inscribing different female portraits with the words "Ohi bene guida sua barcha e sempre in porto"? One very beautiful circular dish has the subject of the Incredulity of St. Thomas, with an epigraph thus singularly divided:—TO MA QV IMEVE DISTI E TO RE DEDIS TI. It is to be read thus, we presume:—TOMA QVI ME VEDISTI ET CREDIDISTI. There can be no doubt that many of these beautiful works of art were not meant for use, but rather as keepsakes or presents. This is shown by the legends. Thus on a dish to be given to a friend is found, "Viva, viva in eternum"; or else, perhaps, "Penas a Dios," or "Ama Deo"; or, again, as a motto surrounding an eel, "Così fugi la vita nostra." The heart transfixed with arrows, a not uncommon device in this pottery, is surely an emblem of human love, and not a sacred symbol, as Mr. Fortnum supposes. Marie Alacoque had not yet imagined that strange vision of which we have heard so much lately. The *amatorii*, or lovers' presents, given at betrothals or at other times form a very numerous class. Sometimes on these a pretty damsel bears the coquettish motto "Amaro chi me amara"—"I will love him who will love me." Or a gallant gives his mistress a plate inscribed "Mariana bella sopra l'altre bella." But the more frequent legends are such as Elena bella, Silvia bella, Sura fiore, and the like. Is it not a strange contrast between these charming love-tokens and the coarse and vulgar mugs which our English potteries provide for the same purpose, inscribed with the words "A present from Margate" or some other place as the sole device? The following is an inexplicable legend for a salt-cellar; but it is found on more than one example:—"Excubia agnitus stropitus repellimus hostem." The legend on a scodella of Faenza, about A.D. 1482, with the subject of the Judgment of Solomon, ought surely to be "Non michi nec tibi sed dividatur." But Mr. Fortnum prints it *dundatur*. We notice also some other errors of the same kind. But they are few in proportion to the size of the book; and we have pleasure in bearing witness to the general ability and great value of Mr. Fortnum's work.

TWO VOLUMES OF GREEK AND LATIN VERSE.*

IT is not a little interesting to compare two volumes of translation, issuing in the same year from the same press, but executed by scholars of different dates, each famous in his own school and epoch for a remarkable gift of reproduction. By reference to Crockford's *Clerical Directory* we find that Mr. Gretton, who was long Head-master of Stamford School, took his degree as early as 1826—two years, that is, after the Classical Tripos was established. Mr. Jebb, we need hardly say, represents the younger generation of contributors to the *Serium Carthusianum*, and is foremost in the ranks of those most distinguished for "composition" in the Cambridge of the present time. Mr. Gretton's *Reddenda*—i.e., the English pieces for conversion into Latin—without the *Reddita*, or key now vouchsafed, were published as far back as 1853, when Mr. Jebb had probably scarcely begun to shine as a versifier at school. Yet, setting the works of the one beside those of the other, we might appeal to both as highly creditable evidence of the classical scholarship of the last half-century, and defy the Continental scholars to produce anything in this kind to match it, or to rank as even second to it. Translation has thriven on our soil, and more especially in the University of Cambridge, as it thrives nowhere else among moderns. And though the two volumes that lie before us are very diverse in point of execution and character, both show the same natural aptitude, cultivated by the same study of classic models, and culminating in excellence each in its own kind highly worthy of note.

* *Translations into Greek and Latin Verse*. By E. C. Jebb, M.A., Public Orator in the University of Cambridge. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. London: Bell & Daldy. 1873.

Reddenda-Reddita. Passages from English Poetry, with a Latin Verse Translation. By F. E. Gretton, B.D., Rector of Oddington, Gloucestershire, sometime Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge. London: Bell & Daldy. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1873.

It is not our purpose to dwell upon the Greek verses which form a large part of Mr. Jebb's volume further than to say that his translations into Greek lambics, and his versions of Browning's "Abt Volger" into the metre of the fourth Pythian, and of Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood" into Greek hexameters, are *tour de force* of which no lesser scholar would have been capable, and which astonish the reader alike by the translator's nice perception of the original and by his fidelity and fertility in the expression of it. We wish, however, to confine ourselves to the more approachable and simple field on which Mr. Gretton and Mr. Jebb, Old and Young Cambridge, come together, and are comparable with each other—the field of Latin lyric, hexameter, and elegiac. Here, though the two translators are near to each other in excellence, they have each a distinct tone and character which renders their styles worthy of study; and to those who either still cultivate the Latin Muse, or cling to the recollections and the delights of such exercises, the books before us will furnish hours of thorough enjoyment.

That which can scarcely fail to strike a careful reader of both is that the characteristic of Mr. Gretton's translations is simplicity, while that of Mr. Jebb's is subtlety. The former renders Herrick's ditties and the octosyllabics of Moore, Byron, Scott and others, with an ease and pellucid transparency of meaning which make no bad imitation of Ovid. Mr. Jebb, though he always does justice to the sense of the poet he translates, is not so immediately perspicuous, and apparently desires not so much the honour due to clearness at first sight as that which rewards the process of disentangling an elaborate web. There will be many to admire both styles, for each has its own merit; and all that we would say to the reader by way of advice is that Mr. Gretton's versions are fitter for the lazy half-hour, while Mr. Jebb's invite reflection and thinking out. Take a stanza from Darwin, with Mr. Gretton's rendering into elegiacs:—

Light Graces docked in flowery wreaths
And tip-toe joys their hands combine;
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.
Serta ferunt Charites; junctas quoque gaudia circum
Suspensis pedibus conseruere manus.
Inter quas spirat contagia læta Cupido,
Arridesque tuæ necit in æde choros.

These lines represent the "ludentis speciem" without the torture or rack of the brain. Their ease sits natural, and is to the manner born. On the other hand, if we take the version of Tennyson's *Tithonus* by Mr. Jebb, even in its first opening, the sense is not so explicit. You have to think twice or thrice before you catch the translator's response to the English:—

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burden to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Marcescunt nemorum, nemorum labuntur honores,
Horiferæ deficiunt nubes, oriuntur et arvis
Incumbunt subterque hominum defuncta recumbunt
Secula, nec astatas non decidunt olores.

This feature, we think, makes Mr. Jebb's translations, by comparison, a severer study, though it must be acknowledged that that study is often well repaid by the fine and even grand renderings to which it introduces us. In the same poem the team of the goddess is imagined welcoming and speeding the dawn:—

The wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosened manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Mr. Jebb does admirable justice to the English in his Latin, as follows:—

Neodum exultantia seruent
Corda repositum sibi quæ moderetur equorum;
Effunduntque jubar ut opaca volumina currus
Discedat tenebrarum, insulsetque ignifer umbris.

Another sample of the subtlety which is a feature of this translator's work will be found in Prior's ode to Chloë, pp. 78-81. In the first issue of the *Arundines Cumi*, Lord John Manners turned this into elegiacs which were much admired at the time for their grace and ingenuity. Mr. Jebb's version is wonderfully spirited and felicitous in reproducing the flavour of the original, although, if it were to be compared word for word, little of the body that was will be found to remain in the version. Here is the last stanza, though it does not represent our view a whit more closely than the other three:—

Fair Chloë blushed; Euphelia frowned;
I sung and gazed; I played and trembled;
And Venus to the Loves around
Remarked how ill we all dissembled.

Nec color huic unus nec frons innubila læsæ;
Ipso queror, stupeo, blandior, uror, amo.
At Venus irrident dum multa jocantur Amores,
Istud ut infabre dissimulat i ait.

The asyndeton in the second verse is a very happy resource.

Although, however, in the exchange of Mr. Jebb's Latin for the original, we do not get the exact counterpart which we should receive from Mr. Gretton—for instance, when the former has to turn "Before this mortal shall assume 'tis immortality" in Campbell's "Last Man," he renders it—

Sic demum caduci
Siderum jubar induemus—

still it frequently happens that his mental analysis of a passage enables him to render its spirit with a great deal of happy succinctness. Thus he gets three lines of that poem where the solitary watcher sees day after day

The blaze upon the waters to the east,
The blaze upon the island overhead,
The blaze upon the waters to the west—

into a line and a half of hexameters which satisfy the whole demand of the English—

Furit ignibus aquor colis,
Terra furit mediis, furit excoelestibus aquor—

and which have withal a very Virgilian ring and rhythm. We have not, luckily or unluckily, an opportunity of pitting the two translators together upon a single passage, as they do not trench on each other's ground; else we should like to have seen how Mr. Jebb would turn Bryant's "Rivulet" into elegiacs, though it might have been hard to decide between his result and the version by Mr. Grettou, of which we give two stanzas with the English. By the way there is a curious correspondence between a pretty piece of the Cornish poet, Mr. Hawker, about the course of Tamar from its source to its mouth, and this admired strain of the venerable American poet:—

Ah! what wild haste! and all to be
A river and expire in ocean;
Each fountain's tribute hurries there
To that vast grave with quicker motion.
For better 'twere to linger still
In this green vale, these flowers to cherish,
And die in peace an aged rill,
Than thus, a youthful Danube, perish.
Cur frustra properas, quo te dementia cogit,
Rivus ut equoribus emoriaris aquis?
Dum t. mnes addit sceleratas fons quisque, profundum
Te rapit in cacum præpetiore fuga.
Ah! quanto melius viridi sic valle morari,
Floribus ornatus, floribus ipse decor.
Fonticulus melius requiescat pace senili,
Cur rapidis percas sic novus Ister aquis.

There is nothing in Mr. Jebb which occurs to us as so unlaboured and natural as this; but we may quote one of his newest pieces of elegiac translation given in this volume for the first time as being very nearly so. It is a version of James Aldrich's "Her sufferings ended with the day":—

Her sufferings ended with the day;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.
But when the sun in all his state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning gate
And walked in Paradise.

Janque die non illa quidem vergente laborat,
Sed licet emeritam terra parumper habet:
Noctis enim tristes ultra remorata per horas
Lingere marmoreum noluit aura sinum.
At dubis splendens quom sol discusserat umbras,
Aurea quom toto lux oriente rubet,
Dignum triumphantum que sic intraret Olympum
Asseritur superis manè Serena chorus.

The second couplet of the four hits the force of the corresponding English to a wonderful degree, and bears witness to a poetical sympathy between the author of the original and his translator. And so it is in many other pieces that we could name. With a true poet's instinct the translator grasps the author's drift, and what the Latin idiom does not let him express in so many words, he renders with close approximation of sense and spirit by a correlative idea. We should point to Matthew Arnold's *Progress of Poetry*, turned by Mr. Jebb into twelve capital elegiacs, as one of the most successful illustrations of this compensatory treatment.

Both the translators before us shine in their own way in hexameter translations, as would be admitted could we quote a sample from Wordsworth, turned by Mr. Grettou in p. 29 of *Reddita*, or from Tennyson ("Tears, Idle Tears," &c.), by Mr. Jebb, pp. 54-7. But what space we have left must be devoted to a glance at their several Alcaic experiments, the Alcaic being with good reason pressed into the service of both much more frequently than any other Horatian measure. Here Mr. Jebb excels at one time in just and pregnant condensation, at another in skilful realization of the language and manner of Horace. Taking the passage from Gray's ode, "Awake, Æolian Lyre," we cite the concluding lines of the extract, and ask the reader to note how every idea of the five English verses is caught and represented in an Alcaic stanza:—

Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered King;
With rustled plumes and flagging wing:
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak and lightnings of his eye.
Regi volueram te Jovis in manu,
Dum torpet ala languidus horrida,
Mandiva, trux rostrum soporis
Nube premens oculique fulmen.

A couple of stanzas could have added nothing to the full expression of the sense, and the result of compression is to add force and verisimilitude. Again, to turn to one of the same translator's new pieces (all of which are indicated by their numbers in a very brief preface), how happily does he render every turn of the passage from "In Memoriam" beginning with "Witch-elms that counter-

change the floor," though this rendering indeed is not Alcaic, while quite Horatian in flavour. Very fine, however, throughout, is his Alcaic presentation of Milton's *Hyman on the Nativity*, out of which we may quote the two stanzas which represent "No war or battles' sound," &c.:—

Non orbe toto martis erat sonus,
Non conferantur signa cohortium:
Hastile defunctumque pariam
Militia paries habebat:
Non fulx cruorem traxerat hosticum,
Non excitabant armigeros tubæ:
Regum latebantur venire
Ora metu pavescita regum.

Mr. Grettou, on the other hand, deserves well of all young scholars for the happy examples he gives in his *Reddenda-Reddita* of the style in which the Greek choruses may fitly reappear in Latin lyric measure. Not that he strictly translates from the Greek, for he prefers to take the English versions of Anstice and recouvert them into Alcaic stanzas. But the result is much the same. We catch the breath of the Greek, though the phraseology and the metro are imitative of Horace, when we examine the rendering of choruses from the *Alcestis* or *Hippolytus*, which seem to have lost very little by a double process of conversion. If there be a fault in this translator's Alcaics, it is their tendency to expand rather than condense the scope of the original, which is against the genius of Latin lyric. Thus eight lines of Shirley's ode, "The glories of our birth and state," are wrought into three Alcaic stanzas; whereas, as we have seen, Mr. Jebb succeeds in representing five longer lines of English in a single quatrain. But we must not quarrel with one who in the very same extract renders the concluding stanza of the English into the Alcaics with which we conclude, and which are not above the average of his imitations in this particular measure. The reader is referred to the English in p. 126, "The garlands wither," &c.:—

En sarta marcent fronte tuâ! monent
Ne sis superbus quid bene gesseris;
En victor expirans ad aras,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.
Cujusque tandem devenit caput
Umbras sepulchri; suaveolentia
Tum facta restabant plorum,
Pulvere et exorientur atro.

We are tempted to wonder whether, in these days of triposes in law and science, divinity and philosophy, this pleasant and humanizing gift of translating into the ancient languages will maintain its excellence in a third generation. If so, Mr. Jebb and Mr. Grettou will not have wrought in vain, or set a profitless example.

THE MASTER OF GREYLANDS.*

THE years come round with their appointed regularity and we know pretty well what we have to expect. Flowers in spring, weeds in autumn; a transcript of real life told in choice English by George Eliot, a novel of impossibilities hammered out in dubious syntax by Mrs. Henry Wood; larks in the sky, frogs in the pond—we know them all, and accept all with thankfulness or resignation according to their respective deserts. As for Mrs. Henry Wood's novels, the wisest thing that we can do now is to receive them with resignation. We have done our best to induce her to reconsider her ways and give the world good work instead of bad; but it is in vain. Mrs. Wood is an institution which changeth not; and mean ideas, vulgar diction, wooden characters, and absurd sensationalism come in regularly as part of the produce of the year. They are defects which spoil an aptness of storytelling and a power of construction that are of no common order. But, while showing no sign of improvement in any of her characteristic faults, the *Master of Greylands* is not, we are sorry to say, up to the mark in her characteristic good qualities. The story is dull, disjointed, and put together with singular infelicity; and though dealing with the good old themes of apparitions, murder, secret passages, disguises, smuggling, and the like, it is a story of the lantern and turnip-head kind, nothing being quite so bad as it seems to be. Though the book is stuffed full of crimes and criminals, including a fraudulent banker as a relief from those of the more violent kind, no one is really so very much to blame after all; and the curious moral obtuseness shown before now by Mrs. Wood is repeated in this story.

The *Master of Greylands* has a double plot. One turns on the question, what has become of Anthony Castlemaine? is he murdered, or is he not? and if he is, by whom? The other turns on a question of proprietorship; is the present master, James Castlemaine, the rightful owner of Greylands? or is he holding the estate unlawfully, against the just claims of his elder brother Basil, should that expatriated worthy turn up again, either in his own person or represented by a legitimate son? Side by side with these mysteries runs the mystery of the Grey Friar who appears in solid bulk enough every now and then in the Friar's Keep. Who is he? what is he doing there? with his lantern and his cowl? Ghost he cannot be; what is he then? marauder or murderer? and what is his business in the ruins of the Keep? And here it is that Mrs. Wood fails in the proper growth and development of her story. James Castlemaine, the proud owner of Greylands, is a smuggler; his son Harry is also a smuggler; and Commodore Teague and half the fishermen of the

* *The Master of Greylands. A Novel.* By Mrs. Henry Wood, Author of "East Lynne." 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1873.

place help them. But, save Mr. Castlemaine's occasionally descending the broken steps of the Keep at night, and Commodore Teague's fancy for driving his spring-cart abroad also at night, we find no intimation of the peculiar practices carried on by these gentlemen; so that the discovery comes on us with a sense of rawness and suddenness which is not art. Any one who has read *Mauprat* must remember with what consummate skill George Sand revealed part, while concealing part, of the villany she was handling; but Mrs. Wood has so effectually concealed hers—the Master's illicit transactions in lace—that we are only surprised when he turns out to be a smuggler running cargoes from Holland, with a little playful interlude of homicide to enliven the monotony of landing kegs in a secret passage. We must also take exception to the Grey Sisterhood. Had Mrs. Wood cared more for her art than for her Protestantism, she would have made them what they would necessarily have been, if existing at all, a quiet sisterhood of Roman Catholic nuns. Though rare, they were to be found some years ago, as in the pretty Vale of Lanheerne, near Mawgan; and Greylands, with its old-world nunnery, might well have received a real sisterhood instead of the sham anachronism of a Protestant body. Miss Sellon had not set the stone rolling in the days chosen by Mrs. Wood for her story, and the circumstance is out of keeping from first to last. As for the text with which she ends her story, and the action of Mary Ursula which it consecrates, we hold that too to be as untrue as all the rest. To be a Grey Sister was not the same thing as being a nun, and there was no reason in heaven or earth why Miss Castlemaine should not have taken off her grey lincey gown and her grey straw bonnet, and returned to the world and ordinary life as the wife of Sir William Blake-Gordon. Mrs. Wood does many offensive things in her novels, but none more so than her perpetual reference to religion and the Bible. At the best, novels are but shams, the function of which is to deal solely with the probable motives of certain imaginary characters, and the probable events springing from certain imaginary causes. To buttress up these shams by texts taken from the Scriptures, or by a page or two of pious maundering, is to offend one's deepest sense of reverence and truth. And the effect is simply to make the whole thing more transparently unreal than it was before. It is an easy substitute for a strong situation or a noble action, and is as inartistic in method as it is futile and disagreeable in result.

Of course the *Master of Greylands* abounds in those oddly phrased realistic touches which do duty with the author for careful work and lifelike delineation. Thus we are told all about the division of Sunday duty between the two parishes of Greylands and St. Mark's at Stillborough. The Reverend John Marston, who holds both livings, is a pluralist without a curate, "fond of fox-hunting in winter and of good dinners at all seasons." He lives at St. Mark's, and "of course," says Mrs. Wood, "with two churches and only one parson to serve both, the services could but clash, for nobody can be doing duty in two places at once." After which profound remark she goes on to tell us that "once a month, on the third Sunday, Mr. Marston scuffled over to Greylands to hold morning service, beginning at twelve, he having scuffled through the prayers (no sermon that day) at St. Mark's first. On the three other Sundays he held the Greylands service at three in the afternoon," &c. &c. Nothing of all this has the least reference to the story; if we except the fact that, owing to Mr. Marston's propensity for fox-hunting, liking for old port, and neglect of all parish work generally, the Grey Sisters soothed "many a sick and dying bed" that ought to have been his care, and "more than one frail infant, passing away almost as it had been born, had Sister Mildred, the pious Superiress, after a few moments spent on her knees in silent deprecatory prayer, taken upon herself to baptize, that it might be numbered as of the Fold of Christ." One other circumstance connected with Mr. Marston binds him into the phantasmal brotherhood of the Greylands world; he has married Harry Castlemaine to Jane Hallet, and kept the secret. But this was scarcely sufficient cause why so much minute description should be given to the reverend gentleman in the beginning. Also, and of course, the *Master of Greylands* contains that favourite figure of Mrs. Henry Wood's gallery, the froward child. The kitchen and the nursery are her choicest playgrounds, and she is never so much at her ease as when she can elaborate the description of a servant's dress or the pertness of a badly-trained child. All her novels have their specialized whipping-boy; and Flora Castlemaine, "an indulged, selfish, ill-bred girl of twelve, forward enough in some things for one double her age," is the whipping-boy in this. She plays barbarous chords on the piano with one hand and abuses Ethel Reese alternately; calls her a toad, says she will kick her, brandishes a poker to within an inch of her mother's nose, is insolent to her governesses, though finally somewhat subdued by Madame Guise, gets shaken by her half-brother Harry, and flies off to the kitchen when things go wrong in the parlour "to demand bread and jam and worry the servants." "She had been brought up to exercise her own will and disobey that of others," says Mrs. Henry Wood. "We can scarcely wonder at her commentary; 'Bad training! bad training for a child!'" But seriously is this art? Very few writers can deal satisfactorily with children. The perverted insolent child, like Flora Castlemaine, against whom the author has as much evident animosity as Mrs. Wood displays, is sure to be vulgar and tiresome. Moreover the reader feels less inclined to condemn than to pity, and instinctively takes the part of the imp, impleth though it may be. The saintly, large-eyed, thoughtful child suggests water on the brain and perhaps an early death—besides being unnatural and

tiresome, too, in its own way; so that between imps and angels the real healthy, loveable, and lifelike young creature of undeveloped conscience and fairly virtuous instincts gets but badly rendered, and we object equally to Mrs. Henry Wood's Flora and Mrs. Stowe's Eva.

Mrs. Wood is fond of disguises; and the *Master of Greylands* has its pale reflection of the central point of *East Lynne*. When Anthony Castlemaine, the expatriated Basil's eldest son, comes over to England from Gap, in Dauphiné, to assure himself that his uncle Mr. James Castlemaine is holding the family estate by right and not by fraud—when, not being able to assure himself of this, he is seen to follow his uncle into the Friar's Keep, whence are heard immediately after the report of a pistol and the scream of a human being in his death agony, but whence Mr. Anthony Castlemaine never returns—the search for some proof of his death or life is undertaken by his wife. She finds her way to Greylands, where she puts up at the Dolphin Inn, like her husband before her, and is fortunate enough to obtain the situation of governess to Miss Flora Castlemaine. Installed in the house of her husband's murderer, as she believes him to be, under her maiden name, though with a difference (Madame Guise), she begins to watch and search. But beyond opening Mr. Castlemaine's private bureau, finding her husband's ring therein, and blowing out the candle when she hears Harry's voice—"and the candle was making a dreadful smell," writes Mrs. Wood—she does no good. Her brother-in-law, Mr. George North Castlemaine, who also comes to Greylands, where he drops his surname and appears as Mr. North only, gets more to the root of the matter. For when the preventive men come upon the smuggling party in the Keep, and Mr. Harry Castlemaine gets shot in the fray, Mr. James, his father, is too broken-hearted to resist any longer the finger of fate and the force of events, but makes a clean breast to his nephew George, and hands him over the estate like a man. Then it turns out that Anthony had been shot by a Dutchman, one Van Stan, "a huge angular fellow," who took him for a spy; as perhaps was natural, seeing that in following his uncle he suddenly appeared in the midst of the smugglers, and cried out, "I have caught you, you illicit villains! I see what nefarious work you are engaged in; cheating His Majesty's revenue. What ho! constabulary!" Fortunately for the huge angular Van Stan, he died not long after in Holland of "nothing but a neglected cold," so that George is saved the unpleasant necessity of hanging him; which else, we imagine, he would have been obliged to do.

As for any interference with Mr. James Castlemaine on the plea of his being an accessory to a murder, no one is so impolite as to suggest such a thing. Many persons in the neighbourhood had believed all along that he had murdered his nephew with his own hand, but no one had had the manliness to say so. Even Mr. Bent, who is sturdy enough in his own way, had not the courage to bring the law upon the Master, who thus has rejoiced in the threefold luxuries of smuggling, murder, and unlawful possession, with a fine presence, a loving heart, a proud spirit, and an indomitable will. We ought to add, however, that George North Castlemaine marries Ethel Reese, who holds a rather anomalous position in Greylands, being the child of Mrs. Castlemaine's former husband. Yet she calls the Castlemaines papa and mamma, and is loved by the gentleman smuggler apparently with more affection than he bestows on his own daughter. Mrs. Castlemaine, on the contrary, "was unkind and tyrannical" and "Ethel Reese had much 'to put up with in her everyday life; for Mrs. Castlemaine's conduct was trying in the extreme; Flora's worse than trying." In consequence of which she often "puts her bonnet on," and goes out a good deal on the cliffs by herself, where she takes off her hat, holds it by "its ribbons, her hair floating in the wind; the sky and the waves seeming to speak to her soul of immortality; to bring nearer to her the far-off gates of heaven."

Thus and thus the author mauls and stumbles through her allotted space, and we end at last our dreary task of reading what she has written. We lay down her book with a deeper conviction of the emptiness of life than we had before we began it; and the vanity of all things human seems to find its culmination in the *Master of Greylands*. Without spirit, fire, or art, without delicacy of character-painting or vividness of scene-painting, written in queer English, penetrated through and through with vulgarity of thought and expression, such a book as this gives one but a melancholy idea of the taste and intelligence of the public to which Mrs. Wood addresses herself, and from which she hopes to win applause and support.

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THE CUBAN QUESTION.

A PREFERENCE for the excitement of foreign complications over domestic politics is not peculiar to the people of the United States. The reaction against the Republican party in several of the States, the conviction of Twiss for fraud, and even the financial crisis, have almost ceased to attract public attention after the execution of the prisoners taken on board the *Virginus*. As several of the victims were English subjects, the American Government has no exclusive right of remonstrance; but it will probably be found that the vessel was legally entitled to the protection of the United States. In such cases public interest is stimulated by neighbourhood; and an active section of American politicians has for some years past urged upon the Government interference in the affairs of Cuba. The facts of the capture are not yet accurately known; but it seems probable that the conduct of the Spanish authorities will be found wholly inexcusable. The pursuit of the *Virginus* by the *Tornado* appears to have commenced on the high seas, and the capture was effected beyond the limit of English jurisdiction in Jamaica. If the *Virginus* was in the service of the insurgents of Cuba, it may perhaps be contended that foreign Powers have no right to interfere with the consequences of an act of hostility which was an incident in an irregular civil war; but the Americans cannot be expected to allow an excuse which the English Government is precluded from entertaining by the conduct of its own servants. The *Virginus* sailed from the port of Kingston with a regular clearance from the Custom House officers, who had ascertained by inspection the character of the vessel and the nature of the cargo. International law still recognizes the lawfulness of a trade in warlike munitions, especially during the technical continuance of peace. It was perfectly known at Kingston that the ship conveyed supplies and reinforcements to the rebels in Cuba; but the flag and papers could not have been those of an insurrection which has no recognized existence. If there had been a blockade of the coast of Cuba, the *Virginus* would only have been liable to forfeiture, and her crew to temporary detention. As no blockade had been proclaimed, not even a right of capture had arisen, except indeed on the fictitious pretext that the vessel was a pirate. As there was no concealment of the object of the voyage, the Custom House officers of Kingston must, on the Spanish assumption, have been accessories to the crime of piracy. It would be intolerable that a mere abuse of language should be allowed to serve as an excuse for a judicial murder. It is useless to taunt the Government of the United States with the shameless extravagances of doctrine which were propounded by authority during the Civil War. It seems that in one case the counsel for the Government insisted that the trade of a nation with a belligerent was an act of hostility to the other party in the war; but the Courts never sanctioned any proposition of the kind, nor did the American Government either murder the crews of blockade-runners, or even treat them as prisoners of war.

If those of the rebel leaders who were Spanish subjects had been taken prisoners on the soil or in the waters of Cuba, foreign Powers could scarcely interfere with the bloodthirsty practices which are in Spain characteristically combined with the most squeamish aversion to the doctrine of capital punishment. Foreign sympathizers with the rebellion are morally more guilty than indigenous insurgents; and within the jurisdiction of the Government which they attack, they are liable to the legal consequences of treason; but when they are outside Spanish territory they are entitled to the protection of their Governments.

If the *Virginus* proves to be an American vessel, the Spanish Government will be responsible to the United States for the blood even of the Cubans who were executed. When Mr. SLIDELL and Mr. MASON were by a lawless abuse of superior force taken from an English packet, the only adequate satisfaction was afforded by the restoration of the captives to the protection of the English flag. If the Federal Government had been capable of the atrocity of putting its prisoners to death as traitors, such an outrage would certainly have been followed by a declaration of war. CESPEDES and his companions were, like SLIDELL and MASON, insurgents against a regular Government; but for the time they were under the protection of any flag to which the *Virginus* had a legal right. The majority of American journalists take a sound view of the question of international law, although some of them are excusably eager in urging their Government to premature action. The discussion between the American and the Spanish Governments will probably disclose little difference of opinion; and the demands of the United States, if they are correctly reported by the Correspondent of the *Daily News*, are eminently just and moderate. The surrender of the vessel and the surviving prisoners, an indemnity to the families of the American victims, and a salute to the American flag at Santiago, are claims which the Spanish Government might honourably concede. Señor CASTELAR will, however, be unable to afford the reparation which is specifically demanded. The military and naval commanders at Santiago thought it expedient to interrupt telegraphic communication with Havannah, in the reasonable apprehension that the CAPTAIN-GENERAL might prohibit the execution of the prisoners. The Spaniards in Cuba, or those who profess to represent their opinions, loudly applauded the vigour of the authorities at Santiago; and it is highly improbable that the authors of the outrage should be compelled to submit to the demands of the American Government. The appeals which have been made to the PRESIDENT's sympathy with the Republican Government at Madrid are likely to obtain all the success which they deserve. Political orthodoxy or sectarian sympathy furnishes no excuse for the breach of international obligations.

The rashness of the dominant party in Cuba is more unaccountable than its ferocity. The Governor of Santiago and the Captain of the *Tornado* could not but know that an active party in the United States had long been seeking for an opportunity of interfering in the affairs of Cuba; and the leaning of the PRESIDENT to a policy of territorial aggrandisement has never been disguised. It must have been foreseen that the execution of the prisoners would cause extreme irritation in the United States; and the most inflated believer in the power of Spain can scarcely think it possible to resist with effect an American claim for satisfaction or for an equivalent penalty. One consequence of the defiance which has been offered will probably be a demand for the immediate emancipation of the slaves; nor will the American Government trouble itself to stipulate for compensation to the owners. The Republican Congress in Spain may pass laws at its pleasure for the abolition of slavery, but it has no means of enforcing its decrees. If the Government of the United States once takes up the question in earnest, the slaveholders will be compelled to submit. The Volunteers might perhaps not strongly object to a declaration of the independence of Cuba, if only they were allowed to compete for the control of the new Republican Government; but with the emancipation of the slaves, their wealth, and even their interest in the affairs of Cuba, will disappear. The extinction of a selfish and tyrannical

power would not be a cause for regret if the community contained any element of good government. The Creoles who maintain the insurrection have probably suffered oppression; but in peace or in war they have never displayed the qualities which might enable them to form a civilized and flourishing State. The negroes are still lower in the scale of civilization than the emancipated slaves in the Southern States, because large numbers of them have been imported from Africa within the lifetime of the present generation. The result of American interference may perhaps be the establishment of some kind of protectorate which it would be impossible to define beforehand. At present either the independence or the annexation of Cuba seems likely to be attended with grave difficulties.

The English demand for redress may perhaps produce another form of embarrassment in deciding on the course which is to be followed if reasonable satisfaction is withheld. Hostile proceedings against Spain would be repugnant to the national feeling and policy; and there are strong objections to any mode of dealing directly with Cuba. It is true that England might with a better grace than the United States demand the emancipation of the slaves, of whom the majority have been brought into the island in violation of English treaties with Spain. Five-and-twenty years ago when Mr. CALHOUN urged the French and Spanish Governments to vindicate the cause of slavery against England, and fifteen years ago when Mr. BUCHANAN proposed the annexation of Cuba for the purpose of extending and strengthening Spanish institutions, England was engaged at a heavy cost of life and treasure in contending against the importation of slaves into Cuba. The dislike of the English nation to slavery has not since abated; but the inconvenience of interfering in the domestic affairs of foreigners is more justly appreciated than in former times; and, as England has no ambitious designs on Cuba, the revolution which might perhaps ensue on emancipation would be controlled by the action of the United States. Although it is seldom the fortune of England to escape calumny, it may be as well not to furnish censorious foreigners with a new proof of the profound and malignant sagacity of English statesmen. For many years after the emancipation of the West Indian negroes it was a commonplace that the sole English motive for abolition was to ruin commercial rivals by forcing them to adopt a similar policy. The probable destruction of the flourishing sugar trade of Cuba by the emancipation of the slaves may perhaps increase the demand for the produce of Mauritius and of Trinidad, and the consequence would be immediately converted by candid critics into the cause and object of English interference. The calumniators of England, belonging chiefly to the democratic faction, habitually spare the United States, even when they are not themselves Americans.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY AND THE CONSERVATIVES.

AFTER a week of rumours and counter-rumours, the Duke of BROGLIE has reconstructed his Cabinet with a larger infusion of new material than was originally looked for. The Duke himself becomes still more than formerly the leading influence in the Government. He exchanges the Ministry of Foreign Affairs for the Ministry of the Interior, and for a long time to come the latter post will be by far the more important of the two. There is no reason to suppose that M. BEULÉ's policy will be in any way departed from. But though the writer of the Press circular had thoroughly mastered the principles of Conservative administration as they are understood by the Duke of BROGLIE, he had not been altogether happy in applying them; and where delicate handling is required, a Prime Minister may naturally prefer to be himself the author of the policy for which he must be responsible. So far as the other changes mean anything, they indicate an approximation on the part of the Cabinet to moderate ideas. Two members of the Right have been replaced by two members of the Right Centre, and the new Minister of Public Instruction belongs in name, though of late not in act, to the still more Liberal Left Centre. It is probable, however, that the fact that these gentlemen have accepted the offered places is more really significant than the fact that the places were offered. The Duke of BROGLIE's policy is sufficiently well known to bring popular suspicion on the constitutionalism of any politician who consents to enter his Cabinet. He may find reason hereafter for aban-

doning the reactionary policy which has lately been attributed to him; but if he does so, it will be in deference to considerations of more weight than the remonstrances of his new colleagues. The changes in the Cabinet may be valuable as marking the drift of the Duke's own mind, but they will not of themselves do much to modify his resolutions. The most encouraging feature in the political prospect is the array of Parliamentary obstacles that the Ministry are likely to encounter if they bring forward any questionable measures of importance. The division on M. LÉON SAY's interpellation showed that on a question of confidence in the Ministry, as distinct from confidence in the PRESIDENT, the Assembly contains a minority of 314 against a majority of 364. Twenty-four Bonapartists and nineteen members of the Left Centre abstained from voting, and men who would not support the Ministry on a question the interest of which had been so greatly lessened by the vote of the week before can hardly be counted on in the more exciting discussions which are to come. A majority of fifty, which may at any moment be reduced to one of seven without the defection of a single supporter, is not calculated to give a Minister any very great sense of strength.

The Constitutional laws promise to offer another difficulty. It is understood that the retirement of M. ERNOUL and M. DE LA BOUILLERIE implies a determination on the part of Marshal MACMAHON and his Ministers not to continue at any Monarchical intrigues. The Conservatives of the Right Centre have apparently made up their minds that they must help themselves, instead of waiting for HENRY V. to help them, and their ideas will probably take the hitherto unknown shape of a reactionary Republic. A Constitution which should contain an Assembly purged of those grosser materials which have defiled it under the reign of universal suffrage, a Second Chamber organized so as to check any inadvertent relapse of the First Chamber into its old independence, and an Executive strong enough to set both Chambers at defiance, supposing that Conservative interests are held to require it, would satisfy their requirements notwithstanding that it retained the name of a Republic. But such a settlement as this would not at all suit the purposes of the Right. They still cling to a Restoration as the only expedient that can give permanent peace to France, and it is consequently far from being their object to make even a dictatorship strong enough to rival the Monarchy as a security for order and tranquillity. The Right and the Right Centre are agreed in repudiating a Republic in fact; but while the Right are equally resolved to repudiate even a Republic in name, the Right Centre think that the name may be tolerated provided that the thing can be moulded to their views. Whenever the Constitutional laws come on for discussion this difference of opinion can hardly be any longer concealed. If the probable defection of the Right from the Ministry is not made up by any fresh accessions from the Left Centre, the Duke of BROGLIE will be hard put to it to find his majority. It is to be feared, however, that the Ministry, foreseeing that constitution-making is likely to prove a dangerous employment, may try to unite their supporters on a preliminary question of such moment that even the Constitutional laws will be of minor consequence by its side. Will any considerable number of the Left Centre join the Government in an attack upon universal suffrage? The cohesion of the party is so slight that it is quite possible that the leaders may not have power to prevent a large section of their followers from joining the Duke of BROGLIE on such a point as this. As yet the apparent progress of Republican opinion in the most Conservative districts of France seems to have exerted no influence upon the Conservative party in the Assembly. They cannot be brought to believe in the genuineness of the preference for a Republic shown by one constituency after another, but explain it by theories of Conservative inaction or of Radical zeal. They will not admit that the peasantry, the true strength of French Conservatism, can be so untrue to their past history as to wish to see the Republic permanently set up in France. Certainly the action of the peasantry under the Empire may be instanced as an argument against the sentiment evidenced by their recent votes. NAPOLEON III. found that his chief strength lay in appealing to their dread of that very form of government which they now seem anxious to see adopted, and the Conservatives in the Assembly find it hard to understand how they can have changed so completely in so short a time.

Yet the considerations by which the peasantry have probably been influenced are not of a very recondite order. In

the first place, their experience of the Government of National Defence showed them that a Republican Government could be both strong and national. Whatever faults may be attributed to M. GAMBETTA, want of energy is not one of them; and the manner in which he came to the front when so many others were ready to despair appealed strongly to French patriotism, and relieved the Republic of that reputation for excessive cosmopolitanism with which its association with Republicans in other countries had rather tended to invest it. Again, M. GAMBETTA's rule convinced the peasantry that the Republic could defend as well as attack them; that it could have other purposes in view than confiscation of property or destruction of churches; that, instead of proscribing its opponents, it could summon them to take part in the common work of resisting invasion. All this might have been forgotten if M. THIERS had not succeeded to power. But after the experience of 1871, it is of little avail to preach to the peasantry that only the dictatorship of Marshal MACMAHON can protect them against the Radicals. The very persons who tell them this have also told them that the worst and most dangerous outburst of Radicalism which France has ever known was the Commune, and the Commune was put down by M. THIERS. What the Republic has done once, and done more thoroughly than any preceding Government, the Republic may be trusted, if necessary, to do again. Further, M. THIERS's name is connected with an immense financial success. The indemnity has been paid off as if by magic, and though the taxation which will be needed in consequence must tell heavily on the peasantry hereafter, it does not seem to have been much felt by them as yet. In this way the Republic has been proved to possess a particular kind of strength to which the peasantry attach very great value, and in which they had always supposed it to be wanting. In the third place, the peasantry have come to understand that the choice which France has to make is the choice between the Republic and Legitimate Monarchy, and for Legitimate Monarchy they have a special and intelligible dislike. Rightly or wrongly, they set extraordinary value on the law of succession to land. They feel that the actual subdivision of property would have but a small chance of continuing if this law were altered. They know further that the wealthy nobility dislike this law intensely, that they are always doing their best to set it aside by family arrangements, and that in this way they have already succeeded in getting together very considerable estates in various parts of France. It is these very nobles whom a Restoration would carry to the head of affairs, and what, the peasantry probably ask themselves, can be more natural than that, when they are once in power, they should procure the abolition of a law which hampers them in making eldest sons? The Legitimist aristocracy have ceased to be personally unpopular in the districts in which they live, because they have become completely dissociated from government. They are richer than the peasantry around them, but they have no larger share of political power. But the hatred which the peasantry bore to their grandfathers might possibly revive if they became members of an hereditary Chamber or the immediate advisers of a King. If the Right Centre could take in this change in the views of the peasantry, they would probably be wise enough to see how rich in Conservative elements a Republic resting on the peasantry would certainly be.

MR. DISRAELI AND THE GOVERNMENT.

AT the close of his visit to Glasgow Mr. DISRAELI gave himself and his hearers a day of pure entertainment and the fulfilment of the more arduous and sober task of moralising on the lives of Scotch lads, and dilating on disturbances of prices. He had prepared a perfect battery of epigrams against Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry, and he let them off with the keenest relish and to the great amusement of those who listened to him. He was nominally addressing a Conservative Association, but he said that he could have wished to have quitted Glasgow without saying anything to offend any one in the town; and he succeeded in his object, for Liberals must be very thin-skinned indeed if they felt hurt at what he said. He set himself to justify the language of his famous Bath letter; and to show that the career of the Ministry had been one long course of blundering and plundering. The

Ministry have made blunders so numerous and gross that outside official circles there is nothing for Liberals to do except to own that clever men are often very silly. No epigrams on the Corn Law appointment or the Zanzibar Contract can go beyond the mark, and a political opponent is entitled to make his epigrams on them as strong as he can. Mr. DISRAELI had also a fair triumph in digging up the memory of an unfortunate speech made by Mr. LOWE in opposition to the Abyssinian war, and nothing could have been more ingenious than the speaker's reference to the pink fly which Mr. LOWE prophesied would extirpate the English army. It is a conspicuous instance of the difference which office makes that the Abyssinian alarmist should now be sitting in a Cabinet conducting a war of almost a precisely similar character; and when the reference to the fly was followed by a remark that Mr. LOWE seemed inclined to vituperate the insects of Abyssinia as if they were British workmen, the highest pitch was reached in that style of abuse which consists in making the errors of an adversary flash on the minds of an audience. The list of instances in which, according to Mr. DISRAELI, the Ministry has harassed trades and professions was somewhat overcharged; but it cannot be denied that the Ministry has not only been occasionally rash in making changes, but has been still more rash in suggesting changes from whim or caprice, and without any attempt to consult public opinion, and then withdrawing them in such a manner as to leave unabated the irritation and alarm of those whose interests were threatened. Mr. LOWE has been a great offender in this way, and he has repeatedly spoken as if every class of taxpayers were his conquered enemies on whom he felt at liberty to levy any form of tribute he could devise. But then, after all this is admitted, Liberals who have agreed with Mr. DISRAELI and enjoyed his smart sayings are obliged to ask themselves what is to be done. There must be some Ministry in power, and if the existing Ministry cannot be replaced with advantage to the country, there remains nothing but the hope or expectation that the free criticisms of friends and opponents will do the existing Ministry good. It is only fair to the Ministry, and especially to Mr. GLADSTONE, to acknowledge that there are many signs of criticism having produced this salutary effect. Mr. GLADSTONE himself passed through last Session without giving any cause to complain of that air of dictatorship which used to characterize him. He has lately made appointments solely on the ground of public usefulness, and at some cost to his own prejudices or feelings. He has shelved Mr. AYTON, he has removed Mr. LOWE from an office which betrayed him into perpetual errors, he has sent Mr. BUTCH to the quiet seclusion of the Peers. He has in effect acknowledged the blunders of himself and his colleagues, and undertaken to do his best to avoid a repetition of them. This must have been painful to him in many ways; but in doing it he has done the best for himself and the country, and he deserves to have credit given him for having shown more sense and patriotism than those who judged him by his conduct during the first four years of his Premiership had much reason to expect.

Mr. DISRAELI, however, not only attacked the Ministry on points where Liberals think the Ministry wrong, but on points where Liberals without exception think the Ministry right. Yet nothing that Mr. DISRAELI can say on these subjects can offend Liberals seriously, or damage the Ministry in the slightest degree. The Irish Bills of Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet were not the Bills of the Ministry, but of the whole party; and, so far as a nation speaks by an overwhelming Parliamentary majority, of the nation. It is idle to fight over again the battle of Disestablishment and Tenant-right. But it may be conceded that Mr. GLADSTONE specially and personally did some harm by choosing to rest his defence of these measures on the general policy that Ireland should be ruled according to Irish ideas. There is a sense in which this doctrine is quite consistent with the maintenance of a sound Imperial policy. Mr. GLADSTONE's unguarded language may probably have done somewhat to encourage Irishmen in the notion that they were entitled to be governed according to their ideas, whether those ideas were right or wrong, wise or foolish. Perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE, had he been more cautious, would not have carried his Bills amidst so much enthusiasm and with such ease; but his want of caution has probably had something to do with the Home Rule movement. But then, if we look not so much at Mr. GLADSTONE's language as at the Acts themselves, the argument may be turned the other way, and we may ask

whether Home Rule would not have been a much more serious thing to deal with if the Irish Church were still established, and the petty tenantry of Ireland were still discontented. As it is, the Home Rule movement has, at least for the time, collapsed. The Irish will not commit themselves to it. They see that they gain by their connexion with England, and England feels entitled to insist that, if the connexion is to be maintained at all, Imperial policy shall prevail in Ireland as in the other parts of the United Kingdom. But there would have been no common consent of Englishmen to uphold this cardinal maxim unless the stumbling-block of the Establishment had been removed. If it is Mr. GLADSTONE'S language that has made the Home Rule movement begin, it is his measures that have made it wither away. Mr. DISRAELI, as usual, indulged in exaggerated language, and shook the rod of vague terror over an audience he wished to startle. He described Ireland as in a state of rebellion, covered under a very thin veil. Where are the signs to be seen of anything of the sort? Mr. DISRAELI speaks of Ireland as the present French Ministers speak of France. They love to describe themselves and every one else as living perpetually on the brink of anarchy and ruin; but as soon as any serious effort is made to govern firmly and fairly, it is found that those who practically determine the destinies of the country are very ready to submit quietly. As to the future, Mr. DISRAELI is in the highest degree mysterious and terrifying. He delights in painting impending horrors, and he seems to wish his Glasgow hearers to believe that they would shortly have to choose at the sword's point between a Red Republic and an Ultramontane despotism. They need not make themselves particularly uneasy. The way to combat anarchical forces is to show that we are not afraid of them. The Imperial policy of England is to repress vigilantly and quietly, but with the utmost determination, both Red Republicans and Ultramontanes; and as ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred are resolved to uphold this policy, they may rely on effecting their object. The very thing that Ultramontanes, and perhaps Red Republicans—although we hear so little of the latter here that we know nothing about them—most desire, is to inspire the belief that they are possessed of a mysterious, awful, and secret power, and that a sort of battle of Armageddon may be expected to begin at any moment. This is an advantage which Mr. DISRAELI is far too ready to concede to them. It is only necessary to look the Ultramontanes in the face, and they will be found to be not such very terrible beings after all.

On one subject, however, we must allow that Mr. DISRAELI spoke with great good sense and sagacity, and has rendered the Ministry and the Liberal party a real service by the mode in which he handled it. He touched on the project for extending the household franchise to the counties, and he pointed out two consequences of a Liberal Ministry taking up the subject at the present time which deserve serious notice. In the first place, he appealed to the history of the fifteen years which preceded the Reform Bill of 1867, to show that when once Parliament touches the question of Reform it cannot work heartily at anything else. The gift of a vote to the agricultural labourer must be an immense national gain if, in order to secure it, it is worth while to make the next Parliament useless for any other purpose. In the next place, Mr. DISRAELI pointed out what enthusiastic young Liberals appear to forget, or to pass over as not worthy of attention, that the representation of boroughs of moderate size must pass away altogether if the constituencies receive any wholesale enlargement. Mr. DISRAELI objects to this, and he may honestly claim to say that, in objecting to it, he is not influenced by party motives. The smaller boroughs are on the whole Liberal, whereas, if these boroughs were swamped in a new county division, the influence of Conservative landowners would be sure to make itself more felt than it is now. Liberals at least need not be so Quixotic as to wish to reduce the strength of their own party; but even if they chose to be generous or weak enough to be indifferent to the party consequences of the change, they ought to show that they have duly considered the great detriment which the abolition of the special representation of boroughs of moderate size would be to the character of the House of Commons, and to the interest of the nation generally in political matters. It is not too much to ask that there should be some places left for which a candidate of moderate means may stand, and in which a voter has the amusement of thinking that it will

make a difference which way he votes. Of course Mr. DISRAELI did not venture, nor would any leader of any party venture, to insist on the fundamental objection to the extension of the county franchise, that until education has spread a little further the agricultural labourer is totally unfit to vote. As every statesman expects that the agricultural labourer will soon get a vote, every statesman wishes that the new voter should think the party to which the statesman belongs is composed of the labourer's real friends and admirers. Mr. DISRAELI confined himself to subsidiary objections; but although these objections are subsidiary, they are of a kind which command themselves to the notice of Liberals quite as much as to that of Conservatives, and the Liberals of Glasgow, far from being offended at the Conservative leader for making them, ought to be very much obliged to him.

THE ARBITRATION CROTCHET TESTED.

THE Italian Parliament has, on the motion of Signor MANCINI, approved by a unanimous vote the principle of arbitration. Mr. RICHARD, who was present among the audience, may perhaps have induced the mover to propose a resolution which the English House of Commons had not been ashamed to adopt. If philanthropists take pleasure in committing representative assemblies to barren and ridiculous propositions, the Peace party may be congratulated on another verbal triumph. It would be interesting to learn whether the majority either at Westminster or at Rome had inquired whether arbitration would be applicable to any of the disputes which now disturb or endanger peace in any quarter of the world. Even Mr. RICHARD would scarcely maintain that the troubles on the Gold Coast could be settled by a reference and an award; but it might perhaps be contended that civilized nations should avoid the risk of quarrelling with savages by withdrawing from an intercourse which is likely to be interrupted by misunderstandings. Some similar excuse might perhaps explain away the obvious inutility of any attempt which might have been made to refer the differences between Russia and Khiva to arbitration; but the advocates of the newfangled contrivance will find that it is equally worthless as a remedy for the differences which arise between civilized Powers. The English Government will perhaps acquiesce without serious protest in the political rebuff which it has received by the recent publication of the treaty which reduces Khiva to the condition of a Russian province; but if it were thought expedient to resent a direct breach of faith, no remonstrance would produce the slightest effect unless it were backed by a display of force. The Emperor of Russia would assuredly not allow any arbitrator to decide whether he should restore the independence of which the Khan of Khiva has been deprived; nor could an award, however solemn, be more binding than the voluntary engagement of last winter which has now been cynically disregarded. When States are not disposed to maintain their alleged rights or supposed interests by force of arms, arbitration is not necessary for the maintenance of peace; and the comparison of forces is not within the competence of an arbitrator. In minor disputes, as in the determination of the San Juan boundary, or in cases such as that of the Washington Treaty, where one of two disputants desires to cover his submission to the demands of an adversary, arbitration is practicable, and it is not a novelty.

The Khiva misadventure may convey a lesson to diplomatists, as well as a constructive reproof to philanthropic projectors. The announcement that the English Ambassador at St. Petersburg had been instructed to oppose the conquest of Khiva caused natural surprise, though the measure appeared afterwards to be in some sort justified by the mission of Count SCHUVALOFF to England. The professed anxiety of the Emperor ALEXANDER to reassure the English Government involved an acknowledgment of the right to remonstrate; and the explanations and promises which were voluntarily tendered purported to remove a feeling of alarm which was tacitly assumed to have been reasonable. Lord GRANVILLE properly accepted the personal assurances of the Emperor as not less valid than formal diplomatic pledges; and he may be well convinced that the most formal treaty would not have been more binding on Russia than Count SCHUVALOFF'S unofficial declarations. The Imperial Government had, only two years before, deliberately repudiated the obligations of a treaty to which all the great Powers of

Europe were parties; and England and Turkey were forced to submit, or to adopt the alternative of treating the breach of treaty as a case of war. The Emperor ALEXANDER assured the English Minister that he had no intention of annexing Khiva, and that the Russian troops would return as soon as they had obtained satisfaction. The EMPEROR'S Lieutenant in Central Asia has now annexed that part of Khiva which lies on the right bank of the Oxus; and he has asserted the right of occupying any part of the left bank which may be required for Russian purposes. The KHAN is forced to declare himself the servant of the EMPEROR, to renounce the right of war and peace, and to exclude from his remaining dominions all commerce except that of Russia, and all foreigners who may not be provided with Russian passports. In every respect Khiva is now a province of the Russian Empire; and if the prospective annexation was objectionable to England, the right of threatening war or arbitration must now have revived. The publication of the treaty is evidently intended as a defiance of England, and it perhaps implies a sneer at the simple credulity which accepted Count SCHUVALOFF'S assurances. The professed understanding as to the border-line which was to separate Afghanistan from the Russian dependencies will of course be in the same manner disregarded when it may suit the convenience of Russia to meddle with Afghan affairs. The injudicious timidity of Mr. GLADSTONE'S attempt to explain away the obligation incurred by England may perhaps hereafter furnish an excuse for a breach of the understanding by Russia; but it is not known that Mr. GLADSTONE'S imprudent language provoked any protest. The Russian newspapers which took the opportunity of declaring that the engagement was no longer binding had previously announced that the EMPEROR had not made a promise, although he had announced his intentions for the moment.

It would probably have been judicious to offer no ostensible opposition to the acquisition of Khiva by Russia, not because the extension of the Empire was acceptable to England, but because there was no sufficient motive for interference, and still more because there was no facility for resistance. The consolidation of Russian supremacy in Central Asia is not in itself unjustifiable, although it involves ultimate danger to India. Khiva is out of reach; and the English nation is not prepared to engage in a war with Russia on a remote and scarcely intelligible issue. The conquest and annexation of the territory would not have been an affront to England if it had not been effected in violation of an express and recent promise. The country lies far within the outer range of the Russian dominion, and it is distant from the frontier of India. As a general rule, diplomatists ought to demand nothing which cannot in the last resort be enforced. Even a Geneva arbitrator could return only one verdict if he were asked whether the annexation of Khiva was consistent with Count SCHUVALOFF'S promises; but the most conscientious tribunal might hesitate to decide that the suppression of the independence of a petty and barbarous State was in itself undesirable. In dealing with Russia, English statesmen may henceforth prudently decline both regular treaties and informal understandings. Unlimited license of disregarding national engagements offers much discouragement to friendly negotiation.

Signor MANCINI and Mr. RICHARD may easily find other cases by which they may test the utility and efficiency of arbitration. It might have been supposed that even sentimental theorists could have scarcely thought it possible that the American Government should refer to arbitration its right of demanding satisfaction for the Santiago executions, and even now Spain would not allow any tribunal to dictate the surrender of Cuba. It seems that Señor CASTELLAR did propose arbitration, but it was summarily and properly rejected by the American Government. The Italian Parliament may find near home a still more crucial instance. The Archbishop of PARIS lately expressed the opinion of the clerical and Legitimist factions of France in his demand that the French Government should restore by force the temporal power of the POPE; and it is well known that the same policy would have been pursued by M. THIERS if he had not been restrained by reasons of convenience and expediency which are below the notice of Legitimacy and of orthodoxy. If the French were at liberty to invade Italy, their claims on behalf of the POPE would probably not be confined to the restoration of his sovereignty in Rome itself and the adjacent district. The Legations also are

part of the inheritance of St. PETER; and the Italian Government might be summoned to disgorge all its sacrilegious acquisitions. It is scarcely probable that the leaders of the crusade would propose to refer the question of the dismemberment of the Italian kingdom to arbitration; but it might be still more confidently asserted that an Italian Minister who accepted such a proposal would be justly and unanimously denounced as a traitor. The indiscriminate approval of the system of arbitration is founded on the assumption that national honour and independence and the integrity of the territory are questions to be determined, as often as a dispute arises, by the judgment of an impartial tribunal. It is difficult to say whether it is more idle to appeal to an unjust aggressor or to a defender of assailed national rights to submit their respective pretensions to the decision of a stranger. The cases in which wars are waged on doubtful issues on which a real difference of opinion can arise are comparatively few; and when both parties are, as in the American Civil War, to a certain extent in the right, the passions aroused by the struggle are commonly too earnest to allow of any solution except by a conflict of force. When Russia, the United States, and Italy are respectively prepared to refer to arbitration the occupation of Khiva, the Santiago outrage, and the possession of Rome, the vote of the Italian Assembly will deserve a certain amount of practical respect. In the meantime the constituents of the English House of Commons are unfortunately not in a position to censure even the least wise proceeding of a foreign Legislative body.

THE TRIAL OF MARSHAL BAZAINE.

IT is an English rather than a French custom to wash the dirty linen of the nation in public. We rather pride ourselves on the process, and regard it as a proof of the courage that likes to know the worst and is determined to get at the bottom of things. For once in a way the French are imitating our example, not without many protestations on the part of sensitive Frenchmen against what they regard as a national humiliation which serves no good purpose; and so strongly do the opinions of the French influence those who live among them, that most of the English Correspondents at Paris seem to agree that the revelations made at the trial are very shocking, and that no good is gained by having them made. But this is scarcely the impression which the history of what is going on during the trial is calculated to produce in English readers on this side of the water. What is repulsive is not the record of what was said or done during the war, so much as the many expressions of bitter feeling and the puerile insults to political opponents which proceed from the lips of witnesses, or are to be found in journals which comment on the evidence. The evidence is often trivial, and still more often irrelevant; but this is almost always the case in French trials, and would not be worth noticing were it not that witnesses take the opportunity of gratifying their present political passions. We may be glad to think that under the English system the evidence of an officer would have been rigidly excluded who, as a contribution to the decision of BAZAINE'S guilt or innocence, deposed that when a prisoner in Germany he often heard German beer-drinkers exclaim "St. GAMBETTA pray for us," in derision of the famous person who was supposed to be leading France into the depths of ruin. The general character of the evidence does not place the conduct of Frenchmen during the war in any new unfavourable light. On the contrary, it has shown that there was a spirit of patriotism and a love of adventure which prompted many poor men to run the most serious risks in order to make themselves useful by carrying information through the enemy's lines. It shows that the Army of the Rhine behaved with bravery in action, and endured considerable privations with constancy. It may also, we think, be said to show that the chiefs in command inside Metz were in a position of very great difficulty, and honestly did their best after their own fashion. Lastly, it places in a clear light what may be termed the main circle of French misfortunes, out of which there was no moving, and which was this:—No one of any party, neither the EMPRESS, nor BAZAINE, nor JULES FAYRE, nor M. THIERS, was either able or willing to make peace in the September or October of 1870 on the only basis which the Germans would accept, the cession of territory. The military men, however, were all of opinion that the war could not be prolonged

with any rational hopes of success. A civilian who believed in possibilities which to military men seemed impossibilities was the only man that could prolong the war, and this man was found in GAMBETTA. As GAMBETTA insisted that the war could and should be prolonged, the military men, or at least some of the best of them, obeyed him. But GAMBETTA was totally incompetent to devise or arrange military operations, and he sent his military men, and especially BOURBAKI, to certain disaster. Thus France could only prolong the war by a machinery which made the prolongation of the war ruinous. But it was France, not GAMBETTA, that prolonged the war, and it is despicably unjust to reproach GAMBETTA for having gratified the wishes of the country. On the other hand, the military men were perfectly right in their appreciation of facts, and it is very unjust to them, when their conduct is criticized, to forget that they were right.

The evidence given against Marshal BAZAINE is of the most multifarious kind, and much of it is hardly connected with the Marshal at all. It is, however, difficult to understand the value of evidence merely by reading it; and when evidence given on one side is denied pointblank on the other, it is generally hazardous to guess which side is right without having had the advantage of seeing and hearing the witnesses. There are, therefore, minor points on which the Court may justifiably have conceived an opinion adverse to BAZAINE. They may think, for example, that he received despatches which he states he never received, or that he may not have taken advantage of favourable circumstances which he alleges did not exist. But on the main heads of accusation so far as the evidence has as yet gone, what has been established appears to coincide much more closely with the statements published by BAZAINE in the book he wrote in his defence than with the charges of the Government prosecutor. The first of these main heads of accusation is that, after the news of Sedan were received, BAZAINE used his army not to fight, but to negotiate; whereas his army was quite capable of fighting with a good chance of a great success. BAZAINE quite admits that he used his army to negotiate, but then he says that this was the best use he could possibly make of it. He asserts that the army could not have fought better than it did. He allowed it to fight to a certain extent, with the object of keeping up its spirit, as well as of making the enemy respect it and therefore of allowing better terms in negotiation, and of detaining as large a number of Germans as he could in the East of France. Throughout he made one mistake which almost every French general made also. He trusted far too much to subordinates, accepted statements without testing them, and took for granted that orders were executed because he had given them. If the object of the trial was to show that he was a second-rate man in every respect, the issue would be as clear as daylight. But when it is said that he made a wholly unsatisfactory defence with a guilty purpose, we want evidence to show that the defence was unsatisfactory. All the military men who were with him of high rank—and they were at least men, like CHANGARNIER and CANROBERT, of incontestable eminence after the French standard—bear witness that the army could not get through the enemy's lines, and that it was totally impossible to introduce supplies on any adequate scale. In one way their evidence is not worth much, for the conduct of the defence had their approval at the time, and so they too are to some extent on their trial. The Germans, it is well known, thought highly of BAZAINE as a commander, the best English correspondents were of opinion that the Metz army could not break through, and no military critic of any reputation has suggested since the war that BAZAINE ought to have been able to force his way out of Metz. This is all very vague in the way of evidence. But then what is the evidence given on the other side? It is impossible without reading it to appreciate its peltrey and trivial character. It is the evidence of men totally incompetent to look at any but the tiny incidents that came under their own notice. It is the evidence of citizens of Metz who declare that they wondered then, and shall wonder to their dying day, how it happened that a certain number of sheep they had seen near a fort were not brought into the town, or how several pounds of bacon were unaccountably forgotten. It is the evidence of a Metz manufacturer who swears that he protested in vain that he and not some preferred rival was the right man to have a contract given him. It is the evidence of an enthusiast who reveals that

he offered to the Commandant of Thionville to swim into Metz to carry despatches to BAZAINE, and that he was barely prevented from swimming seven or eight kilometres under the noses of the Prussians. It is the evidence of two or three worthy creatures who declare that they happened on different occasions to be lurking on the extreme edge of the ground held by the French, and saw BAZAINE go out in a mysterious way and talk with the enemy. All that can be said of this evidence is that it was mostly given by Frenchmen whom a hard fate has now made Germans, and that France need not perhaps grudge them the intense pleasure they seem to have experienced in giving testimony which they believed to be perfectly crushing against the traitor who has made them pass into the hands of the enemy.

BAZAINE and all his generals admit that, if he had thrown all his force against the enemy, some soldiers would have got through. On one occasion a calculation was made, though not by BAZAINE himself, that if the whole French army had been used in a sortie, one-third would have been killed, one-third driven back into Metz, and one-third would have got, in a disbanded and broken state, into the neighbouring woods, whence some of them at least might have made their way into Belgium, or joined other French forces. BAZAINE says, and every impartial person must allow that there is much to be urged on behalf of his opinion, that it was much better for him to detain two hundred thousand Germans round Metz, and to use the army as a means of negotiation. But he states, and no evidence has been offered that in the least shakes his assertion, that he strictly confined himself to what came within his scope as a commander, negotiating for the surrender of his army with the honours of war. Prince BISMARCK entirely declined to negotiate on these terms. Either the surrender of the army of Metz must be a repetition of the surrender of the army of Sedan, or it must be a part of a general arrangement for peace. To negotiate peace was, in the opinion of BAZAINE, entirely out of his province, and belonged only to the Government; and for him the Government meant only the Government of the EMPRESS, or rather of the EMPRESS as Regent, and Prince BISMARCK also told him that Germany would only negotiate with the EMPRESS. Accordingly he allowed REGNIER to conduct BOURBAKI to Hastings, and later on sent General BOYER to Versailles. From Versailles General BOYER went to Hastings, and there learnt that the EMPRESS would have nothing to do with a peace involving a cession of territory, and was occupied in trying to induce the Germans to accord exactly what BAZAINE was aiming at, the concession of the honours of war to the Army of the Rhine. There were, in fact, three different persons or sets of persons with whom the Germans were to some extent negotiating. There was the EMPRESS, there was the Government of National Defence, and there was M. THIERS with his combination for help from foreign Powers; and Prince BISMARCK played off one against another. M. JULES FAYRE stated in his evidence that when he met Prince BISMARCK in September the Prince asked him whether he thought he could count on the obedience of BAZAINE, and the Prince was, in fact, at this moment in negotiation with REGNIER. When BOYER went from Versailles to Hastings, Prince BISMARCK told him that if the EMPRESS would agree to make peace, BAZAINE must engage to pledge the army to support her, to which the General replied that this looked too much like a pronunciamiento to be in accordance with the usages of the French army. But then it is said that, even if it were admitted that BAZAINE might honestly think that the existing Government for him was that of the EMPRESS, he ought to have sunk for the time every cause of difference and co-operated with the Government of National Defence, just as the EMPRESS herself advised BOURBAKI to go to Tours when he left her. BAZAINE's answer is, that this might have been his duty if he could have communicated with the Government of National Defence, or if that Government could have communicated with him. However much he had communicated with them, he could not have done more for them than he did by detaining two hundred thousand Germans round Metz till the last possible minute, but no doubt each party would have derived some advantage from communicating with the other. But neither party could communicate with the other. GAMBETTA, who gave evidence the same day as JULES FAYRE, could only say that it was very curious that none of his messengers arrived at Metz, and it was shown on fairly good testimony that shortly before the capitulation despatches from BAZAINE

were received at Tours, which were however useless, because they were in cipher and the key of this cipher was in Paris. BAZAINE, no doubt, was full of hostile contempt for the new revolutionary Government, and he considered war conducted by enthusiastic civilians an absurdity. But it is very difficult to say precisely what he ought to have done on behalf of the Tours Government which he did not do, and to prove that he could have done it. What really annoyed the Tours Government, and made GAMBETTA issue his violent proclamation accusing BAZAINE of treason, was not so much that he capitulated, but that he capitulated ten days too soon for the success of the Army of the Loire. BAZAINE quite admits that he would be deserving of the severest censure if he had capitulated ten days, or one day, before he was absolutely compelled to do so; and thus we are brought to the third great issue between the parties, that as to the terms and the time of the capitulation, the evidence as to which has not as yet begun.

MR. FORSTER AT LIVERPOOL.

MR. FORSTER'S speech at Liverpool on Tuesday is a complete justification of the prediction that Mr. BRIGGS's return to the Cabinet would make no change in the educational policy of the Government. Nothing can be more unmistakable than Mr. FORSTER'S reassertion of the principles upon which the Act of 1870 was founded. There is not an uncertain note in the whole speech. Every sentence displays a settled determination to continue the work of making elementary education universal on the lines already laid down. Those who read Mr. BRIGGS'S speech to his constituents with the cure it deserved will not be surprised at Mr. FORSTER'S unshaken attitude. A Minister who had taken office on the understanding that the policy of the Government on an important question was to be reversed would hardly have been as frank as Mr. BRIGGS was in his condemnation of what his colleagues had done. He would rather have tried to make their indispensable capitulation pleasant to them. Mr. BRIGGS'S criticism of the Education Act was the utterance of a man who speaks his mind freely because he can speak it without pledging himself. He proclaimed that he differed from his colleagues upon one part of their past policy; but it was precisely because he regarded it as past that he was able to say all he thought about it. He views the Act of 1870 as an experiment which is still in progress. Down to the moment at which it was begun it was open to Parliament to decree that this experiment should be tried under this or that set of conditions. Mr. BRIGGS holds that the right course would have been to try it under Secularist conditions. Mr. FORSTER and the majority of the Cabinet thought that it could only be tried under Denominationalist conditions. Mr. BRIGGS believes that this preference will make the experiment a failure, but he confesses at the same time that, whether he or the rest of the Cabinet are right can only be ascertained by results. There was nothing in his speech to show that, even if he could persuade his colleagues to begin the experiment afresh, he would do so. It is quite possible to regret that an experiment should have taken a particular form without being for that reason anxious that the progress already made in it should go for nothing. At all events it was abundantly clear that Mr. BRIGGS had made no stipulation that it should go for nothing. Yet, in the face of this self-evident certainty, Conservative partisans and Liberal malcontents insisted on attributing all kinds of occult meaning to Mr. BRIGGS'S return to office. They must now be in the position of a conjurer who has professed to tell the contents of a closed box and is disconcerted at finding it empty. As regards the Liberal malcontents, it will soon be seen whether their recent suspension of operations was due to conscious exhaustion or to a genuine incapacity to read the political sky. After Mr. FORSTER'S speech they cannot plead any longer that they are waiting to know the mind of the Government.

We are not at one with Mr. FORSTER as to the theoretical demerits of Secularism. If the country had been disposed to separate secular and religious instruction, and to say that the subjects upon which all men are agreed shall be taught at the common expense, while the subject upon which men must be content to differ shall be taught at the expense of the separate religious denominations, we see no reason why the plan should not have answered. But to plead the abstract advantages of Secularism as an argument against the Elementary Education Act is like pleading

the abstract advantages of Republican Government as an argument against the Reform Act. At this moment it would be as easy to declare Mr. GLADSTONE President as to proclaim the universal and compulsory severance of religious and secular instruction. It is the manner in which this fact is received that marks off the man with whom education is a primary object from the man with whom it is a secondary object. The Council of the League would probably admit that, if the Education Act had been framed so as to satisfy their present demands, it would have been impossible to pass it, and still more impossible to carry it out. In that case, they say, the right course would have been to have waited until public opinion had declared itself with sufficient emphasis to make a Secularist Education Act possible. They have a perfect right to hold this view, provided that they acknowledge that in their estimation it is better that children should remain uneducated than be educated in Denominational schools. That is what we understand by making education a secondary object. In this respect the extreme Secularist is on a level with the extreme Denominationalist. Both alike repudiate secular instruction unless it can be had under the particular circumstances of which they severally approve. Between these two sects of fanatics comes that vast multitude of Englishmen who are willing to subordinate their preferences for this or that kind of education to their desire that children should be educated somehow. It is upon these last that the success of the Education Act really depends, because it is they alone who are able to invite co-operation upon whatever terms will secure the largest number of auxiliaries.

On the principle that the party that makes most noise gets credit for being the most numerous, it is these extreme opinions that have seemed to be most important in the recent School Board elections. Bible Rights and Liberal Rights, Church candidates and Unsectarian candidates, have appeared to have the field almost to themselves. The extravagance of the Secularist opponents of the Act has developed an almost equally extravagant opposition to it in the very midst of its professed supporters. It is a leading principle of the Act that accommodation shall be at once provided for the whole number of children who ought to be at school. The complaints that have of late been brought against School Boards seem to ignore this principle altogether, and to assume that before building new schools a Board should be satisfied, not only that there ought to be no vacancies in the existing voluntary schools, but that there are none. In many cases the Denominationalist candidates, though they may secure their election for this time, have done so at the cost of furnishing their opponents with a weapon which will be used against them with tremendous force hereafter. If they could only have played their cards with more self-control they held an extremely good hand. They might have impressed the ratepayers generally with the conviction that they were genuinely anxious to obtain the utmost educational results of which the Act was capable, while at the same time they were equally anxious to impose as light a burden as possible on the ratepayers. In their haste to snatch at this latter advantage they have gone far to sacrifice the former. They have appeared to be preaching economy at any price, instead of preaching education at the lowest price. If they have won an election here and there by thus appealing to the poorest and most ignorant class of ratepayers, they have laid themselves open to the charge of not caring for education except when it is under their own control; and when the present cold fit passes away, they will find that educational enthusiasm would have been a safer sentiment with which to have their names associated than a mere desire to spare the ratepayers' pockets.

From an educational point of view the most important part of Mr. FORSTER'S speech is the reiteration of his willingness to bring forward, and of his ability to frame, a general measure of compulsion. In order that such a measure should be passed and worked, he stipulates for two things—first, that no parent shall be compelled to send his child past a school which he likes in order to go into one which somebody else likes; secondly, that the ratepayers shall not be compelled to build schools merely because somebody wishes that the children should be sent to School Board schools instead of to the voluntary schools. These stipulations seem to involve the maintenance of the 25th Clause in one shape or another. It cannot but happen from time to time that a Denominational school will be

nearer the house of some indigent parent than a School Board school, and if the indigent parent is not to have the school fee paid for such of his children as are attending the former school, he will in effect be compelled to send his child past a school that he likes. Again, there will constantly be cases in which there is no effective demand for additional school accommodation, and in which, if the 25th Clause did not exist, the ratepayer would be compelled to build schools simply to gratify the dislike which a few violent partisans entertain towards Denominational schools. The second of Mr. FORSTER'S conditions may perhaps indicate that he contemplates some measure of compulsion which shall not be indissolubly associated with School Boards. If the ratepayers are not to be forced to build schools where they are not wanted, it seems hardly expedient that they should be forced to form themselves into Boards which are chiefly necessary when new schools have to be built. For ourselves, we are perfectly willing to see School Boards made universal, but there cannot be much doubt that the opposition to a general measure of compulsion would be greatly lessened if the two provisions were found not to be inseparable.

THE HOME RULE CONFERENCE.

IT is possible and probable that the Irish agitation for Home Rule or separation may be troublesome; but, in its recent form of a Conference, it has not a formidable appearance. The title of the meeting was unusually applicable, because there were many conflicting opinions to reconcile or to compare. Political and sectarian Conferences and Congresses in modern times for the most part resemble the mob-gatherings which are called demonstrations, except that they are held under a roof. A number of agitators or delegates meet together for the purpose of exhibiting their numbers and unanimity, and of assuring one another that they are resolved to have their own way. The Home Rule speakers had not previously come to any agreement as to the meaning of Home Rule; and the few members of Parliament who were present, having satisfied a section of their constituents by their attendance, were apparently not anxious to enrol themselves among the followers of Mr. BUTT. It is surprising that even an audience was wanting, as if the disaffected rabble of Dublin appreciated the hollowness of the entire proceeding. It was indeed a dreary occupation to debate the comparative merits of federation and of simple repeal of the Union. According to the scheme which seemed to find favour with the majority, the Scotch Union Act also is for the sake of symmetry to be repealed, and three subordinate Parliaments are to legislate for as many portions of that which is now the United Kingdom. The preliminary inquiry whether the Scotch have any desire for a restoration of their ancient Parliament, or the English for the institution of a second-class Parliament, was naturally thought superfluous. A wholly imaginary edifice requires no material foundation. An impediment of the same kind to the ideal completeness of the plan had occurred even to Mr. BUTT'S sanguine mind. As he had repeatedly said, the new Irish Parliament is to consist of Queen, Lords, and Commons; and yet not a single Irish peer is ready to concur in the project. Nor would it be easy to supply the defect by the most liberal creation of separatist peers, because no presentable candidates for the honour could be found among the supporters of Home Rule. Mr. BUTT is to be congratulated on the simple-minded sincerity of his agitation for an object which, as he virtually admits, would be unattainable even if all external opposition were withdrawn. A Home Rule House of Lords without a peer who is a Home Ruler is but one of the flagrant anomalies of Fenianism in its transparent disguise. Mr. BUTT must be taken at his word; but the mass of his followers, like SYDNEY SMITH'S Ballot mob at an election, habitually shout for principles which they abhor. And Mr. BUTT himself, since the close of the Conference, has illustrated his loyalty and moderation by addressing a seditious mob assembled for the purpose of doing honour to the Manchester murderers.

After the boastful announcement that at the next general election eighty supporters of Home Rule are to be returned, it is remarkable that not half that number of members and of probable candidates could be induced to attend the Conference. Of those who were present, some appear either to have been unwilling to acknowledge Mr. BUTT as their leader, or to have rebelled against his pretensions to control

their political action in detail. A demagogue who relies wholly on his own readiness of speech occupies a precarious position. Unless he has some independent source of power, as in personal popularity with the multitude, he is incessantly exposed to the jealousy of his lieutenants and allies. O'CONNELL'S Irish Brigade obeyed his orders because it consisted of nominees whom he could have dismissed into obscurity on the faintest show of resistance to his dictation. The confidence of the priests and the devotion of the people were given to the leader alone. Mr. BUTT is for the present only the mouthpiece of an undefined and shifting body of discontented politicians. On more than one occasion during the sitting of the Conference he found it expedient to explain away or disavow suggestions which were thought to savour of undue assumption. O'CONNELL might with impunity have laid down for his followers any course of action which he might have professed to regard as conducive to his general object. When Mr. BUTT demanded that no Home Rule member should on any pretext have an interview with an English Minister, the protests of indignant colleagues speedily compelled him to repudiate the plain meaning of his words. Another class of susceptibilities was aroused by the words of a Resolution in which the Irish nation was to pledge itself to respect persons and property when it should become regenerate and independent. Landowners and capitalists would not attach much value to a cobweb security; but the patriots of the Conference objected to the pledge on the pretext that it was an insult to the Irish character. Mr. BUTT was accordingly driven to shelter himself by the lame excuse that he had only copied a flourish from the American Constitution. Nothing, he said, short of so august a precedent would have induced him to use language which, as he allowed, was liable to misinterpretation. The conscientious convictions which have compelled Mr. BUTT to abandon the Conservative principles of his youth must be his only consolation for the innumerable mortifications of his present career.

The Conference would probably never have been held if the managers had foreseen that it would consist exclusively of professional agitators and of a few members of Parliament anxious to preserve their seats. When the meeting was first proposed its promoters hoped that it would serve to celebrate and cement an alliance between the Roman Catholic clergy and the Home Rule faction. The Bishop of CLOVNE had recently professed his adhesion to the cause; and the aged Archbishop of TUAM had renewed his consistent professions of the doctrine of Repeal as it was advocated by his friend and contemporary O'CONNELL. It was believed, both in Ireland and in England, that the Bishop of CLOVNE would not have joined the agitation without the cognizance and assent of the great body of the hierarchy. There may perhaps have been negotiations for the amalgamation of the Home Rule movement with the struggle of the Bishops for the exclusive control of education; but the alliance, if it has been attempted, has failed for the present; for only the two prelates who were already pledged to Home Rule, together with an insignificant number of priests, signed the requisition for the Conference, and no ecclesiastical dignitary attended the meeting. It is possible that Mr. BUTT may have hesitated to make concessions which, among other results, would have placed the Home Rule movement under the control of the clergy. He must be fully aware that, in spite of his earnest professions of admiration and respect for the Roman Catholic hierarchy, no heretic will ever be trusted to represent their policy in the country or in Parliament. At the Conference Mr. BUTT declared that he would never tolerate exclusive religious ascendancy, and his pledges were repeated by a notorious priest. Cardinal CULLEN may perhaps not approve of excessive professions of toleration and indifference. The Fenian element which alone makes the agitation for Home Rule formidable is for good reasons distasteful in the highest degree to the Roman Catholic clergy. Whatever may be the explanation of their refusal to share in the Conference, their abstention deprived it of nearly all its expected importance. Mr. BUTT will perhaps now fall back on his ingenious scheme of proving that England and Ireland have no natural political connexion, by inducing Irish voters in English boroughs to use their franchise with a view to the separation of the two countries.

The nature and extent of the political influence of the Irish priests will be severely tested at the first general election after the establishment of vote by ballot. The obedience of their flocks has been compounded, in undetermined proportions, of love and fear; and one of the factors

will in a system of secret voting almost wholly cease to operate. Notwithstanding his habits of religious obedience, the ordinary Irishman is perfectly capable of deceiving his priest, if he wishes to oppose his recommendations without incurring reproof or denunciation from the altar. On the other hand, the obedience which has been rendered was probably in many cases willing; nor will popular candidates venture to dispense with the services of priests as election agents. The Roman Catholic Church has the great advantage of unity of organization; and in every separate diocese, if not throughout Ireland, the clergy will obey the instructions of their bishops. The choice of the object which the influence of the hierarchy will be directed to obtain will perhaps depend on their estimate of their own forces. If Cardinal CULLEN and his subordinates were confident of their power to return a majority of Irish members, they would probably in all cases refuse to ally themselves with the Home Rule demagogues. When the agitation first commenced three or four years ago, the priests utterly defeated a Home Rule candidate for an important constituency; but when the balance of success was reversed in a neighbouring county, they thought it prudent to support the winning side. The outrageous proceedings of some of the prelates and clergy of Connaught, recorded in the celebrated judgment of Justice KEON, were adopted for the benefit of a Home Rule candidate, as it is said, on local grounds. On the whole, it may be concluded that the Roman Catholic bishops dislike Mr. BUTT and his agitation, but that they would rather make terms with the separatists than acknowledge their own inability to defeat them. If an alliance should at any time suit their purpose, it would be the more feasible because the clergy and laity of the Protestant Church of Ireland have with characteristic loyalty refused to avenge themselves on the Imperial Parliament and on the English nation for the heavy blow of disestablishment. Whether Home Rule were to result in the establishment of Roman Catholic ascendancy, or in the creation of a democratic Republic, it would be equally obnoxious to the upper and middle classes of Ireland, and especially to the Protestant community. Mr. BUTT indeed suggests with more than ordinary candour that the power of England would in the last resort be available for the protection of Protestants against the oppression which they might possibly suffer under a federal system. On the whole, it is more convenient that equal rights should be maintained by a common Government than that they should be reasserted, after they had been violated, by an abnormal exercise of force.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE RAILWAYS.

THE PRESIDENT of the BOARD OF TRADE has deemed it his duty to call the attention of the Railway Companies in a formal manner to the notorious fact that a large proportion of the accidents on their lines are due to causes which are perfectly within their control; and he has intimated that, if the Companies will not of their own accord make an "effort to meet the reasonable demands of the public and of Parliament," the Government may find it necessary to resort to legislation on the subject. It is extremely improbable that this circular will produce the slightest effect on the minds of railway directors. It is nine years since the QUEEN addressed a touching appeal to them in her own name, reminding them of "the heavy responsibility which they have assumed, since they have succeeded in securing the monopoly of the means of travelling of almost the entire population of the country," and expressing a hope that the "same security may be insured for all as is so carefully provided for herself;" but the management of railways is now, if possible, more perversely reckless and wantonly dangerous than ever. All that Mr. FORSCUE has to say has been said over and over again in all sorts of ways, and there is nothing very terrible in his signature at the bottom of the document. It is true that he threatens the Companies, if they continue to refuse to make their lines safe, with legislation which they may not altogether relish; but the way in which the threat is conveyed will, we fear, be accepted by the Companies as a comforting assurance that, for the present at any rate, the Board of Trade has made up its mind to leave them alone. It is to be hoped that Parliament will not tolerate so mischievous a waste of time, for there are several points upon which it is indispensable that there should be prompt and stringent legislation.

In the meantime it is something perhaps to have a public declaration by the Government of the principles on which railways should be managed. When Mr. BRIGHT was at the Board of Trade, he rebuked the Inspectors for their bad manners in venturing to suggest that the Companies occasionally killed people unnecessarily; but his successor has discarded the doctrine that accidents, like adulteration, are a legitimate form of commercial competition. It is an obvious truism that, as Mr. FORSCUE observes, "safety for life and limb ought to be a paramount object," although in the policy of the Railway Companies it sinks into a subordinate and comparatively insignificant detail. It is equally undeniable that "it is within the power of the Companies to take care that the permanent way, the rolling stock, and the station and siding accommodation, are kept up to the requirements of the traffic; that the officers and servants are sufficient in number and quality for the work to be done, and that proper regulations for their guidance are not only made, but enforced." It is also within the power of the Companies to take care that trains shall not be habitually irregular and unpunctual. A statement of the things which the Railway Companies can do and ought to do is at the same time a statement of the things which, for their own reasons, they resolutely and systematically neglect or ignore. The inquiries into the uninterrupted slaughter of the last few months have shown clearly enough that permanent way, rolling-stock, and station and siding accommodation, are certainly not kept up to the requirements of the traffic. Wigan Junction is probably by no means the worst station on the London and North-Western; but it may be taken as a fair sample of the dangerous condition of one of the chief railways in the kingdom. It is an important junction, at which three or four lines meet. Yet the main line has practically been converted into a goods-yard, in which shunting is continually going on; while at the same time there is a constant flow of traffic backwards and forwards, and expresses are frequently dashing through at full speed. As if this were not enough, it was found that the permanent way at this critical spot was insufficiently maintained. During another recent inquiry it was stated that Crews is sometimes so overcrowded that goods trains have to wait outside for six hours before having a chance of getting in. It is equally notorious that the staff of the railways is very far from being sufficient either in numbers or quality, and that the rules under which railway servants are supposed to work are only paper rules which are provided in order to be produced at inquests, and for strict adherence to which a railway servant would at once be dismissed. It is known that on some lines engine-drivers have to work from fourteen to twenty hours at a stretch without getting sleep; and cases have been mentioned of drivers being on duty for ninety-six, and even a hundred, hours a week. In one instance a signalman who went on for a stretch of thirty-six hours was asked when he slept. He said that he put on the points and signals, and then dozed off, trusting to the telegraph-bell to awaken him; if it failed to do so, the driver would blow his whistle; and if that did not rouse him, perhaps the driver would send the fireman to the signal-box to see what was the matter. If the driver did not take this precaution, there would probably be an accident. This is a very suggestive illustration of the way in which railways are worked. The overworked signalman goes to sleep trusting to the engine-driver, and the driver, to make up for lost time, dashes on, taking for granted that everything is all right. A few days ago an engine-driver was found fast asleep on his engine just as he was beginning to descend a steep incline, at the summit of which he should have gone into a siding. The most mysterious kind of accident on a railway is certainly the safe arrival of the passengers. The ordinary so-called accidents are simply the natural result of a deliberately prepared train of circumstances.

It is important to observe what the statements in this circular amount to. It is asserted on the authority of the Government that a large proportion of the disasters which occur on railways are due to causes which are within the control of the Companies. Last year there were 246 train accidents, and in one way or another 1,145 persons were killed and 3,038 injured; and the Government accuses the Railway Companies of having by wilful misconduct killed and maimed a large proportion of these unfortunate persons. This is a very serious charge, and unfortunately it is a charge which everybody knows to be true. Railway directors will learn

nothing from this circular which they did not know perfectly well before; and if they are not shocked and shamed when they take up the newspapers day after day, and read the same miserable story of smashing and killing perpetually repeated, it is not very likely that anything in Mr. FORTESCUE's letter will have much effect on them. It is not only well known that a great many people are killed and mutilated every year who, if proper precautions had been taken, would have been carried safely, but it is also known why this happens. It is simply because the Companies will not spend the money necessary for making their lines safe. The way in which directors argue with themselves is probably this. It will put us to great expense to enlarge our sidings and stations, to lay down additional lines where they are required, to augment the numbers and improve the quality of our staff, and when all is done, accidents of one kind and another will still continue to occur. On the other hand, if we leave things just as they are, there is always a chance that disasters will not happen so often as they might do, or, if they happen, that nobody will be killed; and so we shall only have to pay compensation to a few of the sufferers, and shall save the money we should otherwise have had to spend on the lines. This may seem rather a cold-blooded calculation, but it is impossible to resist the conclusion that it has been deliberately made and acted upon. Railway directors would rather not kill their passengers if they could help it, but they hold that they can afford to lay out only a certain limited sum in giving travellers a chance of safety.

Every kind of moral persuasion has been exhausted without producing the slightest impression upon Boards of Directors, and there is no reason to suppose that Mr. FORTESCUE will be more successful than his own Inspectors, the newspapers, and the QUEEN herself. The time for this sort of pleading has gone by, and the time for action has arrived. Nor can there be any doubt as to the line which this action should take. The Railway Companies must be attacked in their pockets. To kill a passenger must be made much more costly than to take the precautions which would prevent his being killed. And the way to do this is to provide the public with new facilities for obtaining compensation for injuries. It is also a question whether, in cases where compensation cannot be claimed by individuals, a penalty should not be exacted by the State. It is further necessary that there should be some kind of summary process for obtaining compensation, not only for loss of life or injuries, but for annoyance or loss incurred through the unpunctuality of trains. Mr. FORSTER has obtained a decision in his favour on this point, but the question should be placed beyond doubt. The Companies are at liberty to make up their time-tables as they please; when they have once issued the tables, they should be compelled to adhere to them, or to make amends to their defrauded customers. Every railway-ticket should be in two parts, like a cheque; and the passenger should retain one of these parts, on production of which before a magistrate or County Court judge, with evidence that a train was very much behind time in accomplishing its journey, he should be entitled to receive back the whole or part of the fare, with, if necessary, additional compensation. The railways are armed with all sorts of summary powers against the public; and the public will be very foolish if it allows another year to pass without obtaining corresponding powers against the Companies. It is possible that Mr. FORTESCUE, in reserving to the Government the liberty of proposing legislation on this subject, may have had in view some measures of a more extreme nature—such, for example, as powers to compel the Companies to double their lines where it appears to be necessary, or to bring their rolling-stock, station accommodation, and personal establishment up to the requirements of traffic. Such measures, however, may be reasonably postponed until the effect of a simpler mode of treatment has been tried. In the meantime the circular of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE, if it does not touch the consciences of railway directors, may possibly disturb the equanimity of shareholders, and may thus produce indirectly some effect. It can hardly be doubted that in the long run the present system of management is a very expensive one, and that it would not be followed if railways were worked, like other commercial enterprises, solely with a view to the natural and regular profits of the business. Unfortunately, as the *Times* mildly puts it, influential persons may occasionally have temporary purposes to serve, and may be bent upon effecting immediate savings which will produce

for the moment an increase of dividends and a brief inflation of the price of shares. The truth is that railways are worked more with a view to serve the schemes and speculations of directors than to promote the permanent interests of the great body of proprietors. Sir E. WATKIN stated the other day that the average receipts of each holder of ordinary railway stock were rather less than the weekly wages of a railway artisan, but it may be presumed that the gains of directors are on a different scale. If shareholders were wise, they would make common cause with the public.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

THE leading thesis of Mr. Disraeli's Inaugural Address at Glasgow, the importance of knowing the spirit of the age, has probably received as much attention as it deserves; and we need not ask again what light Mr. Disraeli's speech throws upon the problem or upon Mr. Disraeli's own character. The speech, however, included another proposition which was less noticed, because less original. Indeed Mr. Disraeli himself observes that the topic has "for ages furnished philosophers with treatises." Young men, he said, ought to know themselves, and he tried to point out how the knowledge is to be obtained. We do not profess to add anything material to the long series of philosophers amongst whom Mr. Disraeli modestly declined to assume a place; but we may venture to dwell briefly upon one or two of the reflections suggested by his speech.

The remark about the importance of self-knowledge is one which occurs to everybody with unpleasant force at a certain period of life, as though it were a fresh personal discovery. When a man has finally fixed himself in the groove along which he is to work for the remainder of his life, and begins to perceive definitely the limits of his possible career, the thought occurs to him in various forms. Some few happy men may possibly reflect upon the good fortune which has provided the appropriate sphere for their talents; others will regret that they are doomed to be always cutting blocks with razors, or, if they are unusually modest, that they are for ever to be hampered with duties too high for them. But almost everybody has a tacit conviction that he would have done much better if he had known his talents at twenty years of age as well as he knows them at forty. Few and fortunate, indeed, are the men who have not to look back upon a lamentable waste of power; who have not spent the most valuable years of their lives in learning something which proves to be utterly useless, and making false starts along paths which led to nothing. Waste, it is said, is the law of the world; and nothing is more conspicuous than the waste of talent. Men who have made a great mark upon their contemporaries differ from their neighbours not merely in intrinsic power, but in some fortunate coincidence of circumstances which has enabled them to concentrate their energies from early life upon some given point. Yet we find that many even of the greatest men have, so to speak, been fighting with one hand tied; and, owing to a partial misdirection of their talents, have given us but a fragment of what might have been extracted from them if they had been turned to the best possible account. Newton made some valuable discoveries; but how much more might he not have done if he had not been distracted from the studies in which lay his appropriate sphere of labour? De Foe succeeded in writing an excellent novel; but he had first spent an ordinary lifetime in producing work which nobody now cares to remember. If only we could distribute the proper part to each actor in the great drama from the time when his talents are first developed, and make him study it with undivided attention, we should effect a saving of genius more important than the saving of many mechanical powers. We forget what proportion of all the coal raised is said to be wasted by our extravagant modes of burning; but, whatever it may be, it cannot approach to the quantity of good intellect thrown away upon inappropriate tasks.

We might attempt to console ourselves by a theory which was at one time in favour. Genius, it was said, was nothing but great general power turned in one special direction. The same man who under one set of circumstances makes a great general, would under another be a first-rate mathematician or an accomplished lawyer. If so, one part of the apparent waste would be illusory. It would not matter to what work a man turned himself so long as he worked at something. Any man would fit any hole, and we need not bother ourselves about fitting the round hole with a square peg. The objection to the theory, to mention no other, is that it is palpably false. A man with delicate nerves may be a first-rate poet, and is pretty certain to be a bad lawyer. The calculating boy would be of no use as a preacher. Mathematical ability of a higher order is generally a special idiosyncrasy, and is consistent with utter incapacity for poetical or even philosophical activity. Of course, as a rough practical rule, there is some force in the argument. Geniuses are rare, and the bulk of mankind has no special idiosyncrasy. A man of the average capacity will do respectably, and will not do more than respectably, in almost any walk in life. Ninety-nine out of a hundred clergymen and lawyers might have changed places without any particular loss to the world at large. There is probably, too, more flexibility in most professions than people generally notice. A man is not fixed

down so rigorously to one particular branch of work as he is in some mechanical trades. We have read of a man at Cincinnati who surpassed all other human beings in the art of killing pigs as decidedly as Napoleon surpassed the generals of his day in the art of destroying men. If this hero had been diverted from killing to flaying pigs his special idiosyncrasy would have been wasted. But this is an exceptional case. As a general rule, a man may find employment enough for all the talents which he possesses in any of the ordinary walks of life. A barrister, it is often said, will at some time or other find the use of any bit of knowledge which he possesses; and in any of the liberal professions the same may be said for the ordinary rank and file of humanity. If they work at what comes in their way, they will find some employment for any little capacity in which they may happen to excel their neighbours. Making this allowance, however, it must be admitted that, even in ordinary cases, there is considerable waste of power whenever a man is driven into an uncongenial employment; and that the waste becomes really lamentable when we have to do with the exceptional cases of men of strongly marked genius.

We admit, therefore, the importance of the problem suggested by Mr. Disraeli. How are we to discover as early as possible for what a man is fittest, and so avoid putting potential generals to add up figures in a ledger, and potential philosophers to talk nonsense in the House of Commons? Is the judgment to depend upon a man himself or upon his neighbours? Mr. Disraeli thinks that even Jesuit schoolmasters are likely to be mistaken in detecting the special tendencies of their pupils. That Jesuits are fallible is quite true; and we may grant that the family circle and the contemporaries of a lad are equally liable to deception. We doubt, however, whether the liability to error is not rather exaggerated. It is curious, when we have the chance, to compare the judgment formed of a set of youths at college or school with their subsequent reputations. That many mistakes should be made is inevitable. Nobody could foresee that the scholar who promised to be a second Bentley would marry young, have twelve children by the time he was five-and-thirty, and be forced to squeeze a precarious living out of his crinoid and hastyest thoughts. Nor could it be known that a promising mathematician would prefer many briefs to extending the borders of science; or that the youthful statesman would choose to bury himself in a country living. The judgment can only be formed from the talents which display themselves in a narrow sphere, and without reference to the disturbing influences which may exert themselves in later life. It is only what we might expect, therefore, when we hear from anybody whose memory goes far enough back of men who have disappointed early expectations and been outstripped by less promising competitors. The judgment may have been a sound one, though it could not include all the elements of success. As a general rule, we should guess that the opinion of contemporaries is generally the most trustworthy. Though, as Mr. Disraeli tells us, youth may be generous and disposed to admire qualities not intrinsically valuable, yet it has quick perceptions and good materials for judgment. Stupid lads may lavish excessive admiration on mere popular qualities, or even on purely physical qualities; but young men of promise are ever excessively alive to intellectual excellence, and are often more generous in recognizing it than their elders. The hero of the passmen may be the leading athlete of the day; but even passmen do not suppose as yet that athleticism is a qualification for literary or official success. The hero of the authorities will be generally the young man who passes the most brilliant examinations. The criterion may be good as far as it goes; but it tends to give an undue advantage to docility as compared with originality. Success may be obtained in the Schools without that force of character which is the most useful quality in after life. The hero of the able youths is generally that one of their own companions who distinguishes himself in some extraneous department; who is the best speaker at the Union, or writes verses which he mistakes for poetry. The speeches and the poems may be equally detestable in the eyes of a severe critic, but the disposition which they indicate is one of the highest value. It may be described as a strong self-confidence, or as a readiness to make a fool of oneself, or, more simply and fairly, as a superabundance of energy; and though, for sufficient reasons, it is not a quality to be encouraged by undue praise, it is generally symptomatic of power, and therefore of success. In these matters a school or a college is a more or less effective rehearsal of the scenes of later life; and therefore the judgment of a youth's companions is often an anticipation of the verdict which will be pronounced on a larger stage. It would be easy to confirm these opinions by illustrations, if it were not for the fear of personality; but the recently published list of distinguished men who had been presidents of the Oxford Union is some proof that young men succeed in recognizing the merits of their equals.

We may perhaps admit that most men of much mark have made their powers felt by their contemporaries before their education is finished. But it must be admitted that the judgment thus obtained is too vague to be of much value. We should not recommend any young man to take to statesmanship because his speeches were cheered at the Union, or to devote his life to metaphysics because he was regarded as a philosopher by a clique of college friends. Success in such directions is obtained with too little knowledge to be much of a test. It shows vigour; but it hardly indicates the special line along which the vigour will develop itself. And, indeed, a man must be very weak who would really permit himself to regard the opinion either of friends or superiors as more than a useful indica-

tion. He will choose for himself, unless he is so feeble that it matters little what he chooses. Moreover a youth so unpleasantly pedantic as to determine his choice by a deliberate survey of his faculties would be not much better than one of the philosophers of the Laputan school who would steer his course across the park by the help of a sextant and a compass. If he has no very strong propensities, the consideration which will outweigh all others will be the ease of obtaining his bread and butter. It is so much more necessary that an ordinary human being should be able to pay his weekly bills than that his tastes and talents should be exactly suited, that we must put up with a certain roughness in our adjustments till we have arranged the world on a new plan. If, however, we take the more exceptional case of a youth with a strong propensity for some special employment, we may be pretty sure that, in spite of all that Mr. Disraeli and we can say, his opinion of his own faculties will be determined by his likings. We at least have never yet known such a monster as a youth who combined a strong taste, say, for science, with a recognition of his incapacity to do good scientific work. Everybody naturally takes his taste as a guarantee for his talents. The inference is unluckily not a certain one. There are people who have gone on painting pictures or writing poetry without possessing even the rudiments of an artistic or a poetical taste. To what causes this kind of monomania is due is a question which we need not investigate. That it sometimes exists is unfortunately a familiar fact of which everybody can produce ludicrous or pathetic instances. The chief use of self-knowledge, in the sense of an accurate estimate of our own talents, would be to enable us to discriminate between these cases. It would be very useful to know whether our passion for a particular employment of our faculties is, as Mr. Disraeli puts it, "idiosyncratic," or "mimetic"; whether, that is, we want to work because we have strong muscles, or think that we have strong muscles because we want to work. Unfortunately no very consistent answer can be suggested, except that we should try the experiment as often as we please. We may ultimately work our way to success, and have the pleasure of turning the tables upon the critics who ridiculed our first efforts. More frequently, we shall go on breaking our shins in attempting impossible feats to the end of the chapter. In that case, whilst we regret the waste of human energy, we must admit that there is some consolation. We cannot precisely approve, but yet we have a sort of sneaking sympathy for the gentleman who goes on writing epic poems in the conviction that a remote posterity will enjoy what his contemporaries reject. The spirit of good, robust, thick-skinned self-confidence is so valuable that it meets some sort of approval even where it is misplaced. Whilst our power of predicting success is so limited, we must be content to trust to the struggle for existence; and the great stimulus to the struggle is not reason and self-observation, but blind confidence in ourselves. If well placed, so much the better; if not, there is something sublime even in thorough stupidity.

BOATING TOURS ABROAD.

THE reappearance of an old friend in a new dress strongly suggests to us the paramount influence of caprice or accident in the direction of the very pursuits that are most congenial to Englishmen. Messrs. Chatto and Windus produce a pretty little blue volume, and on the cover a light-built four-oar, with the Union Jack floating proudly at the bow, is being propelled up the flow of a golden stream by a square-shouldered crew in golden flannels. The four-oar enjoyed a European reputation in its time, and its crew were distinguished public characters. They were mobbed in the chief of the river cities of the Continent, and made standing themes for the wildest romance in the columns of the leading Continental journals. Their actual achievements were sufficiently creditable to their pluck and enterprise. For those hardy mariners were the first to navigate European waters in a rowboat from the Western to the Eastern sea; or, at least, to spunk more correctly, from the fens of the German Ocean, far down the water-shed that slopes towards the Black Sea. They braved the perils of the Lurlei, that Rhenish Scylla; they traced out the sinuous windings of the Main among rushes and shallows, and semicataracts; they faced the still swifter currents of the Moselle and Neckar; they forced or turned the series of lock-gates in the canal that links the Main to the Danube; they shot the rocky passage under the cliffs of Passau; nor were they daunted by the traditional horrors of the terrible stream of the Strudel, or the seething whirlpool of the "Wirbel." They passed the Lurlei as much at their ease as if they had taken tickets in a Rhine steamer, and, if the dangers of the Wirbel were not altogether mythical, they were very much milder than the adventures had been led to believe. Yet, sooth to say, their voyages were not without their dangers. On more than one occasion the travellers narrowly escaped shipwreck, and that in circumstances where the strongest swimmer might have regretted he had not begirt himself with a life-belt. But, after all, the dangers they ran were scarcely greater than those that are involved in a first-class Alpine ascent, while the counterbalancing delights were more sustained, if not more intense. They came back in safety, carrying their "log" with them. It had been carefully kept by Mr. Mansfield, the originator of the idea of the cruise, who figures in the log's pages under the pseudonym of Smith. Mr. Mansfield gave it to the world, and its reception was a great success. It ran rapidly through several editions; we believe it had the honour of transla-

tion into a foreign tongue, and we know that it sold very freely among travellers as one of the volumes of the Tauchnitz series. Its success was justified both by its matter and its style; and what was more, it proved to demonstration the special charms of that mode of locomotion. For not only did it touch a variety of points of interest altogether avoided by railways and roads, and very rarely puzzled out by pedestrians, but it was evidently written, from first to last, in a fine flow of high animal spirits, which augured the perfection of health and hearty enjoyment.

Having said so much, we are brought back to the point we started from, and we are impelled to ask how it has come to pass that Mr. Mansfield and his shipmates have not been followed by a host of imitators? We keep up a couple of Universities and a number of public schools for the study of boating as one of the fine arts; we have famous boating clubs on the Thames and Tyne and others of our rivers; shoals of our boating men go across to the Continent in each succeeding season; and how is it that they leave their fleets and flannels behind them, while they swelter through the summer days in shooting-coats and the stuffiest of first-class carriages? It is true, Mr. Mansfield tells us in his preface, that his example has found imitators, and that scarcely a year goes by without some boat going over to the Continental streams. It may be so; but this we are sure of, that he and his companions never formed a school, and that his imitators must be few and far between. In the course of a pretty extensive Continental experience during the twenty years that have elapsed since the cruises of his *Water Lilies*, we have neither seen nor heard anything of English crews afloat. The fact can only be explained, as we observed at the outset, by one of those caprices of taste for which there is no accounting. For Continental canoeing, which is of comparatively recent date, became at once extraordinarily popular. To say nothing of the *Rob Roy*, the splash of English paddles has been heard in most places, and they have roused the echoes even in the Norwegian fiords and the lonely lakes of inner Scandinavia. Now we have nothing whatever to say against canoeing. Men like Mr. Macgregor clearly enjoy it thoroughly. We can conceive that there must be a certain pleasurable sense of independence in launching out on the waste of waters and your own resources; while there is a decided convenience in being able to carry your vehicle when you are weary of being carried by it, and in tucking it under your arm like an umbrella when the fancy takes you to stretch your legs. Yet it must be owned that canoeing is but a misanthropic manner of enjoying a holiday. Your pleasure, such as it is, must be all self-contained; a solitary man cannot relieve his feelings in strong language with any satisfaction; and even if you are cruising in company, it must be disagreeable to have to hail your friend in order that he may listen to your stentorian oburgations or respond to the signals of your transports over the scenery. In travelling in a party in a four-oar, on the other hand, you ought to have pretty nearly the perfection of sociability. We assume that the crew have been picked to pull together in more senses than one. As nature has been working from primeval times to map out a route which you can hardly help following, there can be no difference of opinion on that score. You have only to lay your heads along the course of the streams, and all that remains to settle is the times of the start and the lengths of the stages. On these points, as you shake down into your habits, there need be little difficulty in coming to a pleasant understanding. Druced and invigorated by hard exercise and sound slumber, you will naturally be inclined to early and regular hours. Good health means good spirits, and good spirits imply a disposition to be mutually agreeable. But you are only tied to accommodate the general inclination of the party, and not to trains and time-tables. There is no being hurried down to the hotel omnibus five-and-fifty minutes before the departure of the train. There is no scrambling for tickets, and fighting over the counting and weighing of the luggage, before being locked up in the waiting-room. Above all, there is no being scattered through hot carriages, among warm women and crying children, and foreigners with bulky packages and heavy coats in the head, who fumigate you with the coarsest of homegrown tobacco. There is no being stowed away in a seat on the wrong side, out of sight of the cool river and against the hot limestone wall that is glaring in the sunbeams; no being shot into the bowels of the earth just as you reach the castle-crowned gorge that has been lauded up to the skies in the guide-books. No; your carriage is waiting for you, and you may order it at what hour you please. There is no bother about horses and postboys, and none of the expense and squabbling attendant on posting. You are comparatively independent of the quality of your inn. If you arrange your halt at an hotel, you are sure to be made much of, arriving as eccentric and distinguished strangers who advertise the house. Your suit of flannels is the easiest and most comfortable of wear, and if you should take less pleasure in being mobbed than the master of the *Rob Roy*, at least your party keep each other in countenance in wearing them. But if it suits you better to put up at some homely inn, Epicurean as you may be, it must be bad indeed if you are not content with it. You may count with confidence on your appetite; the cooking that repels you must be poor indeed; and the wines of the country go down pleasantly over a palate which has just been sufficiently jaded to appreciate them. You are sure to sleep the sleep of the just, in spite of the briefest of beds with narrow Teutonic coverlets. As a rule, the great drawback to travel, and especially in out-of-the-way districts, is the too frequent dullness of the evenings. You have dined early; the rain is coming down in streams, and there is nothing for it but to mope or sulk, unless you

are gifted either with unusual mental resources or extraordinary powers of suction. In the crew of a four-oar, you have just the party for a rubber, and the coxswain is there to out in as odd man. With a couple of packs of cards you may laugh at the spite of the elements, as you wait patiently while time flies by; and the stroke in one of Mr. Mansfield's voyages showed a just appreciation of the necessities of this particular mode of travel when he shipped himself with cards, a corkscrew, and a Greek Testament as the chief part of his modest luggage.

It may be thought that we have dwelt unduly on the subsidiary charms of a boating tour, forgetting that the chief ends of travel are understood to be self-improvement and the cultivation of a faculty for universal admiration. But we must take the world as we have found it, and it is our experience that, if tourists are to be improved at all, it is by relieving them to the very uttermost of all sense of duty and responsibility. Possibly a man who knows nothing of ecclesiastical architecture, and cares less for associations with mediæval history, may be impressed by the solemn interior of a cathedral if he chance to stroll into it while his cutlets are cooking for breakfast. Send him there later under custody of a guide, with a dozen other churches to be checked off before dinner-time, and his faculties are numbed by the feeling of what an unspeakable weariness it is. Let him prepare himself to admire Rheinfels, Heidelberg, or Mülk by the officious help of his Murray or his Beedeker, and of course he is disappointed even by the striking reality when he sees it. Setting out in flannels and a four-oar, you are absolved in advance from all responsibilities of the kind, and you start on your tour without any calls on your conscience. Yet you start without prejudice to the indulgence of any special tastes which you may possess; if you pass near to that Rubens, or that other Albert Diirer, there is no reason why you should not make a stop to go and look at them. Your friends will be happy to wait for you, as you are sure not to have trespassed on their good-nature. It is very possible that they may even propose to accompany you, and so give you the opportunity of developing their neglected tastes for the æsthetic. As for admiring nature, we suspect that the vigorous gentlemen stretching to their oars in the fresh air and the sunshine are likely to have a keener appreciation of its beauties than the passengers on the *Kaiser Wilhelm*, who are handling their knives and forks under the awning with their backs persistently turned to the Drachenfels. We do not fancy that Mr. Mansfield's crews volunteered especially because they were enthusiasts, yet every chapter shows how the sights that greeted them at each turn of the stream sweetened the heavy labour of the oars. As a matter of course, they saw a great deal more than other people. For not only did they go where not one traveller in a hundred thinks of following the course of the water, but they were by no means tied to time or to their boat. The kits they stowed under their seats were small, but they were accompanied by heavier *impedimenta* in the shape of portmanteaus, which were sent forward to particular points. When the fancy took them, they cast their boating slough, and gave themselves up to the pleasures of society as English gentlemen in the dress of the period. We may add that generally their fame had gone before them, and their mode of travel assured them a welcome even where they were not provided with personal introductions; although we cannot hold out hopes that the most unexceptionable English boat would continue to act as a passport into the best Continental society, were their example to be more promiscuously followed. Be that as it may, however—and it is probable that most boating men would think their voyage all the pleasanter the smaller the sensation it created—we are sure that no way of touring could be more enjoyable than boating abroad in a favourable summer.

OLD FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE publication of M. Littré's great Dictionary will have for its necessary consequence an increased impulse towards the study of old French texts. The interest in the French literature of the middle ages has greatly extended itself during the last ten years; and editions of old poets which formerly would have had no chance whatever of a remunerative sale are now undertaken with confidence by well-known publishers such as Jouaust, Tross, Maillot, and others; whilst the prevalent fashion in printing and paper-making for works of this especial class is the most exquisitely tasteful that has ever prevailed, and will no doubt be thoroughly appreciated by book-collectors long after the present generation shall have passed away. Perrin of Lyons, Claye and Jouaust of Paris, have produced editions which for the art of the printer are simply faultless; so that poems which existed only in precious illuminated manuscripts now exist in typography not less beautiful than the handiwork of the mediæval scribe. Paper-makers like Hallines do their utmost to rival the fine old Dutch papers that are so well known to Continental collectors; and as the books, when they come out, have as yet escaped the great peril of a vulgar binding, they are, materially speaking, a pure delight to the connoisseur. If illustrations are admitted, they are either careful reproductions of original illuminations, without the colour, or else etchings by some distinguished etcher of the contemporary French school, such as M. Flameng. Whether the literary contents are so generally appreciated by collectors as the paper and print we have no positive means of ascertaining; but we know that in cultivated French society there has existed for many years an increasing

and always more and more intelligent interest in everything connected with old France, perhaps because the nation feels itself so widely severed from the past, and therefore experiences a greater curiosity as to what the past was like. It may be suspected from the nature of some old books which have been reproduced in the manner just described, that the public is not appealed to altogether on the side of purity and virtue, for the publishers occasionally bring out such works as the tales of the Queen of Navarre (not quite modestly illustrated by M. Flameng), and the *Decameron* of Boccaccio; yet, on the other hand, they give us decent enough romances of the Round Table, and at least one volume full of the most genuine beauty of sentiment, and remarkable for admirable elevation of moral purpose, the noble *Livre des Cent Ballades*. All these books are published in small editions, and the usual sale of them seems to be from two hundred and fifty to five hundred copies.

It is hardly possible to possess and study the magnificent Dictionary which M. Littré has recently completed without feeling a strong desire to know more about that mediæval literature from which he quotes so constantly in his illustrations of the history of the language. We are not altogether ignorant of it even in England; we know that there were *chansons de geste*, and *romans de la table ronde*, and *romans d'aventures*, and *rond-nez d'amour*, and *fabliaux*; but most of us are deterred from any serious study of this old literature by what appears at first to be the almost insuperable difficulty of the language in which it was written. The notion, utterly erroneous but very widely prevalent, that old French is a more barbarous chaos, destitute of grammar, has much impeded the study of it on rational and methodical principles. The fact is, as M. Littré points out, that, in comparison with modern French, it had rather more grammar than less; for it preserved a remnant of the Latin cases, and in many other respects, of which we intend to say more a little later, it was more logical, as well as more grammatical, than the French of our own times. There is, in fact, a visible decadence in the French of to-day. It has lost many accuracies and admitted not a few solecisms which would have given just cause of offence to a Frenchman of the time of the *trouvères*. And yet the old language has been regarded, first with indifference in the seventeenth century, and then with hostility in the eighteenth. Voltaire fancied that the French of the middle ages was formless and barbarian, and he despised it as a jargon:—

Mais il n'y a aucun compte à tenir [says M. Littré] de son jugement et de tout jugement pareil, car ce jugement était porté en pleine ignorance des faits; nul ne soupçonnait alors que le vieux français était une langue à deux cas, et que cette *ruille* apparente, ce jargon prétendu, dépendissent de règles syntaxiques qu'on admirait grandement dans le latin. Une étude positive témoigne que le français ancien est plus voisin du latin que le français moderne, et qu'à ce titre il faut en écarter toutes les imputations de barbarie grammaticale et de jargon grossier; le latin suffit à le protéger.

M. Littré observes that, although there are differences between modern French and the French of Corneille, these are merely differences of usage; that Corneille might write *autant comme* instead of *autant que*, and that a hundred forms used by him and his immediate predecessors may be no longer employed in these days, yet still that his French and the French of to-day are strictly the same language because they have the same syntax. But old French had an entirely different syntax. It had cases—not six cases like Latin, but two, the nominative and the accusative. Everybody knows the two old French words *sire* and *seigneur*. Both are used to-day; a king or emperor is called *sire*, and Christ is called *seigneur*. In old French, however, they were the two cases of one word, *sire* being the nominative and *seigneur* the accusative, and they answered to the Latin *senior*, *seniorum*, the prolongation of the word being in consequence of the position of the tonic accent in the Latin accusative. In like manner *terre* was a nominative of which *larroen* was the accusative from *latro*, *latronum*. These examples may serve to show how one class of substantives formed themselves; but there was also another class in which the Latin original did not change the position of its tonic accent, and then the old French accusative simply added a syllable; thus, *homo* became *hom*, and *hominem*, *home*, the final *e* being an additional syllable in French. The familiar French title *comte* is an old accusative, as *seigneur* is. The nominative of *comte* is *cuens* or *cons*, answering to *comes*; the accusative is *comte*, answering to *comitem*. In the second of these categories the old French nominative singular had an *s* which came from the nominative of the second Latin declension, and this *s* was naturally lost in the accusative, as we perceive at once that it must have been when we know the rule. Thus for *caballus* we have *li chevals*, or *chevaus*, or *chevaux*; whilst the equivalent of *caballum* is *le cheval*; in like manner *li chevols* or *chevaus* answers to *capitulus*, and *le cheval* to *capitulum*. Modern French has preserved in *ils* the *s* of *filii*, and so in this instance kept the nominative whilst dropping the accusative *fil*, though in very many instances the modern tongue has preserved the accusative by preference. The custom of adding an *s* to nominatives extended itself to words where according to the Latin derivation it was not so strictly required.

Plurals of words derived from the second Latin declension having a nominative in *s* and an accusative in *os* followed the original language with the same fidelity as the singular, and this produced the remarkable effect of counter-changing, most puzzling to any one who does not know the grammatical reasons for it, and of itself quite sufficient to convey the impression that the *langue d'oïl* was a mere barbarous confusion. The nominative singular has the same form as the accusative plural, being distinguished from it only by the article, whilst the nominative of the plural reproduces

the singular accusative, as the reader will see at a glance from the following table:—

	Sing.	Plur.
Nom.	li chevols	li chevols
Acc.	le cheval	les chevols

The preservation of the final Latin *s* in the case of adjectives produced sometimes the same termination in both masculine and feminine. So, we have *uns hom loials*, for *unus homo legalis*, and also *une femme loials* for the nominative, with *un home loial* and *une femme loial* for the accusative.

The old possessives were exceedingly simple. The custom was to put the thing possessed followed by the possessor in the accusative; *la fille le roi*, the king's daughter, *li chevols l'empeor*, the emperor's horse. Modern French retains this in one or two instances—*fête-dieu*, *hôtel-dieu*. *Empereor* is the accusative of *emperere*, *imperator*. Here is the declension:—

	Sing.	Plur.
Nom.	li emperere	li empereor
Acc.	le empereor	les empereor

It is worth remarking that the comparative in old French was formed with *de* and not with *que*, and this was a rendering of the Latin ablative; thus *major fratre* in old French would be translated quite closely and accurately by *plus grant de son frere*. The termination of French adverbs in *ment* had its origin in that habit of thinking in Latin which was common in the middle ages; for, although the Romance languages dropped the Latin adverbial terminations, they added one which contains a whole Latin word, the word *mens*. Thus *vraiment*, *prudemment*, mean truly-minded, prudently-minded, and the old French preserved the gender of *mens* by putting the adjective before it in the feminine, as, for instance, *bonnement*.

In conjugation, old French came nearer to the Latin than the French of our own day. It is interesting to hear what Littré has to say of a peculiarity which the ignorant have looked upon as a fault, and which is only permitted in this century in the character of a poet's license:—

Quand à la conjugaison, la principale observation est que la première personne du singulier ne prend point d'*s* à moins que cette lettre ne soit du radical; *je voi*, *je vi*, etc. Ces formes sans *s* sont restées dans notre versification à titre de licences; mais, bien loin d'être une licence, c'est une régularité, car l'*s* conformément à la conjugaison latine, type de la nôtre, n'appartient pas à la première personne (*video*, *vidi*), et c'est à tout que de la seconde personne, dont elle est caractéristique, on l'a étendu à la première. L'imparfait est en *ois*, *oies*, *oît*, *je aimoi*, *tu aimoies*, *il aimoit*; ce qui représente les désinences latines *abam*, *abas*, *abat*; le conditionnel suit la même formation; *je aimeroie*, *tu aimeroies*, *il aimeroit*. Certains verbes de la première conjugaison subissaient au présent de l'indicatif une modification qui change le son de la voyelle du thème; *je doin*, *tu doins*, *il doit*, *de donner*, *je aim*, *tu ains*, *il aint*, *de aimer*.

The old French pronunciation and orthography are interesting subjects to all who care to read the literature of the middle ages. There are certain data even for the pronunciation. How are we to pronounce the *langue d'oïl*? The natural temptation of the beginner is to pronounce it as it is written, because the orthography seems strange to him, and he fancies that the stranger he makes the pronunciation the likelier it is to be near the customs of old times. This, however, is based upon the mistake of supposing that the Frenchmen of the middle ages came nearer in pronunciation to their spelling than their successors of the present day do to theirs, and we have no evidence to warrant such a supposition. The true principle appears to be, that in all the fundamental sounds the pronunciation of to-day has preserved the habits of former ages; and M. Littré believes that, after some deductions which are evident of themselves, the way to approach nearest to the pronunciation of a *trouvère* is simply to sound the words as if they were modern French. There is a consideration in support of this view which M. Littré does not mention, yet which may be worth suggesting. The French peasantry have in all probability preserved a good deal of the old pronunciation, since they and their fathers have been illiterate, as the higher classes also were in the middle ages, and have learned the language entirely by ear. Now, although the French peasantry do not pronounce exactly as cultivated people do in the present day, their pronunciation is much nearer to cultivated pronunciation than it is to any orthography, ancient or modern; so that in all likelihood the two have always been to a great extent independent of each other. M. Littré has no doubt that *il puet* (the old form) should be pronounced *il peut*, and *euer*, *œur*; whilst he believes that *ier* was pronounced *yeux*, that *dier* was pronounced *dieux*, the *r* being only an orthographic sign, as it is to-day. There is a probability, amounting almost to a certainty, that the spelling has been modified by the pronunciation, and that the pronunciation of to-day existed before the Latin forms were definitively abandoned. Thus it is probable that when people wrote *tete* and *tempeste*, from *testa* and *tempestas*, they pronounced the word *tête* and *tempête* just as we do to-day. To put it in M. Littré's phrase, the etymological orthography had to yield to that of pronunciation, the latter having established itself in the earliest history of the language, when it became no longer Latin. Spelling and pronunciation are two forces that react continually upon one another. When there is little grammatical teaching, and men learn their language much more by their ears than by their eyes, then it is the pronunciation which modifies the orthography and assimilates it to itself. On the other hand, when books are much used, the spelling gains empire over pronunciation, and the tendency is to pronounce all the letters that one sees written; at

this time tradition succumbs on many points to the influence of the eyes.

When French began to be formed, the educated classes used Latin exclusively for authorship and correspondence, employing the language of their own country only as a necessary means of communication with the vulgar. It was formed, in fact, simply by popular instincts, and the writing of it was only a record of changes which these instincts had produced. M. Littré makes a distinction between *dialect* and *patois* which has not hitherto been familiar to us; indeed we have not, in English, two words corresponding to the two things, and are obliged to borrow one of them from the French. When the unity of language and literature did not as yet exist in France, each of the different forms of speech which prevailed in the provinces had as much right to its independence as another. At that time there existed various independent dialects, such as those of Picardy, Normandy, Burgundy, the Isle of France, and Lorraine. But at the end of the fourteenth century the provincial lordships lost much of their feudal character; the monarchy became preponderant, Paris became a capital, and then a language was formed which belonged alike to all cultivated persons. From that time the dialects gave place to what we now call *patois*. There are dialects so long as the great fiefs exist, but when monarchical unity has absorbed these local centres the *patois* take their place. M. Littré defines a *patois* as a dialect which, having no longer any literary uses, is only employed for the necessities of ordinary life. He strongly protests against the prevalent notion that the *patois* are a corruption of correct French. The dialects, he argues, from which the *patois* descend, were not the result of a dismemberment of a French language that existed before them, but preceded the French language; or rather the French language is one of the dialects, which, owing to political circumstances, has gained the first place. M. Littré makes a comparison between the formation of the Romance languages and that of dialects, which is ingenious and, we believe, new. He says that the great districts called Italy, Spain, Provence, and France, imprinted their character on the Latin language as the smaller districts which we call provinces also imprinted theirs; and that the diversity had rules of its own. He observes that the mutations take place just as if there had been a previous understanding about their nature. The field open to divergence was unlimited, the point of contact unique, yet these languages always agree together on the principle of their mutations. They agree to reduce the Latin declension, to suppress the Latin neuter, to create the article, to introduce compound tenses for the past in conjugation, to form a new mood—the conditional—and to express the passive no longer by terminations, but by a combination with the verb *to be*; to organize auxiliaries for conjugation. They agree to invent a new sort of adverb with the suffix *ment*; and, lastly, when these languages go outside of the domain of Latin to express new ideas, or to replace terms which have fallen into disuse, they almost always adopt the same words. These languages were formed simultaneously, and the history of one cannot be understood without reference to the history of others.

The Latin that is most changed in French belongs to the early language which was modified by popular use, but words that were adopted by the learned at a later date are preserved in a more accurate form. Thus *frêle* and *fragile* both come from *fragilis*, but the first was a popular form, and therefore much altered, whilst the second was a learned introduction. In the old words we have a key to the accent used in the Latin of the decadence, and the Romance languages are dialects of Latin. The old French preserved declensions for the space of three centuries. There were two cases during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, and if it is a perfection in the ancient languages to have them, then old French deserves some share of the credit. The time when French lost its cases was the latter half of the fourteenth century. In the first half the old rules were still followed, at least in literature; all correct writers were careful to observe their nominatives and accusatives; but towards the end of the fourteenth century the barriers of tradition were broken down, and the new grammar which recognized no cases began to be openly employed, so that there was a confusion of two grammars. The same writer would at one time employ his nominative and accusative, and at another time neglect to employ them, using one form only. Thus the nominative *empereur* is dropped, and *empeur*, the accusative, is retained. In some instances both cases are preserved; but when this happens, each has a special use, as we have already pointed out in the familiar example of *sire* and *seigneur*, which were formerly a nominative and accusative.

The origin of the *s* for plurals is highly curious, and entirely dependent on the declensions in old French. We have seen how these were formed. The nominative singular often took a final *s*, on account of the Latin termination, but so did the accusative plural. When the nominatives were dropped, the accusatives remained, and so it happened that the plurals in many instances were provided with an *s* by inheritance from the Latin. You cannot get a final *s* out of *enbalme*, but you can get it out of *enballos*. This suggests the very curious reflection that, if the French language had chanced to retain nominatives instead of accusatives, the singular of modern French (and English) nouns would most likely have ended with an *s*, and the plural have been deprived of it.

In some respects old French was more grammatical than that which is spoken in our own day. For example, in the thirteenth century no one would have thought it allowable to put a masculine termination to a possessive pronoun when the thing possessed was

of the feminine gender. Nobody would have said anything so outrageous to grammar as *mon épée, mon amie*; a Frenchman of the time would have said *m'espée, m'amie*, just as, instead of saying *ton âme, son enfance*, as we do, he would have said *t'âme, s'enfance*. Modern French has preserved a similar elision after the article, and the question is why it has not preserved it after the pronoun. M. Littré is justly angry with the people of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries who introduced a solecism at once so flagrant and so unnecessary. It was a gratuitous spoiling of the language, and it is wonderful how quickly it took root, and how authoritative it became, so that it was soon a fault to use a feminine possessive with a feminine noun if the latter began with a vowel or an *h* not aspirated.

Modern French is a very modern language indeed, if we date from the introduction of its present syntax, which only came into use in the fifteenth century. The revolution in syntax had been begun by the fourteenth century; but it was not completed till late in the fifteenth, when French became what grammarians called an analytic language. Spanish and Italian were formed before, and on the same analytic principle which the modern French adopted. It is on account of the profound difference in syntax that old French is to be considered a separate language, and now a dead language. It is, however, not difficult to learn by any French scholar of to-day, when once its principles are understood; and it is certainly worth learning by any one who cares for truly romantic literature. Unfortunately there exists as yet no thoroughly good and complete dictionary of the *langue d'oïl*, but this is a deficiency which modern erudition is sure to remedy in time.

ΔΕΙΞΑΜΕΝΟΙ ΣΤΟΠΗΝ ΦΙΛΟΜΗΤΟΡΑ.

IN the garden of the King's School at Shrewsbury many fair flowers have been reared. We cannot help looking upon the projected removal of that ancient and famous school to a new site as obliterating features to which the memory of her sons most fondly clings. There is something almost pathetic in the explanation which Dr. Kennedy gave to the Public Schools Commissioners why, with conditions apparently favourable, Shrewsbury School had been in his time so ill supported:—

Schools are upheld and extended by influence and combination far more than by their intrinsic merit, whatever it be. Some have family connexion and influence; some joint-stock influence and exertion; some the influence of religious parties. Shrewsbury School has nothing of the kind. It has relied on its own unassisted merits, and those merits appealing to a portion of society which becomes smaller and smaller every year; those, I mean, who still ascribe some value to a University education and classical training.

The Commissioners to whom these words were addressed reported that the great reputation which the school had acquired under Dr. Butler and Dr. Kennedy as a place of education had sustained it in spite of many disadvantages, but that these disadvantages were now the more severely felt on account of the competition of the new proprietary and other schools which had of late sprung up in various parts of the country. "The very bad condition of the buildings, and the want of funds to place them in a proper state, operate more and more to deter parents from sending their sons as boarders, and the want of boys tells upon the teaching of the school." This Report is nearly ten years old. It was followed by the Public Schools Act of 1868, under which the new Governing Body of the Shrewsbury School has been established, and that body, with the energy of youth, proposed not only reconstruction, but removal. It is possible, however, that a strong manifestation of the wishes of old pupils of the school may induce the Governing Body to build upon the old foundations.

This question, however, cannot be regarded as one of mere sentiment; and, in order to form a practical judgment on it, we may usefully look into the Report, already quoted, of the Public Schools Commissioners, to see what opinions, if any, were expressed *ante litere motam*, if we may so say, on this alternative of reconstruction or removal. Dr. Kennedy referred to an opinion expressed by one of the Trustees, that the smallness of numbers in the School was chiefly due to the defectiveness of means of accommodation, and he said:—

I admit that these are old, unattractive, and in some respects inconvenient and inadequate. Still the houses are solid, well ventilated, and shown by long experience to be more healthy than many places of new and elaborate construction.

At the same time Dr. Kennedy wished that exertions had been made many years ago to rebuild the houses in accordance with the demands of the age. It seemed a little hard that, while new schools without any endowments could venture to build large and extensive premises, and even to incur debt for that purpose, a school of considerable endowment and established position and name should fall into comparative decay, for want of that amount of energy which would have enabled former Trustees to borrow money for the complete restoration of the premises, providing for interest and repayment partly by the temporary stoppage of exhibitions, partly by capitations, which Dr. Kennedy would gladly have concurred in. The new Governing Body are not likely to incur the same censure as the old Trustees for want of energy, and indeed it seems the fate of schools and other institutions to suffer alternately from torpor and spasmodic activity. The Public Schools Commissioners of course visited Shrewsbury, and went over the school buildings, and as their Chairman, Lord Clarendon, put it, "I

daresay, the Trustees will not be surprised to learn that we did not admire them very much." The Trustees explained that they had made a representation, putting it in very strong language asking the Charity Commissioners to enable the Trustees to purchase property adjacent to the school, and they had consulted an architect as to how the property to be thus acquired could, with the sites of the present Head and Second Masters' houses, be made most convenient as future residences for the Head and Second Masters, with proper accommodation for a limited number of boarders. The Trustees added that they would be glad to receive the sanction of the Commissioners to the proposed improvements.

Thus the matter stood when the Public Schools Commissioners made their Report, which bears date 16th February, 1864, and the essential features of the question have not been changed since. The property of the school is no larger than it was ten years ago, and yet it appears to be now assumed that a sum of money may in some way be provided for building purposes much larger than was thought practicable at the date of that Report. We hear a good deal of the spirit of the age influencing the institutions of the country, and if it can induce people to lend money without security to rebuild a school, we shall be inclined to believe in it. Dr. Kennedy was unwilling to appeal to the friends of the school for subscriptions towards restoration, but we cannot see why Shrewsbury should not use means by which Harrow and Rugby have largely profited. But if friends are to contribute towards restoration, their wishes must be to some extent consulted as to site and plan. The onus seems to rest on those who propose a change of site to justify it. The idea probably is to collect upon one site all the buildings of every kind that may under any possible circumstances be needed for the school. The symmetry of such a scheme is perhaps captivating to some minds, but other minds may not dislike complexity and variety. Charter House, having been moved from town to country, necessarily occupies a single site. But at Harrow and Rugby we find a central block of buildings with boarding-houses dotted about the town. The boys and masters have to pass to and fro along the streets between these houses and the chapel and schoolrooms, whereas if all the school-buildings were collected on one site, they might transact a whole day's duties without even exposing themselves once to the outer air. But if the spirit of the age treats this arrangement as necessary, we should incline to regard it as equivalent to effeminacy. The "Old Sclapians" who are proposing a memorial to the Governing Body say that the alleged grievance that the playground is not immediately contiguous to the school-buildings appears to them to be "unduly exaggerated," and to be an objection made for, not by, the boys. "It was not felt as a hardship in our time, and it must be borne in mind that the same conditions exist at Harrow and Westminster." The present cricket-ground is at Colton Hill, half a mile from the school, and the Memorialists believe that it is sufficiently near, and the accommodation can be rendered sufficiently ample. They suggest however that, if necessary, an excellent and convenient playground might be obtained by throwing a light foot-bridge over the Savern, and acquiring one or two fields within a short distance of, and visible from, the school. As regards buildings, they state that the present site of the school contains about nine thousand square yards, of which the existing buildings cover about two thousand, and adjacent ground to the extent of about five thousand square yards is obtainable at moderate cost. They assume that all the existing buildings would be removed, except the original stone building fronting to school gardens, which, in addition to the class-rooms, comprises the chapel and library, and the residence of some of the assistant-masters. By utilizing the whole of this building for schoolrooms only, they believe that an ample area for that purpose will be provided, and that the remainder of the site will afford adequate space for all the other erections that are required, including boarding-houses, without interfering with the supply of light and air. But, in the event of the adoption of the modern system of detached boarding-houses owned or rented by and under the control of the several assistant-masters (as carried out at Harrow, Rugby, and elsewhere), the only boarding-houses to be erected out of the school funds would be those under the immediate superintendence of the Head-Master. The Memorialists say that "the present site is especially favourable to such a scheme, as many oblique houses in the immediate vicinity have undergone changes in occupation during the last few years, and might, with ordinary care, be secured as the necessity for increased accommodation occurs."

It appears to us that the Memorialists are substantially right in argument, while sentiment is altogether on their side. It must not be forgotten that this is, or might be, a day-school as well as a boarding-school, and a central situation is desirable for a day-school. The Memorialists quote Dr. Arnold as an authority for the opinion that a school should not exceed three hundred boys. But their plan, if detached boarding-houses form part of it, would admit of increasing the school beyond this limit. The Head-Master, who has drawn up a statement of reasons in favour of removal, doubts whether the present site is adequate for the future needs of the school if provision is to be made for even three hundred boys. The Memorialists think that the present site would be adequate for that number, but they suggest that a part of the number might be accommodated in detached boarding-houses, so that no doubt might rest on the adequacy of the accommodation. In the printed papers before us the Memorialists answer the Head-Master, and we have no opportunity of knowing what reply he could or would make to them. But substantially his view

appears to be that the present site is probably inadequate for three hundred boys, and certainly for a larger number, and therefore a new site must be adopted. The Memorialists answer that, even admitting the Head-Master's premises, the conclusion does not follow, because detached boarding-houses would meet the difficulty. It is unsatisfactory to pronounce an opinion without hearing what the Head-Master would say to this; but we think that the desire for the concentration of the whole school upon one site is at most matter of taste and sentiment which is counterbalanced by the strong attachment of old Sclapians to the "time-honoured site." They ask the Governing Body not to root up their most cherished associations, and they may perhaps be right—and it is impossible to prove that they are wrong—in thinking that the fair and delicate flower of classical scholarship would not flourish equally upon a strange soil and under new conditions. The prosperity or failure of schools depends on many concurring and conflicting circumstances which almost defy analysis. But one way towards success is to enlist sympathy and to cherish sentiment. The Memorialists *δαίμονες σπουδῆς ἐκλαμπρόντα* desire that successors of the *Tres vix floribus legendis* may gather in future years garlands for Sabrina from the very garden which was in former days so fertile. It is impossible for any one, however trained, who loves that scholarship which has so long been the ornament of this school, not to feel interested in its prosperity, and to dread any step that may tend to destroy its associations and traditions, and to sever the continuity of its life. To quote the words of the triumvirate to whom scholars owe a charming volume:—"Quom haurimus litterarum studia, qua revermur ne in dies obsolescant, nondum penitus excidisse videmus, condendum censuimus monumentum, quod posteris hominibus traderet, veteres illas Musas ac Camenas non ad Tameis solum sed in Sabrina etiam ripis aliquando vestigia posuisse." The monument which we should desire to see would be the school rebuilt on the old site.

SHERRY POISON.

OLD-FASHIONED people in the country sometimes talk of sherry wine as if there was another kind of sherry which was not wine; and, though they are perhaps not aware of it, they are undoubtedly right in suggesting this distinction. There is a sherry—and it is the sherry which is usually sold and drunk in this country—which is not wine at all, but simply alcoholic poison. The true character of "curious old port" is now beginning to be pretty well understood, and the consumption of this remarkable liquor is rapidly declining; but the virtues of sherry are still a popular superstition. Many people who would be shocked at the idea of drinking spirits, and especially raw spirits, think nothing of a glass of sherry; yet, in the majority of cases, the sherry is only cheap bad brandy disguised as wine. At Blackburn, the other day, a man drank four gills of sherry, and died from the effects of the dose. This event has given rise to an interesting correspondence in the *Times* as to the adulteration of sherry, and also as to whether there is really such a thing as pure natural sherry in existence as an article of commerce. One writer, with the benevolent intention of making "the question clearer to that large portion of the public who enjoy a glass of sherry," and allaying "the nervous fears of moderate wine-drinkers," stated, as the result of many hundred tests which he had performed on the *maelo*, or young wine, in Spain, that 26 per cent. of proof-spirit is the average strength naturally generated in sherry. Upon this Mr. Denman, the wine-merchant, at once pointed out that the average strength of Spanish wines as first manufactured is only about 22 per cent.; but that the sherry of commerce is rarely, if ever, imported containing less than 38 to 40 per cent. of proof-spirit, and that, by the rule for fortifying wines, wine containing 22 per cent. requires 30 gallons per cent. of proof-spirit, and at 26 per cent. 23 gallons, to bring it up to 40 per cent. This was confirmed by Mr. W. Barton, who was formerly connected with the Custom House, and who stated, as the result of many thousand tests made in the London Custom House, that the average strength of sherry as it is imported to this country and passed into consumption, is not less than 37 per cent. of proof-spirit, and some parcels contain as much as 46 and even 50 per cent. Therefore, taking the strength of sherry in its first stage at 26 degrees of proof-spirit, more than 18 per cent. of proof-spirit must have been added to bring the strength up to the lowest average of the imported wine. It can hardly be wondered at that, after such disclosures as these, the large portion of the public who enjoy a glass of sherry should become rather nervous; and indeed it is very desirable that they should become nervous, and should take flight in good time. A wine-merchant appears to think that he has settled the question by saying that we must distinguish between pure sherry as known to England and pure sherry as known in Spain, and that the latter would be unsaleable in England. Wine-merchants are certainly not bound to keep on sale what is unsaleable; but it does not follow that they are entitled to sell any sort of noxious drug which people are foolish enough to buy.

There is of course nothing new in these revelations as to the real character of the sherry of commerce; but the mischief which is done by the consumption of this disguised alcohol is so serious that no opportunity should be lost of drawing attention to it. If a man chooses to drink whisky or brandy with his eyes open, and knowing what he is about, there are no means of preventing him; and, as he is aware of the nature and qualities of the potion, he will

probably be on his guard against its effects. But the people who drink the sort of sherry we have been speaking of flatter themselves that they are very moderate and temperate in their indulgence, and poison themselves under the delusion that they are taking only a mild tonic. What they are actually drinking is a dram of alcohol, sweetened with sugar and roiked with a flavouring of some common Spanish, or perhaps French, wine. The usual price in an hotel or at a drinking-bar for this concoction is 6d. a glass. Its value is something less than a penny. In England the cost of alcohol is from 1s. 11d. to 2s. a gallon, with the addition of 10s. to the revenue. The consumption of sherry is probably decreasing in private houses, but it is increasing at the refreshment-bars which are springing up all over London, and which are doing a great deal more than the public-houses to ruin the constitutions of the rising generation. A steady bout of drinking, ending in stupor, on the whole does less harm than the pernicious practice of taking nips at intervals during the day, thus keeping the stomach in a state of perpetual irritation, exciting a false thirst which grows by indulgence, shaking the nerves, and finally perhaps producing paralysis. Even the better sort of sherry is apt to have a bad effect on the temper of people who drink it, but bad sherry is of course an inflammatory agent of the most malignant kind. A statistical estimate of the number of glasses of sherry which are tossed off in the City between eleven and four in the day would probably be somewhat startling; and any doctor who has practice among this class of patients could tell a melancholy story of the results. The most abominable stuff which is sold as sherry is of course the forged wine of Hamburg, which is variously known as Elbe sherry, vatted sherry, and Hamburg sherry, and to which pushing dealers give names of their own invention. This atrocious compound has been described as a preparation of neutralised acid wine, Elbe water, potato spirit, capillaire, and chemical flavouring matter. It is believed, however, that the importation of this stuff has been declining for some years. But what we wish to point out is that even in the more honest kinds of sherry the proportion of alcohol is excessive. This is proved by the Custom House tests to which Mr. Burton has referred. There is a story of a Scotch blacksmith who was a deep drinker, but who had never been seen really drunk. Some of his friends one night played a trick on him which brought him under the table. They set before him a bottle of whisky and a jug of hot whisky, which he took for hot water, and he was surprised to find that the more water he put in his toddy the stronger it became. The fortifying processes which are applied to sherry are of a similar character. The manufacturer in Spain adds so much alcohol, and the wine-merchant in England adds so much more. According to competent authorities, sherry (and we are now speaking of the better qualities of this wine), after it has undergone a certain amount of fermentation, receives an addition of spirit—said to be six gallons per butt—and another four gallons on being shipped. Next there is an addition of so much "mother wine"—old brood wine kept for the purpose—to give flavour; while richness and colour are produced by an infusion of the "Doctor," composed of wine made from juice concentrated by boiling. When it comes to England more brandy is added, and there is a great deal of mixing of different wines. Dr. Thudichum states, as the result of his observation and experiments, that "carumel," used for producing colour, contains from 35 to 50 per cent. of proof spirit; and that the "dulce" which is added to give sweetness to the brew, contains about 33.78 per cent. of proof spirit. Ultimately brandy is added to the mixture to the extent of fortifying it up to 35 as the minimum, most frequently up to 40 or 42, and sometimes up to 50 per cent. of proof spirit. Dr. Thudichum remarks that this is not, in the ordinary sense, a process of adulteration, but the regular process of manufacture, and suggests that it may be a question whether it leaves much room for adulteration, and whether, in fact, all sherry is not adulterated from the first. He also points out that the must is further adulterated by the addition of a large quantity of plaster of Paris, and that, while bakers are prosecuted and fined for adding a trifling quantity of alum to their bread, plastered wine is regarded as a natural and legitimate preparation.

The usual argument in favour of alcoholizing sherry is that it is a wine which will not keep unless it is fortified in this way. Anybody who wishes to know the value of this argument cannot do better than consult Dr. Druitt's amusing and instructive *Report on Cheap Wines*, of which a new edition, re-written and enlarged, has just been issued. He shows, first, that fermentation, being checked in the first instance by the use of alcohol, begins again, and has to be again checked by further doses of spirit; and that the effect of alcohol is to kill the virtues of the grape juice, and to produce headache and dyspepsia. He next shows that when wine is properly made it does not require fortifying; and he quotes the evidence of Dr. Gorman, Physician to the late British Factory at Oadiz, and long a resident in Spain, who was examined before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1852. Dr. Gorman stated that no natural sherry comes to this country; it is all mixed and brandied, and the less mature and less perfectly fermented the wine is, the more brandy is added to preserve it. "It is not," he added, "necessary to infuse brandy into any well-made sherry wine; if the fermentation is perfect, it produces alcohol sufficient to preserve the wine for a century in any country." Speaking generally, Dr. Druitt observes that good old sherry is a most valuable cordial and stomachic, and has marvellous uses in stimulating a feeble heart and making a refractory stomach do its work; but

good sherry is expensive, and cheap sherry is suspicious. Bad sherry he divides into two kinds—the sickly and the sad. Under the first head he includes "those detestable liquids, hot, fiery, and yet sickly-sweet, that are advertised incessantly as the 'Marylebone,' the 'People's Sherry,' and the 'Lord Mayor's Own,' &c., &c." By sad sherry he means a dry liquid, oftener hotter than spirit of wine could make it, thin, with little body, but with a smell like that of nitric ether, and utterly destitute of the taste of wine. There are also, he says, some natural or unbranded sherries of low price, which keep very badly, are very thin and flat, have no body, and are not wholesome, and seem to have had their acidity neutralized by artificial means. On the whole, Dr. Druitt does not give an encouraging account of sherry, and his advice is to avoid it, unless it is known to be really good, and to resort as a substitute to the light wines of other countries. We are quite disposed to agree with him in thinking that the ordinary sherry of commerce is about the most unwholesome thing under the sun, and that everything should be done to discredit it, not only on account of the rogueries connected with its manufacture, but on account of its bad effects on the physical and moral condition of those who drink it; but we doubt whether the wines which he recommends can be altogether regarded as a substitute. The great recommendation of sherry for ordinary middle-class people is, we imagine, that it is a wine which can be kept in a decanter, and which is consequently always at hand, and can be served in small quantities at a time. The light wines which find favour with Dr. Druitt, and which are no doubt excellent in their way, are bottled wines; so that if you want only a glass, a bottle must be opened, and in the case of most of these wines what is left is more or less spoilt. The problem would seem to be to produce a popular unbranded wine which will keep fresh and good for some time after the bottle has first been opened. Some of the Hungarian and Greek wines perhaps answer this description; but French and German wines certainly lose their flavour and freshness when opened and corked up again. It is a pity that there is no association of rational temperance people to take up the question.

ANCONA.

THE wayfarer through the streets of Rome has his eye struck in many of the open places of the city, by some monument of the old days of Paganism crowned with some Christian emblem, and inscribed with the legend which tells how such or such a Pope—stout Sixtus the Fifth perhaps oftener than any other—cleansed the heathen structure from all impiety and dedicated it to the service of the true faith. Such a christening of Trajan's column more than twelve hundred years after the conversion of Constantine awakens amusement rather than sympathy; but the case is very different when we come to works which underwent the like change when the new faith was still in the full glow of its first triumphs, when Paganism was still a real and living enemy—an enemy decaying perhaps and trodden down, but an enemy which still was not dead, and which, as one great example showed, might spring up again with renewed strength at least for a season. In these days we can fully go along with the feeling which changed the basilica into the church, and the throne of the judge into the chair of the bishop—which turned the temple of all the gods into the church of all the martyrs—nay, even with the spirit which bore away the marble columns as trophies from the vanquished heathen, and reared them again in new forms and for new uses in the long-drawn arcades of the earliest churches of Rome and of Ravenna. But there are cases in which nature seems to have done the work without the help of man, or rather cases in which man has done the work by a happy choice of sites which of themselves seem to proclaim the triumph of the new creed over the old. Let us stand on the quay of Ancona, and turn away our eyes from the noble bay, with the long line of its coast dotted with towns and castles, and with the mountains rising behind them. Let us turn our eyes inland, and from several happily chosen spots the view immediately before us seems a worthier symbol of the great change that has come over the world than the half-spiteful device of surmounting the monuments of Trajan and Antoninus with objects of Christian reverence. Close before us rises the arch of Trajan, where the prince to whom his own and later ages decreed the title of the Best is celebrated, not for any of his warlike exploits, not for adding provinces beyond the Danube and the Tigris, but for the more useful task of finishing the work on which we are standing, the great mole of the harbour of Ancona. Through the narrow arch, from a well-chosen spot—soaring above the arch and all that it supports, from a spot still better chosen—we see the peninsular hill which rises above the port and city, itself crowned by the stately Duomo of Ancona, the church of the martyr Cyriacus. The Christian temple seated on its lordly height seems to look down with an eye of silent rebuke upon the monument of the prince who condemned Ignatius to the lions. The moral of the group is perhaps disturbed rather than heightened when we carry our inquiries further, when we learn that the church of St. Cyriacus is itself an example of the less noble form of Christian triumph—that it has taken the place and grown out of the materials of the chief temple of the city in heathen times. We could perhaps rather have wished that the triumph of the new faith on such a site had been embodied in some building wholly the design of

Christian skill and the work of Christian hands, a building which owes nothing to the despoiling of the holy places of the fallen creed. But from the points of which we speak thoughts of this kind cannot suggest themselves. The Duomo of Ancona, as seen from the mole, as seen anywhere from the outside, is a building whose forms are purely and eloquently Christian. Unlike the earlier basilicas of Ravenna and Rome, it is not satisfied to be all glorious within; it has its external outline, the outline of the now triumphant cross, the four arms joining to support the cupola as the crown of the whole, as distinctly marked as in any minster of England or Normandy. The cupola instead of the massive tower, the detached campanile, unworthy as it is of the building to which it belongs, tell us that we are not in Normandy or in England, but in Italy. But another feature of the building tells us that we are in one of those spots of Italy on which influences from the other side of the Adriatic have left a lasting impress. The city which had once been the Dorian Aukon, the city which was to be the last fortress in Italy to be held by the troops of a Byzantine Emperor, not unwittingly shows the sign of kindred with the East in the form of the chief monument of its intermediate days. The Duomo of Ancona follows neither the oblong type of the basilicas nor the Latin cross of Pisa. The church which contains the columns of the temple of the Dorian Aphrodite is still so far Greek as to follow in its general plan the same Greek cross as St. Mark's, though without that further accumulation of many cupolas which makes the ducal church of Venice one of the many reminders that in the city of the lagoons we are in the Eastern and not in the Western world.

The city itself stands nobly, climbing the sides of the steep hill, of which the Duomo occupies, not indeed the highest, but the most striking point, the peninsular projection, the very *elbow* from which the place takes its name. Modern fortifications are spread over the heights through a vast range, but the precinct, first of the heathen and then of the Christian temple, remains free of access as when in ages past the seamen far away on the Adriatic greeted the first glimpse of the house of the patron goddess. From the porch of the church the eye ranges over the long line of coast, thickly strewed with towns and villages, and sheltered as it were by the mountain wall further inland, the barrier between the comparatively obscure shores of the great gulf and the more historic lands beyond the Apennines. We can well understand how attractive this noble bay with its sheltering hills must have seemed to colonists of early times; and we can picture to ourselves the struggles, the ups and downs, the abiding growth and the momentary checks, which must have been gone through by more civilized settlers planting themselves and their arts among the ruder native inhabitants. And from those days our thoughts float on to those far later days when the connexion of the Dorian city with the lands beyond the Adriatic was again renewed in so strange a form, when the cities of Italy allied themselves alike with the Pontiff of the Old Rome and with the Caesar of the New, the better to shake off their allegiance to the King and Emperor whom they shared with the lands beyond the Alps. Fresh from the painted forms of Justinian and Theodora at Ravenna and of the trial of Heraclian Emperors at Classe, we feel it less amazing on the same coast to hear how the hosts of Manuel Komnenos appeared among the many foes of his Swabian rival—how it seemed for a moment possible that the Old Rome and her Pontiff should again return to the allegiance of the sovereigns from whom they had parted off at the election of the great Charles. We think of the great siege at the hands of Archbishop Christian, of the long endurance and hard privations so graphically set forth by a writer of the next age; and we feel that, after all, the place of Ancona in the world's history is one not to be despised. And we may think too how the long connexion of the city with the Eastern lands went on in yet another form, how the prosperity of Ancona in days nearer our own was largely due to trade with the lands whence her first settlers had come forth, and to the presence of fresh settlers from the same coast who found in her a harbour of refuge from their Finnish oppressors.

The church which has supplanted the ancient temple on the peninsular height is not wholly unworthy either of the lordly position on which it stands, or of the long train of associations which is called up by the prospect on which it looks down so proudly. The Greek cross perhaps makes us ask for the four subordinate cupolas gathering round the great centre, as in the three examples which form as it were the family tree of domical architecture, St. Sophia, St. Mark and St. Front at Périgueux. Our first feeling perhaps is one of puzzlement at the seemingly amazing length of the transepts and shortness of the nave. The south transept indeed, furnished as both of them are with aisles and finished with apses, might for a moment pass for the eastern limb. In fact, the western limb is internally the shortest of the four. Each consists of three bays, the eastern, northern, and southern being originally furnished with an apse. But the eastern apse has unluckily given way to a square-ended edition of a somewhat later time, which greatly mars the general proportion of the building. It is easy to see that, in more than one point, changes have taken place in the details of the ornamental pilasters and arcades; but, except the awkward addition at the east end, there is nothing to interfere with the general character of the building as a pure, but not very rich, specimen of the Italian Romanesque at its best point, when it had shaken itself quite free from classical trammels and was not yet corrupted by hopeless imitations of Northern forms. The chief ornamental feature outside, the only feature where there is any

great degree of enrichment, is the magnificent western porch, with its many receding orders and its columns resting in true Italian fashion on the backs of lions, lions among the most lifelike of their kind. We fancy that in some of the orders the beginnings of pointed arches may be detected, but they do not thrust themselves into such prominence as seriously to interfere with the Romanesque purity of the building. The rest of the front is plain; there is no trace of the arcades of Pisa and Lucca, and Saint Zeno's wheel of fortune is, both here and in the transept, represented only by a simple circle. But when we have once taken in the peculiar arrangements of the church, the whole fits in well together, and the octagonal cupola on its square base rises well over its four supporting arms, far better than it could have done if the nave had attempted anything of basilican length. Within, an ingenious arrangement of pendentives supports it well over the four arches which bear it up, though we might have wished that they and the piers on which they rest had been made more prominent objects in the interior. The arches of the four limbs rest on monolith columns, the spoils of the ancient temple, and they are crowned by capitals of various forms, classical and quasi-classical, some almost barbaric in their foliage, but still all confluencing themselves to foliage, and not seeking for richness in the shape of human or animal forms. Those in the south transept are worthy of special study as showing some of the curious ways in which the volute and the other classical details might be used in the various attempts to avoid exposing the delicate work of the capital to the full weight of the arch which it had to bear. But the study of the columns and capitals in the Duomo of Ancona is a case of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Anconitan taste seemingly looks on a marble shaft and a Corinthian capital as something which is less of a thing of beauty than certain fragments of red rags with which the greater part of column and capital are carefully covered. The first impression is that the thing is a trick upon travellers, akin to the swindle of covering up pictures in order to get a franc by drawing back their curtains. But we suspect that pilgrims to St. Cyriacus do not come in such throngs that a trade of this kind would be likely to be profitable. The rags are meant as a permanent ornament; and they are found not only in the Duomo, but in a more thoroughgoing shape in the lower church of St. Mary, where the columns are so completely swathed that their material and the form of their capitals cannot be made out at all. In truth this wonderful notion of ornament is not peculiar to Ancona; to the shame of the Eternal City, it may be seen on certain high days in the patriarchal church of the world. And, after all, this display of Anconitan taste is not more wonderful than that which condemned the north transept and the crypt below it to be mercilessly Jesuited. The crypt under the southern transept has escaped; it keeps its natural columns, and it is rich in tombs and inscriptions of various dates and kinds, one of them in the Greek language, recording the burial-place of the martyr Dacios.

The narrow and winding streets of this hill city, many of which consist of actual stairs impassable for carriages, present many picturesque points, with peeps here and there of the hills and of the harbour; but besides the arch and the Duomo the only building worthy of special notice is the church which we have already mentioned as having its pillars so utterly shrouded from sight. Disfigured without mercy within, heaped in among mean buildings without, furnished with an unworthy campanile, it still retains its west front of the very richest form of the more barbaric variety of the Italian Romanesque, that which departs most widely from classical and approaches most nearly to Northern forms. It is covered with arcades, with a magnificent doorway in the centre, and almost every arch of the design is living with figures, human, animal, and vegetable. The doorway is utterly unlike its equally splendid neighbour in the Duomo. It has, in fact, not only a Northern, but, one might almost say, an Irish or North Welsh character, in its utter rejection of the column in favour of a system of members, square and round, continued round both jamb and arch, the round members being repeatedly banded in a way which, to the few who have made their way to so wild a spot, will at once suggest the grand doorway of Strata Florida in Cardiganshire. Having thus come down to the lower town, we lit once more to the mole and the arch of Trajan. Tall, narrow, and simple, it stands with a dignity worthy of the prince whose name it bears, a contrast alike to the rudeness of some arches of the kind and to the overdone splendour of others. No greater contrast of proportion can be found than between the arch of Augustus at Rimini and the arch of Trajan at Ancona. Difference of position may perhaps account for it. One stands by itself as a monument, the other spans a street, and is practically a gateway. The arch at Ancona has the great advantage of omitting the sham pediment, the worst of all the features of the Greek masks with which the Roman architects faced their own constructions. The actual beauty of columns goes far to excuse them, even when constructively they are meaningless; but the sham pediment is a mere sham, and an ugly sham; it is a sign of advance in Trajan's architect at Ancona to have got rid of it.

STEAM IN THE STREETS.

THERE is nothing more wonderful or amusing in its way than the idea which appears to possess various small knots and cliques of people that the whole world has been created solely for the purpose of providing them with a field for the exercise of their

private schemes and crotchets. There is an old story of a ship captain who admitted that land was very useful as something to anchor at and to get provisions from; and Brindley, the civil engineer, informed a Committee of the House of Commons that the object of rivers was to feed canals. At the present day there are many worthy persons who seem to imagine that rivers are natural sewers, and that their only purpose in the great scheme of Providence is to give manufacturers the trouble and expense of consuming or otherwise disposing of their refuse. But the most amazing delusion of this kind is that with which the tramway fanatics or speculators have been seized. They have apparently satisfied themselves that roads are constructed by the public merely in order that they may be handed over to Tramway Companies. The broom-maker who stole twigs for the purposes of his business was puzzled to understand how his rival could afford to undersell him, until he heard that the other stole the brooms ready-made. The Railway Companies have to purchase land, and to construct their own lines; but the Tramway Companies enjoy the advantage of having their roads made for them by the public. There can be no doubt that tramway cars are very convenient for the people who ride in them, and they are supposed to repay the ingenious audacity of their projectors; but, on the other hand, the public at large is deprived of the free use of its own highways. There are several important thoroughfares in London in which a succession of tramway cars are continually meeting abreast, so that there is barely room for a vehicle to pass on either side, even supposing the side to be clear; and as there are frequently carts or carriages waiting by the kerb, it follows that the effect of the tramways is practically to block up the whole space. In other instances the tramway cars can be passed only on one side, and that with difficulty. A District Superintendent of Police reports that "one part of the Chapham Road has for nearly two years been in such a state that it has been almost impossible to pass with a light carriage from one side of the road to the other, the tramway rails standing about an inch and a half or two inches above the level of what was once a good road." The roads in Camberwell, Peckham, and Greenwich are also, he says, in a very bad state. Of course if everybody rode in tramways this might be endured. But then it is, even on the most liberal calculation, only a comparatively small fraction of the community which patronizes this mode of conveyance. There are carriages, carts, omnibuses, and all sorts of vehicles which require the use of the roads just as much as the tramway cars, and which are put to the greatest inconvenience, annoyance, and danger by the practical monopoly of public property which has been granted to private speculators.

All this is bad enough, but it turns out that it is only the thin end of the wedge. There are tramways and tramways; there are horse-tramways, and there are steam-tramways; and it is now gravely proposed that in London horses shall be replaced by locomotive steam-engines. The *Daily News*, which supports this pretty scheme, makes use of an argument which is no doubt regarded as unanswerable by the promoters of the project:—"It is said that the cost of working compared with horses is expected to be one-half." Here we have the profits of the Tramway Companies doubled at once. Surely this is enough. As the roads have been surrendered to the Tramway Companies, it would be inconsistent to object to their making as much out of them as possible. It is true it might be suggested that the danger of this class of conveyances to the public would be immensely increased if they were to be propelled by steam; but the promoters of the scheme have no doubt their answer ready—that, if the public is afraid of steam-engines in the streets, it has only to keep out of their way. The tramway people have perhaps some right to assume that, if the public had a notion of retaining any claim to the use of the roads, it would never have given them up to the tramways. We are also assured by the same journal that "no annoyance from the engine is experienced by passengers." Thus it appears that the new arrangement will suit both the people who ride in the tramway cars and the people who get an income out of them; and of course there are no other people in the world whose interest or convenience need be thought of for a moment. Nevertheless the writer is good enough to try to persuade the public that steam-tramways will not add very much to what it has already to endure. For instance, timid people may be afraid of explosions; but let them reflect "that steam-engines are at work in nearly every street in our towns, not only for manufactures and trade purposes, but for cooking, and for warming and ventilating houses and halls." There is thus peril on every side already, and a few more boilers ready to blow up is not worth speaking about. This is a line of argument which the writer might have found it worth while to work out a little more fully. Thus he might have said, Nothing can be much worse than the horse-tramways from which you now suffer in the interest of an impudent speculation; steam-tramways will be only one drop more. They may perhaps drive all other traffic more effectually off the roads on which they are used; but it has very nearly come to this already. Steam-tramways will probably be more destructive to the roads, and will frighten the horses and make them turn round and bolt the other way; but the roads are so bad already, and driving is so dangerous, that it is desirable on public grounds that people who are foolish or reckless enough to think of using roads which are occupied by the tramways should have their horses frightened off in a safer direction. The writer in the *Daily News* comes to the conclusion that the "only ground for fear is that which the engines may provoke in horses which they will pass in their routes"; and of course a trifle of this kind is hardly worth mentioning, except

to show that it may perhaps be rather for the good of the community than otherwise.

We have already had some experience of locomotive steam-engines on the public highways. Occasionally in the country a solemn procession is met with. First comes a man with a red flag, which sends your horse shying into the hedge. When you have passed this startling object, you are immediately confronted by a monster on large wheels, grunting, spluttering, shrieking, emitting volumes of black smoke, and scattering behind it a trail of red-hot cinders. After this in all probability you will know nothing more; but, if you are not killed on the spot, some friend may perhaps tell you, as you lie in dismal parody of plaster and splints, which way it was that your horse fled, and where you were picked up insensible. A Select Committee of the House of Commons took some one-sided evidence on this subject last year, and came to the conclusion that it was the red flag which frightened horses, and that they rather like steam-engines than otherwise. It is of course obvious that a horse which is frightened by a flag must be such a remarkable and self-possessed animal that it would not be in the least put out by the most awful puffing and blowing and screeching on the part of a steam-engine. A manufacturer of road-engines who was examined before the Committee could not account for the perversity of horses who did not like engines, but he supposed that "some horses are bad the same as some human beings are, and there are also fools among horses the same as there are fools among human beings." He urged that all horses which shied at an engine should be shot. Another manufacturer thought it was the fault, not of the horses, but of the drivers, but he did not go so far as to propose to have them shot. A third took the matter philosophically. "No doubt," he said, "there may be a certain number of accidents; accidents will happen from a variety of causes." If, however, by any chance you should get your horse past an apparition of this kind, you would be pretty sure to find the road ploughed up in front of you. The manufacturers of engines, who were the principal witnesses examined, were all convinced that, if engines caused accidents, it must be the horses or the drivers who were to blame; and that, if they broke down bridges, and cut up roads into pits and holes, it was because the public did not make sufficiently good roads for their purposes. It is therefore suggested that an Act should be passed to compel the public to reconstruct the roads to suit the convenience of traction-engines.

It might be pleaded that in the country life is so wretchedly dull that about any sort of excitement ought to be welcomed; but we have surely enough excitement in town. When anything particularly absurd and outrageous is proposed to be done nowadays the excuse is always that it will educate somebody. Give ignorant labourers votes, we are told, and they will at once become statesmen and political economists. Give women votes, and they will immediately beat men in every branch of reasoning and science. In the same way, it is suggested that if you only allow horses to be run down often enough by steam-engines, it will expand their minds, and enable them to enter more fully into the spirit of the race. It is proposed that the roads of the country should be let loose upon the crowded thoroughfares of London. Already we have tramways, butcher-boys, railway carmen (as if their masters did not do enough in killing off people on their own lines), and Thug-like cabbies; and amongst them they get through a very fair amount of slaughter in a year. And now to these varied and active agencies of destruction are to be added steam-tramways. It requires very little consideration to see how admirably adapted London, with its narrow streets, overflowing traffic, and incessant movement to and fro, is for an experiment of this kind. The writer to whom we have already referred feels confident that steam-engines will soon supersede horse-power on all our tramways; but another less enthusiastic journalist suggests that "the defect about this steam-car appears to be the difficulty of stopping it within given distances—in fact, to have its movements under control." After all, however, this is only a detail, affecting nothing more than the safety of the public; the great thing is that it will enable the Tramway Companies, who at present, although they get the roads for nothing, have to pay for their horses, to reduce their working expenses by one-half. And what is mere safety of life and limb to this?

WASHED-OUT HEROISM.

IT is perhaps our fault that we do not see that the Early Heroes of Temperance, who are canonized in a little volume that has just reached us, were particularly heroic. We would, if we could, "do justice to the courage" which led one of these heroes forty-seven years ago to utter his mind freely on the subject of intemperance, only we cannot discover anything particularly courageous in his conduct. We are under the impression that England and the United States have been free countries for much more than forty-seven years, and that throughout this century it has been distressingly difficult for enthusiasts on either side of the Atlantic to accomplish anything that can reasonably be called martyrdom. Dr. Lyman Beecher composed and published six sermons on intemperance, and "we remember reading them when a boy." If there can be any heroism in connexion with sermons, it might be expected that the hearer, and not the preacher, would exhibit it. The author may have shown boldness of imagery in these discourses; but that is a very safe kind of heroism. Mr. Dunlop, a Scotchman,

shows better claim to the title of hero; for, after visiting France, he had the boldness to confess that his own was not the most moral country in the world. To him is ascribed the merit of proposing an association and pledge in Scotland. He brought forward this proposal at a meeting of twenty influential gentlemen, who did not seem to see much in it until one of the party, "prompted unquestionably by the Great Mover of all, rose, and with considerable emotion stated that the painful subject of intemperance had occupied his mind for several years, and that the hopeless consideration of the mournful case had not unfrequently kept him from sleep during the night." Here, at any rate, was something like a hero, and his resolution awakened others who spoke strongly in favour of something being done. Ministers at first looked coldly on Mr. Dunlop, but all this is changed now, as appears by the recent example of "the President of the Wesleyan Conference, himself an abstainer, when he alluded in dignified yet reproving terms to ministers who fancied they could not preach two sermons on a Sunday without resorting to stimulants." We fear there are a good many ministers who entertain this fancy. One of Mr. Dunlop's converts had at any rate the heroism to confess that he was not a hero. He became an "unpledged abstainer," and he says that he continued thus for about three months amid sneers and ridicule. He then dined out, and after dinner a tumbler was placed before each gentleman of the party that he might make toddy for himself and a lady. He begged to be excused, but his host told him that he could not refuse to make toddy for a young lady; and as he was young and the lady was agreeable, his host was right. "You will not greatly marvel that I made it and shared it with my lady friend." But he then and there resolved to become "a pledged abstainer." We obtain from this story a clear conception of the value of a pledge. The lady by whose side this young and unpledged abstainer was seated does not seem to have been of the sort for whom "Drink to me only with thine eyes" was written. She was prepared to take her honest share of toddy, and would have been surprised if her companion had declared his intention to be content with kisses. But it seems that the existence of this pledge would remove temptation and silence importunity. Our own experience of society has perhaps been gained in circles ill adapted for the development of heroism. We are insensible of any difficulty in abstinence, pledged or unpledged, and we are tempted to beg these heroes to abstain, and make no fuss about it. The heroism of Mr. Dunlop was, however, combined with common sense. He said in 1862 that a Maine Law, in all its wholesome vigour, laid on Great Britain at that moment, would have to be repealed in a few months. He said further that he who demands a Maine Law demands what would virtually force the community to give up drinking intoxicating liquor altogether. He adds that a state of national adaptation, which he implies has not yet been attained, is clearly a pre-requisite for any effective prohibitory law. All this is rational, although not particularly heroic. He desired "fundamental operations," instead of superficial agitation and petition to an unpledged Legislature; but he had at the same time the shrewdness to perceive that a definite object like the Maine Law would be far more attractive to earnest-minded men than "measures favourable to general temperance." We admire the sagacity of Mr. Dunlop, but we rather demur to the twice-repeated character given of him by his biographer. The statement that he was "a Christian patriot and philanthropist" sounds like a declaration of opinion that there may be patriots and philanthropists who are not Christians.

The next on the list is a real hero, and no mistake. Professor Edgar, an Irishman, "inaugurated his splendid temperance career by opening his parlour-window and pouring out into the court before his house the remaining part of a gallon of old malt whisky, purchased some time before for family consumption." One of the early difficulties of the movement seems to have been that those who abjured wine and spirits did not know what to take in place of them. A young man who, if not a hero, was a genius, "with his eyes sparkling with hilarity and glee," proposed that the Committee should have a tea-meeting. The President is thought to have shown boldness in taking up this idea, which was successful. The first of innumerable tea-meetings was held on a cold and stormy evening in December 1829, and "it passed off very favourably." "From this idea," says the author, "a vast amount of pure and innocent enjoyment has resulted," and yet those who proposed it seem to have been uneasy at the ridicule of their friends, who called the entertainment a "tea-fuddle." A ticket for the first tea-meeting ever held in Scotland is said to be in existence, and it ought certainly to find a place in the South Kensington Museum, although we should judge from a facsimile which is given of it that as a work of art it is not remarkable. We come now to England, where the temperance cause has been much indebted to the "venerated" William Morgan, and the "intelligent and generous-hearted" Thomas Beaumont, "both of whom," says the writer, "I doubt not are now in Heaven." It occurs to us that the author can have no special ground for the confidence which he here assumes, and probably he means no more than to assert that patriots and philanthropists who are also Christians do go to Heaven. Without questioning this assertion, we may remark that they get there on easy terms. Indeed the heroes of this book seem, according to the author of it, to have made a tolerably good thing out of both this world and the next. William Collins, also "now in Heaven," inflicted on himself a kind of martyrdom by thumping the desk in preaching, until his hand became sore, and he was obliged to have a pillow placed to receive the thumping. Mr. Livesey narrated to the author the incident which

led to his becoming an abstainer. He called at the house of a Scotch friend in Preston, where he lived, and the friend, according to custom, brought the whisky bottle on the table, and invited Mr. Livesey to take a glass, which he did, filled up with water. He took only a single glass, yet he felt much the worse for it, and in the evening was very unwell. "As the father of a family, and as one connected with several useful movements, and having a strong feeling on the then prevailing intemperance amongst all classes, he considered that he should be doing best to abstain altogether, and next morning he made a vow to that effect, which he has solemnly and religiously kept to the present day."

It seems wonderful that these petty personal details should be preserved for forty years and published. But doubtless the author thinks that a special Providence caused Mr. Livesey to be "very unwell," in order that his powerful aid might be secured to the cause of abstinence. That cause has owed much to fluent speech, and something very important—namely, the name "teetotaler"—to stammering. Mr. Livesey came to London, and he and a friend engaged a room for lecturing. Then they went into the streets and rang a bell, and invited people to their meeting. They had not gone far when a policeman tapped one of them on the shoulder, and stated that if they did not stop that he should be obliged to take them into custody. Mr. Livesey was once very ill, and a doctor urged him to take some alcoholic stimulant; but, as he said afterwards, "he was prepared to die, but he was not prepared to dishonour the glorious cause" of teetotalism. Mr. Mason, who had been trained for a prize-fighter, was employed to keep the door at an hotel where a hall was given. But ere this, says he, he had heard the sound of the Gospel trumpet, and had experienced in truth the Spirit's enlightening influence. "And the more I gazed on that frightful picture before me at that ball, I felt it to be a sort of hell upon earth." So deep was the lesson on his mind, and the impression on his heart, that he was afraid that in righteous vengeance the wicked multitude would be swallowed up by an earthquake. Under this alarming conviction he ran away "as fast as the devil was intent to stop me." Indeed, hearing "a trampling uproar" behind him he gave a kick at "the enemy of souls," like one horse kicking at another, and away he ran, and he trusts that the bond was broken for ever. In early days in Scotland and Ireland abstinence from spirits alone was inculcated by the missionaries, but as beer was almost unknown as an article of consumption, the practical result was that of total abstinence. It appears, however, that Mr. Mason allowed himself to take beer for some years after he had become a lecturer on temperance. He adopted the stricter pledge under the influence of the zeal of other missionaries of the same cause. The biographer says with much simplicity that he received "an English education," but he learned nothing of Greek or Latin, and "for the accuracy which he afterwards acquired as an English speaker he was chiefly indebted to the circumstance of having mingled a good deal in respectable society where the language was correctly spoken." This statement is in several respects remarkable. Mason was by trade a carpenter and builder, and the "English education" which he received was, we presume, such as was deemed suitable to his training. The biographer assumes that it did not suffice to enable him to speak English accurately, but he thinks that, with the best instruction in Greek or Latin, it would have sufficed. This is our own opinion as to the value of classical teaching, but we did not expect to find confirmation of it in the life of a teetotal hero. On such authority, however, we feel justified in assuming that Greek and Latin are equivalent to respectability.

DRAMATISTS AND CRITICS.

EVERYBODY will agree that a very reasonable verdict has been returned by the jury in the action for libel which was brought by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the dramatic writer, against the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Gilbert complained of a letter which had appeared in that journal, in which "much coarseness, both of general idea and of detail," was imputed to his fairy comedy, *The Wicked World*. The writer remarked that "the whole scene between the rowdies Ethais and Phyllon and the ladies, when Ethais tells Selene that on earth it is a mark of the greatest respect towards any one to place the arm round his or her waist and imprint a tender kiss on his or her lips, and where the free indulgence of such marks of respect calls from the ladies the exclamation that they are very pleasant, seems to me in its general suggestion both vulgar and coarse—vulgar, through the air of barnyardish sentiment running through it, and coarse, in the exhibition of endearments lavished on creatures in whose manner and bearing are doubtfully attractive." He also said that "the scene where the sisters taunt Selene for her vigil seems to me simply indecent." It should be observed that the *Pall Mall Gazette* had previously, in its own person, spoken not unfavourably of this play, and had apparently not discovered any impropriety in it. The letter which was alleged to be libelous was intended by the writer as a protest against the exaggerated praise which, in his opinion, had been bestowed by the critics generally, including, we may suppose, the critic of the *Pall Mall*, on what he regarded as a coarse and rather indelicate piece. In publishing the letter the editor of the *Pall Mall* may reasonably have imagined that he was only giving fair play to different opinions. He had given his own estimate of the piece, or at least the estimate of his dramatic critic, but he was quite willing that other people who took a different

view of the matter should be allowed to express their opinion too. It constantly happens that newspapers insert letters from correspondents in which statements are made which are not only not in accordance with, but in direct opposition to, their own opinions; and this will be acknowledged to be a very wholesome feature of English journalism. It promotes free discussion, and gives every side a hearing. At the same time it is of course indispensable that the proprietor of a newspaper should be held responsible for everything that appears in it, whether in an article or in a letter; for if it were not so, he would be enabled to publish libels with impunity under the cover of anonymous correspondence. If the jury had come to the conclusion that the letter about Mr. Gilbert's play contained a malicious slander, it would have been very proper that the *Pall Mall* should suffer for it; but in determining this question it was also necessary to remember that the *Pall Mall* was discharging an important function of journalism—that of giving expression, not only to its own opinions but to the opinions of the public. The case for the plaintiff was, that the imputations of the writer of the letter on the *Wicked World* were unfair in themselves, and that the *Pall Mall* generally, in noticing his other pieces, had not done justice to their merits. The Judge ruled that the Court could not go into the question of the fairness of the criticisms on Mr. Gilbert's other plays, but that they might be referred to as evidence of malice.

It is unnecessary for us to discuss the question of the morality of Mr. Gilbert's play. It did not occur to us that there was anything indecent in it when it was produced, and the jury have expressed an opinion that it is of an innocent character. This is probably the conclusion to which most people would come who had any acquaintance with dramatic literature, and were not too eager to look below the surface and to discover double meanings. But it does not follow that everybody is to be compelled, under penalties, to concur in this view. This is supposed to be a free country, but it would be a very odd sort of freedom if, because certain newspaper critics had not detected any impropriety in a play, nobody else were allowed to express a different opinion. Questions of decency are often, to a certain extent, questions of taste; and about questions of taste there is proverbially no end to controversy. The *Wicked World* is a picture of the disturbing influence of mortal love in a fairyland where it had previously never been known; and it must be admitted that this takes us upon rather delicate ground. To some it may seem to be the most pure and innocent story in the world; to others it may appear to be full of prurient suggestion. The author's counsel stated that the moral of the piece was that those who are not subject to temptation should not be too severe on those who are. This is an excellent moral, but a good moral does not necessarily make a moral play. If the temptation were very vividly depicted, it might help to enforce the moral, and yet give offence to a delicate mind. There is a naughty dance, which in France is not allowed to be performed publicly, but which, in a slightly modified form, may be witnessed almost any night in most of the London theatres; but its indecency is probably not discovered by a large part of the audience. It does not seem to us desirable to cultivate a very keen and active scent for improprieties of allusion or suggestion; but it would be monstrous that persons who were offended by a performance of this kind should not be permitted to say so. In the present instance a number of actors and dramatic critics were called as experts to say that they saw nothing wrong in the *Wicked World*. Mr. Buckstone was asked to give the Court an idea of how he looked at a particular part of the play, but his bashfulness overcame him. The jury were provided with copies of the book of the play, but it is a question whether they ought not to have attended an actual performance of it. It is obvious that a peculiar meaning may be given to a phrase by the gesture which accompanies it. This indeed was one of the points raised in a recent case in which a well-known dramatic author claimed damages for a charge of having produced an indecent work on the stage. A passage was cited which appeared innocent in itself, but it was alleged that the way in which the actor spoke the words, and the action he used, invested the passage with a gross meaning. This is one of the difficulties with which the dramatic censorship has to contend. The censor may be satisfied with the dialogue of a piece, but on the stage the dialogue may acquire a meaning which he never dreamt of. Not long ago a French comedy was licensed and performed in London, but the licence was withdrawn on account of a scene in which a married lady is chased by a lover round the room. A compromise was arrived at by which the chase was to be only twice round the table, and a visitor was to interrupt the interview at a somewhat earlier moment, and the licence was then renewed. On the whole, a healthy sentiment will not be too prone to detect indelicate insinuations; but there can be no better guarantee of the decency of the stage than perfect freedom of criticism.

This case is important not so much in itself, as in its general bearing on the privileges and responsibilities of criticism. Mr. Justice Brett laid down the law on this point very clearly and concisely. He told the jury that the question they had to decide was, not whether the strictures in the letter were just, but whether it was written with a malicious intention. No matter how hostile or wrong the criticism might be, if it were confined to the work under consideration and to the mode of its execution, and did not travel out of the work for the purposes of slander, it was privileged. But, if words were used which were delamatory of the author personally, this would be evidence from which they might draw a con-

clusion as to whether the criticism was fair. It was clear, he said, that the mere fact that a man had written a play or published a book would not justify imputations on his life and character; nor, on the other hand, could critics be strictly limited to mathematically accurate reviews. It seems to us that this is not only sound law, but plain common sense. If, in this case, the inference had been drawn from passages in the *Wicked World* that Mr. Gilbert was a person of immoral character, he would very properly have been entitled to a verdict and heavy damages; but, in regard to the character of the play itself, there ought to be a large—we do not say unlimited—freedom of opinion. The most atrociously indecent publication known in the present day was issued under the auspices of a very pious nobleman and a number of clergymen. These gentlemen would certainly be entitled to protection against any attack on their private characters on account of this work, but it would be intolerable that the work itself should not be permitted to be denounced in the strongest language. In considering the extent to which freedom of criticism may be allowed, it is reasonable to observe the side to which criticism usually leans. Do people when they go to the theatre usually find that the pieces have been underrated or overpraised by the critics? Anybody who has read the conventional "Opinions of the Press" in a playbill can have no difficulty in answering this question. The truth is that great injustice is often done to mediocre actors and commonplace dramatists by the ridiculous and fulsome eulogy which is bestowed on their efforts by too kindly critics. It would give a zest to a dramatic performance if it were found to be, after all, better than the audience had been led to expect; but the tendency of criticism is usually the other way. It has been justly observed that a more robust style of criticism, if occasionally less agreeable to authors, would be more invigorating, and would be for the benefit of the public. However that may be, there should be no assumption of infallibility of judgment in matters of taste. The author and his friends may be right in thinking that his work is a triumph of pure literary art and lofty moral purpose; but other people have also a right to hold a different opinion. The jury, approaching the question in this case as Mr. Justice Brett advised them to do, not with feelings of sickly sentimentality, but as men of the world, returned the very sensible verdict that Mr. Gilbert's comedy and the *Pall Mall's* letter were both innocent. The dramatic author has thus vindicated the purity of his work, while the freedom of honest criticism has been fully sustained.

REVIEWS.

THE MEDIEVAL TALE OF TROY.*

WHAT the heroes connected with the siege of Troy were not only familiar to scholars of the middle ages through the medium of Virgil, but that they and their adventures were subjected to strange modifications when they were transplanted to Western Europe and afforded subjects to romantic poets, is a fact generally known. But we doubt whether the fortunes they underwent from the eleventh till the end of the thirteenth century were ever more accurately traced or more succinctly described than by Dr. Dünker of Dresden. So completely is his book in the nature of a pedigree that he is able to supplement it with a pedigree drawn up in due form, by which the degrees of relationship between the several poems under consideration may be perceived at a glance.

Homer, as represented by "Pindarus Thebanus," of whom more presently, holds a place in this pedigree, but it would almost be complete without him. The intellectual ancestors of the mediæval poets who sing of Troy are Dares and Dictys Cretensis, both of whom were supposed in good old times to be writers of remote antiquity. Dares, whoever he was, meant himself to be the Dares mentioned by Homer (Il. v. 9).

Ἦν δὲ τις ἐν Τρώϊσσιν Δάρης, ἀέριος, ἀνὴρ ἄνδρ.

The book of the so-called Dares which has come down to us is in Latin, and bears the title *Historia de excidio Troje*. Prefixed to it is a letter to the historian Sallust from Cornelius Nepos, stating that he found the original MS. in Athens, and has translated it into Latin in order that people may be more correctly informed about the siege of Troy than they have been hitherto. Dares, who actually witnessed the war, must needs be a much better authority than Homer, who did not live till many years afterwards. That Dares was really the Dares he pretended to be is, of course, not believed by any modern scholar; but a question has arisen whether his book ever existed in Greek at all. Dr. Dünker, after a careful examination of authorities, arrives at the conclusion that the ostensible translation which has come down to us is the original work, of which, we need not say, Cornelius Nepos is entirely innocent, and that this was written at a comparatively late period, but not later than the sixth century. The *Argonautica* to which pseudo-Dares refers, he considers, after the comparison of the two works, to be the still extant, though rarely read, poem of Valerius Flaccus, who lived in the reign of Vespasian.

The work ascribed to Dictys Cretensis, which is in six books and bears the title *Ephemeris Belli Trojani*, likewise lays claim to great antiquity, its ostensible author being the Cretan Dictys,

* Die Sage vom trojanischen Kriege in den Bearbeitungen des Mittelalters und ihren antiken Quellen. Von Dr. Hermann Dünker. Leipzig: Vogel. 1869.

a comrade of Idomeneus and Meriones, who, after his return home, wrote it in the Phœnician tongue, and ordered it to be buried with him after his death. According to the prologue, it was discovered, after the tomb had been destroyed by an earthquake, by some shepherds, who sent it to Nero. The Emperor caused it to be translated into Greek. Of the Greek version not a trace is to be found, and all that is left us is a Latin translation by one I. Septimius. Dr. Dunder doubts the existence of the Greek translation altogether, and considers pseudo-Dictys just as much and just as little an authority as pseudo-Dares.

Dares in the middle ages was used much more largely than Dictys; but before we come to a more minute inspection of him and his intellectual progeny, we must give a passing notice of two early writers to whom he was unknown. One of them was Bernhardus Floriacensis, who lived in the eleventh century, and wrote in Leonine verse a poem "De Excidio Trojæ," of which the following odd lines, showing how much labour was expended to produce a hideous symmetry, are a specimen:—

Pergama fere vo-	lo	fato Danaïs data so-	lo
Solo rapta do-		capta reducta so-	
Exitiale so-	na	que prima tenes Helico-	na
Et metra me do-		promere posse bo-	

The other writer was Simon Capra Aurea (Chèvre d'or), who wrote in elegiacs an Iliad in two books.

We now come to Dares and his descendants. It cannot precisely be said of the patriarch, "gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo," but his principle is the same as that of the poets of whom Horace disapproves; that is to say, determined to record the two sieges of Troy, he begins with the expedition of the Argonauts. Jason, at the instigation of his uncle Pelias, King in the Peloponnese, undertakes to proceed to Colchis, accompanied by his friends, whom Dares does not think it worth while to enumerate. "Qui vult nos cognoscere," he says, "Argonautas legat." On their way they stop at the mouth of the Simois, but are no sooner landed than they are ordered by Laomedon, King of Troy, to quit the spot. They accordingly go their way, and the rest of the expedition is described with a brevity truly marvellous:—"Colchis profecti sunt, pellem abstulerunt, domum reveri supt." Hercules, however, has not forgotten the affront at Troy, whither he betakes himself, accompanied by a band of heroes. The city is destroyed, Laomedon is killed, and his daughter Hesione falls to the lot of Telamon. Priam, the King's son, happened at the time to be absent on a warlike expedition; but he no sooner hears of the disaster at home than he returns with all his family, rebuilds the city in splendid style, and, after he has made himself sufficiently strong, despatches Antenor to Greece to demand the restoration of his sister. This being refused, Priam calls a meeting of his children and friends, and urges them to avenge the insult. His son Alexander begs to be sent to Greece, Venus having, as a reward for his judgment in her favour, promised him the most beautiful woman in that country; and, in spite of the warnings of Helenus, Panthus, and Cassandra, Priam's warlike scheme is approved by the people. Alexander sets sail for Greece and lands at the island Cythra, whither also Helen repairs, allured by the report of his beauty. The enamoured Trojan carries her off at night and returns with her to Troy. General indignation is excited through Greece; a meeting of kings is held in Sparta; war is declared against Troy, and Agamemnon is elected chief of the expedition. Here comes a catalogue of ships, similar to that of Homer. The Greek forces assemble at Athens (not Aulis), and before their departure Achilles is sent to Delphi to consult the Oracle as to the issue of the war. He returns with the answer that the city will be taken in ten years, and is accompanied by the Trojan priest Calchas, who has been sent to the Oracle by the opposite party, but has been warned by the God to join the Greeks. He is well received, and the fleet sets sail; but the wind is unfavourable, and by the priests' advice it is moored at Aulis, where, by some process not explained, Agamemnon averts the wrath of Diana. Having left Aulis, the Greeks land safely at Tenedos, and while they are there an abortive negotiation for peace takes place. In the fight that immediately ensues Proteus is killed, and on the following day in a terrific battle Patroclus is killed by Hector, who is on the point of burning the ships, but, recognizing Ajax, the son of Telamon and Hesione, as his cousin, foregoes his purpose. After a two years' truce, solicited by the Greeks, the duel between Alexander and Menelaus takes place, which is interrupted by nightfall, and now there is a truce of three years, followed by a series of battles, until at last Hector is slain by Achilles. Shortly afterwards the crafty Greek Palamedes succeeds in deposing Agamemnon from his lofty state, and becomes chief in his stead. Battles and truces now alternate with each other, till, on one occasion, when the anniversary of Hector's death is solemnized before the gates of Troy, Achilles perceives Priam's daughter Polyxena, and, suddenly enamoured of her, privately sends a Phrygian slave to demand her hand. Priam will not consent to the union on any other terms than the departure of all the Greeks, and Achilles, not being able to prevail on them to make the desired retreat, retires sulkily from the contest. Palamedes is killed by Alexander, the ships are then set on fire, and are only saved by the valour of Ajax Telamon; but Achilles remains unmoved. In nine fierce battles the Greeks are hardly pressed, especially by Priam's youngest son Troilus; and Agamemnon, who has been restored to his pristine authority, prevails on Achilles to send his Myrmidons to the rescue. These are no match for the valiant young Trojan, and at last Achilles returns to the field and kills Troilus and Memnon of Ethiopia. Hecuba, burning to revenge the death of her best son, invites

Achilles to the temple of the Thymbræan Apollo, on the pretext of discussing the proposed marriage with Polyxena. Achilles, suspecting no ill, proceeds with his friend Antilochus to the temple, where he is murdered by Alexander. The Greeks are so distracted by the loss of their best warrior that they are on the point of returning home, but are warned by the Gods to persevere, assisted by his son. During the absence of Menelaus, who has gone to Seyros to fetch Neoptolemus, the Trojans find a new ally in Penthesilea, Queen of the Amazons. Fortune seems to be once more on their side, but Neoptolemus makes his appearance in the Greek camp, and Penthesilea is killed. As, in spite of this reverse, Priam determines to continue the war, several Trojans of distinction, Antenor and Æneas at their head, resolve to surrender Troy to the Greeks, with whom they communicate through the medium of Polydamas; and it is not long before the Greeks enter the defenceless city by the Scaean Gate, on the outside of which the head of a horse is painted. Most of the inhabitants, with the exception of the conspirators, are put to death, the city is destroyed, and the Greeks are about to return home, when they are detained by adverse winds, against which, according to Calchas, there is no remedy but the sacrifice of Polyxena on the tomb of Achilles. After a long search Polyxena is found in the house of Æneas, who has concealed her with a view to her safety. As a punishment Æneas is compelled to leave his country, and the daughter of Priam is sacrificed according to prescription.

What could not be found in Dares was for the most part supplied by Dictys Cretensis, the six books of whose *Ephemeris Belli Trojani* contain the history of the war from the rape of Helen to the return of the Greeks. He was, however, less in repute than Dares; for though his work is more agreeable reading, it had this disadvantage in the eyes of mediæval poets—that it was written with Greek proclivities, whereas Dares is staunch on the side of Troy. The whole age was under the influence of Virgil, and, as a matter of course, when the tale of Troy was told, the sympathies were always with the vanquished.

Other ancient works from which the mediæval writers derived their knowledge of the Trojan War were the *Metamorphoses* and *Heroides* of Ovid, and the *Achilleis* of Statius. The very slight mention that is made of Homer is not to be accounted for on the hypothesis that his works were inaccessible, since a Latin hexameter poem written by some unknown person ambitiously styling himself "Pindarus Thebanus," and entitled "Epitome Iliados Homerice," and embodying the substance of the Homeric story, was long current among mediæval scholars. Homer was comparatively alighted because he was thought an untrustworthy authority who had grossly perverted the truth, plainly stated by his conscientious predecessor Dares, who never outraged common sense by introducing gods and goddesses into the midst of human battles. There is no doubt that the so-called Dares takes what may be called a truly "rationalistic" view of the tale of Troy. As we have seen, he makes very moderate use of supernatural agency, and even reduces the wooden horse to a painting on a gate. That the admired Dares had nothing to do with the priest mentioned by Homer, but was a prosaic narrator of a comparatively recent date, of course never entered the heads of the admirers. Josephus Iscanus, an English monk who about the end of the twelfth century wrote a poem "De Bello Trojano," thus gravely rests the value of the "Vates Phrygius," as he calls him, on the unquestionable fact that he was an eyewitness of the battles he described:—

Mira quidem dictu, sed vera, advertite, pandam;
Nam vati Phrygi Martem certissimus Index
Explicuit præsens oculus, quam fabula necit.

So says Iscanus, one of the most important of the mediæval poets who treated the subject in Latin. Equally important is Albertus Stadensis, a German abbot, who lived through the greater part of the thirteenth century, and wrote a "Troilus" which, according to Dr. Dunder, was never printed, and a MS. of which is only to be found in the Wolfenbüttel Library. Albertus seems to have been rather a facetious person, somewhat given to punning. Thus, he says:—

Æneas Æneas, ejus caput anpa cassis
Protegit—

with other pleasantries of a like kind. Like Iscanus, he used Dares as his principal source, and, speaking of himself, thus bears testimony to the value of his authority:—

Nulla postarum posuit signamenta, Daretis
Historiam, soliti scribere vera, tenena.
Et Phrygius fuit iste Dares et tempore belli
Ipse quidem milles prelia rite refert.

No Homeric nonsense or anything of that kind! Stick to your Dares, who only wrote about what he saw. Albertus, however, aspires to a licence similar to that claimed by Thukydides:—

Hunc (Daretam) sequor adiciens interdum verba vitiorum
Quasi loquebantur vel potius loqui.

However, with all his professed rigour, Albertus has allowed himself to make use of Dictys, Ovid, Virgil, the Christian Paulus Orosius, and even Pindarus Thebanus. In like manner Iscanus has used Dictys, Ovid, and Statius. The work of Albertus was not altogether a labour of love, and he felt so sadly bored at following Dares through dry descriptions of battles that he sought solace in laughing at himself:—

Ridetur chorda qui semper oberrat eadem
Quamvis sit doctus et utbarista bonus.
Vocibus instare nos semper oportet cladem
Sternuntur, sternunt, milia multa cadent.

There is a humour in the above which tempts one to overlook false quantities.

These Latin tellers of the tale, students of the cloister, intended to be classical in their style, and to follow as best they might in the steps of the antique. But with the courtly lay poets of France and Germany who wrote in their respective vernaculars it was otherwise. To their eyes the whole story became an affair of chivalry, like the *Cycles* of Arthur or Charlemagne. The hero becomes a knight who fights in honour of his lady-love, the Gods dwindle down into magicians. When Herbert of Fritular sings of Hercules, he gives him the old Hesse-Thuringian coat of arms. Konrad of Würzburg introduces among the chiefs of ships *Curacion* of Hungary, *Levent* of Scotland, *Awachel* of England, and other imaginary heroes, who are more remote from myths than myth is from history. As a theatrical manager would say, the whole thing comes out with "new scenery, dresses, and decorations."

The oldest of what we may call the romantic poets who have treated the subject, older indeed than Icanus and Albertus, was Benoit de Saint-More, a French *trouvère*, probably of Touraine, who flourished about the middle of the twelfth century; and who, besides a version of the *Æneid* and a history in rhyme of the Duke of Normandy, wrote a long "roman de Troyes" in 30,000 lines of this kind:—

Ceste estoire nest pas usee,
Nen gaires leus non est trouvee,
Ja retraite non fut encore
Mes Benoiz de Sainte More
La retraite faite edite, &c.

The poet, who writes in the third person, boasts, as will be seen, that he has rescued the story from oblivion; but there is no doubt that his chief authority is Dares, whom he indeed mentions as "Daires," and that he also uses Dictys, Virgil, and Ovid. It seems that he also avails himself of a new source of information—the "Cosmography" of Julius Honorius Orator, once ascribed to Julius Caesar. Nor does he scruple to enliven his narrative with episodes of his own invention, and to him we are apparently indebted for the first mention of the loves of Troilus and Briseida—a lady who is not to be confounded with the Briseis of Homer. Passing through the hands of Boccaccio and Chaucer, she ultimately became the Cressida of Shakespeare, who, like Benoit, makes her the daughter of Calchas, a Trojan prince, as he is described by Dares. The "*Liet von Troye*," a German poem by Herbert von Fritslar, who at the command of Landgrave Hermann of Thüringen wrote it towards the beginning of the thirteenth century, is little more than a translation of Benoit's "roman."

Of great literary importance is the poem which its author, Konrad of Würzburg, left unfinished at his death in 1287. To him as to Herbert the poem of Benoit served as a basis, and, though he refers to Dares, he seems only to know him at second-hand. He is, however, no slavish follower of the Frenchman, and makes an independent use of his Ovid and his Statius. What is very singular, he tells a pretty story of the infancy of Paris, which, it seems, is not to be found anywhere but in the *Iliad* of Simon Capra Aurea. By the command of Priam the shepherds are about to kill the dangerous child with a sword, but Paris, seeing his own face reflected in the blade, smiles at it so sweetly that they desist from their purpose. The words of Simon are these:—

Sed puer aspiciens enssem radiare coruscum
Arridet gladio nescius ense necis.

Konrad's unfinished poem was completed by an anonymous successor who was content to use Dares and Dictys.

The knowledge of the tale was widely diffused by Guido de Colonna, a learned judge in Messina, who, in spite of many interruptions, completed in 1237 an "*Historia destructionis Trojæ*," which, written in barbarous Latin, was translated into the language of every European nation that took an interest in literature, and had several successors. Otherwise the work is not very important. His chief source is Benoit, whom he does not name, and he uses other authors.

We could, if it were worth while, give a tolerably full description of another German poem, wrongly attributed to the celebrated Wolfram of Eschenbach. But in this the author shows himself so utterly independent of all precedent, and so recklessly jumbles together all that he may have derived from ancient sources, that he can scarcely be regarded as a link in the chain which connects mediæval with ancient Troy.

KINGSLEY'S PROSE IDYLS.*

MR. KINGSLEY, as we all know, is a very versatile writer. He has ventured, with more or less success, into the fields of poetry, fiction, history, theology, politics, and science. Whatever the merit of his contributions to these various departments of thought, there is one branch of literature in which he will receive, if not the highest, at least the most unmixt praise. Friends and enemies must alike admit that he has an admirable turn for graphic descriptions of natural scenery. We have not read some of the sketches in this volume since they first appeared in the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*; and one, we are sorry to remark, appeared so long ago as July 1845. Yet we remember them with a distinctness which, as we willingly admit, is due to the power of the

writer, and not to any special retentiveness of our own memory. Now a magazine article which one remembers distinctly at the distance of four-and-twenty months, to say nothing of as many years, must certainly have given unusual pleasure at the time. In fact, Mr. Kingsley has powers which place his descriptions quite above the usual line. He has a true eye for nature. He sees the smallest objects, and yet knows how to select the really characteristic points. He is therefore unusually vivid, and yet does not overcrowd his pages with detail. His love of natural history enables him to give that local colouring which is often unattainable by the poor cockney who enjoys scenery on his annual outing, but is quite unable to describe the very things which most impressed him. We have often had to regret, for example, on reading the voluminous records of Alpine adventure, that the tourist's ignorance of the names of the commonest rocks and plants limited him to mere generalities, or to descriptions of his own emotions, instead of their causes. Mr. Kingsley is always ready to describe the flies which haunt the meadows, or the larvae which swarm in the chalk-streams, as well as the broader effects of cloud and mountain wall. He has but one fault worth noticing, which sometimes mars the general impression. It is quite becoming for a lover of scenery to be moved by some religious emotion when admiring the beauties of nature, and it is well that he should occasionally express his emotion delicately and reverently. But we will venture to add that an ebullition of polemical theology is not quite so much in keeping with descriptions of scenery. When we are worshipping in the temple of nature our feelings should partake for a time of the soothing impartiality characteristic of the goddess. The sun shines not only on the just and the unjust, but on the heterodox and the orthodox; and we are a little annoyed when his rays are made the pretext for aiming a sly blow at some pet adversary of the writer's school of thought. We do not complain of Mr. Kingsley for seeing his own theology reflected in the face of nature; but he should see its positive, not its controversial, side; and to our thinking he is rather too apt to find excuses for flourishing his own dogmas in the face of all comers, and to enlist the sea or the sky as opponents of Positivists, Papias, or artistic and scientific heretics. This failing introduces a certain restlessness of style which at times jars upon us. In the essay upon North Devon, for example, Mr. Kingsley is accompanied by an imaginary artist called Claude, whom we have encountered in his other writings, and who serves to justify certain superfluous outbursts of a didactic tendency which we could willingly have spared. By the time we get to Lundy Island we congratulate ourselves on having left all controversialists and preachers safely on the mainland, and are annoyed to find that we have got one in the boat with us.

With this exception, however, we have read all Mr. Kingsley's essays with sincere pleasure. Our pleasure is rather increased than otherwise by the fact that we have a slight difference of opinion with him upon certain points; and we will venture to argue one question with Mr. Kingsley, though it is a question of taste, and though his theory was expressed fifteen years ago. Possibly he may have changed his mind, and be now upon our side against his former self. Mr. Kingsley, in fact, makes a humorous attack upon mountain scenery. The essay in which it occurs was published in 1858; the year, if we remember rightly, in which the Alpine Club first astonished mankind. The conjunction proves that Mr. Kingsley did not convert the world to his own views; though it by no means proves that he was wrong. Let us, however, take the main counts of this indictment against a creed to which we confess ourselves to be adherents, and see how far we can answer them. Perhaps we shall be able to call Mr. Kingsley himself as a witness, all the more valuable because unwilling.

A mountain, says Mr. Kingsley, in the character of "a certain peevish friend," is a great stupid giant, with a perpetual cold in his head, whose highest ambition is to give you one also. A muscular Christian would reply that he also gives you an appetite. Should I respect him for his size? asks Mr. Kingsley's friend; as well respect Daniel Lambert. Or for his cunning construction? there is not a youth who scrambles up him that is not a hundred times more beautiful when he is stripped. Be it so, we reply, if you will; but Mont Blanc's inferiority to a University athlete does not prove his inferiority to Primrose Hill. The question is not between men and mountains, but between mountains and molehills. You may be always more beautiful than any inorganic mass, big or little; but with a mountain for a pedestal, you will be a bigger man for practical purposes than when your feet are planted at the sea-level. But, replies the peevish friend, mountains don't improve people's characters. They send tourists back as stupid as they went out. The Scotch lowlander and not the highlander, has made Scotland what it is. The Jews of the west of Jordan were superior to the "barbarous mountaineers of the eastern ranges." Shakespeare never saw a hill higher than Malvern; and the noblest of races, such as the Tyrolese and the Circassians, could do nothing whilst cooped among their mountains. These scenery, we answer, which will infallibly make tourists wiser has not yet been discovered; for there is no scenery which they cannot vulgarize; but at least in mountains there is something to be vulgarized. As for the influence of mountains upon their permanent inhabitants, the question is something of the largest. If some of the highest types of men are to be found amongst them, it is also true that we may find some of the most degraded. Thus much we may say; Switzerland and Holland resemble each other in this, that they demand strenuous labour from their populations to render them habitable at all, and that so far, the mountains, like the sea, may either

* *Prose Idyls; New and Old.* By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

develop noble qualities or suppress them, according as the constitution is or is not strong enough to stand a bracing atmosphere. The mountaineer is sometimes next door to a crótin; more frequently he is superior in independence and intelligence to the clodhoppers of a lowland district. But we are talking morality instead of æsthetics. A rose is more beautiful than a potato, though it is not so good to eat; and mountains may inspire poets, though it may not be good for man to live entirely in a poetical country.

And here, leaving Mr. Kingsley's peevish friend, we encounter Mr. Kingsley himself. Mr. Kingsley is a utilitarian in a fashion of his own. He insists on believing that the world grows steadily better as civilization spreads, and he thinks it right to admire all the products of civilization; and therefore to welcome in imagination the time when purple moorland will be changed into ploughed fields, and herds of cattle graze where the wild deer still ranges. There is something, he persists, unsocial in the love of mountain scenery; and he would never care to look upon a lovelier scene than the rich Thames valley from Taplow or Clevedon. We will not quarrel with his principle. Let us even try to share Macaulay's aspiration for the day when cultivation will have climbed the edges of Helvellyn, and Ben Novis be turned into market-gardens. And yet, to say the truth, our imagination becomes here a little recalcitrant. Let us take Mr. Kingsley's own evidence, as we have already proposed. Where is it that he really finds the beautiful in these vivid sketches? The country which we should judge him to love best is North Devon; and what he loves in North Devon is the grand range of cliffs that fronts the broad Atlantic, where the falcon hangs in mid-air above the breakers, and through which the streams force their way from moorland still haunted by red deer. Then he admires the fens, which are at first sight an antithesis to the mountains. But when we ask what is the element of beauty in the fen country we come to the same principle. Fen scenery, in the first place, has often a certain grandeur, because, like the mountains, it gives a sense of vast space. The boundless plain, like the ocean, or like the view from a mountain-top, is impressive, because it carries the imagination beyond any limited horizon. Mr. Tennyson gives the secret when he speaks of the

Waste enormous marsh,
Where from the frequent bridge,
Like emblems of infinity,
The trenched waters run from sky to sky.

And, in the next place, Mr. Kingsley's imagination is really excited by the thoughts of the undrained fen of former days: when it was still frequented by innumerable flocks of wildfowl; when Whittlesea Mere was still the largest sheet of water in England; or when the Isle of Fly was a fortress of great strength, girded by its impassable breadths of swamp. In both these cases it is the wildness and the infinity which appeal to a poetical mind. But Mr. Kingsley, it is true, can describe scenery of a different kind, and which seems, at first sight, more suited to his thesis. He dwells with great vigour upon the charms of the chalk-streams, and of what he calls his "winter garden"; that is to say, the moorland country in the neighbourhood of his own living. We will not insist too much upon the fact that here, too, it is the remnant of wildness amongst cultivated scenery which is really charming, and that when he wishes to be picturesque he describes the wild animals and plants which die out as cultivation advances, not the sheep and the corn which it encourages; but we must remark that when he describes an English country house with an attempt at enthusiasm, and says that he would not exchange it for the sight of all the Alps, his real argument is the painfully utilitarian one of "Fleas, fleas, fleas." To our thinking—though we do not mean to lay down a general principle—an English country house is too often the visible incarnation of the spirit of dulness; but, admitting that fleas are disagreeable, we must add that they are irrelevant. We should be glad to introduce Mr. Kingsley to many Alpine villages where, in spite of his remarks, roads, inns, cooking, and beds are all superior to those ordinarily found in England, and where even fleas are "conspicuous by their absence." In such a case we may say, without fear of affectation, that we prefer the range of the Oberland or Mont Blanc to a quickset hedge or even a park-paling, considered as a background to scenery.

But here we come to the principle which may perhaps reconcile us to Mr. Kingsley. We admit the force of his argument up to a certain point. So far as mountains are symbols of pure savagery, they do not deserve to be worshipped. Mere inhospitality is not by itself a merit; and to admire a region because it is unfitted for human habitation is mere Byronic misanthropy. But then we deny that this is the true secret of the modern love of mountains. The charm of the Alps, if we may speak mathematically, is a function of three quantities. One part of their beauty depends, no doubt, on the wildness which is grateful to an overcrowded population. Another depends on the kind of cosmopolitan sentiment which they suggest. We are impressed by the Alps because we feel that we are on the backbone of Europe; and because, therefore, they convey a dim suggestion of all the vast districts which are watered by their streams, and of their decisive influence upon the history and character of the civilized world. But, thirdly, they are impressive precisely because they are the scene of an ancient civilisation. The chains of the Alps would be spoilt but for the chalets, and the winding paths, and the high pastures, all of which recall to us the struggles of

a race of our fellow-creatures, gradually moulded by the conditions of their existence. Make the Alps really savage; denude them of their population; place them out of all relation to mankind in the central wastes of Asia or America, and their beauty would perhaps not vanish altogether, but it would certainly suffer serious injury. The wildness is an element in the total effect; but it is not the only element; and to abuse them because they are wild is to deny the goodness of wine because pure alcohol is an unhealthy and disagreeable drink. And hence we may add that the progress of civilization does not imply the complete extinction of this element, but merely its judicious mixture with others. Mr. Kingsley can only make his streams and meadows interesting by descriptions of sport. That is, he must retain some remnant of the old barbarous life to render cultivated country tolerable to a poetical imagination. Now in the Alps nature is powerful enough to dispense with these artificial aids. A lowland stream pleases Mr. Kingsley because fish cannot be tamed like sheep, and because he may therefore enjoy the task of inveigling an animal stupid enough to mistake a gaudy mass of wool and feathers for its natural food. He delights in his fields and woods because he can there join a crowd of men, horses, and dogs occupied in running down the poor little representative of the old fauna of savage times. In the Alps the scenery can dispense with such artificial aids. A man may, if he pleases, enjoy a nobler sport than fox-hunting or fly-fishing, in following the chamois; but he will find nature impressive enough if he only lies on his back and looks at a distant glacier. We are glad to find from the article called "From Ocean to Sea" that Mr. Kingsley can speak worthily of the glimpses of snow-mountains when he really sees them; and perhaps therefore he will join in the hope that that pleasure may never disappear. When man has fairly conquered nature, let us hope that he will not turn all the world into potato-patches, but find a place in his heart for the untameable sea and mountains, and reserve even some part of this little island as a garden, if not as a wilderness. Certainly whenever the whole country has been sophisticated, and men's tastes accommodated to their dwelling-places, people will lose their pleasure in Mr. Kingsley's writings. He may be tolerably content, however, soaring his ambition, if they preserve it until that period.

SPENCER'S STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY.*

WE hardly know whether to be glad or sorry that Mr. Herbert Spencer has issued this book. If there were any serious apprehension, which we trust there is not, of the *Principles of Sociology*, which are to form the next part of his great work, not being completed in due course, we should be thankful for this collection of introductory matter as a precautionary instalment. On the other hand, if the production of the *Principles of Sociology* may be considered as at all within sight, and if any considerable amount of energy has now been diverted from the preparations for the greater undertaking, we are disposed to regret it. It seems hardly worth while for a philosopher to spend time in popularizing his own ideas. There are many persons more or less competent to work out the various applications of Mr. Herbert Spencer's thoughts, or to bring the general character of his results to the notice of such as cannot or will not appreciate them at first hand; but there is no other person who can produce or organize the thoughts themselves. And, besides the loss of power which might have been used elsewhere with better permanent results, there is some positive danger of the philosopher not doing himself justice when he attempts to be his own interpreter. The conditions of his particular instances may be comparatively unfamiliar to him: and as a man who knows very well how things ought to be done in his own special business will often be ludicrously wrong when he assigns general reasons why they should be so done, even so a thinker who is unrivalled in the power of deriving general principles from a comprehensive view of facts may err strangely when he comes to apply those very principles to a special group of facts under his immediate observation. After all there was wisdom in Hegel's lofty answer to the question about the hundred thalers; it is the business of the disciples, not of the master, to "apply the notion to the finite relations of thalers and groschen." And Mr. Spencer himself very well says, "One prone to far-reaching speculations rarely pursues to much purpose those investigations by which particular truths are reached, while the scientific specialist ordinarily has but little tendency to occupy himself with wide views." We have so few scientific specialists in politics—at least in active politics—assuming that there are some few whose devotion to political economy justifies us in so calling them, that we can scarcely tell how far they occupy themselves with wide views. But Mr. Spencer, whose far-reaching speculations, though at certain points we may not be able to concur in them, are among the most remarkable and the most valuable of our time, bears unconscious witness to the truth of the other branch of his statement. When he quits the point of vantage whence he views the evolution of society on a large scale, and embarks on the investigations by which particular political truths concerning the present state of society in England ought to be reached, he arrives every now and then at paradoxical or even contradictory results.

Thus he incidentally expresses his opinions on two of the points

* *The Study of Sociology.* By Herbert Spencer. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

contained in the latest advanced political programme we have heard of—namely, “free schools” and “free law.” He is very clearly (and it seems to us very justly) against free schools, on the ground that parents ought to provide for their own children, and that any diminution of the individual parent’s responsibility would be directly mischievous, in precisely the same way that Poor-laws have hitherto been. And he obviously thinks that the existing system of Government grants has gone too far in this direction already. One might expect him in like manner to hold that every man ought to pay for his own litigation, and perhaps to doubt whether the expenses of keeping up the permanent apparatus of civil justice ought not to be borne by the suitors in a greater proportion than they are now. But, so far from this, we find indications which, when we remember certain passages in *Social Statics*, look as if Mr. Spencer would like to throw the whole cost of litigation on the State. That is, my neighbour ought not to contribute to my children’s schooling, but he ought to contribute to my lawsuit. What is the cause of this apparent inconsistency? It is not that there is anything at fault in Mr. Spencer’s logic; but, as we conceive, that his attention has never been properly directed to that class of facts which is at the bottom of legal proceedings. Ignoring or underrating the difference between civil and criminal law, he seems to assume that there is an absolute moral right and wrong in every lawsuit, one party being wholly in the right, and the other wholly in the wrong, and that the innocent party ought to be able to assert his rights at the expense of the public. This, however, is not clear, for we also find traces of a notion that it is all the fault of the State for not making the law more certain, and therefore the State ought to bear the costs; and we are not quite sure which view predominates. Anyhow it is certain that Mr. Spencer is not at home in this particular field of observation; and this becomes still more curiously manifest when, in one instance, he quotes an exceedingly commonplace flourish about the liberty of the subject from Professor Sheldon Amos’s pretentious and unsatisfactory work on the Science of Jurisprudence, as if he were producing an important authority, and while he dwells on real or supposed abuses of the law of England, he misses an excellent illustration of the natural growth of institutions with which its good side might have furnished him. For the best parts of our common law are precisely those with which direct legislation has meddled least, and which have been allowed to adapt themselves by spontaneous and gradual development to the growing complexities of men’s dealings with one another. In this, as well as in divers other matters, Mr. Spencer’s judgment is warped by his making it a general article of faith that all things done by the State are ill done. Moreover there is a strange and almost unreasonable want of sympathy in his appreciation, or rather depreciation, of most contemporary events and tendencies. In the regeneration of Germany—perhaps the most wonderful and splendid event of modern history—he seems to see nothing beyond the establishment of a dangerous military despotism. He has no encouragement to give to the cause of national education at home beyond observing that we do not know yet what education is, and that, if we think to make people virtuous by reading and writing, we are much mistaken. We perfectly agree in Mr. Spencer’s general belief—namely, that while society is on the whole ever improving in the adjustments of its institutions to its needs, yet it is idle to expect any one measure to make men wise and happy all at once; but his practical conclusion seems to be that no single thing that any one proposes is likely to do any appreciable good, and that consequently anybody who is much in earnest about any such single thing is rather making a fool of himself than otherwise. Of course we know that he would not assert this in general terms, but such is the impression left on our mind as the sum and substance of all his particular depreciations. In short, Mr. Spencer has tried the experiment of writing for popular effect; his new manner is effective in even a greater degree than we should have expected; but he has also fallen into exaggerations and distortions such as come amiss from a philosopher, though in authors who write merely for effect they seem natural enough.

So much for our disagreements with Mr. Herbert Spencer. We find much to dissent from in what may be called the extra-judicial part of his teaching, but the next best thing to agreeing with a thinker whom one respects is to find him an open and straightforward adversary, and no one can complain of Mr. Spencer for being otherwise. Bound by no ties to any party, he attacks the cherished opinions of all with perfect impartiality; Tory and Radical, capitalist and workman, have all the same measure meted to them, and may all find not a few home truths to reflect on. We may now proceed to give a rough notion of the book in its outline, and to call attention to some of the passages where Mr. Herbert Spencer excels in his proper element.

That which we fear we must resign ourselves to calling sociology (a name against which we protested not very long ago) is physiology writ large; as physiology generalizes and explains the phenomena presented by the individual life of man, so this science of society is to treat the phenomena presented by the collective life of societies of men. The art corresponding to it and guided by it is the art of politics and legislation, which has to do for the body politic that which medicine, the art corresponding to physiology, has to do for the body persona. It must be observed that in this comparison the body politic—or, as Mr. Spencer more commonly says, the social organism—is by no means a mere metaphor; but on this point we can here only refer the reader to the essays, one of them quite recent, in which it is more fully worked out than

in this book. Mr. Spencer gives some space to meeting the preliminary objection which may be urged, that the difference of human nature from the rest of nature makes it impossible for any such science to exist. He answers that every ruler and legislator, nay every man who acts in his own affairs on his judgment as to what other men are likely to do in given circumstances, is stultified if it does not exist. We venture to add that at least one branch of the science has in fact so far established itself that its importance is generally recognized, and its teaching has already had much weight in the government, not only of men’s thoughts, but of the commonwealth; we mean political economy.

Again, the scientific method of dealing with history, which has now well nigh driven out the bald piecing together of battles and gossip so justly condemned by Mr. Spencer, is another important contribution to the same end. One of the quaintly didactic tales of *Evenings at Home* is founded on the motto—“Whatever man has done, man may do.” The value of history as an instrument of the social science may be expressed by the variation of one word in this; whatever man has done, man will do. The first thing is to get as accurate a knowledge as may be of the things man has done, and the circumstances under which they have been done; and then we may hope for some reasonable foresight of what man may do and will do under such circumstances as we can look forward to. We need hardly add that social science in this sense does not mean desultory canvassing of the pet grievances of the day, nor the indiscriminate propounding of schemes for bringing about the millennium. But we must let Mr. Spencer speak for himself in two of his most striking paragraphs:—

You see that this wrought-iron plate is not quite flat; it sticks up a little here towards the left—“cockles,” as we say. How shall we flatten it? Obviously, you reply, by hitting down on the part that is prominent. Well, here is a hammer, and I give the plate a blow as you advise. Harder, you say. Still no effect. Another stroke? Well, there is one, and another, and another. The prominence remains, you see; the evil is as great as ever—greater, indeed. But this is not all. Look at the warp which the plate has got near the opposite edge. Where it was flat before it is now curved. A pretty bungle we have made of it. Instead of curing the original defect, we have produced a second. Had we asked an artisan practised in “planishing,” as it is called, he would have told us that no good was to be done, but only mischief, by hitting down on the projecting part. He would have taught us how to give variously-directed and specially-adjusted blows with a hammer elsewhere; so attacking the evil not by direct but by indirect actions. The required process is less simple than you thought. Even a sheet of metal is not to be successfully dealt with after those common-sense methods in which you have so much confidence. What, then, shall we say about a society? “Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?” asks Hamlet. Is humanity more readily straightened than an iron plate?

And, again, in a later chapter:—

Did not experience prepare one to find everywhere a degree of irrationality remarkable in beings who distinguish themselves as rational, one might have assumed that, before devising modes of dealing with citizens in their corporate relations, special attention would be given to the natures of these citizens individually considered, and by implication to the natures of living things at large. Put a carpenter into a blacksmith’s shop, and set him to forge, to weld, to harden, to anneal, etc., and he will not need the blacksmith’s jeers to show him how foolish is the attempt to make and mend tools before he has learnt the properties of iron. Let the carpenter challenge the blacksmith, who knows little about wood in general and nothing about particular kinds of wood, to do his work, and unless the blacksmith declines to make himself a laughing-stock, he is pretty certain to saw askew, to choke up his plane, and presently to break his tools or cut his fingers. But while every one sees the folly of supposing that wood or iron can be shaped and fitted, without an apprenticeship during which their ways of behaviour are made familiar; no one sees any folly in undertaking to devise institutions, and to shape human nature in this way or that way, without a preliminary study of Man, and of life in general as explaining Man’s life. For simple functions we insist on elaborate special preparations extending through years; while for the most complex function, to be adequately discharged not even by the wisest, we require no preparation!

The difficulty of the preparation here spoken of is, however, as fully recognized as its necessity. A good part of the book is taken up with the consideration of the various motives and influences which are apt to hinder men from taking an impartial view of the evidence on which the desired scientific judgments are to be founded. Mr. Spencer is careful to point out that almost every bias of opinion prevailing among a majority has its counterpart in an opposite bias equally potent with the minority. Thus there is a patriotic bias which naturally leads an Englishman to assume that England is in every way better than other lands; but there are those who, not striving to escape this error, fall into an anti-patriotic bias, and needlessly cry down the works of their own countrymen. On this point Mr. Spencer takes occasion to answer the current saying that we are falling off in scientific eminence; and he gives an admirable and triumphant summary of the progress of scientific discovery in England within this century. We select two more of Mr. Spencer’s special points for notice. The interest of the first is that it exhibits the affinity of his method of handling social phenomena to that which is already admitted in political economy. In this place he points out, as a truth of biology, that whatever remedies are applied to counteract special causes of mortality cannot of themselves diminish the total amount of mortality in the community, since the average maintains itself by a self-compensating process, and what is driven out at one door comes in at another. Malthus, who is commonly reckoned as a pure economist, arrived long ago at the same conclusion by an almost identical line of reasoning. We are not concerned to enlarge on the proposition, but only to point out the coincidence, which, even if not free from some unconscious reminiscence, is equally good for our purpose.

The remaining point is remarkable for the intrinsic merits of its treatment. Near the end of the book Mr. Spencer considers the difference between the characters of men and women in a passage which is quite in his best manner. He accounts for the differences in question partly on physiological grounds, partly by a very ingenious historical, or rather prehistorical, hypothesis; and he regards them altogether as deeply rooted in the nature of men and women as they now are, and by no means to be lightly passed over. He does not express any decided opinion on the expediency of giving increased political power to women, though he does say with truth that they have a great deal more already than we suppose; but it is at all events clear that he is no longer of the same mind as when he upheld the equal rights of women in *Social Statics*.

We lay down the volume with many temptations to desultory comment still unsatisfied: it contains, as any writing of Mr. Spencer's needs must, a great amount of interesting and suggestive matter, and our only fear is that it may have stolen too much of his time and thought from the working out of his principal task.

LELAND'S ENGLISH GIPSIES.*

WE should hardly have looked for a fitter man to write an account of the English gipsies than the author of *Hans Breitmann's Ballads*. The keen perception of character, the fine ear for tones or shades of speech, the sympathy with native humour, and the power of picturesque description which gave so much life to Mr. Leland's honest Dutchman, must needs be the very thing to give us, in a lifelike, natural, and racy set of sketches, the gipsy and his outlandish ways, his roving life, and his foreign tongue. Our author has flung himself with considerable zeal into his subject. He has with infinite tact and patience broken the ice which guards the secrets of Romany life at home, and makes the Rye so chary of talk with the suspected *gorgio*. And he has gone as far East as Egypt to follow up the nomad race to one of its reputed sources, and to note what differences mark it off from the gipsies of our own lanes, commons, and race-courses. Of the truthfulness of all he tells us we have not the slightest doubt or misgiving. The book bears its own witness to the writer's assurance that all which is stated in it relative to the customs or peculiarities of gipsies has been gathered directly from gipsies themselves, and that every word of their language here given, whether in conversation, stories, or sayings, was taken from gipsy mouths. This would have given him the fullest title to our gratitude had he introduced us to a race wholly new and strange, who held no place in literature, and had never drawn to itself the critical inquiry of science.

But what are we to say to a writer who sets out with studiously ignoring or setting aside the whole of what has been sought out and made known before now? The earliest authors and the most recent fare much about the same at Mr. Leland's hands. Not only the nicer disquisitions of ethnologists and philologists, but the writer whose dramatic pictures have made the gipsies a household word among the English public, have been shut to him as he wrote. Whilst entertaining the highest respect for the labours of Mr. George Borrow in this field, he has carefully, we are told, "avoided repeating him in the least detail;" and he has been equally above taking anything from Simson, Heyland, or any other writer on the Romany race in England. The two German gipsy letters which he has gone so far as to admit may, he hopes, be excused as serving to illustrate an English one. "Whatever may be the demerits of his work, it can at least claim to be an original collection of material fresh from nature, and not a reproduction from books." Not that he is willing to profess himself wholly ignorant that others have taken up the subject before him; for he speaks in his preface of there being in existence about three hundred works on the gipsies. He has at all events, we may suppose, seen the backs of them upon library shelves, or a list of them in catalogues of books. Nay, more, he has dipped into them so far as to express a doubt whether many even of our scholars are aware of the remarkable social and philological facts which are connected with this strange and numerous class of our outdoor population. It is the more provoking that he has contented himself with this mere taste, instead of drinking or enabling us to drink more deeply of this recondite spring. Having by a self-denying ordinance of his own precluded himself from making use of what men of learning and research have done before him, he trusts, forsooth, that "the critical reader will make due allowances for the very great difficulties under which he has laboured." What allowances would be made nowadays for the difficulties of a man who sat down to draw up an English dictionary with a rigorous determination to leave out of account the labours of Johnson? It is especially of English authors that Mr. Leland seems to take pride in keeping himself ignorant. He refers indeed to the works of Pott, Liebhich, and Paspatis, though even then he is careful to state that it was only after his own vocabulary was finished that he looked into the pages of Pott, and was pleased to find that most of his own words were already there. He appears at the same time to be wholly unaware how greatly Pott was indebted for his stock of Romany words to the labours of Bryant, who wrote nearly a century ago, and of

Colonel Harriot, whose vocabulary appeared in the Royal Asiatic Society's *Transactions* for 1830. It is perhaps less surprising that he should never have heard of the most copious and valuable list of English gipsy words extant, with comparative references to allied roots, and thoughtful remarks upon gipsy grammar and accidence, gathered at first hand from gipsy sources by Dr. Bath Smart, first printed in the *Transactions* of the Royal Philological Society for 1862-3, and since then issued as a separate pamphlet by Asher of Berlin. Now that we are promised a Romany English vocabulary to follow Mr. Leland's present work, which is to be many times more extensive than any ever before published, reaching, he hints, to possibly five or six thousand words, we would fain hope that the author will hold himself no longer bound by his singular vow of literary abstinence, if only for the sake of sparing himself unnecessary trouble. As it is, he has been at the pains of "reading a copious Hindostani dictionary entirely through word by word to a patient gipsy, noting down all which he recognized and his renderings of them," and he is kind enough to say that, had Pott and Paspatis done the same, those learned men would have found overwhelming proofs of the Indian origin of Romany. As he has met with a writer in an American magazine who declares that "gipsy had very little affinity with Hindustani," besides another author who coolly asserts that the fact of there being a "few Hindu words" found in gipsy by no means proves its origin to be Indian, he may perhaps take the more credit for what he would appear to think an original and independent conclusion come to by himself from studying Anglo-Romany and different works on India. Even now his study has but led him to the queer definition of the language as "in the main Sanskrit with many Persian words intermingled," whilst his historical discovery amounts to little more than the general and vague belief that the gipsies are the "descendants of a vast number of Hindus, of the primitive tribes of Hindostan, who were expelled or emigrated from that country early in the fourteenth century."

Of the fact of Upper India having been, either aboriginally or in the second degree, the home of this nomad people, no scholar, if for linguistic reasons alone, will now venture to doubt. To connect their migration, however, as is so often done, with the invasion and the barbarities of Timour, is to take undue account of what appears from the conqueror's Life by Arabachah, that gipsies were met with by Timour at Samarcand prior to his invasion of Hindostan. Would it moreover have been the low or pariah caste, to which the gipsy seems most nearly to correspond, that the usurper would be most likely to drive out? And would they within twenty years' time have made their way so far West as Germany, where there are intimations of them between 1416 and 1420? whilst at Paris, as Pasquier tells us from the city chronicles, they showed themselves in a troop of a hundred or so in August 1427, giving themselves out as Christian pilgrims expelled from Egypt by the Mahometans. Their own traditions, were they ten times more definite or unanimously held than they are now, would go for little in the estimation of any practised ethnologist. But the fact is that nothing like a common or settled account is given of themselves by the gipsies of any two lands or communities. Vaguely pointing towards the East, their tradition tends on the whole towards the Egyptian origin which the popular notions of European nations had in general till of late years assigned to them. Yet that the Rom or Romani are to be identified with the Don or Domni caste of Hindus, allied to the Nats, the real gipsies of India at the present day—the letters D and R being hardly distinguishable in gipsy mouths—is not only attested by the name they give themselves, but borne out by proofs without limit from the study of their speech and of their characteristic customs or habits, of which the volume before us furnishes so many interesting samples.

Within his own limits, and telling his own experiences, Mr. Leland does much to justify the anticipations we had been led to form of his powers as a painter of gipsy life. Though falling short of the dramatic skill and weird humour of *Lavengro* or the *Romany Rye*, his pictures of the strolling Bohemians of our highways and byways are picturesquely drawn, and coloured to the life. He has evidently about him that intuitive tact, or that magic of *bonhomie*, which is needed to penetrate the freemasonry of this peculiar race, and to draw out their esoteric lore. So rare indeed is any familiarity with the Romany speech among the *gorgios*, or outside class of mankind, that the gipsy is half prepared by the first utterance of his peculiar tongue to hail in the speaker a brother in blood. "You don't look like a gipsy yourself, sir," said a travelling tinker, in a tone of gentle reproach, on being addressed in Romany by our author on the Brighton Parade; "but you know you are one—you talk like one." The large number of Anglo-Indians resident amongst us must indeed give at times opportunities to these itinerants of the roads of holding colloquy with masters of their speech beyond the pale, and may remind them that their traditional secrets are not to be kept with the mystery which for the first centuries of their European sojourn hung over their origin and their ways. Still, as our author's experience enabled him to verify, the secret of the Romany has on the whole been well kept in England. Though mingling freely enough with vagabonds and tramps of every shade, though crossing their blood without much restriction, and intermingling with their Eastern speech any amount of slang and patter, there remains in the gipsy an undergrowth of nature which keeps him apart from the Cheap Jack, the tramping pifferer, or the mere loafer and beggar of Irish or English birth. There is especially, as our author insists, in no other class in these islands

* *The English Gipsies, and their Language*. By Charles G. Leland, Author of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads," &c. "The Music Lesson of Confucius," &c. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

so much that is quaint or well adapted to the purposes of the novelist. You may not detect a trace of the subtle individuality or nationality on the road; but once become acquainted with a fair average specimen of a gipsy, pass days in conversation with him, and, above all, acquire his confidence and respect, and you will wonder that such a being, so widely different from yourself, could exist in Europe in the nineteenth century. Whether or not he corresponds in point of intellectual status or of latent philosophical belief to the ideal positivist whom our author inclines to see in him, it may be conceded that the gipsy shows under exceptional circumstances a freedom of thought, a refinement of manner, and an occasional dignity of soul which surprise us by their contrast with the squalor and the degradation of his ordinary surroundings. In this respect, as in the sense of charity traditionally observed among the gipsy women, are to be seen traces of Oriental extraction. Under the more favourable circumstances of life in the New World Mr. Leland has found many gipsies raise themselves to places of affluence and dignity. In this country the gradual encroachment of commons and waste lands, with other discouragements to vagabond life, can hardly fail ere long to extinguish the race. The higher value must in consequence be attached to sketches of these nomadic peripatets so lifelike and often touching as those before us. We may regret that Mr. Leland did not follow the example of Simpson and Christopher North when the well-killed, full-blooded gipsy whom he calls the Professor made him the inviting proposal to wander together over England coast-free with a donkey and a *richini jana* to tell fortunes. More adventurous than himself, two Oxford undergraduates, he tells us, could not resist the golden chance of going off on a six weeks' lark with a couple of gipsy girls, but, so far from glorying in the exploit, were in mortal dread of it, getting into the county newspaper. What secrets of the inner Roman life might in some such ways be gained to the gentile world we can but imagine. From what our author draws out of the Phœnix, or tramp, the Kalmucko, or scissor-man, or the *Actingro*, already made familiar to us by Borrow, and from the quaint examples of the Gull, or gipsy stories, which he has brought together in the appendix, we can judge how inaccurate a book he might with more sustained and systematic efforts have set before us. We can scarcely expect his zeal for homely talk or legend, stimulated as it is by copious extracts with accompanying translations, to kindle amongst his readers any wide or burning thirst after gipsy literature. Nor, judging from his chapter on gipsy etymologies, which we regret we have no space to go into in detail, should we expect to find him a very sound or certain guide among the intricacies of Oriental derivatives or roots. Still, for the simple truths it gives of gipsy life, and the many curious facts with which it bestows upon this little-known people and their language, his book deserves to be read with attention and thanks.

RUSSIAN METRICAL ROMANCES.*

(Second Notice.)

A *SKAZKA*, or popular tale, is a *skladka*, or something made up, says a Russian proverb, but a *pesnya*, or song, relates to events of fact. That many of the *pesny*, or "metrical romances," about the heroes of Kiev, dignified though they may be with the title of "historical poems," have very little to do with the sober realm of fact, will be sufficiently evident to every reader of our former notice (November 8, 1873) of Mr. Hillerding's collection of "Ognei Buiilims." But side by side with these mythological fancies or adaptations of foreign romances, there occur in his capacious volume a number of poems of a really historical character—records of actual events, memories of real persons, all moulded after the pattern of the metrical fancies in which are embodied the traditions of a prehistoric or imaginary period. Mr. Hillerding has not arranged the fruits of his researches according to their subjects, as has been done in the case of the Rubnikol and Kirevsky collections, but has kept together all the poems revised by each rhapsodist, of whatever nature their themes may be. And therefore the reader is liable to pass with startling abruptness from tales about winged steeds and seven-headed snakes to metrical chronicles of Swedish or German campaigns, from fantastic dealings with airy nothings to somewhat prosaic recollections of Ivan the Terrible superintending the siege of Kazan, or Alexis Mikhailovich convoking the General Assembly. From an artistic point of view these really historical songs are decidedly inferior to their mythical predecessors; but they are always interesting and often valuable as relics of bygone public opinion, traces of the impressions made by various historic characters on the minds of the Russian peasantry.

Remarkable as is the fondness with which the village minstrels of North-East Russia dwell on the long-vanished glories of the South-Western principality of Kiev, still more strange at first sight appears the comparative reticence of Russian popular poetry with respect to the Tartar yoke under which so many generations of Russians groaned. But records which tell of past splendours are naturally more attractive than those which recall a time of humiliation, and so the ideal picture of a victorious Vladimir, feasting among his irresistible champions in the gleaming halls of Kiev, was not likely to be displaced in the national gallery of the people by even the most trustworthy portraits of

foreign tyrants or the most faithful delineations of ignominious defeat. The Tartars, it is true, are frequently mentioned in those poems, but their names are generally taken in vain, just as were those of the "Saracens" in our metrical romances. Russian heroes visit the Golden Horde, Baly and Kalin lead their armies to the siege of Kiev, but the aim of the visit, the results of the attack, differ widely in their poetic aspect from their prose reality. The facts of the Tartar domination have for the most part died out of the memory of the people; but certain words connected with it have survived, and the names of Turkish or Mongol conquerors are now employed, by one of the revenges familiar to the whittling of time, to point a Christian moral and adorn a Russian tale. Almost the only genuine songs about the "accursed Tartars" seem to be those which tell of Christian women and children carried away into Pagan captivity, the memories of domestic suffering having proved more permanent than those of national disaster. In the present collection we find several references to facts of this nature. A Christian hero meets "a heathen Tartar" a-field, and "by God's assistance" overcomes him, "kneels up on his white breast," and demands his name and birthplace:—

"Tell me, thou heathen Tartar,
From what land art thou, of what Horde?
By what name art thou called?"

To which the infidel at first replies that, if he were the conqueror, he would not trouble his foe with questions:—

"Were I kneeling on thy white breast,
Thy white breast would I spit up,
And pick out thy life heart."

But he eventually complies with his conqueror's request, and divulges his name. No heathen Tartar is he, but a Russian prince, carried away when three years old by Tartar captives. As soon as the victor hears his captive's name and address,

He seizes him in his white arm,
Lifts him to his swift feet,
Kisses him on his sweet lips,

and greets him as his long-lost brother. The Slavonian Valentine and Olen then ride home, and Fedor, the victor, introduces Luke, the vanquished, to his mother as a captive Tartar, asking that he may be hospitably treated. Whereupon he replies:—

"Ah, thou dear child of mine!
Dost thou yet see my old step-mother,
I would go forth into the wide court,
Seize the Tartar by his ruddy curls,
Bring the Tartar into the doorway,
Put the Tartar on yellow sand,
Give the Tartar water from the swamp to drink."

But, of course, when she hears that the stranger is no heathen, but her own son,

She hastens into the wide court,
Runs to where her son is standing,
Seizes him by the white hands,
Kisses him on his sweet lips,
Calls him her son, her own dear son;

and then, on hospitable thoughts intent, carries off the brothers to her own bower, where

She seats them at the oaken board,
Regales them with dainties rare,
Offers them honeyed liquor to quaff.

In the poems describing Tartar sieges of Kiev by Baly and Kalin, there is but little that is characteristic of the Tartar period. The invaders are always repelled, being in that respect singularly unlike the terrible foes who from time to time swept across Russia like a flood, leaving nothing but desolation behind them, or who, from their distant camps, ruled their Christian vassals with the firm sway of contemptuous strength. Many of these poems are preceded by a kind of prelude, in which the beleaguered city is represented, under the form of a fair maiden, as mourning over its approaching woes:—

All along the wall of the city,
There goes a maiden fair to see,
Holding in her hands the holy Gospel.
But less does she read than weep.
That is no mere maiden fair,
It is the city wall which weeps,
Divining that over Kiev is impending woe.

Equally unhistorical, although real persons and places are mentioned in them, are the poems about Lithuanian invasions and sieges of Moscow, in which the enemy are baffled, not by arms, but by magic. It is not until we reach the songs about Ivan the Terrible that we begin to tread upon really historic ground. In them the Tartars are justly placed in an inferior position, and certain events, such as the capture of Kazan, are described with tolerable accuracy. In one of them, for instance, we see the terrible Tsar watching the beleaguered city, and flying into a passion because the mines he has had constructed beneath its walls do not explode. One of the gunners is about to explain the cause of the delay, when suddenly the fire reaches the powder, and the walls of the citadel are hoisted into the air:—

Then all the Tartars became terrified,
They submitted themselves to the White Tsar.
Thus spake the Tartars:
"For ever be our Kazan beneath holy Russia,
Beneath holy Russia the invincible,
The invincible, the by God beloved!"

In the present collection the poem about Ivan the Terrible which most frequently recurs is that which relates how he ordered his

* *Ogneishnaya Buiilims*, &c. [*Ognei Buiilims*, written down by A. F. Hillerding in the summer of 1871.] St. Petersburg: 1873.

son Fedor to be put to death. A Tartar chieftain from the Golden Horde sends to inform the Tsar that he is about to ravage Russia and occupy "stone-built Moscow." The angry Tsar orders his three sons to annihilate the insolent foe, "not leaving so much as a fowl alive." This is done; but after the victory Prince Vasily calumniate his brother Fedor, accusing him of treachery. The passionate Tsar orders his son's head to be struck off and set on a lance, adding:—

Bring hither his daring head,
Set it up in front of my white-stoned halls,
In front of my latticed casement,
In front of my crystal mirrors.

Fedor is led away to the scaffold by Malynka Skuratof (really one of the worst of the Tsar's vile instruments). But the prince's mother rushes in haste to the house of her brother, who gazes in astonishment at her disordered dress until he learns the cause of her hurried entry. Then he gallops after the executioners, smites off Skuratof's head, and rescues the young prince. Next day the Tsar is mourning bitterly "in God's church" over his son's death. "Thieves and robbers," he says, "find protectors and preservers, but for my own son is no protector, no preserver to be found." Then his brother-in-law tells him that the young prince is still alive, and the Tsar's heart becomes once more joyful.

Of the time of confusion which followed the reign of the Terrible Tsar we have but few and fragmentary records in the present collection. Still they suffice to bring before our eyes some scenes in the eventful life of the ill-starred "Grishka Otrepiet," the original "False Demetrius." According to one of these popular versions of his story,

No sooner had the dog and thief got him off neck Tsar,
Than the dog and thief determined to get married;

not choosing a bride from among the daughters of "the Princes and Boyars in stony Moscow," but wedding the Lithuanian Princess Marishka (Marina), and that on one of the days kept holy by the Church, so that

The Prince and Boyars were going to divine service
As Grishka and Maria went to the bath,

Moreover he ordered "the biggest bell of all" to be sounded, and proclamation to be made that his beloved father-in-law was coming from foreign parts to pay him a visit. The consequence of all which was, that one day Grishka looked out of window and saw that his palace was beset by troops, "all by troops with lances." Whereupon

Grishka thinks in his princely mind,
"I will make myself diabolical wings,
And will fly away as a devil."

Instead of doing so, however, he only fumbles out of the window and is killed. But his wife Marishka turns herself into a magpie and flies far away.

As a specimen of the not very numerous poems referring to the reign of Alexis Mikhailovich, we may take that which describes how he calls his Boyars together, and asks them whether he shall consent to give up Smolensk to the King of Sweden in exchange for another city. Forth to the Princes of Bokhara and Astrakhan, draw nigh to the Tsar, bow down low before him, and say that, as Smolensk is not "a Muscovite city," but is "a Lithuanian city," and contains very few soldiers and not a fother's-worth of treasure, it will be as well to part with it. But Prince Danilo Miloslavsky contradicts them flatly on every point, whereupon the Tsar at once makes him Voevode of Smolensk;

But as for the Prince of Astrakhan—he took and hanged him,
And as for the Prince of Bokhara—he chopped his head off.

At a later period we find a similar story told of the Empress Catherine II., who is summoned by the Swedish King to allow him free quarters in the Kremlin. All "the principal field-marshal" are in a terrible fright, and are ready to submit to any degradation; but a Don Cossack and another soldier who stand beside the Empress utter such brave words as restore her failing courage. By way of conclusion we will quote the following metrical record of the occupation of Berlin in 1760, after the battle of Kunersdorf, by the Russian troops under the command of Tottleben:—

Oh! weep and wails our Prussian King,
As, seated afar on the hill so high,
He longingly looks on his stronghold dear,
His stronghold dear, his city Berlin.
"O, stronghold of mine; O, stronghold dear!
O, city Berlin, mine own Berlin!
By whom art thou held, my stronghold dear?
By the Tsar, the White Tsar, art thou held,
And eke by the Russian General!"

Through the streets as a trader the General goes,
For powder and ball does the General trade,
Trades, moreover, for cannon (so score).
Captive he leads the Prussian Wife,
Captive the fair one leads and asks:—
"Whither away has the Prussian fled?"

"Ha! ye Generals dolt and dull!
At his table sat the Prussian King
As a snow-white swan!
At his window sat the Prussian King
As a pigeon blue!
As a raven black the Prussian King
To his ships has down."

NANCY.*

THAT prevailing tolerance for inferior literary work which deluges libraries and covers drawing-room tables with the trashy productions of writers who are ignorant of the first principles of the art they profess, has also an evil reaction upon those who have all the talent necessary to make a good artist and want only the industry without which talent is a wasted gift. The same ignorance or indifference on the part of the public which leads them to accept, as first-rate, performances on the stage which their ancestors would scarcely have endured, has established it as a rule in literature that when once an author has made a success his name is to become a possession for ever, a talisman that will ensure excellence to his works. The readiness of an artist, whether painter, player, or writer, to take advantage of this benevolent disposition is no bad test of his love for his art. That Miss Broughton has all the talent which a writer needs to rise to eminence cannot be doubted. In her first book the real flame of creative power shone out, and gave promise of a valuable addition to the fiction of the country, a promise which has not yet been accomplished. The flame, indeed, has glimmered more or less brightly in all her succeeding works, but it has not been fostered or tended; it has been left to its own devices, and now its light and warmth are mournfully faint. *Nancy* opens well enough, with a lively description of all the children, big and little, of the Grey family, of which Nancy herself is a member, engaged in making toffee. That the heroine should be built on exactly the same lines as all Miss Broughton's other heroines was only to be expected; it has long been the fashion of novelists to reproduce their principal characters, either in their old names or cloaked with the thin disguise of a new one, in all their works, and for this mistake the author has the excuse that she makes it in good company. And at the outset Nancy, as well as the rest of the Grey family of brothers and sisters, hickering yet affectionate over their manufacture of toffee, commands our sympathy and interest; and when the excitement of toffee gives place to that caused by the arrival of Sir Roger Tempest, a rich elderly bachelor, a visitor to the house, feeling certain as we do that this visit will end in his marrying Nancy, we hope also that he may turn out to be agreeable as well as wealthy. All the talk consequent on the announcement of this arrival is well touched and natural, in the author's best style of humorous description, as is also this account of family prayers in the Grey household:—

Algernon has thrust his head far out between the rungs of his chair back, and affects to be unable to withdraw it again, making movements of convulsed suffocation. The Beat is stealthily walking on his knees across the space that intervenes between them to Barbara, with intent, as I too well know, of unseen pinches. If father unbent his eyes, or more his head one barley-corn, we are all dead men. I hold my breath in a nervous agony. Thank heaven! the harsh recitation still flows on with equable loud solemnity. In happy ignorance of his offspring's antics, father is still asking, or rather ordering, the Almighty (for there is more of command than entreaty in his tone) to prosper the High Court of Parliament. Also the Beat is now returning to his place, travelling with surprising noiseless rapidity over the Turkey carpet, dragging his shins and his feet after him. I draw a long breath of relief, and drop my hot face into my spread hands.

But the reader, unless callous in the matter of the most ordinary humanity and social observance, is doomed to swift disappointment as to the heroine's character. Two days after the arrival of Sir Roger Tempest, an old friend of her father's, a perfect stranger until then to her, she confides to him that his old friend is an object of hatred to his children. Mr. Grey was no doubt a disagreeable person, ill-tempered and selfish, courteous only in the presence of company; but the possession of these qualities would scarcely warrant his daughter's hating him, still less her talking of him in such a manner to a man whom she knew to entertain an entirely opposite view of his character. The baronet, however, in all other points a most worthy and finished gentleman, either has lax ideas on the subject of filial duty, or is entirely blinded by the infatuation of love; for in reply to the ill-matured tirade delivered by Nancy against her father, he attempts a lame apology for his old friend, and, having taken a fortnight to think the matter over, proposes to Nancy and is accepted. The scene in which she announces this important fact to the brothers and sisters in conclave assembled recalls, as do all the family scenes, the keenness of observation and lightness of touch which first brought the writer into notice; and so does that between the heroine and her accepted lover, although this is marred by a piece of bad taste which the author takes occasion to repeat elsewhere afterwards. "Roger," says Nancy, "is a name I have been very partial to, until—" (laughing a little) "the Chairman threw discredit on all Rogers!"

The wedding-day gives the author an opportunity for a piece of description so pretty and clever that we quote part of it to show that Miss Broughton can write really well when she chooses to take the trouble:—

All round the old flowering thorn there is a small carpet, milk-white and rose-red, of strewn petals. Every flower that has a cup, is holding it brim-full of cold dew. Vick is sitting on the top of the stone steps, her ears pricked, and her little black nose working mysteriously as she sniffs the morning air.

On the bright gravel walk stands the jackdaw, looking rather a funereal object in his black suit, on this gaudy-coloured day: his gray head very much on one side, and his round sly eyes turned upwards in dictioned meditation. A worse bird than Jacky does not hop. His life is one long course of larva, and I know that if he had the gift of speech, he would also be a consummate liar.

* *Nancy*. A Novel. By Rhoda Broughton, Author of "Red as a Rose is She," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Sons. 1873.

From this point the book steadily declines in manner, tone, and interest; not that there is much to be said for the manner up to that point. A young woman of nineteen who says, as Nancy does, speaking of the number of her brothers and sisters, that "a Frenchman might well hold up his hands in astonished horror at the insane prolificness (*sic*), the foolhardy fertility of British householders," would be very likely to make her hearers hold up their hands in astonished horror. This sort of thing is accompanied in the commencement of the book by a dash and spirit which, if they do not quite carry it off, at least make the reader look upon it more leniently than when, as later on, it occurs in the midst of a dullness which, unlike Miranda's, is far from being good. The plot of *Nancy*, such plot as there is, begins with the heroine's marriage to Sir Roger Tempest, and reminds one of nothing so much as of those rivers mentioned by Herodotus, which commence with an ordinary stream, and, instead of flowing naturally to the sea or a lake, diminish gradually in their course, growing ever thinner and poorer, until they vanish mysteriously and are lost to sight. The happy pair arrive during their foreign tour at Dresden, a place which has of late become a very fashionable resort for people in novels. Miss Broughton takes occasion to display an extraordinary piece of carelessness by speaking of the young Bavarian officers in light blue uniforms who are to be seen in Dresden. It requires no great geographical accuracy to ascertain that this town is in Saxony, and the light blue Saxon uniform is well known in Germany by its very peculiarity. At Dresden, however, while the impulsive Nancy is performing the somewhat unusual feat of looking stealthily over a strange officer's shoulder into his plate to see what he is eating, she encounters the gaze of a young Englishman, who turns out to be an old acquaintance and neighbour of her husband's. This young man, Mr. Musgrave by name, who has a way of looking "murderous," and like "a handsome thunder-cloud," whatever that may be, promptly makes love to Lady Tempest. He makes the first declaration of his passion in a sentimental riddle, which strikes her as so funny that, to use the author's own words, she "covers her face with her handkerchief and roars." The Tempests return to England, and soon after their arrival Sir Roger is taken out to the West Indies by business, and leaves Nancy established alone at Tempest with Mr. Musgrave for a close neighbour. Her behaviour at this juncture would in any one else be surprising; in her one can be surprised at nothing. So far from avoiding or repressing him, she begs him to come and see her as often as he can. It is true that when he does come she treats him with remarkable rudeness, but this treatment she bestows on all her friends with commendable impartiality.

Mr. Musgrave, although his behaviour is not strictly moral or praiseworthy, certainly has reason and truth on his side when, having openly declared his love to her, and having been repulsed with scorn and surprise, he tells her that a woman must have been blinder than any mole not to see whether he was tending, and that if she meant to be surprised at such a declaration, she ought not to have made herself common talk for the neighbourhood with him. No woman, unless either idiotic or more innocent than the most innocent *ingénue* who ever tripped on a French stage, could have behaved as Nancy did. And in her conversation there is ample evidence that she was neither of these things. Mr. Musgrave, however, although disappointed in his hope of gaining Nancy's love, has succeeded in instilling into her mind a drop of jealousy of her husband. It is sufficiently absurd and weak that a young woman married to an elderly gentleman for whom she has never shown any absorbing love should be uncomfortably surprised at hearing a report that long ago he was engaged to another woman; but this is nothing to the absurdities that follow. This other woman is a Mrs. Huntley, who lives in the neighbourhood, and of her, on Sir Roger's return, Nancy becomes frantically jealous, because he is obliged to visit her once or twice on matters of business. He, meanwhile, has heard strange reports concerning Musgrave and Nancy, the spreading of which certainly served her quite right. These she might easily explain away, but she does not choose to do so, and so we have husband and wife at daggers drawn in mutual jealousy and mistrust. This, though a forced and artificial situation, might have been turned to good account, but the story rambles about in the most aimless uneven fashion, and whatever germ of interest lies in it is entirely thrown away. Who and what Mrs. Huntley may be is never fully explained, but she does duty as a siren to entangle one of Nancy's brothers, who, rushing up from Aldershot to visit her, straightway is struck down by a fever which is caught by Barbara, Nancy's model sister, who dies. What end or object is gained by all this it is impossible to imagine; it seems as if Miss Broughton were afraid of sending out a book to the public without a death-scene in it, and, weary of killing her heroines, has hit upon the ingenious method of substituting their sisters as victims. One fact which takes place amid all this is the most difficult to explain, and therefore perhaps the least explained of all, being nothing less than the engagement of Musgrave to Barbara. After all there is this good in her death, that she escapes a marriage with him. The story wanders weakly on after Barbara's death, and concludes with a vehement declaration of love from Nancy to her husband. Certainly her behaviour makes some assurance of the kind very necessary.

It is matter of regret that *Nancy* should do its author so little credit, the more because, as we have already observed, she is capable of producing creditable work. From internal evidence we conclude that the book has been written, or at least finished, in a great hurry, but whether this be so or not, it is certainly written with

great negligence. It exaggerates all the writer's old faults and introduces some new ones, among others a detestable habit of riddling the pages with unmeaning italics. Sir Roger remarks that their difference of age is "a monstrous, an unnatural disparity." Nancy replies, "It is not nearly so bad as if it were the other way." And there is one fault more objectionable than any venial fault of style. Nancy, speaking of the German Blutwurst, remarks, "How the Germans do call a spade a spade!" It would have been well had Miss Broughton paid more heed to those words in her heroine's mouth. There is an offensive prudery which obtains to a certain extent in the present day, and it is good to avoid this; but it is not good to fall into the opposite error. It is best to call a spade by its own name, but there are things more ignoble than spades of which it is best not to talk under any name.

ART COLLECTIONS OF ENGLAND.*

THIS folio volume of etchings from "Works of Art in the Collections of England" is intended as a companion to the analogous work published in Paris under the title of *Les Collections célèbres d'œuvres d'art en France*. The English publisher has in fact throughout employed foreign agencies; the artists are French, the printers of the plates and of the letterpress are French; even the paper has been made in France. We confess it to be rather humbling to find that the result, though not all that might be desired, is more satisfactory than it would have been if the work had fallen into the hands of English artists and artisans. We have not at present in London a band of trained engravers on copper equal to the eleven artists who have turned out these fifty folio plates. The school of young etchers at Kensington we have heretofore found occasion to commend; but the two hundred etchings from objects in the South Kensington Museum sent to the Vienna Exhibition appeared juvenile and tentative when compared with such mature and masterly products as M. Valentin's "Eau Forte," also exhibited in Vienna, taken from Mr. Magniac's famous Ewer in Henri Deux ware. It is right to mention, however, that in the Paris mode of work there is a source of inaccuracy from which the Kensington school is preserved. At Kensington the etchers have the advantage of copying with the needle on the copper direct from the objects; whereas the plates before us have been executed from drawings, which, though made expressly for the purpose, are of the nature of that secondary evidence which involves error. A like cause is known to militate against the trustworthiness of many of the most brilliant and elaborate of Italian engravings from the old painters. Herr Unger, whose etchings from the Galleries of Brunswick and Cassel we have before favourably noticed, worked on the copper-plates, seated before the original pictures. It is a misfortune that the actual conditions in the present instance precluded a practice so salutary; the objects to be reproduced remained in England, while the artists were in France. The treasures here delineated are in truth too rare to be made itinerant; they had, in fact, never met together till they here found themselves massed in the same volume.

This volume, which has the advantage, as well as the disadvantage, incident to a miscellaneous collection, comprising comices, wood-work, metal-work, &c., once more declares the unsurpassed riches of the private as distinguished from the public collections of England. It is true that some few specimens have been taken from the British Museum and the South Kensington Museum; but the greater part of the examples come from private sources. Among the principal contributors are Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, Mr. John Henderson, Mr. Holford, Mr. John Malcolm, Mr. Alfred Morrison, Mr. Charles Magniac, Mr. Franks, Mr. Addington, Sir Richard Wallace, Baron Lionel, Baron Anthony and Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, and the late Mr. Alexander Barker. Yet a multitude of well-known collectors do not appear in the list of contributors; indeed we need not say that the all but inexhaustible resources of the country would furnish materials for a second or third volume. But a work of this character is so costly in production, and so circumscribed in circulation, that the experiment is, we fear, not likely to be soon repeated. Moreover, the difficulty is to obtain objects which, even by reason of their merits, have not become almost too well known. Owners have been so liberal in their loans to London and provincial exhibitions, or to *soirées* of fine art clubs, that a large proportion of the treasures of the country come before connoisseurs as old acquaintances. For example, several of the specimens here engraved have already appeared in the volume on the Manchester Art Treasures, or in the series of photographs from the Loan Exhibition of 1862. Nevertheless, it is not easy to see too much of a good thing, and any means by which a fine work of art can be reproduced, multiplied, and widely diffused is a gain to that general public whose appetite for the arts seems to grow every year more insatiable. With few exceptions the objects selected are the best of their kind, not only rare and costly, but of real worth as models of excellence. Of special interest are the specimens of Oriental porcelain, bronzes, and enamels; of rare beauty is the Chinese porcelain vase of the seventeenth century from the collection of Mr. Franks. M. Bracquemond's etching from this vase brings out with truly artistic effect the clustering flowers of

* *Works of Art in the Collections of England*. Drawn by Edouard Lièvre. Engraved by Bracquemond, Courty, Flameng, Greux, L'Hermite, Le Rat, J. Lièvre, Musella, Rajon, Randall, and Valentin. London: Holloway & Son.

the white wild prunus, a favourite decorative study in these Oriental ceramics. Force and delicacy, detail and generalization, are here shown to be within the reach of the etcher's art.

It is cause for regret that in this otherwise highly-wrought volume the letterpress descriptions are scanty in the extreme; one reason assigned for this defect is that no written notes were taken before the objects when the drawings were made. Yet surely it would have been easy to give a full and critical account of Albert Dürer's highest achievement in plastic art, the small but delicate carrying on soapstone in the British Museum representing the Birth of St. John the Baptist. This precious gem has been cited as a matchless work of the master by Dr. Kugler and M. Labarte; the latter engraves the composition in his volume on "The Arts of the Middle Ages." A whole treatise might be written on the composition. We have here another proof of the universality of genius. Dürer, like his contemporaries Raffaele and Michael Angelo, passed with ease from the pictorial to the plastic arts—a transition not difficult when the primary aim of any school of painting is form and not colour; a distinction which may account for the fact that the great colourists, such as Titian, have never used stone as a vehicle of expression. It is interesting to observe how all great masters, even when they approach to universality, make the manner of the art in which they are strongest dominate over the sister arts. Thus Michael Angelo, essentially plastic, paints like a sculptor, while, on the contrary, Dürer and Raffaele, primarily pictorial, use a chisel as a brush. The picturesque relief hero rendered with singular fidelity has, in fact, the character of an easel painting. The mother of St. John the Baptist is supported by cushions in a tester bedstead; in the background are hangings, a doorway, a cupboard, with jars, books, and boxes lying about as in a crowded and disordered German dwelling. A discussion evidently has arisen as to the naming of the infant; "the man near the bed is the Doctor. The father Zacharias is writing on a tablet the name of the new-born son John, the writings in Hebrew are legible. A man entering at the door is supposed to be Dürer himself, whose monogram and the date 1510 are cut on a tablet at the foot of the bed." The celebrated French engraver, Leopold Flameng, who has recently been seen in Vienna as the translator into black and white of pictures by Rembrandt, Delacroix, Ingres, Bouington, and Meissonier here very properly throws himself into the manner of Albert Dürer. This etching in its severity, dryness, and abstemious use of light and shade might almost be mistaken for a plate executed in the school of Dürer. In like manner this French engraver, who in the best sense has learnt to make himself all things to all men, here abstains from the suggestion of colour, whereas in a highly esteemed plate from Rembrandt by the same hand, colour as well as texture are indicated in every touch. In no quality do engravers differ more widely than in the translation of colour; Toschi, Raffaele Morghen, and Italian engravers generally show themselves colourists, and in looking through this volume we find that French etchers also can be colourists when they choose. For example, the renderings of a Commode and a Coffin in richest boulevards, belonging to Sir Richard Wallace, are almost as abounding in sense of colour as if a paint-brush had been used in place of a graver. On the other hand, "the embossed steel cuirass," from the collection of Mr. Charles Magniac, is fittingly allowed to remain as cold as the material in which it is wrought.

A melancholy and sensitive head by Leonardo da Vinci, bending in the neck and looking downward to the ground as a lily drooping on its stem, has been very lovingly rendered by the French artist M. Rajon. The fascination of the female heads, of which this is a representative form, is almost too subtle to be defined. Leonardo was possessed with an ideal type of womanhood; indeed in Italy in the middle ages each great creative mind had its own symbol answering to the longing of the heart for a perfect image of the true and the beautiful. Dante, Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raffaele, seem in turn to have been sustained by a vision of the divine in the human. In the head now before us, from the collection of Mr. Holford, ascribed apparently on better grounds than often to the great master of Milan, there is a shadow of sadness, a sorrow that has supernatural sustenance. In this face, often repeated in the school, the eyelids droop heavily; they are full of tears, as the half closed petals of a flower filled with the cold dews of night. The mouth, too, though in repose, is eloquent; it speaks of maternal love and of a peace made perfect through suffering. We often wonder how far Leonardo meant all this when he put pencil to paper; yet with him the mental process is ascertained to have been not merely that of intuition, but rather of prolonged induction from nature. The well-known form which became in the school as immovably fixed as a stereotype grew, we believe, out of that hidden correspondence between the artist's mind and the outward world which lies as the secret behind all types. But the image which at first issued forth as if by revelation soon became petrified and traditional. Such is the history of all art. And the transmitted power in the hands of disciples of reproducing the most vital conceptions of a master was peculiarly present in the school of Da Vinci. We see no reason to doubt the authenticity of this lovely head; yet we may mention that in the Picture Gallery of Parma there is a sketch by Leonardo all but identical with this study here engraved. The work in Parma cannot be surpassed in subtlety of superhuman sentiment. Dr. Waagen, apparently without sufficient authority, says that the example in Mr. Holford's collection is the study for the Madonna in "La Vierge aux Rochers" of the Louvre. Anything that can elucidate Leonardo is to be received most gladly.

Works on the art wealth of England have of late years multiplied greatly; some consist of treatises, others of illustrations, and many combine printed descriptions with lithographs, engravings, or photographs. It may be said that we live in an age of catalogue-making. The drawings of Mr. Malcolm, the engravings of Mr. Alfred Morrison, have all been catalogued; also the ivories, the textile fabrics, and the ceramics in the Kensington Museum, have severally been made the subjects of exhaustive and richly illustrated disquisitions. Moreover, special exhibitions, such as the Art Treasures of Manchester and the Loan Exhibition of 1862, have added to the art literature of the country. All these volumes are now before us for comparison with the latest addition to the number, the *Works of Art in the Collections of England*. Each of them is distinguished by individual merits and defects; the book recently published has, as we have seen, no claim to critical acumen, and the want of adequate description must be supplied by reference to the standard text-books. On the other hand, it is scarcely possible for the art of etching to do more, though none of the plates quite reach the unapproachable excellence of M. Jacquemart as seen in the *Histoire de la Porcelaine*. And yet it is marvellous to mark the perfection of realism to which these plates attain; the distinction between metal-work, ceramic ware, tapestries, and crystals, is clearly defined by quality of touch, by reflected lights, and by surface texture. Even colour, as we have said, is suggested, as in M. Gren's etching from the Limoges enamel dish in the collection of Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks. And yet, on the whole, we must regard these etchings as free translations rather than as facsimile reproductions. They almost of necessity lack the solidity of lithographs, and the illusive reality of photographs. In fact, each method has its specific value. Thus we have found photography inimitable in the reproduction of crystal vases and of ivory plaques. In like manner chromo-lithography has rendered with a perfection possible by no other process "a Boule Cabinet," lent by Her Majesty to the Art Treasures at Manchester. On the other hand it must be admitted that nothing can be more precise in drawing, or more consummate in handling, than the etchings from an engraved Persian bottle and an engraved Persian pail in the collection of Mr. John Henderson. Equally good are a "Brass Aiguille," Venetian, but of Oriental character, belonging to Mr. Alexander Cassella, and a Chinese Bronze from the collection of Mr. Alfred Morrison. Such master-works bear out the assertion of Mr. Hamerton that "the strong points of etching in comparison with other arts are its great freedom, precision, and power." Etchings, too, when of fine quality, as some of these are, have the value, not only of transcripts, but of creations; they are more than copies, they partake of the character of originals. Lastly, these plates are records; unlike photographs they are enduring; if any of the treasures should perish, these prints will remain. The old engravers, Marc Antonio and others, thus perpetuated works which otherwise would have been lost.

BRAZIL.*

JUDGING from internal evidence, we should say that the work of fine-sounding learned title, "Chorography of Brazil," is a puff, done to order of the Brazilian Government, for the purpose of displaying to ignorant Europe the infinite excellence and sublime perfection of Brazil. It has been translated into infamous English by a gentleman whose name suggests that he is a Frenchman. It has been probably expected that the thing would tell better for being presented in the unsuspicious form of a geographical treatise; but it was surely an unwise economy to spoil it for English readers by employing a wholly incompetent translator. The mixture of bad English with the grandeur of all Brazilian things described has the drollest effect. This English translation of *Notions on the Chorography of Brazil* contains some four hundred and eighty octavo pages. The writer vouches for his modesty of statement in a passage full of unintelligible magniloquence:—

In what has been just shown, the riches of Brazil in the three kingdoms of Nature, that is, in the magnificent and extraordinary opulence of its soil, a wonder of spontaneous treasures, which no country possesses united in that great degree, is stated in a modest description, and that trebly deficient in order that above all, the extraordinary grandiloquence of truth shall not compromise and prejudice the verisimilitude, in the opinion of those who do not yet know the marvels of Brazilian nature, and therefore have a right to be slow in belief of the exposition of the marvellous.

A large labouring-class immigration is the special aim and end of this expensive system of elaborate Brazilian puffery in Europe. But the bait is skilfully dressed for higher social classes. Among the aristocracies and gentries of Europe, voyages to Brazil now becoming every day easier and easier, parents should keep a very sharp look-out on susceptible sons. See the temptation held out by Brazilian ladies:—

The sensual passions and instincts in all nations and countries tell of and conceal lamentable acts of giddiness and falls; the burning climate of Brazil should facilitate the increase, or show a greater number of examples of breach of chastity, but the education and character of the Brazilian woman challenge inquiry as to their virtue and correct behaviour, and can bear comparison with any women of the most moral nations.

Intelligent but obedient, sympathetic but chaste, high spirited but yet

* *Notions on the Chorography of Brazil.* By Joaquim Manoel de Macedo. Translated by H. Le Sage. Leipzig: Printed by F. A. Brockhaus. 1873.

Brazilian Colonization, from an European Point of View. By Jacard Assu. London: E. Stanford. 1873.

restrained; beautiful and vain, yet true to the principles of morality and duty, the Brazilian daughter never entirely detaches herself from her parents, as a wife she ever watches over her love, and even when neglected and unloved, she honours for her honour's sake the name of her husband, and as a mother, words are insufficient to render justice to her sublime qualities,—beyond spouse, the infinite in the imagination of tenderness, of weakness, and indulgence, in a word of the unfathomable depths of maternal love.

The valour and prowess of the great Brazilian army and navy equal in wonder the merits of Brazilian women. The naval officers especially shine:—

They have already given proofs of what they can do and are worth in struggling against tempests, and in the agonies of shipwreck; they have already shone as fearless and most distinguished, in the horrid blaze of fire, which they have known how to fight against; and the best and the brightest of their blazoned, beardless heroes in the last war have already given to Brazil admirable examples of inexorable bravery, of conquerors and of sublime martyrdom. One of them, the young, almost child—Greenhaigh was killed whilst embracing and defending the national flag; if others of the same school did not imitate him in the grandeur of his fall, they knew how to equal him in stupendous acts of bravery, and there was not a single one who failed in the heroic, and, at times, the temerity of his colleagues, companions and brothers. . . . There is no patriotic exaggeration in this opinion; let who will study and question, the spirit and frank expansion of feelings in the young naval officer, as well as in the simple sailor, and in those of the soldiers of the army of Brazil, and he will acknowledge that both sailors and soldiers tolerate the hypothesis of equality; but they do not admit the superiority of valor, of constancy, and of martial daring.

It can be set down only to the simplicity of a young nation or to much experience of the gullibility of senile Europe that Brazilian Administrations can continue in the belief that such transparent balderdash as the above can have any convincing effect.

It is a relief to turn from such egregious nonsense to the truth-telling little work of Jacaré Assu, a fantastic pseudonym assumed by a very clever, accomplished, and well-informed English writer. This gentleman rips open with a scalping-knife Brazilian puffs and pretensions. He is an ironical writer:—

Brazil has been contemplated so often from the rosy point of view; people paid and unpaid have at various times been so fulsomely mendacious on her account; placards, newspapers, guide-books, and itineraries have contained such startling paragraphs—often under the hand of those who ought to have known better—about the marvellous fertility of the empire and the exceptional advantages it offers, that a little sober truth becomes more than ever necessary. If the advantages of Brazil, its balmy climate, its deep soil, its mineral wealth, its warm reception of emigrants, its rigid adherence to contracts, its sound institutions, and the affinities of its people for things and minds Teutonic, were left to spread their light by the radiating force of truth alone; if the importation of whites was restricted to facilitating the transit and establishment of those who followed that natural attraction which the means of wealth and happiness necessarily exercise upon the poor and miserable—without official meddling, subsidizing, or puffing—if these were the conditions of the movement, then there would, indeed, be nothing to say against it. But would it then ever take place at all? As far as regards the English agricultural labourer, I think we may answer, "Never."

Jacaré Assu gives an exhaustive account of the sad experiences of Brazilian colonization from every nation of Europe:— from the very beginning with Swiss, fifty-six years ago, to the last deplorable English adventures of 1872. It is a collection of terrible tales of false representations, broken promises, violated contracts, governmental mismanagement and cruelty, pestilential climate, and barren or scanty soil, where health and fertility have been positively promised, and of the sickness and death of a long succession of heartlessly deluded dupes. The writer is anonymous, but internal evidence shows his mastery of the subject: and confirmation is fully given by official Reports lately published, received from the British Minister and British Consuls in Brazil. The success of some German colonies in the southernmost province of Brazil, Rio Grande do Sul, where the climate is temperate, is explained by its climatic advantages, and by the perseverance of the German immigrants, in spite of ill-treatment and every sort of discouragement, until they have made themselves a power in the province which cannot be despised and must be respected. The Germans are now nearly fifty thousand strong in the province of Rio Grande do Sul. The future of these German settlements in that one province, says our author, "is the most hopeful in all that dark calendar of error, recklessness, and speculation." There are resemblance and affinity between Germans and German-Swiss. Both the German and Swiss Governments have been compelled to send out missions of inquiry into the grievances of their colonizing subjects, and have received deplorable accounts of hard treatment and misery. Herr von Tschudi, the Swiss Envoy, reported in 1860 that Swiss colonists in the province of Espírito Santo had met with "endless knaveries, violence, injustice, and lies." Herr Haupt, German Consul in Rio, described in 1867 the German colonists of San Paulo as "irremediably enslaved, notwithstanding the many sacrifices made by the European communities to which they belonged, to effect their liberation from their contracts." In 1862 the German Government, exercising a paternal authority, prohibited German emigration. We quote again from Jacaré Assu:—

In 1863 we find the German envoy in Brazil journeying to San Leopoldo to endeavour to obtain a settlement of the long-standing complaints of the colonists with respect to the measurement of their land—late justice, which he seems by the co-operation of the Central Government to have succeeded in procuring; and, finally, in recent days, we hear of the Federal Government of Germany warning its people through the columns of the *Staats-Anzeiger* against contract colonization schemes lately set on foot by the provincial governments of San Paulo and Rio Grande do Sul. . . . What the Brazilians paid for in money and loss of reputation, Germany subscribed

in flesh and blood, making a heavy bill against the hordes of paid puff-brokers, agents, recruiters, speculators, and rascally directors. We have seen to what scenes and recominations the issues of this bill gave rise as they occurred. The bitter tone of the German Consul's writings on the subject, though, may be, excessive, speaks for the impression produced on an intelligent man and an advocate of European colonization in a position giving him unusual facilities for judging of the question.

Why should Englishmen, who have before them the choice of large fields of emigration in Canada and Australia, under the protection of their own Government, and with the advantages of their own language, traditions, and religion, fly to a pestilential climate, with strange language, uncongenial customs and institutions, and unsympathetic religion? The laws and customs of Brazil are an interesting study, and of vital interest to persons thinking of becoming Brazilian colonists. Civil marriages are not permitted. All marriages must be accompanied by a religious act, and performed by a clergyman recognised by the Government, who, in the case of a mixed marriage, must be a Roman Catholic priest. A Protestant clergyman in Brazil is a very rare phenomenon. No Roman Catholic clergyman will celebrate a marriage, unless a dispensation has been obtained, except on condition that the children be brought up as Roman Catholics. In the two colonies of Cananea and Assunguy, to which our poor countrymen were lately drafted, there is no clergyman at all, though a clergyman was officially promised. The practical choice then for almost all British colonists in Brazil is between concubinage and marriage by a Roman Catholic priest, on condition of bringing up the children as Roman Catholics. Existing marriages are not safe. In 1861 a Protestant Swiss colonist's wife got tired of her husband, whom she had married in Europe, fell in love with a Brazilian, declared herself a Roman Catholic, and was married to her paramour by a Roman Catholic priest, and the Bishop of Rio pronounced the first marriage null and void, and sanctioned the second. Shortly afterwards the Bishop of San Paulo refused to dissolve a Protestant marriage under similar circumstances, where the husband had become a Roman Catholic in order to get rid of his wife and marry a Brazilian woman; but part of his judgment was that it behoved the convert to spare no pains to convert his Protestant wife and bring up his children in the Roman Catholic faith. The sanctity of Protestant marriages is as yet an open question. There being a marriage either previously in Europe or after arrival in Brazil, the laws of the country as to distribution of property give half to the children on the wife's death, without power of dispute by the husband, or, in default of children, give half to the wife's relations. On the father's death the Brazilian Court of Orphans takes charge of the property for the children. On this point Jacaré Assu is worth hearing:—

Not only the fate of orphans, but all matters of succession to the property of a dead colonist, are, of course, by right in the hands of the local authorities, subject alike to Brazilian law and Brazilian favouring. In Petropolis the tact of the late German Consul had created a happy exception; by an affable, intelligent understanding with the native officials, based on a knowledge of character, he kept the practical management of most cases of succession among his countrymen in his own hands. . . . It has been often and justly remarked that a very imperfect code promptly administered with impartiality and uniformity is better than any superior legislation applied by vacillating and dilatory hands. It is not alone in cases of inheritance that the foreigner will meet with opportunities of verifying the truth of this statement in Brazil. . . . A lawyer of the capital once told me that he had been more than a year endeavouring to recover the small sum of 3*l.* for a client. A case came under my notice of an immigrant kept nearly three months in prison on a charge of threatening, and then dismissed for want of evidence; of an Englishman charged with assault, and only brought to trial after ten months; of another committed on suspicion of robbery, and not brought to trial after nine months.

Let us return for a moment before we conclude to the puffing "Chorography" with which we began. The colonies of Cananea and Assunguy, of which so many of our countrymen have been lately victims, and which have been in existence from ten to fourteen years, and are yet without roads to the ports respectively fifteen and eighty-four miles distant, are thus complacently described by the patriotic Brazilian:—

Faults of administration, which the Government is endeavouring to correct, have hindered the development of the colonial nucleus [Cananea], which will certainly prosper once rid of that drawback, more especially when endowed with the road which to the extent of 23 kilometres will tend to connect it with its respective port.

Colonization continues, and will continue, but what the province of San Paulo, and those which follow to the south ought to hope for, is the spontaneous immigration of the Europeans of the North and of the South, who without dispute will evidently encounter here a much better Europe than their own, by reason of its temperate climate so beneficent and the fruitfulness of its soil.

Yet with still a little more favour, a little more patient solicitude, a few more sacrifices, which will be as it were seed most advantageously sown, and the development in project, and already set on foot for the construction of good and extensive roads, will give to the magnificent but hitherto poorly appreciated province [Assunguy] a very numerous European immigration, which cannot fail to resort to a territory so rich, so fertile, with a climate so favourable and mild, so extensive as to enable tens of thousands of laborious families easily to become proprietors of lands, the very fertile soil of which offers health, long life, freedom, and opulence.

Whatever the advantages for Brazil, or whatever magnificence may be in store for her "poorly appreciated" provinces, we can only hope that no more of the seed sown will be trees of British subjects.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

"TO do the English justice," says the Citizen of the World, "their publications in general aim at mending either the heart or improving the common weal. The dullest writer talks of virtue, and liberty, and benevolence with esteem; tells his true story, filled with good and wholesome advice; warns against slavery, bribery, or the bite of a mad dog, and dresses up his little useful magazine of knowledge and entertainment at least with a good intention." True as this was a hundred years ago, it is scarcely less true now, in spite of the dullest writers of all—the sensational novelists. But more especially is it true of the writers of those Christmas books who, with the turn of a year, have again in all their hosts come forward to claim our notice, and, like the bride at the altar, to ask to be given away. The author who talks of virtue talks of it with quite as much esteem, and possibly with quite as much self-esteem; wraps up the same good and wholesome advice in a history, so mixing the two together that, like a powder in a jam, the one cannot be enjoyed without the other being at the same time swallowed. Though we have still in our tales and magazines recipes given against the bite of a mad-dog, and indeed against any chance that can befall any one, from an unexpected offer of marriage to the arrival of a casual guest when there is nothing but cold mutton in the house, yet against bribery (in these blessed days of Balloting) and slavery warnings are not given, as warnings surely are not required. Happily other matters have arisen to take their place, so that the warners are not left without a theme, or the mad-dog without a fellow. One party has in well-selected texts a famous recipe against the errors of Ritualism, leading as they do to Rome; and another party has a no less famous recipe in the authority of the Church against the errors of Evangelicalism, leading as they do to dreary Dissent. Each party dresses up its little magazine at least with a good intention, and shows that in its ranks alone is to be found a prosperous piety. Then, too, we have another host of writers who are more moral than theological, and who would teach us that in punctuality, in early rising, or ginger-beer drinking, true happiness lies. Besides these three great parties, who only care to amuse so that they may at the same time instruct, we have others who only instruct so far as it is necessary to justify serious people in being amused; while we have a few—but a very few indeed—who have never thought for a moment that it is their duty to be their brother's keeper, and who, careless of making him wiser and better, care only about making him merrier. There is, again, another set of books—the largest set, perhaps, of all—that are written neither chiefly to edify, nor to improve, nor to instruct, nor to amuse, but to be given away. The time of the year has again come round when every one who is not utterly brutalized begins to get ready to make a present to every one else. At first sight it would seem that a good deal of trouble would be saved if each person made the present to himself, as the result in the long run would be just the same. But then we must not forget that so blessed is the act of giving that it hallows even the republication of engravings, somewhat worn though the blocks may be, that have long ago appeared in some Keepsake or in the *Art Journal*. Our criticism of such works as these shall be as gentle as honesty will allow, for we are coming to that season of the year when "no planets strike," and no critics too, "so hallowed and so gracious is the time." It is, we suspect, quite as much on the kindly feeling and the geniality which then abound, as on the passion for making presents, that authors most rely when they choose the wintry season for starting their new ventures. "Books," as Mr. Fudge the publisher says, "have their time as well as cucumbers. I would no more bring out a new work in summer than I would sell pork in the dog-days. Nothing in my way goes off in summer, except very light goods indeed. A review, a magazine, or a sessions paper may amuse a summer reader; but all our stock of value we reserve for a spring and winter trade." He goes on to add, as we think one or two of our modern publishers would say with him, "It is not my way to cry up my own goods; but without exaggeration I will venture to show with any of the trade; my books, at least, have the peculiar advantage of being always new; and it is my way to clear off my old to the trunk-makers every season." By the way, the trunk-makers nowadays are not quite so well treated. Certain books take a good many seasons to clear off. However, as the publisher is very careful not to put the date on the title-page, they have, though old, the peculiar advantage of passing as always new. Such books as these, however, whenever we detect them, we shall leave to take care of themselves. For the rest we shall be ready, if they have any merits, to praise them in much the same way as was praised the Roman general of old:—*Multa enim et in homine Romani dicere*. No small literary merit considering that it is a Christmas book.

A Gallery of Illustrations Literary Characters (Chatto and Windus). Though all that is worth anything in this volume is merely a republication, yet it is, in some ways, the most interesting of the Christmas books that have as yet come before our notice. "It consists," to quote the editor's preface, "of a reproduction of the Portraits and Groups originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*, 1830-38, under the title of '*A Gallery of Illustrations Literary Characters*,' and of the biographical-critical sketches by which these were accompanied." The portraits are all believed to have been the production of Maclean, while the accompanying notices were, with a very few exceptions, written by Dr. Magian. Maclean's sketches, though they are "tinged with caricature," are full

of vigour and individuality and life. They bring home to us the famous writers of forty years ago far better than all the portraits that adorn the fly-leaves of all their works. While Maclean's writing is often very clever and full of humour, yet it is quite as often disgraced by a scurrility at which, happily the present generation, on this side of the Atlantic at least, will stand aghast. The political bitterness of those Reform Bill days is brought out in a most striking manner in this book. The New York papers, though they have none of Maclean's wit and learning to give a kind of sweetness to their scurrility, are certainly not more scurrilous or more unscrupulous than was this writer in the respectable and Tory *Fraser*. The attack on Miss Martineau is as indecent and as brutal a piece of writing as we remember ever to have read. If it was disgraceful of Maclean to write it, and of *Fraser* to publish it, it is by no means creditable to the editor of this volume (Mr. William Bates, B.A., Professor of Classics in Queen's College, Birmingham) to have republished it. A woman who has done Miss Martineau's good work might have expected that she would not have the dirt that was cast upon her in her youth reaked up once more to be cast upon her in her old age, when she was weighed down with years and broken in health. Mr. Bates says, indeed, that she has twice refused a pension "when failing health rendered literary exertion impossible and pecuniary anxieties were impending," and refused it "on the ground that acceptance was inconsistent with her expressed opinions on the subject of taxation." This, he goes on to add, "must gain our respect, even in face of her erroneous notions as to the metaphysical nature of a Deity." He would have done better if he had either not republished a scurrilous libel or else had spared his praises. How his part in this work has been done we can show in a very brief space. Maclean had drawn Campbell smoking a long pipe and Lockhart a cigar, and Maclean writes, "It will be seen by a reference to our plate of Campbell, that the *New Monthly* and the *Quarterly* take different sides on the question, the former patronizing a pipe, the latter a cigar." Mr. Bates puts this harmless sentence through what we may be allowed to call a Braumagem rolling-mill and brings it out as follows:—"As we have just had Campbell inhaling solace through the somewhat plebeian conduit of a 'Bensley,' so do we now find Lockhart making use of that later and elegant device by which mediate fumigation is rendered needless, and the convoluted weed made to serve as its own pipe."

The Masterpieces of Sir Robert Strange (Bentley and Son). In this handsome volume we have "a selection of twenty of Sir Robert Strange's most important engravings reproduced in permanent photography." The photographs are admirably executed, and do all that photography can do to bring within the reach of large numbers some of the greatest works of this great English engraver. The accompanying memoir by Mr. Francis Woodward is fairly interesting, though written perhaps in rather too big words.

Walter Crane's New Toy Book (Routledge). Though the title of this work is not correct, for some of the pictures we have seen before, yet what is old is so good that it is quite worthy of republication; and what is new is in sufficient quantities to go far to justify the name. The drawings are for the most part very spirited and very amusing, as unlike as can be to the gaudy pictures which are far too commonly thought quite good enough for those whose taste has yet to be cultivated. We hardly like, however, the drawing of the robber in Ali Baba who is peeping out of the jar, lifting up the lid with his head. The remembrance of his face would, with a sensitive child, greatly increase the terrors of darkness.

Faithers and Fairies, by the Hon. Augusta Bethell (Griffith and Farran). These are very pretty little stories, and well suited to children who are old enough to read easily, and young enough to read with the greatest pleasure when they are hidden away in some quiet corner, or coiled up on some sunny window-seat.

Great African Travellers, by William H. G. Kingston (Routledge). Mr. Kingston has done well in giving a full account of the travels of some seven or eight of the chief explorers of Africa, instead of giving, as so many compilers would have done, short sketches of every one who has written about Egypt, from Moses and Herodotus to Mr. Stanley. The book will be found interesting and full of information, and while it is written no doubt chiefly for boys, might be read with pleasure by their elders. The introductory chapter, however, is by no means so clear or so accurate as it ought to have been. Mr. Kingston, if we do not mistake him, seems to think that we took Cape Colony from the Dutch before Bruce explored Abyssinia. If compilers of history would give the date of each event which they mention, they would keep themselves and their readers from many errors. It was not, moreover, Sir John, but Sir Joseph Banks, who was one of the founders of the African Association.

Our British Portrait Painters. Sixteen illustrations, with descriptive and historical notices, by Edmund Ollier (Virtue and Co.). While most of the engravings in this handsome volume would be found interesting by all, and while each one of them would be found interesting by many, yet we are a good deal surprised at the curious medley that is made when they are brought together. It is not likely, for instance, that any one who greatly admired Mr. Sant's picture of the "Royal Sisters" would care much for Hogarth's "Portrait of Garriek and his Wife." However, perhaps it is thought advisable that these "Portrait Galleries," like a pedlar's basket, should have in them something suited to every taste. The engravings, though not new, are well executed. Mr. Ollier has done his part of the work with discretion.

Aunt Judy's Christmas Volume, edited by Mrs. Alfred Gatty (Bell and Sons). This volume of *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, the last literary work that its amiable editor was to live to do, in no wise falls short of the earlier numbers. It is written in simple language, and deals with simple things. Unlike some other of these Christmas Annuals, it does not seek for a large sale by gratifying any unhealthy taste. The young people who have with pleasure read its pages, and who have taken part in the good work in the Children's Hospital which it has so steadily and so warmly advocated, will feel that this Christmas they have one kind friend less in the world.

Those who have not as yet had enough of Jules Verne's extravagances of travel will find two new stories provided for them in his *From the Earth to the Moon* (translated from the French by Louis Mercier, M.A., and Eleanor King) and the *Far Country* (translated by N. d'Anvers), both published by Sampson Low and Co. Happily for authors, each year sees a new crop of readers spring up. The child who last year had only eyes for pictures can this year spell out an easy tale in small words but big letters, and the year after will have become a rapid story reader. So that M. Jules Verne and writers like him need not be afraid that their readers, like the critics, will have had enough of their humorous exaggerations.

The *Stately Homes of England*, by Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A., and S. C. Hall, F.S.A. (Virtue and Co.) The two hundred and ten engravings on wood with which this work is illustrated are in every way worthy of the narrative, and the narrative is in every way worthy of the engravings, and, both taken together, they are in every way worthy of being given away. Whether they are equally worthy of the Stately Homes which they set forth we shall prefer to leave "to the true nobility of their owners" to decide.

Trotty's Wedding Tour and Story Book, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, (Sampson Low and Co.) Some of these stories of life in the United States are pretty enough and some even are touching. Yet Miss Phelps does all she can to spoil what she can do well by her jerky and disjointed style of writing. She brings in names of people and of places, and gives no explanation as to who or what they are. Moreover she delights in phrases which may be very good American, but are very bad English.

A Manual of Domestic Economy, by J. R. Walsh, F.R.C.S. (Routledge). This is a new edition, carefully revised, of Mr. Walsh's well-known work. It is a sign of the times that "the lowest range of income to which the book extends has been raised from 100*l.* to 150*l.* a year, while the highest is now 1,500*l.*, instead of 1,000*l.*" While the book certainly contains a great deal of information, and enters very fully, among other matters, into all that relates to the healthiness of a house, we are surprised to find no signs in this revised edition that the author is acquainted with that exact and most important knowledge which has been accumulated by the officers of the Medical Department of the Local Government Board in reference to the purity of the water in the house-cistern, the proper arrangements for sinks, and the ventilation of the drain-pipes. While thousands of lives are lost yearly through the ignorance of architects and builders, in a book like this it should have been brought home to heads of families by the plainest directions how, by the expenditure of a very few pounds, two great inlets to diphtheria and typhoid fever might at once and for ever be closed.

Routledge's Every Boy's Annual (Routledge). Some of the stories in this Annual would be a great deal better if they were written in far simpler language. We trust that the somewhat arrogant title to which it lays claim is scarcely correct, as, if this is really Every Boy's Annual, we may expect in the course of a few years to find the *Daily Telegraph* Every Man's Newspaper. On the first page we have a picture of the death of Admiral Byng, and the beginning of a story by Lieutenant Low. Byng was very harshly treated, no doubt, but it was scarcely necessary, in showing how ill-used an English admiral was, to ill-use the English language at the same time. What a full course of athletic sports will in time do for boys we do not know, but we trust that they have not yet come quite so low as to read with pleasure such language as the following:—"In this category of bells I do not allude to such humble productions of human ingenuity as the household implements which lie in rows in the basement floors of all modern houses; though, doubtless, were the tongues of many such to give utterance to their feelings, they could tell some unpleasant truths of the opinions of 'their betters,' freely ventilated by the servant-kind, who 'live and move and have their being' in the kitchen, and the regions that 'thereunto adjacent lie.'" Mercutio, by the way, at his loosest, finds himself in these quotations in somewhat strange company.

Leslie's Songs for Little Folks, by Henry Leslie (Cassell and Co.) This is a collection of pretty little songs, set to very pretty airs. We hope that some day Mr. Leslie will allow a cheap edition of these songs to be published, so that the Little Folk of our elementary schools may have a chance of coming within the refining influence of such music as his.

Professor Pepper—what, by the way, is the scientific definition of a professor?—sends us four manuals entitled *Science Simplified* (Warne and Co.) He treats of chemistry, light, magnetism, and electricity. Though these are popular treatises, yet happily they show none of that carelessness which is so common in treatises written for the people. Professor Pepper knows his subject thoroughly, and has the art of putting it in such a way that his readers may know it too.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WE opened Mr. Gilpin's work on the *Mission of the North American People** with much interest, and in the anticipation of finding in it much instruction and practical information. The high position which the writer has held in that which may be called with greater propriety than Pennsylvania—in reference to geography at any rate, and to future, if not present, politics—the "Keystone State" of the Union, the very considerable reputation which he enjoys among his neighbours and fellow-citizens, and his connexion with the early history of the territory and organization of the State of Colorado, led us to anticipate from him a work which would deal in a practical temper with practical facts, and perhaps exhibit in a rational light the grounds of the extravagant hopes and the less commonly expressed anxieties with which the statesmen and thinkers of the Union contemplate the future of their country. Instead of this, we have what may be described as a geographical rhapsody; an attempt to establish from the geological formation and physical characteristics of the American continent the destiny of the United States, in the sense in which that phrase is used by Fourth of July declaimers. For example, because the formation of North America is alleged to be concave—that is, because on either side the two great mountain chains or lines run near the coasts, and the central portion of the Continent is broken by no insurmountable geographical barriers like the Himalayas, the Alps, or the Ural Mountains—it is destined to be for all time the possession, not only of a single race, but of a single empire. Mr. Gilpin ignores all the political considerations, all the distinctions of interest and character produced by situation and climate, which are nowadays so much more powerful than so-called natural frontiers in dividing nations. He forgets that slavery was not the only cause of alienation between the pure English people of the South, with the addition of Louisiana's French and Spanish blood, and the mixed population of the West, with the dominant Puritanism of New England modifying its ideas and controlling its policy. He refuses to see that nowadays mere mountain-ranges and water-channels can be crossed with almost equal ease, while race distinctions and opposing interests present greater obstacles to amalgamation than was ever the case before; or that the admixture of negroes in the South and of Chinese on the Pacific coast, with the opposite interests of the maritime and manufacturing East, the agricultural West, the mining group to which his own State belongs, and the Pacific States looking Asia-wards, as well as the wholly separate tendencies and feelings of the South, may divide America quite as effectually as the great central plains of Europe have been divided between Germans, Poles, Hungarians, and Russians. The valley of the Mississippi must, in his view, be inhabited by a single race, and ruled from a single centre; and the valley of the Mississippi includes the whole Union between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, if not Canada and the North also; and to this empire the two coast-lines—each of them larger than most Old-World monarchies—must, from their situation, be mere appendages. There is much that is very curious in his speculations upon the influence of isothermal lines in directing the course of settlement; much that is yet more entertaining in his ideas about the distribution of the precious metals, masses of which he supposes to lie, unmixed or nearly so, underneath the mountain-sides where miners are now digging out the tiny flakes they have left behind in settling down thither, just as rice leaves tiny particles floating in the water wherein it has been boiled, after the mass has settled to the bottom. His notions are illustrated by maps which are by no means without a value of their own. But neither these geographical and geological dreams, nor the absence of the political reflections we should have expected from the man whose political aptitude was shown in so adjusting the boundaries of Colorado as to make her a link between the Pacific and the Central States, which could hardly separate without tearing her in sunder, tend to give the work any real value as an illustration of the probable future of America. It is one of those eccentric rhapsodies which are often produced on paper by men who have shown no little practical capacity, elevated by the very tendencies which here find vent into something like political genius when confronted with the limited problems of practical administration.

Dr. Scadding's *Toronto of Old*† contains a good deal of curious and interesting information regarding the early history and actual monuments of a place which has risen within a century from the rank of a French trading post to that of a provincial capital of the Canadian Dominion. It is also replete with anecdotes, historical and personal, very characteristic of colonial life in its various stages, from the first advance into the wilderness down to the combination of old-world civilization with the abundance and roominess of a new country which characterizes Canada and Australia at present. But the enormous size of a volume which deals only with a single century and a single town is deterrent to ordinary readers. Even the most patriotic citizens of Toronto will, we fear, be rather proud of the book as a literary monument to the honour of their city than inclined to read it through; and

* *Mission of the North American People, Geographical, Social, and Political*. Illustrated by Six Charts, delineating the Physical Architecture and Thermal Laws of all the Continents. By William Gilpin, late Governor of Colorado. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

† *Toronto of Old: Collections and Recollections illustrative of the Early Settlement and Social Life of the Capital of Ontario*. By Henry Scadding, D.D. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co. London and New York: Routledge & Sons. 1873.

to Englishmen the notion of reading a volume of nearly six hundred pages concerning the capital of Upper Canada is hardly likely to occur as a serious possibility.

Professor Hadley's Lectures on Roman Law*, though necessarily somewhat elementary in their character, and though the law with which they deal is of course that of a period long subsequent to the date of the latest literature studied as classical at our schools and universities, may well be recommended to the attention of all students who wish to understand ordinary Roman histories or Latin authors. They trace the later *jus civile* back to its earliest origin; they show the changes which gradually took place, both as facts of legal and as incidents of political history; they explain the manner in which the edicts of the successive Prætors introduced a sort of Roman equity by a process not wholly unlike that by which our own Chancellors gradually superseded the antique feudalism which pervaded our common law; and they present a view of the method and spirit of the earliest Roman jurisprudence, as well as of its gradual development, more simple, clear, and coherent than schoolboys or undergraduates can easily gather from the best histories and dictionaries within their reach. The book is so free from technicality, so lucid and terse in its expositions, and so interesting to those who really care to understand that law which is so remarkable and so prominent a feature of Roman history, that no boy in the upper forms of our great schools will have any difficulty in understanding it, or will be disposed to repent the time he has given to its study; while it contains enough to make it a very suitable manual for the earlier studies of undergraduates who may intend afterwards to master the *corpus juris civilis* at first hand, or at any rate to obtain a more thorough knowledge of it than could be given to the law class of Yale in a course of twelve lectures.

The *Medical Jurisprudence* of Wharton and Stillé† is far too large a work to be recommended to any student of law or medicine who cannot make it the chief part of his reading in that particular subject; and this, we fear, it can never be to Englishmen, owing to the very considerable differences between English and American law. In truth, however often judges on both sides of the Atlantic may repeat the old dicta on the subject, the practical law of insanity, as now administered by juries, is a growth of the years which have elapsed since the separation between the two countries, and its development in each has been distinct and independent. Still, American and English common sense tend to much the same conclusions; English decisions are quoted in the courts of each State with more respect perhaps than those of courts in the next State; and American jurists do not hold a widely different language from our own. But in any case a young barrister having no briefs, no examination to cram for, and plenty of leisure, will gain much by a careful study of the first of these three volumes—"Wharton On Insanity"—and especially of the preface, in which the fundamental principle of the American law of insanity is expounded. Most, if not all, American States recognize two degrees of murder, according as it is with or without real (not constructive) premeditation. Now, partial insanity, or what our "mad doctors" call "irresistible moral impulse," does not exempt a man from all penalty for murder; but it is regarded as rendering him incapable of that intelligent premeditation which is essential to murder in the first degree, and saves him from capital punishment. The body of the work develops this idea—incapacity of premeditation—through the whole list of crimes and the various forms of temporary or abiding insanity. It deserves to be noted that in America (we presume, from Dr. Wharton's language, in all the States) drunkenness, when so frequent that a jury finds it "habitual," is equally with actual insanity a ground for issuing a Commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, and, in case of conviction, depriving the drunkard of the control of his property and even of his liberty; and Dr. Wharton appears to imagine that the same is the case in England—at least his language seems to bear that interpretation. As regards the invalidation of wills on the allegation of lunacy or imbecility, both the practice and the law of America seem to resemble our own; the law requiring clear proof of mental delusion affecting the subject-matter, or of weakness and undue influence, while in practice almost any "inofficious" will is liable to be set aside by a jury on pretexts which would be wholly disregarded if the will itself were approved.

Another work which touches on legal questions, though in a more popular manner, is Mr. Thompson's *Church and State in the United States*‡. The writer is unfortunately a man of strong prejudices, which appear both in the historical and the political portions of his work. The former deals with the relations of Church and State before the Revolution; and, while making the most of every charge of persecution that can be alleged against the Episcopalians of Virginia and the two States to the southward, endeavours to palliate or justify the infinitely more atrocious and more systematic severities inflicted by the Pilgrim Fathers—so ridiculously held up to admiration as champions and patterns of religious liberty—upon Quakers, Catholics, Churchmen, and dissenters of

every kind. In the latter part of the volume a similar bias against the Roman Catholics prompts the writer to menace them with the hostility of the Government and of the people, as a Church engaged in a political conspiracy against the Union; the meaning of the charge being that in America, as in our colonies, the Roman Church is a political as well as an ecclesiastical organization, and that the spiritual influence of the hierarchy enables them to direct the Catholic vote in its entirety in favour of any party which will give them what they want. The particular object on which their minds are bent, and to which their influence is devoted, in America, appears to be the extortion of endowments for hospitals, schools, and other institutions of a sectarian character; whereas all the Protestant Churches consent to work together in such matters, and the general policy and practice of the States is altogether anti-sectarian. Mr. Thompson, however, shows that the law of the States is, as a general rule, unfavourable to Churches organized on a plan other than congregational, and vehemently resents the efforts of the Romish hierarchy to evade it. The Churches there are amenable to the civil law just as are non-established sects here; that is, where property is concerned, an appeal always lies to the secular Courts, and their decision is final. Now nearly all American sects hold a great deal of settled property, but this must be held as a rule by the several congregations as incorporated bodies, or by trustees in their name. Thus the endowments of the Episcopal Church are, like those of our own Establishment, parochial, not general or diocesan; and a congregation seceding from the general body would take its endowments with it. To defeat this rule, it is the practice of the Roman Church to make the archbishop, bishop, and priest a majority of the trustees of each several congregation. However, the American Courts pay much regard to the regular decisions of established Church tribunals; and where a majority of an Episcopalian congregation have supported their pastor against a duly authorized sentence of a diocesan court, the law has held that the minority are the real representatives of the original congregation and the beneficiaries of the church trusts. Under a congregational system, the majority would generally be able to modify their creed and yet retain their chapel and its property; as was done under the Dissenters' Chapels Bill, in England, by those Presbyterian Churches which gradually lapsed into Unitarianism. Mr. Thompson's general statements and particular instances will serve to enforce on the more ignorant champions of Liberation the lesson we have often insisted upon in vain—namely, that no disestablishment can liberate a Church possessed of property from the control of the civil law, whose tribunals may even have to pronounce, practically, what is the true interpretation of its original formularies. Instances are even cited in which the State has interposed to protect citizens against the tyrannical enforcement of purely ecclesiastical sentences, such as excommunication. A case analogous to that of Mr. O'Keeffe occurred in Michigan, where a Catholic was frightened to death by the spiritual anathemas launched against him for suing his priest for moneys lent for ecclesiastical purposes; and the State Legislature passed a statute imposing a fine of from 200*l.* to 1,000*l.* on any clergyman who should threaten a church member with spiritual penalties for pursuing a civil claim.

Dr. Boyland's narrative of six months spent under the Red Cross* as a volunteer surgeon in the French army is well worth perusal on many accounts. It not only gives a lively sketch of the perils and privations encountered in such a service, and of the horrors of the battle-fields around Metz, and relates a variety of striking anecdotes concerning that memorable campaign, but it bears testimony to the disorders which prevailed both in the military and the hospital service, and contributes new evidence to the general mass of proof which has been steadily accumulating since the close of the war of the indiscipline and almost anarchy which prevailed in the Imperial army after its first defeats. Dr. Boyland also shows in how many cases the Geneva ensign was abused, sometimes by generals, sometimes by those who bore it; now sheltering movements of ammunition from place to place within reach of the enemy's guns, now protecting and securing a free passage for idlers, speculators, or mere plunderers. This being the case, we are not surprised to learn that it came in time to be almost as little respected by the enemy as by those who employed it, that ambulances were sometimes fired on, and surgeons frequently wounded and now and then captured. Only where there is thorough loyalty on both sides, and sufficient chivalry to produce mutual confidence, can a convention neutralizing particular places, persons, and conveyances in the midst of a battle-field or a beleaguered town be really effectual for their protection.

Mrs. Hooker's pamphlet, for it is little more, entitled *Womanhood*†, is a protest by a lady of the strong-minded school in favour of Mr. Mill's wild speculations, and against the Acts which have given so much offence to the shrieking sisterhood. This lady writes with much more temper and decency than most of her sect, and we are willing to believe that in the passages which deal with physiological principles, as well as in those which refer to sanitary legislation, she is chargeable with no worse offence than utter ignorance in the one case, and blind credulity in the other.

* *Introduction to Roman Law*. In Twelve Academic Lectures. By James Hadley, LL.D., late Professor of Greek Literature in Yale College. London: Sampson Low & Co.

† *Wharton and Stillé's Medical Jurisprudence*. Third Edition. Philadelphia: Tray & Brother. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1873.

‡ *Church and State in the United States; with an Appendix on the German Population*. By Joseph P. Thompson. Boston: Osgood & Co. Berlin: Leonhard Simon. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

* *Six Months under the Red Cross with the French Army*. By George Halstead Boyland, M.D., ex-Chirurgien de l'armée française. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

† *Womanhood; its Sanities and Follies*. By Isabella Beecher Hooker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

If she is, as her title-page suggests, a member of the Beecher family, we may congratulate her on having taken so very mildly the infection of recklessness and bad taste which is associated with the name.

The *Perfect Horse** is a treatise on horse-breeding, from the American point of view, which differs somewhat from the European, both in the fact that the ideal horse of the States is a trotter, not a racer, and that pasturage of the best quality is practically unlimited in the States; also, that steam has made more way, at least in the Northern States, in superseding horse-drawn for agricultural and travelling purposes.

Buttmann's *Grammar of the New Testament Greek*† is translated, with a good many corrections and additions, from the pen of the author himself, by Mr. J. B. Thayer. We mention this book here, contrary to our usual rule, because it is an authorized translation of an extremely valuable work which might not readily become known to English readers.

Among fictions the *Fair God*‡, a tale intended to describe Mexican life before the Empire of the Aztecs was overthrown, and deriving its plot and motive from the Spanish conquest, the incidents of which are closely interwoven with the story, is really novel, original, and worth reading. *What Can She Do?*§ is a tale of domestic life; the motive in this case being supplied by the sudden reduction to poverty of what we should call, as they would probably call themselves, a "genteel" rather than *gentile* family, whose mother is above all things anxious that her daughters should keep "white hands," unsoiled by work, and does not see that she is plunging them into imminent peril of far worse stains than the hardest toil can leave behind. *South Sea Idylls*||—in prose—is a collection of pretty, fanciful, not wholly natural or probable stories of Tahiti and the Pacific Isles. *The Boy's Book about Indians*¶ is a disappointment; there is a good deal about the Indians in it, but very little of that kind of adventure and enterprise which might make the book really a special possession of "boys." *A Baker's Dozen of Humorous Dialogues*** is a collection of little household comedies, which the children of a single family might well perform to amuse the leisure of their long winter evenings; some of them clever and pointed, none requiring elaborate preparation or "properties."

Saxe's *Poetical Works*†† are chiefly humorous or comic; and W. D. Howells's verses have a strong flavour of American scenery and character.‡‡ Miss Donnelly has produced half-a-dozen really vigorous and spirited pieces §§—especially those which versify the painful incidents of a civil war—and twice as many that are weak and second-rate.

* *The Perfect Horse: how to know him, how to breed him, how to train him, how to shoe him, how to drive him.* By William H. H. Murray. With an Introduction by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; and a Treatise on Agriculture and the Horse, by Hon. George B. Loring. Containing Illustrations of the best Trotting Stock-Horses in the United States, done from life, with their Pedigrees, Records, and full Descriptions. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

† *A Grammar of the New Testament Greek.* By Alexander Buttmann. Authorized Translation, with numerous Additions and Corrections, by the Author. Andover: Warren F. Draper. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *The Fair God; or, the Last of the Aztecs.* A Tale of the Conquest of Mexico. By Lew Wallace. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

§ *What Can She Do?* By Rev. E. P. Roe, Author of "Barriers Burned Away," "Play and Profit in my Garden." New York: Dodd & Mead. London: Sampson Low & Co.

|| *South Sea Idylls.* By Charles Warren Stoddard. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

¶ *The Boy's Book about Indians; being what I saw and heard for Three Years on the Plains.* By Rev. Edmund B. Tuttle, Post-Chaplain, U.S.A., Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming Territory, 1870. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

** *A Baker's Dozen: Original Humorous Dialogues.* By George M. Baker, Author of "Amateur Dramas," "The Mimic Stage," "The Social Stage," &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

†† *The Poems of John Godfrey Saxe.* Complete Edition. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

‡‡ *Poems.* By W. D. Howells. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

§§ *Out of Sweet Solitude.* By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE Message of the President of the United States to Congress confirms the statement that the Spanish Government has agreed to comply with the American demand for reparation in the matter of the *Virginius*. The conditions imposed were equitable, moderate, and consistent with the honour of Spain. The atrocity of the wholesale bloodshed of Santiago would excuse a demand for even larger concessions; but the Government of the United States has done well in treating the question as one of international law. The *Virginius* was well known to be the property of the Cuban insurgents; but nevertheless the vessel had an American register, and sailed under the American flag. The captain of the *Tornado* captured her at his own risk; and he or the authorities of Santiago were bound in the first instance to disprove by sufficient proof the presumption of American nationality, which had been accepted by the English authorities at Kingston. The summary proceedings at the trial were incompatible with a legal inquiry into the ownership and character of the vessel, and consequently the American Government is justified in claiming the surrender of the vessel as a condition precedent of any amicable arrangement. The authorities in the United States are pledged to ascertain for themselves whether the *Virginius* was entitled to the use of the American flag; and it would seem that, if the capture is proved not to have been a violation of the rights of the United States, the apologetic salute to the American flag will not be enforced. The mode of proceeding which has been adopted involves the unavoidable inconvenience of being to a certain extent founded on conventional fiction. The indignation which is justly provoked by a gross act of inhumanity finds expression in a protest against a technical breach of international law. If the Cuban insurgents had possessed and used a recognized flag, the Spanish cruiser might have seized the *Virginius* without giving offence to any neutral Power. The accident that the rebels had not attained the rank of belligerents rendered the capture irregular; but it could scarcely have affected the moral quality of the transaction but for the judicial massacre which ensued.

The telegraphic summary of the Message contains two passages relating to the affair of the *Virginius*. The President appears to have stated in the early part of the document that the dispute "is now happily in course of satisfactory adjustment in a manner honourable to both nations." If American State papers were drawn up in accordance with the diplomatic customs of other nations, it would have been thought discourteous to enter at greater length into the merits of a question which had been satisfactorily settled; but the President, emulating the candour of his predecessors, afterwards recurs at much greater length, not only to the untoward event of Santiago, but to the policy of Spain and the condition of Cuba. He perhaps remembered that the controversy was not necessarily closed with the acquiescence of the Spanish Government in the American demands. It appears more than doubtful whether the local authorities at Havannah will or can surrender the *Virginius*; and the chances are against the punishment of the Governor of Santiago and of his accomplices in the execution of the prisoners. It is evident that, if the Government of Madrid is unable to comply with its undertaking, the American government will revise its policy, and it will have acquired additional force by the fact that it will have been officially acknowledged by Spain. It is difficult to understand how even the most civilized of nations can be so weak enough to defy the power of the United States.

States, it is known that the execution of the prisoners was made the occasion of popular rejoicing, and that the strongest feelings of hostility to the United States have been expressed both at Havannah and at Santiago. Some allowance must be made for sufferers by civil war who know that for several years New York has been the base and headquarters of the Cuban insurrection. It is perfectly natural that the Spaniards should dislike the allies and abettors of their enemies; but prudence prescribes moderate language and conduct where revenge is impracticable or dangerous. If the perpetrators of the slaughter at Santiago escape with impunity, the President will undoubtedly urge upon Congress the adoption of hostile measures.

It is easier to reconcile the President's reference to the question of slavery with American usage than with the principles of international comity. The United States are not concerned in the maintenance in a neighbouring island of the institution which was abolished in their own country ten or eleven years ago. Only a few years before that time an American President publicly threatened to annex Cuba for the avowed purpose of securing the maintenance of slavery. It seems scarcely to be the business of General Grant to complain of the conduct of "slaveholders who are vainly endeavouring to stay the march of ideas which terminated slavery in Christendom, except Cuba." It may be perfectly true, though the proposition might have been stated in simpler language, that the pro-slavery party in Cuba "seizes upon many emblems of power under professions of loyalty to the mother-country. It exhausts the resources of the island, and does not act at variance with the principles of justice, instead of giving a character of nobility to the Republic." It might have been thought sufficient for the President to give a character of nobility to his own Republic, without troubling himself about the resources of an island which belongs to another nation. It may be conjectured that his invective is intended to prepare the way for armed interference in Cuba if the promises of the Spanish Government are, through colonial obstructions, not fully redeemed. It is difficult to judge how far his personal disposition to interfere is supported by public opinion. The strong language of speakers and journalists proves little; but a meeting lately held at New York to urge the adoption of vigorous measures was attended by the Governor-General Dix, and the principal speaker was Mr. EVANS. A short time must elapse before the feeling of Congress is expressed; and the policy to be ultimately adopted will probably depend on the decision of the Senate. The President has already used his legal power to the fullest extent by placing the navy on a war footing as far as the funds appropriated to the service were sufficient for the purpose. It is doubtful whether the Spanish fleet in the waters of Cuba is not superior to the despicable American force; but the result of a conflict would nevertheless be certain. If war should unhappily commence, it will end only with the complete victory of the United States.

The soundest and most prudent American politicians are doing their utmost to calm the prevailing excitement; not because they fail to sympathize with the just indignation of their fellow-citizens, but on account of the complicated inconveniences which would result from interference in Cuba. The loudest declaimers against the inhumanity of the Volunteers and of the local authorities at Santiago can scarcely affect to believe that the insurgents in the Eastern part of the island are more humane or more civilized than their adversaries. In Cuba, as in Spain, prisoners are as a general rule treated with extreme brutality;

and if an American contingent were to join the rebels, its commander would have to check the atrocities of his allies in much the same manner in which officers on the Gold Coast try to prevent their native auxiliaries from cutting off the heads of prisoners. An American intervention must be either temporary or permanent; and if it is limited in duration, it must end with the establishment of a Government of the Creoles now in insurrection, in the midst of a large number of liberated slaves, who have not acquired the rudiments of civilization. The new Republic would probably be even worse governed than the Colony; and the Government of the United States would be in a great degree responsible for its inevitable miscarriage. Sooner or later it would become necessary to resort to annexation, or, in other words, to add a million and a half of mongrel Spaniards and barbarous negroes to the governing community of the United States. It would be much better to patch up the quarrel on decent terms, and to leave to Spain the hopeless task of civilizing and governing Cuba. It may be collected from the Message that the PRESIDENT holds the contrary opinion.

THE EXETER ELECTION.

THE electors of Exeter have been informed by a local enthusiast that they have now the eyes, not only of England, but of Europe fixed on them, so intense is the interest of the whole civilized world in the momentous question who is to succeed Chief Justice COLERIDGE in the representation of the city. This may be so; but if it is so, all that can be said is that England and Europe are fixing their eyes on a very small matter. The Government will not be much helped or harmed whichever way the election turns, and the rest of the world will be still more slightly affected by it. It is an accidental election to return a member to an expiring Parliament. The contest lies between two second-rate candidates; it will be decided apparently on trivial issues, and it is being conducted with an amount of personalities, local bitterness, and bad jokes which must make a few fantastic people in Exeter wish that England and Europe would look in some other direction. Sir EDWARD WATKIN, if he represents anything, represents the railway interest, which certainly does not require strengthening in Parliament; and although the history of his Yarmouth election is now an old affair, and it would be too much to say that what he did or did not do at Yarmouth ought to disqualify him for public life, yet the memory of this Yarmouth business is a serious drawback to him. Still, of the two, he seems the better candidate. He has at least energy, fluency, good-humour, and a power of putting something into what he says. Mr. MILLS is feebleness itself. He has no opinions about anything. He keeps telling his hearers that he has a Devonshire wife, and that he thinks a man can do nothing better than obey the orders of his better half. He understands that under the present law, if two men blow their noses at the same time in church, they may be indicted for a conspiracy to annoy the parson; and if this is the law, as to which he owns he is wholly ignorant, he thinks the law of conspiracy ought to be amended. He has satisfied the publicans that they ought to vote for him by giving exactly the answers to a depuration which he saw they wanted. An amiable creature without any backbone is the spectacle which he offers to the inquiring eyes of the civilized world. Sir EDWARD WATKIN talks and laughs and flourishes away, makes the very most of himself, goes in for every popular hobby, offers to give Mr. ARCH twenty acres of land in Cheshire at a nominal rent, describes the steps he has taken to get nice houses built for railway servants, and always shows himself capable of reaching the highest standard of Exeter bad jokes. The kind of thing that delights the electors of Exeter and makes them so pleased to think that England and Europe are looking at them is after this fashion. Sir EDWARD WATKIN talks so much better than Mr. MILLS that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, on behalf of Mr. MILLS, thought it necessary to lessen the effect of his superiority by calling him a parrot, while he likened Mr. MILLS to that quiet, meek, but excellent bird, a partridge. To this Sir EDWARD WATKIN replied, that if it came to talking of birds, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE might remember that there was such a bird as an owl, and also such a bird as a goose; and finally, after a long criticism of Sir STAFFORD's public career and style of oratory, he got to calling him a

chirrupy, weak-headed bullfinch. Perhaps it might be thought that at Exeter, with the world looking at it, this would seem in rather doubtful taste. Not in the least. This is the regular Exeter style. Mr. BOWMAN, who has sat for Exeter for five years, and who came down specially, though suffering from illness, to help Sir EDWARD WATKIN, and who must know what his constituents like, and who being in a state of debility could not have made elaborately bad jokes without an effort, went on in this style through the whole of a long speech. He accommodated himself heart and soul to Exeter, and offered what this cynosure of neighbouring eyes really likes. He described a Tory alderman as a trusty Tory, or at least as a Turnpike Trustee Tory. He spoke of the policy of the Conservatives in waiting to see what lies hid in the pigeon-holes of their predecessors in office as not exactly a Brummagem, but a Rummagem, policy. There is certainly no harm in such sallies, and as candidates must stoop to conquer, it is enough excuse to say that such is the price of victory at Exeter; but it is absurd to describe a contest fought with arms like these as a battle of the giants.

Imperial politics occupy but a very small part of the attention of the Exeter candidates. There is indeed very little to say about them at present. Constituencies are sick of hearing Mr. GLADSTONE abused and praised. What he has done has been criticized until criticism can do no more, and what he is going to do nobody knows. If any question of Imperial interest is touched on at Exeter, it is treated from what may be termed the village pot-house point of view. All discussion on the Ashantee war has become absorbed into the one issue as to which party is responsible for the official career of Mr. POPE HENNESSY. You sent him to the Gold Coast, is the Conservative cry. But you first sent him to Labuan, is the Liberal retort. So utterly are the candidates out of the range of general politics that Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN was had down special to give tone and dignity to the proceedings on the Liberal side. Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN is a man with a mission, and his mission is to be in love with the Ministry. He sees no imperfections or shortcomings in the object of his affections. He is capable of writing sonnets to Mr. GLADSTONE'S eyebrows. He thinks Mr. LOWE never made any mistakes. He honestly considers the Zanzibar Contract a very creditable piece of business. Such a man is not often found, and when found it is natural that Government Whips should make a note of him, and send him down to far-away places like Exeter, where his romantic enthusiasm and innocent admiration may be supposed to be calculated to make some impression. To such a man, with such a mind, Mr. DISRAELI'S speech at Glasgow must have been inexpressibly painful. What lover could stand hearing it said that his mistress limped and wore false hair? At Exeter Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN accordingly burst into a long denunciation of Mr. DISRAELI; and that there is much to be said against Mr. DISRAELI no one knows better than Mr. DISRAELI himself. But Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN dealt one blow which strikes with more painful force on the hearers and readers of the Glasgow speeches than even on Mr. DISRAELI. He tried to take our pink fly from us. He declares that Mr. LOWE never said anything about a pink fly at all; and he appeals to *Hansard*, the pages of which he has, he says, searched through in vain for anything that could justify Mr. DISRAELI'S playful sentence. We can only remark with the French historian, so much the worse for the facts and for *Hansard*. At Exeter it will probably make no difference whether Mr. DISRAELI'S jokes are justified or not. They are not in the Exeter line, where a different sort of fun is found more comforting. What the Exeter elector really cares about is not the Ashantee war, or Mr. LOWE'S blunders, or the doings of Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. DISRAELI, but the abolition of Schedule D of the Income-tax. If only he could get enough jokes made for him of the Trustee Tory and chirrupy bullfinch calibre—jokes that he can catch easily, and that seem calculated to give pain to some one he knows personally—and if at the same time he could make his little profits without having to pay anything on them, the Exeter voter would be a happy man. It is needless to say that both candidates fall in with his views in a spirit of delightful promptitude. Mr. MILLS thinks the best way is that no one should pay any Income-tax at all, although he modestly owns that it has struck him, so far as anything can be said to strike him, that this would cause a hole in the revenue which it would take a clever man to fill up. But then it is not his business

to try to think how clever men would fill up holes, and so he can go heartily with the Exeter shopkeepers and agree that there should be no Income-tax. Sir EDWARD WATKIN knows too much of finance and is too accustomed to business to talk in this way. He is not the sort of man to own that if he makes a hole he cannot fill it up. All he asks is to be allowed to make the hole after his own pattern, and to take the soil to fill it up wherever he can find it handy. He thinks that those people who do not grumble at the Income-tax, or who do not make their grumblings heard, should go on paying; but that discontented people like shopkeepers should cease to pay. This is the hole he digs, and then he fills it up by suggesting that there should be increased duties levied on the inheritance of real estate. This is a great stroke of art. It opens a sort of heavenly vision to the growling shopkeeper, and a parrot who suggests that an Exeter tradesman should not only pay no more Income-tax, but should also enjoy the spectacle of seeing a neighbouring county gentleman pay instead of him, may well expect to be thought a parrot worth a hundred partridges.

Sometimes, however, simplicity is wisdom, and Mr. MILLS has apparently got the licensed victuallers by merely saying Yes and No in the right places to their representatives; while Sir EDWARD WATKIN has lost them by resorting to an ingenious contrivance and attempting to get the Temperance people at the same time. He proposed that the whole subject of how much people ought to drink, and when, should be referred to a Committee of the House of Commons. Sir EDWARD WATKIN has been in Parliament, and knows what becomes in real life of subjects referred to a Parliamentary Committee; but how could he expect that humble Exeter voters should know anything of the sort? However, he miscalculated, and beer will have nothing to do with him. On the other hand he has got the railway servants, who have naturally been taken by the contrast between two pictures—one of the North-Western Board of Directors, of whom Mr. MILLS was then one, sternly refusing all compensation to the family of a most excellent guard who was killed by one of their engines; and the other of Sir EDWARD WATKIN, as Chairman of the Manchester and Sheffield Line, immediately on a guard having been killed, directing inquiries to be made and a handsome sum given to his bereaved family. The Bristol and Exeter Directors happen, it is said, to be mostly Conservatives, and anxious Liberals suspect that servants of this Company may possibly be exposed to some pressure. But, as Mr. EDGAR BOWRING explained, this will not signify. It is the beauty of the Ballot, as he told his humble friends, that a man may promise to vote Conservative, and then really vote Liberal. He will thus at once outwit his master and keep his conscience clear; and this is certainly a very considerable result for a mere piece of political machinery like the Ballot to have effected. In fact, except to the publicans, whom he just missed by a little over-finesse, Sir EDWARD WATKIN has made himself pleasant all round. It is needless to say that he is perfectly ready to give the franchise any day to women and agricultural labourers. There is nothing which the jovial type of Liberal would not give to any one. But Sir EDWARD WATKIN did more. He set himself to think what the actual women he had to deal with, the "ladies" who were waving their handkerchiefs to him, really cared about, and he was sharp enough to know that the franchise was not the uppermost thought in their agitated breasts. What they cared infinitely more about was the high price of coals and meat. He showed himself prepared to meet their views, and in fact it is impossible to conceive any one who could influence an election wanting anything without Sir EDWARD WATKIN being able to tell him or her how to get it. He explained to his fair listeners that coals might be made cheap by abolishing the law of entail, and meat might be made cheap by compelling landlords to compensate tenants for unexhausted improvements. This was not very philosophical perhaps, but it probably sounded to some willing ears as if it showed that by the simple expedient of Sir EDWARD WATKIN being returned for Exeter every scuttle would be filled and sirloins sold as cheap as shinbones. Perhaps, too, it may be said that exhibitions of jovial Liberalism are not very creditable to the party that seeks to profit by them. But then exhibitions of nerveless Conservatism are not more creditable; and the truth probably is, that an expensive contest for a seat that can only secure a place in Parliament for a few months is not very attractive to men of any kind of

mark. We have the comfort, at any rate, of thinking that on Tuesday next the contest will be settled one way or the other, and then we may rest our wearied eyes a little, and relax the tension of our gaze at Exeter.

FRANCE.

IF the Duke of BROGLIE's term of office lasts long enough, he seems likely to reject as a Minister every principle that he defended when in Opposition. Since the 24th of May he has been doing his utmost to discredit Parliamentary government. He has allowed an Assembly which is apparently at issue with its constituents to decide how France shall be governed for the next seven years, and it was only the Count of CHAMBRON that prevented him from allowing it to re-establish the Monarchy. He has not thought it incompatible with his former professions to proclaim that his countrymen are unfit to govern themselves, and that they ought to be thankful to Providence for ordaining that they shall be governed by a chance medley of deputies chosen for a different purpose. The political laws, which are to be discussed before the Constitutional laws—if indeed the latter ever reach a stage at which they can be discussed—have already furnished him with an opportunity of carrying the process of recantation a stage further. To the Duke of BROGLIE local self-government was once an object of almost as much reverence as Parliamentary government itself. The Orleanist Liberals were accustomed under the Empire to preach decentralization as a panacea for political disorders, and no longer ago than when M. THIERS was President it was only by the threat of resignation that he could induce the majority of the Assembly to assent to a law which gave the President of the Republic the right of nominating the mayors of the larger towns. The attitude of the majority upon this point was consistent and statesmanlike. The Government had just suppressed a formidable insurrection, and it had been enabled to do so in part by the accident that the Assembly was sitting at Versailles. This fact had impressed the majority with a keen sense of the importance of building up a power outside Paris which should be strong enough to prevent a momentary revolution in the capital from imposing itself as a matter of course upon the whole country. It was an object which had all along commended itself to outside observers. The changes of Government which France has undergone during the present century would never have been so frequent but for the smallness of the area in which the conflict that put down one and set up another had to be fought out. Even a NAPOLEON could not have made himself master of France in a day, had anything else been required except to make himself master of Paris. In that lucid interval of French Conservatism which lasted for about a year after the conclusion of peace the majority of the Assembly seemed to understand this. They went far ahead of M. THIERS, who represented the old centralizing tradition so dear to French Governments of every shade, and showed a real, though momentary, anxiety to foster political life in the extremities as well as in the centre.

By and by this new-born enlightenment was subjected to the test which sooner or later awaits all such manifestations. The majority found that it was one thing to diffuse a new spirit throughout the country, and another to secure its operating in the precise way which those who had called it into existence wished. The Communes had been left free to elect their own Mayors, in the expectation that the Prefects would by this means obtain more hearty and intelligent co-operation. Instead of this the Mayors have, in a great number of instances, refused to co-operate with the Prefect on any terms. The majority in the Assembly had meant to strengthen the hands of the Central Government by means of a spontaneous outburst of Conservatism in the provinces, and now it turns out that the only spontaneous outburst to be had is an outburst of Republicanism. Conservatives have been sorely put to it to account for this unpleasant fact. So long as M. THIERS was in power they set it down to the weakness of the Government in retaining M. GAMBETTA's prefects. Now they have tried what can be done by changing prefects, but things are as bad as ever. Republican candidates are still returned at every election, in spite of all that the officials can do to prevent it, and to the imagination of a French Conservative this is nothing short of anarchy. It is never pleasant to have to admit that the country

is against you, and the majority have preferred to find the explanation in their own policy of decentralization. It is the elected Mayors who are at the bottom of all the mischief. The machinery of Government cannot work unless the Prefect has a colleague—a colleague in heart as well as in functions—in every commune. It is a little difficult to reconcile this theory with the doctrine that, if it were not for Paris and a few other mutinous cities, France would be a Conservative paradise; but no practical politician will set logical consistency above utility, and when a particular end has to be attained, the question is not whether such or such means are in harmony with the previous declarations of those who mean to use them, but whether, if used, they will answer their purpose. The Duke of BROGLIE has not been above the temptation to reason in this way. Probably he still believes that decentralization is the true policy, and that in proportion as France learns to criticize and influence the acts of the Central Government, instead of simply acquiescing in them, the political fabric will rest on a sounder, because on a broader, basis. But he holds this belief with one unexpressed exception—provided that the Government to be criticized and influenced is not his own. During the time that he himself is in power the work of decentralization must be suspended, and a provisional law passed by which in the chief town of every department, arrondissement, and canton, the Mayors and their assistants will be nominated by the President, and in all other communes by the Prefect. The appointments will ordinarily be made from among the members of the Municipal Council, but whenever a Mayor shall resign or be dismissed, the nomination of his successor will not be subject to this restriction. It is hoped that when concord has thus been secured between the Prefects and the Mayors, the terrible results of the recent elections will not be again witnessed.

The Duke of BROGLIE will probably find that, in order to make the game safe, he ought to have gone a great deal further in the same direction. It is true that the scandal of a Prefect and a Mayor supporting rival candidates will be prevented; but what, after all, is this to the scandal of a Mayor being continually in opposition to the majority of his own Council? Antagonism between two officials may be an accident, but antagonism between an official appointed by the President or the Prefect and a Council elected by the inhabitants is tantamount, when it is a matter of constant occurrence, to a confessed antagonism between the Government and the nation. What the Duke of BROGLIE really wants is to suppress the free action of opinion until such time as it has become Right Centre; and to do this, he ought to have brought in a Bill to abolish partial elections to the Assembly, and to suspend Municipal Councils until farther notice. The boldness of such a proposal might have conciliated the Right, and there is no reason to suppose that the section of the Left Centre which deserts its colours in every critical division would have departed from its usual custom because the draft on its credulous timidity was a little larger than usual. Perhaps, however, the Duke merely holds this stronger measure in reserve. On Thursday he frankly told the Assembly that the state of siege which is now maintained in twenty-one departments will be continued until the Government has been furnished with all the powers it requires. These powers must apparently be of a kind to raise France to some point of ideal perfection which as yet exists nowhere but in the Duke of BROGLIE's mind. Commonplace politicians have been struck with the order and tranquillity which has everywhere prevailed under circumstances of a very exceptional and exciting character. An underhand attempt at a Restoration has been defeated only by the virtual refusal of the principal agent to have any hand in it, while the scheme for setting up a dictatorship as the next best thing to a monarchy has hitherto completely succeeded. In neither case was the country asked to give an opinion upon matters of the utmost moment to its political and social future; and in both cases the reason why its opinion was not asked was the certainty that it would be adverse to the designs of the accidental holders of power. Yet, notwithstanding these motives for irritation, France has never been more tranquil than under the rule of Marshal MACMAHON. This seeming inconsistency can only be set down to one of two causes; either the majority of the French people, confident that they must have their way in the end, are resolved to keep the peace, or the powers already possessed by Marshal MACMAHON are sufficient to ensure its being kept. Either way

there can be no reason for extending the state of siege over the whole of France, which is in effect what the Duke of BROGLIE asks leave to do.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

THE gallant exploits of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY and his officers against the Ashantees suggest a feeling of regret and surprise that the General was sent out six weeks in advance of his army. A few years ago GARIBOLDI conquered Naples by entering the city in a postchaise, two or three marches in advance of his handful of troops; but the King of ASHANTEE can scarcely be expected to be as sensitive to public opinion and to fear of personal danger as the King of NAPLES. It had been conjectured that the despatch of the troops from England was delayed not merely that they might arrive at the least unhealthy part of the year, but rather to give time for the construction of a military road from the coast to the banks of the Prah; but it seems that only a few miles of the road have been completed; and it is difficult to procure sufficient native labour, in consequence of the fear that the working Fantees may be cut off by the enemy. A few English regiments could have afforded the protection which is required; and it is probable that with a trustworthy force of adequate strength Sir GARNET WOLSELEY might have intercepted the retreat of the main body of Ashantees. In the meantime he has probably displayed prudence as well as daring by his immediate and successful activity. With a few West India troops, aided by marines and sailors from the fleet, he has fought several petty actions, with the object, and probably with the effect, of satisfying friendly and hesitating natives of the superiority of the English arms. As is usual in modern warfare, every little expedition is accompanied by zealous and fearless members of the new profession of War Correspondents. The spirit with which the historians of the campaign collect information under fire is not less worthy of public recognition than the clearness and apparent accuracy of their narratives. They all bear testimony to the gallantry of officers, soldiers, and sailors, and to the utter pusillanimity of the native allies. Of late indeed there seem to be some faint signs of improvement, and possibly even Fantees may begin to fight when they are assured of victory. It is hoped that some of the more warlike tribes in the interior may take the opportunity of revenging themselves on the Ashantees for former wrongs; and the auxiliaries whom Captain CLOVER was to raise may perhaps become serviceable; but if any decisive result is to be obtained, it must be effected by English troops. If only the road to the Prah were completed, there could be little doubt of the feasibility of a march on Coomassie.

The General has naturally great difficulty in obtaining accurate information of the force or the plans of the enemy. At one time it was announced that the Ashantees were in full retreat, and some regret was felt that they should not have had sufficient temerity to wait for the arrival of the troops from England. It has since appeared that they retain their positions in the neighbourhood of Dunqua, where Colonel FESTING had again attacked them, unfortunately at the cost of the life of a gallant young officer. A large force had the audacity to attack a town or village called Abtrakampa, although it was held by an English officer with a few West India soldiers. The General himself thought it worth while to relieve the fortress in person, and his arrival with a reinforcement deprived the assailants of any chance of success. As might have been expected, the besiegers were unable to cross the open space which surrounded the town; but, on the other hand, the garrison could not prudently advance into the bush. The attack seems to have been made in resentment for some hostile action on the part of the chief of the place; and he is indebted to his English allies for the repulse of the enemy. On the whole, the prospects are more cheerful than at the outbreak of the war, when Cape Coast Castle itself was threatened, and when the enemy had free access to all other parts of the coast. The Commander-in-Chief indeed considers that he has done more than he could have expected within the short time since his arrival on the coast. Even before the arrival of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, the English officers on the coast had begun to take the offensive; and in all the skirmishes which have occurred the enemy has had the worst of the struggle. The least satisfactory

part of the recent transactions consists in the excessive risk of life which is incurred by officers in command of native levies. They are easily distinguishable by the enemy's marksmen, and they are liable at any moment to be deserted by their men. It may be presumed that some miscalculation had originally been made at home; for it can never have been intended that a little war on almost equal terms should precede the more serious campaign.

According to a story which, if it is true, illustrates the fantastic restrictions to which barbarians voluntarily submit, Sir GARNET WOLSELEY'S letter cannot have reached the King of ASHANTEE, because a Royal messenger can only travel on the high road, which is at present blocked by English detachments. It is highly probable that such a form, if it is nominally established, is practically evaded by some convenient fiction, and that the English overtures are perfectly well known at Coomassie. A favourable answer, immediately preceding the arrival of the regiments from England, would be not a little embarrassing. The terms which have been offered to the King are not at present known; but even if he is ready to accept all the conditions which are dictated by the General, there will be almost insuperable difficulties in taking security for the performance of any contract which may be made. There are perhaps moral objections to continuing a war after the submission of the enemy; but the real object of the present expedition is not so much to punish aggression as to convince the invader that he is unable to resist an English army. The demonstration will scarcely be brought home by any treaty which can be devised to the minds of the King and his subjects; whereas the capture of Coomassie would satisfy the West African world of the irresistible power of England. There seems reason to believe that the Ashantees have up to a late period affected to have no quarrel with England; and, now that they have probably exhausted the resources of the country, they may perhaps not be unwilling to retire within their own territory. African kings and chiefs are in the habit of taking hostages for the performance of treaties; but hostages would offer no security to a civilized Power, which would not, in the event of the breach of a treaty, put hostages to death. A formal surrender of all claims on Elmina, and of pretensions to the Fantee territory, will naturally be exacted, if any treaty is at present concluded; but, on the whole, it would perhaps be better that the King of ASHANTEE should either refuse compliance or abstain from taking any notice of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY'S letter. The alarmists have of late ceased to accumulate proofs that an attack on the Ashantee dominions is impracticable. At the same time the controversy as to the future policy which is to be adopted is fortunately suspended. All parties feel that the experience which will be acquired in the ensuing campaign will throw much light on the possibility and expediency of maintaining a protectorate on the Gold Coast. The Fantees are probably not aware of the extent to which their indolence and cowardice may affect their future fortunes. If they are incapable of being taught to defend themselves, it is not improbable that they may be hereafter left to the mercy of their hereditary enemies.

There can be no doubt that the Government, which has the best means of information, is thoroughly convinced of the necessity of prosecuting the war to a successful conclusion. The Colonial Minister can only act with the sanction of his chief, and Mr. GLADSTONE has, in addition to his hearty dislike for war, an immediate reason for objecting to the pending expedition, if it had not become inevitable. When the PRIME MINISTER assumed the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, he must have intended to render his administration memorable by some great financial achievement. Several of his colleagues would have been competent in ordinary times to conduct the business of the department; but Mr. GLADSTONE has no rival in financial genius. The surplus which would have facilitated any changes that might have been proposed must already have been endangered, if it has not been appropriated to the purposes of the war. An incidental discussion lately showed that the hire of a single transport for a year might cost the sum of 15,000*l.*; and the provision of shipping for the troops and stores is only one among innumerable items of expense. The medical and sanitary contrivances of modern military administration are highly valuable, and at the same time extremely expensive; and generally it may be said that every modern improvement has tended to make war dearer. It is undoubtedly right that no cost should be spared which may ensure victory and diminish the sacrifice of life. Soldiers

are incomparably the most expensive of all munitions of war; and it would be a foolish policy to fight savages on equal terms, instead of profiting by the mechanical superiority of civilization. Improved rifles and rockets offer a legitimate advantage in a contest with African warriors.

FROHSDORF AND SALZBURG.

A HISTORY of what went on in French Monarchical circles during August and the two following months has just been written by some one who was evidently a party to many of the principal transactions, and who knew perfectly well what was going on. It is of course written in the spirit of a partisan, and that it is a furious Orleanist who is the narrator is apparent at every page. Of the greatness and goodness of the Count of PARIS and of his brother and uncles, and of the genius, patriotism, and varied energy of the leaders of the Right Centre, he never wears. On the other hand, M. THIERS is the worst and most faithless of men, and everything done by any member of the Left shows a settled determination to ruin France. The country, too, is left out of consideration throughout, except as something to which a blessing like that of Monarchy may be conveniently given, and every manifestation that the country did not wish for a Monarchy is dismissed with contempt as an idle manoeuvre of the friends of anarchy. For any purpose except as a record of what went on in the inner regions of the Monarchical party the book is valueless; but for this purpose it is valuable; and it throws much light on the curious series of events which began in the meeting of the cousins at Frohsdorf, and ended with the manifesto of Salzburg. It is not exactly a new revelation, but the writer explains fully and authoritatively that the visit of the Count of PARIS was the fulfilment of an undertaking which he had given on behalf of himself and his family in return for the vote of the Legitimist majority in the Assembly by which the law condemning the ORLEANS Princes to exile was rescinded. What the writer wishes to show is that the Count of PARIS kept to his part of the bargain honourably and punctually, and this we think may be said to be established. The Count of PARIS abandoned altogether the position of a possible rival. He presented his homage to the chief of his House, and he made no reservation, insisted on no conditions, and in fact threw away the whole political principles of his father and grandfather at the feet of the man whom they had kept from his throne. There is no reason to doubt that in doing this the Count of PARIS honestly thought that he was doing the best he could for his country as well as for himself. Monarchy is in France a very tender plant, and after two Republics and the Second Empire it is not likely to thrive if its stem is divided. At any rate the partisans of the Count of CHAMBRORD must allow that the Count of PARIS did handsomely what he had engaged to do; but whether it was wise in him to fetter himself from the outset by a bargain, and to let his submission to his cousin seem, not a spontaneous act dictated by political sagacity, but the consideration for a vote rescinding the law of exile, is another matter. It seems to be the fate of the ORLEANS family that they shall think wisely, and act fairly, and be reasonable and thoughtful and rich, and make a good figure in the world, but never carry France with them. The significance of the reconciliation of the two branches of the BOURBONS was likely to be much lessened, and the respect for the sacrifice made by the younger Prince considerably impaired, when it was known that it was all a matter of barter, and that the Count of PARIS and his family had, as it were, discounted this sacrifice, and that it had enabled them to enjoy for a couple of years the pleasure of holding a high station in France, of benefiting by their vast possessions, and of substantiating their enormous claims.

The eminent Orleanist, however, who writes this volume makes it quite clear that, if the consequence of the visit of the Count of PARIS to Frohsdorf was that there was one Orleanist the less, there were a great many left behind, and that they were determined that there should be no Monarchy unless it were a constitutional one, with the tricolour as its flag. It was men with these views who were at the bottom of the movement for a Monarchical vote. It was they who approached the moderate Legitimists, and inspired them with the conviction that, if there was to be a King, it must be a King of the ORLEANS type. There was never any intention on the part

of those who had the conduct of the movement that there should be the white flag and the *ancien régime* and the supremacy of the clergy, and all the terrible things that frightened French Liberals when they heard of the project to put the chief of the Legitimists on the throne. The Dukes of AUDISSET-PASQUIER and DECAZES were the leading spirits, and they were in complete accord not only with their own immediate followers, but with a large body of the Legitimists. It is the consciousness of this which has made them so sore at the treatment which they then received and have since received at the hands of the Liberals. They were fighting as hard as they could for Liberal principles, and making the adoption of these principles the indispensable condition of a Restoration, and all the time they were being abused as the tools of the clergy, as meditating the revival of serfdom, and as forgetful of the old glories of the tricolour flag. Their actions were, as they think, unjustifiably misconstrued; and to a great extent this is true, and it is quite right that one of their party should now come forward to tell the whole story and to set them right in the eyes of France. That they all along meant to ask for something which it was not very probable they should obtain, and which in point of fact they did not obtain, does not at all throw any doubt on the wisdom of those who said that they must take the Legitimist Restoration as a whole and look at its very serious consequences at home and abroad. The country was dead against anything like a Legitimist Restoration, and those who represented the popular feeling were quite right in saying that the Restoration meant, in the minds of those most eager and likely to profit by it, a revenge for 1789. The Orleanist writer is obliged to own that the attitude assumed by the clergy was enough to terrify those who did not know the real character of the movement. But it is equally true that the movement was essentially an Orleanist one, and that those who were most anxious to secure a Restoration, and who were taking the practical steps by which they hoped to make it possible, had no other idea than that of setting up a Monarchy like that which exists in Belgium. They did not separate themselves from the Count of PARIS, or censure him for throwing himself without reserve into the arms of the Count of CHAMBORED, but they were determined not to follow his example. If they were going to give away a kingdom, they resolved that it should be given only on their own terms, and those terms were that the heir of CHARLES X. should behave exactly as if he were the heir of LOUIS PHILIPPE.

They had good reason to believe that they had succeeded. M. CHESNELONG went as their representative to Salzburg, and he reported that the Count of CHAMBORED was ready to make all necessary concessions. The evidence adduced by the writer of this volume seems to show incontestably that the Count backed out of an engagement into which he had entered, and that he backed out of it in a very unhandsome manner. M. CHESNELONG had several conversations with him, and the Count agreed that there should be a Constitution discussed between persons specially authorized to act for him on the one hand and the Assembly on the other, and that he would waive the question of the flag, salute the tricolour when he arrived in France, and would merely reserve to himself the right of proposing at some future time to the Assembly that some alteration in the flag should be made. M. CHESNELONG took the precaution of putting down in writing the results of his conversations with the Count, and before leaving Salzburg he got the Count to read over what he had written and approve it as an accurate statement of what had passed. But scarcely had M. CHESNELONG arrived in Paris when dark hints began to appear in certain journals that M. CHESNELONG was mistaken, and that the Count had not made the concessions which it was reported he had made, and that, in fact, M. CHESNELONG's mission had been entirely in vain. The curious thing was that these mysterious assertions appeared not only in the columns of the extreme Legitimist organs, but also in those of a Liberal paper. At first the leaders of the Monarchical movement treated these assertions with contempt. They had got the notes of M. CHESNELONG as approved by the Count, and people less well informed might gossip as they pleased. But at length the statements that there was something wrong at Salzburg got so definite and persistent that the confidence of the Orleanists was shaken, and they felt that there was no possibility of going further unless the Count himself issued a manifesto putting an end to all uncertainty. He

did issue such a manifesto, and it was the death-blow of their hopes; and not only did he do this, but he did it in a manner as mortifying and insulting to those who were working for him as possible. He took care that it should be published in a newspaper before they could get any tidings of its contents; and he did it in the shape of a letter to M. CHESNELONG, whom he had thrown overboard, and with whose communications the letter was in direct opposition; and the letter was so worded that the reader would necessarily think that, if M. CHESNELONG had ever reported that the Count was ready to make concessions, he was stating what was wholly untrue. No wonder that this eloquent draper exclaimed that he appealed from the King to God. The writer of this volume naturally asks how it happened that the Count came thus to change his mind and deny his envoy; and after much consideration the result arrived at is that the Countess of CHAMBORED was at the bottom of the mystery; that she heard what the Count had authorized M. CHESNELONG to say, that she at once found means of setting a portion of the Paris press to prophesy that the whole negotiation would fail, and then applied herself to fulfilling her own prophecy. Why should she have done this? The writer of this volume politely sees the reason in the excess of her conjugal affection. When the time of his leaving the safety and humble state of exile for a throne really seemed to have come, she was overwhelmed with two horrible fears—the fear lest after he had become King he should be assassinated, and the fear lest amid the splendours of the Tuileries, and the fascinations of Court beauties, his faithful heart should begin to wander. This may be only an idle fancy of the writer; but if it has any foundation, it is a curious instance of how small are the things that affect the destiny of nations; and it will be a sort of melancholy consolation to Legitimist French ladies to know that it was their pretty faces which made impossible the restoration of the Monarchy for which they are pining.

POLITICS AND MORALS IN NEW YORK.

THE financial crisis in the United States, and the excitement arising out of the capture of the *Virginias*, have, even in New York, diverted public attention from the results of two trials which nevertheless possess political importance. The murderer of the notorious Fisk has at last, on a conviction for murder in the third degree, been sentenced to imprisonment for four years. The man STOKES was originally an associate of Fisk, whom, on the ground of a private quarrel, he deliberately and publicly assassinated at an hotel in New York. The verdict of the jury, though it was entirely inconsistent with the evidence, nevertheless indicated a kind of perverted moral judgment. They half-consciously assumed that the issue before them involved, not only the act of STOKES, but the character of his victim. In a well-governed community rascals are not allowed to take the law into their own hands by putting one another, however deservedly, to death. In the particular case STOKES killed Fisk, not because Fisk was a swindling reprobate, but because he was the successful rival of STOKES for the favour of a mistress worthy of both. The jury apparently thought that no later opportunity would occur for the utterance of a moral censure on one of the most abandoned of mankind. A partial condonation of the guilt of his murderer seemed to be the only practical method of expressing the opinion that Fisk, with all his wealth and popularity, was nevertheless a social outlaw. The conviction of TWEED and the severe sentence of imprisonment for twelve years will be regarded by the respectable citizens of New York with more unqualified satisfaction. It remains to be seen whether the party which has lately recovered its predominance in the State will have the power or the inclination to relieve the popular demagogue from the merited consequences of his guilt. Even if the Governor should yield to the representations which he will certainly have to encounter, the honest part of the community will be reassured by the knowledge that the court and jury have done their duty. When the Constitution of the State was lately remodelled, the vicious practice of electing judges by popular suffrage was unfortunately retained; but perhaps the members of the judicial bench may at present feel that they are on their trial, and that they are especially bound to efface by their conduct the memory of recent scandals. A former prosecution of TWEED failed through the success of a sheriff, who was a satellite of the prisoner, in packing the jury-panel. On

the recent occasion it would appear that effectual precautions were taken against the repetition of the fraud. The apologists of American institutions are entitled to take credit for the ultimate retribution which has fallen on the perpetrator of crimes which were at the same time outrageous and characteristic.

It was the peculiar mission of TWEED to illustrate by an extreme case the moral and political consequences of universal suffrage. His respectable countrymen may fairly boast that the democratic system which rendered his frauds possible has finally provided the means of redress and punishment. Unfortunately no law can reach the accomplices who connived at TWEED's villainies when they were only suspected, and approved of them when they were fully exposed. Unless a criminal conviction disqualifies a member of the State Legislature, TWEED is still a Senator of New York. His last re-election immediately followed the discovery that he had embezzled for himself and others enormous sums belonging to the city. A dozen years ago TWEED became bankrupt as a small shopkeeper in New York; and since that time he has never been known to pursue any lawful occupation by which he could have accumulated a competence. Having failed in retail trade, he took to politics, and more immediately to the municipal business of the city. Having made himself popular with the rabble, and especially with the Irish voters, he became an Alderman of the city and a Senator of the State; and he at the same time became conspicuous for the lavish splendour of his establishment, and for his profuse benefactions to his humbler supporters. His admirers boastfully pointed to TWEED's stables as exceeding in magnificence the mansions of many wealthy citizens; and the impudence with which he displayed his ill-gotten wealth increased the enthusiasm with which he was regarded by his clients. It is perhaps a redeeming feature in TWEED's malpractices that he can scarcely be said to have committed a breach of trust. Sympathetic colleagues and applauding followers were perfectly aware that the colossal fortune which excited their reverential envy was exclusively derived from plunder of public funds; but the needy multitude felt no compunction for the spoliation of the taxpayers, who on their part both regarded the extortion of a tribute as an inevitable necessity, and cultivated a feeling of amusement at the cynical audacity of the triumphant and genial demagogue. The most rapacious of speculators was from policy, and perhaps from inclination, open-handed to the poor; and the majority, which, according to some political theorists, is incapable of oppression or injustice, valued TWEED as the conduit-pipe through which they received a share of the superfluities of their neighbours. As the constituency was the sole source, not only of political influence but of judicial power, TWEED with a just prescience raised some of his most unscrupulous accomplices to the judicial bench. The names of BARNARD and CARDOZO will long be remembered as patrons of the criminal class, and as invaluable confederates of more ambitious swindlers.

During the reign of TWEED the city of New York was practically an Irish Republic, administered on the principles which might be expected to prevail in such a commonwealth. The town was ill-paved, ill-lighted, and insufficiently protected by the police, at a cost, as far as could be ascertained, of 6,000,000*l.* or 7,000,000*l.* a year. The governing body consisted of beer-shop-keepers and persons of a similar station, with a sprinkling of prizefighters; and the more respectable Democratic politicians of the city and State were compelled to ally themselves for political purposes with TWEED and his associates. The ringleader himself never assumed the office of Mayor, which was habitually reserved for some more presentable member of the party, not directly implicated in pecuniary fraud. The inner circle of managers helped themselves almost at discretion to shares in the vast sums which they administered. The particular frauds which were afterwards proved were probably only casual specimens of their ordinary practice; yet, even if the rest of their career had been perfectly pure, the embezzlements of which they were ultimately convicted would remain without a precedent in magnitude and audacity. The *New York Times*, which has since rewarded itself for its patriotic energy by discountenancing all inquiry into the irregularities of Republican officials, commenced three years ago an active investigation into the outlay on a County Hall which had been erected under the superintendence of the city gang. It was shown that tradesmen had been encouraged to prefer absurd and impossible demands on condition of dividing the proceeds

with TWEED and their other paymasters. According to the official statements, the County Hall had been plastered at a cost of half a million sterling, and it had been provided with sumptuous carpets which would have served to cover the area of the city park. Nevertheless the floors were bare, or in parts covered with cheap substitutes for the carpets, of which a part had been supplied, not to the County Hall, but to a new hotel which TWEED had established. The Mayor and the Controller had been more or less privy to the frauds, though the Mayor was not supposed to have shared in the profits of the transaction. The detailed exposure of the monstrous robberies of the dominant faction provoked an indignation which had been dormant when it was but generally known that TWEED and his companions were living in splendour on the public plunder. The excitement was increased by the prospect of a political reaction against the Democrats, who had long controlled the city and the State; but in the first instance the better class of citizens exerted themselves to abate the scandal without regard to party. At the next election the majority of the delinquents were driven from office, though TWEED was elected a Senator by a constituency which adopted all his acts with full knowledge of the circumstances. After a time the judges who were the notorious creatures of TWEED and of FISK were forced out of office; and one of them had the grace to pass and execute judgment on himself by committing suicide. The Committee of Citizens has since pursued with commendable firmness of purpose the prosecution of TWEED, without allowing its attention to be diverted from the great offender by many minor scandals which have since transpired. The verdict and judgment which have not last been obtained must be highly satisfactory to the honest section of the community. Future experience will show whether any permanent improvement has been effected. Society is clearly a gainer by getting rid of TWEED for twelve years, or for any other period; but during the PRESIDENT's term of office the New York Custom House has been strongly tainted with corruption; and the Federal officers are closely allied with active local politicians. The Republicans have not been distinguished during their short term of power in New York by any extraordinary regard to purity. At the recent election they excluded from their voting-ticket the name of Mr. BARLOW as candidate for the office of Attorney-General, on the supposed ground that he had been too active in prosecuting official frauds. The Democrats who have now resumed power will not at once imitate the comic extravagance of TWEED's speculations; but they must still rely on the votes of TWEED's supporters. The friends of corruption in the city are perhaps not a majority, but they are a large, active, and vigilant minority of the whole constituency. Large masses of voters, being incapable of acting for themselves, are necessarily manipulated by professional managers, who are, with few exceptions, vulgar and unprincipled adventurers. Notwithstanding the murder of FISK, the suicide of BARNARD, and the conviction of TWEED, universal suffrage in New York is still on its trial.

MR. GLADSTONE ON EVOLUTION.

MR. GLADSTONE, while schooling himself admirably to political silence, has not cut himself off altogether from communication with the world on more private matters. On the eve of a general election, he is anxious that his views on the question of evolution should be understood by the constituencies, and he has also issued one of his periodical letters in answer to inquiries as to his religion. Somebody at Bodmin, it seems, had written to him to say that somebody else there had said he was in spirit a Papist and not a Protestant; and he has thought it necessary to answer this impertinent statement through his private secretary. He informs his correspondent that the allegations referred to are wholly and absolutely devoid of truth. We do not know how many times Mr. GLADSTONE has written or dictated other letters to the same effect, but one is published pretty regularly about once a quarter, and we should have thought that he would by this time have become rather tired of the amusement. More than once he has provoked a rejoinder by the capricious ambiguity of his language; and in any case there is no reason to suppose that his letters produce the slightest impression on the minds of people who are silly enough to believe the calumny which irritates him. It is obvious that those who think that he is a Jesuit in disguise would be very much surprised if he did not deny it. A Liberal

journal lately undertook to explain why Mr. GLADSTONE was hated—an assertion made on its own responsibility; but it is perhaps more easy to comprehend why he is at least distrusted by a large part of the community. People usually distrust a man whom they do not quite understand, and it is difficult to understand any one who is not very careful to understand himself. The letter which Mr. GLADSTONE has just written about evolution is vividly typical of his peculiar mental condition, and of the odd sort of relation which he occasionally assumes towards things he has said.

Mr. DISRAELI has started some curious cries in his time; but it may be doubted whether many seats at the next election are likely to be lost or won on the question of evolution; and there can hardly be any one who is more fully entitled not to have a matured opinion on such a subject than a Minister who is at once the head of the Cabinet and Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is a question upon which Mr. GLADSTONE is of course entitled like everybody else to hold any opinion he chooses, whether he has had time to study it and think about it or not; but he is certainly not responsible to Parliament for an authoritative solution of the problem. There are various matters as to which the country looks to Mr. GLADSTONE for enlightenment, but evolution does not happen to be one of them. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, is not an ordinary statesman; and having at present only a budget, a war, a famine, and a few other trifles on his hands, he has felt bound to add to his other insignificant duties the scientific education of his countrymen. In the course of this task he has been led into an explanation which is sufficiently characteristic to deserve attention. In a recent address he said:—"Upon the ground of what is termed evolution, 'God is relieved of the labour of creation; in the name of unchangeable laws, He is discharged from governing the world.'" This was taken up by Mr. HERBERT SPENCER in a recent article in the *Contemporary Review*, as an attack on the evolution theory, and Mr. GLADSTONE was exhibited as "a conspicuous exponent of the anti-scientific view." It is this which Mr. GLADSTONE now feels bound to answer. We have of course not the slightest intention of joining one way or the other in the controversy as to how far the world is kept going on the principle of evolution. Our interest in the matter is limited to Mr. GLADSTONE's mode of dealing with the question. Many persons would have thought it unnecessary to offer any explanation at all, and there can hardly be more than about one person in the country who, deeming it necessary to offer an explanation, would have given it in such a singular way. Taking the words as they stand, they certainly seem to bear out the interpretation which Mr. SPENCER put on them. As Mr. GLADSTONE spoke derisively and contemptuously of the evolution theory, it was not unreasonable to assume that he was opposed to that theory. Evolution of course means that a system of laws and forces has been set in motion which produces certain results, without any interference or assistance from a superintending power. But Mr. GLADSTONE dismisses with offhand contempt the idea of any "unchangeable laws by which God is discharged from governing the world"; and he also implies that He is still busy with the labour of creation, thus applying his argument both to organic and inorganic phenomena. Mr. GLADSTONE now comes forward not only to say that he has been misunderstood, but to express his amazement that he should ever have been imagined to have said anything which could be construed into "a condemnation of evolution or of the doctrine of unchangeable laws." Everybody will of course accept his assurance that he did not mean to express such a condemnation, but we doubt whether many persons who take the trouble to read his words will share his surprise at the interpretation put upon them.

Any ordinary person having to make an explanation of this kind would have said—"My meaning has been misunderstood; I did not mean to say what has been imputed to me. What I meant was"—and then he would have gone on to state as clearly as possible what he did mean. But this is not Mr. GLADSTONE's way. He does not tell us what meaning was in his mind when he spoke the words in question—which is the only point of interest in the matter—but confines himself to an inquiry whether the passage, taken literally, can be construed as a condemnation of a particular doctrine. "I submit," he says, "that it contains no such 'thing.'" He examines the passage as if it had been spoken by some one else, and as if he were quite an outsider who had by chance been called upon to guess its meaning. And even this inquiry is conducted in the

most strangely roundabout way. He does not say, "I said this and that, and what do you make of it?" But "Suppose I had said something entirely different, as for instance, so and so, what would you have made of that?" "What," he says, "if I wrote as follows:—Upon the ground of what is termed liberty, flagrant crimes have been committed, and (likewise) in the name of law and order, human rights have been trodden under foot. I should not in thus writing condemn liberty, or condemn law and order, but condemn only the inferences that men draw, or say they draw, from them." As far as we can see, there is really no analogy between the two sentences, and it is difficult to imagine what other meaning Mr. GLADSTONE can have intended to convey in his reference to evolution except that which Mr. SPENCER put on it. With that, however, we have nothing to do. We are merely pointing out the elaborate circumlocution and obscurity of Mr. GLADSTONE's explanation, and the impossibility of extracting a definite meaning from it.

Anybody who expected to learn from this letter what Mr. GLADSTONE really thinks on the question on which he voluntarily undertook to instruct the public must have been very much disappointed. Mr. GLADSTONE was not required to have an opinion on the question at all, or at least to place his opinion before his countrymen; but if he thought it necessary to make a public declaration on the subject, it would at least have been worth while to wait until he had thought out the matter, and was quite sure he had an opinion to express. He now says, "Before I could presume to give an opinion on evolution, or on unchangeable laws, I should wish to know more clearly and more fully than I yet know the meaning attached to those phrases by the chief apostles of the doctrines; and very likely, even after accomplishing this preliminary stage, I might find myself insufficiently supplied with the knowledge required to draw the line between true and false." We think this is very likely, but it is a pity that the reflection did not occur to Mr. GLADSTONE before he committed himself to loose talk on a subject which he avowedly does not understand. It will be observed that the PREMIER's scientific and political opinions are formed pretty much in the same way, and that, as usual, he starts from some broad general conclusion, and then goes about hunting for premisses to match. The common notion of a Jesuit is a man who says one thing and means another; but it would be an injustice to Mr. GLADSTONE to doubt that he means what he says at the moment when he says it. The unfortunate thing is that, as far as he is concerned, the meaning of the moment vanishes as soon as the occasion has passed; and he then regards himself as committed to the words he has used, not in any special sense, but only as words which he is afterwards at liberty to identify with any meaning which the utmost latitude of free translation will permit. The words remain, but only, as it were, as empty jugs into which any liquor can be poured which happens to be at hand. In a letter to Lord MACAULAY Mr. GLADSTONE observed that language has many bearings which escape the view of the writer at the moment the pen is in his hand; and it would appear that he considers himself entitled to adopt any meaning which may subsequently occur to him. This is the key to such puzzles as the *Elwelm* and *COLLIER* incidents, the varied and contradictory readings of the law as to the re-election of a Minister, and the marvellous interpretation of Mr. ODO RUSSELL's communication to Count BISMARCK. On the general question of evolution and unchangeable laws it might almost be presumed that there would be a predisposition in Mr. GLADSTONE's mind against the oppression of fixed principles. It can hardly be doubted that he would himself hesitate to accept the regulation of the world on such intolerable conditions. A Scotch preacher was lately called to account by his Presbytery for deriding the idea of a "fidgety and fickle God," who did not know His own mind, and was perpetually chopping and changing in His management of the universe; but he may possibly have been thinking of a terrestrial example of the misery and mischief of this mode of government.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

THE results of the election for the London School Board have naturally drawn attention to the working of the cumulative vote. When it was first proposed that minorities should be represented on School Boards, the idea ap-

proved itself to many persons who had never regarded with much favour the application of the same principle to Parliamentary elections. They felt that one great danger to be feared in the working of the Act of 1870 was mistaken parsimony on the part of the ratepayers, and they looked to the cumulative vote as a means of securing on every Board the presence of some members who preferred education to economy. As things have turned out, the minorities represented have mostly been theological rather than educational. In London especially the cumulative vote has been largely appealed to to further an object which is as nearly as possible the reverse of that which it was hoped it would answer. It cannot be said that the policy of the late Board was in any sense a Secularist, or even an anti-Denominationalist, policy. There was a Secularist minority among the members, but it was not strong enough to influence the action of the Board on any important point. It might have been expected, therefore, that the candidates who came forward on the Denominationalist side would have sought to identify themselves with the policy hitherto pursued. Instead of this, they allowed themselves to be put forward as avowed opponents of that policy. The feature in it to which they took exception was the action of the Board in providing additional school accommodation before all the places in existing voluntary schools were filled. It is difficult to understand how those who used this argument can have read the Act of Parliament which it will now be their business to carry out. Whether it would have been wise or unwise to postpone the building of new schools until all the schools already open had been filled is a point on which different opinions may be entertained. But the time for putting them forward was when the 37th Section of the Education Act was going through Committee. When once the Act had been passed the question was no longer open. The language of the Clause is imperative, and obedience to it is to be immediate. "The School Board shall proceed at once to supply their district with sufficient public school accommodation." There is nothing said about waiting till all the places in existing schools have been filled, and then inquiring how many children remain to be provided for. The Board has nothing to do but to ascertain how many children there are who ought to be at school, and how many school places there are to hold them. The difference between these two estimates gives the amount of school accommodation to be supplied, and it is to be supplied at once. It is no question of "dealing generously and fairly by voluntary schools"; that is a consideration which may arise when the Board gets into the region of discretionary action, but can have no place so long as it is simply carrying out the express directions of Parliament.

Mr. PECK and Mr. CROMWELL have both disclaimed the thoroughgoing opposition to the policy of the late Board which has been attributed to them by some of their more enthusiastic supporters. Mr. PECK declares that his opposition "was not against the Board as a whole, but against those members of it who notoriously sympathized with the principles of the Birmingham League." The mere fact that he was himself endeavouring to become a member of the Board is enough to acquit him of the former kind of opposition; but if he and Mr. GREGORY meant only to resist any increase to the number of the Secularist minority, they might certainly have made their intentions somewhat clearer. Mr. GREGORY's name is specially associated with resistance to the course so properly followed by the late Board of providing at once as many schools as would be required if all the children who ought to be at school were actually there. This was not the policy of those members "who notoriously sympathized with the Birmingham League"; it was the policy dictated by the very Act of which Mr. PECK proclaims himself a warm supporter. The truth appears to be, that the Denominationalist candidates at the recent election found the temptation to appeal to the ratepayers' dislike to spend money greater than they could resist. They justly thought that there was a certain number of votes which could be won by that inducement, and by no other. If they had looked further ahead, they might have known that to link themselves with the niggardly and reactionary section of the electors was to risk a crushing defeat at some future time when the present cold fit shall have passed, and the ratepayers shall have again opened their eyes to the need and to the absence of elementary education.

Happily for themselves, and for London, their mistake is not beyond remedy. No one will think of preventing

them from turning existing schools to the best possible account, or from opposing to the full extent of their powers any attempt to go on building schools after the educational wants of the district have been satisfied. But they will only defeat their own object if they allow themselves to carp at every site which may be proposed for a new school. It must be remembered that the first effect of opening an additional school will almost always be to draw away children from some existing school. A new church does not at once start with a congregation who have never been to church before; it begins with a congregation composed in great measure of persons drawn from existing congregations either by curiosity or convenience. It is the same with schools as with churches. The persons most impressed by the knowledge that there is a school the more for them to send their children to are not usually those who up to this time have been content to send them nowhere. They will probably receive the news with the utmost composure, and with a mental resolution not to suffer their mode of life to be disturbed by it. The children who first attend will be drawn there by the curiosity or dissatisfaction of parents who want to see whether the new school is better than the old. In a sense, therefore, every School Board school will interfere in the first instance with neighbouring voluntary schools. But, as the compulsory by-law takes greater effect, the balance will be redressed, until in the end the old and new schools are alike filled. If the Denominationalists on the London School Board will agree to carry out the Education Act in its integrity, and to give voluntary schools that fair field and no favour which is all that can legitimately be asked for in their behalf, they will find that in the long run they have served their own interests as well as the interests of the public.

The London School Board will now have the advantage of watching the fate of the opposite policy in Birmingham. The "Liberal Eight" have signalized their victory in the recent election by imposing a strictly Secularist policy on the minority. As parties on the Board are divided in the proportion of eight to seven, the majority must have a profound confidence in its own cohesion, and in the unimpaired health of its members. The Chairman and Vice-Chairman belong, of course, to the dominant party, and care has been taken to give them the preponderance in every Committee. By a majority of one it has been resolved to discontinue all payments to voluntary industrial schools, and to take measures for setting up temporary Board schools wherever there are children whose parents are unable to pay the fees charged by voluntary schools. This was held to be enough for the first meeting, but notice was given of a motion to discontinue religious teaching in Board schools after the 1st of February next, and to refer to a Committee an expected application from a voluntary society to be allowed to supply religious teaching out of school hours. Thus the Secularist system will shortly be seen in actual work. Unless the fears we have often expressed prove groundless, the result of the experiment will be to create an atmosphere of controversy in which the fact that there are children to be educated will run great risk of being forgotten. The London School Board have now, therefore, an admirable opportunity of showing the pre-eminence of a system of reasonable compromise over a system of doctrinaire fanaticism which is not the less sectarian because it boasts that it is secular. If Denominationalists are wise, they will heartily co-operate in every scheme which promises to show that children are being got to school in London faster than they are in Birmingham. If they allow any shortsighted tenderness for the finances of this or that voluntary school to interfere with their pursuit of this object, they will be doing far more harm to the cause they have at heart than by consenting to any amount of expenditure on School Board schools. The real problem to be determined in the next three years is whether the Secularists or the Denominationalists can best carry out the end to which the Act of 1870 is but a means -- the education of every child in the country. If the Denominationalists allow the answer to be given in favour of the Secularists, they may be sure that they have prepared for themselves a certain, if distant, defeat.

BENGAL PAST AND PRESENT.

THE newspapers have very naturally been filled with facts and speculations about the sad calamity which is said to be impending over the oldest of our East Indian possessions, and every

kind of note has been sounded, from the highest falsetto to the deepest bass. Suggestions of course have been plentifully showered on the Government; some full of sound good sense; others well-meaning, but long ago acted on; others, again, childish and silly, and of about as much practical application as would be the advice tendered by a Liddesdale farmer to a vine-dresser in Spain. The tone of the daily and weekly press has, on the whole, been earnest and temperate, though here and there we have heard an utterance more like the ravings of Habakkuk Mucklewraith than the advice which ought to be tendered by those whose mission it is to brace official thought or to fashion public opinion. We propose in this paper, not gratuitously to lecture an Administration which is fully alive to the crisis, nor to harrow readers by dilating on a probable recurrence of the year which Macanlay has immortalized, but to put before them an accurate account of agricultural wants and operations in the Gangetic Delta such as they ordinarily are in an average season, and such as they cannot now be in that region until the middle of 1874.

To break up the clay or loam of Bengal, dried and baked by months of sun, to keep up the village reservoirs to their proper fulness, to prevent the smaller streams from running dry, to give the late rice plants that depth of water which converts a vast plain into one huge wet field of unbroken cultivation, and to enable the higher lands to produce two successive and distinct crops in one twelvemonth, some sixty to eighty inches of rain are almost indispensable. But Bengal, and indeed India generally, must have, to use a Biblical expression, the former and the latter rain in due season. The prospects of the finest year may be hopelessly ruined if the showers are not vouchsafed to the land at due intervals and with occasional breaks of sunshine. If an undue proportion of wet is gauged in May and June, the ryot cannot sow the best and deepest lands, or he sows them late and in haste, for the seed to rot or the young plants to be drowned. If the return of the periodical rains is delayed beyond the middle of June, the same result occurs; and before the rice can gather head, as it were, it is overtopped by a deluge in July and August, when the windows of heaven are sometimes opened for a week in succession. On the other hand, it is quite possible that everything may go on well till the middle of September. The rice sown on both high and low lands in May and June, strengthened but not overwhelmed by the heavier downfall of August, after a week or ten days of sunshine in September just wants several good inches of rain to keep the roots wet while the ear is developed. But the clouds hold off or do not dissolve; and the richest hopes are converted to blank despair by the mere omission of half-a-dozen inches at the close of September or the beginning of October. In fact, it is perfectly possible to conceive a scarcity with seventy inches of rain all confined to June, July, and August, and a year of unusual abundance with fifty inches distributed in timely and successive falls between the 1st of June and the 15th or 20th of October. Perhaps the happiest distribution is when there is never more than a fortnight or three weeks of sunshine without rain during that period, and the worst is when all the supply is exhausted before the middle of September. Better that the dry heats of May should be prolonged till the middle of July than that moisture should cease at the very time when the rice-stalks are two and three feet in length. In the years 1844, 1843, 1851, and 1858, Bengal was saved by a timely downfall which occurred at various dates in October. In the first mentioned year the whole country exchanged dearth for plenty, or escaped a famine, by three days of rain, which began, at the very nick of time, on the 11th of October. This is exactly what has been prayed for this season by editors and statesmen, by prophets and planters, by Brahmins and Sudras, and what has not been given.

Broadly speaking, the lands of Bengal and Behar, including, of course, all the threatened districts, may be divided into two classes, the higher and drier lands which produce two crops in the year, and the deep low-lying tracts which are only fitted for rice. Though some divisions are more subject to inundation than others, and retain sheets of water for eight months out of the twelve, yet both kinds of land are constantly found in the same village and in one and the same plain. A few inches more or less of earth, a greater or less incline or outfall, an exchange of loam for sand, and of viscous clay for loam, will make all the difference between a single and a double crop in the year. Cultivation on the high levels commences in March or April, and the ground is then tilled for rice, pulse, vetches, hemp, oil seeds, some vegetables, and indigo. In the space of from ninety to one hundred and thirty days all these crops are sown, grow to perfection, and are cut and carried. No sooner is one crop disposed of than the ground is ploughed for what is called, by Anglo-Indians, the "cold-weather crop." This may be wheat, barley, chickpea (termed *gram*), the poppy, and the coarser cereals in Behar; oats, barley, *gram*, mustard, pepper, peas and vetches, in Bengal. These crops, if sown when the ground is still soft and moist in the end of September or October, and if benefited by the parting showers which wind up the rainy season, will do perfectly well without irrigation till they are fit to cut. In Behar indeed, and in Upper India to a much greater extent, this crop is irrigated by wells and watercourses. In Bengal we have for years seen splendid broadths of mustard, *gram*, barley, peas, and pulse, which had very little other moisture than the dews of heaven from the day the seed was put in the ground in October to the time it was reaped in March. In most years the bright, exhilarating, and not oppressive sunshine of the cold season is now and then obscured by clouds, and rain generally falls for a couple of days at any time

between the middle of December and the middle of February. This visitation has nothing tropical about it. The drops descend pretty much as they do in moderate autumnal showers in England. The crops, if the rain be unaccompanied by hail, look better than ever. Ryots shiver in their scanty clothing of American or Manchester workmanship; and Englishmen encamped in the interior of districts for surveying, inspection, or sport, or for all three combined, draw round an extemporized fireplace, and dream for a day or two that their tents are pitched in Somersetshire or Cannock Chase, instead of by obscure streams and populous villages loftily named after Hindu deities or Mahomedan Nawabs.

The above statement must be understood entirely to apply to high-level lands and their crops. The winter or late crop of rice, as it is termed, occupies the land for a period rarely less than six, often eight, and sometimes even ten months in the year. The deep, marshy, clayey soil bears this one crop and none other. On it centre the hopes of the ryot, and to it is devoted as much continuity of strenuous exertion as can ever be expected from Asiatic muscles. The great object is to get the ground prepared and a good deal of this rice timely sown in May, June, or July, so that the young stalks may not be overwhelmed by a rainfall in August of six or eight inches in as many hours. Only let the stalks keep their heads above water, and they shoot upwards with the rising tide, showing that Vishnu, the preserving power in Hindu mythology, is quite capable of coping with Shiva, the destroyer. A large portion of this crop is sown broadcast, is never weeded, and with fine sunshine above and water below, measured by inches and even by feet, turns out, in January or February, a fulness of ear and a wealth of straw which would amaze the most skilful of Lothian farmers. We have ourselves counted as many as 376 grains on one stalk, and have plucked stalks twice the length of the tallest of men. But as the rice crops are divided into high and low levels, so there is a subdivision of this later crop. In tracts neither too high nor too low, where the water continuously tills the plain to the depth of a few inches, or at most a foot, the crop is planted out by hand. It is sown in small nurseries, in places under the close personal inspection of the ryot, and removed to fields carefully ploughed, scraped, weeded, and smoothed, at any time in the months of July and August. While the rice sown broadcast is rarely weeded, but takes its chance with the lotus and other aquatic plants, that transplanted is kept free from grass and vegetation with the most scrupulous care. The importance of the late crop may be estimated from the fact that, if harvested, it alone would feed a province. The early rice may be dried up without inflicting any serious loss on the resources of a division; but a failure of the late rice generally is tantamount to a failure of the cold-weather crop also, which succeeds the early rice. The critical time in India for these two crops, as we have pointed out, is the close of the rains. All turns on their not ending too soon. They may not commence until six weeks after they are due. When they begin they may continue for three weeks, rot seeds, sweep away crops, destroy houses, flood the railways, and reduce villages to the condition of inhabited islands in an inland sea. These disasters, however grievous, are confined to certain limits, and, even if irretrievable for the time, they leave behind them legacies of silt and water which are by no means ruinous. But a sky of copper during the month of September, and the failure of the parting gift of a few inches usually bequeathed, as the Hindu thinks, by Indra the rain-god, mean simply scarcity, distress, disease, and famine over an extent of country out of which the area of Lancashire might be cut without being missed.

To see what this rich alluvial soil can display under the simple ploughs and harrows of a people who have practised agriculture and nothing else for centuries, we should select two dates in the year—the beginning or middle of August, and the beginning of February. At the former date the rainy season is at its height. The early rice is just ready for the harvest; the late crop is sufficiently far advanced to cover with a green carpet plains of such vast amplitude that the village bounding them on one side seems to those on the other like land on the horizon to mariners at sea. These plains are at this time converted into the best and easiest of highways, and they are traversed for perhaps two months by the boats and skills of the planter and the missionary, the policeman, and the post. The dense foliage which abounds the dwellings of some millions of inhabitants is decked out in the verdure and brilliancy of a second spring. Cattle, no longer at liberty to pasture anywhere, are tethered on the very few spots not occupied with a crop of some kind or other, on the very homesteads, or on the sides of the village roads. The air is saturated with moisture, and with the perfume of "heavy-blossomed bowers" and "heavy-fruited trees." The small embankments which serve both for landmarks and pathways, overtopped by the ripening or the rising crops, are no longer visible, and the country presents two broad characteristics often for some hundreds of miles. These are long waving lines of tall palms and fruit-trees, which are identical with the villages, and watery steppes between, where hardly a single acre does not contribute its quota to rent, to consumption, and to exports. The climate to an Englishman is simply detestable; but the sight of the Gangetic Delta at such an epoch is one which for completeness of husbandry, intensity of colour, and luxuriance of crops and vegetation, is not easily matched, and which can never be forgotten. The change in six months, at the commencement of February, is in its way no less striking. The cold-weather crops, not quite ready for the sickle, recall the agriculture of temperate zones; the late rice crop, in many places borne down by

its own weight, lies flat on the earth, or on the top of the water, uninjured, golden, full of promise. Balloons, heavy with produce, make their own roads, and traverse the plains or skirt the marshes with the most perfect facility. Date-trees, cultivated not for their fruit, but for their juice, discharge the material for treacle and sugar in a steady flow. Flocks of quail are flushed in the pear and barley; snipe swarm everywhere in the rice-fields; and ducks in myriads darken the lakes and ponds, or any places where water still lies deep. The weather, though soon to be exchanged for drying winds and clouds of dust, leaves nothing to wish for or grumble at. The Zemindars are secure of their rent. The Ryots have only the prospect of harvesting the last crop of the agricultural year, and will have no more hard work to do till April, and few instalments of rent to pay before June. Englishmen are compressing as much as possible of active open-air work and enjoyment into the remainder of the cold season; fleets of native craft, under no apprehensions of cyclones or tornadoes, pierce the great and small arteries of the country; the last batch of magnificent merchant vessels has just left or is leaving the Hooghly; and, considered either from an official, a social, or a mercantile point of view, the Gangetic plains put on their best aspect, and display the most palpable evidence of their agricultural wealth.

Of course the coming February must present a picture in lamentable contrast to this. Not that Bengal will ever be reduced by failure of rains to the aridity of an African or Arabian desert. The ground, indeed, will become hard as iron, but verdure will still conceal the village, and all sorts of worthless herbage will spring up unbidden, from the copious night dews or from the slight winter's rain. But it must not be imagined that any timely fall at Christmas can enable the Ryots to recover their lost ground. The tropical downpour, which floods a vast area, has vanished with the departure of the sun to the Southern hemisphere, past recall; and under no possible combination of circumstances can it be again looked for before May or June. A couple of wet days in January may improve the barley, wheat, and pulse, and, by reviving the poppies of Behar, may make a difference of a million or two sterling in the April Budget. But not one grain of the staple commodity of the country can be put into the ground again before April, or be cut and carried before July; and when telegrams announce that the Indian Government will have to feed more than two millions of people for seven months, we must bear in mind that this unhappy period only begins from March next, and that it cannot by any possibility expire until September. Even then, under the most favourable circumstances for sowing, ripening, and cutting, new rice, fresh from the threshing-floors, will be no food for a weakly population kept alive on half rations during all this interval. Nothing would more infallibly produce spleen, dysentery, low fever, and divers other Indian complaints. Indeed the effects of this scarcity will be felt throughout India in more ways than one. It is grievous to think of thousands of peaceable, loyal, and industrious beings, deprived of food, of their natural occupations, and of all motive for exertion, crowding once a day round the official stores and kitchens, receiving just enough to keep soul and body together, and returning home to gaze with a look of dull resignation on their herds of lean cattle and their emaciated children. Perhaps a period of enforced idleness will demoralize a ryot of Bengal or Behar to a less extent than it would an Englishman or a Frenchman. But the effect of scanty diet and unceasing anxiety will render the population more dependent than ever on Government, and much less ready, for some time to come, to comprehend measures of progress, which mean taxation. Then it is certain, judging from the experience of former calamities, that our administrators must be alert to anticipate outrages, and that no activity can prevent an increase in certain classes of crime. Civil litigation, the recreation or political excitement of rich Zemindars and substantial sub-proprietors, will languish; but policemen will have their hands full and the criminal courts will be thronged. It may be fairly assumed, for instance, that as the pressure increases, grain merchants will live in constant dread lest their stores should be sacked by a crowd of excitable and half-famished Asiatics; that the convoys of grain sent by Government or by speculators into remote villages will have to be protected by strong detachments of guards; that the fortunate possessor of an acre of late rice or of standing barley will have to keep watch over it by night, with his sons and dependents, and even then that he may be knocked on the head by a bamboo or run through the body with a spear; that all the ornaments of women and children will be pawned to the money-lenders; that some men will die under the tyranny of caste, while others will get rid of it altogether; that native subordinates employed in the distribution of rations will have a dozen opportunities of making illicit perquisites; that future crops will be pledged before a furrow has been turned or an atom of seed scattered; that the old stock of cattle will be sold off for half its value or left to perish from sheer want of fodder. These and similar occurrences, the result of the national character, may strain the nerves of the Administration to the utmost, and may call forth all the best and the worst qualities of the Hindu; but it is not yet necessary to paint an alarming picture of twenty-five millions perishing from hunger, or to imagine the rivers Kosai and Purnabaha choked with corpses, and the vultures and jackals gorged to repletion with the carcasses of the unburnt or unburied dead. The calamity is quite grave enough to demand our attention without any stimulus of ghastly word-painting or diabolical prophecies of unutterable woe. As we have said, the scarcity must leave its mark in the bureau and the counting-house, as well

as in the rice-field and the bazaar. The outlay on benevolent measures must be stinted or stopped. Grants for education, for new buildings, for increased salaries, for improved agency, must be rescinded or withheld. The whole time of Commissioners, magistrates, and their subordinates must be given to form committees, to collect materials, to store grain effectively against damage from climate and avoid violence by robbers, to animate the rich by personal influence and practical example, to sustain the sinking hearts of the landlord and the cultivator, who will certainly call on the name of the Maharani for succour as they did formerly on that of the old Company.

We have endeavoured to place before our readers the probable condition of the people of some six or eight magnificent districts during the approaching time of severity and trial. But there are some considerations which afford consolation. In the first place, the means of communication, whatever may have been wildly dreamed or dogmatically asserted to the contrary, are ample. One railway has put Calcutta within eighteen hours of Patna, and it touches the Ganges at more than one place. Another avoids the long, circuitous, and dangerous passage of the Sunderbuds, and enables Government to convey stores almost to the banks of the same river, where it goes by the name of the Poddna, in less than a day. There is not a populous mart, not to say a hamlet, in any one of the threatened portions of the country, to which subsistence could not be conveyed in a week or fortnight at farthest, from railway station and river bank, by the common bullock carts over the common cross roads of the country. For the next six months Bengal and Behar are just as easily traversed as Somersetshire and Wilts. We have known five hundred carts at a time, laden with molasses, to start from a populous sugar mart in the interior over a mere track on which no engineer had ever expended a penny, with the absolute certainty of reaching their destination, one hundred miles off, at the rate of ten miles a day. This season, owing to the failure of rains, the plains on either bank of the Ganges must be open to carriage traffic at an earlier period than usual, and they will continue passable to the middle or end of May. The difficulty of internal transit only begins with the periodical rains; but the Indian Government need hardly be warned to commence purchasing and storing before that date. Then, although the rice crop has failed, the cold-weather crops of cereals and pulses may take off the edge of the calamity, and even fruit may be hoped for as a means of keeping the population alive. Behar can be fed on the cereals from Upper India, and Bengal on rice from Burmah and Madras. It is a fact placed beyond question that in the pressure of 1865, the population of Dinajpore, now afflicted in a similar manner, lived for the months of May and June and part of July on the produce of their mango-trees, and staved off famine till the beginning of the harvest. Something may be expected from the liberality and kind-heartedness of the Zemindars. To tell them gravely to reside on their estates and stop the famine, to trust to the laws of supply and demand, to hazard the lives of the community on private enterprise or on national impulse, would indeed be tantamount to telling a battalion of Rajpoots or Goorkhas that they must bear the brunt of a battle while the English soldiers formed the reserve. But the pious, and in this sense well directed, feelings of Hindus and Mohammedans may fairly be called on to supplement disbursements from the general treasury, and to form, according to their means and abilities, small social centres of relief. One native gentleman, in the famine of 1866, when the poor were flocking to Calcutta, to our personal knowledge, fed, out of his own resources, some thousands of his countrymen every day for two months. And his example in a minor degree was followed by many others. Lastly, we have the satisfaction of knowing that measures for relief are in the hands of two men the most qualified by character and experience to deal with a vast and complicated system of succour. Lord Northbrook is cautious, confident, full of activity and resource. Sir George Campbell was selected by Lord Lawrence to report on the Orissa famine, has the mechanism of Bengal well oiled and completely under his control, and is precisely in the position where his terrible energy, which is too much for some intellects in uneventful seasons, can do nothing but absolute good. Both have at their back highly-trained and high-minded subordinates, a full treasury, and ample warning. They are nobly supported by all the influence of the Indian Council and the Secretary of State, who, as we have just seen, has sanctioned by anticipation "any measures necessary for the saving of human life." If, under Providence, these men so warned, so encouraged, and so trusted, cannot solve the problem of keeping life in the bodies of even five millions, or twice five millions, of Asiatics, who can exist on rice and gruel without wanting more, the thing is hardly to be done by anything short of a direct miracle.

EXPERTS.

EXPERTS of all kinds have been gradually acquiring a footing in the courts of law, notwithstanding occasional remonstrances from the Bench; but the climax of expertism was probably reached in the recent action for libel by a dramatic writer against the *Pall Mall Gazette*. At least it is to be hoped that it was reached, for it does not require much reflection to see that the free use of this kind of evidence is likely to be attended with some amount of awkwardness. It was lately proposed to reduce the number of jurymen; but the jury might be abolished altogether

if experts are to be brought in to pass judgment on their behalf. We are familiar with experts in the form of mad doctors, chemical analysts, students of handwriting, and so on; but to be an expert in dramatic indecency strikes us as quite a new profession. We can imagine a chemist being asked to put a particular substance into a crucible, or to dip it into acid, or to test it in some other way, and then to report the result in court. But it is not so easy to understand the scientific detection of impropriety in a performance on the stage, and still less easy to understand a certificate by experts of the entire absence of impropriety. There are two ways perhaps in which the inquiry might be conducted. The expert might observe the effect of the performance on himself, or he might observe its effect on others. If it could be shown that most of the women in a theatre were sitting with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes, or that, on the contrary, they did not appear to be in the least disconcerted or ill at ease, this would no doubt be evidence of a certain sort. It would be more natural, however, that an expert should be allowed to give an account of his own sensations; but here we come upon one of the difficulties of the case. If we went to the dictionary we should find that an expert is a person of experience; but it is hard to say whether experience is desirable in determining a question of this nature. Experience may sharpen certain faculties, but it may also to some extent blunt perception. An actor of fifty and a dramatic critic of forty years' standing must probably in their time have seen or heard some very odd things on the stage, and it may be presumed that they would be rather past blushing on their own account. We are led into some curious speculations as to the training of an expert in dramatic decorum or indecency. A doctor does not learn his profession by studying the condition of people in perfect health, and an expert in indecency could not expect to qualify himself for his duties by confining his attention to works of a perfectly irreproachable character. He would of course have to "walk the hospitals." We can imagine him spending a year or two in close attendance at the Palais Royal or the Bouffes, perhaps with M. Ravel or M. Hyacinthe as private tutor. As he passed into a higher region, M. Alexandre Dumas might superintend his education, and pass him through a course of refined and elegant nastiness. There is, however, a limit to being shocked, and an expert would probably open his eyes less widely at the end of his training than when he first began. His professional value would of course decline as his capacity for being shocked diminished.

It has been said that the only definition which can be given of libel is that it is anything for publishing which a jury thinks men should be fined or sent to prison; and in the same way it may be said that impropriety in a book or a play is anything which a jury chooses to consider improper. It is very natural that an author or manager should consult experienced friends as to how far they think he can safely go in the development of a dangerously suggestive story; and there are probably experts who can gauge pretty accurately what the public will relish or endure in that way. But when a question is afterwards raised as to the propriety of a play, the opinions of experts are worth no more than the opinions of other people. It can hardly be pretended that decency or indecency is such an extremely abstruse and recondite matter that ordinary people cannot be expected to understand it. What has to be determined in such a case is not whether the work which has been challenged is satisfactory to certain actors and authors, or offensive to certain very sensitive and delicate-minded persons, but what is the broad public opinion on the subject; and this is very likely to be fairly represented by the twelve men who have to give a verdict. It is clear, however, that the jury ought to be left as far as possible to themselves in coming to a decision, and that the witnesses should be strictly confined to matters of fact. There is no reason to suppose that in the recent libel case the jury were much influenced by the opinions of dramatic experts, and therefore no harm was done; but it is a pity that judges are not more on the alert to check the introduction of a kind of testimony which is not only irrelevant and impertinent, but is practically an attack on the independence of the jury. There can be no pretext for bringing forward the views of experts except that the jury, without this guidance, would be unable to form a sound judgment for themselves; but if the jury cannot say whether a play is decent or indecent, it is difficult to know what sort of questions they are capable of deciding. There is another consideration which must not be overlooked. If this sort of evidence is to be allowed, where can the line be drawn? The defendant might have produced experts as well as the plaintiff, and a very nice question might have been raised as to who is and who is not an expert. Not long ago a well-known author was charged with having written an obscene book; but would he have been entitled to call as witnesses any of his friends who had read the book without being revolted by its contents? Surely the question in all such cases is simply whether there is or is not impropriety in the work which is challenged, and not whether certain persons have or have not been able to detect it. The detection is for the jury. One of the witnesses in the *Wicked World* case was the manager of the theatre at which the piece was produced; and on similar grounds the Court ought to admit the evidence of a publisher in favour of a book which he has himself published. And this starts us on another line of inquiry. If a manager may give evidence on behalf of an author or actor in his employment, it would seem to follow that the editor of a newspaper—who is of course an expert—should be permitted to

give evidence in favour of his contributors. Nor is there any reason why there should not be experts in libel as well as experts in indecency, and a jury may be supposed to be just as much, or as little, in want of this assistance in the one way as in the other. In short, if this kind of evidence is to be tolerated, it is hard to say where it will stop. What would have been said if counsel in the Tichborne case had called a lot of people out of the street to say that, having considered the evidence, they held that the Claimant was, or was not, Roger? Yet this is really not a whit more absurd than allowing witnesses to tell the jury what they ought to think of a book which is actually in their hands. In a nuisance case which was tried before Chief Justice Cockburn, experts were summoned to give an account of a bad smell, but the Chief Justice thought it better to take the jury to have a sniff at it themselves.

The circumstance to which we have called attention is trivial enough in itself, but it involves a dangerous precedent. The opening for the admission of the evidence of experts requires to be narrowed rather than widened. There can be no doubt that there has been a tendency on the part of medical men, and particularly of mad doctors, to abuse the privilege of appearing in the witness-box, and that they frequently attempt to pass off mere personal opinions as testimony to facts. There never is the slightest difficulty in obtaining any number of mad doctors to swear to the lunacy of any one—no matter how sane and sensible he may be in his general course of life—whose relations have an interest in getting him locked up, or in disputing his will. It is true that it is equally easy to get witnesses on the other side; but this is only an additional illustration of the worthlessness of scientific evidence which can always be obtained in any quantity on any side of a disputed question. Not long ago an attempt was made to prove that an old gentleman was mad because he did not like excursionists at the seaside, and said a great deal about the weather in his letters to his friends. It may be admitted that it is difficult in certain cases to draw the line sharply between evidence as to facts and evidence which is nothing more than an opinion or inference, and it is no doubt especially difficult to do so in medical cases. A doctor is asked whether certain marks on a dead body are not an indication that murder has been committed, or whether it may not be assumed that a man who does certain odd things is out of his mind. It may be said to be scientifically a matter of fact that certain appearances on a body indicate violence or that certain acts indicate insanity. Yet the Bench should be very chary of allowing a medical witness to sum up evidence in the form of general conclusions to be presented, cut and dry, to the jury. It is for the jury, with the assistance of the judge's summing-up, to draw its own conclusions from the evidence, and it is well that great jealousy should be shown of any encroachment on its special functions. It is a familiar remark that judges, as a rule, are by no means so strong in the back as they used to be; and that they allow counsel to conduct cases in their own way, both as regards length and as regards the nature of the evidence adduced, to an extent which would certainly not have been tolerated in other days. A vast amount of valuable time is wasted in hearing trumpery cases which ought not to be heard at all, and in listening to evidence which is really not evidence, but only personal opinion. It is absurd to put witnesses in the box to say things which, if said at all, should be said by counsel. The evidence of an expert should in fact be regarded with the same suspicion as the arguments of counsel. The expert has been brought into court to take a particular side just as the lawyer does, and it is known that he is already committed to a foregone conclusion. A trial by a jury of experts would of course be a very different thing. They would hear the evidence on both sides before they made up their minds, and would be free from prepossessions on one side or the other. A good deal might perhaps be said in favour of employing experts as jurymen or assessors, or even in favour of allowing them, under certain circumstances, to address the Court after the manner of counsel; but their employment in the witness-box should be watched with the greatest jealousy.

CHARITY ELECTIONEERING.

WE are glad to see that the question of charity electioneering is not to be allowed to pass out of sight. The unsatisfactory meeting at the Mansion House has been followed by another at which a Committee has been appointed to agitate for the reform of some of the worst abuses, if not for the radical alteration of the system. The case as stated by Sir Charles Trevelyan in a paper in *Macmillan's Magazine* is conclusive. A description of the system which has grown up almost unconsciously would be sufficient to secure its condemnation if matters of this kind were settled by reason. The arguments by which it is avowedly defended are indeed so significant as scarcely to need refutation. It is urged, for example, that the attack upon the existing evils will check the flow of subscriptions. This is an argument for saying nothing about any abuses whatever, however gross they may be. It amounts to claiming absolute irresponsibility for charitable institutions. We may content ourselves with saying that the very opposite principle is manifestly the right one. Charitable institutions have only too little responsibility; and the very first condition of preserving them in a healthy condition is that all grievances should be investigated as fully and as publicly as possible. The only effective check upon the

managers is the danger of diminishing their subscriptions. Their cry of indignation should encourage the assailants by proving that they are aiming at the really vulnerable point. We cannot wish for a better result than that the charities should be made to feel that the maintenance of their revenues depends upon the soundness of their system of management. If the charities in which the abuse flourishes decline in proportion to others, the flow of charity need not be diminished, the public will be clear gainers, and an improved system will gradually supplant the old. We could ask for nothing better.

But, it is said, every system has its disadvantages. That is an undeniable truth. It is as true as that all men are mortal, or that two and two make four; and is just about as relevant. Like the other argument, it may be alleged in favour of any abuse, and is therefore really in favour of none. If, however, it is meant to imply that every system has equal disadvantages, we must join issue with the advocates of the existing order. There are certain very simple and satisfactory tests which may be applied to any charitable institution; and it will not need many words to determine how far they can be satisfied by the electioneering system. In the first place, that system is the best, *ceteris paribus*, which tends least to demoralize the recipients. An ideal system would be one in which begging was altogether abolished, and the giver of alms sought for the most deserving objects, instead of waiting for deserving objects to come to him. The peculiarity of the electioneering system is that, instead of limiting begging, it makes at least ten beggars for every one that it helps. As Sir Charles Trevelyan tells us, there were in 1868 307 candidates for forty places in a certain hospital; and in 1871, 398 candidates for twenty places. In the latter case, many had been beaten at seventeen, eighteen, or nineteen half-yearly elections. In another case, one of the applicants at the age of seventy-six was making her twenty-sixth application. This is a regular result of the system; and we are not surprised to hear that poor women are frequently led into habits of idleness and dissipation by thus going about begging for years with all the misery of hope constantly deferred. Secondly, we may say that a system will be good in proportion as it secures the least possible waste of means. If a large part of the money subscribed is wasted without conferring any benefit on the applicants, the system is so far condemned. Here, again, the electioneering system seems to be expressly devised to secure as great a waste as possible. Every applicant, as we have seen, must count on a long course of expensive canvassing. It may often cost as much to get into an asylum as to secure a place on a School Board, or even a seat in Parliament. Sir Charles Trevelyan mentions a case, which we imagine to be anything but an extreme case, where a subscriber began a new canvass by sending 1,532 written (not lithographed) letters, inclosing 723 post-cards. An influential friend had issued 1,000 letters; and the widow had been furnished with 500 stamped cards. All the cumbrous machinery thus indicated was set in motion to secure a poor woman a trifling annuity; multiply the expenditure by the number of candidates, and compare the total with the actual amount of charity disbursed, and we are not surprised to find that more may be spent in agitating than in the legitimate purposes of the charity. We are told, for example, that in attempting to secure the election to a charitable institution of a woman named Mary Sadler, the sums spent amounted to 900*l*. This would brought in an annuity of 45*l*, and the capital would have remained to the poor woman's relatives on her death. The result of an election would have been to get her an annuity of twenty pounds a year, which would of course cease with her life. We are not surprised to find that in this case the friends of the candidate resolved, after many years' labour, to give her the money directly, and withdraw their subscriptions from the hospital. The working of the system may be still better judged from the fact that the best way of securing an election is to contract with a professional broker, who goes about touting, and collects money for postage, advertisements, and travelling expenses. These brokers sell votes, which, it seems, they have now a legal right to do, and a great part of the money goes into their own pockets. A third essential condition of a good system is that the best candidates should be elected as frequently as possible. How far that condition is likely to be secured may be guessed from what we have already said. Obviously the result of this cumbrous method is that the candidates are elected who have the highest and wealthiest friends; while those who add friendlessness to poverty are deprived of all chance of success. Anything like discrimination is simply impossible. A subscriber is every year deluged with letters, each telling its tale of distress, which he has no means of investigating. Naturally he is reduced to utter perplexity, and at last chooses to fritter away his votes upon cases in which some vague personal claim of remote acquaintance may enable him to pick out one instance from the mass. Actual fraud has every chance under such arrangements. A man of some literary genius succeeded in living for a long time upon a sister whom he described as suffering from a complaint which prevented her from lying, sitting, or standing, and who therefore supported herself by resting on a bar. He got her into the Hospital for Incurables, where she was found not to answer the description; but meanwhile he made a comfortable income by begging money for the purchase of votes and other expenses. He next proceeded to provide her with "surgical appliances," and afterwards started a younger sister, who was really a healthy and prosperous housekeeper, but who in his representations figured as a semi-paralytic. She kept him for several years, till the Charity Organiza-

tion Society fortunately succeeded in providing him with a six months' lodging in gaol. And thus a gentleman who might probably have been a popular novelist has become a common impostor. We should like to know, though we are not informed, how it came to pass that the discovery of his manoeuvres in the first case did not bring his career to an end. This suggests a fourth condition of a sound system. The persons who distribute the charity should be under a genuine sense of responsibility. The weak side of all charitable institutions is the transference of responsibility from the subscriber to somebody else. We cannot all pass our time in investigating cases of hardship, and we are therefore forced to do our almsgiving by proxy. This is inevitable, but we should guard as much as possible against the resulting evils. How far this is done by the system we are considering may be easily imagined. Each subscriber looks after his own friends, and may, if he pleases, sell or exchange his votes. There is not even the pretence that all the cases shall be investigated and the most deserving have the preference. The elections are merely the result of a blind scramble, in which any sense of responsibility that may exist is diffused till it becomes practically fugatory. And accordingly we are not surprised to learn that in most cases the management of the charity is practically left to a small clique, who are active on the Committees, and whose decisions are simply registered by the general meetings. At one great charity, for example, fifteen subscribers formed the quorum for a "general meeting," and twenty for a "special general meeting." It was found so inconvenient to get so large a number as twenty that the number was in this case also reduced to fifteen. Finally, we may reckon it as one more condition of a sound system that it should not supplant any genuine and useful charity. In former years, as Sir Charles Trevelyan remarks, an old servant of a family was probably pensioned by those with whom he had lived for many years, and were therefore familiar with his wants and circumstances. Now the ladies of the family get up an agitation, make hundreds or thousands of applications to strangers, and succeed by the purchase of votes and otherwise in getting the elderly dependent taken off their hands. The other subscribers, who imagine themselves to be helping the poor and needy, may thus really be taking a burden off a rich man's shoulders, and providing for persons whom it was his natural duty to protect.

We find then that the electioneering system tends to aggravate the faults to which all charity by proxy is more or less liable; as is, indeed, the natural consequence of substituting for the personal discharge of duties an elaborate machinery worked by something like an American ring, though, as we of course admit, without anything like the same amount of corruption. The system practically results, however, in producing many of the results which would be produced by corruption. It demoralizes as much as possible the applicants; it raises as much as possible the proportion of the sums spent upon irrelevant objects to those spent in real charity; it removes all guarantees for the distribution of the funds raised to the persons who most need and most deserve them; it supports a whole body of parasitical agents, whose interests are directly opposed to the avowed ends of the institution; it gives every opportunity for downright fraud; it releases the managers from all real responsibility; and it tends to substitute a mechanical and demoralizing system for the spontaneous work of personal charity. If this is not enough to condemn the system, it is hard to see how any system can be condemned. Every criterion by which we can judge of its working is directly contravened. The answer that all human systems have their faults amounts therefore to saying that all charity is demoralizing; and the logical conclusion would be that all charity should be stopped. Political economists of a severe school might possibly accept this conclusion. We do not accept it, because we hold that it is within the powers of human ingenuity to suggest a mode of operation which shall not be liable to these objections, or at least not liable to them in the same degree. And we add that the agitation will be of some value if it impresses this consideration on the minds of managers, and forces them to give up defending the indefensible. Instead of simply replying *Non possumus*, they will find it answer in the long run to attempt to discover some feasible solution of the problem.

The late meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel decided, and we have no wish to dispute the soundness of their conclusions, that it was better not to attempt a root and branch reform of charitable institutions, but to aim at redressing some of the most palpable grievances. They proposed a system of regulations which should limit the canvassing system, and throw rather more responsibility upon the Committees. We have no doubt of the expediency of the palliations which they suggest; but we confess to doubting whether they will be adequate to meet the evil. The ingenuity of the persons whose interests or prejudices enlist them on the conservative side will probably be tasked to frustrate any efforts at a salutary reform; and we must confess that in such matters we fear that reactionary ingenuity is generally more than a match for the public spirit of reformers. However, we admit that there are great practical difficulties in the way of any sweeping change; and meanwhile any public discussion must do good, and, if it cannot break down a system so demoralizing, it will at any rate tend to keep within bounds some of the more palpable abuses.

POPE AND KAISER.

THE current saying that "history never repeats itself" is just one of those half-truths which for all practical purposes are almost wholly false. That the self-same events never recur in the life of a nation any more than in the life of an individual is of course so obvious as to be a truism, but that the same kinds of influences do act and react upon one another at different stages both of individual and social life, and often with very similar results, is no less certain. And this is what the proverb quoted above is commonly understood to deny. The denial was actually worked up into an elaborate philosophical—or rather theosophical—system by a great French writer of our own day, who aspired to reconstruct both the religion and the government of the world. Mankind, as he supposed, had slowly passed, in a long succession of bygone generations, through the theological and metaphysical phases of popular belief, and was now entering on the third and final age of purely physical speculation. There was just enough plausibility about the theory to give it a fascination for some minds, while it fell in too readily with many of the commonplaces of modern Liberalism—though Comte was removed poles asunder from being a modern Liberal—not to be eagerly appropriated and repeated as a convenient cuckoo cry by a host of superficial orators and writers, who had never given, and indeed were hardly capable of giving, any serious thought to the subject. Yet the author of the theory was himself so far constrained to admit its inadequacy as a solution of the exigencies of the present, that he became the founder of a new religion, which however—to do him justice—though it included nine Sacraments, did not include a God. Nor has recent experience at all tended to confirm the accuracy of his estimate. We might indeed, judging from the events of the last quarter of a century, apply to religion the famous line of the Roman satirist about nature. Though modern theorists may desire to expel it with a fork, it is always turning up afresh with apparently undiminished vigour. Not to dwell here on the war of the Sonderbund, which was a professedly religious contest, all the great European wars of the last fifteen years have been more or less mixed up with ecclesiastical controversies, and even the American struggle was avowedly carried on by the North as a war of religious principle. At this moment a religious contest seems imminent in Turkey, as the Porte has just resolved on secularizing the inalienable property of the Mahomedan clergy, which includes above half the landed property of the Empire. In short, to quote the words of a French journalist, "the religious question is the order of the day." It is therefore no matter for surprise if the heading of this article, though it refers immediately to the pending quarrel in Germany, should recall, as it is intended to recall, the Guelph and Ghibelline contests of the middle ages.

We could almost imagine ourselves to be still witnessing the progress of the great Investiture controversy which exercised so many generations of Popes and Emperors, from the time of Hildebrand downwards, when we read the latest ecclesiastical news from Posen. Nor are the weapons used on either side very different from those wielded so energetically by the Gregories and Fredericks of a former age. The *ultima ratio* of interdict and deposition is not, it is true, considered practically available, though the right is strenuously vindicated in the abstract, in dealing with Protestant or half-Protestant Governments and States. But excommunication and appeals to popular enthusiasm on the one hand, and fines and imprisonment on the other, are the rough-and-ready expedients of the combatants in the nineteenth century, as well as in the thirteenth. The last reports inform us that the lower clergy in Sarnatia, acting under the direction of their Archbishop, are inciting the people to resist the law; and an article in the official organ of the Imperial Government only the other day closed with the ominous remark that "the effect on the Roman bishops of incarceration promptly inflicted has not yet been tested." In our opinion, it must lead either to their yielding or to their voluntary expatriation. Either result will equally satisfy the State. And it is in fact pretty clear that matters are rapidly approaching a crisis in the archdiocese of Posen, where one party or the other must go to the wall. Archbishop Ledochowski, who had already incurred several heavy fines for disobedience to the new laws, has at last been publicly called upon to resign his see. He has of course peremptorily refused, and the case will now be officially investigated and reported upon, with the inevitable result of a trial before the new Appellate Court for Ecclesiastical Causes, which will as surely proceed to deprive him. And then comes the further question—what next? If my doubt could have been entertained of the policy of Rome, it would be sufficiently dispelled by the closing words of the Pope's recent letter to the Archbishop—of which more presently—where His Holiness supplicates for him, his clergy and people, "that unflinching unanimity which annihilates and exhausts all the power of the adversary, and thus procures a fresh victory for justice, and fresh glory for the Church." But what will the Emperor do? If he fills up the see, which in the eye of Rome has never become vacant, he can only fill it up by an Old Catholic appointee, perhaps by appointing Bishop Reinkens, whom the Pope has just excommunicated by name. How far such an arrangement would be feasible depends of course mainly on the disposition of the Catholic clergy and population of the diocese, which it may not be easy to gauge beforehand. On the other hand, if the see is not filled up, the victory will virtually remain with the other side.

Nor is the case of Archbishop Ledochowski by any means an

isolated one. Even if the Archbishop of Cologne and several other prelates had not already been involved in difficulties with the Government which can only have the same termination, bishops are not immortal, and the question of filling up vacant sees could not long remain in abeyance. According to existing Concordats, the process of appointing bishops in Prussia—where the Catholic equally with the Evangelical Church is established and endowed—is a very simple one. The Chapter of the vacant see selects a certain number of names which are submitted for approval to the King, who may strike out any one he pleases as not being *persona grata Regi*, or may, if he likes, cashier the whole list and leave the Chapter to make a fresh selection. But two names at least of those submitted for approval must eventually be returned, and from this remnant Rome has to choose the new prelate. It will be seen therefore that the power of the Government is far more restricted than in Catholic States, where the Crown usually nominates absolutely, a mere veto being reserved to the Pope, who can only exercise it on some specified canonical ground. But even this limited right of interference is intolerable to the Papacy in its present temper. A Bull has been issued under the title of *Pontifex Maximus*—the title inherited by the Popes from the Pagan Emperors—which does not so much abrogate as simply ignore the rights secured to the Crown in this matter by the existing regulations, with the express concurrence of the Holy See. With a sublime contempt for historical precedents, whether ancient or modern, it ascribes to "the Supreme Viceregent of God on earth" absolute and exclusive power to nominate all bishops throughout the world, without even a passing reference to any civil claims, if only for the purpose of rejecting them. The election of the Chapter may still be tolerated as an innocuous formality, but merely as a means of indicating local wishes at Rome, which may or may not be complied with. And English and Irish Roman Catholics have had abundant proof that, in elections to which any critical importance is attached, their wishes will not be taken into account. In both countries the present head of the Roman hierarchy was forced upon them by Rome, after all the nominees of the local clergy had been ignominiously set aside. Such high-handed policy is a perfectly natural result of the Vatican decrees, though it seems to reflect rather oddly on the infallibility of former occupants of the chair of Peter. But many of the bishops who voted for the new dogma are said to have imperfectly realized its retrospective application, and we may perhaps safely assume that the infallible Pontiff is more anxious to utilize his newly acknowledged powers in promoting the aggrandizement of his see than in vindicating the consistency of his predecessors. At all events, modern Governments have to reckon with modern Popes, whose claims must be taken at their own valuation, in considering how to deal with them.

We referred just now to the Pope's letter to Archbishop Ledochowski, dated November 3 last, which has just found its way into the newspapers. The language of the illustrious "prisoner" leaves no doubt that he at least will not flinch from the contest. Scarcely has he taken up his pen before the policy of the German Government and its ultimate results are delicately summed up in the observation that "the attacks directed by the powers of hell and the malice of man will be in vain." Soon afterwards we come upon a graphic description of the nature of these diabolical attacks:—"Contempt, calumny, laws and temporal superiority are arrayed against the Church; its professors are designated 'rebels'—we had really fancied it was the Pope himself who applied that designation to the most distinguished Roman Catholic Professors living—its bishops are condemned as agitators by courts of law, and persecuted with fines, deprived of their offices, and driven into exile. Religious Orders are prohibited, the clergy gagged, the education of priests in the spirit of the Church forbidden, in order that neither may the people be confirmed in the principles of religion, nor any hope be left of training able and faithful servants of the altar; property dedicated to the Church is robbed." And last, but not least, "the chief helmsman of the Church is kept in bondage"—a tolerably *libera custodia* to all appearance—"although already utterly despoiled," not of abundant supplies of money, as this very letter elsewhere testifies, "in order that he may not govern the Church freely according to his powers." The despoiled prisoner of the Vatican goes on to acknowledge the offerings sent to him from the afflicted diocese of Posen, which he professes some scruple about accepting from those who are so sorely tried at home—and likely to be still more so, if they mean to pay all the fines incurred by their pugnacious Archbishop—but which nevertheless he does not decline. So far then as can be gathered from their words and actions hitherto, both parties seem resolved to fight it out to the bitter end. And, in a struggle of this kind, where brute force is brought to bear on moral endurance, armed with the skill derived from an experience of centuries and the obstinate persistency of a power which boasts that it is patient because it is eternal, mere physical pressure, whether or not it assumes the form of direct persecution, is very likely to be worsted in the long run. It is only natural to assume that a statesman like Prince Bismarck has not entered on the campaign without first counting the cost, and he has of course far better opportunities than any outsider of knowing the precise nature and relative strength of the forces with which he has to reckon. But statesmen are sometimes apt to miscalculate the comparative strength of spiritual and material forces, and an over-reliance on the latter in the present condition of ecclesiastical affairs in Germany might prove a serious mistake. The issue of the contest between Church and State, which is now become an

internecine one, will really turn on the internal condition of the Catholics themselves. If the Old Catholic party among them, as distinct from mere indifferentists or nominal adherents, is strong enough to hold its own and supply a religious basis for an anti-Vatican policy, the Bismarck legislation may be a success, but hardly otherwise. And that is a question of fact on which those behind the scenes can alone be competent judges.

LOSS OF THE *VILLE DU HAVRE*.

ANOTHER "terrible collision at sea" has been occupying the newspapers of the week, and the result of the statements hitherto made appears to be that a steamer has been lost, with many of her passengers and crew, for want of a good look-out. We say nothing as to the conduct of the sailing-vessel which struck her, but we may say that a steamer can almost always avoid being struck. The *Ville du Havre* left New York with 313 passengers and crew on board. For several days a thick fog prevailed, which necessitated the most careful attention on the part of the captain and officers; but on the night of Friday, 21st of November, the fog had cleared away, and there was bright starlight. Passengers and crew felt relieved from the danger of the fog, and retired to rest, in hopes of a pleasant voyage to France. The captain, who had scarcely quitted the deck since the vessel left New York, went to his cabin about twelve o'clock, leaving the second officer in charge. About two o'clock on Saturday morning a dreadful crash was felt, and the bow of a large vessel was seen projecting over the deck. The *Loch Earn* sailing-ship had struck the steamer on the starboard side just about midships, cutting a hole in her deck twelve feet deep, and breaking in the iron plates of the steamer for twenty-five or thirty feet. From the force of the collision, the mainmast and mizenmast fell, smashing in their fall the two large boats of the steamer, and killing numbers of passengers; and from the rapidity with which the vessel went down, the crew were only able to launch the whale-boat and the captain's gig. In twelve minutes from the time of the collision the *Ville du Havre* had sunk. The *Loch Earn*, after getting clear, kept on her course for a mile, and then hove to, and launched her boats to pick up the passengers and crew. In all 87 persons were saved out of a total of 313 who were on board.

There is almost nothing to add to this statement of the known facts of the case. It is painful to assume that an officer of the *Ville du Havre* who perished with her neglected his duty; but it is more painful to assume that he fully performed it, because in that case there would appear to be no security whatever against collision if two ships unfortunately happen to approach each other at night. A survivor of the wreck heard from the man on the look-out, who it seems has perished, that the *Loch Earn* had no side lights burning; but whether that is true or not he cannot say. There may perhaps be conflicting evidence on this point, and we have no desire to prejudge it. Our object is to show that on any possible supposition the lives of passengers are in serious danger unless a degree of vigilance be exercised which in fact was not exercised on this occasion. Any law requiring lights to be carried at sea is liable to be neglected; and it is not many years ago that a Channel steamer with passengers came into collision on this account with a vessel in the Straits of Dover, and it was owing only to the unusual stillness of the night that the passengers escaped with life. If speed really is considered superior in importance to safety, this ought to be clearly understood, in order that those who prefer safety may exercise an option, if there be any—which there probably is not—as to the method of conveyance which they will adopt. Suppose you have to drive home on a dark night, and time is important because if you are late the house will be closed and the inmates will be sleeping the sleep which rewards the toil of a well-spent day. The road may be quite clear, and you may drive at a good pace without mischief; but, also, the road may be obstructed. If all carriages are driven on the assumption that there will be nothing in the way, some of them must come to grief. A railway train is driven on this assumption, but then a railway is specially constructed and reserved for the passage of trains. There is room enough in the Atlantic for all the ships that traverse it, but ships keep for the most part in certain courses, and there is no security against collision except vigilance. If the watch on board a ship cannot see far enough ahead to alter her course in time to avoid collision, she ought to proceed slowly, or not at all. But if they can, it is possible that their eyes would be quickened by the knowledge that they were going at a speed which must be fatal to life if they do run into another ship. The point to be urged against the *Ville du Havre* is that she, being a steamer, had the means of avoiding collision with the *Loch Earn*, if she had kept a tolerable look-out. A very slight change of course or quickening or slackening of speed would have made all the difference, and it is hardly conceivable that there was not time for this after the approaching ship was, or might have been, perceived. It is of little use to survey the ocean, and mark accurately all its rocks and shoals, if obstacles of which no sufficient heed is taken are scattered upon its surface. We are almost driven to think that what is gained in one way is lost in another. Some dangers of the sea are diminished, but others are increased. There are many more ships afloat than there used to be, and it has come nearly to this, that a ship managed as the ship which has been lost was managed is about as safe on one of the highways of the ocean as a foot passenger who should cross Fleet Street without looking to his right or left. The ladies and gentle-

men of the *Ville du Havre* would have doubtless grumbled very much if their passage to France had been, in their opinion, unnecessarily delayed. After a week of fog it was natural to desire to push on during a clear night. We don't say that speed is incompatible with safety; indeed we rather think that the fastest ships may be the safest, just as express trains on railways meet with fewest accidents. But when an express train does meet with an accident, it is generally of the kind to put the newspapers to a considerable expense in adjectives. The captain of the lost ship had been on deck day and night during the fog, and he had gone to rest under the apparent belief that only the ordinary perils of a night at sea remained. It is almost equally disquieting to assume that this belief was or was not well founded.

Regulations for preventing collisions at sea are sufficiently numerous and precise, and the only difficulty is to ensure their observance. Sea-going steam-ships shall carry at the foremast head a bright white light, on the starboard side a green light, and on the larboard side a red light. A sailing-ship shall carry the same lights as a steamer except the white masthead light. If two ships, one of which is a sailing-ship and the other a steam-ship, are proceeding in such directions as to involve risk of collision, the steam-ship shall keep out of the way of the sailing-ship. Every steam-ship when approaching another ship so as to involve risk of collision shall slacken her speed, or, if necessary, stop and reverse. These rules, or something like them, are, we believe, adopted in theory by all civilized nations, and they seem sufficient to prevent that which nevertheless occurred. If the *Loch Earn* had her lights up, she was justified in assuming that the *Ville du Havre* would give way to her. Indeed, it is a rule that, where one of two ships is, according to the rules already stated, to keep out of the way, the other shall keep her course; but due regard must be had to any special circumstances which may render a departure from the rules necessary in order to avoid immediate danger. Thus if the sailing-ship had seen that the steamer was coming at her with reckless disregard of all rules, it would have been her duty to alter her own course if she could, so as to avoid collision. If the sailing-ship had not her lights, and if she acted as she ought to have acted if she had lights, then indeed her culpability, both moral and legal, would be serious. But of course we can make no assumption on this point. We can only say that it appears to us that human life is sufficiently valuable to require the officer in charge of a steamer to assume the possibility of meeting an unlighted sailing-ship who will behave as if she had lights, and to impose upon that officer the duty of exercising vigilance accordingly. But we are quite aware that an opinion, or at least practice, prevails extensively which is opposed to ours. There are adventurous people who with or without inducement will brave unnecessary risks, but it is rather hard upon timid people to have to go to sea in the same ship with them. It is perhaps almost time that the timid people were allowed to exercise some influence on the management both of railways and ocean steamers. It is highly important to make a journey quickly; but it is more important not to be killed or wounded on the road. Such accidents as this of the *Ville du Havre* are disquieting not only for the loss and sorrow they occasion, but because they suggest doubts as to the soundness of our naval system, both for commercial and warlike purposes. The Royal Navy necessarily sets the fashion, if we may so say, to the merchant service; and if we find recklessness in the latter, we may suspect that vigilance is not the most strongly developed quality of the former. There is some reason to fear that our whole navy has departed from those habits of ceaseless watchfulness which were produced by years of hostility with our nearest neighbours. The lesson taught by Howe and Nelson to the seamen of their age was "out of the nettle danger to pluck the flower safety." The apparent facility with which the most brilliant exploits of our navy were performed disguised the habits of unvarying precaution which made those exploits possible. One of the best points about our present race of seamen is that when they get into a mess they show energy, judgment, and courage in getting out of it. But we would rather they should not get into a mess if they could help it. Speaking generally, the conduct of officers and crews in sudden and difficult emergencies has been of late years most praiseworthy. Still we had rather that so many of this kind of opportunities of exhibiting these virtues should not be provided. There is, we think, too much disposition to hold on a course and take all chances for the sake of a quick passage; and perhaps the spirit which thus displays itself is an inevitable production of a long peace. If seamen are not involved in real dangers, there is a disposition to contrive them; and of course life in the mercantile navy was much more exciting when a privateer might pop out of Cherbourg or Dunkirk, and capture an East India ship within sight of home. In the Royal Navy there have been some examples of loss through incurring danger without adequate necessity. The *Captain* was lost from a notion of keeping up her credit as a ship, and we do not believe that such a notion would have prevailed in Nelson's age. We shall hear in due time further particulars of this collision; but however the facts may ultimately shape themselves, we can conceive no explanation which must not be exceedingly disquieting to passengers by ocean steamers.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S "SHADOW OF DEATH."

WE may safely prophesy that no picture will in the coming season excite so much interest or provoke such warm debate as this startling apparition of Christ in the carpenter's

shop. And we may be sure that as to the merits and demerits of the work, both in its conception and its treatment, the diversity of opinion will be commensurate with the vast number of spectators. The picture is a performance which everybody must see and talk about. Perhaps the mind may be best prepared to receive this new reading of an old subject by recalling to memory the artist's previous pictures. "The Light of the World"—Christ with a lantern, knocking at a closed door—was a conception which arrested attention by its singularity and its hidden meaning. Again, "The Scapegoat" driven into the wilderness moved the imagination by its realistic truth and its suggested symbolism. In like manner, "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple" was a subject thought out with singular independence and realized with the utmost detail. Passing to secular themes, "The After-Glow" and "The Pot of Basil" show with what fidelity and ardour the artist has of late been striving for brilliant colour illumined by dazzling sunlight. The remembrance of these works individually and collectively tells what we may now expect; in other words, "The Shadow of Death" is as a sequel which can be best read and interpreted by its antecedents. It comes as the mature fruit of an earnest and laborious life; it is the latest expression of an unfaltering faith; the creed of "pre-Raffaellism," in which the artist was reared, and of which he now remains perhaps the only unswerving disciple, has never found so thoroughgoing an exponent.

The picture admits of easy description; the characters are but two, Christ and the Madonna; the scene is laid in a carpenter's shop hung with tools and strewn with shavings. The accessories have been studied on the spot. Thus we are told that "the tools on the rack are from a collection of ancient carpenters' implements bought at Bethlehem"; in like manner the rounded arch of the windows, the draperies, and the design of the box supposed to contain the gifts of the Three Kings are substantiated by extant examples. Nothing is the creation of the imagination; historic truth is reached through selection of still existing facts, a process which is all the more trustworthy from the known permanence of Oriental forms. This carpenter's shop was indeed in part painted "in a carpenter's shop," and the figure and head of Christ were studied from living models in Palestine. The characters introduced are, as we have said, only two. The Madonna is the reverse of conspicuous; she is crouching down, she turns her back on the spectator, her face is not seen. One advantage of this unusual arrangement is the prominence gained for the principal figure, Christ, a full-grown man, at least six feet tall, stands in the midst of the small workshop; the day is done, and long toil brings weariness; the arms are up-stretched as if in relief from long tension, and the down-going sun which fills the room with light, and illumines the face with radiant glory, casts the figure in shadow upon the wall. The arms are uplifted, the shadow is the figure of the cross—"The Shadow of Death."

The choice of subject in itself indicates the dividing line which separates ancient from modern art. We can scarcely recall in Italy, either in pre-Raffaellite or in post-Raffaellite periods, the same theme. We have, of course, pertaining to the earlier days which preceded the years of ministration, the Flight into Egypt, the Dispute with the Doctors, and the Baptism; but seldom is Christ depicted in mundane work, one probable reason being that the character and mission of sacred art demanded that the human should be merged in the divine. It was not till the arts became secularized that we find the carpenter's shop freely admitted within the pale of pictorial narrative. The modern Germans, Carl Müller for example, have represented Jesus as a boy sawing wood, and Mr. Millais in his younger days painted an analogous subject. We do not make this statement so much by way of objection as for the sake of elucidation. We point to these historic distinctions in the pictorial representation of the life of the Saviour in order the better to determine the whereabouts of the work before us. One of the inferences we thus arrive at is that we are here thrown not so much within the domain of high art as of *genre*. This interior, with its accessories, pertains more to the literalness of Dutch art than to the high generalization of Italian schools. We do not speak in unconsciousness of many noble and redeeming traits when we say that the attitude chosen is that of a tired-out labourer in the act of stretching his weary arms. Yet it must be conceded that the hands are most studious in drawing and exquisitely subtle in expression.

But the painter has endeavoured, and not wholly in vain, to elevate his subject by means of symbolism. Not only does the shadow on the wall prefigure the agony on the Cross, but the tools, it is said, are so arranged on the rack as to signify the nails and instruments of torture. In the corner are reeds which refer to the mock sceptre of a king put into the hand at the time of buffeting. Again, the circular window which looks out on the evening sky is so placed as to surround the head as with a nimbus, while a smaller star-shaped opening is supposed to refer to the star which was seen in the East. We are not sure whether this ingenious elaboration of hidden meanings may be of the nature of milk for babes or of meat for strong men. Such art reminds us of the mysticism and symbolism which coloured our sacred poetry in bygone centuries; yet Crasshaw's "Steps to the Temple" leave the reader as far from heaven as when he begins a stanza with "O Mighty Nothing" and ends with nothing. It may be admitted, however, that the painter passes from arbitrary and artificial symbolism to natural significance when in the worn and weary figure, and in the heavy laden spirit, of the Saviour he gives a foretaste of agony and of death. We are not certain that we follow the artist so readily when the endeavour is made to exalt the dignity of labour by

representing the Saviour "gaining His bread by the sweat of His face." Yet, by way of apology, we are told that this is the only picture which has ventured to show "Christ in full manhood enduring the burden of common toil." The age may be taken as between twenty-five and thirty, that period concerning which the Gospels are silent, a significant fact which perhaps might teach our painters not to enlarge on what is little revealed. In fact it may be objected that this last contribution to sacred art is quite as much legendary as biblical, and that the spirit by which it is animated, though not the reverse of reverent, has more of the accent of mundane legends and of apocryphal books than of the tone of inspired writings. There is a curious tradition recounted in the so-called "Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ," that St. Joseph "was not very skilful at the carpenter's trade," and that, among other blunders, he made a mistake in a throne which he had to construct for the King of Jerusalem. And the story goes that the Child Jesus set all right as by miracle. The process, be it observed, was not that of mechanical work, but of miraculous power. And though it may be equally hard to get warranty either for the narrative in the legend or for the incident in the picture, yet it would seem that the miraculous story is in better keeping with the accepted events and deeds in the life of the Saviour. In the "Dispute in the Temple" the idea certainly is that the wisdom was given from above, and there can be no doubt that the old painters were ever actuated by a like motive when they sought to embody the divine in the human. Even the Infant in the "Sistine Madonna" has a supernatural outlook in the dazzled and entranced eye. But it were too hard not to allow a painter the license which by common consent is accorded to the poet. The thoughts to which Mr. Holman Hunt has given such earnest expression may be open to criticism, especially as the picture is painted on the basis of literal truth; but though we criticize, we cannot wholly condemn. The attempt, as we have seen, is to elevate materialism by mysticism, and to make even the accessories of an inanimate realism instinct with spiritual symbolism.

The head of the Saviour and the figure, the greater part of which is undraped, have evidently, in common with every other part of the picture, received anxious thought. And the result is an independence of treatment which will throw the world into controversy. In the first place, we may remark that, though the idea of the existence of any trustworthy portrait of Christ has long been abandoned, yet there is, as we all know, a type which for centuries obtains acceptance. Mr. Hunt, throwing aside the traditional form, goes to nature and makes for himself a new type. To this there can be no objection, provided only he realizes the fundamental idea of the character, which is the divine residing in the human. We believe that two or more models have been employed, a practice for obvious reasons habitual with both painters and sculptors: the defects of one model are thus rectified by the others. In the present instance the torso and limbs have been studied from a man in Syria better known for his physique than for his moral attributes. The artist has articulated the form firmly; the anatomy has nerve and sinew; the modelling is sharp and even severe; the style and manipulation are somewhat between the early Italian and the early German; the colour is warm to crudity. The physical frame is that of a man well proportioned, strongly and compactly knit in bone and muscle, fitted by nature for skilled manual labour; and so far the artist gains what he aims at. Yet, judged by the highest standards, more might be desired. Winckelmann describes the steps by which the ancient sculptors ascended from heroes to gods; and Leonardo in the "Last Supper," and Thorwaldsen in the noble figure which stands in the Frauen Kirche, Copenhagen, endeavoured, in the words of Winckelmann, to realize "the prophetic declaration which announced the Saviour as the most beautiful of the children of men." And we are glad to recognize in our English painter somewhat of the same belief. The reading of the character is not that which prevailed in the early centuries under the misinterpretation of the words "There is no beauty that we should desire him"; it corresponds more to the opinion of M. Renan and others, who point to the manifest power of Christ's personal presence as proof of a physical beauty which may be supposed to approach the superhuman. Mr. Hunt, it is understood, met with an actual head which, with modifications, served him for a model, just as Leonardo is said to have used the study from the life now in the Brera, Milan, for his consummated wall picture. The Italian artist, it is stated, could not satisfy himself for a long time—a story which may well be believed when we contemplate the generalized ideal of the ultimate product. It is obvious that Mr. Holman Hunt has adhered more closely to individual nature; hence his type has more of the actual and less of the ideal. The head is crowned with auburn hair, which falls in disordered curls upon the shoulders; the beard is short, the mouth open showing teeth white as ivory; the eyes, liquid and lustrous as gems, are turned upwards. It is often written "And Christ looked up to heaven"; the artist has seized on such a moment, and in his upraised face we read not only the weariness of the flesh through labour, but the anguish of the spirit, and the prayer for divine aid. The conception is truly Christian.

It remains to say a word as to the position assigned to the Madonna. "Mariolatry" suffers rebuke; the Virgin's face, as we have said, is not seen; the figure is subordinate to the principal character. In this bold innovation on prescriptive practice we have yet another proof that modernism prevails over mediævalism. In conclusion, we repeat that there may be much in the picture from which many

people will dissent; but, if we mistake not, few, if any, will withhold deep respect. The work is the earnest labour of five years, the canvas shines under the sun of Palestine, the picture comes from the land in which the Saviour lived and taught; it is the unburdening of a mind that has long dwelt on the noblest theme that can tax or inspire a painter's genius.

THE THEATRES.

WHEN the *Road to Ruin* was first produced merchants lived over their counting-houses in the City. The first and best act of this play begins at two o'clock in the morning, and we see the elder Dornton seated at a table with candles lighted awaiting the return of his spendthrift son from Newmarket. In the range of modern English comedy there are no finer parts than those of the two Dorntons; but a play that depends on male characters alone for its attractions can hardly be permanently popular, and unfortunately one of the chief female characters is weak, while the other is detestable. But after performing the *School for Scandal* uninterruptedly for some fifteen months, the managers of the Vaudeville Theatre were almost compelled to make some change, and they certainly have not done wrong in giving to the successful performer of Sir Peter Teazle an opportunity of appearing as the elder Dornton.

The acting edition of this play has prefixed to it a short criticism by Hazlitt, who regards the character of the elder Dornton as "an admirable representation of that class of English merchants who to plain manners and an unassuming outside unite unsophisticated upright sentiments." The outside of the elder Dornton would not nowadays be considered unassuming, but when this play was produced it was expected that a rich merchant would dress more handsomely than his chief clerk. These remarks by Hazlitt offer one of the instances, which are by no means common, of a preface to a book being useful. If his description of Dornton be read before the curtain rises, it will heighten the reader's sympathy for this old man, "whose name stands at the head of his firm, and is written in the hearts of the distressed," when he is seen struggling between love for his son and anger at his son's vices. He charges his head clerk, if he sees his son begging or starving in the streets, not to give him a single guinea; and when the clerk assures him that he will be careful to obey his orders, he turns upon him with, "What, would you see him starve?" The clerk assures his master that there is no danger of that, and he hopes that the son will soon make a fine man. "Will!" says the father, "there is not a finer, handsomer, nobler-looking youth in the world." The clerk, getting sadly puzzled by the conflicting impulses of his master's mind, says that if his master will only tell him what his pleasure is, he will endeavour to act like a faithful servant. The master answers that he is a faithful servant, but he is not a father. At this point enters Mr. Sulky, a partner in Dornton's bank, with news that young Dornton had lost ten thousand pounds at Newmarket, had drawn bills for the amount two days before his name had, by his father's order, been struck out of the firm, and that this fact being publicly known will cause a run upon the bank, stoppage, disgrace, bankruptcy. The father's anger now flames up: he bids his head clerk call together all the servants, clerks, and footmen, tell them their young master is a scoundrel, and bid them shut the door in his face. But the son's influence is stronger than the father's order; and in the next scene Harry Dornton is in the house, and presently he encounters his father, to whose reproaches he answers, "These things are much easier done than defended." The father tells him that his name has been formally erased from the firm. The suspicions already incurred by the known profligacy of a principal in the firm, the immense sums drawn, the publicity, the run on the house, the consternation in the City—when the father has got thus far with his complaints, the son answers, "All very terrible, and some of it very true." The father rejoins that if he should happily outlive the storm thus raised, it shall not be to support a prodigal, or to reward a gambler. He tells his son that he is disinherited, and shows him the deed, which the son puts aside with "Your word is as good as the bank." The elder Dornton protests that he will no longer be the dotting father fascinated by the son's arts. The son answers, "I never had any art, sir, except that of loving you." At this the father almost relents, but he will not bid his son "good night." The son urges his request so eloquently that all fathers will forgive, and many would share, Dornton's weakness. "Sleep in enmity," says he, and who can say how soundly? Still the father perseveres, and when he goes off the son exclaims, "Why, then, my noble-hearted dad, I am indeed a scoundrel." But the father returns to say "good night" and the curtain falls on the first and best act of the play. The son, in courting Sophia, has met and fascinated Widow Warren, who is Sophia's mother, and when the run on the bank begins and lasts over the day, he resolves to marry the widow in order to gain command of her 50,000*l.*, and thus save his father's credit. Maddened at once by grief and wine, he proposes to the widow, and is accepted. But the father hears of the intended sacrifice, and by the help of Mr. Sulky, who has suddenly come into a fortune, he averts it.

Some of the scenes almost reach the solemnity of tragedy, but an air of absurdity pervades and spoils the whole. This handsome gay young man, about to marry a lady of forty years, is presented to us as an object of compassion like the pretty girl in the last number of the *Illustrated News*, chained to a stake and waiting to

be devoured by the crocodiles which are slowly moving down upon her. No doubt the parties to an incongruous match are to be pitied, but the subject is disagreeable, and not less so when the middle-aged woman intends to marry the young man with whom her daughter is in love. However, the marriage does not actually take place. A supposed clergyman who has undertaken to perform the ceremony turns out to be the elder Dornton, who returns the money which his son had borrowed of the widow. Young Dornton of course marries Sophia, while the widow receives back into favour her rejected lover Goldfinch. Besides the two Dorntons the play depends mainly upon Goldfinch, a "fast" man of the day, and Silky, a roguish lawyer, who "must provide for his family," and engages for a bribe of 50,000*l.* to destroy a will. The terror of Silky when the completion of his bargain is interrupted by knocking from a closet which contains Sulky is as near to farce as other scenes are to tragedy. But when the characters of Silky and Goldfinch are well acted, as they are by the managers of the theatre, it is irresistible. Mr. Farren sustains as Old Dornton the reputation which he has acquired at this theatre, and Mr. Charles Warner is perhaps as good a representative as could be found of the part of young Dornton. The ladies are acted as well as they deserve, and probably the general effect will be improved by a few more performances. In Hazlitt's time the character of Goldfinch gave "an almost unprecedented popularity" to this play. He was then, however, a picture of contemporary manners. But although he looks coarse and vulgar and talks horsey slang, we do not feel as if we expected to meet exactly him upon a race-course, nor is the house now electrified by his consigning dancing-masters and umbrellas to perdition.

Another and less hopeful revival of an old play has been made at the Strand Theatre. It has been said of the *Belle's Stratagem* that the method Letitia Hardy takes to disgust her lover is much more certain of success than is her contrivance to win him back; and we fear that this criticism is only too just. Yet this play will always please when a pretty and clever actress undertakes the part of Letitia. It is exactly what the *Road to Ruin* is not. Here everything depends upon the women; there all rests upon the men. It is more easy on the modern stage to find a Letitia than a Doricourt; but if the present fashion of reviving old comedies should hold, it will be absolutely necessary to recruit our theatrical companies with a few good-looking young gentlemen. The date of this play may be fixed by the compliment paid to Letitia on her entrance, "Staying to be shot at by such eyes is equal to a *rencontre* with Paul Jones." She has met Doricourt that morning at the chambers of the family lawyer, and he saw her charms unmoved. "A husband of fifteen months could not have examined me with more cutting indifference." Her friend Mrs. Racket reminds her that Doricourt has seen a thousand pretty women, and his romantic fancies have been over long ago. They have been engaged to marry from childhood, but have not met for years, and Doricourt has been travelling abroad. She fears that she was less agreeable in his eyes than he appeared in hers. Mr. Hardy assures his daughter that she is mistaken, "for I asked him, and he said he liked you very well." This, however, is hardly satisfactory. As he does not like her enough, she will make him like her less. "Because 'tis much easier to convert a sentiment into its opposite than to transform indifference into tender passion." Her stratagem consists in assuming the manner and talk of a rough country girl, so that the fastidious Doricourt may be thoroughly disgusted with Miss Hardy, and then putting forth all her charms of manner and conversation at a masquerade, so that he may become fascinated with a mysterious stranger, in whom Miss Hardy may ultimately be revealed. The scene where she plays the hoyden is, with good acting, very amusing, and it ought properly to be embellished with the song "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" but that is omitted at the Strand Theatre. She tells her astonished lover how she had flirted with the curate, and how at a certain point she checked her reverend admirer. "Look you, Mr. Curate, don't think to come over me with your flim-flams, for a better man than ever trod in your shoes is coming over sea to marry me." But she begins to think she was mistaken. "Parson Dobbins was the sprightfullest man of the two." It is delightful to think how an exquisite like Doricourt must have received these salutes of his affianced wife. The curate used to call her "Venis." We next see her at the masquerade, where Doricourt declares that "she dances divinely," and, as he says afterwards, "he saw her, loved her, died for her, without knowing her." The minutiae is omitted, and the masquerade is altogether a tame affair. Mr. Hardy pretends to be ill, sends for Doricourt, and begs that the marriage with his daughter may be solemnized before his death. Doricourt is bound in honour to consent. "Make haste," says he, "if I have time to reflect, poor Hardy will die unhappy." No sooner is he married than a strange lady arrives masked, and informs the company that a few hours ago Doricourt swore to her eternal love. At this moment Mr. Hardy, who has never been ill in his life, becoming tired of lying in bed among the physic bottles, gets up, walks in upon the party, and reproaches Doricourt for showing passion for the strange lady now that he is married to Hardy's daughter. Doricourt announces that he will leave his fortune and his name to his wife, but his person will betake itself abroad. Only he begs the strange lady to grant the favour she denied last night, and show what her mask conceals. She complies, and Doricourt kneels in rapture at his wife's feet. May all belles find their stratagems end as prosperously!

This pleasant, bustling play is tolerably well acted at the Strand

Theatre; but no member of the company displays any special excellence, and unless the leading parts are very well done indeed, the best scenes lose much of their effect.

REVIEWS.

COBDEN AND MODERN POLITICAL OPINION.*

MR. THOROLD ROGERS has many claims to attention as a political essayist. He is a vigorous and lucid writer, a learned and acute economist, and generally a fair representative of the section of the advanced Liberal party to which he belongs. Not always accurate, and occasionally wanting in justice and in generosity, he makes laborious and sometimes successful attempts to be candid to all opponents except periodical writers, whom, like Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, he regards with scarcely concealed aversion. By the most advanced body of modern reformers Mr. Rogers is perhaps regarded as timid and reactionary. A thorough-going democrat, and a theoretical Republican, he never tampers with Socialism, nor countenances the substitution of State control for personal freedom and independence. A less unusual merit consists in his indisposition to violent or revolutionary methods of change. It must be admitted that English promoters of innovation but rarely advocate an imitation of the Reign of Terror. There is indeed no obvious reason why an omnipotent numerical majority should prefer any irregular mode of obtaining its objects to the exercise of absolute legislative power. Mr. Rogers notices as an amiable and exceptional error of judgment the belief which Mr. Cobden at one time entertained, that he could convert to his economic views the class which possessed political power under the first Reform Bill. Mr. Bright, on the other hand, held that the first step to sweeping measures must be an extension of the elective franchise downwards. More elaborate organization will perhaps enable the voters under household suffrage to return a majority of the House of Commons; and they will perhaps shortly be strengthened by the practical disfranchisement of landowners and farmers in the counties. The Conservatives are disposed, as in 1867, to sell the pass which it is their business to defend; and the Liberal leaders will have no difficulty in overruling the conscientious repugnance of their moderate adherents. The suppression of small boroughs in the consequent rearrangement of electoral districts will complete the triumph which politicians holding the opinions of Mr. Thorold Rogers anticipate with well-founded confidence. In the prospect of uncontrolled democratic supremacy it sometimes seems but a waste of labour to dispute with the future masters of many legions of votes. If Mr. Rogers's opinions on land tenure and taxation were incapable of being supported by plausible argument, they would not be the less command the assent of a House of Commons elected by universal suffrage.

Perhaps it may be allowed, as an intellectual exercise, to question one or two of the assertions which, until they are affirmed by the logic of an irresistible majority, seem to border on paradoxes. Mr. Rogers states with unqualified confidence that "two influences alone cause war—namely, the ambition of princes and the interests of a privileged class." "It is," he believes, "a rule to which no exception occurs, that when perfect political equality is established in any community, and the whole machinery of government is brought under the control of the popular will and public opinion, war becomes an anachronism and an impossibility." "That a free nation should attempt to bring another nation into subjection, or attack it in order to vindicate its honour, is an absurdity." Yet Mr. Rogers is undoubtedly well acquainted with the history of the Greek Republics, and of the mediæval Italian Republics, which were almost incessantly engaged in wars undertaken for the purpose of bringing their neighbours into subjection. The responsibility of the war of 1793 is of course thrown upon monarchical and aristocratic England; but it ought to be as impossible for a free Republic to continue a war as to begin it; and the insolent rejection of Pitt's overtures for peace, when he was at last bent on terminating the struggle, was the work of orthodox Republicans. The Northern Americans successfully brought to a termination one of the greatest wars of modern times, although political equality had long prevailed among them. It is of course easy to maintain that they were justified in maintaining the national unity, or in suppressing slavery; but Mr. Rogers had stated, not that Republics conduct just wars, but that they are incapable of making war at all. The same nation conquered and annexed a large portion of Mexico on the shallowest pretexts; and for several generations the readiest mode of obtaining American popularity has been to threaten war against England. The quarrel with Spain or Cuba will happily not at present result in an armed conflict; but the President and the American people would be surprised to hear that their country could by no possibility engage in war either for the purpose of vindicating its honour, or, in certain contingencies, of reducing Cuba to subjection. It is perhaps needless to contradict for the fiftieth time the unwarranted and invidious statement that the privileged classes of England were eager to intervene in the American Civil War. If the privileged classes were fairly represented in the House of Commons and the House of Lords, they entertained a nearly unanimous resolution not to interfere, although their sympathies may have perhaps inclined to the

weaker party, in consequence, to a great extent, of the unparalleled vituperation of England by American speakers and journalists. In Mr. Rogers's opinion it was "a scandalous euhemism" to call the *Alabama* and her consorts privateers; but, for the purpose of another argument, he attributes the existence of the Southern privateers to the failure of the negotiations between England and the United States for the abolition of privateering. The designation of the Confederate cruisers as privateers is not a scandalous euphemism, but a blamable mistake of the facts of the case. The *Alabama* sailed, not under letters of marque, but in virtue of a Government commission; and throughout the long and angry controversy on the subject, though the Americans foolishly and passionately called her a pirate, she was never described as a privateer. The earlier negotiation would have been futile, if it had succeeded, for any Government may at its pleasure convert a vessel which might otherwise have been a privateer into a regular man of war. The prejudice which Mr. Rogers, like Mr. Cobden, feels against his own country, or rather against its Government, leads him into a serious misstatement of an earlier dispute between England and the United States. "The attempted enlistment of troops in the United States during the Russian war" was, he says, together with the collection at the same time of a Polish legion, the last instance of the old practice of enlisting foreign mercenaries. The Polish legion would seem to be a purely imaginative creation of Mr. Rogers's fancy; and it is at least certain that no attempt was made to enlist foreign mercenaries in the United States. The invitation issued by the Governor General of Canada, and sanctioned by the English Minister at Washington, was carefully limited to English subjects, although by inadvertence the temporary sovereignty of the American Government over Englishmen resident in its dominions was technically infringed. A friendly Government would have requested the withdrawal of the proclamation; and its demand would have been immediately conceded. The American Government thought proper to dismiss the English Minister; and Mr. Caleb Cushing, afterwards known at Geneva, and then Attorney-General of the United States, expressed a hope that the affront which had been offered to England would rebound against the throne of the Queen. A free and equal Republic, though incapable of making war, reserves to itself the privilege of insult.

One of the numerous objects of Mr. Rogers's indignation is the present Income-tax, or rather Schedule D. That grievance also will disappear when the owners of property cease to exercise an appreciable influence in the House of Commons. It cannot be said that Mr. Rogers makes any valuable contribution to a controversy in which he is apparently incapable of appreciating the arguments on the side which he disapproves. He seems to waver between the plea of exemption founded on the precarious duration of industrial incomes, and the claim of a meritorious origin. Although he quotes and attributes to Mr. Mill the conclusive and often-repeated answer that the tax lasts no longer than the income, he neither admits the force of the argument nor attempts to confute it. So consistent an adversary of legislative and administrative interference with private affairs might be expected to dispute the right of a Parliament or a Finance Minister to alter the relative wealth of persons or of classes. When there is no Income-tax, traders and proprietors enjoy certain incomes representing in one case a perpetuity, in the other a varying expectation of enjoyment. The Income-tax falls for ever on the fee-simple, and on the less secure income as long as it lasts. The most remarkable instance of Mr. Cobden's liability to bias, even in the economical investigations in which he excelled, was his failure to understand that theory of the Income-tax which has approved itself to the judgment of the great majority of impartial economists. Mr. Rogers ought to have suspected the soundness of doctrines which he shares with the great majority of those newspaper writers whom he so cordially detests.

In matters of opinion or deductions from experience it is difficult to test the soundness of a general proposition. According to Mr. Thorold Rogers, "the small purchaser in a wealthy and progressive country can always, and always will, outbid the large buyer, if facilities are given for easy purchase." Mr. Rogers is fully justified in complaining of the heavy expense of conveyances, which deters not only small purchasers, but purchasers of small lots of land, who may perhaps belong to a very different class. If Mr. Rogers is right in his belief, the general impression is unfounded. It is a common matter of complaint that large landowners are incessantly buying up small freeholds; although the cost of transfer can scarcely prevent a refusal to sell. Small purchasers and large get, at the most, from three to four per cent. on their outlay, and rich men can afford to make or to retain an unprofitable investment better than poor men. It is demonstrable that the investment of a given capital in the cultivation of rented land is more profitable than a division of the same sum into purchase-money and the cost of farming. It can scarcely be supposed that a skilled economist confounds the gross produce of small freeholds with the profits of the freeholder; but the doctrine which Mr. Rogers maintains requires explanation, if not correction. No objection can be raised to his more general doctrine that the law ought to encourage the utmost freedom of disposition of land, so that it should be held in small or large portions as economical experience and convenience may decide. It is at least possible that the result of the experiment would be a still greater accumulation of land in the hands of a few proprietors. Mr. Rogers is entirely opposed to all Socialist projects for making the State the universal landlord; but no other device for vexing and harassing landowners fails to receive his approval. He

* *Cobden and Modern Political Opinion: Essays on certain Political Topics.* By James E. Thorold Rogers. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

would afflict them with special taxes; he would give farmers permanence or perpetuity of tenure; he would prohibit the preservation of game; and ultimately perhaps he would torment them into making way for small proprietors, who would be less easy to tax or to persecute with agitation. A curious instance of the controversial impetuosity which sometimes diminishes the authority of philosophical writers is furnished by a wonderful confusion of the Tichborne litigation with a question of disputed title. "What can be said for the law of titles in a country where such a case as that of Tichborne is rendered possible?" The most obvious thing to say is that there has never been a dispute about Roger Tichborne's title if he were alive, or about the right of another owner if he were dead. A man claims an estate which would be undoubtedly his if his identity with a certain person were admitted. Exactly the same question might arise on a claim to a horse, to a picture, or to a diamond necklace. At the trial in the Common Pleas the title was never in dispute, and the verdict was a declaration by the jury that the plaintiff had not satisfied them that he was the person who, if alive, would be the acknowledged owner. The issue in the Queen's Bench is of a different character, and has nothing to do with land or with titles to land.

The plan of the book is well conceived, and it will be attractive to Mr. Cobden's numerous admirers. Mr. Thorold Rogers, though he is fully capable of forming independent judgments, concurred on all important points of politics and of economy with Mr. Cobden, who was connected with him by family ties as well as by friendship. A series of chapters on all the chief articles of the modern Liberal creed are severally devoted to a text consisting of a statement of Mr. Cobden's opinions, and to a sympathetic commentary by his friend and disciple. In a former publication Mr. Rogers claimed infallibility for his hero, but he is now more prudently contented with proving that Mr. Cobden was in each particular instance in the right. Perhaps he would have made one exception if he had known or remembered one of the oddest episodes in Mr. Cobden's political career. Mr. Rogers denounces with becoming indignation the existence in some places of faggot votes, and especially of some faggot votes which are, or were, according to his statement, held by certain Conservative Fellows of Colleges at Oxford. He is perhaps not aware that immediately after the repeal of the Corn Laws Mr. Cobden concentrated for a time all his energies on a scheme for creating on a gigantic scale faggot county votes, to be held by artisans and other residents in the large towns. He occasionally declared that he had never promoted a plan from which he hoped so much. The defunct League was virtually, though informally, reconstructed for the purposes of the movement; and a considerable number of tenements in Lancashire were purchased in small shares by a sham constituency. The attempt was so far successful that at one or two elections the ex-League nominated the county members; and at last the Chairman publicly announced a compact by which Manchester and Liverpool were henceforth to divide the county representation between themselves. It was the resentment provoked by the insolence of the League and by the marvellous project of Mr. Cobden that converted Lancashire into a Conservative district. No better illustration could be given of the justice of Mr. Rogers's attack on the corrupt usurpation of the franchise by means of faggot votes. On a more disputed question Mr. Rogers differs to a certain extent from his friend and leader. Mr. Cobden never desired the establishment of universal suffrage, which Mr. Rogers recommends by an argument which is forcible, if only it is founded on a true assumption. "Power in the hands of the many has never, and can never, be tyrannously exercised, while power in the hands of the few will always be, and has always been, exercised tyrannously over the many." The opposite proposition, though it would not be true, would approximate more nearly to the truth. The few are always held in check by a dread of the material force of the many, but the dominant majority has nothing to fear. Representative government, wherever it exists beyond the limits of the United Kingdom, is a copy of the institutions of England; yet no country has yet succeeded in reproducing the competence, or in conferring on its Legislature the supremacy, of that Imperial Parliament which has hitherto been returned by a limited constituency. The vestry meetings of the Colonies, the subservient Parliaments of France and Spain, and the Lower Houses of the Federal and State Legislatures in the United States, are one and all incomparably inferior in ability, in honesty, and in integrity to the House of Commons. In America, under the most favourable conditions, universal suffrage has placed power in the hands of professional politicians who are disliked and despised by the intelligent and respectable part of the community. The State Legislatures are almost universally guilty of pecuniary corruption, and the House of Representatives, which is not free from the taint, seldom contains a member who could even pretend to be a statesman. Mr. Stevens and Mr. Butler, who have been the most prominent leaders of the House during the last ten years, may be fairly compared in character and capacity to Orator Hunt and Feargus O'Connor.

Criticisms of a dogmatic, pugnacious, and even intolerant writer are, especially when they are necessarily compressed into a small space, unavoidably one-sided. It would be absurd to dispute the value and the soundness of many parts of Mr. Rogers's book, although it seems more immediately useful to show cause against that thorough revolution which he invokes with approving confidence. The partial spoliation of landowners, which might perhaps assume a more sweeping form in the hands of some of Mr.

Rogers's allies, the destruction of the Established Church, the increase of relative taxation on property, the abandonment of India, and the substitution of an undefined federal system for the Colonial Empire, are points which can scarcely be accepted in a mass on the authority of Mr. Cobden. These and many other changes are implicitly contained in the representative revolution which even Mr. Cobden hesitated to approve. If Mr. Rogers and his friends succeed, as they perhaps may, in shifting the centre of gravity of political power, they may save themselves the trouble of proving the other points of their case. While liberty, and the variety which is its indispensable condition, still exist, it may be worth while, at the risk of being exposed to contemptuous vituperation, to argue against the justice and expediency of general subversion. Universal suffrage and equal electoral districts will render further controversy as unprofitable as the continuance of the combat in *Paradise Lost* after its issue had been determined by an external will. A prudent defender of existing society may perhaps then pay the supreme multitude the compliment of pretending to be convinced, when he is simply overpowered. As long as Canidia confined herself to boasts of her supernatural attributes, Horace thought her a disreputable old impostor; but when he felt her irresistible power, he directed to deter her knowledge of the black art:—

Jam jam efficiet do manus scientie
Supplex.

Democratic arguments will in like manner defy refutation when the managers of the Trade Unions lead a congenial House of Commons. In that happy future it is doubtful whether Mr. Rogers, though his present opponents may be silenced, will exercise as much influence as at present. As a philosopher he finds an audience even among those who reject his conclusions; but it may be doubted whether he possesses either the qualities or the defects of a successful demagogue.

PROCTOR'S BORDERLAND OF SCIENCE.*

THE friends and the foes of Mr. Proctor will alike allow that he is a man of unwearied industry. The productions of his pen in the last few years must amount to many volumes, and there seems to be no danger of the supply ceasing, since the present season has seen two, if not three, works by him. Whether to be the most prolific of our writers on scientific subjects is a distinction to be coveted or not, the credit of being so must be given to Mr. Proctor. We suspect that few authors would desire to possess such a reputation; but that he feels proud of it can admit of no doubt. In the prefatory remarks to the present work (which consists entirely of articles that have appeared in magazines) he takes great pains to impress on the mind of the reader how vast a number of such articles he has written. He is grieved that the notices of the two series of his "Light Science for Leisure Hours" have given rise to the idea that he has republished therein all the articles that he had up to that date contributed to serials; and he assures us that three-fourths of his essays in serials "have not been published in a collected form, and will not be." Having thus asserted his right to be acknowledged as the author of a gigantic amount of soon-to-be-forgotten literature, he seems to become aware that his words are not calculated to give a very favourable impression of the value of the productions themselves; and he hastens, therefore, to tell us, with very questionable taste, that we need feel no doubt of the superior quality of those contained in the present volume, inasmuch as they are all reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine*, and "Essays on Popular Science intended for the *Cornhill Magazine* are subjected to so careful an editorial process of 'selection and rejection' as can lead only to the 'survival of the fittest,' so that such essays as appear in that magazine may be regarded as the selected works of the author to whom they are due." These words can only mean that the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* is in the habit of reading through the vast crowd of Mr. Proctor's essays in order to "select and reject," until only the fittest "survive" (publication in other journals seems not to be considered as a "survival"). The picture thus afforded of the industry and patience of the editor of that excellent serial is highly flattering to him, though it may not please equally the editors of such other publications as have been honoured with the presence of some of Mr. Proctor's essays. However this may be, the public cannot help feeling thankful that they are in the hands of the editor of the *Cornhill* rather than in those of Mr. Proctor; for though we may not feel enthusiastic about the results of "the survival of the fittest," we should be unwilling to exchange that principle for one of selection by parental affection. It is doubtless to this that we owe the pleasure of having a book on Popular Science from the hands of Mr. Proctor which is not devoted to the glorification of that grand discovery which he claims to have made, and which—to judge by the prominence which on all possible occasions he insists on giving to it—he esteems one of the most important discoveries of the century. But in this respect the public are respite only. He warns us that he is about to publish a book on *The Universe and the Coming Transits*. There we shall find the due honour paid to his brilliant discovery that there is no Pope in science, and that even an Astronomer Royal is fallible. To say that if astronomical infallibility be sought we must not go for it to the Astronomer Royal would perhaps be a more accurate statement of his views. We do not think that he

* *The Borderland of Science*. By Richard A. Proctor, B.A. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1873.

disbelieves in the existence of astronomical infallibility, but search must be made for it in the proper quarter.

It would be a serious mistake, however, to refuse to recognize the value of the work done by Mr. Proctor and his condutors in scientific essaying. It is of no small importance both to science and to general culture that there should be men of excellent scientific training ever on the look-out to announce to the public at large, in language intelligible to them, each new discovery of interest that is not too recondite in its nature to admit of the process. Such men act as the Special Correspondents of the army of scientific workers, and possess their share of the faults and the virtues of their profession. They do not always select the most important operations for the subject of their newsletters; the first requisite in their eyes is that the intelligence should admit of a piquant treatment. With a general preference for what is true, they have a genuine horror of what is dull. On the whole, however, they keep us fairly *au courant* with the events of the struggle, and of this we must not be unmindful. Among these popular scientific writers we should assign to Mr. Proctor a very high place. Few scientific favourites deserve their reputation so well. He possesses the advantage, so rare among such persons, of being himself a mathematician of no mean ability, and that implies a severe training in such parts of science as admit of a rigidly accurate treatment. Couple the indirect effect of such a training with the direct advantage of being able to take your science direct from the fountain-head, of needing no interpreters between you and the original discoverers, and it is not hard to see how such a man as Mr. Proctor can be a trustworthy guide in the most slippery places in the half-explored regions that form the borderland of science. Nowhere is this more obvious than in such parts of the present work as treat of astronomy. The author has to consider the causes of those wondrous cosmical phenomena the discovery of which will probably be considered in future ages as the greatest scientific achievement of the time in which we live. Each theory purporting to account for these phenomena is in turn subjected to the searching test of numerical verification; and though the process is too often fatal to the brilliant guesses that owed their origin too exclusively to scientific imagination, we are occasionally startled by seeing some specially wild and improbable theory changed thereby into something approaching to a demonstrated fact. Who does not remember the theory that meteors are stones shot out from volcanoes in the sun or stars? Years ago it was a favourite doctrine in semi-theological books on astronomy, and passed therefrom into being an accepted subject of merriment in scientific discussions. Yet not only is the truth of this apparently wild theory demonstrated in the present work, but a very important part in cosmical development is assigned to it. Indeed we think that Mr. Proctor allows himself to be carried a little too far by his enthusiasm for his favourite theory. He asks too much of it. We are willing to believe that suns and stars pelt one another with meteor-streams, and even that our bulkier brother-planets ape the ways of their superiors; but we shrink from endorsing the proposition that the "bulge" of the moon towards our earth (which renders its earthward side one great hill some seventy miles in height) is nought but a vast heap of stones which our earth threw at its neighbour in its early days. It is crediting this respectable earth of ours with too much youthful vivacity to assume that it flung away ninety-nine hundredths of its mass in such outbursts. This is, however, what the theory requires, even after a large allowance is made for the moon's attraction, unless we adopt the yet more wondrous theory of "design" on the part of our earth, and suppose that it was intelligent and malicious enough to take deliberate aim at its unfortunate companion, instead of distributing its favours impartially in all directions. Does the tendency of sunspots to cluster on those parts of the sun which are immediately opposite to Venus and Mercury point to the possible existence of some such preference?

When Mr. Proctor possesses such special capabilities for being an invaluable scientific teacher to the educated public, what evil genius is it that induces him to write such foolish and mischievous articles as those on a Voyage to the Sun and a Voyage to the Hinged Planet which appear early in the volume? They are worse than valueless—they would be pernicious if they were not unpleasant; and his reputation will suffer seriously if he makes more attempts in the same style. The public desire men in whose judgment it can fully trust to report to it on scientific discoveries. How else can it distinguish between the true and the false? Accounts of the sea-serpent and of the deep-sea soundings of Thompson and Carpenter appear in the same type in the *Times*, and are copied with equal avidity by the country papers. It does not wish to be credulous, and it appreciates the true scientific spirit sufficiently to be yet more ashamed of hiding its want of knowledge under a smearing incredulity. It turns, therefore, in such cases to its favourite teachers to know how it must receive these various announcements. Hence, in order to be such a teacher, you must convince the world at large that you are not one who will let prejudices prevent you from granting a fair hearing, and that you will not on the other hand announce as proven what is still merely conjectural. Above all they must feel that all the statements in your writings may be relied on as giving the truth so far as it is known. Why then does a man in a fair way to earn for himself this honourable position waste his energies in writing fanciful accounts of journeys through Space, wherein he mixes up fact and fiction so indistinguishably that, after an intermediate state of bewilderment, the reader passes on to more rational chapters, to save his conceptions of the true state of physical astronomy from becoming hopelessly confused. It is not that we object to the introduction of fiction,

if it be dressed in a sufficiently fanciful guise to enable us to recognize it. Mr. Proctor may people a satellite of Saturn with beings possessing a Heat-eye, if he will. No one can fail to perceive that we can at present know nothing of such subjects, and the statement can do no harm. But if he speaks of such a satellite as itself attended by five sub-satellites (a theory the truth of which is not only possible, but not unascertainable), the reader who takes up Mr. Proctor's book for profit as well as amusement is left in doubt whether this is a triumph of our telescopic or a mere fib. If we wish such entertainments, we go to the picturesqueness of Hawthorne or the brilliant mendacity of Edgar A. Poe. Mr. Proctor possesses neither, and such essays of his are scientifically more injurious than the *Arabian Nights*, and not one-thousandth part as entertaining.

It would not, however, be just to insist solely on the faults of a really valuable and interesting book. The great majority of the essays are well worthy of Mr. Proctor's reputation. No one contrives to make difficult and complicate ideas clearer than he, and no one surpasses him in his power of marshalling facts so that, without the reader feeling in the slightest degree bored, a complete account of the subject is given. And there is no one who, in writing on the impressive facts about the vastness of our universe, holds so just a course between the dry astronomical tone that seems to delight in reducing stellar dimensions to millions and billions of miles, to show that it is utterly unmoved by such matters, and feels neither surprise nor wonder thereat, and the still more offensive style which is ever striving to excite a blank and stupid wonder in its auditory, and which "uses infinity as a peg for a declamation." Mr. Proctor has a genuine love for astronomy, and the dignity of his treatment is a natural consequence. On mundane subjects he is almost as good. Those to whom the prophecies of science seem full of gloom will perhaps cheer up a little at the perusal of his well-directed argument in support of the theory that our coal is destined to last far longer than Mr. Jevons would have us believe. It is pleasant too to know that we may reasonably hope to make some progress in flying. But it would be useless to attempt to give an idea of all the topics touched on in a book which has one chapter on earthquakes and another on gambling. Occasionally the author may be caught tripping, as when (in page 331) he cites the kite as an instance of the supporting power of the air on a horizontal plane moving in a horizontal direction. But, as a rule, he may be safely trusted in both his facts and his deductions, and if he does not get into the habit of writing too hurriedly, or of stooping to unworthy tricks in style, or of suffering personal considerations to influence him too strongly in his choice of subjects, his reputation as a scientific writer will soon be second to that of no other popular expositor.

UP HILL.*

EVER since the creation of Becky Sharpe, the character of the pretty adventuress, partly good and partly bad, has been a favourite with those of our lady-novelists who have a liking for a shaky outline filled in with correct details. In *Up Hill* Lady Wood has manufactured another of the numerous representations of this rather hardly exercised type; but Miss Phoebe Philtre is such a composite kind of person, she has such excellent qualities, and her actions are founded on such a fine sense of dignity and duty as the story advances, while in the beginning threatening us with such an avalanche of faults, that we scarcely know where to place her. She begins with looking like a sinner, but she goes on and ends as a saint: and these moral marvels, compounds of demon and angel, are difficult to deal with. We cannot quite understand the angelhood. Just as it seems odd for flowers to bloom where there are no roots, so does it seem unlikely for noble actions to be performed where the elemental principles were decidedly ignoble, and where no sudden "conversion" is introduced as the spiritual solvent by which the rough is made smooth and the hard soft.

Miss Phoebe Philtre is presented to us in the opening chapters as about the most purely calculating heroine we have ever met with. From first to last no grace of self-forgetfulness, no girlish spontaneity of thought or feeling, breaks through the cold deliberation with which she weighs and measures and balances her chances. But with all this the end is not as the beginning, and in defiance of precedent the clay image has golden feet. We are introduced to her as an all but penniless girl, the daughter of an apothecary who has just died. She is very beautiful, with a good complexion, soft brown hair in long curls on her shoulders, light hazel eyes "in form and position higher towards the ears than at the nose," while "the mouth ran up in the same line." "She would be a beautiful woman," said a gentleman, "if she did not so nearly resemble the fox in expression"; "and his hearers laughed, for the resemblance was striking when once the idea had been started." She has moreover a lovely figure, and she knows that she is beautiful; but she has never been in love, and only considers her "personal charms as a commodity which might or might not be serviceable to her in her fight with the world." When she is offered the situation of daily governess to Miss Arria, the only daughter of the wealthy widower Mr. Brazazon, and goes to the house for inspection, she reflects that these personal charms will be unserviceable in this case, impediments, not weapons of conquest; she therefore puts on a thick crape veil, and makes her figure "clumsy":—

She laughed grimly as she thought of the falling shoulders, delicate waist, and full bosom; and how easily she might, by a worsted shawl under her

* *Up Hill*, A Novel. By Lady Wood, Author of "Sabina," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1872.

cloak, give herself shoulders which seemed to whisper to her ears; and one bladebone projecting beyond the other. This spoliation of her figure grieved her more than the disfigurement of her face.

She does more. She makes herself stupid; "a woman too clever by half might be objected to by the merchant; for, given youth and talent even weighted by homely features and clumsy form, and a widower is a lost creature if his clever governess determines to marry him." Such as she appears then she is engaged by Mr. Brabazon, who says to himself, "No fear of my falling in love with such a Hottentot!" and she enters on the onerous task of reducing Miss Arria, who is a savage, to the discipline and decency of ordinary life. This is not the first time that Miss Philtre has been engaged in the like work, having been what is called pupil-teacher in a Brighton school, where she had endured the slights and vexations lavished on her by the wealthy young ladies with unflinching sweetness; but where, "with the small children, she had the strength and venom of a serpent. She coiled herself round their lives. They dared not complain, for no one would have believed any accusation against one so gentle." She glared them into silence when "turning half delirious on their pillows, and shouting their wild fancies from one end to the other of the dormitory," as soon as she fixed her eyes on them; and now, when she leaves the house of the wealthy widower, she grinds her teeth with rage against both father and daughter, and says, "All in good time, miss!" Why she should grind her teeth with rage against Mr. Brabazon does not appear; for he has done all he ought to do—treated her with civility, and acceded to her terms; the child's offence is more intelligible, as "the lump of craze and bombazine" frightens her, and she screams, and will not go near her new teacher. This is a beginning surely suggestive of any amount of polite Brownriggism. But what do we find? A charming story-teller, who fascinates and tames her little savage by the most exquisite tact, the most fertile invention, the most unwearied patience, mingled with that quiet kind of unalterable firmness which all children like, and which the most ferocious respect. There is not a trace of the Brownrigg to be found—not a single strand laid of any after-web of manœuvring or decoit. When, after a while, she is taken into the house at an increased salary, she gets her footing there solely by the perfectness with which she has performed her duties; and though she does tell Mr. Brabazon a cock-and-bull story of her ancestry, and does make herself lovely in his sight, it is with no base motive after all. In short, Lady Wood has only seemed to play with a doubtful puppet when she made Phoebe Philtre like a fox; she would have made the outer and the inner more harmonious had she pictured her like a lamb.

Another event occurs to Phoebe of which the traditional adventuress would have made capital, but which she heroically declines to utilize. A handsome young man is run over before the door of the shop which was once her father's, and is now Mr. Reach's. Mr. Reach is not at home, and Phoebe, who is an excellent bone-setter as well as physician, sets the fractured arm with the skill of the most practised house-surgeon of a hospital, and takes her patient to his home, the address of which she has discovered by means of a tiny card-case which she abstracted from the young man's pocket and transferred to her own. Her patient is the Earl of Arden, and we have a rapturous description of the library of the young lord, "so luxurious in its furniture, so refined in its revelations," the following special bit of decoration standing out in high relief:—"On the mantelpiece, carefully guarded from London smuts by a glass, a beautiful figure in Parian marble, representing Pleasure, was crowning with flowers old Time, who carried the dial of the horologe." Would it not seem to be only natural that Phoebe should make use of this chance? She is almost starving, for her salary from Mr. Brabazon is not due, and she has not her meals with her pupil; but she takes as her sole fee the card-case she has stolen, and a fine cambric handkerchief which somehow has slipped into her pocket. Also, she claims no acquaintance with her desirable young patient when they meet in the park; and, as time wears on and the story develops, behaves in the grandest manner possible all through.

The Earl is of course desperately smitten with her. They meet again at Brighton, where she is installed as Arria's resident governess. He pays her marked attention, and she repulses him with dignity. It is not that he is spoiling her market, fouling her game, but that she respects herself, and prefers, when the time comes, death and starvation to his offer to become his mistress with so much settled on her for life. We remember a similar position in a novel called *Which Shall it Be?* where the heroine argues out a like position with calmness and shrewdness, without the faintest approach to indelicacy, but in just the spirit in which a girl cast on the world with only her own youth and beauty as her friends would argue such a point. But Lady Wood makes her fox-faced heroine far too high-minded to balance or debate. She sees only the shame, none of the advantages of such a position; and no saint in white muslin could come out of the ordeal with more unsullied purity than Phoebe Philtre displays. Again, when she has engaged herself to marry Mr. Brabazon, whom she does not love, and is asked in honourable marriage (this time) by Lord Arden whom she does love, she loyally refuses the coronet and the handsome young man, and keeps faithful to the merchant with his heart-disease and not enchanting maturity. All this is delightful—just as it should be; we do not want it different; but why then fly a dove and call it a kestrel? Why start a harmless household kitten and call it a tigress? Was Lady Wood afraid of her own first idea? But fear of the world's

opinion has never ranked as one of her characteristics; and even in this curiously patchwork book we have bits of clever incisive coarseness which prove that she has not been more dainty in her method of execution than she evidently was in her first sketch, through fear of outside judgment or because of anything like true perception of the higher life she makes a feint to portray. We fancy she found that Phoebe Philtre, carried out logically as she was begun, was more than she could well manage; and that, after all, propriety and swimming with the stream of old-fashioned notions is easier to work than the contrary.

The whole episode of Lady Brune and Alice her daughter, the made-up "picked turkey" whom Arria exposes with such dire results; the "superior" mother and daughter hunting men for marriage; and that of the inferior Mrs. Semple and Jessie, now fastening their claws in the casock and hand of the Reverend Augustus Toplady, now making frantic endeavours to clutch at the Earl of Arden, are both equally vulgar, offensive, and improbable. With these latter ladies, indeed, we have again the feeling that Lady Wood had an idea in the beginning of the work which she lost or set aside as she went on; for the mischief which Mrs. Semple tries to make between Phoebe and her husband is very feebly done, and comes to nought as a matter of workmanship, and her advocacy of the quack medicine has also no result. That final fight with the burglar, whom Phoebe shoots with the same masterly precision as she does everything else, comes in a little inharmoniously. It is too violent for the quieter colouring of the rest of the book, and decomposes the whole scale. Mr. Brabazon, with his heart-disease—which Phoebe diagnosed so skilfully the first time she saw him asleep—and his subsequent paralysis, might have been got rid of much more quickly; and the ghastly picture of the dead man, with the blood slowly oozing out on the floor of the library, is a revolting absurdity. We do not like the school to which Lady Wood, with so many others, belongs. It is vulgar, rude, fond of tampering with the unclean thing, superficial in its tenderness, and simply shocking when it affects, as it sometimes does, piety and a deep religious sentiment. We recognize such cleverness as its adherents possess; but cleverness alone cannot redeem faults so grave and tendencies so distasteful as those by which the whole body is penetrated.

RANKEN'S DOMINION OF AUSTRALIA.*

FEW middle-class families in England have not had one of their members or intimate friends, or one of some other household within their private acquaintance, gone to live in the Southern colonies of this country. Yet the literary provision for their natural curiosity about the real condition of those distant territories and communities has not until lately been of a satisfying kind. Books professing to describe Australia, before the recent work of Mr. Anthony Trollope, were too often limited to a mere account of the experiences of some individual settler who had tried to make his fortune or a home for himself in a particular district. The statements of these authors, referring to local and temporary conditions, could not afford that sound general knowledge of the subject without which its different parts and aspects were liable to be misunderstood. British Australia, using the term to denote such portions of the continent as have actually become the habitation of English people, exhibits a great diversity of circumstances, both in its wide geographical extent and in its rapid historical progress. It contains five provinces differently situated, each as large as one of the kingdoms of Europe, and each comprising districts where the favours of nature are variously dispensed, or in some cases apparently denied. Their industrial settlements are of different periods, and were formed under very dissimilar circumstances, though nearly all have been created during the last fifty years. The development of new material and social interests, almost every ten years, in the more advanced colonies, has further complicated the whole subject of the state of the Australian world. A compact body of well-digested information concerning it was therefore much wanted by an increasing number of readers here, but no returned emigrant or traveller was likely to supply this need. Mr. Trollope's entertaining mixture of personal narrative, of anecdote and adventure as a tourist, with statistical notes of matters belonging to the several provinces, is rather discursive than comprehensive. A more direct effort at instruction is made by the volume we have now to examine, in which Mr. Ranken presents a concise and summary description of the chief physical causes and the industrial development of the different sources of wealth in Australia, and of their results in its probable social and political future. His book is a very suitable companion to that on the *Canadian Dominion*, by Mr. Charles Marshall, which was published two or three years ago, and Mr. Ranken concludes by suggesting a possible confederation in Australia, like that of the British American provinces. This, indeed, is a suggestion which has lately found favour both with some colonial and some Imperial statesmen.

Before entering upon his review of the pastoral, agricultural, mineral, and commercial industries of Australia, the author, treating all these matters in the strict order of their practical connexion, gives a striking account of the physical geography and climate. It is only of the continent that he speaks, not extending his remarks either to Tasmania, which may be regarded as an appendage to Australia, or to New Zealand, which is extremely

* *The Dominion of Australia; an Account of its Foundations.* By W. H. L. Ranken. London: Chapman & Hall.

unlike it and sufficiently remote from it. The ingredients of Australian prosperity, beginning of course with the flocks and herds that may be fed, and the crops that may be grown on the land, must depend very much upon the degree of heat and of moisture in the atmosphere, and upon the amount and regularity of the seasonable rainfall. These conditions depend, as Mr. Ranken shows very forcibly, more upon the configuration of the surface of the country, and the distribution of its mountains and plains, especially with reference to their exposure to neighbouring oceans, than upon mere position in latitude. The entire continent of Australia is shaped as a vast basin, or slightly concave disc with a raised margin, like the rim of a common dinner-plate, round the greater part of three sides. The interior space is for the most part condemned to perpetual sterility by the coast ranges of highlands shutting out the vapour-laden winds of the sea, and by the want of inequalities of ground level to cause either the long and steady flow of rivers, or the formation of abiding lakes. Without any free play of air currents, and with no constant movement or permanent storage of inland waters, much of this land must ever remain little better than a desert. Only the monsoons blowing on the North-West coast are able to come sometimes five hundred miles inland. In the opposite quarter, again, only the river Murray, and its allied river, the Murrumbidgee, poured from the flanks of the highest Australian Alps, near the South-Eastern corner of the continent, have a considerable length of course and an unfailing stream. The interior is not always windless and waterless; but its most frequent wind is a parching sirocco laden with dust, and its fitful visitation of water is a sudden deluge repeated at uncertain intervals of many months; for two years may pass in some districts with scarcely a drop of rain. In happy contrast to this forbidding view of the void and waste expanse, still partially unexplored, which makes in our maps a doleful blank thinly dotted with lines of laborious travel, we contemplate the hilly and well-watered marginal strips of land fronting the ocean, with their deep river-valleys, their vigorous growth of forest, their cool high tablelands, and the fertile reverse slopes of their mountains parallel to the line of coast. Such are the habitable parts of New South Wales, Victoria, and Queensland; and if South and West Australia do not quite merit the same favourable report, they have yet some tolerable features. North and North-West Australia, when their time comes to be settled, will also be found capable of the sort of cultivation that is suited to a tropical climate.

A distinction is observed by Mr. Ranken between the occupation of these lands and their cultivation. Under the former head are described the operations of the squatter who takes up extensive runs for the grazing of sheep or oxen; and in this connexion, too, we have an account of the breeding of horses. The culture of those useful plants which yield grain and wine, sugar and cotton, in the different latitudes and climates of Australia, forms the second general division of colonial industries. Both these kinds of business, as we have remarked, are limited and locally determined by the unalterable facts of physical geography; and Mr. Ranken's entire review of the resources of Australia is based on this primary consideration. There is no country of the earth, he assures us, so good as the best parts of that continent for producing fine wool; and some parts of it are very good for producing beef as well as mutton, if any process can be perfected for preserving meat in a palatable state for the European market. The merino sheep, increasing since its first importation to the number of seventy millions, and improving upon the original type of its progenitor in Saxony and Spain, is the most perfectly successful result of colonial enterprise in the Southern hemisphere. But the economical and commercial progress of this interest has undergone violent checks and changes, which Mr. Ranken briefly relates; and he shows that its future extension cannot be great in area, but must be effected by a new system of management. After the occupation by squatting sheep-owners of the more accessible districts in New South Wales and Victoria, three successive waves of pastoral settlement, as he expresses it, swept over different portions of the continent. The first, occasioned by the demand for meat to feed the gold-field diggers, covered the great plain fantastically named Riverina, which is traversed by the Murray and Murrumbidgee and Darling rivers, with their tributaries, and which is now fully stocked, with the aid of dams and wells for storing its waters. This experiment was satisfactory to the pioneers of the colonial advance. It led, therefore, to other inland movements of a host of squatters, from Adelaide northward, and from New South Wales westward, or rather North-westward, into the great basin of the interior. The result was most disastrous to the South Australian adventurers, whose flocks mostly perished of drought in three or four years. It was scarcely more fortunate in the back country of Northern Queensland, where the expenses of a sheep-run and station were increased, while the profits were lessened, by the great distance; but in this region it is hoped that the failure of sheep will be compensated by other sources of wealth. A great improvement has lately been made in the system of keeping sheep, which are now fed in extensive paddocks fenced in with light iron wire, and tended by a very much smaller number of men than were required to watch them on the open plain. Their particular breed also is now more scientifically adjusted to the grass and air of the district where they are placed; and the wool is now more nicely washed, and sorted, and packed for the market. It has become worth while, instead of continuing the old practice of squatting at large with myriads or hundreds of thousands of sheep over a

vast territory held on lease as a run, to graze a moderate flock upon freehold land, and even to sow the land with imported grasses. This is the promising future direction of pastoral enterprise in Australia. Similar improvements will perhaps gain their reward in the care of oxen, which thrive very well in the moist warm climate of the North Queensland valleys near the sea-coast. But the commercial problem of bringing their carcasses to market is yet only coming near its solution; and the same may be said of the clever breed of Australian horses, which run wild in stray herds of little or no value, as on the South American Pampas.

Agriculture, the next concern of our Australian fellow-subjects, has, in Mr. Ranken's judgment, been very seriously misdirected by the rage for indiscriminate settlement of small landowning cultivators upon any plots they may happen to fancy at the uniform Government price. Mr. Trollope had told us of the bitter standing quarrel on this subject between the aristocratic squatter, who must see many useful bits thus cut out of his pasture-run, to his great inconvenience, and the intrusive purchaser, of a would-be yeoman class, too often lacking the capital and the intelligence that a farmer should apply to his business. The law granting every purchaser an unrestricted right of selection before the lands have been officially surveyed and pronounced fit for cultivation is denounced by Mr. Ranken as a mischievous contrivance of democratic politicians in Victoria and in New South Wales. He contends, with some plausibility, that it is not less delusive and injurious to the labouring class of colonists than prejudicial to the economic welfare of those provinces. Queensland and South Australia, which have not yet followed the bad example, are said to prosper somewhat better with their lands and their crops; but we may observe that their industry is less distracted by the temptation of gold-fields. South Australia, with a very deficient rainfall, grows wheat to supply the wants of other provinces which cannot raise enough bread for themselves, and it further exports a large surplus of its corn to Europe. Queensland has done a little in cotton, and is in the way to do a great deal in sugar-planting, with the help of imported Polynesian or Asiatic labour. We do not, however, understand Mr. Ranken to mean that this comparison of the different provinces would indicate the operation of their different land laws as the sole cause. But it is worthy of remark that, while Victoria has but one-tenth of her sold lands under cultivation, and New South Wales a twentieth part, with many holdings actually thrown up by their owners in despair, the proportion in South Australia is one-fourth, many of the agriculturists there being Germans, who are very steady settlers. Queensland, too, is wisely bidding for an intelligent middle class of small capitalists, by offering carefully selected estates of moderate size both for agricultural and for pastoral employment. But we are inclined to think that New Zealand and even Tasmania, having a climate more congenial to Englishmen, will be preferred by many of this class to any province of the Australian mainland.

The prospective greatness of New South Wales, and probably also that of Victoria, seems after all to lie chiefly in the mineral riches which they owe to happy geological accidents. Their gold-fields, which some years since attracted a rapid influx of population, have ceased to exhibit a wild scramble of isolated adventurers for the precious grains in alluvial gravel, and have become the seat of costly and scientific operations in mining the quartz-rocks to an immense depth. The yield of Australian gold is not likely to fall short within any period that enters into practical calculations at this day. But New South Wales and Queensland possess, in their border districts called New England, a valuable tin-field, besides which they share with South Australia the gift of plenty of copper. Still more important to these two provinces of the Eastern shore is their abundance of good coal and iron in the most convenient situations for working. The Hunter River coal-field alone, which has its port, significantly named Newcastle, to the north of Sydney, extends over an area of eight or nine thousand square miles; its coal, lying in thick seams at little depth, is of a quality better than any except the best Welsh, and can be sold for delivery on board ship at 9s. the ton. The iron ores of Berrima, eighty miles from Sydney, contain seventy per cent. of metal, which can be wrought into steel like that of Sweden. Here are the ingredients of a high degree of manufacturing and commercial prosperity, as well as the means of constructing and using at a cheap rate the lines of inland traffic which have already crossed the Blue Mountains, and have joined the sea-coast to the Riverina plain. Yet the principal export of the country, in the opinion of our author, will always be wool; and he expects that this will find new markets, particularly in North America, and possibly in China, added to the continued demand for its use in Great Britain. North indeed of the twenty-second parallel of latitude, it is not by wool, but by sugar and other tropical products, that Australian cultivation is to pay its way; and whether it will do so in the long run will depend on the feasibility of a well-regulated constant supply of labour. This, we presume, can only be got from India or from China to an amount sufficient for these vast territories of more or less fertile land. The scattered isles of the Pacific, which have been the scene of kidnapping outrages justly or unjustly laid to the charge of Queensland, are not so easily placed under official supervision, and are scarcely capable of sending hands enough for the present need. China has of late refused to permit the continuance of its coolie emigration to our West Indies. It is, therefore, to the Government of British India that the planters of North Australia will probably look for the provision of systematic facilities to

develop the natural resources of the Southern Continent, where the climate rejects the European labourer. This would seem to open a question worthy of Imperial statesmanship.

TACITUS.*

IT is, we fear, the fact that the powerful and sarcastic annalist to whom we owe the portraits of Tiberius and Nero has few readers in England, except among professional scholars. A few years back, in a by no means sleepy or unintellectual town of five thousand inhabitants, the single copy of Tacitus was found at the schoolmaster's. Perhaps his pregnant and thoughtful style is one which it is too much of a business to unravel; perhaps a more diffuse and perspicuous manner of setting matters before the reader is more congenial to a busy age and nation. At any rate there is much truth in Mr. Donne's remark that, whereas in France and Germany Tacitus is still revered, consulted, and written about, as an historian of his weight and eminence deserves, in this country he suffers from an indifference which was not felt by Bacon or Clarendon, and the sole English treatise worth reading on the History of the Annals is that of Dean Merivale. One object of the series to which Mr. Bodham Donne's volume belongs is to recall English readers to the ancient classics, and in this, as in other cases, it may be hoped that a popular and cursory sketch may be the means of attracting notice to a writer whose merits of conciseness, brevity, and compression of style might not be wholly unwelcome to modern historians be induced to revive them. Tacitus, if one desired to master all his remains, is anything but a life-task; and though the area which he covers is undoubtedly not large if reckoned by years, yet his style and manner, imitated judiciously, might be a good exchange for the prolixity and diffuse chronicling of our contemporary writers.

Into the volume of the "Ancient Classics Series" now before us Mr. Donne has thrown as much light and life as his limits could admit. He has dealt first with the historian's life, so far as it is known to us through internal evidence and contemporary notices, and then with his works, though not in their chronological order. The last chapter save one is devoted to the "Dialogue on the Orators," which, if it was written by Tacitus, as is generally admitted, was certainly the earliest of his works; and the Histories, which were written before the Annals, are discussed after them. To this arrangement, however, the student of Roman history can have no objection, as the course and order of events are thus rendered more consecutive; it is to the student of style and manner that, unless he is let into the secret, the "Dialogue on the Orators" seems an unaccountable departure from the principles of composition which prevail in the Annals. In the former there is an evident imitation of the rounded Ciceronian periods, and a youthful bias towards rhetorical display; though, as if to contradict those who would deny that Tacitus wrote this work, the sarcastic tone and the subtlety of psychological analysis, to say nothing of phrases and constructions savouring of identity of diction, bespeak the same author at an early period of his career. If the surface of the dialogue is pseudo-Ciceronian, the spirit that lurks beneath is quite that of Tacitus; and we cannot but think that Mr. Donne's readers will thank him for having drawn attention to a treatise so little read or known in these days, but yet so curious in the insight it gives into the Imperial system of oratorical training, as contrasted with that of the Republic. As in Cicero's kindred treatises, the dialogue in question is carried on by advocates and opponents of the oratory of Tacitus's day, and is concluded by an umpire, Curiatius Maternus, in much the same spirit as Palamond's "Et vitula tu dignus et hic," in the Third Eclogue of Virgil. The interlocutors, it should be added, belong to the reign of Vespasian, and Mr. Donne assigns the composition of the dialogue to the fifth year of that Emperor; there is force, however, in the surmise that, as the writer describes himself as "juvenis admodum" at the date of the dialogue, it was not committed to writing until he was older.

The Life of Agricola is a work always of interest to Englishmen, because of Agricola's connexion with Britain, and the likelihood that Tacitus had from his father-in-law, who was on the staff of Suetonius Paulinus, and who was afterwards, as pro-consul in Vespasian's reign, identified with the province, the most intimate acquaintance, consistent with hearsay, of the earliest history and geography of our island. As a literary performance the *Agricola* belongs to Tacitus's earlier and less historic style, which indeed would be better adapted to so warm a panegyric; as an indirect contribution to history, it acquaints us with Agricola's organization of the district between the Humber and the Tyne, his line of forts and roads along the East coast as far as the Firth of Forth, his sighting of Hibernia from the Mull of Galloway, his repression of the Caledonians and final rout of Galgacus and his army, and generally with the civilizing influences which Roman arms and institutions introduced into our island. Mr. Donne has found it convenient to throw into the last pages of his chapter upon Agricola, who was, if not the first circumnavigator, at least an explorer and a conqueror, of Britain, the sequel of Roman operations and conquests in this country so far as it is gathered from

other writings of Tacitus. It is a pity, perhaps, that this is necessarily very brief, particularly as regards the campaign of Ostorius Scapula, which we should have assigned to the year 50 A.D., and not to 47 A.D. But this campaign may be advantageously studied in the original, with the full and sufficient annotations of Mr. Frost's edition of the Annals, the title of which we have coupled with that of Mr. Donne's little volume, not so much because we can hope to do justice to so useful a work in a notice like the present, as because we desire to urge him to the completion of his edition of Tacitus, which would be a great help to the scholar's familiarity with that historian. In the passages of the Twelfth Book of the Annals (chapters 31-40) which relate to Caractacus, Mr. Frost will be found to have embodied in his succinct commentary all needful illustration and elucidation, whether of a geographical or of an exegetic character; and in his preface to the Annals he shows himself not only quite at home in the life and writings of his author, but also well qualified to discuss the peculiarities, which are by no means few or far between, of his style and diction. To return, however, to Mr. Donne, we must say in passing that we grudge the half-page which he has devoted to a meteorological parallel between Roman and Victorian Britain *quod* rain and fog, seeing that readers might naturally ask for more about Caractacus and Boadicea.

To the consideration of the monograph on the Manners of the Germans, which probably follows the *Agricola* in chronological sequence, Mr. Donne has added interest by discussing the old question as to the existence of a latent satirical element in it. According to this hypothesis, the German wife is a reproach by contrast to the more than "freaky" Roman matron, the virtuous German chief to the profligate and embarrassed patrician in the Imperial capital. This theory is worked out in the course of half-a-dozen lively pages through a series of antitheses, and the gist of it is summed up in the following paragraph, which will represent Mr. Donne's style as well as his argument:—

In these notes on the domestic condition of the Germans it is hardly possible to mistake the purpose of Tacitus. In the hardy lives and warlike activity of the Germans he glances at the extravagance and luxury of the nobles of his time. In their poverty, in consequence of their ignorance and indolence when at peace, in their chastity, partly because of their poverty, he saw an image, though a rude one, of those ages of Rome when cannals drove their own ploughs, or "roasted turnips on a Sabine farm." In many a German hovel might be found a counterpart of a Cato or a Sicius Dentatus, but not one of a Sejanus or a Tigellinus; in many a German swamp or forest dwelt a Cunctia and her young Gracchi, an Agrippina, a chaste and fruitful wife; but neither a Messalina nor a Poppea.

Although it is going much too far to consider the *Germany* as a prose idyl or a fiction, we are not prepared to dismiss this theory as an empty dream; and although it is true that in some passages the author is as Roman as his contemporaries could wish, it must be owned that the details of the strict marriage code, the female dress and morals, the large and fruitful families of the Germans, claim a larger place and importance in this treatise than the geography, which is given from hearsay, and limited in effect to the first few chapters. The materials for the *Germany* were derived, it is suggested, from the work of the elder Pliny on the German wars, and certainly it is in many respects a curiously readable treatise. Mr. Donne notes among salient points the Teutonic use of white horses for omen and augury. The heed given by the priests and people to the animals' neighing and snorting "has a very Oriental aspect, reminding us of the omen drawn from the neighing of Darius's horse" (*Herod.* iii. 84). He remarks also on the addition of the Germans, like the gods in Walhalla and the Slavonic wood and water spirits, to gambling and drinking; according to Tacitus, though their weightiest matters were broached and mooted in mid feast, it was a fixed rule that there should always be an appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.

There can, however, be no doubt that the Annals must be considered the masterpiece of Tacitus, in their distinctness from other annals or chronicles, their terse compression of matter and anecdote as well as narrative, and the byways wherein he leads his readers to beguile the tedium of the main road. As Mr. Donne puts it, "the keystone of the arch is indeed Rome and its Caesar, but the arch of description itself is wide in its span; the 'Annals' are the roof and crown of the mighty master's genius." During a good half of what remains to us of the Annals the Caesar was Tiberius, and of this human enigma, this Janus whose one face his citizens regarded with dialike and dread, while the provincials viewed its obverse with goodwill and devotion, Mr. Donne gives a fair and even-handed sketch. To achieve this, indeed, he is obliged at times to shake off the leading-strings of his author, whose prejudices occasionally interfere with his historical accuracy. Herein the annalist may have been biased by the perusal of private memoirs, such as that of Agrippina the younger, whose mother had been sacrificed by Tiberius at the instance of Sejanus, and who regarded the Emperor as a usurper of the rights of the Drusi. Or he may, as Mr. Donne agrees with Dean Merivale, have used too literally the reports of criminal trials and informations which Tiberius would have treasured up, however full of libels on himself, with the exactness of a pedant, to be ransacked and read to his disparagement in times of reaction such as the reign of Trajan. Mr. Frost in his preface admits that Tacitus is apt to use his authorities indiscriminately, as well as to have his favourites, one of whom was certainly not Tiberius. If this Emperor was not all that Velleius and Valerius Maximus painted him in contemporary

* Tacitus. By W. Bodham Donne. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1873.

The Annals of Tacitus, with a Commentary. By the Rev. Percival Frost, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge. London: Whittaker & Co. 1872.

panegyrics, nevertheless the silence of the elder Seneca, the ascription of his worst faults to the influence of Sejanus by the younger, and the representation of his rule as mild and equable by Philo and Josephus, raise a suspicion that Tacitus was more or less led away by a psychological theory which imputed dissimulation to Tiberius even from the interval between the death and funeral of Augustus; whereas the charitable view is that his rule underwent a change when he yielded himself to the influence of Sejanus, and had removed one source of dread and jealousy through the death of Germanicus. Of this death, hastened, perhaps, by the vexatious coadjutor Piso's interference, Mr. Donne remarks that "when a man is laid low by fever, some extra vexation is not unfavourable—to the disease." To turn for a moment to the commentary by Mr. Frost, it may suffice to point to his annotations on the chapter which, at the opening of the Fourth Book of the Annals, narrates the early history of Sejanus, and the growth of his influence on Tiberius. The grammatical notes on the constructions "raptui erit" and "sui obogens," with the references to apt parallels in the same writer elsewhere, are everything one could wish; and the annotator does not fail, upon "quippe isdem artibus victus est," to show in a few words the superior craft of Tiberius, and the ruinous consequences to the State of the rise as well as fall of Sejanus. Mr. Donne treats this Emperor throughout in a spirit of fairness and candour, as, for instance, where it is shown that he was for a while averse to the introduction of such a social curse as "delation" and its agents, though he was borne along later by the current of the time, and the suspicions sown by his favourite. When we pass to the reign of Claudius, "the reign," as it was nicknamed, "of the freedmen"—which the aristocrat Tacitus writes with a pen dipped in gall, because the order alluded to awoke in him the old spirit which had made Sulla odious and Pompey less popular—Mr. Donne is careful to point out the allowances which we have to make for prejudice, and the claims to future fame as a statesman and a promoter of great public works, which the "idiot" Claudius contrived to establish for himself before he was taken off by Locusta's boletus.

At the Histories, which are unfortunately but a fragment, and which were composed before the Annals, we cannot here even glance, except to note that they approach nearer to the general standard of Roman historians, and that in composing them Tacitus writes more in the character and spirit, and with the authority, of a contemporary. Mr. Donne's summary does full justice to the rapid sequence of stirring events which these Histories describe; and both in them and in the reign of Nero in the Annals, he is careful to draw attention to the episodes which are a special characteristic of Tacitus's historical works. His notice of that one which relates to the Jews and the siege of Jerusalem is particularly good, considering the limits within which he is confined, and so is the story of Vespasian's miracles.

On the whole, we must pronounce Mr. Donne's little book a fair and temperate estimate of an historian whose merits were manifold and pre-eminent, though he was by no means free from party spirit, and failed to exclude from his Annals the untruths of rumour and scandal. Mr. Donne's interpretation of Tacitus's guiding spirit is certainly sound when he regards it as being of kin to that of Dante. Tacitus did all he could to consign Tiberius and Nero to eternal infamy, "though he had not the advantage of the Florentine in a sure and certain faith that there was a region of bale reserved for his political enemies, and accordingly could not exhibit Tiberius in a red-hot tomb like Farinata's, nor imprison Nero in a pool of ice, like the Archbishop Ruggieri."

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

II.

BEAUTIES of English Landscape, drawn by Birket Foster (Routledge). In this handsomely bound volume we have, as the publishers' announcement tells us, "in a collected form specimens of the work of this justly popular artist, which have already appeared in their series of Illustrated Gift-Books." Though the engravings of course are not so sharp as they were when the blocks were fresh, yet these illustrations are on the whole very pleasing. With each picture is given a quotation from some poet, though whether the picture is meant to illustrate the poem, or the poem the picture, is in some cases doubtful. We fancy that it has happened now and then that Mr. Birket Foster has drawn a sketch, and that then some gentleman who is as familiar with the beauties of English poetry as the artist is with the Beauties of English Landscape has been set to find out what passage it is that has been illustrated. He is, we must allow, now and then unfortunate in his search. The picture, for instance, that faces Rogers' poem of "Mine be a cot beside the hill" is correct in everything save that it contains no hill, no bee-hive, no brook, no mill, no swallow, no pilgrim, no ivied porch, and no village church. A great many of the illustrations are of passages in Wordsworth. If Mr. Birket Foster really wished in his pictures to set forth the scenes described by the poet, it is curious that he should not have taken the trouble to go to the Lake district. It is somewhat daring in an artist to give fancy sketches of such well-known spots as the Pillar Rock in Finnerdale and Dungeness Ghyll. He may be forgiven, however, for having drawn on his imagination when he has given us three children sitting on some rocks on a sandy beach, as an illustration of the lines in Wordsworth's greatest ode:—

And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Lake and Mountain Scenery from the Swiss Alps. With twenty-four photographs from original oil-paintings by G. Oloos and O. Tervelicher, and forty-eight woodcuts by G. Roux. With text by T. G. Bonney, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge (Bruckmann). Many a man who looks back to a summer holiday spent in the Bernese Oberland as the happiest and most beautiful part of his life will, as he turns over the pages of this handsome volume, find many a memory brought back and many a longing awakened up. He will begin to talk of what he has seen and done, and make plans again for that future in which we are all of us such great travellers. The artist and the photographer have done their part of the work with much taste and skill, while Mr. Bonney's narrative is lively and interesting. The little woodcuts which adorn the beginning and the end of each chapter show a good deal of spirit. Altogether this volume forms a worthy addition to that library of Alpine scenery which every winter, like the snow on the mountain-tops, steadily accumulates, not like it, however, to melt away.

Japan and the Japanese Illustrated, by Aimé Humbert. Translated by Mrs. Cassel Hoey, and edited by H. W. Bates, Assistant-Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society (Bentley). "Mr. Humbert obtained his copious materials for this work during a residence of two years in the country in 1863-1864 as Minister Plenipotentiary of the Swiss Republic; availing himself of the privilege of travelling outside the barriers of the foreign settlement at Yokohama, a privilege at that time exclusively accorded to diplomats of the Treaty Powers, to obtain subjects for his pen and pencil in quarters inaccessible to the ordinary inquirer." Though Japan is now thrown open to foreigners, Mr. Humbert's work loses none of its interest. The engravings are as interesting as they are numerous, and set forth more clearly than any other work that we have seen the every-day life of the Japanese. It would have been well, however, if to each engraving a reference had been given to the page which it illustrates. The picture of a Respectable Tea House, for instance, can hardly bear on the introduction of Buddhism into Japan, though the two subjects are illustrated, one by the pencil, the other by the pen, on the same page; while "Bakers Pounding Rice" can at the best only in a very far-fetched and symbolical manner be imagined to be connected with the invasion of the Mongols. The narrative is copious, and in itself very interesting, though it suffers greatly from its French dress still clinging to it in a very awkward manner. Mr. Humbert certainly deserved a translator who knows not only French, but also English.

The Life and Habits of Wild Animals. Illustrated by designs by Joseph Wolf; engraved by J. W. and Edward Whymper. With descriptive letterpress by D. G. Elliot, F.R.S., F.Z.S. (Macmillan). Mr. Edward Whymper, one of the two engravers of this interesting work, assures us in the preface that "scientific naturalists consider that Mr. Wolf's power of delineating specific characters is simply unrivalled," and that "Mr. Elliot, the author of the accompanying descriptive letterpress, is a citizen of the United States, and is well known among naturalists from his superb monographs." When Mr. Whymper so politely and so generously thus praises the German artist and the American author, it would have been only proper for them in their turn each to have written a preface by way of reciprocity, and each to have taken one of the brother engravers as the subject of his high praises. Mr. Whymper happily might very well have spared his praises, for the engravings at once speak for themselves, while Mr. Elliot's narrative is soon seen to be judicious and interesting. Though it seems as if photography would supplant the engraver's art, without however filling its place, yet we cannot but hope that, so long as there are found such artists as Mr. Wolf and the Messrs. Whymper to bring out such books as the one before us, so long there will be found a public with taste enough to reward them liberally for their efforts.

History of the Ceramic Art, by Albert Jacquemart. Translated by Mrs. Bury Palliser (Sampson Low and Co.). The illustrations with which this work is abundantly illustrated are very interesting, while the "twelve engravings in aquafortis by Jules Jacquemart" are admirably executed. All who delight in the potter's art will find in this treatise all the information that they could desire; for potteries of all ages and climes are treated of, from those of "Hamenkhepar, an honest public functionary of Egypt, dating 3850 years before the Christian era," to those of "Zachariah Barues, the last potter of Liverpool." The translator in her preface says "that the question arose whether to make a free or a literal translation. The latter has been decided upon, though at the risk of retaining much of the French idiom. Any attempt to modify the enthusiasm and nationality of the author would take from the spirit of the book." The author should have remembered that enthusiasm and nationality cannot help getting modified in a translation, in whatever way it is made. As for the spirit of the book, it has, we fear, almost disappeared in the literal rendering. May we not apply to the translator a motto which will come home to every potter:—

Amphora cepit
Institut, currente rota cur urceus exit?

The Book of Modern Anecdotes: American, Legal, Theatrical, edited by Howard Paul, John Timbs, and Percy Fitzgerald (Routledge). We have here, we are told, a collection of Humour, Wit, and Wisdom. Mr. Howard Paul, who edits the American portion of the book, ought to be a good judge of all three, as we read that he once made a remark in which, whatever humour there may be, there is just as much, we will undertake to say, of wit and wisdom. "Howard Paul," writes Mr. Howard Paul, "being

asked what was the first thing necessary towards winning the love of a woman, replied 'an opportunity.' Mr. Fitzgerald kindly assists his readers in their enjoyment of the jokes he provides for them. He quotes an epigram of Garrick's, and with much obligingness adds, "There is real 'fun' in these neat lines, and it is almost impossible to repeat them without a laugh." Mr. Timbs's portion of the work is the best done, but even here we have two stories about Lord Ellenborough given twice over, within two pages, though in somewhat different words.

Common Wayside Flowers, by Thomas Miller. With illustrations by Birket Foster; printed in colours by Edmund Evans (Routledge). This work is prettily written and prettily illustrated. We wish, however, that the process by which the printing in colours is performed could have been made to give just a hint of the scent of spring flowers. It is hard for the imagination to do full justice to Mr. Birket Foster's graceful designs, when there is so strong a smell of oil or naphtha. This, however, will no doubt soon pass away. We wonder, by the way, that Mr. Miller, in attempting to account for what he calls "the great mystery" of the luxuriant growth of colt's-foot in a new railway cutting, should ask "Is there something peculiarly attractive in these new soils, which draws down the myriads of seeds that are supposed to be continually floating in the air?" Before he makes up his mind to fall back on "peculiar attraction," he had better study the *Origin of Species*.

The *New Illustrated Natural History*, by Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. (Routledge). We have given us in this large handsome volume an abridgment of Mr. Wood's *Illustrated Natural History* in three volumes. Though the work is an abridgment, yet it is large enough to contain a great amount of information. Mr. Wood's style is simple and clear, not too hard for the young, not too condescending in its easiness for the old. The work is abundantly illustrated "with designs by Wolf, Zwicker, Weir, Coleman, Harvey, and others; engraved by the brothers Dalziel." Few among the Christmas books which have as yet come before our notice would interest a larger class of readers than this popular book of Natural History.

The *Pet Lamb Picture Book*. With twenty-four pages of illustrations, printed in colours by Kronheim and Co. (Routledge). It is too bad to take Wordsworth's beautiful poem of the "Pet Lamb," and make it give a name to these gaudy daubs. If the illustrator had taken the trouble to read the poem, he would have seen that "the slender cord" with which the lamb "was tethered to a stone" was not a thick hempen rope, but a "woollen chain." By what stretch of the imagination, moreover, is Barbara's father, the Westmoreland shepherd, represented as wearing a bright Scotch tartan?

Poems, Songs, and Ballads of the Sea, compiled and arranged by Charles Bruce (Nimmo). This collection seems to have been judiciously made, and will, we have no doubt, be popular. Songs about the sea can scarcely fail to be attractive to English boys, or indeed to Englishmen.

Stories of Enterprise and Adventure (Seeley and Co.). This little book contains a very interesting "selection of authentic narratives." The editor has not, as editors so often do, given what has often been given before. He has evidently read a good many books of travels, and has picked out what he knew would be interesting, and at the same time, to most of his readers, quite fresh. He not only gives a short piece of pleasant reading, but he shows where pleasant reading is to be found. Any one who reads, for instance, "A Night among the Arabs" will have a strong wish to read Miss Hogora's *Domestic Life in Palestine*, from which it is taken.

The *Problem of Pythagoras*, by W. Marsham Adams, B.A., late Fellow of New College, Oxford (Mead and Co.). "In this problem," says the author, "the reasoning of Euclid in the 47th proposition of the First Book is brought directly home both to the eye and to the mind." A boy who finds Euclid very hard—and how few boys do not—would, we are sure, see some of his difficulties at once cleared away by the use of Mr. Adams's ingenious diagram. While it will be found to be very useful, it has all the merits of an amusing puzzle.

Pictures by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A. Engraved on steel, with historical and critical descriptions, and a short biographical sketch of the author by James Dafforne (Virtue and Co.). This handsome volume contains thirteen engravings from Mr. Stanfield's most important works. Mr. Dafforne tells us that, "for the sake of classification," he has divided them into "home scenes, marine views—that is, on the open sea—and foreign scenery." Of each of these styles he gives three or four specimens. The engravings are interesting and well executed, and Mr. Dafforne has on the whole done his part well, though the style of the biographical sketch would have been better if some of the sentences had been broken up into two or three.

Daily Help for Daily Need, edited by Mary G. Shipley (Seeley). This book contains "a selection of Scripture, verses and poetry for every day of the year." The selection seems to have been made with judgment and taste, so far as we can form an opinion, though we cannot pretend to decide whether the text and poem given for each one day are specially suited to that day. The editor, we notice, has the modesty to give one of her own poems as the proper reading for the 29th of February. She might otherwise have easily aroused the jealousy of some brother poet who would have found that one of his pieces was only thought worthy of being read once in every four years.

Messrs. Routledge have brought out a very handsome edition of the *Christian Year*, well printed, elegantly bound, and fully

"illustrated by Sir John Gilbert, Robert Barnes, W. B. Scott, H. O. Selous, Mr. Small, and other eminent artists." Among the other eminent artists, by the way, are Guido, John Jellies, and Raffiella. The illustrations are of course of very unequal power, and while some are very poor, others are all that could be desired.

Sketches of Highland Character, illustrated by W. R. (Edmondston and Douglas). The sketches are very dull, and the illustrations are very vulgar. The author takes as his motto the line, "A chief's amang ye takin' notes." We wish he had stopped short with his sketches as he has stopped short with his quotation, and had not gone on "to print it."

Half-Hours with the Best French Authors. With twenty-four illustrations, from designs by Emile Bayard (Seeley and Co.). In this moderate-sized volume are given "short passages from some of the most celebrated prose writers translated into English." The passages have been well selected, and the English much less clearly than usual betrays the fact that it is a translation. The designs, though by no means equal, are yet far better than we generally meet with in such volumes as these.

Aunt Louisa's National Album (Warne). "The National Album," we read, "has received its name from containing, first, two of our oldest National Nursery Stories, and next, two modern ones which are especially 'national,' because they relate to our children—the hope of the nation—and that faithful animal for which Britain has been famous ever since the days of Cæsar." Cæsar, we remember, does mention the goose. Perhaps in Aunt Louisa's edition of the Commentaries the dog comes in. Next year we may hope to see the Universal Album so called from containing first the story of the Cow jumping over the Moon, and next the song of Goosey, Goosey, Gander, which is especially universal because it relates to that animal which, with apple sauce, has been universally enjoyed in Britain ever since the days of Cæsar, when the Romans, as we may well suppose, first taught the Britons that it might be lawfully eaten.

Good Little Children, adapted from the French of P. J. Stahl. With thirty-two illustrations, from designs by J. Frölich (Seeley and Co.). Though the drawing of these illustrations is not very good, yet there is a good deal of humour in the designs. Good little children are led along the right path in the pleasantest of all ways. They are shown what they ought not to do. We trust that if this book gets into every nursery, no child hereafter will be found, like the naughty children in its pages, to drive nails into looking-glasses, or to set the house on fire by playing with matches.

As a companion to this book, the same publishers give us *Davie and Dot, their Pranks and Pastimes*, adapted from the same French author, with designs by E. Froment. The same moral lessons are taught in the same moral way. Poor little Dot has not as yet learnt that "it is really not proper to drink water out of shoes," and so tumbles into a brook, while Davie smashes Dot's fingers, his own toes, and the looking-glass.

The *Children's Pleasure Book*. With 250 illustrations (Virtue and Co.). The author of a set of papers in this book entitled "Pictures from History" says that "every one ought to be very careful to read history, because ignorance of it leads a great many people into serious blunders." It is useful not only to read history, we would observe, but also to understand it, otherwise all that the reading will do will be to render the blunders more serious than ever. This writer, for instance, has read deep enough to know of Soulac; but yet, when telling how William demanded that Harold should fulfil a promise to marry his daughter, he says that "two obstacles presented themselves," the second of which was that "Parliaments were now established, and a king could not marry a foreigner without Parliamentary sanction." Of a truth a little of Mr. Freeman's learning is a very dangerous thing.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. GARNIER PAGES has just published another volume* of his interesting History of the Revolution of 1848; it describes the insurrection of June and the events which led to the dictatorship of General Cavaignac. Although he is an uncompromising champion of the Republic and a firm believer in the vitality of Republican institutions on the other side of the Channel, M. Garnier Pages cannot, of course, refuse to acknowledge that the revolution which he himself so energetically helped to bring about was a signal failure. But he ascribes this failure to the timidity of some, and the wild theories of others. Whilst, he says, the Socialist school wished to push on the new Republic to the most subversive measures, many honest but over-cautious democrats almost dreaded the consequences of their own success. Want of unity among the victors of February thus paralysed their efforts, and at the same time left the field open for the Royalists on the one side and the Bonapartists on the other. M. Garnier Pages does full justice to the courage with which General Cavaignac crushed the insurrection; but he finds fault with him as a statesman for assuming that there was no other alternative for him but to lean for support upon what was called the "Club de la rue de Poitiers," if he did not choose to endorse the politics of Messrs. Ledru-Rollin, Caussidière, and Louis Blanc.

If it is difficult even now to write impartially the history of the events of 1848, the task becomes harder still when we come down

* *Histoire de la révolution de 1848*. Par M. Garnier Pages. Vol. II. Paris: Pagnerre.

to the years 1870-71, and to the days of the third Republic. Here the only safe course to follow is to collect from the newspapers every incident which may help to explain the situation of the country; the author must be satisfied to accept the position of a compiler, and to amass materials which may be worked into an artistic shape when the violence of party spirit shall have somewhat subsided. This is the view adopted by M. Maquert in the bulky and closely printed volume now before us.* It is a perfect cyclopædia of facts; it is a collection of cuttings from the newspapers, and a farrago of anecdotes borrowed from all quarters. The index and the tables which terminate it are extremely useful; without them it would be utterly impossible to find one's way through such an accumulation of details. M. Maquert is a Belgian, and his volume is published at Brussels.

The sketches collected by M. Scherer† deserve to be saved from oblivion much more than most volumes of the same kind, which were originally nothing but newspaper *feuilletons*. They are remarkable equally as criticisms of popular authors and as moral studies. The editor of the *Temps* rises far above the level of ordinary journalists, and he does not worship at the altar of success. We here allude chiefly to the essays on M. Alexandre Dumas, M. Veuillot, and M. Baudelaire. In describing the development of the Romantic school of literature and art, he has the great merit of saying plainly and unreservedly what many persons have thought long ago, but what they were afraid of acknowledging, lest they should be classed amongst the "Philistines." It is of no use to conceal the fact that the Romantic crusade must be looked upon as a failure, because the French of the present day are like the Romans of the Lower Empire, and no powerful manifestation in art or literature can take place when the public is reduced to an audience of *amateurs blâmes*.

If we must have *histoires goguennardes*, let us go at once to the fountain-head and procure the true masterpieces of the kind. Such is the idea which has suggested to M. Charles Louandre his *Chefs-d'œuvre des conteurs français*.‡ It is an excellent one; but the title of the book does not give a fair idea of its contents. Instead of placing before us a few complete specimens of the old *conteurs*, M. Louandre has aimed at something more ambitious; and as, on the other hand, he wished to limit himself to one volume, he is necessarily very incomplete. The scope of his publication included not only *fabliaux* and short tales, but metrical romances like the *Chanson de Roland*; for his design was to illustrate the whole history of imaginative literature from the earliest times to the seventeenth century, and the readers he had in view were the general public, who are not well acquainted with French mediæval literature. Accordingly he gives mere extracts of productions such as the *Roman de Renart*, always modernizing the language till he comes to the Reformation era. The biographical and critical notices, with the indexes and notes, are carefully done, and in some cases a full summary gives us an idea of the story from which the extracts are taken. M. Louandre has also written a very interesting preface on the history of French tales and romances. He begins with the large metrical compositions such as the *chansons de geste*, and the cycle of the Round Table; he then goes on to the satirical works of which Reynard the Fox is the principal representative, and he concludes with the *fabliaux* and *joyeux devis*, so amusing as evidences of the *esprit gaulois*, but often so thoroughly objectionable.

Italy also was tolerably rich in productions of the *joyeux et ébriés* class, especially during the fifteenth century. The clergy of those days in Rome, in Florence, and in Naples, were not so completely absorbed by their duties that they could not find time for the composition of *facetia e burle*, and we might easily make up a long list of such authors, even not including Ariosto, whose collection of anecdotes has been translated into French by M. Ristelhuber.§ We must here acknowledge that, compared with Poggio, Boccaccio, and Straparola, Ariosto sinks into decided inferiority; but his anecdotes must not be overlooked by the historian of literature, and if a translation of them was necessary, no one could be found more competent to the task than M. Ristelhuber.

M. Menier¶ seeks to reform the fiscal system now established in France. He complains of the routine which still prevails everywhere, and he is astonished that the Republican Government should persist in retaining what he pronounces to be the absurd and dangerous principles of the old financial *régime*. He does not object to a property-tax, an income-tax, or a tax upon furniture, but he violently denounces the stamp, customs, and patent duties as opposed to the most elementary laws of political economy. All these sources of revenue he would cut off at once, replacing them by a tax upon capital, which, he says, could be easily assessed without in the slightest degree violating the principles of justice, whilst it would bring into the national treasury much more than the sum collected at present amidst difficulties of every kind. Finance is certainly an easy science in the hands of reformers who begin with confiscation.

The little book contributed by M. Bertauld¶¶ to M. Germer-

* *La France et l'Europe pendant le siège de Paris*. Par M. P. Maquert. Bruxelles: Maquert.

† *Études sur la littérature contemporaine*. Par Ed. Scherer. Paris: Lavy.

‡ *Chefs-d'œuvre des conteurs français avant La Fontaine, avec introduction, &c.* Par Charles Louandre. Paris: Charpentier.

§ *Les contes et facettes d'Ariosto de Florence, avec introduction et notes*. Par P. Ristelhuber. Paris: Lemerre.

¶ *La réforme fiscale*. Par Menier. Paris: Guillaumin.

¶¶ *L'ordre social et l'ordre moral*. Par A. Bertauld. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

Baillière's *Bibliothèque de philosophie contemporaine* rests upon the principle of the complete separation of Church and State, and of the most absolute freedom of conscience. The author's peculiar tenets place him, however, at an equal distance from the thinkers of the spiritualist school, and from the champions of what is called *la morale indépendante*, or ethics viewed as, not necessarily influenced or leavened by religion. With the former, he assigns as the substratum of all morality the reason and the justice of God; with the latter, he thinks that respect for human freedom is the origin of law, but he refuses to admit that liberty is the source of morality.

The new treatises published by Messrs. Clavel and Saleta are written from the standpoint of positivism, and endeavour to deduce from that system a code of morality and a system of logic. M. Clavel* imagines that the laws of ethics vary according to times and seasons; and he would fain make us believe that moral precepts which sufficed for the welfare of society in days gone by are no longer applicable. His sketch of history viewed in its connexion with ethical science is clever enough; but it is deplorably one-sided, and he shares the error of those reformers who accuse religion of crimes and errors for which it cannot be fairly held responsible. M. Saleta's treatise of logic not being yet completed †, it would be useless to attempt an estimate of it here. We may notice, however, that according to this writer, in the first place, induction is the only means by which we can acquire any knowledge of real and sensible things; secondly, this source of knowledge, by its very nature, can never give us absolute certainty, and its conclusions can only possess that so-called moral certainty which depends upon our feelings and inclinations. M. Saleta, we thus see, leads us to scepticism, and the second title of his book is amply justified.

We lately described the new Mantchu Grammar published by M. Adam; we have now to notice a similar work on the Japanese language ‡, for which we are indebted to M. Léon de Rosny. The author, in his introduction, speaks of the efforts made at various times to unravel the difficulties of that language, and he refers more particularly to the great work of Professor Hoffman of Leyden. The book before us is intended for persons who wish to obtain an accurate knowledge of Japanese as it is spoken now, and therefore its object is altogether different from that of the Dutch philologist; besides the grammatical rules, it gives us a few phrases by way of specimen, to show what are the peculiarities of the colloquial language, the written language, and the epistolary style—three forms so widely apart from each other that they have sometimes been considered as so many distinct idioms. Facsimiles of handwriting complete the volume, which forms the second part of a practical course of works on the Japanese language. M. de Rosny's present treatise was composed originally for the pupils who attend the lectures at the Government school of Eastern languages in Paris.

M. Maisonneuve has published a new edition of the Abbé Van Drival's *Grammaire comparée des langues bibliques*§, which first came out twenty years ago; or it would be perhaps more correct to say that he has begun the publication of this new edition. It may not be out of place to state briefly here the Abbé Van Drival's argument. Following in the footsteps of the late Dr. Lamb, Dean of Bristol, and of the late M. Prinsep, he traces back all Semitic languages to the hieroglyphic alphabet of Egypt. This is going further than the English scholars just named, who confined themselves to Hebrew, and limited to that language the theory so widely extended by M. Van Drival. The second edition of the *Grammaire comparée* differs from the first, not by the introduction of any fresh views, but by the development and further application of the idea maintained and illustrated in the first. Instead of a few letters only being shown to have been originally derived from the Egyptian, we find the identity of nineteen out of twenty-two confidently maintained, whilst that of the three remaining ones is treated as more than probable. The work before us also discusses the origin of writing, and forms a kind of introduction to the grammar, properly so called.

The history of geographical science, so ably treated by M. Vivien de Saint-Martin||, is one of the most useful books which the present month has brought before us; it begins with the earliest times and takes us down to the recent discoveries of Sir S. Baker and Dr. Livingstone. As M. de Saint-Martin remarks, geography is specially the science of the Aryan and Semitic races, for they alone possess the two qualities of assimilation and expansion which lead to geographical discovery through the natural tendency to emigrate and to colonize. Even the Chinese know little beyond the boundaries of their own empire, and the African tribes care for nothing outside the forests or marshes which supply them with game and other food. The ground explored by M. Vivien de Saint-Martin is very extensive, and the accounts given of so many celebrated travellers and geographers must necessarily be brief; but at the same time they are sufficiently complete. A concluding chapter is devoted to a brief summary of the present state of geographical science, its latest results, and

* *La morale positive*. Par le Dr. Clavel. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *Principes de logique positive, ou traité de scepticisme positif*. Par F. Saleta. Première partie. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *Éléments de la grammaire japonaise*. Par Léon de Rosny. Paris: Maisonneuve.

§ *Grammaire comparée des langues bibliques*. Par M. l'abbé Van Drival. Paris: Maisonneuve.

|| *Histoire de la géographie*. Par M. Vivien de Saint-Martin. Paris and London: L. Haebette & Co.

its desiderata; an historical atlas of twelve maps, beautifully drawn, adds much to the value of the work.

Dr. Fred. Höfer's *Histoire de l'Astronomie** forms part of a general undertaking which we have often had occasion to recommend to our readers. Not only does it give biographical details respecting the principal astronomers, but it explains their systems, discusses the additions respectively made by them to science, and ends with an interesting sketch of the present state of astronomical knowledge. Dr. Höfer combines the varied attainments of a scientific investigator with the qualities of a popular writer.

Books of travels do not abound so much this month as usual. We may notice, however, a very interesting one by M. Henri Johanet†; it is half scientific, half descriptive, and professes to give us an account of a journey to Naples and the neighbourhood—the locality where the approach to the infernal regions was supposed to be. Some of our readers may perhaps remember that Bonstetten composed so long ago as 1804 the narrative of a *Voyage pittoresque sur le théâtre des six derniers livres de l'Énéide*. Following the example set by the Swiss archaeologist, M. Johanet has written a picturesque commentary on the episode of the Trojan hero's descent into the abode of the dead. His book, which must have cost him a great deal of research, is completed by a chapter on Virgil's tomb and on the traditions connected with it; and finally Torquato Tasso finds an appropriate place in this unpretending but delightful duodecimo. M. Johanet could scarcely visit Naples without going on to Sorrento, and the two poets of ancient and modern Italy are thus pleasantly united. An elegantly engraved map shows the journey undertaken by Æneas in company with the Sibyl.

M. Jacoliot's *Voyage au pays des Bayadères*‡ leads us from Egypt to India and Ceylon. Anxious, no doubt, to secure as many readers as possible, the author has been lavish in his descriptions of the dancing women both of Cairo and of the far East, and he gives us a rather melancholy idea of the state of degradation to which the sex is reduced in those countries. Let us add that his account of the French settlers is more lamentable still; if we may believe him, they quickly become enervated under the influences of Eastern civilization and Eastern climate; they give themselves up exclusively to pleasure, and soon forget all the ties which connected them with Europe. M. Jacoliot is an intense admirer of India; according to him, the accounts we read about the cholera and its ravages are wonderfully exaggerated, as for the dangers which one runs from the bite of venomous serpents, they must be considered perfectly absurd. Next to this *engouement* for life on the banks of the Ganges is M. Jacoliot's hatred of the English. He acknowledges indeed that, taking the natives of perfidious Albion individually, they are honest and upright; some of them are his firmest friends, and in the ordinary dealings of society he has found them blameless; but as a nation, we regret to learn, they cannot be trusted.

The *Revue Suisse*, which sends forth its usual quantum of interesting and amusing articles §, serves to remind us that a number of writers exist who are scarcely entitled to the name of French, because they were not actually born in France, but who put the idioms of Racine, Molière, and Chateaubriand to a far better use than many of the *littérateurs* residing in Paris or its immediate neighbourhood. There is, for example, M. Ernest Naville, the learned editor of Maine de Biran, and one of the most distinguished representatives of spiritualist philosophy; and again, M. Marc Monnier, whose poems are so thoroughly stamped with the marks of genius, humour, and good taste. M. Rambert is another distinguished essayist well deserving a place in this class of writers. Under the title *Les Alpes suisses*||, he has already published several volumes of miscellaneous pieces both in verse and prose, and the fourth series, which is now before us, is a very fair specimen of his abilities. The greater part of the book is occupied by poetry, but we also remark two or three entertaining chapters of less ambitious pretensions, and one especially on the relations existing between Switzerland, Germany, and France. M. Rambert dwells at considerable length upon the causes which have tended to separate, intellectually, the native country of Voltaire from that of Rousseau; and he names as the principal ones, first, the rejection of Protestantism by France; and, secondly, the development of the spirit of centralization. On the other hand, the absence of these elements of discord has helped in a high degree to knit together Switzerland and Germany; the connexion has never been broken, and both Goethe and Schiller, to name only these two, reflect very strikingly in their works the moral atmosphere of Switzerland.

We receive from Germany a pamphlet¶ written in French, and which we consider therefore as legitimate game for us. It treats of the legend of William Tell, already noticed by us a long time ago *à propos* of Mr. Rilliet's volume, and the author, M. Sonnenschein, places himself at the same point of view. Discussing the origin of the legend, he shows its mythical character, and its utter want of historic truth. In the first place, between the time when the heroic act of William Tell is supposed to have occurred and the year 1470, when it was first recorded, an

interval of one hundred and sixty years elapsed; and, as M. Sonnenschein remarks, no tradition could have preserved itself for so long a period unaltered. The same may be said of the alleged cruelties of Gessler and Landenberg; moreover it would be absurd to suppose that the Swiss Constitution was the result of a conspiracy hastily got up by thirty men. It sprang from the combination of several causes, the majority of which did not even originate in the cantons, although the Swiss may justly claim the merit of having perseveringly carried out the idea of throwing off a foreign yoke.

The elegant volume published in *memorial* of Théophile Gautier* contains poetical effusions of unequal merit by authors some of whom are very little known beyond the limits of their native country. The most remarkable, in one sense, are the lines written in French by Mr. Swinburne; the skill with which he has caught the ring of modern French poetry is extremely noteworthy. As for Théophile Gautier himself, whatever may be at present his merits in point of mere style, what must inevitably lose much when quaintness of diction and metrical elegance cease to be regarded as the only essentials of poetry.

* *Le tombeau de Théophile Gautier*. Paris: Lemerre.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 945, DECEMBER 6, 1873:

The President's Message. The Exeter Election. France. The Ashantee War. Prussia and Salzburg. Politics and Morals in New York. Mr. Gladstone on Evolution. The London School Board.

Bengal Past and Present. Experts. Charity Electioneering. Pope and Kaiser. Loss of the *Ville du Havre*. Mr. Holman Hunt's "Shadow of Death." The Theatre.

Cobden and Modern Political Opinion. Proctor's Borderland of Science. Up Hill. Ranken's Dominion of Australia. Tacitus. Christmas Books—II. French Literature.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIMS REEVES, SANTILEY, EDITH WYNNE, and Madame PATEY at the LANT BALLAD CONCERT before CHRISTMAS, St. James's Hall, Wednesday next. Prices from 1s. to 6s.—Tickets of Aston, at St. James's Hall, and Bovey & Co., 110, Pall Mall.

WAGNER SOCIETY, St. James's Hall.—FRIDAY EVENING, December 12, at 8.30. GRAND WAGNER NIGHT. Orchestra of Eighty Performers. Conductors, Dr. HANS VON BLOW and Mr. EDWARD DÄNNERT. Vocalists, Mlle. NITA GASTANO and MARY WHEENATH. Subscription for the Season, 25s. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., 1s., at Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., Chappell's, Schott's, Keith Prowse, 11, St. Martin's Lane, and W. H. LEECH DIVITA, Secretary, 19, Cranborne Terrace, Lancaster Gate, W.

"THE SHADOW OF DEATH."—Painted by Mr. HOLMAN HUNT. Now on View from Ten till Five. 30a Old Bond Street.—Admission, One Shilling.

INSTITUTE of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS will OPEN, on Monday next, the 9th inst., their EIGHTH WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES. Gallery, 59 Pall Mall. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the PRÆTORIUM," with "Night of the Crucifixion," "Christian Martyrs,"—Francisco da Rimini, "Neophyte," "Andromeda," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 25 New Bond Street. Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.

ELIJAH WALTON.—EXHIBITION of OIL PAINTINGS and WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, Alpine, Eastern, Norwegian, &c. OPEN until December 21, at Burlington Gallery, 121 Piccadilly. From Ten till Dark. Admission, with Catalogue, 1s.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—THE TWELFTH WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES by the Members is now OPEN at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five.—Admission, 1s. ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

AUTOTYPE GRAND FINE ART GALLERY.—ON VIEW, AUTOTYPE FACSIMILES of the Oxford Drawings, Louvre Pictures, and Ancient and Modern Masters. Christmas subjects.—34 Rathbone Place (next to Wharfedale Bank).

ARUNDEL SOCIETY'S COLLECTION of COPIES from the ANCIENT MASTERS, including the celebrated *Alter-Piece* by Mantegna, at Lubbock, ON VIEW daily at 24 Old Bond Street, W.

FAC-SIMILES in COLOUR of the ARUNDEL SOCIETY'S DRAWINGS are sold to the Public as well as to Members. Prices from 10s. to 50s. Lists sent on application to 24 Old Bond Street, W.

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SCHOLARSHIPS and EXHIBITIONS.—An EXAMINATION will be held at MATTHEW'S COLLEGE on December 12 and 13, for the Award of FIVE HOUSE SCHOLARSHIPS of 50s. and FIVE EXHIBITIONS of 20s. The Awards will be for one or two years, according to merit, and to either Classical or Mathematical Candidates. For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

EXHIBITIONS.—CHATHAM HOUSE, RANGFORD.—An EXAMINATION will be held January 10, to award FOUR ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS, value 10s., tenable for Two or more years.—Apply to Rev. the HEAD-MASTER.

* *Histoire de l'Astronomie*. Par le Dr. F. Höfer. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Une descente aux enfers—Virgile et le Tasse*. Par Henri Johanet. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Voyage au pays des Bayadères*. Par Louis Jacoliot. Paris: Dentu.

§ *Bibliothèque universelle et revue suisse*. Nov. 1873. Lausanne: Brélid.

|| *Les Alpes suisses*. Par E. Rambert. Dile: Georg.

¶ *La tradition de Tell*. Par C. F. Sonnenschein. Dresden: Schöb.



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THE BAZAINE COURT-MARTIAL.

THE long trial of BAZAINE has ended, and a Marshal of France has been condemned, by the unanimous voices of seven judges, to death, military degradation, and expulsion from the Legion of Honour. It is a terrible sentence, but no one has a right to say that it is not a just one. The names of the other judges are unknown in England, but the name of the Duke of AUMALE is a sufficient guarantee that the Court over which he presided would regard equally what was due to the accused and what was due to France. The sentence of death will not be carried out; but as it is the sentence prescribed by the military code, the Court, holding him guilty, had no choice but to pronounce it, and leave it to the PRESIDENT to commute it as he might think proper. Immediately after the sentence had been pronounced, the Duke of AUMALE proceeded to lay before Marshal MACMAHON the unanimous recommendation to mercy which the Court had adopted. BAZAINE's life will be spared; but he is a disgraced man, left to wear out the remainder of his life in the long sufferings of humiliation and forfeited character. The finding of the Court was, however, put in a technical form which affords little clue to the real degree and nature of the guilt imputed to him. There could of course be no doubt that BAZAINE capitulated in the open field, that this capitulation had the effect of making those under his command lay down their arms, and that he surrendered a fortified place entrusted to his care. That he had done all these things was incontestable, and the real question was, whether he had done them under the pressure of a necessity so overwhelming, and after such efforts to avert the catastrophe, that he was morally justified in capitulating. The Court must be understood to have pronounced that he was not so justified, that he did not do the best he could reasonably be expected to do with his magnificent army, and that he did not yield to the pressure of a necessity that was overwhelming. On what portions of the evidence brought before it the Court arrived at this decision it is impossible to know. On many of the most important heads of accusation the evidence seemed to foreign readers vague, conflicting, and insufficient, and the summary or version of the evidence given by the Government Prosecutor seemed distorted, bombastic, and unfair. But the Court heard the witnesses, could judge of their demeanour, and estimate their wish and power to tell the truth. It must therefore be assumed that the evidence adduced warranted the conclusion that the capitulation of BAZAINE was not justifiable. But what we do not know and cannot know is the precise ground on which this conclusion was based; and it makes an immense difference in the judgment which ought to be passed in fairness on BAZAINE's conduct according as this ground was one thing or another. Every one knows that BAZAINE was not a general of a high order, and few would doubt that, if MOLTEK had been inside Metz and BAZAINE outside, MOLTEK and his Germans would never have been kept inside the lines of the beleaguering French. BAZAINE ought never to have had the chief command of the Army of the Rhine, but a large portion of the blame for the consequences of his incapacity ought to be imputed to the system of government which had made such an appointment almost indispensable. What is to be remarked in his case is that all the generals under his command, including CANROBERT and CHANZONNIER, approved of his military conduct, and thought that what he did was right. It may even be true, as his Royal friends in Germany assert, that among the generals opposed to them he was the best of a bad lot. But the Court must have been that he did not

know how to do the best that could be done, that he made an insufficient defence, that he behaved in short as a second-rate puzzle-headed man might not unnaturally behave in circumstances of extreme difficulty, they were technically right in finding him guilty, for France is entitled to expect that her Commander-in-Chief shall do more than this. But in that case the guilt of BAZAINE is not really very great. This, however, is only one way of putting what happened. The prosecution gave a very different colour to BAZAINE's conduct. They accused him of not behaving honestly to those under his command, of concealing despatches from them, of hiding from them the negotiations which were the real cause of the capitulation, of doing little, not because he was incapable of doing more, but because to do little suited his schemes. If this was the ground on which the Court held him guilty, and if this ground is taken as established, then BAZAINE's guilt is most serious. What is due to BAZAINE is to notice that the finding of the Court is as compatible with the theory that, being honest but incapable, he did less than his country might fairly call on him to do, as with the theory that his bad generalship was the fruit of insincerity and intrigue.

There is, however, another head of accusation on which BAZAINE has been found guilty besides those above mentioned. The Court has pronounced that he negotiated with the enemy before having done everything prescribed by duty and honour. But here again it may be doubted what it is that the Court means. BAZAINE did not negotiate with the enemy with regard to anything but the terms of capitulation. He countenanced negotiations through the EMPRESS with the enemy, but he always left the conduct of all negotiations, except as to the treatment his own army was to receive, to that which he considered to be the only lawful Government of France. The Court may have meant nothing more than that BAZAINE negotiated for a capitulation before the contemplation of a capitulation was justifiable; and this is only another way of saying that he capitulated too soon, that his defence was not that of a good general, and was shorter and less strenuous than France had a right to expect. This, from a military point of view, is a very severe condemnation. The very best that can be said for BAZAINE is that he has been found guilty by a competent tribunal of not having done his duty as a commander. But what the prosecution asserted was something very different. The construction put on BAZAINE's conduct by his adversaries was that he betrayed his country by trying to make an arrangement with the enemy under which they should get terms of peace satisfactory to them, and he should be at liberty to use his army to restore the Empire. This was the gist of the gravest charge against him, and it was this which, if proved, would have stamped him with the infamy of a traitor. It is possible that the Court may have thought that it was proved, but it is impossible to gather this from the finding. The words of the finding are, indeed, opposed to the supposition that this was the meaning of the Court. BAZAINE is found guilty, not of opening negotiations of a traitorous character, but of negotiating before duty or honour sanctioned such negotiations. The element of time is the important point in the terms of the finding on this head. He negotiated sooner than he should have done. Had the time of capitulation arrived, had he first done all that honour and duty prescribed, then he would not have come within the language of the condemnation; whereas at no time, nor whatever had been his previous conduct, could he have been justified in bargaining with the enemy that a foreign war should be terminated

and a civil war begun. He no doubt ignored the Government of September as far as he could, and treated the Government of the *Express* as the only one existing for him. Even his prosecutors, however, did not call this treason; but they said that he failed to do what the *Express* herself did, and would not honestly assist the Government which, whatever its origin, was in point of fact carrying on the war. Is this true? Did BAZAINE wilfully fail to communicate with the Government of Tours, seek to hide his position from them, and capitulate without taking the trouble to learn what effect his capitulation would have, at the particular date when it took place, on the fortunes of the Army of the Loire? There was some evidence to show that he did make efforts to let the Government of National Defence know what was going on at Metz, although those efforts were faint and tardy. The general impression left by the perusal of the evidence on this head is, we think, that he did not co-operate with the actual defenders of the country to such a degree and in such a manner as he ought to have done. But then this is merely an impression gathered from the evidence as reported. There is nothing to show that the Court came to the conclusion that this was the result of the evidence as given before it. He might have communicated with the Republican Government and been willing to help them; but if he was so incapable and timid a commander that he did not know how to prolong an effective resistance, he might have negotiated for a capitulation before he had done all that duty and honour proscribed.

The trial has been to a great extent justified by its result, if it needed any justification. There were many drawbacks to the gain of having the judgment of a Court pronounced on a Marshal of France, but the gain, if he was guilty, vastly outweighed the drawbacks. We must remember what BAZAINE did. This Metz army was the hope and pride of France. It retreated so late from the line of the Moselle that it was stopped on its way westwards by the Germans, who had got round it. After two severe fights it was turned back into Metz. There it stayed for two months without any effective attempt at a sortie, and hemmed in by a force little superior in numbers to itself. At last it capitulated, and men, arms, guns, flags, all the army, and all that the army cherished, were sent off to Germany; and it so happened that this capitulation, coming when it did, had peculiarly disastrous effects, crushed the Army of the Loire, and ruined the possibly hopeless, but certainly noble, effort which France was making to repair her defeats. Let us put the charge of treason aside, for the finding of the Court does not involve its truth, and the evidence, we think, does not substantiate it. We will suppose that BAZAINE had never been suspected of anything beyond that of which the Court has found him guilty—neglect of his duty as a general. Is it wise in a nation to pass over, through a mere wish to cover its own shame and to spare the feelings of those in a high position, neglect of duty on the part of a general to whom it had committed so great a trust? It is impossible to think so. France had a right to ask that a charge of neglect of duty under such circumstances should be accurately and patiently investigated, and, if established, should be followed by some striking and memorable punishment. The Government of M. THIERS and the present Government were bound to prosecute BAZAINE. Of course, if the Empire had been restored before this, the prosecution would have been dropped; but this is only saying that if the Imperialists had had the power they would have screened a friend. As to the army, it will gain greatly by feeling sure henceforth that it will be led by men who dare not neglect their duty; and commanders will gain by knowing that they must let considerations of no sort whatever interfere with their doing what duty prescribes. The counsel for the defence attempted to stigmatize the prosecution as a political one, and no doubt it is highly satisfactory to the Republican chiefs to have it established that, if they failed, their failure is to be largely ascribed to an Imperialist Marshal having neglected his duty. But it was France, not the Republican party, that was primarily interested in knowing why its arduous efforts to retrieve the defeat of Sedan failed, and in bringing any one on whom a large portion of the blame of this failure could be justly laid to such punishment as he might deserve. We may pity BAZAINE, as we pity a man placed unhappily in a position far above his merits and capacity. But those who accept serious responsibility must take the consequences if they fail to do that which they are responsible for doing;

and all that BAZAINE was entitled to ask was what he obtained—the investigation of his conduct by a perfectly fair tribunal, under the guidance of a President equal to the difficult task of conducting such an investigation satisfactorily.

MR. HARCOURT AT OXFORD.

THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL'S speech at Oxford was by many degrees more interesting than the ordinary addresses by members of Parliament which occupy the dreariest columns in the daily newspapers. It is satisfactory to find that there are still Parliamentary speakers who are not ashamed to study epigrammatic terseness, to express elevated sentiments in polished and sonorous sentences, and to abstain from sophistical cant, not only on account of its unsoundness, but because it is commonplace and vulgar. Successful cultivation of the art of oratory is not the highest accomplishment of a statesman, but it is a proof of natural capacity, of well-applied industry, and of the taste which is as much a moral as an intellectual quality. Mr. HARCOURT properly repaid the considerate moderation of the Conservative portion of his constituents by disclaiming any intention of making a party speech. They had every reason to be satisfied with the moderation of his language; and it may be doubted whether they are disposed to quarrel with the substance of his opinions. On all material questions the SOLICITOR-GENERAL is utterly opposed to the projects of the extreme or revolutionary Liberals. He denounces with just indignation "the wild, loose, and impracticable stuff" which is uttered about the law of land; and he announces, not for the first time, that he will never be a party to the disestablishment of the Church of England. As one of the few remaining depositaries of the orthodox Whig tradition, he still repeats the profession of belief in those principles of "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform" which were proclaimed on a thousand platforms at the time of the first Reform Bill. It is true that none of the three phrases represents a principle; for the expediency or possibility of peace must depend on circumstances; retrenchment is only justifiable where expenditure has been excessive; and reform, which has casually become associated with changes in the representative system, would imply a perpetual desire of change, even if the franchise and the distribution of electoral power were absolutely perfect. At present there is happily no question of war, except in a barbarous country; Mr. HARCOURT's colleagues and chiefs dissent from his belief of the possibility of reducing the army and navy; and he himself all but directly protests against the mischievous scheme of reform which seems to be contemplated by the Government. It is, in Mr. HARCOURT's judgment, "not the moment to embark in any great scheme for the redistribution of electoral power." If Mr. GLADSTONE raises the question for the purposes of the general election, he may of course count on the vote of his SOLICITOR-GENERAL, who nevertheless shares the repugnance to a wanton experiment which is felt by all moderate members of the Liberal party.

Mr. HARCOURT's reference to his own experience of life in an English parsonage was rather rhetorically suitable than strictly argumentative; yet a practical knowledge of the working of the Established Church in rural districts would correct the hasty judgments of many flippant theorists. The moral and the material uses of an Establishment, independently of the strictly theological functions of the clergy, are closely connected with the peculiarities which excite the envy and dislike of Nonconformist ministers. The social jealousy which, as Mr. MIALL admitted, stimulates the agitation would scarcely justify subversive legislation. On the narrower issue of the Education Act Mr. HARCOURT agrees with the Birmingham League, though on the expediency of combining religious teaching with elementary education he differs from the Secularists and Dissenters. In his opinion Denominational education is likely to be insufficient; and he remarked that, if the late ATTORNEY-GENERAL was at liberty to differ from Mr. BRIGT, the present SOLICITOR-GENERAL might say that he agreed with him. To agree with Mr. BRIGT is to differ from Mr. FORSTER, who on this question has the advantage not only of representing the Government, but of vindicating a policy which is at least definite and intelligible. Mr. BRIGT, in his speech at Birmingham, repudiated all responsibility for the acts or intentions of his colleagues. An unfriendly critic might have suggested that the profession of doctrines which were not to be

applied in practice was a cheap method of cultivating popularity; but, if Mr. BRIGHT is content to make extreme Radical speeches and to concur in moderate legislative proposals, his own section of the Liberal party have a better right to complain than their more prudent allies. Mr. FORSTER, unlike Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. HARCOURT, had not to make an election speech, but to provide for national education; and he has, while opponents and captious supporters were talking, accomplished a great part of his task. He may perhaps agree with Mr. HARCOURT that a system of schools supported by rates would be preferable to the present arrangement; but, if he had thrown over all the voluntary schools which he found in existence, he would have perpetrated an unjustifiable waste of available resources, and he would not have carried his Bill. Mr. HARCOURT is fully justified in regretting the consequences which one party attributes to the defects of the Education Act and the other to the sectarian agitation of the Birmingham League. The classification of School Board candidates and members according to their religious tenets or predilections is a new and uncomfortable symptom of political disorganization. Even at the last municipal election, the names of town councillors were unfortunately described in the newspapers as respectively Churchmen, Nonconformists, or Secularists. Constitutional government will be seriously endangered when the divisions of political parties habitually coincide either with social or with religious distinctions.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL will necessarily suspend during his term of office the efforts to promote retrenchment in which he has hitherto but imperfectly succeeded. As he reminded his constituents, he moved in the last Session for a Committee on Public Expenditure, and he obtained a Committee of which the object was to help the Government in reducing the emoluments of some branches of the Civil Service. In the *New Whig Guide* a notorious politician of the day confesses that he had asked for the place of Secretary of State, and that he had accepted the appointment of Clerk of the Kitchen. Mr. HARCOURT's success scarcely bore a larger proportion to his original aspirations. He had made public in various forms his arguments, which were intended to prove that the nation might safely reduce its naval force, and almost dispense with a standing army. The Ministers prudently declined to enter on an inquiry of the proposed novelty and magnitude; and the opportunity of carping at a few items of the Civil Service expenditure probably furnished but a poor compensation for the disappointment. With much political knowledge, and with ability to supply any deficiencies which may yet remain, Mr. HARCOURT is still but insufficiently acquainted with finance. His confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE's financial skill is well founded; but there is no reason to suppose that it is possible to substitute for the Income-tax any more equitable source of revenue. His criticisms on the "busybody" character of much recent legislation were more just in themselves than complimentary to his colleagues and official superiors. There can be no doubt that the Parliamentary triumphs of the first two Sessions after the general election persuaded some members of the Cabinet that the condition of popularity and power was the production of an interminable series of sweeping measures. One of their members plainly stated that when the Liberal party had exhausted its list of measures, it must look for something more to do for the mere purpose of justifying its existence. Mr. BRUCE's first Beer Bill, with all its unequalled absurdities, was rashly introduced at a time when it could not have been passed even if it had been universally approved; and on the same evening Mr. GOSCHEN introduced a Rating Bill which was offensive and alarming to large classes, although he knew that it could not even be discussed during the current Session. The impression was until lately widely spread, both among friends and opponents, that the Government would neither resolutely defend any existing institution nor allow anything to be let alone. On one point they are now apparently prepared to make a stand, having learnt experience from many contested elections. Mr. HARCOURT is, as the publicans of Oxford know, thoroughly sound on the question of beer; and he refers with satisfaction to Mr. GOSCHEN's recent expression of a similar opinion. If in-
debtors, or College Fellows, or even landowners, were as powerful and as united as the public-house keepers, they also might perhaps enjoy a respite from hostile agitation. Mr. GOSCHEN's threat of a compulsory sale of lands held in mortmain will not be forgotten by the objects of his

gratuitous menace. Two months hence it will be known whether any new sacrifice is to be offered to the inordinate activity which excites the admiration of Mr. GLADSTONE's devotees. Notwithstanding the necessities of the general election, the Government will be well advised in profiting by the advice of the SOLICITOR-GENERAL; but the weight of his authority will perhaps be impaired by his unconcealed indifference to continuance in office.

SPAIN.

OF the many dangers and embarrassments which have lately beset the Spanish Government, the most imminent and formidable will probably be averted. It is not known whether there was any foundation for the rumour that the Captain-General of CUBA had at one time tendered his resignation on account of the alleged impossibility of surrendering the *Virginius* without causing serious disturbance. It now appears that even the dominant party in Cuba has become sensible of the folly of rendering American intervention inevitable. The *Virginius* has probably by this time been surrendered; and possibly the other demands of the PRESIDENT may be ultimately conceded. Some American jurists, as well as the majority of English writers on the question, justify the capture of the *Virginius* by the *Tornado* on the ground that the vessel had no right to the protection of the American flag. In 1856, when a part of the English squadron was transferred from the West Coast of Africa to the Mexican Gulf, the Government of the United States announced that no English vessel would be allowed on any pretext to search a vessel bearing the American flag; but in the confidential instructions to the American cruisers, their commanding officers were informed that protection was only to be given to ships which were *bonâ fide* entitled to use the flag. In other words, a foreign man of war might, at the risk of committing an act of war in the event of a mistake, detain a trader under the American flag if it were certain that the flag was fraudulently assumed. It is now argued that the policy of the United States was in 1856 controlled by slaveholders; but the Senate unanimously supported the PRESIDENT, and Mr. SUMNER, the leader of the Abolitionists, took, as might be expected, a prominent part in measures which were supposed to be offensive to England. As the English Government practically acquiesced in the rule as laid down by the Government of the United States, it may be regarded as a settled principle of law that an alien vessel cannot protect itself by the unauthorized use of a national flag. In the present instance it seems uncertain whether the *Virginius* belonged to the insurgents of Cuba, or whether they had merely chartered an American vessel for the conveyance of troops and stores. The local authorities and the American Vice-Consul at Kingston had given the vessel a clearance on the exhibition of American papers; and there is at present no proof that they were guilty of any irregular proceeding. The PRESIDENT of the United States might perhaps have been less peremptory in his demands if he had not been justly irritated by the brutal murder of a part of the crew and passengers. It was not unreasonable that everything should be presumed against the officials at Santiago.

It is satisfactory to find that the Spanish Government has thus far not suffered from its prudent acquiescence in the just claims of the United States. There is no account of disturbance or of extraordinary disaffection in Madrid; and the collapse of the threatened agitation in Cuba will probably satisfy the most turbulent patriots at home of the impossibility of resistance. Nevertheless the most difficult part of the task imposed on Señor CASTELLAR has yet to be discharged. It will be difficult to ensure the punishment of the functionaries who took part in the judicial massacre, especially as General BURRIEL, the principal offender, has returned to his post as Governor of Santiago. His criminality is rendered even more certain and more odious by the details which have been lately published. The American and English Vice-Consuls before the execution applied for an audience to the Governor, who both declined their request, and prevented them from sending during the day telegraphic messages to Havannah. On the following day, when the unhappy prisoners had already been put to death, General BURRIEL tauntingly informed the American Vice-Consul that he had been prevented from attending to business on the

previous day, because it was a religious festival, and "he was occupied in meditating on the divine mysteries." It will be difficult to reconcile the dominant faction in Cuba to the condign punishment of leaders who undoubtedly complied with the popular wish when they put the prisoners to death. On the other hand, neither the American nor the English Government can submit to the impunity of the principal wrongdoer. It may be taken for granted that Señor CASTELAR regards the conduct of the Colonial functionaries with serious reprobation, but he may perhaps be powerless to inflict on them the punishment they deserve, although his firmness has induced them to acquiesce in the surrender of the *Virginias*. The pretended desire of the Americans for war is happily altogether imaginary; and, whatever may be the ultimate result, there is no present risk of a rupture.

The Carthagena insurgents will probably be disappointed in the hope that the misunderstanding between Spain and the United States would effect a diversion in their favour; yet the most unaccountable of rebellions maintains itself with unexpected vigour. The attack on the place began many days ago; and English officers at the headquarters of the besieging army thought that the demeanour of the troops and the practice of the artillery were highly creditable. A part of the town has been destroyed by the bombardment; but it is not known that any of the forts have been destroyed or silenced. The Spanish fleet has during the attack been for the most part absent, and there is a rumour that the Admiral is afraid that the crews would mutiny if he were to take an active part in the siege. The rebelsquadron shows no disposition to engage an enemy who certainly offers little provocation; but one vessel, commanded by an English adventurer, has made several captures of Spanish merchant vessels, and has procured considerable supplies of provisions. The defenders of Carthagena are indebted to the humanity and gallantry of an Italian naval officer for the removal of a large number of women and children; and it is said that the leaders have since the beginning of the bombardment maintained comparative union among themselves. One of the oddest events of the strange civil war is recorded without any expression of surprise, probably because the capacity for astonishment has been exhausted in the course of the struggle. The general commanding the besieging force has in the middle of the attack returned with his staff to Madrid, and he has already had two successors. It is possible that General CEBALLOS may have been recalled in consequence of his failure to reduce the insurgent town, but a change in the command of an army during a decisive operation can seldom be expedient. If General CEBALLOS has voluntarily resigned his command because he may have been dissatisfied with the Government, his conduct would in any country except Spain expose him to severe censure and punishment. Among many difficulties, the worst of the Spanish Minister's embarrassments must be the impossibility of finding a general or an admiral whom he can trust.

No fitter illustration of the blessings of Spanish Republicanism could be given than the plausible conjecture that the obstinate resistance of the insurgents is encouraged by a hope of priestly support. The period appointed for the dictatorship of CASTELAR has nearly expired; and the Cortes, whose presence at Madrid made government impossible, will, according to the terms of the prorogation, reassemble in January. It is thought possible that the extreme majority may, with the aid of the anarchical rabble of Madrid, effect a revolution, or a change of Ministry, which would serve the purpose of the Federalists almost as well. If their friends were even temporarily in office, CONTRERAS and ROQUE BARCIA would at once cease to be rebels, while their adversaries would perhaps as suddenly find themselves denounced as traitors. The episode of a rebellion, or, as in this case, of a civil war, has frequently occurred in the career of Spanish Ministers and patriots; nor is there reason to suppose that the proceedings of the Carthagena insurgents are regarded by any class of politicians with extraordinary moral indignation. It is possible that Señor CASTELAR may become unpopular in consequence of his prudent assent to the demands of the United States; but it is scarcely to be supposed that he will allow the Cortes to meet, except perhaps for the purpose of a further adjournment. All the circumstances which justified his claim of dictatorial power exist in undiminished force. The Carlist civil war is still smouldering in the North, where

LIZARRAGA is still blockading Tolosa. It is impossible to conjecture whether a month hence Carthagena may still maintain its independence. Moderate and patriotic Spaniards would support the Minister in a refusal to transfer supreme power at a perilous juncture to an incapable Assembly which has little pretence to represent the nation. The eloquent speeches which did much to reduce the country to its present chaotic condition will be condoned if CASTELAR continues to prefer the discharge of indispensable duties to a selfish affectation of consistency. It may be true that the rebels of Carthagena are the genuine Federal Republicans; but their failure to procure allies or imitators in other provinces proves that Federation in Spain was only a mischievous rhetorical flourish.

THE EXETER ELECTION.

THE Exeter election took place on Tuesday, and ended in the defeat of Sir EDWARD WATKIN by a very considerable majority. The result is not very surprising, and the Liberals of Exeter may congratulate themselves on having kept the party so well together that over two thousand voters polled for Sir EDWARD WATKIN. He was a candidate good enough to suit those who were determined to get a Liberal in if they could, but not good enough to turn a single waverer. There is nothing very captivating in the thought of returning to Parliament a man who is already Chairman of three Railway Companies, whose time must be almost entirely absorbed, and whose interests on all railway matters must be opposed to those of the public. It is true that Sir EDWARD WATKIN made a good candidate in one way. He did his utmost to be popular, and in speaking he obtained an easy victory over a weak antagonist. But his Liberalism, attractive to those who by Liberalism simply mean letting every one do every foolish thing he thinks proper, was enough to terrify any one who might be inclined to look for thought, reflection, or political principle in his representative. Mr. MILLS, on the contrary, had faults which were mainly negative. He could not speak; he could not sketch out any Conservative policy on any subject; he seemed to belong to that section of his party which not only looks to be educated by its leaders, but humbly asks that its education shall begin with the alphabet. Conservatives, however, do not much mind this. They want a member not to be so very clever, but to be a good Conservative—that is, to be a man holding an ascertained position, likely to make himself locally useful, and pronounced satisfactory by competent clerical authorities. A weak gentleman is after all a gentleman, and, if he has no particular opinions on the details of politics, he is certain to rally round the Altar and the Throne and vote as he is bid. It was, too, in Mr. MILLS's favour that he contested Exeter at the last election, and was only defeated by a small majority, for, no doubt, there is some sympathy with a candidate who is so attached to a borough that he will stand for it time after time. Personal liking, too, goes a considerable way in elections when there is no great political excitement, and Mr. MILLS has in abundance the qualities which make men glad to do a friend a good turn at no great cost to themselves. A better candidate than Sir EDWARD WATKIN might possibly have polled more votes than he did; and it does not follow that because Mr. MILLS has been returned that a really good Liberal candidate may not succeed against him at the next general election. Still, under the present circumstances, Mr. MILLS's return was very natural, and does not need to be accounted for by the use of reprehensible means. That bribery and corruption had been employed, not of course by Mr. MILLS himself, but by his agent, was loudly asserted by some disappointed Liberals when the result of the poll became known. Even Sir EDWARD WATKIN is reported to have used language which implied that unfair means had been used against him. A defeated candidate ought to be very scrupulous in making such assertions; and if he makes them, he ought to be considered bound to prove them.

That the result disappointed some Exeter Liberals is certain, and there was heard, what under the Ballot we shall always hear, the statement that, if promises had been kept, the election must have gone the other way. But it was scarcely for Exeter Liberals to complain of broken promises when their sitting representative, Mr. BOWRING, had explained to them only a few days before that under the admirable system of the Ballot, to make promises, break them, and keep the conscience clear had become the easiest

thing possible. We do not believe that a majority of over three hundred is to be attributed either to corrupt practices or broken promises. Mr. MILLS has been returned because the larger number of voters wished to see a Conservative successful, or preferred Mr. MILLS to Sir EDWARD WATKIN. It is as legitimate a Conservative triumph as can be conceived. It is part of their strength as a political party that a candidate weak in himself is good enough for them, provided he is a gentleman and can be trusted; whereas Liberals have from the nature of their politics a difficulty in finding good candidates, as the class of candidates who can be most easily found, that of amiable, mild-spoken gentlemen with no marked abilities or political creed, are comparatively useless to them. The election can have, however, no immediate political effect. The Government will meet Parliament next Session unaffected by having lost this particular seat. If all the elections that have taken place in the recess had been adverse to them, the case would have been very different. Although they would have had a considerable majority, and might have counted on that majority on a critical division, yet, if one constituency after another had shown disapproval of the Ministerial policy, the Cabinet would have felt weak and disheartened, and the existing House of Commons might have seen itself subjected to the reproach with which the French Assembly is taunted, that it does not represent the country. But as the Government has merely won here and lost there, and as there is no general current of opinion against them, and no one is prepared to take their places if they were turned out, they have as fair a chance of carrying their measures next Session as a Government can have with a House of Commons on the eve of dissolution. The Exeter election is said to be a warning; but of what is it a warning, and to whom? It is indeed a proof of what is clear enough if the Parliamentary history of recent years is considered. The election of 1868 did not reflect the permanent strength of the two parties in the English boroughs. The Liberals have probably a majority in them, as Mr. DISRAELI confesses, but they have not so large a majority as the returns of 1868 would lead us to suppose. The election in that year was held in a time of great excitement, and Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues had then the advantage of being out of office and looked upon—justly, we think—as men capable of considerable things if they had a chance; whereas the Conservatives had recently stultified their past political lives by becoming the authors of a sweeping Reform Bill. It thus happened that the Liberals had an accidental advantage which raised their successes in the English boroughs beyond what accorded with their permanent strength. It is curious, in looking through the records of the elections in 1868, to notice how very small the majorities were in many cases by which Liberals were then elected; and a small majority is easily reversed. There are many boroughs of which it may be said with considerable confidence that they will return a Liberal after a Conservative Ministry has been some time in office, and a Conservative after a Liberal Ministry has been some time in office, parties being so evenly balanced that the inevitable grumbler can make his influence felt. Exeter is perhaps one of these boroughs, and the day may come when the tenure of office by his friends may, in the turning of the wheel of fortune, cost Mr. MILLS his hard-won seat.

It may perhaps happen before long, although no distinct signs of such a thing happening appear at present, that accidental causes will give the Conservatives a share of the representation greater than their permanent strength in the constituencies warrants; and this will be needed if they are to have a Ministry that can take office with credit. We may go so far as to say that, although there are no distinct signs as yet of such a thing happening, it is not difficult to see how it might happen. Taking the country all through, Denominationalism is evidently stronger than Anti-Denominationalism, and beer is stronger than temperance. Each constituency may of course have its special leaning on the subjects of education and licensing, and therefore what is true of the country generally may not apply to any particular borough. Or, again, the subject of education may not be exclusively important in the estimation of a constituency, and a member may be returned on the general issues of Imperial policy, or because he is a specially fit man to be in Parliament. But there is always a probability that the general opinion of the country will be reflected in the opinion of any one constituency, and therefore the chances are that Denominationalism and beer will make their influence felt in the

boroughs. It seems to many Liberals very hard that it should be to the cost of the Liberals only that this influence is felt. They say, truly enough, that it is the Act of the present Government on Education that is considered to be too favourable to Denominationalism, and that the Licensing Bill was passed with the concurrence of the Conservative party. All this is true, but ardent Denominationalists and irritated publicans do not trouble themselves to do justice or to go into the history of the means by which Acts of Parliament have been passed. They ask themselves the very simple question whether CODLIN or SHORT is their friend, and the Conservative or the Liberal the more likely to stand by sects and public-houses; and a rude but sufficient common sense tells them that it is the Conservatives. They observe that those who are working in favour of Anti-Denominationalism and the Permissive Bill are, in nine cases out of ten, Liberals, and they prefer the party which is free from suspicion. We must own that, if judged from their own point of view, they seem to us quite right. It is a matter of great regret that constituencies will insist on ignoring all but one or two pet questions, and are so apt to put out of sight that there are other issues of greater moment which they practically help to determine by forgetting them. But we must take men as they are, and it is absurd to talk as if political power in England was exclusively in the hands of wise and enlightened men. Constituencies will attach too much importance to the little things that specially interest voters for the time being, whatever we may do or say. The disestablishment of the Irish Church was not one of these little things. It was a great question of Imperial policy on which the constituencies were asked to pass judgment. But it had the effect of giving the Liberals a majority accidentally large. To-day is a day of little, not great, questions; but these little things may suffice, although, as we have said before, there is no trustworthy evidence that they will suffice, to give the Conservatives an accidentally large share in the representation of English boroughs at the next general election.

THE FRENCH ELECTORAL LAW.

THE Duke of BROGLIE evidently intends to make the Committee of Thirty useful. A short time back it was supposed that they were to confine themselves to the construction of a Constitution, and that the process of reforming the constituencies by the excision of Republican electors would be undertaken by the Cabinet. It now appears that the Government intend to obtain all the support that can be given by the vote of a Committee before bringing this extremely awkward question before the Assembly. The Committee of Thirty is composed of five Liberals, six members of the Right, and nineteen of the Right Centre; and upon the propriety, or rather the necessity, of a Reform Bill, the two latter sections are agreed. Perhaps a further impetus may be given to their zeal by the result of to-morrow's elections. Four deputies are to be returned by three departments, and should the extreme South, the extreme West, and the almost metropolitan district of Seine and Oise agree in electing Republicans, the case in favour of reform may be taken as proved. There is a little inconsistency perhaps in bringing on this measure while the Bill for regulating the election of Mayors is still under consideration, since one of the reasons given for taking the nomination out of the hands of the Municipal Councils is that they elect men who refuse to help the Prefects in getting the right sort of candidates sent to the Assembly; and it might be plausibly argued that the Government had better wait and see what efficient Mayors can do for them before weeding the constituencies. But the Duke of BROGLIE no doubt knows that after all the most well disposed of Mayors cannot do the Government much service in this way. Their co-operation is not to be despised, because where you have to deal with an adverse population no means of enlightening or persuading them should be left untried. However carefully the Electoral Law may be drawn, it must leave many Republican voters on the register, and as some of these may be open to official pressure, there will be something for the Mayors to do, even if the voters could be made as few as they were in the golden days of LOUIS PHILIPPE.

With twenty-five out of thirty votes in the Committee secured beforehand, the Government will come before the Assembly with the prestige of an immense majority. There is danger in this, however, as well

as safety. After all, the support of a Committee is only valuable in so far as it represents support which will be forthcoming in the Assembly itself, and the way in which the Committee of Thirty has been constituted makes it quite worthless for this purpose. On the question of a new Electoral Law the Liberal Opposition may count upon securing more votes than upon almost any other, and, if so, parties are likely to be so equally divided as to make the issue of the debate uncertain. In such a case as this nothing injures the chances of a Bill more than over-confidence on the part of its promoters; but it is difficult not to be a little over-confident when the Bill has at its back the recommendation of five-sixths of a Committee. There has been no opportunity for rehearsing those narrow divisions in which the capture of a single vote may turn the scale. A minority of one-sixth is almost certain to stick closely together. There is no room for calculation or combination. The minority learns to take being outvoted as a thing of course, and consequently makes no effort to avoid it. If the Committee of Thirty had been constituted on the principle of reproducing, with some approach to accuracy, the division of parties in the Assembly, this danger would have been avoided. It would have been possible to forecast how this or that section of the Opposition would stand affected towards the Bill, and there would have been time to devise compromises and arrangements by which their support, or at least their abstention, might have been secured. As it is, the temper of parties in the Assembly can only be guessed at down to the time when the Bill comes on for discussion. The fact that it will be presented by a very large majority of the Committee of Thirty will be nothing in its favour, because the circumstances under which the Commission was chosen have been more than commonly notorious. Everybody will remember the determination of the Right and the Right Centre in the first instance to admit no more than three members of the Opposition to share in their deliberations, and even at last to admit no more than five; and, with that little incident in the background, the Assembly will not be greatly impressed, even if the Committee adopts the Bill by five-and-twenty votes out of thirty.

The introduction of a new Electoral Law is tantamount to a confession that all the ordinary means of influencing elections which French Governments have at their disposal are unavailing in presence of the resolute preference of the nation for Republican institutions. Probably if the constituencies had any faith in the professions of the Ministerial journals that the prolongation of Marshal MACMAGON's powers means the continuance of the Republic for seven years certain, the issue of some at least of the partial elections would be less unfavourable to the Government. The really Conservative elements in the nation appear to desire a Republic, but they would be content with, or rather they would certainly prefer, a Republic of an exceedingly moderate type. M. THIERS saw this, and was anxious to frame a Republican Constitution in concert with the Conservative majority in the Assembly. The Conservative majority refused to be used for such a purpose, and from that hour they have been set down by the constituencies as Monarchists at heart. If the Fusion had never been effected, this suspicion would possibly have died away; but an avowed attempt to set up a Monarchy, following upon a refusal to set up a Republic, naturally confirmed and strengthened it. What is to prevent the Duc DE BROGLIE from acquiescing in a Monarchical intrigue next year, as he undoubtedly acquiesced in one this year? If he was prevented from placing the Count of CHAMORD on the throne only by an inopportune letter from the Count himself, the appearance of a letter of a different kind may revive his conviction that Monarchy and order are ideas which do not admit of being permanently disassociated. Or suppose that the Count of CHAMORD were after all to abdicate, and that the Count of PARIS were to give, as he would give, all the guarantees that the Right Centre wish to obtain from their King, would not the Duke of BROGLIE hold that this change absolved him from the obligation to keep the Republic going for seven years? It would be rash to say that the answers which those who ask these questions usually give to them are the correct ones. It is enough that they are the answers which are accepted by the greater part of the French people. The more the attitude of the constituencies is studied, the more evident it becomes that the existing Government is distrusted, not so much because it is reactionary, as because it is suspected of being Monarchical. There never was a time when French elections had so good

a claim as they have at present to be accepted as giving the real mind of the French people. The fear of offending the Radicals which has sometimes influenced the electors is, to say the least, neutralized by the fear of offending the authorities, and the failure of the Government hitherto to carry a single election is assuredly not to be attributed to any unwillingness to turn the last fear to account. A Reform Bill the object of which is to deprive large numbers of electors of the suffrage is unmistakably designed as a punishment for the manner in which they have used it heretofore. It is quite possible that it may fail of its object, even if it becomes law, because its success is bound up with the theory that the Republican feeling is only found in the lower strata of the constituencies, and that if these can be banished from the electorate all will go well. If it should turn out that the Republican feeling is distributed vertically, and that the higher classes of electors are equally Republican with the lower, the result of a new Electoral Law may be to lessen the aggregate of voters at each election, not the proportion given to this or that candidate. And that such a law will be passed even by the existing Assembly is an assumption of considerable boldness.

HOUSEHOLD SUFFRAGE IN COUNTIES.

THE advocates of the extension of household suffrage to county constituencies are naturally encouraged by Mr. GLADSTONE's assent to receive a deputation on the subject from bodies which profess to represent the agricultural labourers. They are probably justified in the inference that the Government will bring in a Household Suffrage Bill in the next Session. The long period of two or perhaps three years has elapsed since Mr. GLADSTONE formally announced that the change, however desirable, would not be proposed by himself during the remainder of his political career. When he pledged himself to postpone a new disturbance of the electoral system, he did not think that he should live to make household suffrage in counties one of the principal issues of the next general election. If the conjecture of the enthusiastic journal which divides its affections between Mr. GLADSTONE and M. CAMBETTA is well founded, the suffrage is to be given to the labourers as to model school-boys, by way of reward for good behaviour. It seems, according to the *Spectator*, that the artisans were enfranchised in consequence of their good conduct during the cotton famine; and the labourers have earned a similar boon by their sagacious adoption of Mr. ARCH's advice to strike for a rise of wages. Of course their laudable regard for their own interest is described as a solemn exercise of virtue. The labourers have displayed, among other qualities, "a dumb pathetic earnestness," and it is high time that, no longer dumb, "they should be permitted to speak" out their moving, slow-tongued eloquence on the politics "of rural England." Innocent theories of this kind would not deserve serious discussion if they were not likely to influence Mr. GLADSTONE's singular temperament. In the present instance it is more reasonable to attribute his policy to a more commonplace and prosaic motive. His gratitude to the labourers perhaps relates rather to the future favours which they may confer by their votes on the Liberal party than to the dumb and pathetic eloquence with which they have demanded three or four additional shillings a week. Mr. THEVELYAN and other representatives of ultra-democracy frequently assert that they have never heard a plausible argument against the equalization of the franchise in town and country. It is perfectly true that, if symmetry is the test of sound political organization, the whole country ought to be at once carved out into equal electoral districts, with a perfectly uniform suffrage. It is perhaps becoming an anachronism to object that a principal object of constitutional arrangements is good government, including freedom of opinion, security for property and order, and protection of the rights of the minority. At this moment the working classes, if they thought fit to combine their forces against the rest of the community, would have it in their power to return to the House of Commons a majority of borough members, who might possibly not have received the votes of a single proprietor, tradesman, or member of the educated professions. It has been truly remarked that "a low franchise in England is more really democratic than in any other civilized country. The majority of English householders live upon weekly wages, and own no realised property, except perhaps furniture, or money in the Savings Bank. English artisans receive larger incomes

than the members of the same class in any other part of Europe; but the elaborate and complicated organization of industry in this country assigns to workmen their share of the profits of production in the form of wages. They would probably be the first to suffer by revolutionary disturbance; but they are naturally indifferent to risks which seem to them immediately to affect the capitalist and the landowner. The vast majority of the borough constituency pays no direct taxes; and the inconvenience which might indirectly and ultimately arise to workmen through onerous and unjust taxation of property is not likely to be adequately appreciated.

Household suffrage in the counties means a large reinforcement of the most democratic element in the existing constituency. If the measure is passed, landlords and tenants may save themselves the useless trouble of attending the poll. The agricultural labourers have lately become the special favourites of revolutionary agitators, who justly recognize in Mr. ARCH, though his original objects were practical and economic, a valuable ally of the OGGERS and BRADLAUGHS. When the labourers have votes, they will be courted and absolutely governed by demagogues, who will teach them as a first lesson the expediency of combining against their oppressors who own or rent the land. Unscrupulous adventurers have wasted much eloquence in endeavouring to persuade the artisans of the towns that they are aggrieved by Game-laws with which they have nothing to do, and by the accumulation of landed estates, although they themselves could not occupy freehold farms if they were to be had for nothing. The labourer knows more about land, and the demagogue can consequently at any time offer him a tempting bribe. His protest against large estates and large farms would be more earnest, because it would be more selfish, than the vague clamour of dwellers in towns. Whatever may be thought of the proposed change, it is idle to treat it as insignificant. The Conservatives have already begun to tamper with the extension of the suffrage, because they fear that it will be carried, and hope by prudent conformity to conciliate the favour of the new electors. Some of the organs of moderate Liberalism have with culpable carelessness approved of the proposed equalization through unacquaintance with the condition of rural districts. Mr. DISRAELI's speech at Glasgow indicates a disposition to check his hasty followers in their servile imitation of his own former policy. As a professed patron of the working classes, and especially of the farm-labourers, who are the amiable peasants of his novels, Mr. DISRAELI carefully abstains from raising any direct objection to a measure which, as he has often and truly said, would increase the electoral power of the counties; but he calls attention to some of the collateral results which would follow a new scheme for the reconstruction of the representative system. The derangement of the balance of political power would absorb the attention of Parliament and of the country; and, until the question was settled, it would be difficult to proceed with other important measures. Mr. DISRAELI may not perhaps really regard with alarm an interruption of Mr. GLADSTONE's legislative restlessness; but an argument against any measure proves that the person who uses it is opposed to the project, although he may perhaps attach little weight to the reasons which he urges against it. Lord DENBY took his famous leap in the dark under Mr. DISRAELI's influence, but the consequences have not been so advantageous to the Conservative party as to recommend a repetition of the experiment.

It would be useless to approach Mr. GLADSTONE even with conclusive demonstrations that the equalization of the suffrage will not tend to the benefit of the country. The agricultural labourers are, as it is impossible to deny, his fellow-creatures and his flesh and blood; and the inference that his fellow-creatures and his flesh and blood ought to have votes for members of Parliament probably appears to him as unavoidable as it seems irrelevant to less inspired politicians. Some of the party, if not Mr. GLADSTONE himself, will be more inclined to listen to doubts whether the household suffrage in counties would be an advantageous question to dissolve upon. Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. GLADSTONE himself promoted two or three years ago a Rating Bill, of which one object was apparently to sow dissension for political purposes between landlord and tenant. It is not improbable that for a similar reason, as well as for the public benefit, the Government may introduce a Bill in the next Session for some change in the law of tenancy, or perhaps for a modification of the Game-laws. The effect of any overture of the kind will be lost upon the farmers

if the Government at the same time proposes to transfer the electoral control of the counties from themselves to the labourers, who have already under the tuition of Mr. ARCH caused them serious alarm. They know better than Mr. GLADSTONE how the demagogue, in whom the new voting power would be really vested, would use their opportunity. Mr. GLADSTONE's announcement of his intention to receive a deputation from the Labourers' Unions has probably by this time alienated from his party even the farmers who have hitherto counted themselves Liberals. Household suffrage in the counties will not become law before the dissolution; and at the next election the proposal will probably be unanimously reprobated by the existing county constituencies. Another large and important body will be almost equally averse to the proposal. It seems to be generally admitted that uniformity of franchise would involve the establishment of equal electoral districts; and even if the connexion between the two measures is not strictly logical, the consequence would ensue, because readjustment would be promoted by the party which had already prevailed in the extension of the suffrage. The institution of electoral districts means the disfranchisement of all the small and moderate-sized boroughs; and when the constituencies understand the danger with which they are threatened, they may perhaps not be inclined to contribute at their own cost to the success of the Government measure. Mr. DISRAELI adroitly reminded them of their approaching annihilation with a graceful reference to the political antagonism between himself and a majority of their present representatives. There is yet time for Tories who confound cunning rashness with sagacity to profit by the hints of their leader. If the Liberal Government thinks fit to build a wall against which it may knock its own head, the Conservatives are not called upon to share in the work and in the result. Even if the Constitution, or what remains of it, is not worthy of consideration, the interests of any party which may attempt to disfranchise the farmers and the small boroughs will be gravely compromised.

THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL.

ENGLISH Liberals are often disposed to deny the POPE a privilege to which events have certainly established his title. They quarrel with him because he finds in his present condition much matter for lamentation. Yet, if ever any man had the right to complain that he has fallen upon evil times, PIUS IX. has that right. He has been deprived of the temporal dominion to which he has persistently assigned an importance scarcely less than that belonging to his spiritual dominion. He has seen Rome, from being the home of the Papacy, become the capital of the chief rebel against the Papacy. He has contrived to quarrel with the German EMPEROR, the most Conservative, and consequently the most friendly to Catholicism, of the Protestant sovereigns of the Continent. If all these misfortunes coming upon him one after another are not enough to make him break silence, it must be on the theory that ecclesiastical persons are bound to show a Spartan power of endurance unknown to temporal sovereigns. The POPE's affairs are in a very bad way, and consequently it is perfectly natural that he should bewail the adverse fates which have brought him to so grievous a plight.

In the last Encyclical, however, the POPE says but little of his personal sufferings. It is the bitter griefs of his venerable brethren that now press upon him. It seems to have come upon the POPE by surprise that the same policy towards the secular authorities which in Italy has brought trouble upon his own head should in other countries have brought trouble upon the heads of the bishops immediately concerned in carrying it out. All that he says, for example, of the conduct of the Swiss Government may be true in fact; at all events we are not in the least concerned to defend either the banishment of the Bishop of HEARON or the revolutionary ecclesiastical legislation by which that banishment has been followed. But the Encyclical makes no mention of the unprovoked act which served as the pretext, to say the least, for what has been done. M. MERMELLOD might to all appearance have been exercising his functions undisturbed to this day if the POPE had not, in violation of an agreement between the Swiss Government and the Holy See, made him in effect Bishop of Geneva. It may be that the Swiss authorities were wrong in the means they took to vindicate what they considered to be their rights; but even if we condemn them on this ground, it is an important element in the controversy that the POPE

struck the first blow, and struck it without provocation. As regards Germany the POPE has a better case. It is not exactly a good case, because no one except the persons immediately concerned knows the real facts of the quarrel, but it is, at all events, a plausible case. We agree with Archbishop MANNING that the recent ecclesiastical legislation in Prussia constitutes a direct attack upon the Church in its spiritual character. The answer of the *Times* that the German EMPEROR is only doing what HENRY VIII. did before him leaves out of sight several important considerations. In the first place, in England the King and the Parliament were legislating for a Church to which they themselves belonged, whereas the German EMPEROR and the Prussian Parliament are legislating for a Church of which they are not members. The Tudor Reformation did so far answer to its name that it was effected by men who professed to be Catholics. The Prussian Reformation is being carried out by men who have no more right to remodel the Roman Catholic Church than Marshal MACMAHON and the Duke of BROGLIE would have to remodel the French Protestant Church. In the next place, the Prussian Reformation does not even claim to be a religious movement. There is probably quite as much religion about it as there was about the Tudor Reformation, but the superior honesty of the German statesmen puts them in this respect at a disadvantage. They avow that they are making ecclesiastical changes to serve a purely political purpose, and though their frankness may be respectable, it brings the arbitrary character of their acts into very strong relief. In the third place, it is exceedingly doubtful whether, if the Roman Catholic Church were prepared to abandon her official position in Prussia, her demand for freedom would meet with any other reception than it meets with now. Prince BISMARCK, we suspect, would frankly reply to any offer of such abandonment that he had no intention of relaxing the hold which circumstances have given him over the Catholic clergy. If the resignation of the stipends hitherto paid them by the Government would release the bishops from the obligation to yield obedience to the new ecclesiastical laws, they would probably be glad to give them up.

It must be confessed, however, that there is a good deal of mystery about the causes which have induced the German Government to take up its present attitude towards the Roman Catholic Church. The POPE asserts that the clergy are absolute lambs in the matter, and that the charges of conspiracy which the Emperor of GERMANY brings against them are merely the inventions of a wolf who is resolved to devour them under one pretence or another. He has at all events this in his favour, that no evidence has ever been brought forward in support of the German accusations. If the Roman Catholic clergy had repeatedly been convicted of conspiracy against the new German Empire, there would at any rate be this excuse for violent legislation, that it was designed to anticipate a danger which it had been found impossible to guard against by the usual precautions. As it is, we are reduced to taking Prince BISMARCK'S word—for on this point the EMPEROR can scarcely be regarded as more than the mouthpiece of the CHANCELLOR—that he has discovered a series of dangerous intrigues, not one of which has ever come to the surface or made itself apparent to other eyes than his. On the other hand, there is nothing in Prince BISMARCK'S antecedents that makes it likely that he should suddenly come forward in the character of a Protestant crusader, and there is good reason to believe that not very long before the introduction of the new laws he made the POPE a distinct offer of alliance. Archbishop MANNING attributes the action of the Government to a compact with secret societies, and quotes a passage from a Masonic organ to the effect that the EMPEROR'S letter to the POPE was dictated by the spirit of Freemasonry. It is natural enough that a newspaper which has in view the interests of Freemasonry should try to identify a series of popular measures with the views of the society it represents. But this fact only tends to derogate from the real importance of the Archbishop's extract. An alleged sympathy between the German EMPEROR and Freemasonry is rather a small foundation to support a whole system of policy opposed in many of its features to all that could have been expected either from the Sovereign or from his Minister. We put it to Archbishop MANNING whether it is not more probable that since the overthrow of Austria, and still more since the overthrow of France, the aggrandisement of Prussia has been an object of jealous dread, and, as a consequence, of underhand hostility,

to a clergy who have been trained to regard the restoration of the POPE'S temporal power as the end to which all their labours should be directed.

The POPE'S denunciation of the German ecclesiastical policy brings him by a natural process to a denunciation of Old Catholics. Upon this subject the POPE can only express himself in one way, nor have the persons against whom his curses are directed any right to complain of being made the objects of them. So long as the members of the Roman Catholic Church who reject the Vatican decree were willing to dispense with an ecclesiastical organization of their own, the POPE could affect to regard them as children who had not yet left their father's roof, however just might be the cause of displeasure they have given him. When they proceeded to set up a bishop for themselves, and to obtain consecration for him from the latest, and for that reason the most hateful, of European schisms, it was evident that the POPE would in future never open his mouth to them except for the purpose of excommunication. Rendered into commonplace English, the Papal abuse of "a certain notorious apostate" from the Catholic faith, JOSEPH HUBERT REINKENS," is simply an intimation that in future the Old and the New Catholics can have nothing to say to one another. Whether the former have been wise, from their own point of view, in pushing matters to this extremity, is a question which only the event can answer. The immediate prospects of the new community will perhaps be improved by the adoption of a decided course; but the chances of the breach being healed under some future Pope are certainly fewer than they were before Bishop REINKENS'S election.

RAILWAY DIRECTORS AND THE BOARD OF TRADE.

WHEN Mr. LAING'S letter to the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE, in reply to the recent Circular of that department with regard to railway accidents, was published, it was thought that it was perhaps intended, not only as a vindication of the Brighton Railway, but as a general plea on behalf of all the Companies. If this had been the case, the Companies on whose lines the greatest number of disasters occur would certainly have been open to the taunt that they were endeavouring to shelter themselves behind a comparatively innocent and well-behaved line. It appears, however, that the Companies are not disposed to confide their case to a single spokesman, and that there is to be a separate and distinct reply from each of them. This is certainly necessary, because the case of the Brighton Railway is very different from that of some of the others. Mr. LAING'S letter showed that the Brighton Railway is a well-managed and consequently safe line, but it did not in the least shake the arguments contained in Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE'S Circular; indeed it might almost be regarded as an emphatic confirmation by an experienced Railway Chairman of all that Mr. FORTESCUE had said. The object of the Circular was to point out that railway disasters might to a great extent be prevented by improved methods of working and mechanical contrivances. The object of Mr. LAING'S letter was to show that accidents rarely occurred on his line; and he explained that the reason why they did not occur was because the Company had practically anticipated Mr. FORTESCUE'S advice, and adopted most of the precautions against accidents which he recommended. If Mr. LAING had had to say that accidents occurred on his line notwithstanding the adoption of precautions, that would have been, in one way, an answer to the Board of Trade. But the whole drift of his argument is that, where precautions are taken, accidents are prevented. And this argument of course cuts two ways, because, if we find that accidents do not occur when precautions are taken, it may be not unreasonably presumed that, when accidents do occur, it is because precautions have been neglected. Mr. LAING'S letter has been followed by one by Mr. CASTLEMAN, the Chairman of the London and South-Western, who writes to much the same effect. He pleads that there were only three accidents on his line last year, and none the year before, and he attributes this to the careful maintenance and working of the railway. The block system has been adopted on the South-Western, as well as on the Brighton Railway, and every effort is said to be made for providing adequate accommodation for traffic. Mr. LAING and Mr. CASTLEMAN both contend that continuous brakes cannot be adopted until further

experiments have been made on the subject, and that "absolute punctuality" in the departure and arrival of trains is an impossibility. On the first of these points the argument is a plausible one, but it is obvious that it might be used to justify the postponement of every kind of scientific improvement for an indefinite period. It is always possible that an invention may be improved, or that a better invention may be forthcoming; but common sense has to be content with the best that can be got at the time. It is highly probable that in a quarter of a century continuous brakes will be much nearer perfection than at present; yet even an imperfect brake of this kind would be a great advantage at the present moment. As to the impossibility of ensuring absolute punctuality, nobody expects it. All that is asked is that trains shall not be unreasonably unpunctual, so as to cause great inconvenience and loss to passengers, and perhaps to endanger their lives. An occasional delay of a few minutes would be nothing, but systematic delays of an hour or more could certainly be prevented.

Mr. Moon, on the part of the London and North-Western Railway, has undertaken the more onerous task of defending that railway against the strictures of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE. He regrets that a charge of the gravest possible character—that of neglecting the means which may be at their command for securing the safety of the public—should have been made against the railway companies; and his argument amounts to a denial that, as far as the London and North-Western is concerned, anything is left undone which can be done to prevent accidents. This is a different line of argument from that taken by Mr. LAING and Mr. CASTLEMAN, who plead that they have scarcely any accidents, and attribute this to the completeness of their precautions. Mr. Moon cannot deny that a good many accidents occur on the London and North-Western; but he resorts to an ingenious argument to comfort the public on this point. He explains that the registration of accidents is more exact than it used to be, and that is the reason why there is apparently a greater number of accidents; so that, in point of fact—and he wishes it to be known for the honour of his Company—the London and North-Western has always been in the habit of killing and maiming a great many more people every year than was generally supposed. It does not seem to us that this helps Mr. Moon very much. The real question is whether accidents occur on this railway which might be prevented. Mr. Moon says No; but the value of this answer obviously depends on what he thinks it possible to do to prevent accidents. The Wigan accident may be taken as a very good test. Mr. Moon contends that this accident "has not been proved to result from any defective arrangements of the Company"; and on this ground compensation has been refused to the sufferers. When it is said that no defective arrangements have been proved, this must mean only that they have not been proved to the satisfaction of the officials of the Company, because it is known that they were proved to the satisfaction of the Board of Trade Inspector and of the jury at the inquest. Captain TYLER pointed out that a train of maximum length had been driven at an excessive rate of speed over "a part of the permanent way where the traffic and shunting were almost incessant, and where a high condition of maintenance was not preserved," through facing-points, the locking apparatus of which was in need of repair. The jury, in returning a verdict of "Accidental death," added that the London and North-Western Company were not justified in allowing engine-drivers to run through such a station at a high rate of speed, and that, in their opinion, the speed of fast and through trains should be materially slackened on passing such places. Yet, after this, we are told that travelling on this railway is made as safe as possible. There was an accident on this railway at Adderley Park station, near Birmingham, on Wednesday, in consequence of the shunting of a goods train in front of a passenger express. In this case the fog is suggested as an excuse; but it happens that a fortnight before there was a precisely similar accident at the same place. There can be no question that many of the principal stations on the North-Western Railway are altogether inadequate for the traffic; that the main line is consequently turned into a goods-yard; and that the perversity of the Company in running expresses at full speed through stations which are constantly blocked in this manner is as infallible a way of putting passengers in danger of being killed or maimed as can possibly be imagined. Mr. Moon asserts that his Company does not

run trains at high speed for its own advantage, that fast trains are very costly and troublesome, and that if Parliament would reduce the speed it would be a gain to the Company. To this it may be answered that it is not usual to find a Railway Company voluntarily sacrificing a legitimate gain in order to serve the public; and that, although a Company may lose in one way by fast trains, it gains in another way. The reason why trains are run at an excessive pace through dangerous junctions is simply because, if trains were not hurried on this way, the Companies would not get so much traffic as at present over the existing lines. Mr. Moon takes credit to the Company for having laid down additional lines and enlarged stations and sidings at various points, as if all this were a pure sacrifice for the public. It is not, however, exactly a sacrifice for a flourishing trader to enlarge his premises so that he may do a larger business, and this is simply what the North-Western has done. It could not by any possibility have carried its increasing traffic unless it had provided some further accommodation for it, and the quarrel which the public has with the Company is that it has not yet done enough in that way to provide for the safety of travellers.

LORD CARNARVON ON SCIENCE.

LORD CARNARVON has been delivering an address which puts into something like definite shape a vague but widely diffused prejudice. Some excellent people regard science as necessarily irreligious; and though we would hope that wider knowledge is beginning to dissipate that fear, many people still think, and not without some justification, that scientific study encourages a harsh, dogmatic, and prosaic frame of mind. We should be glad if we could altogether deny the truth of this imputation; but we are bound in conscience to admit that it is not entirely groundless. A one-sided development produces characteristic faults. A man who devotes himself entirely to art is occasionally wanting in respect for abstract truth, and tries to meet argument by unreasoning sentiment. The man, on the other hand, who devotes himself entirely to science is apt to despise any consideration which cannot be packed into a rigid formula, and sometimes carries into an inappropriate sphere the habits of positive assertion which he has acquired in the region of strict demonstration. All this is not only true, but important at the present moment. Lord Carnarvon had a very good theme in impressing upon a youthful audience the importance of a complete culture. The tendency of modern education, especially as fostered by competitive examination, is to make specialists of boys as well as of men. The lad who thinks no study valuable except as it is productive of marks is likely to develop into the man who thinks no piece of knowledge useful that cannot be expressed in a statistical table. And there could be no more appropriate occasion than a distribution of prizes for insisting upon the miserable nature of a training which encourages a youth to devote himself exclusively to some one branch of knowledge at the period when his mind is still most plastic. We could, however, have wished that Lord Carnarvon had taken a more complete view of his subject. He might have pointed out that science should be an essential part of a sound education, though it should not be pursued to the exclusion of others. We fear that at present the danger of turning out youths too thoroughly imbued with scientific notions is extremely remote, and that it is much more important to improve our methods of scientific teaching than to take precautions against its being pushed to excess.

Meanwhile, however, let us look a little more closely at Lord Carnarvon's argument. There runs through it an assumption which is tacitly made by a great many popular writers, though it is not very easy to put it into a definite shape. Science is frequently personified and regarded as a sort of dark power working on principles of its own entirely opposed to those which prevail in other spheres of thought. Science and religion, or science and art, are talked about as though they were antagonistic forces, and as though a proposition might be artistically true and scientifically false, or vice versa. It is therefore worth while to repeat once more that science is nothing except organized and accurate knowledge. We can talk scientifically about chemical questions because we have discovered certain invariable chemical laws, and can deduce consequences from them with what we call absolute accuracy. Sociology is not yet, if it ever will be, a science except in name, because we have not discovered such laws; and our knowledge is therefore empirical and unsystematic. Science therefore includes that province of inquiry which has been fairly conquered and mapped out; and though new regions are being daily annexed, there are still whole continents where we have to guide our course by guess-work, and not by rules worked into a definite system. The more thoroughly imbued a man may be with the scientific spirit, the more perfectly he will appreciate the limits within which his methods are really satisfactory. If scientific study teaches him to speak with absolute confidence in regard to mathematical questions, and with some approach to absolute confidence in many chemical or physiological questions, it should teach him as emphatically that

such certainty is out of place in the inquiries which still lie beyond the scientific region. This gives the real answer to some of Lord Carnarvon's complaints about scientific tendencies. He tells us, for example, that Comte proposed to erect an intolerable despotism by transferring all the powers hitherto wielded by priests to men of science. Lord Carnarvon's opinion is supported by Mr. Mill, and by almost everybody who is not a true believer in the "religion of humanity." But what is the vital error in Comte's social system? Lord Carnarvon seems to think that the fault was that the system did not make allowance for the "tender and softer feelings"; and therefore he appears to fancy that Comte's aim was to force all people to be mere mathematicians and physicists. Now the fact is that, on the very contrary, Comte had a wildly exaggerated view of the dangers of an exclusively scientific training. He proposed that the "softer feelings" should be most elaborately cultivated, and it is one of his most characteristic fancies that the progress of knowledge should be summarily stopped. He condemned all scientific inquiry which was not directly useful as "otiose," or unaccial. Such speculations, for example, as those of Mr. Darwin were to be abandoned, because they had no distinct bearing, as he thought, upon human happiness. Thus Comte's system, so far from being remorselessly scientific, was profoundly anti-scientific. And indeed, in a wider sense, this is one vital objection to his theories. Even if, for the sake of argument, we should assume with Mr. Mill that his earlier philosophy was correct, there would still remain the fact that his later doctrines were radically opposed in spirit to his earlier. He could not wait for the slow process of scientific generalization, and therefore proposed to construct the society of the future by an arbitrary and most unscientific method. Thus the true answer to Comte's scheme is not to attack science, but to insist upon scientific principles being logically carried out. His Utopia is constructed in absolute defiance of the scientific views of history; for they prove that new social forms must be slowly evolved out of the existing order, whilst he proposed to build up a new order on principles arbitrarily assumed, and therefore, as men of science think, fundamentally erroneous.

It is probable enough that Comte's dogmatism was, partly at least, the result of his scientific training. Men of science are very apt to be illogical, as well as their weaker brethren. Because they have a right to be dogmatical about the recurrence of an eclipse, they think that they may be dogmatical in forecasting the details of a social revolution. They forget that their confidence is in one case justified by discoveries to which there is no parallel in the other case. This tendency is much to be regretted; but the radical remedy is to be found in teaching science more thoroughly. Nothing can so forcibly impress upon a reasonable person the folly of dogmatism in social and political questions as a thorough appreciation of the nature of the process which has to be gone through before we are entitled to speak positively about matters far more accessible to scientific investigations. It is the scientists and smatterers in science who develop into dogmatists, and talk nonsense about the inexorable laws of political economy. The delusion is dispelled when a man really understands the conditions necessary for discussing new truths in any complex mass of phenomena.

If science, properly understood, should apply the best remedy to dogmatism, it is equally true that it need not be prejudicial to the development of sentiment. Lord Carnarvon's illustrations upon this point strike us as rather unfortunate. Italy, he tells us, in the middle ages was pre-eminently cruel and pre-eminently scientific. The reply that science in its modern sense did not then exist, and that such science as did exist was confined to a small number of educated men, is too obvious to be dwelt upon; and we might add that, if Italy was pre-eminent in science, it was equally pre-eminent in poetry. The connexion between Dante and cruelty might be made out as easily as the connexion between medieval "science" and cruelty. To reason, however, from a single coincidence is silly. Nobody can say that modern science is really provocative of cruelty. The study of natural history tends to increase our tenderness towards the lower ranks of created beings, as it makes us more distinctly recognize our relations to them. The study of physiology brings with it a clearer appreciation of the conditions of health, and, as it extends our power of treating disease, encourages us in efforts to improve the condition of our race. In fact, all extension of knowledge has a natural tendency to extend sympathy; and, if we may judge from the present, the characteristic of a scientific age is rather to make man humane to the borders of effeminacy than to make him more brutal. This, however, is but one part of the case. The tendency of science to suppress feeling was illustrated by Lord Carnarvon from the case of Mr. Mill. James Mill, he tells us, endeavoured to trample out everything approaching to feeling in his own nature. We need not now inquire at length how far this was true. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the father subjected his son to a puritanical rigidity of discipline which was not so much calculated to suppress feeling as to direct it along a peculiar channel. At any rate, if the attempt were made, it was curiously unsuccessful. The very last reproach that can be made against Mr. Mill is that his feelings were too feeble. On the contrary, they were so powerful as to lead him to weaknesses most remarkable in a man who could, in some departments of thought, keep his prejudices so far from his opinions. But, not to reason from a particular instance, what are we to say of the general principle? Does scientific training really tend to enfeeble the emotional nature? Undoubtedly it may do so. So also, we will add, may athletic training; a boy who only thinks

of developing his muscles, may allow his mind and his affections to run to seed. This would be an excellent reason for denouncing an excess of athletic training; and for a parallel reason, we should share Lord Carnarvon's objection to an exclusively scientific training. But, we will add, the same thing may be said of an exclusively literary or artistic training. The propensity to attach an exaggerated importance to art is as debilitating to the emotional nature in one direction as a similar exaggeration in regard to science is in another. People who shrink from dry investigation of hard facts, and wish to cultivate sentiment without regard to truth, become artistic voluptuaries. An excessive devotion to the beautiful unfits a man for practical life, and generates those forms of art which are corrupting in proportion as they are attractive. To banish all romance from our minds would indeed be a fatal policy; but it is just as fatal to encourage a habit of indolent dreaming without reference to action. The evils produced by this disposition are as conspicuous in modern society as the evils produced by a too great devotion to science. Much of our poetical and fictitious literature is avowedly composed upon hedonist principles—that is to say, with the single aim of giving pleasure without reference to scientific or to moral considerations. That whatever is pleasant is right seems to be its vital formula; and therefore much modern art becomes hopelessly effeminate and often directly demoralizing. The habits of mind produced by scientific study are a most useful corrective to the tendencies thus fostered. Mere bare knowledge of facts is not by itself elevating, but a profound respect for realities and an uncompromising love of truth are qualities which were never more needed than now, and which are encouraged most unequivocally by scientific inquiry. Instead, therefore, of reviling art or science, we should be disposed to insist upon the importance of constructing an educational system with a due regard to both elements, and to point out that the ideal human being is one in whom the faculties are properly balanced, and not one in whom one set has been developed out of its due proportion. Probably Lord Carnarvon would agree in this doctrine, and wished more or less to express it; but his dislike to certain scientific tendencies led him to put his statements with too little qualification, and to justify them by some very unsound and inappropriate arguments. Surely the thing which most needs to be impressed upon boys is not that scientific study is apt to be objectionable. They have quite sufficient prejudices against it already, without having a quasi-philosophical pretext provided as a cover for sheer indolence and intellectual inertia.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S ADVENTURES.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER has given the Geographical Society a spirited and stirring narrative of his adventures in Central Africa. It is quite as good in its way as *Robinson Crusoe*, and must have whetted the appetite of the public for his forthcoming book. There can be no doubt that Sir Samuel and his wife have gone through a great many perils, and have displayed remarkable courage and intrepidity; and it was perhaps unavoidable that he should make himself the hero of his story. Egypt, as he announced a few months ago in a Napoleonic despatch, now extends to the Equator. This appears to mean that Sir S. Baker himself reached this point, and that he desired the people of the countries through which he passed to consider themselves annexed; but it is just possible that his successor, if he should follow in his footsteps, may find it necessary to repeat the process of annexation on his own account. Sir Samuel, with characteristic magnanimity, has transferred his annexations to the Khedive, and has apparently no desire to revisit them. The principal fact seems to be that he pushed his way through a succession of swamps and jungles in the teeth of hostile tribes, and that he has come back alive. It is not everybody who could do this, and Sir Samuel has a right to be proud of his achievements. The object of the expedition, as its commander understood it, was the suppression of the slave trade in the distant countries which form the Nile basin. The Khedive, we are told, has the misfortune to be the anti-slavery sovereign of a country in which slavery is a great national institution, and the slave trade a lucrative commerce. It is also said that he is so unfortunate as to be a large slaveholder himself, of course very much against his own feelings, and only in deference to the prejudices of his subjects. The Abyssinian war directed his Highness's attention to the territories lying on the Egyptian border, and he was inspired with natural indignation at the thought of the atrocities which were constantly being committed in the great slave trade region of the Central Nile. If he could not put down slavery in his own country, he would at least try to put down the slave trade in somebody else's country. By this means he would satisfy his own conscience without offending public opinion in Egypt, of which, being only an Eastern despot, he naturally stands very much in awe. An expedition was therefore resolved upon, the object of which was to be the suppression of the slave trade; but it was foreseen, among other details, that this would involve the establishment of the authority of the Egyptian Government throughout the Central Nile basin. And to effect this, as Sir S. Baker frankly puts it, "it was necessary to annex the country." It does not appear to have occurred to Sir Samuel, when he was asked to take the command of the expedition, to inquire what right the Khedive had to annex a country which did not belong to him. It is obvious, however, that the philanthropic enterprises took the form of an invasion of independent territories with a view to annexation.

Sir S. Baker's account of the deplorable condition of this region in consequence of the slave trade may be readily accepted. Magnificent countries in the heart of Africa have been pillaged and desolated, villages burnt, the male population massacred, and women and children carried off into slavery. The home provinces of Khartoum have also suffered by the emigration of the inhabitants, who have abandoned their agricultural operations for plunder and vagabondage. Sir S. Baker describes thousands of acres of fertile soil bordering the Nile as having been forsaken by the Arabs. A country which he had seen on his first visit in a high state of cultivation had become a wilderness. Between Khartoum and Berber—a distance of some two hundred miles—gardens, water-wheels, flourishing villages had disappeared. The negro tribes of the Nile basin, always divided among themselves, and without a central government, fell an easy prey to the Arab slave-hunters of the Soudan. Delays occurred in starting the expedition which led to more serious delays afterwards. At latitude 9° 20 degrees it was found that the Nile had been converted from a great stream into a vast marsh. An attempt was made to cut through the dense vegetation, and to make use of the narrow channels; but it was impossible to do this before the rains set in. So the party had to wait till next year. At first Sir S. Baker had only 800 men—a loose ill-disciplined body of Egyptians, Arabs, and negroes, and a handful of English artisans. When he next started, he had a force of 1,200 men, but the numbers were continually reduced by disease, desertions, and casualties in fighting. The sympathies of the Egyptians were with the slave-traders, and they had little relish for the fatigues and perils of the campaign. Incipient mutiny had to be guarded against, as well as perpetual ambushes. With great difficulty the steamer, ammunition, and baggage were dragged through the thick mud-slush and tangled vegetation, and the expedition got afloat once more on the stream of the Upper Nile. At Gondokoro the negroes were found to be different from what they are depicted at Exeter Hall. The great object of the "man and the brother" is, it seems, to capture and make slaves of his brothers. Sir Samuel, however, felt that he was not only a general, but a missionary, and he was equal to the occasion. He preached a sermon against slavery to a chief who appeared to be extremely touched by it, but at the end of the discourse offered to sell his little boy for a good iron spade. At this point the troops mutinied, and insisted upon being led home; their leader, however, took no notice of their message, but caused a sudden alarm to be beaten in the middle of the night, and despatched his men, before they had time to reflect, against a hostile tribe who had been menacing the camp. The troops were successful, and got possession of corn enough for twelve months' consumption, and this put them in a better temper. Sir S. Baker, by the help of a friendly tribe who carried his baggage—he had been disappointed in obtaining camels from Khartoum—next pushed on to Fattiko, the capital of a pleasant country situated at an elevation of four thousand feet above the sea-level. The soil is fertile and well-timbered, and the people docile. Here there was a halt for the rainy season, which lasted for several months. With about four hundred men, leaving the rest at Fattiko, Baker made his way to Masindi, where the King tried to get rid of them by sending into the camp jars of poisoned cider. The leader had now to be a doctor as well as a general and a missionary, for many of his men were flat on their stomachs. He distributed emetics, and they recovered. Next morning the King attacked the camp in force with seven or eight thousand negroes, but the expedition, with forty Snider rifles and rockets, beat them off. This King—a very bad fellow, who had asked all his relations to dinner, and then murdered them—unfortunately escaped. The camp was now broken up, and the expedition made for a more friendly district. They were pursued for seven days through thick tall grass. The enemy cut long clear spaces in the jungle in which ten thousand men might be concealed, and "you only knew they were going to attack by hearing a peculiar whistle, like the note of a bird, which was their signal." After a brief stay with a friendly chief, with whom he "exchanged blood," each taking a drop of blood from the other's arm on his tongue, and thus becoming kinsmen, Baker was suddenly recalled to Fattiko by the news that his depot there was in danger. He arrived in time to drive off the enemy, and from that day, he says, the difficulty was to prevent the natives from attacking the slave-hunters. He confiscated the ivory belonging to the latter, worth 30,000*l.*, established a form of government, and imposed a tax which the negroes paid regularly, although he remarks that negroes, like other people, are fond of being protected, but are not very fond of paying for it. He then marched to Gondokoro in triumph, and, leaving an Egyptian colonel in command, set his face homewards.

It has been announced that Colonel Gordon of the Royal Engineers has accepted the command which Sir S. Baker has resigned; and it will be interesting to know, when he visits the annexed regions, how much remains of the Government established by his predecessor, and whether the natives continue to pay for protection, or have any protection to pay for. It is probable, however, that Sir S. Baker has at least left behind him in the nominally annexed countries an impression that the Khedive has very long arms, and is not a man to quarrel with; and no doubt the Khedive, if he cares about it, would not have much difficulty in establishing some sort of suzerainty in this quarter. However imperfect may be the civilization of Egypt, it may be assumed that it is at any rate superior to the primitive condition of the people of the Central Nile basin, and government by Pashas can hardly be worse than government by kings of the type of the monarch of Masindi. It appears to be beyond doubt that there is a large and

fertile area to be opened up to cultivation and commerce; and if the Egyptians can put steamboats on the lakes and rivers, they will naturally command the country. The extension of Egypt to the Equator, nominal as it is, is probably for the present more real than the suppression of the slave trade. We are told that there are at present only three persons in Egypt who entertain anti-slavery convictions, and these are the Khedive and two of his chief Ministers. Sir S. Baker, whose own sincerity is beyond question, vouches for the sincerity of the Khedive; but it must strike every one as strange that, if his Highness is really bent on putting down the slave trade, he should begin such a very long way off. If his Government had not connived at the traffic, it would by this time have been reduced to small dimensions, and it would of course be simpler and more natural to deal with the evil at home by closing the markets than by attempting to suppress it in a distant country. It may be assumed that, as long as domestic slavery exists in Egypt, a supply of slaves will be maintained; and, if the Khedive is anxious to convert his subjects to his own views on this matter, it is odd that he does not set them an example in his own household. If the Egyptian Government would undertake in earnest the extinction of this abominable traffic, it might give it a very good title to extend its authority; but it can hardly be supposed that the formulas of international law will be deliberately weighed in such a matter. It has not been stated in what direction Colonel Gordon is to direct his steps; but it is conceivable that the explorations in the South may have been sufficient for the present to satisfy the Khedive, and that his curiosity may now be turned towards the richer countries in the East. A claim to the sovereignty of the basin of the Nile and its affluents would include the Abyssinian kingdom; and we may repeat what we have said before, that the participation of English officers in an Egyptian invasion of that country—no matter how philanthropic the pretext—would not be popular or judicious. That, however, is still a question for the future.

BASILICAN CHURCHES.

THE shape and arrangements which, from the days of Constantine onwards, have been usual in churches throughout Western Christendom are in themselves the greatest of all cases of the triumph of the new creed over the old. We say creed, for the Paganism which Christianity had in the end to strive against and overcome really was a creed. Julian, Libanius, Zósimos, strove for a system which was to them no mere poetic fiction, no mere affair of State, but as truly a system of faith and morals as the creed of their Christian adversaries. Christianity had to strive at once against the superstition of the mere mob, against the political traditions of Romans of the old school, and against the convictions of those with whom Paganism was a real religion. These last hated Christianity, but they learned from it while hating it. The preaching of Christianity reformed Paganism, just as the preaching of the Reformation reformed the Church of Rome. Julian is to Caracalla or Gallienus what Sixtus the Fifth is to the Borgias and the Medici. An ordinary Roman Emperor or Senator had doubtless no such deep faith in Jupiter Optimus Maximus as Julian had in his Hellenic deities; but Jupiter Optimus Maximus had so long formed a part, as it were, of the very being of the Emperor, Senate, and People of Rome that it seemed to him that he who spoke against Jupiter could not be the friend of Cæsar. Christianity had to strive against both these forms of enmity, and it overcame both. Philosophic Paganism died out; it was soon found that Christianity itself supplied room enough for both the higher and the lower parts of such a character as Julian's. Political Paganism grew into political Christianity; the ideas of Christ and Cæsar became as inseparably bound together as the ideas of Jupiter and Cæsar once had been. It is indeed in the East rather than the West that this state of things attained its fullest development; in the West the absence of the Emperors from Rome allowed the Popes to grow as their brethren of Constantinople never grew. Still the real Roman feeling must have been stronger in Rome, Italy, and the West generally than it ever could have been in the East. And, in the West as well as in the East, Christianity in the end triumphed over both forms of opposition. And nowhere is the record of that triumph more legibly written than on the existing buildings of Rome itself.

The architectural monuments of earlier times which supplied the early Christian buildings with materials and models fall mainly under two heads, answering to the two classes of enemies against which the new faith had had to strive. These were the Pagan temples and the great secular buildings, the basilicas. The new builders made free use of both, but they made use of them in different ways. The temples were freely used for materials; their columns were constantly set up again in Christian churches; but the employment of an existing temple without change as a Christian church was decidedly exceptional, and it was only an exceptional class of temples which had any effect on the arrangements of an exceptional class of churches. Round temples, as well as sepulchral monuments, had probably a share in the parentage of that class of round and octagonal churches which, though at all times comparatively rare, have at all times gone on side by side with the more usual forms. The Pantheon and the so-called Temple of Minerva Medica, as well as the tomb of Cecilia Metella, doubtless had their effect on St. Vital and Brescia, on Aachen and St. Gereon, on the Temple Church and Little Maplestead, as well as on a long list of baptisteries and sepulchral churches, includ-

ing all the churches of the Holy Sepulchre, whether at Jerusalem, Bologna, Cambridge, or Northampton. We have the Pantheon itself consecrated as a Christian church, as if to show how little suited for that purpose the unaltered circular form was. We have the sepulchral church which goes by the name of St. Constantia, where the inner range of coupled columns and arches brings us many degrees nearer to Aachen and the Sepulchre churches. And we have the wonderful church of San Stefano Rotondo on the Coelian, with its three concentric circles—the outer one now shut out from the building—and the strange but bold triplet of arches built across the middle.

Still buildings of this kind, though numerous enough to be ranked as a class by themselves, were still always a minority. Among all the churches in Rome, among all the remains of temples, the Pantheon is the only temple which has been turned into a church without change or mutilation. Such cases as the Temple of Faustina and the neighbouring temple which forms part of the church of St. Cosmas and Damian are after all mere cases of adaptation of fragments; the dedication of small temples like the two, round and oblong, called each by many conjectural names, which stand between the House of Crescentius and the church of St. Mary in Cosmedin was really little more than a pious freak of later times. Though many churches in Rome, like those just mentioned, have risen on the sites of temples and have preserved parts of temples in their structure, there is no case of a large oblong temple in use as a church, as the Parthenon and the Temple of Theseus were once used at Athens. The fact is that the ordinary form of temple was not at all suited for the purposes of Christian worship; the Pagan temple was all outside, the Christian church was all inside. Temples were therefore freely destroyed to build churches out of their remains; but the use of an actual temple as a church was rare, and temple architecture had no direct effect upon the arrangement of Christian churches.

It was far different with the other class of buildings, the buildings which symbolized, not the heathen creed of the elder Rome, but the dominion of the Senate and People and their master. If the temple was unsuited to Christian purposes, the basilica, the Hall of Justice, was of all buildings the best suited. The basilica was, in fact, the temple turned inside out. As the temple consisted of a walled building surrounded by external colonnades, so the basilica consisted of internal colonnades placed inside a walled building. Exactly as in the temple, the colonnades in their various forms long remained the only architectural feature, and it was a standing difficulty to know what to do with either the outside or the roof. Both at Rome and at Ravenna we are constantly struck by the mean and shapeless look outside of buildings which are of a truth all glorious within. It is only in St. Apollinaris at Classe that we meet with the first feeble approach to the later Romanesque forms of external ornament. But the temple thus turned inside out became, in the form of the basilica, exactly what was needed for Christian uses. There was the long nave ready to receive congregations which needed to assemble within and not without their houses of worship. There was the apse or tribune with its rows of official seats, ready to become the official seats of the bishop and his clergy; there were the *cancelli* ready made to part off the holier part of the building from the less holy. In those basilicas which had the *chalcidice* or transept the symbolical form of the cross was already impressed on the buildings in heathen times. The basilica was in every point a ready-made church; it could at once be used as such, and it could become the model of new churches built after its likeness. And out of the basilica have grown all the usual forms of churches used in Western Europe. The main internal features of all are the same; the chief difference is that Northern architects learned to give their buildings an external outline to which Italy even in its best days, in the days of Pisa and Lucca, always remained a stranger. The bell tower, which in Italy stood apart, became part of the building, and was multiplied in number; the crossing, unmarked in the ancient basilica, was marked by the central cupola or tower. By these means the unadorned outside of the old basilica grew into the varied outlines of Caen and Ely and Lichfield, and into the outlines more varied still of Worms and Bamberg and Gelnhausen.

To have thus turned the basilica to Christian uses was almost a greater triumph than to have done the like by Pagan temples. To destroy the temples and to consecrate the basilicas was the most speaking expression of the facts that the Pagan worship had come to an end and that the Empire itself had become Christian. When the seat whence the heathen judge had spoken the sentence which handed over the martyr to the sword or to the lions became the seat from which the Bishop arose to celebrate the Christian mysteries, no more speaking embodiment could be needed of the triumphant climax, "Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat." It was a sign that the Roman Empire was beginning to deserve its later title of Holy, a sign that the Chief Pontiff of idols was passing into the Advocate of the Universal Church. Whether any building now exists which has served as a basilica both in the heathen and the Christian sense of the word may well be doubted; but that the Christian church borrowed all its arrangements from the heathen hall of judgment there can be no doubt. They are as clearly marked, to the very *cancelli*, in the small but most elegant *Basilica Jovis* on the Palatine as in the most fully developed Christian building. The chief alteration which the basilican type received at the hands of Christian builders was one purely architectural—the great invention of Diocletian at Spalato, the discovery that the column might be used as the support of the arch. The heathen basilicas followed two

systems of construction; the division between the nave and its aisles might be made either by columns supporting an entablature, as in the Basilica Jovis, or by massive piers supporting arches, as in the Julian Basilica and in that of Maxentius or Constantine, whichever it is to be called. The latter of these seems the natural prototype of the more massive Romanesque forms of Germany and Northern Italy, but we do not find it used in the basilican churches either of Rome or of Ravenna. Its great advantage was that it allowed the building to be vaulted—witness the mighty vaults of the Basilica of Constantine—which could hardly be the case either when the building followed the Greek construction or when the arches rested on columns. This last, in its various shapes, became the received form, but it is wonderful how hard a fight the Greek construction made. At Ravenna there is no case of the use of an entablature; the columns always support arches, though always with that intervening still which is the characteristic of the local style of that city. But at Rome some of the greatest basilicas still kept the construction of the entablature. To mention, for the present, no other cases, it was so in the nave of the old St. Peter's, the Vatican Basilica, and it is so still in the great Liberian Basilica, better known as Sta. Maria Maggiore. But the arcade is so clearly better suited for the uses of a church, or indeed for the internal uses of almost any building of any kind, that this kind of construction seems to have remained in use only in Rome, where the architects must have been more than anywhere else under the strongest influence of classical models. Elsewhere the arcade resting on columns became the universal use, and even in Rome it became more usual than its rival. Gradually, as the architects became more alive to the capacities of the form of construction which they had now worked out, the columns no longer gathered so timidly together as they do in the earlier examples, but began to stand further apart, and to support arches of greater span, as we see in the basilican churches of Lucca as compared with those of Ravenna. At Lucca indeed some of the arches are so wide that we feel that we are on the way to the great fault of later Italian architecture, those broad sprawling arches which disfigure most of the churches of the Italian pseudo-Gothic. Still it is perhaps only because we have these in our remembrance that we are inclined to look with some little dissatisfaction on the width of the arches at Lucca; there is nothing which really offends the eye in the buildings themselves; and, constructively, a moderate increase in the width of the arch must be looked on as an improvement and advance. In some of the churches at Lucca also we find the columns supplanted by a square pier, having nothing in common with the massive square piers of the German churches, being hardly thicker than the column itself. Still it is the column—if possible, the marble monolith column of classical type—which is the proper support of the arches in a basilican church. The column, which had been brought into artistic being as the support of the entablature on the outside of the Grecian temple, had worked out for itself a use no less elegant, no less appropriate, when it became the support of the internal arcades of the Christian church. But so long as the arches rested on columns, so long the roof ever remained the great difficulty, and the weakest point of the building. It had either to keep its naked construction of tie-beams and rafters, which the architects of those days had not learned, like English architects of a far later day, to work into an ornamental form, or else the construction had to be hidden by a flat ceiling. The noblest form of roof, the stone vault, called for something more massive than the column as its support. The column and the vault could be used together only in cases like crypts, where a great number of columns support a vault and nothing else. In the main fabric of the church the vault and the column could not be used together, and, as the most perfect form of roof came more and more into use, the most graceful form of support for the arcades was necessarily laid aside.

We have said that all the later arrangements of churches grew out of the basilica. As long as round-arched architecture of any type remained in use, the round apse was the direct successor of the tribune of the basilica; and in a great number of continental churches the tradition of placing the seats of the clergy behind the altar has lingered on in various corrupted forms. It can of course retain anything of its primitive effect only when the altar is unencumbered by those monstrous excrescences of later times with which most French and Italian altars are disfigured. The change from the round to the polygonal apse was simply the necessary result of the change from the round to the pointed arch. In Germany the single polygonal apse, as simple in its ground plan as the polygonal apse of the basilica, remained commonly in use. We see it on a gigantic scale at Aachen. In France the habit of surrounding the great apse with smaller ones, which began in Romanesque times, and which was a natural result of the multiplication of altars, grew into such east ends as Amiens, Rheims, and St. Quens, and as Köln, Westminster, and Tewkesbury in other lands. We have now reached something widely different indeed from the tribune of the Basilica Jovis, and from the apses of St. Apollinaris and St. Ambrose; but the steps by which one grew out of the other are apparent enough.

In the like sort, the constructive choir, which forms so important a feature in most later churches, great and small, grew out of what in the ancient basilicas was a feature, not of construction, but of arrangement. While the Bishop and his priests occupied the seats behind the altar, the humbler ministers of the church had their places in the *chorus cantorum* in the front of it. As has been pointed out over and over again, we see this arrangement in per-

fection in St. Clement's at Rome, where the choir is fenced in by a low wall not stretching across the church. But it has not been so generally observed that a fashion set in very early of marking the extent of this part of the church by something in the architecture, by giving the columns or other piers at this point some character special to themselves, distinguishing them from those on either side of them. This may be seen in more than one church at Rome and at Lucca. The transition from this is very easy to churches like Westminster, Llandaff, Norwich, and St. Albans, and again to a vast number of our latest English parish churches, where the nave and the choir form one architectural whole, the distinction being made merely by screens and the like. And the more familiar form, in which the choir has a distinct architectural being, is again produced by a modification of another feature of the basilica type. The *chalcidice* or transept is always rather an awkward feature in a basilica; it is too distinctly at cross-purposes to the nave and apse, and it is in no way fused into one whole with them. The Romanesque architects, by moving the tower or cupola to the centre of the church, at once gave the transept a meaning and made it part of one whole with the rest of the building. It was a natural stage, when the choir had once begun to be a marked feature in the building, to make the transept and what the transept supports become the division between the nave and the choir. That is to say, the choir was placed east of the transept, as in most of our later cathedral and other great churches. The apse now became a mere finish to the choir, and in England it was commonly left out altogether. We have thus reached an arrangement which has gone very far away from that of the basilica, but the steps by which one grew out of the other are perfectly clear.

The same basilica is, both by mediæval and modern writers, often applied to churches of special dignity and antiquity of whatever form. The word however is wanted as a technical term, and it is better to confine its use to churches which still keep pretty closely to the arrangements of the ancient basilicas, a type of which Rome, Ravenna, and Lucca supply the best examples.

CATTLE AND MEAT.

THE Smithfield Club has again accomplished its annual success; and if the object of its existence be, as we presume it must be, to organize great Christmas Cattle Shows, right well is its purpose achieved. It would be a curious matter for inquiry whether the Cattle Show depends more for its receipts on visitors from the country or on Londoners. Certain it seems to be that no annually recurring attraction brings to London so many people from the country, except the Derby race week; and then between the two events, to use the sporting phrase, the distinction may be made that the Cattle Show brings up the country people proper, while the Derby draws more upon the town populations. The managers of the Cattle Show have great, and no doubt well-founded, confidence not only in the attraction of their prize lists for exhibitors possessing the best animals of the day, but also in the firm attachment of the public for settled institutions. And no one will deny that the Smithfield Club Show is one of the institutions of the country; for, although it is understood that the original reason for the exclusion of animals that have appeared at other recent shows—namely, the fear of contagious diseases—has to a great extent passed away, yet they continue to refuse to admit to competition animals that have been exhibited elsewhere. That their confidence is justified is apparent on a view of the well-filled prize list, and from the excellence of the specimens of the various races named in it. The impossibility of creating such buildings as the great Islington Hall in many country towns gives the Smithfield Club the assurance of almost a monopoly of such great winter exhibitions as theirs, for in our climate the gate-money of a cattle show held in an unprotected or partially protected ground in the month of December would hardly pay for advertisements. At Islington, however, we get, thanks to the care that has been bestowed on sanitary arrangements, not only protection, but comfort, at least in any weather except such dense fogs as those of this week; and thus, after all, it is perhaps only in a just reliance on their advantages that the managers insist that their bill of fare shall consist entirely of novelties even for enthusiasts or experts whose pleasure or business takes them to a round of country shows. Fog in the open air seems to have been less noxious to the animals than fog in the building; but, in spite of the fog, which was so dense as almost to put a stop to business and to the circulation of vehicles, the attendance of spectators was larger than could have been expected. That the Show should lose a large proportion of the "exhibits" by removal to avoid the danger of asphyxia is a contingency which could not have been foreseen, and for which there seems to be no remedy.

Too much has already been done, too great advances have been already made, in the art of breeding and rearing the animals that form the staple of human food, to leave any room for the expectation that astonishment will be created by the view of the specimens shown, or that they will demonstrate any great improvement on the animals of former years. It is well if the same of perfection as to symmetry of form and vigour of race be not already a thing of the past. Even if that be so with regard to the highest-bred specimens, yet it cannot be doubted that the good qualities which year after year have been demonstrated to belong to certain breeds and strains of blood have induced a general

carefulness in breeding our flocks and our herds, resulting in the possession by this country of a stock unrivalled, by any other country for early maturity and large average meat productions. It is almost strange that, with the great variety of climate which our islands afford, no more than four well-marked breeds of cattle have made them their home; but still we have in those four all the good qualities which can be desired, and to so great perfection has each been brought that from year to year, and between one show and another, the verdicts of the judges vary in awarding the palm of excellence now to the wild and shaggy Scot, now to the compact Shorthorn, now to the majestic Hereford, and again to the elegant Devon. In sheep the varieties are greater, and not to be so readily distinguished by laymen; and probably for this reason, and because they lack the grandeur which the great size of the cattle lends to them, the sheep-pens are always comparatively neglected. The swine attract admiring crowds, who brave the stench apparently inseparable from these animals; and they owe the multitude of their admirers probably to the fact that there are more people who own a pig or pigs in the country than there are people who own either oxen or sheep, and each pig-owner deems it to be his duty to see what can be done in stuffing this most greedy and "fatable" of all animals. After wondering that the digestive apparatus of animals of such tender age should have assimilated the vast quantities of material necessary to build up such mammoths, the next wonderments are, how the creatures were brought from their nurseries to Islington alive, and how they will get away again; and after all their heroic sufferings, if their unhappy state be a suffering to them, what can be their ultimate destination, and what manner of men they can be who eat them?

No one can go to a cattle show without thinking of his butcher's bills, and no one can be blamed for asking how it comes that nothing seems to check their tendency to increase in amount from year to year. A witness before the Select Committee on Contagious Diseases (Animals) rightly called the ruling prices fabulous, and justly said it was alarming when he found the Edinburgh butchers putting forth a notice in June of this year quoting their prices for cash payments at 1s. 2d. per pound for best roasting beef; 1s. 2d. to 1s. 8d. for steaks; legs and loins of mutton, 1s. 1d. to 1s. 3d.; chops, 1s. 4d., &c. Another witness, a butcher, compared the present rates with those which obtained twenty-two years ago, and told the Committee that what he could buy then for 1,000l. now cost him 2,500l., and that he then paid 3s. 4d. per pound for heifers, while now he had just lately paid 10d. All the information attainable seems to point conclusively to the fact that neither in England nor on the Continent has production kept pace with consumption. The witness we have just quoted said he "knew plenty of places twenty-five years since where the people used to get meat once a week, or once a month, but now they want it once or twice a day"; and they have become far more dainty as to quality, for it is now impossible to sell large coarse fat sheep, and mutton from small good sheep is preferred, even at an additional price of 2d. per pound. Another witness said that where we used to have a pound of meat consumed by the artisan class we have a ton now. And the statistics of the last three years show that the movement in prices is constantly upward for beef and mutton, though downward for pork; and although during the last three months quotations have apparently shown a decline, and there seemed to be some hope of relief, yet on closer inquiry it appears the fall has been only on inferior qualities, and the best sorts are as high as ever. It seems to be clear that it is not only greater quantities of meat that we require, but that the additional supplies must be of the best quality. There is a scruple of comfort to be gathered from the fact that the high prices of meat and of wool appear to have stimulated production; for the summary of the Agricultural Statistics for 1873 shows that we have a stock of nearly twelve per cent. of cattle and eight per cent. of sheep over what we possessed in 1871. In the case of corn there has been no difficulty in supplementing the deficiencies of this country by imports from foreign parts; whatever England has wanted she has always been able to obtain. From the difficulty of transit the import of cattle has always been restricted to those that can be brought from near ports; and it is discouraging to find from the evidence of the Secretary to the Veterinary Department of the Privy Council that our neighbours now want all the cattle they can raise for themselves, and that we cannot obtain any great importation further than we have now without going directly or indirectly to Russia for it, and that we must look forward to the time when the West of Europe, or Europe independently of Russia, and countries somewhat like Russia, such as Galicia and parts of Transylvania, will not breed more cattle than they want for themselves. Germany now imports from Russia as many cattle as she sends to us, and in the Secretary's opinion the time will soon come when we shall have Germany and France competing for the supply we take from Holland. Professor J. B. Simonds confirms this opinion, and adduces "the state of things as existing with regard to Spain as a proof; we found some time ago that all the animals which arrived in this country were old animals; they were keeping all their young animals in the country, using them for breeding purposes and for working and so on; now we have exhausted that supply, and we are bringing young animals from Spain, and also from Portugal." He is told by those who gather animals in Spain for export that "they have the greatest difficulty in getting them together; that all the old animals have been used up." The general statement he hears from importers from the Continent is, that, "with the exception of Schleswig Holstein, if you take Russia

and all central Europe, they have very few cattle to send us, and when you come to look at the fact that in Bohemia and Moravia animals come from Hungary, Styria, and adjacent countries to be fattened at the distilleries, he thinks it is pretty good proof that they have but little stock of their own to send." It is said that some few scores of bullocks have been brought to Glasgow from America, but whether the experiment will be followed up by any quantities sufficient to tell on our supplies seems to be doubtful. It would indeed be strange if, in the result, we should have to depend on Russia and America for what we lack in beef, in the same way that we now depend upon them to make up our deficiencies in corn. America already sends us the principal part of our salted beef imports as well as immense quantities of bacon and hams. What we want, however, is fresh meat, or meat preserved otherwise than by salting, and that may be used in substitution for home-killed meat. It is to be hoped that the failure of a recent attempt to bring meat from Australia in a frozen state may not be accepted as a final proof of the impossibility of carrying out the system, and that if future experiments are more successful, the meat brought over may suit our fastidious palates. It is, however, very satisfactory to observe the large increase in the preserved meat trade since its commencement in 1867.

After all, it remains doubtful whether we are doing all that we can do to help ourselves by increasing our home supplies. The animals that are to be seen at cattle shows are not supposed to be economically produced, or to be commercially profitable. But beef and mutton at the present scale of prices must pay breeders and feeders large profits, and our hope must be that capital and skill will be attracted to the business of meat-producing. There is a great, and, as we have shown, an increasing gap to be filled, and whatever may be done by the farmers of England and Scotland towards filling it, there is a great opportunity for Ireland; for there is no doubt that Ireland does not contribute to our wants what she may or what she might. Cattle-breeding and cattle-rearing ought to be Ireland's best business, and she could not desire a better customer than England. It is true that she sends us very large quantities of cattle—no less than about one-fifth of our consumption—but she might send more and better. Whether from want of capital or from other causes, the Irish do not give the necessary care to their animals in the early period of their lives, and consequently their export is chiefly composed of undergrown frames, which are distributed to all the grazing and feeding districts of England to be covered with good meat. More care in early days, better food and protection, would nearly double the value of these animals, and would enormously increase the profits of the Irish farmer, while the supply of meat of which England stands so greatly in need would be increased in a similar ratio.

ROMAN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

IT is hardly a month since we called attention to the somewhat startling announcement of the intention of Archbishop Manning and his episcopal colleagues to found a Roman Catholic University in England. The language of their collective Pastoral issued last autumn from the Synod of Ware implied, to say the least, that no such step was at present in contemplation, but a fresh and more stringent censure was passed on such Catholics as sent their sons to Oxford and Cambridge, which may suggest the true explanation of this sudden change of tactics in face of what is evidently becoming an inconveniently pressing demand. Our readers may recollect that, since the abolition of tests at Oxford, Dr. Newman has twice been on the eve of returning there, in order to provide for the religious wants of Roman Catholic students; he had even gone so far on both occasions as to purchase ground for building upon, with the liberal aid of the Catholic laity; but the scheme was in either case defeated at the last moment by the machinations of the hierarchy, acting under Dr. Manning's guidance. Still more recently the Jesuits, who do not appear to share the Archbishop's opinion on the subject, obtained ground in St. Giles's for building a college, and the foundation-stone of their new church was laid with much ceremony a year ago in presence of Bishop Ullathorne. It was, however, observed at the time that Dr. Manning absented himself, and the reason is now obvious enough. The new church, we presume, will be completed, but it has lost its *raison d'être*. The authority of Rome has been successfully invoked, not indeed absolutely to prohibit Catholic parents sending their sons to Oxford—that might be too strong a measure to be safely ventured upon—but to do everything short of this. And to the fiat of Rome the Jesuits, powerful as they are, cannot choose but bow. If the laity choose to be equally submissive, they have only themselves to thank. The game is in their own hands; and if a steady stream of Roman Catholic students were poured into Oxford, the ecclesiastical authorities, who are not deficient in astuteness, might be trusted to discover the necessity of adapting their policy to the circumstances. When it was first rumoured some years ago that the Roman Catholic bishops were about to put a veto on Oxford education, a shrewd ecclesiastic of the old school, who has since passed away, is reported to have observed, "Then they won't be obeyed." It remains to be seen how far his prediction will be justified. All that can be said as yet is that a numerously signed lay address, deprecating any interference with the free use of the national Universities by Catholics, was sent to Rome about the time when Dr. Manning became archbishop, and that the growing dissatisfaction of the English Catholic laity with their virtual ex-

clusion, solely by the act of their own spiritual rulers, from all University education, has at length constrained the bishops to start the singular scheme just announced for supplying the deficiency themselves.

It was certainly rather startling, when we consider their relative numbers, to be told that the English Roman Catholics proposed to found a separate University; and it was still more amazing to hear that Mgr. Capel, who was himself educated at a Training College for national schoolmasters at Hammer-smith, was to be the head of it. But surprise yields on fuller explanation to something very like a feeling of amusement. It appears, after all, that the new University introduced with such a flourish of trumpets by the Ultramontane press is merely to consist of a sort of College at Kensington, to be affiliated to the London University, and that the fact of Mgr. Capel having already purchased ground there for another purpose, coupled with his well-known command of the purse-strings of a portion of the female aristocracy, suggested the expediency of utilizing his services as "Rector." To be sure those for whose benefit the scheme is ostensibly designed might fairly complain that it offers them nothing which they did not possess before. Several of the existing Roman Catholic colleges, such as Stonyhurst and Oscott, are already affiliated to the University of London, and if dangers to "faith and morals" are apprehended from a residence in Oxford, it is rather difficult to understand how the peril can be escaped or lessened by residing in the great Babylon of the metropolis. Perhaps it will be argued that the examinations and lectures at Oxford are especially dangerous to faith, but then Archbishop Manning declared not many months ago in a speech at Liverpool that the London University lectures were so deleterious as not only to pervert the intellects of Catholic students, but even to alter the structure of their brains. So that it is not very easy to see what advantages, spiritual or temporal, the proposed scheme will confer on the much-vaunted youth who are at present groaning under their ostracism from the higher education of their countrymen. The proposed remedy, when a little more closely examined, ceases indeed to be ambitious, but ceases also to provide any remedy of the alleged grievance. *Parturiunt montes*: is there not a semblance of the ridiculous about the result?

Meanwhile, English Roman Catholics, if any such there be, who are disturbed by this lame and impotent conclusion of the idea of a new University, may perhaps derive some consolation in their disappointment from a glance across the Irish Channel. The blessing which is still to be denied them in England has been enjoyed for the last twenty years by their co-religionists of the sister isle. "The Irish Catholic University" on Stephen's Green, founded with the express approval of the Holy See, and placed under the exclusive control of the local episcopate, "with Bishops at the head and tail of it," as Father Burke admirably observed the other day, has during that period dispensed to those who came to seek it—they have not been very many certainly—all those intellectual, moral, and religious advantages which no English University can supply. It was started, moreover, under the auspices of one of the ablest and most experienced masters of University education living, though he very soon found it necessary to escape from an atmosphere far too stifling for such minds as his. And now, after a twenty years' course, untrammelled by any sort of interference from without, what is the verdict pronounced upon it, not by Protestant or unfriendly critics, but by its own orthodox alumni, past and present, clerical and lay, who are only desirous of promoting its efficiency? They have just addressed Cardinal Cullen in an elaborate Memorial, which begins by roundly declaring that the defects in the system of the University are such as to endanger its existence, and that they feel it a solemn duty to raise their voices in the hope of rescuing it from its present unhappy condition. They dwell especially on the almost total neglect of scientific teaching, "which has afforded a very plausible argument to those who never tire of repeating that the Catholic Church is the enemy of science," and they quote a statement to this effect from a studiously temperate writer in the *Fortnightly Review*. "This popular account of the normal attitude of the Catholic Church towards science, they add, 'is of course a sneer; but we are sorry to say it is a sneer with a sufficient gilding of truth to give it currency.' Irish Catholics are, beyond doubt, 'miserably deficient in scientific education,' and the deficiency 'is extremely galling to us.' It involves at once commercial loss and social and intellectual degradation. The one scientific man of eminence on the University staff, Professor Sullivan (a nominee of Dr. Newman's), has migrated to Queen's College, Cork, and no one can be found to take his place. The lecture list does not include the name of a single professor of the physical sciences, which have not only become the chief studies of the age, but have furnished infidel writers with the weapons of their fiercest attacks on revealed truth. 'But the truths of science prove the truths of Scripture, and it is the duty of the Catholic University to impress this fact upon the students in a practical manner.' Dr. Newman, we think, has urged very much the same plea in his Lectures on University Education. The Memorialists go on to say that, if scientific training is unattainable in their own University, Irish Catholics will seek it elsewhere; and they refer to the significant fact that 'for twenty years a Catholic University has been before the world as an educational institution, and during that period not a single graduate of it has been appointed to any position whatever in the Faculty of philosophy and arts, or of science.' What seems still stronger is the absence of theological instruction from the curriculum; and here the Memorial refers with telling effect to Dr. Newman's masterly argument on the relation of theology to the

other sciences, in his lectures delivered at the opening of this very University; indeed it was mainly on that argument that he based the necessity of a Denominational, as opposed to a mixed, system of academic education. Yet it appears that in this strictly Catholic institution what he considered the keystone of the arch has been deliberately dropped out. The Memorial closes with a complaint that for some reason the publication of the University Calendar has been discontinued, which "has not unnaturally been construed into an admission that the Catholic University had no work and no results to show." This document was sent in a few days before the public "Commencement," at which Cardinal Cullen and most of the hierarchy were present, on December 2; but we vainly look for any reference to it or to the subject it discusses in the facile rhetoric of the speeches reported on that occasion. Nor is the subsequent transference of the Professor of Moral Theology at Maynooth to a chair of Natural Philosophy at Dublin likely to be accepted by the Memorialists as a satisfactory recognition of their demands.

We shall certainly not follow the example of an ingenious contemporary in making this Memorial the text of a discussion on the incompatibility of science and Catholicism, and on the assumed fact that the signatories, though they do not choose to avow it, have "discovered" that their religion is false. Sceptical writers have before now pressed scientific objections against every form of Christianity, and an uneasy distrust of the study of physical science is by no means confined to the ministers or members of any one communion. The lecture delivered the other day by Lord Carnarvon is little else from beginning to end but an elaborate exposition of this sentiment. Such reasoners would of course maintain that their opposition was not to scientific training, but to its abuse, and would argue with great plausibility—very much as the late Sir W. Hamilton was never tired of arguing about the Cambridge mathematical course—that an exclusive devotion to the physical sciences has a direct tendency to narrow and warp the intellect and disincite it to the reception of any other kind of truth. And there is a good deal to be said for such a view. The story of the Senior Wrangler who complained that *Paradise Lost* proved nothing is at least *ben trovato*. The Autobiography of Mr. Mill does not supply a favourable comment on the effects of a purely scientific method of education. But, after all due allowance has been made for such considerations—and we are far from saying that no weight attaches to them—it remains true that, as the Memorialists insist, the physical sciences have become the chief studies of the age, and for that reason, if for no other, cannot with impunity be omitted from any professed scheme of University education. It is equally true that these same studies have furnished sceptical writers with their most effective weapons of attack, and on that ground alone they have a further and special claim on the attention of those who aspire to direct the higher Christian education of the day. There is therefore something very ominous in the systematic neglect of the whole subject, whether springing from dislike or incompetence, in the educational system of the Irish Catholic University, and it can hardly tend to inspire confidence in any University scheme originated under similar auspices in this country. English Roman Catholics may perhaps find melancholy satisfaction in the assurance that, after all, no such scheme is held to be feasible at present. Mgr. Capel's proposed establishment at Kensington may or may not have its value as another feeder to the London University, but it cannot even profess, like the institution on Stephen's Green, to be a University itself, and we shall be much surprised if Roman Catholic parents are prepared to accept it as a substitute for Oxford.

MR. LOWE AND THE POLICE.

MR. LOWE, in his speech at the Fishmongers' dinner on Thursday, made some timely and reasonable observations in regard to the Metropolitan Police. He pointed out, as we have done repeatedly, that there are only some eight thousand constables for the protection of the metropolis, and that twice this number would be insufficient if the police were not assisted by the confidence and support of the public. The Home Secretary draws perhaps rather too rosy a picture of the order and security enjoyed by this great city; but there can be no doubt that, on the whole, the police have, for so small a body, done their work tolerably well, and the reason of this is that they have possessed the confidence of the public and have known that they had the great body of respectable and well-conducted citizens at their back. It is only, as Mr. Lowe says, by maintaining the confidence of the people in the police that so small a force can be made to answer its purpose, and whatever tends to diminish this confidence at the same time tends to diminish public security. All this is very true, and it is important that it should be remembered; but Mr. Lowe was not quite so clear as he might have been as to the means by which the good relations between the police and the public are to be maintained. He is very anxious that the police should not be disheartened, but he can hardly have meant to say that the proper way to do this is to hush up all charges against them. Indeed he has himself reversed the policy of the Commissioner on this point, and has ordered a number of prosecutions in order that the truth of various charges may be ascertained. The wisdom of this course has already been demonstrated. The result of the inquiry into the case of the constables who were concerned in arresting Mr. Belt shows that an investigation was required in justice to the police quite as much

as in justice to Mr. Belt. If Colonel Henderson had been allowed to have his own way, the police would have remained under the imputation of having made a false charge and supported it by perjury. The public of course knew nothing of the case except from the proceedings before the magistrate; and the evidence which was first produced left an impression decidedly unfavourable to the police. A second inquiry has relieved them from reproach. Sir T. Henry, initiating the verdict in a recent libel case, has found both parties innocent. It has been shown that Mr. Belt was undoubtedly sober at the time he was arrested; but he is a person of excitable temperament and eccentric manners, and his demeanour to some extent justified the suspicions of the police. The public is naturally more interested in the character of the police than in the character of Mr. Belt, and the result of the inquiry may be regarded as satisfactory. It is impossible altogether to prevent mistakes in cases of this kind, but a mistake is a very different thing from a deliberate conspiracy to swear a false charge. The weak part of the case of the police is undoubtedly the manner in which the charge was received at the station. It does not appear that a moment's consideration was given to it, or that any attempt was made by the superior officers to form an independent judgment as to Mr. Belt's condition. The constable who brought him had charged him with being drunk, and that was enough. The sergeant and the inspector at once took the drunkenness for granted. Sir T. Henry remarked that the sergeant should have inquired calmly whether the charge was really made out or not; and there can be no doubt that this ought to be the rule at every police station. Mistakes cannot be prevented, but it is of great importance that they should not be carried too far; and every charge should be carefully tested at the time it is made.

It may be presumed that the course which has been taken in this instance will henceforth be followed in all similar cases. The demand for inquiry has been hastily construed as an expression of hostility to the police; but it is the police who have the greatest interest in having an opportunity of clearing themselves from imputations on their honesty. It would have been very unfair to the constables who have just been exonerated at Bow Street if the matter had been left as it stood when the magistrate dismissed the charge against Mr. Belt, and it would also have been unfair to the force at large. If the police are in the right, they have nothing to conceal, and should be anxious for the fullest investigation. It is inevitable that in a large body of this kind there must be a certain proportion of black sheep, and it is for the advantage of the whole force that every means should be taken of detecting and expelling these black sheep, and also of enabling the respectable members of the force to clear themselves from any suspicions that may fall upon them. Unfortunately, however, the police seem to be possessed by the idea that they are bound to stand or fall together, and that a charge against any constable is an attack upon the whole body, and that even to inquire into a charge is an outrage on the honour of the corps. This is evidently the notion which prevails at headquarters, and it is not surprising that it should have gradually permeated through the rank and file. The constables have letters and numbers placed on the collars of their coats in order that they may be easily identified; but to take a constable's number has come to be regarded as an insult which must be resisted or punished. In several recent cases whenever this has been attempted the police appear to have lost all control over themselves. Looking over the General Orders and Regulations of the Police we find that even as far back as 1830 complaints had been made that many of the constables wore their capes in such a manner as to conceal the number and letter of their division; and superintendents and inspectors were therefore directed to be particular in observing that the numbers were visible when the men were marched off for duty. In another order of about the same date the police were informed that their interests and safety were best consulted by a check being given to unnecessary and vexatious prosecutions. It might be well that these orders should be distinctly repeated. The whole of the arrangements for taking charges, and generally for maintaining the discipline of the force, also requires revision. It is impossible not to see that there is a want of superior officers. The rank and file are recruited from all classes of the labouring population. They are able to read and write, but the education of most of them does not go much further; and if they are honest and attentive to their routine duties, that is about as much as can be hoped for. Mr. Lowe says very truly that it is absurd to suppose that we are to have accomplished lawyers, finished gentlemen, men of infinite tact and intelligence, and of fine medical diagnosis, for 25s. a week. It is certainly not to be expected that ordinary policemen should exhibit a high degree of intelligence and discretion. But a larger number of superior officers would help to supply this deficiency.

Setting aside the men employed in the Dockyards and various Government and private establishments, there are 22 Superintendents, 226 Inspectors, 903 Sergeants, and 7,997 constables for ordinary duty in the metropolis. The Sergeants may almost be reckoned with the rank and file; the Inspectors correspond to the colour-sergeants of the army, and the Superintendents to regimental sergeant-majors. At the head of the force are the Commissioner and two Assistant Commissioners, and between them and the Superintendents of divisions there are four District Superintendents, who may be regarded as holding the rank of colonel. In a division of the army there would probably be at least three hundred officers above the rank of sergeant-major. The police, which is numerically as strong as a military division, and which stands even more in need of intelligent command,

there are only four, or, counting the Assistant Commissioners, six, officers between the Commissioner and the Superintendents. We have no desire to say anything in disparagement of the present Superintendents and Inspectors, many of whom are men of fair education and capacity; but we certainly think that the position of a police Superintendent should be raised in rank and emolument, so as to secure a superior class of men; that his authority should be extended; and that there should be a larger number of such officers. In a similar way the office of Inspector should also be improved. At present there is too wide a gap between the chief authorities at Scotland Yard and the Superintendents. Too many questions have to be referred to headquarters because they cannot be safely left to the discretion of the local officers. There is probably work for four District Superintendents; but what is above all wanted is a larger number of Superintendents and Inspectors, with a better scale of pay and higher qualifications than at present. In this way a large amount of intelligent direction would be introduced into the force. The constables would be placed under careful supervision, and all questions of difficulty would be promptly decided by officers who could take a wider and clearer view of them than an ordinary policeman. There are many cases of doubt in which a constable is bound to take persons into custody; at the station, however, there should be a calm and careful inquiry into every charge, and it should be seriously considered whether it should be sent before a magistrate. The Inspector before whom the charge is laid should examine it in a judicial spirit, and he should be a man capable of exercising his judgment upon it. All charges taken by an Inspector should afterwards be reviewed by the Superintendent. It appeared in Mr. Bell's case that the sergeant who took the charge as acting Inspector had tried to pass as an Inspector, but had failed in the education examination, which is by no means severe. It is obvious that a man of this kind should not be placed in so responsible a position. It is urged on behalf of the police that it is often very difficult to distinguish between drunkenness and nervous excitement or sickness, but it might therefore be expected that great caution would be exercised in coming to a conclusion on such a subject. It appears, however, that a theory of drunkenness hastily adopted by a constable is endorsed as a matter of course by his comrades and officers. Colonel Henderson, in his latest report, states that, "as a matter of humanity and precaution, medical aid is called in in every case in which there is the slightest doubt," but it was shown at Bow Street that there is a rule that medical advice shall be taken only in cases of insensibility. We agree with Sir T. Henry that this rule ought to be altered.

It is obvious that the power of the police depends rather on moral than on physical force. It is the strength of *prestige*, and *prestige* is only another name for character. It is important therefore that every means should be taken of placing the conduct of the police beyond suspicion; and this can be done only by sifting charges carefully before they are sent before the magistrates, by cautioning constables to be very particular as to their evidence, and by putting on trial any constable against whom serious imputations have been made, so that, if unfounded, they may be publicly answered. If this were done the police would be entitled to the support of the public; and it is necessary that they should know they have their support. It is of course desirable that the police should observe a happy medium in their zeal; but it might almost be better that they should do too much than that they should do too little. Nothing could be more unfortunate than that they should be frightened by clamour from discharging their duties in a vigorous manner. The sort of work they have to do must often be rough work, and cannot be done with kid gloves or the civilities of the dancing academy. Trivial complaints against the police should be discouraged, and great allowance should be made for occasional infirmities of temper and errors of judgment. The public must take a common-sense view of the matter, and remember what sort of men the police are, and the delicate and difficult functions they have often to perform. The whole subject of the organization of the police demands careful consideration. It can hardly be said that eight thousand constables—of whom only a third are on duty during the day, and two-thirds at night—are enough for patrolling and watching an area of seven hundred square miles, including nearly seven thousand miles of streets. But if the numbers of the force are not to be increased, an attempt should at least be made to improve its quality. The force should be officered in a superior manner, and the discontent of the men at the mismanagement of the superannuation system should be appeased by a liberal arrangement. The Metropolitan police area might with advantage be reduced, and the duties simplified. It is also evident that a larger degree of legal knowledge and capacity is indispensable at headquarters. The changes which we have suggested will of course cost money, but the protection of life, order, and property is surely worth paying for.

LEICESTER SQUARE.

THE history of Leicester Square is written in the Law Reports. There has been repeated litigation on the question of liability to maintain the "ornamental" character of the enclosure, and it was probably under a sense of legal duty that the statue which the owner of the land is bound to "continue and keep in the same position" was lately adorned with dabs of paint. In the year 1865,

this enclosure being in a neglected and dilapidated state, the Metropolitan Board of Works conceived the idea of "taking charge" of it, and they put up a notice on the spot to that effect. The owner of the land hereupon brought an action of trespass against them and obtained judgment. It appears from the statement of this case that in 1786 two families, whom we will call for shortness Tulk and Perry, were owners in common of the lands and houses forming Leicester Square. The land was formerly what is called Lammas land, belonging to the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; and the Earl of Leicester, whose house stood at the north-east corner of the square, paid yearly to the parish officers of St. Martin's a rent for the Lammas of the ground occupied by his house, garden, and field. A partition under decree of Chancery was made between Tulk and Perry; the houses on the north side of the square being allotted to the latter, and the houses on the other three sides with the garden being allotted to the former. The Commissioners who made this allotment certified that the lessees of houses on the north side should continue to pay to Tulk the sums reserved in their leases towards keeping up the garden, and that Tulk should for ever keep and maintain the garden in its then state as a pleasure-ground. A decree was made in pursuance of this certificate, and mutual conveyances were executed between Tulk and Perry, but there was no covenant on the part of Tulk to keep up the garden. The last of the leases which contained covenants in reference to the garden expired in 1847. A further partition took place in 1807, by which Tulk the father and Tulk the son divided between them the share which had been allotted to Tulk, and the son covenanted with the father to keep the garden in its then state and in good repair. The son afterwards conveyed the garden to a purchaser who covenanted to keep the garden in its then state, and that it should be lawful for the Tulks and their tenants inhabitants of the square, on payment of a reasonable sum, to have keys and admission at all times to the garden. In 1848 Moxhay, who had purchased the garden, was proceeding to cut down the trees, remove the railings, and build upon the land, when Tulk filed a bill in Chancery to restrain him from committing any such acts of waste, and particularly from taking down the statue. Moxhay, by his Answer, stated that a thoroughfare had been made through the Square by Act of Parliament, which greatly altered its character as a place of residence, that the piece of ground had long been in a ruinous and dilapidated condition, and had ceased to be used as a pleasure-garden, and that he intended to make two footpaths diagonally across the Square, and he claimed to exercise such rights over the land as he might think fit. In the elegant language of Moxhay's Answer, "this garden had become a disgrace and reproach to the neighbourhood, and boys broke in," and, said the Master of the Rolls, "I do not know what they did there." For a long series of years, said that learned judge, nobody would give a farthing to go into this garden, and they would be very anxious to avail themselves of the right to stop out of it. The defendant insisted that he need not keep the garden in a neat and ornamental style unless he pleased. But, said the Master of the Rolls, he cannot leave it in that foul and disgraceful state which he maintains; he has a right to leave it in if he pleases. He was making two walks across the Square, and intended to have gates at the entrance. The learned judge believed that if he made these walks across the Square he could hardly make a greater nuisance of the place than it was already. "Consider what they will be at night." The defendant also insisted upon his right to remove the statue, which is an ornament there, and to build as high as he pleased on the land. An injunction prevented these projects of Moxhay being carried out, and soon after another and more celebrated impropriety appeared in Wyld, who bought the garden from Moxhay, and entered into an agreement with Tulk which enabled him to erect and maintain during ten years his Great Globe or Model of the World. This building stood from 1851 to 1861, and after it was removed Tulk purchased back the garden, and in his hands it reverted to its former state of desolation. Then came upon the scene the Metropolitan Board of Works, but they were driven off by Tulk, who defeated them in the Court of Queen's Bench, and again in the Exchequer Chamber. Lately Tulk has conceived the idea of making profit from the garden by erecting a hoarding round it, upon which advertisements are displayed. We should have thought that placards were less hideous than the squalid ground which they conceal, but the owner of houses at the north-east corner of the square considers that the amenity of his property would be increased by taking away the hoarding, and disclosing to view the garden. Accordingly Webb, the owner, has filed a bill in Chancery against Tulk to compel him to keep this garden and the iron railing round it in sufficient and proper repair as a square, garden, or pleasure-ground, and a decree has been made accordingly, so that before long we shall once more enjoy a view of the interior of this garden and of what remains, if anything, of the statue.

Formerly Leicester Field was a convenient place for duels. Thackeray has described in *Edmond* how Lord Mohun and Lord Castlewood, with their respective friends, went to the Duke's playhouse and saw Mrs. Bracegirdle in *Lion in a Wood*, then to the "Greyhound" in Charing Cross to sup, where the two lords quarrelled, according to previous arrangement, and it was agreed to take chairs and go to Leicester Field. Colonel Westbury, second to Lord Castlewood, asked, with a low bow to my Lord of Warwick and Holland, second to Lord Mohun, whether he should have the honour of exchanging a pass or two

with his lordship. "It is an honour to me," said my Lord of Warwick and Holland, "to be matched with a gentleman who has been at Mons and Namur." Captain Macartney, the second second, if we may so say, of Lord Mohun, asked permission to give a lesson to Harry Esmond, who was then fresh from Cambridge and destined for Holy Orders. Chairs were called, and the word was given for Leicester Field, where the gentlemen were set down opposite the "Standard Tavern." It was midnight, and the town was abed, and only a few lights shone in the windows of the houses, but the night was bright enough for the purpose of the disputants. All six entered the Square, the chairmen standing without the railing and keeping the gate, lest any persons should disturb the meeting. After Harry had been engaged for some two minutes, a cry from the chairmen, who were smoking their pipes, and leaning over the railing as they watched the dim combat within, announced that some catastrophe had occurred. Lord Castlewood had received a mortal wound, and he was carried to the house of Mr. Aimes, surgeon, in Long Acre, where he died. The things that were done at night in Leicester Field formerly would at least bear describing, which is more than can be said of what goes on there now. The land belongs to Tulk, but he cannot build upon it, and his compulsory restoration of its ornamental character is not likely to come to much. The occupiers of houses probably desire a result which can only be produced by voluntary action. It will be the interest of Tulk to make the garden look as disagreeable as he can consistently with obedience to the order of the Court of Chancery, because, if the idea of an ornamental garden were finally abandoned, perhaps Tulk might expect to enjoy the land discharged from the obligation to keep it open and unbuild on. The occupiers of houses may be willing to pay money, but they cannot compel Tulk to receive and expend it. He of course will simply obey the injunction of Chancery. As regards the statue, we are not sure whether anybody has now the right to insist upon the maintenance of what is left of it. After the Tulks, father and son, had divided their property between them, the son sold the garden, and the purchaser covenanted to keep up the statue. But as Tulk has since bought back the garden, there can be no liability on that covenant, and perhaps, but by no means certainly, the statue is at Tulk's mercy. It would be difficult to convince the Court of Chancery that Webb, as owner of a house on the north side of the Square, is entitled to a view of the remains, if there be any, of this statue, as a necessary condition of the enjoyment of the garden as a pleasure-ground. But we shall watch with interest the gradual removal of the hoarding.

The householders of Leicester Square have held a meeting to consider this subject, which is to them highly interesting. Although lawyers are the most conservative of men, yet law is gradually influenced by opinion, and it may be that in some way the existing desire to protect open spaces may affect the hitherto insoluble problem of keeping this garden clean and decent. The only right which judges have hitherto recognized in occupiers of houses has been that particularly worthless right to have a key giving admission within the railings of the garden. It is remarkable that even the rights of owners on the north side were altogether overruled during the ten years that Wyld's Globe occupied the garden. As a learned judge said, "Without a complaint of the parties, without the inhabitants or any human being having interfered with it, Wyld was permitted to keep within the Square those buildings with which we are all pretty well acquainted from having seen them with our own eyes for a space of ten years, and during the whole of that time no attempt was made by any inhabitant to put a stop to this interference with what is now supposed to be his rights." The Tulk family agreed among themselves that this should be done, and the Perry family either did not interfere at all or did not interfere successfully. But the hoarding must be removed unless the injunction obtained by Webb can be disturbed, which is unlikely. It may be that the owner of the garden, when it clearly appears that he cannot make money out of it, may be willing to allow it to be made—we will not say ornamental, but as little of an eyesore as possible.

REVIEWS.

LEWES'S PROBLEMS OF LIFE AND MIND.*

IT is easy to foresee that there will be a disposition on the part of the public to treat this book in the light of a recantation. Mr. Lewes wrote the *History of Philosophy* from the point of view that "metaphysics were bunk," or, in graver language, that philosophy was an expenditure of the precious energy of the human mind on insoluble problems. Though this *History* was written thirty years ago, not only has Mr. Lewes not withdrawn it, but he has in successive editions rather emphasized than weakened the thesis upon which it was composed. The book has been one of the most popular on the subject, and most deservedly, owing to the consummate literary skill displayed in presenting a picture of each writer's personality in connexion with his system. But its wide circulation must have tended to diffuse among younger readers the doctrine of the historian as to the nullity of the pursuit of which he had constituted himself the chronicler. Indeed Mr. Lewes's voice

was only one among many in preaching this creed. It may be said to have been the prevailing, and all but universal, belief of the last thirty years that metaphysics were now at last exploded. It was not Mr. Lewes's *History*, not Comte, nor any one thinker or book, which can be pointed to as the author of this scepticism; it was the thought of the age. It belonged to no one more than another, it was in the air, epidemic, and influenced the reasoning of those even who argued against it. Nor was it a casual fashion, a passing wave of thought to be superseded in its turn by another; it offered itself as the latest birth of time, the outcome of all our past. Twenty centuries of speculation without progress had landed us in the inevitable conclusion that all speculation was a mistake. Science had always been the rival of philosophy; as science had waxed, philosophy had waned. The general cultivated mind rejected metaphysics from impatience at its no-result. The scientific mind began to repudiate it because of its faulty method. Nothing has yet been reached by way of philosophy, says the historian. Nothing can be reached by the *a priori* method, cries the man of science. They, the men of science, went on to declare that all the questions hitherto called philosophical related to mysteries beyond human ken. This magisterial declaration became a dogma, and is perhaps the received faith of thinking Englishmen in general. Against this prevailing belief Mr. Lewes comes forward in his *Problems of Life and Mind* to protest. Nor will he only protest; he will show that the belief is false, and that philosophical problems may be rationally dealt with, and even rationally solved. His pages are intended to show that these problems may be presented in a soluble shape, and affiliated to all the other soluble problems.

The inconsistency between the new theory and the theories of the *History of Philosophy* is patent. It is a very vulgar form of personality which in literature would throw up against any thinker change of view as a weakness, in the same way as politicians make capital out of an opponent's change of party. But in the case of Mr. Lewes any such objection would not only be inadmissible as a personality, it would be an error. For Mr. Lewes's shifting of ground in his present work is not a recantation of error, it is a growth of thought. His present view differs from his previous view because it is developed out of it. He proposes to reinstate metaphysics as a legitimate field of thought. But he proposes to rehabilitate it for the very reason for which he formerly proscribed it. A few words will explain how this can be.

Mr. Lewes brings forward the fact that, notwithstanding the excommunication which has been laid on metaphysics by the reigning system of thought, the tendency towards speculation is not extirpated. Contempt, ridicule, argument—all is in vain. Ours is no longer the age described by Mr. Carlyle as "destitute of faith, yet terrified at scepticism." We have lost our terror, and accepted scepticism, but only as provisional. We understand it now, not as a resting-place, but as a starting-point. The last generation persuaded itself that its curiosity after the "Unknown" was extinct. It changed the label to "the Unknowable," and put it away out of sight. Curiosity is awake again; it is irrepressible. Even great captains of science are seen ever and anon to cast lingering glances at those dark avenues of forbidden research, and are stung by secret misgivings lest, after all, those avenues should not be useless, but may some day open upon a grander plain.

This change in the tone of thinking is most remarkable, and has often been observed. But it is not merely because the general current of thought has been changed that Mr. Lewes has changed. He is not a man likely to be swept with the stream, and is too independent to be under the necessity of thinking as other people are thinking. It is the gradual course of his own studies which has led him forward to the conviction that the region called metaphysical is not only not barren, but is not, as had been ruled, inaccessible. He finds, and every scientific inquirer has found, that when physical generalization has been carried as far as it can go, it lands him in conceptions which have usually been called metaphysical, but by which are meant the highest generalizations of research. Bacon's scheme represented philosophy as a pyramid, having natural history for its basis, physics for its middle stage, and metaphysics, or formal and final causes, for its apex. For Bacon's formal and final causes substitute the conceptions Matter, Motion, Force, Cause, &c., and you have a province of inquiry which Mr. Lewes proposes to bring within the boundary of legitimate science. For metaphysics has been justly exploded not because its matter was unimportant, but because its method was incapable. It was not because the questions raised by metaphysics were not desirable to be answered that they have been laid on one side, but because the mode in which they were attempted to be answered could lead to no truth. If conceptions called metaphysical can be reached through logical extensions of experience, and if we can not only rise to metaphysics through science, but never forsake the method of science in treating such questions, they would then enter into science and form a rational branch of it. Mr. Lewes would divide metaphysics thus into two parts, and, while still leaving outside the "transcendent" element which is beyond experience, and therefore unknowable, would bring within the domain of science all those abstract conceptions which science employs, but does not analyse. All the metaphysical ideas, he thinks, such as Matter, Force, Cause, Law, Soul, &c., contain both elements—the elements speculatively knowable, and the elements that lie beyond all reduction to experience. For these latter elements Mr. Lewes proposes the name *metemprical*, to distinguish them from the province which he includes within the range of science. The province so included within the range of

* *Problems of Life and Mind*. By George Henry Lewes. First Series. The Foundations. Vol. I. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

science, and usually treated as speculative or metaphysical, is now to be cultivated on the method of science, to accept all the tests and conditions of science, and to keep within the range of experience.

Having thrown down this challenge to scientific men, and undertaken to prove against them the possibility of a scientific metaphysic, Mr. Lewes goes on to show why this metaphysic should be constituted a separate branch of science, and not, in conformity with Comte's classification, distributed among the sciences from which its data are drawn. This separate treatment of metaphysics Mr. Lewes justifies on the general ground of the easier appreciation of abstract ideas when we regard them detached from their concrete. We know, and must carefully remember, that such detachment is a fiction; but it is convenient for the purpose of reasoning on them to regard these ideas as separable from their concrete manifestations. The mathematician, *e.g.*, detaches extension from matter, and motion from solidity, though perfectly aware that pure extension and pure motion are impossible things. All such abstract conceptions must have been framed from and express actual relations of things, must be reducible to sense, and be capable at all times of verification by sense. There is an order in things on which the order in thoughts depends. But the dependence is particular. Now it is only the general order in things with which philosophy is concerned, and which is expressed in laws. Philosophy seeks conceptions which represent the order in things, not at one instant and under particular conditions, but at all times and under varying conditions.

A science then of metaphysics is possible and desirable. Thus far we get in the present volume. This volume, which is only Vol. I. of the work, does not enter methodically upon the construction of the promised science. We have only general prolegomena, as they may be considered, to such a system of metaphysics. This preliminary portion, though, as the author seems to admit, of somewhat heterogeneous composition, comprises separate discussions of great interest. In a section of about ninety pages, headed "Psychological Principles," we have a programme set down dogmatically—that is, without, for the present, proof or illustration—of the psychology which Mr. Lewes assumes as the basis of his metaphysics. This programme embodies at once the results of previous psychologists, as well as those arrived at by Mr. Lewes's independent researches. The peculiarity of this psychology is that it is based upon a combination of the biological and sociological data. The organism and its medium must be studied together. Man apart from society is simply an animal organism. Restore to him his position as a social unit, and the problem changes. The soul of man has a double root, a double history. It passes out of the range of animal life, and no explanation of mental phenomena can be valid which does not allow for this extension of range. It is now universally admitted that the old method of studying mental phenomena in the cabinet of the metaphysician, by the aid of so-called consciousness, was unscientific. Mr. Lewes wishes to enforce the truth that the method is equally incomplete which seeks the explanation of intellectual and moral processes in the laboratory of the physiologist. The human intelligence Mr. Lewes affirms to be superior to, and distinct from, the animal intelligence. The difference is not one of degree. It is one of kind, and its root lies in the social medium in which man exists, and in which the animal does not exist. This social organism is a real agent, which explains all that difference between man and animals which used to be explained by the old spiritualist hypothesis. Man's individual functions arise in relation to the cosmical medium in which he finds himself. His general functions arise in relation to the social medium in which he equally finds himself. Here the moral life emerges, and the animal impulses become blended with the human motives. This social medium exists as a fact. How it originated Mr. Lewes does not discuss. Not, it appears, in any psychical difference between man and the lower animals, of which difference the social organism is itself the cause.

The remainder of the book is occupied by a variety of discussions of a somewhat heterogeneous character, brought together under the common title of the "Limitations of Knowledge." The "Principle of Relativity," the "Sensational and *a-priori* Hypotheses Compared," the "Reality of Abstraction," "On Ideal Construction in Metaphysics," are suggestive and pregnant discussions, in which worn themes surprise us by becoming new and interesting. It is characteristic of Mr. Lewes's handling of such topics that he is perpetually trying to realize the objects of which he is writing, and that he thus never falls into the dry, scholastic, technical style of less realistic thinkers. Some readers may perhaps object that he, like Mr. Herbert Spencer, is too fond of employing technical terms where a common word would have done as well. And where Mr. Mill would have used the common word. Mr. Lewes has not, indeed, that peculiar gift of making philosophical questions intelligible to the uninitiated which places Mill by the side of Hume among the masters of the style which is simple without being superficial. Mr. Lewes writes for the public also, and not for the experts; but it is for that section of the public—a tolerably large one now—which has some training in abstract questions. Without some training in these inquiries, hardly any one would sit down to read through *Problems of Life and Mind*. But the varied nature of the discussions comprised in this volume leads Mr. Lewes to touch upon so many topics of general interest that even those who do not care to make out his system as a whole will find some point of contact with him, something thrown out which looks their way. Nor can it be foreseen

where such attractive passages will occur. In the middle of the chapter "On Ideal Construction in Science," *e.g.*, emerges a paragraph on moral types in which that question of ethics is considered—the objection, namely, against the conception of duty, that it is an unreal standard, an unattainable perfection. The mind of the reader receives a peculiar sensation of pleasure from the light thrown upon a moral question by its simple juxtaposition with a question of the metaphysic of mathematics, and the unexpected relation which is disclosed between the two.

While this varied, and what we may call unexpected, character of the contents of Mr. Lewes's book carries on the reader with ever fresh interest through its pages, we may perhaps save others from the slight shade of disappointment which came over ourselves on finding that the scientific treatment of metaphysics, or ontology, which we were promised and prepared for in the opening pages, is not to be met with in the after part of the volume. Here and there, it is true, metaphysical topics are touched upon incidentally; *e.g.*, on the question of the existence of the external world, Mr. Lewes takes an occasion to state his own view, and even to reason it out, or at least to reason against the rival theories. His view he calls Reasoned Realism. He considers that the reality of a not-self is proved by consciousness—that it is a fact of feeling to be accepted as ultimate. We know that an external not-self exists with the same assurance with which we know an internal self to exist; and, further, we know the manner in which these two are combined in feeling and thought. The Ding-an-sich, or Noumenon, is a phantom of the metaphysicians, which has no existence, and must be banished from the sphere of knowledge. The external world, when reflected in a sentence which has not acquired shaping reactions, is a confused chaos without order. But, as the sentient organism develops, order emerges. This order is not, as Kant made it, the creation of the organism stamped upon the chaos; but an order selected from the larger order of the real by the assimilating power, or shaping reaction, of the organism. As feeling becomes differentiated, qualities arise in the felt. Reasoned realism is thus a sort of compromise between the realist and idealist theories. The organism may be said to colour objects; but the organism itself, or at least the mode of its action, is a product originally due to the action of objects.

This is an example of a metaphysical question being started; but it is so only in connexion with the "principles of psychology." Of ontological speculation, properly so called, there is hardly any in the whole volume. Its chapters are, in part, psychological; but by far the greater part of the discussions in the part entitled the "Limitations of Knowledge" are logical in their character. It is not obvious how Mr. Lewes reconciles the character of his volume with the opening sections in which the large and tempting promise is held out to us that we shall now for the first time be presented with a science of metaphysics based upon experience, and reasoned out on the strict method of the other inductive sciences. The fulfilment of this programme is probably reserved for the volumes still to come.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS.*

THIS book consists of certain lectures delivered by Mr. Maurice at different times to various popular institutions. It is introduced to the world by Mr. Thomas Hughes, and we are a little amused by the relation between the prophet and his disciple. As we read Mr. Hughes's pugnacious preface to the wise and kindly lectures which follow, we seem to be listening to a converted prizefighter introducing a Christian missionary. My revered friend is going to give you some excellent advice, Mr. Hughes appears to be saying, and if any one is not ready to receive it in a corresponding spirit of brotherly love, he had better take off his coat at once and have a round or two with me. Accordingly, just by way of showing his muscle, Mr. Hughes opens the proceedings by knocking down some half-dozen imaginary antagonists. He disposes in a few pages of Mr. Matthew Arnold; raps the knuckles of the Positivists and Mr. Morley; gives a blow in passing to Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, and playfully trips up Mr. Mill's heels in conclusion. Having thus made things pleasant, he allows Mr. Maurice to come forward and discourse according to his nature. As there is not a word in Mr. Maurice's lectures which could be offensive to any body of any shade of opinion, and as there is an entire absence of controversial writing, this little outbreak seems to be slightly unnecessary. There is only one of Mr. Hughes's remarks with which we need trouble ourselves. Mr. Hughes mentions the singular circumstance that nearly all persons who have valued Maurice's writings have agreed in accusing him of mysticism and want of clearness. Mr. Hughes assures us that this is an entire misconception. He is surely taking a rather untenable position. Unless he means to impute insincerity to these critics, he must take their word for it that they cannot understand Mr. Maurice. This, no doubt, may simply prove their stupidity, and give Mr. Hughes some cause for complacency in the superior lucidity of his own intellect, which has enabled him to see what is hidden from Mr. Arnold, Mr. Stephen, and Mr. Mill. But if Mr. Hughes would condescend to point out, the cause of this difficulty of apprehension, and explain why the writer who has "scattered more mists than all his contemporaries put together" is generally considered to be a singularly misty writer, we should be very much obliged to him. The gentlemen we have named differ from Dr. Newman more widely than they differ from

* *The Friendship of Books, and Other Lectures.* By the Rev. R. D. Maurice. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

Mr. Maurice; but none of them ever called Dr. Newman misty. Is it from sheer perversity that they have agreed to give Mr. Maurice an utterly inappropriate nickname; or can there be any foundation for their opinions?

Whilst waiting for Mr. Hughes's answer, we shall venture to give a partial answer of our own. We have no thought of discussing Mr. Maurice's general principles. These lectures take him fortunately into purely literary ground, where we can observe the character of his mind apart from any of his religious dogmas. And, if we are not mistaken, he shows very plainly why men of clear intellect have a certain difficulty in following him. There is indeed very little obscurity in these lectures, though there are some touches of the author's peculiar mysticism. They deal for the most part with popular subjects; with the uses of books and newspapers; with the right methods of studying history; with Milton, Spenser, and Burke, and with modern criticism. They are full of really profound sayings, and are animated throughout by a kindness which always endeavours to look at the best side of men and things, and to recognize the soul of good in things evil. Nobody combines a wider toleration with a more ardent admiration of goodness, purity, and justice. It is a favourite doctrine of Mr. Maurice that we do not understand a book till we know the man as well as the author. Applying that doctrine to his own case, we may say that nobody could read these lectures without feeling the better for association with a man of so singularly attractive a character. Mr. Maurice shows himself in these writings as distinctly as in his more elaborate works; and whenever we think of his personality, and put aside his opinions, we feel the singular charm which he undoubtedly possessed. There is, however, still a sense of something wanting; and we think that the secret is partly revealed to us here. If Mr. Maurice ever loses his usual amiability, it is in speaking of Utilitarians. Doubtless he did not hate even Bentham; but he had some trouble in seeing that a Bentham could be of any use except in the part of drunken Helot. One reason is, perhaps, that Mr. Maurice was very ill-fitted to recognize the special merit of the Utilitarian school. It is their claim—we need not inquire how far it is well founded—to have established a definite criterion for the settlement of moral questions. They provided a distinct external test by which all actions could be judged; whereas the intuitive school of moralists, appealing to their own internal sense as conclusive, seemed to be really setting up an arbitrary standard. Now the weak part of Mr. Maurice's lectures is mainly the want of any such definite standard, whether in historical or critical questions. His intellect is so strangely ingenious that his theories always seem to be unduly plastic. They are capable of changing and shifting as rapidly as Hamlet's cloud; and we find it almost impossible to pin him down to any distinct canons of proof. A very characteristic essay is the last in the present volume, in which he attempts to define the functions of critics. It may be described as an expansion of Pope's lines in the Essay on Criticism:—

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose for that malignant, dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.

These lines occur in a poem which lays down a great many definite rules. Some of them are crude and barren enough; but Pope is quite right in asserting at once that a critic should be generous in his appreciation of the writer, and that he should be bound by certain distinct canons. Mr. Maurice, on the other hand, explains with great force and fulness the duty of being sympathetic and appreciative, but is quite unable to lay down any rules whatever. He begins by referring to the audacious criticisms of the *Edinburgh Review* in its infancy. He tells us that the young reviewers set up, according to their well-known motto, to be judges, and he urges that we should not begin by placing ourselves on the bench and laying down the law, but by endeavouring to enter into the spirit of the person at the bar. The critic, he says, may be a long time before he finds himself able to pass a judgment, and perhaps after a long consideration he may find himself less able than he was at first. For want of this reflection many rash and erroneous judgments have been pronounced. "Is there, then," he asks, "to be no criticism in style? Is there no such thing as style?" Yes, he replies, there is a great difference in styles; the style of Milton, for example, differs from the style of Burke; but each is the natural expression of the mind of a genuine and noble man. That is doubtless true, but it does not quite answer the real question; which should not be, Is there no such thing as style, but is there no such thing as a good or a bad style? Mr. Maurice comes to this question, but he does not quite answer it. Rules, he says, would be very useful if they could help us in this matter; but, he adds, "he that wants to be saved from this fault"—the fault of affectation—"will never be saved from it by looking for it in another." By studying good writers he may become conscious of the fault in himself. Surely this is a very lame answer to a very plain question. That you should not be anxious to find faults in another is true enough; that you should be insensible to the faults of others is simply to say that you should confound good and evil; but at any rate the question is whether the knowledge of good and evil, however obtained, is capable of definite statement in distinct though flexible rules, and to that question Mr. Maurice gives no particular answer. He goes on to tell us that we ought to be honest in our poetical tastes, and not to affect a liking which we don't feel; that in historical questions

we may find great value in records which hasty persons have rejected as mere worthless tables; both of which statements again are true enough, but yet signally fail to tell us whether any distinct rules of poetical or historical criticism can be ascertained or expressed. Then again in political criticism, we are not to be mere partisans, condemning all Whigs or all Tories, and we are not to mistake a cynical indifference for judicial impartiality. We are to recognize all the good on every side, and never to confound truth with falsehood. We are to do full justice to men in all times, and to recognize our common humanity whilst making allowances for differences in the standards of different ages. All this is true; much of it is very wise and very well said; but yet it leaves us in complete uncertainty as to whether there be any such things as ascertainable rules for distinguishing between good and bad, truth and falsehood. The general impression left is that we are to trust to our instincts, and that our instincts are to be good. We are to be very generous and sympathetic, and yet radically opposed to evil. As a protest against hasty criticism, and as a description of the right temper of mind, the lecture is admirable; but it does not even tend to clear up the question as to the possibility of creating a science of criticism.

It would be curious, if we had space, to follow out Mr. Maurice's application of his theories to particular cases; and to compare them with the judgments of other good critics who have more definite principles of judging. In one sense Mr. Maurice's criticism is excellent. He does his best to enter into sympathy with Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, and Burke, and preaches very excellent sermons about them. But we are always haunted by an uncomfortable sense that his want of fixed rules, or, we may almost say, his abhorrence of fixed rules, enables him to see in these writers almost anything that he wishes to see. Sometimes he extracts too much out of a very obvious commonplace. Burke is highly praised for refusing to adopt Böllingbroke's principles. The fact is undeniable; but then we cannot forget that Burke was simply in agreement with all the other respectable writers of the time, and that it wanted no great virtue to repudiate sentiments which were universally condemned. In this case Mr. Maurice is at worst attaching too much importance to a particular sentiment; but sometimes he seems to distort a writer's meaning, as well as to add weight to it. According to M. Taine, Shakespeare was a profoundly immoral writer. According to Mr. Maurice, he was a profound moralist. *Macbeth* could only have been written at a time when men's consciences were struggling under a sense of moral evil; and the design of the historical plays is to show us that each reign may be "considered as an integral portion of a divine drama." In our opinion, each critic exaggerates, though we admit that M. Taine seems to us to have most to say for himself. There is, however, this difference; that M. Taine has at any rate a distinct theory which we can test for ourselves, and that if, as we hold, he often applies his *a priori* method very rashly and erroneously, it suggests some distinct issues. Mr. Maurice, on the other hand, trusting entirely to his instincts, and shrinking excessively from all approach to mechanical methods, really tells us, not what Shakespeare meant, but what Shakespeare's writings suggested to him. It is very interesting to know what Mr. Maurice infers from the story of *Macbeth*; but the knowledge enlightens us very little as to what Shakespeare meant to teach us, if indeed he meant to teach anything, by *Macbeth*. The same method applied in a number of other cases convinces us that Mr. Maurice is a very unsafe guide in such matters, for the simple reason that no man's subjective judgment, however acute may be his sensibility, and however noble his character, gives any satisfactory conclusions when not corrected by some objective test. And, as we might attempt to prove if it were worth the time and space, the same method produces obscurity because it constantly leads to a hopeless confusion between the different theories in each of which Mr. Maurice ingeniously contrives to see a reflection of his own views.

We must add one remark in regard to another matter. We cannot congratulate the editor of the volume on the way in which his minor duties have been discharged. For example, the table of contents omits altogether the Essay on Critics which we have noticed. The Essay on Newspapers, again, is said to have been delivered "about 1848." From a passage in it speaking of "Mr. Macaulay's" last volumes, we should infer that it was written between 1855, the date of their publication, and 1857, the date of Macaulay's elevation to the peerage. From another passage, however, about the American Civil War, we should infer that it must have been written after 1861. We should like to know which of these dates is accurate; or whether the lecture was rewritten at different periods? The matter is of no great importance, but it has some biographical interest; and if an editor undertakes to give us a date, he should take the trouble to make it reconcilable with obvious facts.

MORLEY'S STRUGGLE FOR NATIONAL EDUCATION.*

(Second Notice.)

WE have already endeavoured to show that Mr. Morley's indictment against the existing educational system fails in one essential respect. Even if it be granted that the instruction given is as bad as he describes it, he has not proved that its badness is the result of Denominationalism. To make good his case he ought to have shown either that Denominationalism is the cause of

* *The Struggle for National Education*. By John Morley. London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.

partial and irregular attendance, or that, if prolonged and regular attendance were secured, the Education Department would still be powerless to raise the standard of instruction in Denominational schools. Instead of proving one or other of those points, he has contented himself with asserting that it is of no use to apply compulsion until the character of the instruction has been improved; a statement which avails nothing against those who contend that the result of applying compulsion under the control of a Central Department would infallibly be to improve the instruction up to the highest point which the opinion of the country would accept as practicable.

We shall now carry the war into our opponent's territory, and endeavour to show that the system which Mr. Morley wishes to see put in the place of the existing system would, to say the least, succeed no better. We will frankly admit that Mr. Morley has stated the case in favour of free schools with much force, and, as opposed to Mr. Fawcett's unmeasured condemnation of them, we are inclined to say that he has the best of the argument. In one respect, however, he seems greatly to overrate their influence. "Unless," he says, "instruction is gratuitous, every occasion of bad times, whether local or general, is the signal for the interruption of instruction, and the child misses six months or a year—a loss which can never be replaced. . . . If primary instruction were free, bad times would make no alteration. The child's attendance would continue as regular as before." This would be true, provided that the child's labour were absolutely unsaleable, and that the only thing he now has to take with him to school is the school fee. But the cases in which a child's labour is worth nothing are not very numerous. If he could only bring back sixpence at the week's end, or worked for an occasional meal, he would still be doing something to lighten the family burden; and when times are bad, even the slightest help has its value. Again, a child wants clothes to go to school in. Some one has said that among the very poor education is more than anything else a question of shoe-leather, and certainly decent mothers do not like to see their children going to school in ragged clothes or in boots which have next to no soles to them; yet the first effect of hard times is usually to send the clothes of the family to the pawnshop, if they are good enough to raise money on, and to make the purchase of new ones impossible. Once more, hard times soon reduce the meals of the family, and when the children are crying for the breakfast which the mother is unable to give them, she will think it sheer cruelty to make their hunger keener by superadding to it a cold walk and a morning's schooling. If free schools were at once made universal, the need of a law to compel attendance at school would be just as conspicuous as it is now, and among the difficulties which would have to be surmounted in the application of such a law, the difficulty of providing the school pence is far from being the greatest.

Let us, however, put aside this and other obstacles in the way of free education, and imagine Mr. Morley's scheme introduced as a Government measure. He estimates the total cost of educating 3,000,000 children at 3,750,000*l.* Towards this he suggests that the Consolidated Fund should contribute 2,500,000*l.*, leaving the remaining 1,250,000*l.* to be raised out of local rates. This sum, assuming the rateable value of property throughout the country to be 100,000,000*l.*, would be exactly covered by a 3*d.* rate. By this means a sound elementary education would be provided at the cost of the community for every child whose parents were not sufficiently well off to give him instruction of a higher kind. What sort of reception would such a proposal as this meet with in the House of Commons? On this point we claim to speak with some impartiality, because we have long ago stated our conviction that the Denominationalist party, so far from being sufferers if such a Bill were passed, would be actual gainers by the change. They might have virtually the same facilities that they now have for giving religious instruction, and they would have time, money, and energy to spare for the improvement of religious instruction. The question we are considering, however, is not how Mr. Morley's proposal would affect the Denominationalists, but how the Denominationalists would stand affected towards Mr. Morley's proposal. Can there be any doubt about the answer to this question? The Church of England, the Roman Catholics, and a portion of the Wesleyans would find themselves on the point of being compelled either to hand their schools over to the School Boards, or to raise by voluntary subscriptions about five times the amount that they raise now, their subscribers being at the same time compelled to contribute their full share towards the maintenance of the Board schools. It is clear that, when exposed to such a strain as this, private liberality must break down, so that in the minds of the Denominationalists the success of the proposal would be tantamount to the absolute triumph of Secularism. No religious instruction would be given by the ordinary teachers in the Board schools, and the great majority of Denominationalists have for the present convinced themselves that, unless it is given by the ordinary teachers as part of the regular school work, it cannot be given at all. They would fight the battle therefore as though the whole issue between religion and no religion depended on it. On this point experience has shown that the Church of England is, with a few exceptions here and there, a united body, and, when united, the strength of the Church of England will probably be found very much greater than the Education League is disposed to admit. Nor would it fight alone. The ratepayers throughout the country would hear that a universal charge of 3*d.* in the pound was to be levied for the purpose of defraying an outlay which in a vast number of parishes is at present defrayed without the rates being raised by so much as a farthing. Mr.

Morley appears to think that the opposition excited by this consideration would only affect the immediate prospects of the measure. "It may be very well," he says, "for a writer of leading articles in the *Times* to insist on limiting his outlook to tomorrow morning, but surely there is no harm in occasionally considering a subject with a slightly wider horizon?" In matters of this sort everything depends upon degree. What amount of horizon will serve Mr. Morley's purpose? We suspect that he would have to stipulate for something like half a generation, and half a generation means two generations of children within school age. During that whole period educational progress would be sacrificed to the exigencies of educational controversy, and meanwhile millions of children would have grown up uneducated or badly educated because the Liberal party insisted on breaking with the existing machinery, instead of turning it to account for their own purposes.

Let us next assume that by some miracle Mr. Morley's proposal has become law, and that in every parish there is a school providing gratuitous elementary education at the cost in part of the Consolidated Fund, in part of the local rates. Mr. Morley holds that by this means a new sense of the value of instruction would be inculcated and diffused, and the salutary habit of local self-government would be deepened:—

All the objections [he says] in the mouths of the clergy and others against establishing School Boards in country parishes are simply objections to self-government, and a denial of its services exactly in those conditions where they are most needed. It is precisely in the rural districts that the consciousness of national life is feeblest, the sense of public responsibility most confused, the habits of collective action for public objects least formed and least on the alert. It is precisely in these districts that our present educational policy takes an important department of local affairs out of the hands of all but the clergy.

We do not dispute the abstract advantages of local self-government. On the contrary, we should rejoice to see all the parishes in England so keenly alive to the importance of education as to use the power they already possess of forming a School Board where the Education Department has not ordered them to do so. But before abolishing the whole machinery of voluntary agency, and trusting entirely to School Boards, we should like to see more evidence of a pre-existent sense of the value of education than is yet forthcoming. At present in country parishes the schools are managed for the most part by the clergyman and the squire, and over these the Education Department exercises a very powerful control through its powers of withholding the Government grant, and of creating a School Board in the event of its being dissatisfied with the education supplied by voluntary agency. Supposing School Boards were set up everywhere, and voluntary schools virtually closed, the parson and the squire would in most cases either remain aloof in angry indifference, or would throw themselves into the management of the School Board, with the hope of helping to bring matters to a pass which would force Parliament to retrace its steps. Either way, educational progress would be left to the care of the farmers or of the labourers. In spite of happy exceptions here and there, we do not believe that the former would be at all favourably disposed to a system which saddled them with a rate of 3*d.* in the pound, and, in proportion as it worked effectively, withdrew child labour from the fields. The labourers will eventually, no doubt, be the real strength of an educational system, because they are the parents of the children who are to benefit by it, and it will be to their interest to make it as efficient as possible. But the labourers must learn to appreciate education better before they will willingly rate themselves to provide it for their children, and the only way in which they can learn to appreciate it better is by seeing what it does for those subjected to it. At present in too many cases it does nothing. Upon this point all that Mr. Morley says is admirable:—

If an English peasant, for instance, knew how to read and count as a Scotch or an American peasant does, he would have a chance of finding out the monstrous percentage which the village shopkeeper makes him pay, and will continue to make him pay, until the victim has arithmetic enough, and can get from the papers knowledge enough of wholesale prices, to let him see the cost in hardly-earned cash of his present ignorance of his letters. . . . How is the man to be a co-operator, to watch accounts, to supervise transactions, when he left school at the age of ten in the Second Standard, and at the age of five-and-twenty could no more cast up a money column or calculate a percentage than he could solve a cubic equation? . . . Again, we are always chiding the labourer for not saving, and reproaching him for the constant breakdown of his clubs and benefit societies. What club or benefit society would not break down when most of its members are incompetent to supervise their own club accounts, or accurately watch the management of the club affairs? To have just scraped through in the Third Standard ten or eleven years back will do nothing to help a man here, and the result is that in most cases the village club is managed by the village publican, with breakdown for a consequence. . . . While, therefore, wholly repudiating the extravagant expectation of large classes of people, that mere spread of knowledge will transform the whole face of society, we contend that such an improved capacity of taking care of their own affairs as I have just described would be a most substantial social gain; it would be a most substantial social gain if our labouring class in England could all talk as articulately, as rationally, and as instructedly, and could take care of their interests as acutely, as you may trust the labouring class in Scotland to do.

But how is the labourer to know that six or seven years spent regularly at school will give his child these powers? He knows that the gentry have them; he may perhaps know that some of the workmen in the great towns, to which he occasionally goes to be dazed by the crowds and deafened by the noise, have them; but he associates the possession with the possession of money or with certain kinds of work, not with time spent in the village

school. But if the village school were all that it ought to be—were all that it would be, provided regular attendance for a sufficient number of years were made compulsory—the labourer would see by degrees that what he has envied or wondered at in others is equally within the reach of his own children. When once this fact has dawned upon him, he may safely be left to rate himself for educational purposes. The parson and the squire might stand aside from irritation, the farmers might stand aside from unenlightened self-interest; but the parents of the school children would know the worth of education, and might be trusted to see that their children had it. It is for the five or seven or ten years that must pass away before compulsion will have done its work that we should fear to leave elementary schools to the care of the ratepayers, because in these intervening years the labourer will not take in that he is a parent as well as a ratepayer, and that economy in the one character may be the worst kind of waste in the other.

There is a single passage in Mr. Morley's book on which we should be content to rest the controversy between us. It follows immediately after the passage last quoted:—

It may be urged that the Scotch training is penetrated with theology, and is Biblical and dogmatic in the highest degree. Very likely it is. That is no answer to those who think with me that, though education without theology is better, yet education with theology is better than helplessness and sudden ignorance. The Scotch Denominationalists at least do their work well.

Why do the Scotch Denominationalists do their work well? Because they do it for and in the midst of a people which sets a high value on education. The English poor can only be made to set an equal value on education by being made to see its good effects in their own children. The quickest way to produce these good effects is to drive every child in the country into the existing schools, and to take care that the education given in them comes up to the proper mark. Mr. Morley says that children will never be legally compelled to go to school "if the clergy can help it." We know of no evidence which bears out this statement; but even if it were correct, what is it that makes the opposition of the clergy to compulsion really dangerous? The action of the Birmingham League. If the Liberal party were united in supporting the educational policy of the Government, and in pressing forward that policy to its legitimate developments, the clergy, even if they wished to stave off compulsion, would lack the power to do so. Those who think with Mr. Morley that, "though education without theology is better, yet education with theology is better than helpless sudden ignorance," are bound to consider whether education with theology or education without theology can be had soonest and had easiest. If by refusing to entertain this question fairly they prevent education being had promptly, or lower the quality of the education which can be had with theology, it is they who will be mainly responsible for all the evil consequences that may follow. The question at issue can be summed up in a sentence. Whether the Denominationalists are really friendly to education or not is a matter of no moment, for they are entirely under the control of the Education Department; the persons with whom it rests to promote or impede education are those who, rather than accept any settlement except their own, insist on paralysing the Government, and thereby making the control of the Education Department over voluntary schools immeasurably less effective.

ONE LOVE IN A LIFE.*

MISS PEARSON may be congratulated on the selection of her title, for it indicates exactly the line she is to follow in her story. It is to ring the changes on the old tune of a woman's wasted love, and to expatiate on the cankering griefs of an unfortunate or misplaced attachment. A more ambitious subject is scarcely to be chosen; and although it is the choice of nineteen lady-writers out of twenty, the chances against success are so many as altogether to defy calculation. You have to begin by inventing a woman who shall be natural and yet out of the common; you must make her excite an absorbing interest in the course of an existence whose outward incidents are commonplace. You have to analyse with a master's hand the intricate workings of her innermost heart, so that a study of the feelings and passions that are the universal property of her sex shall supply the sensations of a life drama pregnant with unexpected incidents. In short, you should be gifted with such an intuitive knowledge of human nature as is but rarely given to a few commanding intellects; and if you join to that the advantages of an extensive experience of mankind, so much the better. Where qualifications like these are the elementary conditions of success, failure may be taken to be a foregone conclusion. As the reviewer reads Miss Pearson's first two volumes with a purpose, making conscientious efforts to stimulate his flagging interest, he naturally asks himself how many people are likely to persevere for sheer pleasure, and he repents of having been unduly severe on the ordinary novels of sensation. Not that Miss Pearson is by any means a dull writer; she is not devoid of cleverness, nor even of a certain power; but she dilates on a hackneyed theme which nothing but original genius can make piquant. She ought to be able to draw a woman and depict a woman's nature, and Muriel Gore, her heroine, is far the best of the figures in the book.

* *One Love in a Life.* By Emma M. Pearson, Author of "Our Adventures in the Wax." Hurst & Blackett. 1874.

But Muriel's heart experiences and love adventures are altogether insufficient to lend interest to a novel in three volumes, and, what is more, her conduct is intensely unnatural. In fact, the essential vice of the book is the all-pervading sense of unreality. As we shall show afterwards, most of the subordinate characters are caricatures of ordinary humanity, if they do not degenerate into positive monsters. Muriel herself, in spite of her native purity, delicacy, and womanliness, behaves as we should fancy that no self-respecting young woman can have done since the famous nut-brown maid insisted on following her love to the forest, although she knew she should find a rival in his bower. On the other hand, Miss Pearson has merits of her own, which cannot be attributed to some of her female contemporaries whose works are the most widely read. She always writes with the feeling of a lady. She writes good English. She is generally informed as to what she is writing about, and she steers clear of blunders and absurdities while she is treating of men and their everyday ways. Although she distinguished herself in good works among the wounded and the suffering during the calamities of the late war, she has views that are equally strong and just on the subject of woman's proper sphere, and she speaks her mind with sense and freedom on the epicene beings who go beyond it. And we can scarcely doubt that, if she had utilized those exceptional experiences of hers, she might have written a novel that would have been very agreeable reading. As it is, we can only deal with *One Love in a Life* as we find it, and attempt to set forth the reason why we have failed to enjoy it.

In her childhood and girlhood Muriel Gore is a very old acquaintance in a very familiar dress. She is the large-eyed little girl, of queer ways and few apparent attractions, who is to burst all of a sudden into the extraordinary promise of beauties, moral and physical, which will be more than realised when she shall attain her prime. Precociously and extravagantly romantic, she keeps herself very much to herself. In strict privacy she enacts those sensational dramas in Holy Writ or modern fiction which have most strongly laid hold of her infant mind. Now she is Joshua smiting the hosts of the uncircumcized Canaanites; again she is laying on with Ivanhoe in the lists of Ashby, making wild work among the plated dish-covers with the dining-room poker. No wonder that such a child should scarcely be appreciated. In her embryo capacity for an engrossing passion she grows up in the hope of falling in with an Ivanhoe of her own to whom she shall play the parts of Rebecca and Rowena rolled into one. As it chances, she meets with her Ivanhoe at her very first ball. He is a certain Caryl Trevor, young, handsome, and very winning in his manners; an officer in the regiment that is quartered in the quiet town of Ropley-by-the-Sea. At the ball she changes in a great transformation scene. She casts the slough of her girlish chrysalis, and emerges, in her pretty ball-dress and new-born feelings, a beautiful and spiritual butterfly, that all the men go hunting after. Trevor admires her with the rest, and, flattered by the undisguised partiality of the innocent *débutante*, would probably have fallen down and worshipped. But at Ropley there is a recognized belle and beauty, a certain Kate Kennedy. She has taken his fancy, and she piques his pride because he has a formidable rival in his attentions to her in a brother officer, Lord Beauvilliers. Muriel has met her fate, and it is natural that she should lend a willing ear to the whispers of the hero she has fallen in love with, when morning after morning he meets her on the beach in company of a confiding aunt, who benevolently watches the smooth progress of the love affair. What is less natural is that pride and jealousy should not have dissipated the glamour which her girlish fancy has raised around him. For she sees herself neglected on each occasion when Kate Kennedy deigns to smile upon the faithless one. But if love fed upon itself and was fanned by hope so long as the field was free to her, the way in which she bore Trevor's cold-blooded abandonment does violence to all our sense of the probabilities. A cooler head than Captain Caryl Trevor would never recollect to have encountered in fiction. He meets Miss Gore for the usual morning stroll the very day he has decided to offer himself to Miss Kennedy. He is sorry for the sorrow he is to cause, and seeks to console her:—

His looks grew very tender; his words had a lingering touch of affection in them.

"If I were ever to do anything you thought very unkind and cruel, would you forgive me, Muriel? I may call you so just to-day, may I not?—and you will this once only say Caryl?"

"How could you be unkind to me?"

"Cannot you guess? You may think so before many days are over," &c.

We can just conceive the possibility of her being carried away for the moment by his looks and language; she might still delude herself with the notion that a man who could so look and speak could never actually perpetrate the cruel and insulting outrage he was meditating. If she did succeed in deceiving herself, the reaction of feeling must surely have been more extreme when he unblushingly informed her of his faithlessness, within a very few hours. Because her passion had been born in her romantic nature so suddenly, we should have said that the subsequent disenchantment was the more likely to be thorough. Not a bit of it. It is not merely Spartan hypocrisy that makes her speak softly to her treacherous admirer, and take up the cudgels in his behalf. She loves him as much as ever, or more. This is pretty well; and if it is true to her strange nature, we cannot be surprised that she should accept Captain Trevor seven years later, when he at last gives her the chance. Miss Kennedy had jilted him at the eleventh hour for Lord Beauvilliers, and after seven years' service in India

he comes home to find his deserted Rachel as much in love with him as ever. She promptly accepts his proposals, and the wedding-day is fixed. On the very eve of it he runs up against the widowed Lady Beauvilliers in Charing Cross Station, and she carries him off to Paris, and marries him. She at least knew her man, and did not trust his second thoughts. It is not easily conceivable that a man so weak as Trevor, and a man of the world with all his weakness, should have consented to act like a fool as well as a scoundrel on such short notice, and all for a woman who had behaved to him as Kate had done. He must have known, as she must, that, lenient as society often is, it could never overlook conduct so flagrant as theirs. It is not very conceivable that such a man should have inspired two such passions, and that he should not only have made the earnest Muriel his own for life, but tempted the worldly Lady Beauvilliers to be guilty of social suicide. But will it be believed that Muriel's love lives through it all? Not only does she love him still, not only does she take pride in avowing her love, but she actually consents to elope with him later, when he has deliberately made up his mind to ruin her. To be sure, her religious feeling comes in to save her at the eleventh hour, when nothing else could have triumphed over her infatuation; and even then it was perhaps fortunate that a violent death should have removed her evil genius; for, had the Fates given him another opportunity, we should have been sorry indeed to answer for the consequences.

We think we may safely assert that the credulity of readers has seldom been so severely taxed, even in the very wildest of sensational romances. And some of the secondary characters are even less natural than Muriel; for, through all the mad extravagances of her diseased passion, she remains an attractive and womanly woman, whose fortunes we follow with a certain interest. There is Charlie Evans, her cousin and her good genius, who counterplots against the plots of her evil genius. He has loved her from early boyhood with a steadfastness of self-sacrificing affection that can only find a counterpart in her own. He does his utmost to hand her over to Trevor, although he reads that gentleman with rare perspicacity. As a boy he talks like a philosophical patriarch who has formed his style of speech on a course of the best sentimental fiction. There is Charles's mother, who is a religious fanatic of the strictest sect of the Calvinists; who, as Miss Pearson assures us, is rather weak than hypocritical; which we should never suspect her to be, although she is as narrow in her intellect as in her ideas. But as for her being no hypocrite, with religion always in her mouth she lends countenance to deeds or business which are rather atrocities than ordinary crimes. She ships two of her sons to an unhealthy climate because they cross her views with regard to the marriage of her favourite one. It is her desire that her favourite son shall marry Muriel, and, in order that he may do so, she not only abets him in shipwrecking the girl's happiness on two occasions, but actually declines to interfere when it is pointed out to her that the scoundrel is plotting for Muriel's seduction by the man who has twice discarded her. There is a Dr. O'Rourke, Mr. Evans's confidant and spiritual counsellor, the most barefaced of Turtletoves and the very shallowest of impostors. O'Rourke is always ready to play his part in Mrs. Evans's infamous family conspiracies, and he approves of the sins of her unredeemed son, because he fears that he is doomed to perdition at any rate. Yet Dr. O'Rourke, after fattening on the pew-rents of a proprietary chapel, actually obtains preferment as a bishop of the Church of England. So we might go on, analysing others of the personages; but perhaps we have said enough to justify our remark as to the pervading unreality of the story. Yet, consistently unnatural as it is, and although it often breaks down in sheer absurdities, we retain the impression we expressed before, that Miss Pearson is capable of writing a good novel. In *One Love in a Life* she has been writing throughout up to the false key she struck at the outset, and has been consistently employing a perverted ingenuity in evolving originality out of the commonplace. We think we discover the proof of her capacity for better things in the fact that, in spite of those daring improbabilities which offend us at every turn, we are sufficiently interested in the heroine's extravagant fortunes to read the last of the volumes with far more interest than its predecessors.

VINOY'S RISE AND FALL OF THE COMMUNE.*

EVEN had not the success of his former work tempted him, it would be very natural that General Vinoy should desire to tell the world how far he was responsible, as the military head of affairs, for the history of France during that unhappy interregnum of lawlessness which began with the armistice granted by Germany and culminated in the Commune. Not to mention his having commanded on the fatal 18th March, which gave Paris over for more than two months to the crew of bastard Socialists whose inner history Cluseret has recently unveiled for us, his position was a most important one for his country from the day that he was first named to succeed Trochu as commander-in-chief until his army was absorbed in that of MacMahon. This interval found the Commune gradually emerging out of the festering elements of disorder in Paris. It saw it triumphant over Thiers's attempt to close with it in its favourite den on the heights of Montmartre. It heard the motley band who struggled among themselves for a brief authority giving themselves out as a united and sovereign power, and inviting the world to follow the glorious example of the freed metropolis of France, which was to know no law but

their decrees, nor feel any taxes but their daily requisitions. It witnessed the reaction against this puny terrorism which aped the vices of the men of '93 without their force, as France poured her recovered legions into the camp before Versailles. And it closed when the agitators of the Hôtel de Ville were losing heart; the Cabinet of the President recovering confidence in the destiny of the country which, outside the one great seat of turmoil, proved loyal to order; and the troops which defended it throwing off the despondency of long defeat, and preparing, under the best general yet left to France, for the sustained effort needed to win her back her capital. Of all the phases of these eventful months General Vinoy gives us a narrative, confessedly from his own point of view, but candid in its matter, and written in the same clear style and with the same complete mastery over the military part of his subject that have made his former volume one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of the war.

The story opens on the 20th of January, when Trochu had reached the very nadir of popular opinion, after the failure of the huge, ill-managed sortie of the day before, the last and worst of the many military blunders of the defence. In the words of Jules Favre, the irritation against the Governor "was increasing from hour to hour." The man who in the fresh power of his nomination, more than four months before, had sought to flatter and conciliate the mob, had now to feel the Nemesis of his own weakness. The disheartened Cabinet of the Government of Defence, alarmed at the rapid growth of disaffection, betrayed its own irresolution and indecision by summoning the mayors of the twenty arrondissements of the city to consult with it; and these told Trochu plainly that he could no longer possibly retain the post in which he had so notably failed. This singular meeting took place late on the 21st, and was followed by a night sitting of the Government to continue the discussion. It was three o'clock in the morning of the 22nd before Jules Favre could carry the point he insisted on, and procure the nomination (which he had for some time advocated) of General Vinoy to the military command which it was plain would henceforth be a nullity in the hands of Trochu, and which the latter declared himself ready to resign, ostensibly in order that his successor might treat with the Germans. Vinoy might possibly have guessed what would be the result of the conference; but he knew nothing of it certainly until, an hour afterwards, he received M. Favre's official letter appointing him to the charge. "The Government" (this letter said), "having decided that the command-in-chief shall henceforth be separated from the functions of the President of the Council, has named you to it in the room of General Trochu. It would have desired to acquaint you of its intention before thus disposing of you; but the extreme urgency has obliged it to take its resolve without delay, and it counts on your patriotism and devotion."

No charge, says Vinoy very truly, could have been more onerous than that thus thrown upon him. The troops were demoralized. The boldest of the generals were fully agreed on the impossibility of prolonging resistance to the iron investiture that was bringing actual starvation on Paris. Nevertheless, that nothing might be left untried, a number of the smartest of the colonels had been summoned to a separate Council of War, and their opinion, as that of a younger and bolder class, had been taken before the necessity of treating was absolutely admitted. Vinoy of course knew all this; and so he replied that it was unfair at that moment to throw on any man but the one who had had the whole responsibility of the military measures of the past four months the pain of capitulating. But in reply to this objection General Le Flô, the Minister of War, urged the absolute necessity that existed for "a firm and energetic command" in order to protect Paris from the evil passions that were fermenting in her bosom. That night, he said, Mazas had been broken open, and Flourens, Millière, and the band of desperate Reds who were confined there had issued forth to join their friends outside. Well indeed might those whose power had sprung from the abrupt decrees of the mob of the 4th September dread the course of mob legislation in this hour of disaster. When passing from his conference with General Le Flô, Vinoy sought Favre himself to learn more exactly the conditions of the proposed command. He found the Vice-President of the Government agitated by the arrival of M. Cresson, its Prefect of Police, who, "convinced of his impotence to ward off, or control, or repress" the impending disturbances, had come to give in his own resignation of what he felt to be an office alike useless to the public and dangerous to its holder. This incident decided General Vinoy, and he forthwith accepted without further hesitation the command, which remained in his hands till he was superseded by MacMahon when the second siege was well begun.

It certainly was time that some one acted promptly. The city, or at least the many thousands in it who had nothing to lose, and who had been living at frugal quarters during the investment (free rations, and fifteenpence a day pocket-money being the rate of pay), were furious at the report of a capitulation; and Flourens and his party were guiding the agitation to their own ends. The insurrection dreaded by the Prefect of Police broke out that very afternoon, and the mob, without warning, opened fire suddenly on the windows of the Hôtel de Ville. Fortunately a trustworthy battalion of Mobiles from Brittany, which was moving southward across Paris, had been directed to halt at this important point. Indignant at the attack, and probably enough ready for conflict with the Reds, they returned the fire with such effect as instantly to disperse the mob. Detachments of the latter for some time indeed held houses which they had seized at the neighbouring street-corners, in preparation for the attempt on the Hôtel de Ville; but as they saw the

* *L'Armistice et la Commune.* Par le général Vinoy. Paris: Plon.

heads of the columns appear which Vinoy was directing to the support of the Mobs, they abandoned these one by one, and gave up their efforts for the time. A single alight act of vigour had put off the evil day of Commune rule, and averted the horrors that would have inevitably accrued to the unhappy capital from the prolonged resistance which the insurgents made their cry.

Although General Vinoy, as becomes one of his profession, passes on in his narrative at this point to give a detail of the military state of things at the crisis which brought him into command, and especially reviews the material means of resistance available for the defence, there is no necessity to follow him here. Indeed it is difficult to affect any interest at this point, when famine had done its fatal work on the defence. But the General does not forget to add that his survey is chiefly with an eye to the future; and he takes the opportunity of giving his own views, as drawn from practical experience, of the proper modifications to be made in the works round Paris to render it impregnable. We shall note but one remark which, though not made with such an object by General Vinoy, is indirectly the most complete condemnation of that inactivity of the defence in engineering operations which was the very worst side, in a strictly professional sense, of Trochu's conduct:—

It is not forbidden [he says] to those who have taken part in the struggle to draw from the facts, in a purely theoretical view, the conclusions they naturally point to. And, first of all, the defence of Paris has proved the efficacy, with the arms now in use, of works of counter-approach such as were first employed by the Russians at Sebastopol.

This has been from the first the view we have taken in these pages, though we are far from thinking with the General that this system was fairly tried; and if our former criticisms needed confirmation, they would find it in these words of his, which show that, had Trochu's genius been such as that of Todleben, it would have needed but a moderate use of it to give the Germans infinitely more trouble than they experienced at his hands.

The remainder of the first half of this volume carries us down to the Commune victory of the 18th March. A slight study of the pages will show that that successful insurrection was but the culminating point of a series of hostile demonstrations against the Government on the part of those who were using the armed mob within Paris for their own purposes. It is easy, no doubt, to imagine all sorts of fine sentiments hidden beneath the boiling mass of insurrection on which the scum rose in the foul form of the Commune. Of course there were simple theorists mixed up in it who had their own particular ideas of the triumph of labour, or the regeneration of the human race, or the special right of Paris as a sort of goddess among great cities to separate herself from the rest of France, and constitute herself the cosmopolitan centre of the civilized world. But such dreamers merely floated in, without really influencing, the elements of insurrection. These were in the main plainly two. There were at least a couple of hundred thousand of the armed National Guards who were either habitual idlers by choice, or, at the best, artisans who had been for months out of work. All these had been carrying arms, wearing uniform, receiving free rations, and drawing pay for the whole period of Trochu's command, without an attempt being made to bring them into any sort of order. So hopelessly incompetent indeed was the pretended military rule under which they carried their muskets, that the court-martial which sat on the insurgents taken before the Hôtel de Ville on the 22nd of January with arms in their hands broke up, declaring that it found it had no legal power under the laws of the Empire or the decrees of the Government of Defence to deal with these offenders. Of course this weakness above was felt below by every desperado that Belleville or Montmartre sent out. And to all these the disarmament which Thiers designed meant the instant loss of the dress, the "national canteen" dinners, and the beloved can-de-vie, with a return to that dull prosaic life of everyday work which novelists nowadays are never tired of representing as a special infliction on the working classes. So long as they kept their muskets these battalions felt that they could keep their other privileges. They wanted only leaders to show them how this pleasant life of out-of-door lounging, varied by exciting speeches at their clubs and drama at the *buvette*, could be made eternal. And these leaders they found in the demagogues of the International, and in the more tried chiefs of sedition whose names were already known as connected with barricades, who had flocked to Paris when it was thrown open. Ever the most congenial home to the enemy of order, it had never been so suited for his machinations as now. The revolutionists of Europe instinctively felt this and flew to the gathering. Whether to enrich himself at the cost of the rich, or to seize the brief joy of supreme power at the expense of the timid, each perceived that his moment was come. And so the revolutionary chaos received its second element of ambitious or greedy or order-hating chiefs, as soon as the railroads into the city were at work. What manner of men these were that governed it, what a mixture of swagger, of suspicion, and of incompetency gathered at the revolutionary centres, let their chosen general and favoured journalist, Cluseret, tell for us. He gives the inner story. In Vinoy's work we find, carefully and calmly traced, as seen from the outside, the progress of the coming struggle, even to the death, between order and disorder, of which the 18th March was the first scene.

Vinoy's own evidence before the Parliamentary Committee, long since reviewed by us, has told that part of his tale so fully that little can be added here. The General has of course still the excuse of the positive orders of his Government for undertaking the attempt on Montmartre which his better judgment told him to

be quite impracticable. He now shows it to have been even more desperate than it first appeared; for the greater part of his 35,000 men had been actually but two days transferred to their new cadres (in consequence of the dispersal of the soldiers claiming discharge on the peace, whose places they took) when he received the order to make the attempt. On the other hand, it appears here more plainly than it did before the Committee that the Government of M. Thiers was so rash as to count on the active co-operation of at least half of the National Guard. Surely a statesman sprung from the *bourgeoisie* should have known that class better. However, the Cabinet were resolved to have done with the attitude of open defiance maintained by the insurrectionary party, which every day grew more palpable and menacing. So they gave the instruction, and Vinoy did his best to carry it out. So good a soldier may be pardoned a soldier's error.

Interesting as the second half of his volume is, it is anticipated here by his own evidence, and, in its account of the second siege, by the more general narratives already published. The historian will naturally turn to it as a useful addition to these; but its chief worth must ever lie in the special light it throws on the state of things in Paris which preceded open civil war.

SIMMONDS ON WASTE.*

MR. P. L. SIMMONDS retains, it would seem, a pleasing recollection of the notice which we took at the time of his *Waste Products and Undeveloped Substances*, published eleven years ago. We must say that he has fully entitled himself to a renewal and even an enhancement of our good opinion by the pains he has been at to extend and supplement his work by the addition of such new matter as the progress of science or of social economy has made available for his purpose. It may not unfairly be set down in great part to the interest stirred by his researches and published papers, that a special section was set apart at the late Vienna Exhibition for the display of waste materials and their products, in which each country might have an opportunity of showing what it had done in this direction since the first International Exhibition of London in 1851. By the request of the British Commission, Mr. Simmonds was most appropriately delegated to bring together and to organize within the great building in the Prater a representative collection of this kind, illustrating the most conspicuous industries and utilizing processes which have sprung out of the reclamation of waste in this country. The example which Great Britain was the first to set on any extensive scale has since been followed largely on the Continent, in Australia, the United States, and even in the various States of South America, where numerous substances formerly neglected or thrown away have been systematically turned to purposes of use and profit. If that man is to be considered a benefactor of his race who makes one blade of grass to grow where none had grown before, we may pronounce him scarcely less deserving of the thanks of mankind who saves even a single ounce of matter from waste.

His former work having long been out of print, Mr. Simmonds presents us with a new one, reproducing in a great measure his former matter, which he is at the same time careful to describe as his own only in the capacity of a gatherer or disposer of other men's goods. Originality in such a case is indeed of less consequence than accuracy and fulness. Next to wealth and truth of detail, we must rank clearness of arrangement and classification, in which respects our author falls deplorably short, notwithstanding the claims which he puts forth to merit under this head. With the exception of a tolerably full index, there is absolutely no clue to the connexion or distribution of contents, the volume flowing on for nearly five hundred pages with no division beyond that into paragraphs. Even the heading of the pages is unvaried from first to last. Nor is there any such help to the reader's eye or mind as is given by more distinctions of type, if not by the wonted cutting up into chapters or sections. The smooth and equable flow of the book reminds us of nothing so much as of the way in which paper, by what is known as the continuous process, is reeled off in never-ending rolls, beginning from the pulping vat and ending with the cylinder or frame of type. It may thus serve to illustrate in passing one of the most conspicuous and familiar processes for the reclamation of odds and ends. The scarcity of materials to meet the growing demand for paper has at the same time set invention on the rack and given an impulse to household thrift. Whilst the world is ransacked far and wide for new kinds of vegetable fibre, the refuse heap at home is turned over with a heedful eye to a possible utilization of its motley and even frowy constituents. Above all, every scrap of paper already used is put by and hoarded with a view to a second existence and turn of service. In every thrifty household the paper sack has become an institution. A struggle has arisen with the housewife for the vested right in each bit of refuse paper, and all that can be wrotted from lighting the fire goes to swell the sack in some cupboard or spare-room corner, to find its way when bursting with fulness to the papermaker's. So far from finding, as of old, a nuisance in the piles of prospectuses and tradesmen's circulars which the post is for ever bringing, it is with a smug sense of satisfaction that the neatly curate or

* *Waste Products and Undeveloped Substances: a Synopsis of Progress made in their Economic Utilization during the last Quarter of a Century at Home and Abroad.* By P. L. Simmonds, Editor of the "Journal of Applied Science," &c. London: Hardwicke, 1873.

struggling clerk pops the tomping snare or mendacious puff into the yawning canvas mouth, thinking the while how nicely it is going towards paying his modest income-tax. Of the destination of each scrap which has already done its turn by way of correspondence, or sermons, or printed matter, he may satisfy his curiosity out of Mr. Simmonds's industriously drawn out pages, in which, for aught he can tell, may reappear particles of the very materials which his own thrift has given back to literary use. Our author, though in rather a rambling fashion, goes fully into the various sources in addition to paper waste from which the manufacture is supplied, as well as the processes by which these different materials are brought to their final state. Through each successive stage, it need scarcely be said, each substance deteriorates, the fine paper made from cotton or linen rags losing much of its quality as it passes through the state of waste, resulting after a turn or two in a very coarse and poor article indeed. But besides linen and cotton use is now made of old leather scraps, of which paper samples may be seen in the Animal Products Collection in the Bethnal Green Museum. Of new and undeveloped substances every day coming into use to supplement these more familiar materials there is absolutely no end. Paper is being made from maize and other straw; from oat-husks; from sea-weeds of many kinds, such as the *Zostera marina*, the *Cineraria maritima*, of the coasts of Southern Europe; the *Scirpus lacustris* of California; the *Eplobium*, or fireweed, of Northern America; the *Sida retusa* of Australia, as well as esparto grass and the bamboo and other canes. Even beetroot pulp and sawdust are largely pressed into the service. A process for making strong and fine paper or parchment from fish-fibre macerated in dilute sulphuric acid is also given by our author from a paper by M. Quatrefages.

Few discoveries have been more fruitful in results than that of the detection by Faraday of benzole among the residue of gas-making retorts. From this filthy oily refuse have sprung the most magnificent colours and the sweetest perfumes, and the means of illumination have been vastly extended, whilst from the investigation of its properties advances have been made far and wide into the domain of organic chemistry. Amongst the gains to utility or commercial profit which the modern chemist has had to announce, there are some in respect to which a natural prejudice has had to give way to common sense and scientific persuasion. Such is the extraction of sugar from the beet, originally taken up by Margraf as an unsightly weed growing wild on the shores of the Mediterranean, now forming one of the staples of culture and manufacture in France, though, mainly on fiscal grounds, not yet admitted among the industries of these islands. It will hardly be till civilization here has attained the culminating pitch of Laputa that we shall get over our present antipathy to processes so ingenious as that of turning out butter from Thames mud or engine-grease. A shudder which to future progress in science may seem absurd has been felt at the announcement of the great American process for making champagne out of petroleum; and now we have the equally terrible announcement of the concoction by certain ingenious Americans of currant jelly out of old boots. In Germany, we are told, many large factories find remunerative labour in making golden syrup out of sulphuric acid and starch. Our author's silence upon the subject exempts us from the necessity of agitating our readers' minds or stomachs by going into the secrets of the American manufacture of artificial oysters from kitchen waste. Would a fitting corrective, we should like to ask, be found in a sip of the brandy which an ingenious distiller at Malta, according to Mr. Simmonds, produces from shavings? That Hamburg has long been sending us port and sherry from potatoes is a fact too familiar to excite much horror now, though it may have been from the extra strength or dryness chemically imparted to some special brand of that otherwise harmless vegetable extract that a gentleman in the north of England died the other day from drinking a couple of glasses. With all our admiration for the ingenuity and patience which are put forth in utilizing waste and developing novel substances, we reserve a timid protest against having our stomachs made the laboratory for experiments of this kind. So long as the gentle and salutary chemistry of nature is made the intermediary stage, as when the loathsome refuse of the farmyard, the stable, or the street sewer becomes the agent in fertilizing our barren acres, yielding pure and wholesome vegetable growths, we wish God speed to as many bold and enterprising schemes as Mr. Simmonds may have to record for us in future editions of his work. In nature, as there is no waste, so is there no real impurity. Dirt, as Lord Palmerston pithily expressed it, is nothing but matter in the wrong place. It is for science to see that everything finds its fit and salutary place, and that nothing is thrown away. Commercially speaking, it may not be clear as yet that every saving brings its immediate profit, yet experience of the past should encourage the belief that everything may have a use and a profit found for it. "Will it pay?" is of course the question first inevitably put when any attempt is made to introduce a new product, or to utilize in a new way any residue from our established industries. And philanthropy itself has little chance of getting a hearing as long as it fails to show an equivalent return. It is some encouragement, at all events, to reflect that benevolence and enlightened self-interest have a common field in the reclamation of all waste, and the opening up of every mine of nature's wealth. What an amount of force is already busily employed in our midst in the utilization of waste material may be judged from the statistics put together by Mr. Simmonds. The last London Post Office

Directory shows that there are upwards of two thousand householders within the metropolitan district directly interested in the sale and application of refuse or waste, and the residues of manufactures. This enumeration includes some fifty different industries, proceeding alphabetically from "bladder and sausage-skin dealers," and "blood-driers," to "waste ivory, bone, and tortoiseshell dealers," and "yeast merchants." Among the subsidiary agencies which supply them with material, one of the most useful is the rag-collecting brigade of the London Ragged School Union, by whose operations, four trucks only being employed, no less than 82 tons weight of waste stuff—paper and rags forming the staple—were collected within nine months of the first year. Still more active is the *chiffonnier* army of Paris, where not less than 22,500 persons find their living in the collection of refuse. Many curious particulars of this characteristic phase of French life are given by Mr. Simmonds, whose pages contain some not less striking facts and figures touching the unwonted foods brought into use, and the manifold shifts of which necessity became the mother under the strain of the siege of Paris. The task he has set himself in picking up these multifarious and desultory bits of information may be said to be in great measure allied to that of the humble and not over-nice craft of the *chiffonnier*. But he is himself candid and retiring enough to admit as much. And this modesty of his in speaking of his labours is not the least of the merits which may fairly win for his book the favour and appreciation of the public.

WHITTIER'S POEMS.*

MANY of the best and most current sayings of didactic poets are wholly devoid of foundation in fact, and certainly none of them is more untrue, for our own time at least, than that of Horace concerning middling poets. We find existence abundantly conceded to them by men and booksellers, and there is no sign of the gods interfering. Indeed the favour of the public goes far beyond according them a bare right of existence, and maintains them in sufficient reputation to make their calling agreeable to themselves, and, we suppose, sufficiently profitable to enlist the booksellers' interest on the same side. We are often told that the popular voice, as expressed by the degree of permanent esteem which a writer obtains among posterity, will be found to justify itself in the long run. This is very possible, but we are now speaking only of the honour which poets have among their immediate contemporaries. The amount of paradox involved in the opinion to which we have committed ourselves depends on the meaning we attach to such words as "middling" and "mediocrity." They naturally and properly denote the quality of work which does not manifestly either exceed or fall short of the standard of ordinary skill and diligence, whatever that may be, in the particular matter in hand. In popular usage they have been taken as convenient euphemisms, just stopping short of the open assertion that something is in fact decidedly below what was expected, and they have thus acquired a certain invidious by-meaning, if we may venture to coin a less scholastic equivalent for the "connotation" of modern logicians. But in the meantime no other word has been found for that which leaves the judgment really neutral, that which does not excite in us any particular admiration, nor yet call for any particular censure. The greater part of the common objects and acts of life are of this kind; and now that we speak of middling poetry we desire to be understood in this sense and in no other. It is no doubt much disputed whether mediocrity in any sense be admissible in the fine arts; and there is the express authority of Horace for the opinion that poetry may as well be very bad as be not very good. But he rests his opinion on the ground of poetry being a luxury; wherefore, if we are to have it at all, we should have it of the best. And the supposition that poetry is a luxury is not true, except at a time and a place where literary tastes are really confined to a select few. Such was probably the case at Rome in Horace's day, but it certainly is not the case in the English-speaking countries of our day. Almost every one who can command a little more than the indispensable comforts of life indulges in some sort of poetical or artistic taste, though oftentimes a very strange sort; and the increased demand for poetry, as well as for all other kinds of art work, tends for the present to lower the average quality of the supply. For the persons among whom vague artistic desires have become diffused are not educated enough to be fastidious; and, indeed, they prefer, as a recent writer has justly remarked, to be entertained with something only a little above their own level. In this state of things, so far from there being no room for mediocrity to exist, it is plain that there is every encouragement for it. And as some such result is inevitable, so it is useless for criticism to expect anything different, or to be angry with people for not being ready for the highest gifts of poetry all at once. The most it can exact is that the mediocrity that ministers to their wants shall be respectable. The critic may rebuke positive faults; but he cannot well censure the modern writer of poetry merely for falling short of that excellence which confers lasting fame. In England there is at present a reaction against commonplace, or, perhaps it would be more civil to say, unambitious poetry. In America, however, its reign appears to be in full force. Perhaps this is because the general reading population of the United States is more crude and newly formed than our own; perhaps it is because the really competent readers of America, who are at least as discerning as those of England, do

* *The Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier*. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

not hold so central and commanding a position. At all events the fact is so; or the large quantities of verse which Mr. Whittier has published in the United States at various times during the last thirty years and more, and which are collected in the volume now before us, would not be so popular as we are informed they are.

Mr. Whittier's complete poetical works make up a book a trifle bigger than the American edition of Mr. Lowell's, the form and type being almost identical. The print of both is uncomfortably small; but in size of margin, and we are inclined to think in legibility, there is a slight advantage in favour of Mr. Whittier's English publishers. It is a more material difference between the two books that, whereas Mr. Lowell's poems contain much that we believe is destined to live for many generations, we do not apprehend that there is any one piece of Mr. Whittier's that will survive the memory of those who are now living. This book of poetry is that which we should choose of all others to hold up to Horace as a visible confutation of his maxim. It is the triumph of respectable and successful mediocrity, that word being used, as we have explained, in a purely neutral sense. Mr. Whittier has a great fluency in writing verse, and he never writes any that is not passable; he also has enough versatility to be equally passable in several different styles. On the other hand, he seldom produces anything so good as to make us feel that the world would be the worse for its loss, and there is no one line of poetry in which he is not distinctly inferior to some one living or recent writer. His pastoral scenes and ballads, in which he is perhaps at his best, are still not so good as Mr. Longfellow's, and perhaps some readers will think that not a very severe test. His pieces on domestic politics, although he appears to have put all his strength into them, are not for one moment to be compared to Mr. Lowell's. They may have been effective, as leading articles are effective, at the date of the events they are concerned with, but they hardly bear examination at this distance of time. Nor is he much more successful with European politics. It is perhaps doubtful whether it is altogether in good taste for a poet to write in a spirit not of justice and judgment, but of violent partisanship and animosity, about other people's affairs in which he has no share; it seems better and more natural that each people should provide war-songs for itself. At any rate a poet who takes this course should justify it by very clear success. Mr. Whittier's voice is not strong enough for a volunteer prophet of European freedom. A comparison of his poem, entitled "The Peace of Europe" with Mr. Lowell's "Villa Franca" or Mr. Swinburne's "Song in Time of Order" will make this evident. Mr. Lowell is bitter but judicial; Mr. Swinburne is exceeding bitter, and as far as can be from judicial; but the very ferocity of his ballad carries it out of the poet's own self-assertion into the region of dramatic lyrics. Mr. Whittier's lines are only scolding and didactic. He is still less satisfactory in an address "to the Reformers of England," containing some nonsense about a "blasted Church" and a "State scaffold," which an educated American really ought to be ashamed of having written. Would Mr. Whittier prefer a Church out at elbows and an irresponsible private scaffold? His real meaning is probably that both a Church and a scaffold are absolutely bad, and the one as bad as the other. Shortly after this effusion comes a declamation against capital punishment, where we get the author's views on the scaffold more at large. This is entitled "The Human Sacrifice"; in thought it is Victor Hugo and water, and in style it is Byron and water. We have Byron and water pure and simple in certain Scriptural pieces, where the Hebrew Melodies are sadly diluted. Another singular eclectic manner occurs in the "Crisis" (a poem on the result of the Mexican war), whereof the first two stanzas run thus:—

Across the Stony Mountains, o'er the desert's drouth and sand,
The circles of our empire touch the Western Ocean's strand;
From slumberous Timpanogos to Gila, wild and free,
Flowing down from Nuevo-Leon to California's sea;
And from the mountains of the East to Santa Rosa's shore,
The eagles of Mexiltli shall beat the air no more.

O Vale of Rio Bravo! Let thy simple children weep;
Close watch about their holy fire let maid of Pecos keep;
Let Taos send her cry across Sierra Madre's pines,
And Agulones toll her bells amidst her corn and vines;
For lo! the pale land-seekers come, with eager eyes of gain,
Wide scattering, like the bison herds on broad Salada's plain.

It appears to us that much the same result would be obtained by mixing "From Greenland's icy mountains" and the "Battle of Ivry" in equal proportions. Further on there is a piece called "Ichabod," founded on the same idea as Mr. Browning's "Lost Leader," and Mr. Whittier's treatment of the subject makes it painfully certain by this crucial instance that there is more poetry in any three lines of Mr. Browning than in any three hundred pages of Mr. Whittier.

In one part of the collection the English reader is perplexed by some glowing funeral panegyrics (though they glow somewhat frigidly) on divers persons who perhaps ought to be known in these islands, but at any rate are not. He also has constantly to encounter false rhymes, such as *dawning* and *morning*, *woody* and *sturdy*, *Katahdin* and *garden*. But perhaps it is mere British affectation to think that an *r* more or less makes any difference. With all this Mr. Whittier, being a very fluent, practised, and respectable writer, does occasionally rise above his own average, and some of his tales in verse are really very pretty. His pictures of domestic scenery have also a certain grace and picturesqueness. The best known of these, though by no means in itself the best, is the ballad of Maud Muller, of which

the true final cause is Mr. Bret Harte's burlesqued but very probable sequel. We ought to have mentioned Mr. Bret Harte before as one of the contemporaries whom we should put above Mr. Whittier in serious poetry; witness Mr. Bret Harte's war-songs, and his lines on the fire of Chicago, a subject on which the two poets come into direct competition.

For the reasons we explained at the beginning we must resign ourselves to the existence of voluminous mediocrity. Mr. Whittier's mediocrity is harmless, and perhaps meritorious, and those who think it worth while to search through the heap will be rewarded by some scattered good things. We confess that, having done it, we do not think it worth while.

ROGERS ON SCOTTISH MONUMENTS.*

IN noticing the first volume of this work some time ago, we indicated an opinion that, to serve any useful purpose, collections of epitaphs ought to consist of careful selections, arranged according to their period and character. In this way we believe they may throw considerable light on the temper and feelings of different times, although it must be kept in view that inscriptions are not always to be regarded as expressing the natural emotions of those by whom they have been erected, since in their composition use was frequently made of the services of others, who adhered, with little variation, to a formula established in their neighbourhood; and we may add that the influence of local custom is in the same way to be seen in the employment of certain symbols in districts, to denote a trade or calling.

The present volume has about it much of the character of its predecessor, while it contains fewer inscriptions of an historical nature. The editor has drawn on the collections of Mr. Jervies so far as they have proceeded, but he has nothing to supply the place of the volumes of Monteith and Brown which helped so largely to swell his first volume. A somewhat inordinate prominence, as it seems to us, is given near the beginning, to a description of the monument of Sir William Wallace on the Abbey Craig, near Stirling, and of the steps which led to its erection. It appears that the editor himself acted as secretary to the originators, and that the duties of his office proved most irksome and arduous; "for, in addition to the ordinary difficulties of raising money for a public object, there had to be encountered and overcome the crude notions of one or more adherents of the enterprise." Much incongruous detail also is introduced connected with a group of statues at Stirling—originating likewise to some extent in the energies of Dr. Rogers—but the inscriptions copied from which are of yesterday, and give us nothing of the age of Knox, Melville, and Henderson, in memory of whom they were erected. It would seem that in the much debated matter of the Wigton Martyrs a compromise had been attempted, for the monument commemorates only one of the two—Margaret Wilson. Perhaps this will be regarded as a step in the right direction by Mr. Mark Napier, who thinks he has demonstrated that there was no martyrdom at all.

Of the inscriptions in the volume which seem characteristic of the men and the age we may indicate that of Andrew Carl, the great upholder of the Covenant. On his tomb he is described as "vir suo seculo summus, qui orbi huic et urbi ecclesiastes, vocis et vita inclinatam religionem sustinuit, degeneres mundi mores refoxit, ardens et animus, Bonnerges et Barnabas, magnus et adamas." With these expressions it is curious to compare the complaint which his patrons, the magistrates of Aberdeen, made against him towards the end of his career:—

Mr. Andro in his sermon did most unchristianly utter curses and imprecations against the complainers, vizt., that God rub shame upon them, and to set his mark upon them, which he declared to be his prayers in private, and calling us villains, and actors of villainies.—Aberdeen Records, vol. ii., p. 189. Burgh Record Soc.

The inscription of Archbishop Sharp ("Sacratissimi Antistitis, prudentissimi Senatoris, sanctissimi Martyris") is also deserving of notice. It portrays a character which affords curious subjects of contrast with that bestowed on him from the other side. On his monument we find that "pacis angelum, sapientie oraculum, gravitatis imaginem, boni et fideles subditi impietatis perduellionis et schismatis hostem acerrimum, Dei regis et gregis inimici viderant agnoverunt admirabantur." How vividly do we realize the divided feelings of the nation at that time when we turn to the writings of Sharp's opponents, where he is described with equal sincerity as a bloodthirsty perjured apostate, and when we find that on the monument of one of his cruel assassins some could place the following inscription:—

A faithful martyr here doth lye
A witness against perjury;
Who cruelly was put to death,
To gratify proud preties' wrath, &c.

Many of the inscriptions are of comparatively modern date, and their burdens in various forms of expression, is the uncertainty of life and the necessity of continual watchfulness. A favourable example of this class, dated in 1707, occurs in the parish of Barry:—

Mors tuo [tuo], mors Christi, fraus mundi gloria cecit,
Et dolor inferni, sunt meditanda tibi.

* *Monuments and Monumental Inscriptions in Scotland.* By the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D. Vol. II. London: Printed for the Grampian Club.

One of this sort, in the parish of Rayne, is the voice of the minister, who died in 1653:—

As late I stood in pulpit round,
And now I ly arow the ground.
When as you cross my corpse so cold,
Remember the words that I you told.

Of those which are either grotesque or quaint we may quote two to deceased wives—the first from the churchyard of Forfar, and the second (only partially intelligible) on a monument at Elgin, erected by Robert Dunbar of Grangehill, chief of clan Dunris, a clan of which we do not recollect any previous notice:—

Here lies my wife, when that she died,
She left her husband most aggrieved;
Her children sore do her lament,
Grant that all mankind may repent.
A holy virgin in her younger life,
And next a prudent and a faithful wife,
A pious mother, who with Christian care
Informed her children with the love and fear
Of God and virtuous acts. Who can express,
Alone reader by a volume from the press.

The following to a servant of the Rothos family has something of the same flavour:—

John Brown's dust lies here below,
Once saved a noble earl;
At his command he ne'er said No,
Had it been on his peril.
His days and years they were spun out,
Like to a thread most fine;
At last a period came about,
Snapt it at ninety-nine.
'Twas on the seventeenth day of May,
In the year forty-ix,
This honest man was called away,
To heaven we hope did fix.

There is a quaintness in the view of life expressed in these lines:—

This world is a city
Full of streets,
Death is the moort
That all men meet.
If life were a thing
That men could buy,
The poor could not live
And the rich would not die.

On a tomb in the parish church of Collesie, in Fifeshire, is an inscription which conveys a protest against burials within churches, more homely in expression, but identical in idea, with the canons of the mediæval Church on the subject and the regulations of later times:—

Defyle not Christ's kirk with your carion,
A solemn suit for God's service prepar'd,
For prayer, preaching, and communion;
Your burial should be in the kirkyard.
On your uprising set your great regard,
When savil and body joyneis with joy to ring
In heaven, for ay, with Christ our Head and King.

Many of the parishes are poorly represented. Thus of Lumphannan, in Aberdeenshire, all that is written is "The usurper Macbeth was slain at Lumphannan; a heap of stones denote his grave."

It is out of all keeping with the ideas of interment which had been established long before Macbeth's time in Scotland to associate him with Cairn-burial, but as in a previous part of the volume we learn that his body was laid in the tomb of the Kings at Iona, we may infer that the heap of stones was meant rather to point out the spot where the monarch fell than to indicate his resting-place. There would have been a special impropriety in giving pagan burial to a king whose regard for religion may be inferred from those grants to the Culdee monastery of St. Serf in Lochleven (recorded in the Register of the Priory of St. Andrew's), in which he was associated with his Queen Gruoch.

This volume, like its predecessor, contains a good deal of interesting matter, but we must express a hope that the efforts of the Grampian Club will hereafter be directed to the printing of materials more likely to be useful to the historical student, and quarried from a mine less commonplace than that from which the present work has been extracted.

In turning over the pages we have noticed a considerable number of inaccuracies which more careful revision might have avoided. Thus, the monument to the Marquis of Huntly on the hill of Mortlach, on Deeside, is transferred to the parish of Mortlach, in Banffshire (p. 358). At p. 12 we find "Stirich" for "Stiric," "Tarah" for "Tara": p. 47, "Stivilense" for "Strivilense"; p. 68, "Monanus" for "Monanus": at p. 209 John Erskine of Dun, the Superintendent of Angus, is gratuitously knighted; at p. 311 "Balfing" occurs for "Buldaig"; at p. 313 "Balquharn" should be "Balquhain"; at p. 317 "Auchen-chries" occurs for "Auchleuchries"; and at p. 324 "Auquhorsh" for "Auquhorshk."

The following description of sculptures on the stem of St. Martin's Cross at Iona strikes us as very extraordinary:—

On the stem appear a priest administering the right [sic] of baptism, two musicians, one playing the harp and the other using a wind instrument, and a man shaking hands with another on a stool.

The Latin of the inscriptions is occasionally rather shaky in the matter of construction and spelling, but this may be the fault of the original records.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

III.

ARLON GRANGE, and a Christmas Legend, by William Alfred Gibbs, author of "The Story of a Life," "Harold Erle," &c. &c. Artist's edition (Provost and Co.) Mr. Gibbs has a story to tell, and he wishes to be allowed to tell it in his own way. In an address to his reviewers he says:—

Dear critic, blame me at your will,
Condemn my style and want of skill,
Laugh at my limping, ambling verse,
Say "Nothing surely could be worse,"
My reasons doubt, my rhymes abuse,
Reject my efforts to amuse,
Cut up my lines, cut down my thought,
Cut out my heart as worse than nought,
Bar every road to "use" or glory,
But, prithee, "do not tell my story!"

If there were nothing in Mr. Gibbs's poem but his story we should certainly not trouble ourselves or our readers much about it. The plot is absurd, though perhaps not too absurd for Christmas. *Arlon Grange*, however, is written with a good deal of power, and contains many passages of not a little beauty, while the sentiment that runs through the story is thoroughly healthy. We notice, by the way, an advertisement "offering one hundred guineas for illustrations of this work." May we be allowed to hope that if the artists succeed in rivalling the binder, who has turned out so elegant a book that we hardly care to read it unless in a new pair of white kid-gloves, we shall in a future edition be spared the forty pages or so at the end of "abridged opinions of the press and official reports upon Mr. Gibbs's harvesting process." He has invented, it would seem, an ingenious method of getting in corn and hay in wet weather. Admirable though his plan is—and we have had the pleasure of praising it in these columns—we think that it scarcely is in its proper place between such highly ornamental covers. Might not Mr. Gibbs another year work his harvesting process into his Christmas story, instead of keeping it outside as at present? Might not a second poor hero fall in love with a second Baronet's daughter—we will betray as little of the plot as we can—and carve his way to fortune and her hand, not by finding a gold mine, but by getting in his crops during a succession of wet seasons in the finest condition, by means of Mr. Gibbs's drying apparatus?

Etchings on the Moselle, with descriptive letterpress, by Ernest George, Architect (Murray). Nothing among the Christmas books which have come before us is more interesting than these twenty etchings on the Moselle. When we have to criticize such a book as this, we feel that we do the artist but scant justice in classifying his work among a host of volumes which, meritorious as they are in a strictly Christmas point of view, and admirably adapted as they are for wedding presents or birthday and New Year's gifts, show no great original or artistic power. This book is scarcely a book to give away; it is something better—it is a book to keep. We have not, so far as we can remember, had the pleasure of coming across any of Mr. Ernest George's work before. We trust that another Christmas he may have found some other scenes equally worthy of his rare artistic power.

The Bernese Oberland: Twelve Scenes among its Peaks and Lakes. By Elijah Walton. With descriptive text by T. G. Bonney, M.A. (Thompson). This handsome volume is a worthy companion to those choice illustrated works which for the last few years Mr. Walton and Mr. Bonney have been bringing out together as regularly as Christmas has come round. We cannot say that these twelve scenes altogether satisfy our recollections of Alpine scenery and Alpine lights. It is hard, however, in England and in December weather to judge fairly how the Alps looked in August. The sketches, however, have no small beauty of their own, whether they are strictly faithful to nature or not; while the publisher has done all that a publisher can do to adapt them to the requirements of those who, having tolerably long purses, are moved by duty or affection to make a handsome present. We must not forget to add that Mr. Bonney's part of the work is done with taste and judgment.

The Works of James Gillray, the Caricaturist: with the History of his Life and Times. Edited by Thomas Wright, M.A. With over four hundred illustrations (Chatto and Windus). In this interesting volume we have a selection of the best works of the great caricaturist of the days when George III. was King, and an abridgment, if we understand the introduction, of Mr. Thomas Wright's explanatory memoirs. In many cases the caricature is given as a whole, in other cases "the most pungent parts only" have been preserved. If, as we read, the collected edition cannot at present be got for less than 10*l.*, the publishers have done a good service in bringing so much that is full of humour and of historical interest within the reach of a large class. To the student of history the caricatures of the period he studies are of the greatest use, and, more thoroughly perhaps than anything else, enable him to look upon each political occurrence in the way that it was looked upon by the average citizen. In addition to this, Gillray's sketches have extraordinary merit of their own, and can be enjoyed by a man who knows as little of history as the successful candidate at some competitive examination.

Children of the Olden Time, by Mrs. Henry Mackarness. With preface by J. R. Planché (Griffith and Farran). This little book is illustrated by twenty-seven "tracings from illuminations, paintings, and early prints" that bear on the life of children in past ages. While the illustrations are interesting, we cannot but regret that

the accompanying narrative is very poorly done. In such a work as this we are not going to be too hard on a writer who says that before the Conquest our forefathers "were called the Anglo-Saxons." Mr. Freeman can scarcely expect as yet to have reached the writers of Christmas books. But we should like to know how these Anglo-Saxons of page 4 considered Sunday the luckiest of all days, when it was the Anglo-Saxons of page 6 who first heard of Christianity. The author quotes "Mrs. Markham's amusing *History of England*." We hope that Mrs. Markham is not answerable for the amusing blunders which are crowded into the following passage:—"The young Prince Henry who lost his life to save his young sister Maud in that fatal wreck of the *White Ship*, which destroyed a nation's hope and broke a King's heart." The King, by the way, is generally said to have died not so much of a broken heart as of an overburdened stomach. Still more astounding is the statement that, great as were the difficulties which attended scholars before the Reformation, yet "the names of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Canova (*sic*), Palissy, Salvator Rosa (*sic*), Mirandola, give proofs of talent unsurpassed in these brighter days."

Marcus Ward's Picture Stories from the Japanese (Marcus Ward). This book contains, we are told, "the Japanese version" of four of the tales from the *Arabian Nights*, "told in brilliant pictures, drawn in the true Eastern spirit by native talent, with the stories in English rhyme." Without undertaking to say that there is much of the true Eastern spirit to be found in these pictures, yet we will allow that they are brilliant enough, and afford an agreeable change from the true Western spirit which has for years been set forth in the illustrations of these stories.

The Student's Treasury of English Song. Containing choice selections from the principal poets of the present century. Edited by W. H. Davenport Adams (Nelson and Sons). So far as we are aware, this selection is peculiar in giving extracts from the poets of this century only. We have not, therefore, to any great extent the space filled up by poems which every one knows already, but yet which no one would allow could with propriety be omitted. Mr. Adams has on the whole made his selection with great judgment. Yet, if Mr. Robert Buchanan is admitted, we think that Mr. Tupper should scarcely have been excluded. It is a pity that authors or publishers, we know not which, should have got it into their heads that no book can be published at Christmas time without illustrations. Mr. Adams would have done well if he had kept each illustration on a page to itself. In that case any one by the help of a pair of scissors could in a very short time have greatly improved this interesting selection.

A Handbook of Proverbs, Mottoes, Quotations, and Phrases, by James Allan Mair (Routledge and Sons). This Handbook is unusually copious, and has been arranged with a good deal of skill. Any one who would study its pages carefully, and commit to memory only one-tenth part of the proverbs given, might pass in his native village as a man of vast wisdom, and might even become the oracle of a country town. The easiest way to a reputation for wisdom is through a knowledge of proverbs. If any man has a fool for his son, let him not spare the rod in making him learn off by heart wise saws and modern instances, and likely enough his folly will escape notice.

The Illustrated Book of Poultry, by Lewis Wright. Illustrated with fifty coloured portraits of prize birds, painted from life by J. W. Ludlow (Cassell and Co.). We hope that what Mr. Wright calls the "poultry world" will be more than satisfied with this handsome, comprehensive, and ponderous volume. We knew from a somewhat painful experience that those who are smitten with "pure love of the gentle craft" of poultry-keeping have a great deal to say, but we little thought that if their talk was put into writing it could fill five hundred and eighty quarto pages. Let us hope that now they have it all in print they will show a little more mercy towards chance visitors to their country houses. We cannot pretend to much knowledge of a chicken, except when it is roasted or boiled. Nevertheless, so far as we can venture to judge, in utter ignorance as we are of "points," Mr. Wright's work and Mr. Ludlow's illustrations are in every way worthy of their subject.

Life Wanderings and Labours in Eastern Africa, by Charles New. With map and illustrations (Hodder and Stoughton). Wherever we have dipped into this book we have found Mr. New's narrative simply written and interesting. On one occasion he tells how a certain chief had pressed him to come to a village and spend the night there. "Finding that he could not move me, he said, 'Then you must give me your coat that I may take that home with me; for I must have the smell of you in my hut.' The coat was given to him, and away he went with it in triumph; but it was brought back early on the following morning and thrown at my feet." This volume will form an interesting addition to that library of literature on Africa which is added to almost every day.

The Western World: Picturesque Sketches of Nature and Natural History in North and South America. By William H. G. Kingston (Nelson). In this work a great deal of information about the Western World is conveyed in a lively and interesting manner. It would have been just as well, however, if it had been somewhere stated that not a little of the information and not a few of the illustrations are to be found in a work that Mr. Kingston published three years ago, entitled *On the Banks of the Amazon*. In most places the language has been considerably modified, but on the other hand whole sentences have been transferred with scarcely any change.

Lives of Labour, by O. T. Brightwell, author of "Annals of Industry and Genius" (Nelson). In this modest little volume are given "incidents in the career of eminent naturalists and celebrated travellers." It is interestingly written, though the words are at times rather bigger than the subject at all requires. The account of an Alpine adventure of Bishop Stanley's in the year 1818 will be enjoyed by every one but the members of the Alpine Club. To them, as the traveller does not set even a foot on the ice, and carries no axe, it will seem poor stuff indeed.

My Kalula: Prince, King, and Slave: a Story of Central Africa, by Henry M. Stanley, author of "How I Found Livingstone." With illustrations (Sampson Low and Co.). Mr. Stanley, to use his own words, has "woven fact with fiction" in the hopes of interesting "those boys and young, middle-aged, and old men who found his first book rather heavy." We could have wished that in his fiction he could have dropped his style of a Special Correspondent, which at its best is none of the most pleasant. Those readers who cannot enjoy accounts of strange lands unless they are "woven" with some still stranger story will perhaps read *My Kalula*. More sensible people will prefer to have travels and stories served up in separate dishes.

The Chase, a poem, by William Somerville. New edition, illustrated with fine steel engravings (Feger). This is an elegant reprint of a poem which, though it cannot be reckoned very highly, is yet much less known than it deserves to be. There are many passages in it of considerable vigour and of no small beauty. We have not much hope that it will find many readers among those who delight in modern sporting literature. And yet perchance on some day when the ground is bound by frost and there is no chance of a ride after the hounds, when they have read the last advertisement of the last page of their sporting journal, they might, for want of something better, find Somerville's *Chase* help them through a morning. We must not forget to add that the engravings, if not new, have considerable merit.

Little Loddie, by the author of "Little Mother." With twenty-four illustrations by L. Frolich; *the Life of a Bear; his Birth, Education, and Adventures*. With twenty-four illustrations; and *Strawberry Bank; or, Home from India*, by the author of "Busy Bee." With eight coloured illustrations (Seeley and Co.). We have here three pretty little stories, written in simple language and printed in a large clear type. Any of them, or all of them, would do very well to give to a child who has just learned to read alone. The illustrations in the *Life of a Bear* are, for a child's book, unusually good, though we cannot say the same for those of the two other stories. The eight coloured pictures of *Strawberry Bank* are mere daubs.

Waiting for a Crown, by the author of "Hetty's Resolve." With twenty-six illustrations (Seeley and Co.). We have here the early years of King David told in a hundred and ninety pages. Many houses are kept so dull on a Sunday that it is quite possible that there are children who will look upon such a story as this as an agreeable relief to a very long day. For our part, we must confess that we have a great dislike to see the Bible stories either cut down or drawn out.

Aunt Charlotte's Stories of English History for the Little Ones, by Charlotte M. Yonge (Marcus Ward). Before Miss Yonge wrote even for the Little Ones the story of the Great Rebellion from what we may call the *Heir of Redclyffe* point of view, she would not have done ill if she had first made herself acquainted with Mr. John Forster's writings. She might then have let the Little Ones hear something of the sufferings of Eliot as well as of the "good and earnest" Charles. It is wonderful that an author of Miss Yonge's ability and knowledge should write that at the beginning of the reign of Charles I. "for some years all went on quietly." This is a matter of fact which can be upset in a moment by a reference to any history worthy of the name. What she says about Cromwell's religious views is more a matter of opinion, and here we shall not take the trouble to argue against her. She says, "Cromwell was a religious man; but he chose to make out his religion from the Bible himself, instead of being taught by the Church, and so the very root of the matter was likely to be wrong with him." There are some writers who make out their history from their own imaginations, instead of being taught by the best authorities, and so the very root of the matter is likely to be wrong with them.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 6d., or \$7 50 gold, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. R. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 17 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—PARTICULAR ATTRACTIONS THIS DAY AND NEXT WEEK.

Saturday—(December 13).—Eleventh Saturday Concert.
Monday—Instrumental Music.
Tuesday and Thursday—Comedy by the Company of the Charing Cross Theatre.
Wednesday—Instrumental Concert.
Saturday—Production of Mr. E. L. Blanchard's New Christmas Annual, "Puss in Boots."
Admission, Monday to Friday, One Shilling; Saturdays, Half-a-Crown; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Production of the NEW CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, written expressly for the Crystal Palace by Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD. On SATURDAY NEXT.

CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY'S SCHOOL of PRACTICAL ENGINEERING.—Principal, Mr. J. W. WILSON, Assoc. Inst. C.E. The NEXT TERM, both in the Mechanical and Civil Engineering Sections, COMMENCES on Tuesday, January 6. Prospectus and all particulars in the Office of the School of Art, Science, and Literature, in the Library, near the Byzantine Court, Crystal Palace.
By Order of the Committee of Directors,
F. K. J. SHENTON, Superintendent Literary Department.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.—BURLINGTON GALLERY being required for the forthcoming EXHIBITION of the Complete Series of Engravings after Sir EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A., the EXHIBITION of ELIJAH WALTON'S OIL PAINTINGS and WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS will CLOSE on December 23. Open from Ten till Dusk. Admission, with Catalogue, 1s.

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DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the PRÆTORIUM," with "Night of the Crucifixion," "Christian Martyrs," "Francisco de Rimini," "Neophyte," "Andromeda," &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 25 New Bond Street. Ten till Six.—Admission, 1s.

ELIJAH WALTON.—EXHIBITION of OIL PAINTINGS and WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, Alpine, Eastern, Norwegian, &c., OPEN until December 23, at Burlington Gallery, 161 Piccadilly. From Ten till Dusk. Admission, with Catalogue, 1s.

AUTOTYPE GRAND FINE ART GALLERY.—ON VIEW, AUTOTYPE FACSIMILES of the Oxford Drawings, Louvre Pictures, and Ancient and Modern Masters. Christmas subjects.—36 Rathbone Place (next to Winsor & Newton).

"THE SHADOW of DEATH."—Painted by Mr. HOLMAN HUNT. Now on View from Ten till Five. 308 Old Bond Street.—Admission, One Shilling.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—THE TWELFTH WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES by the Members is now OPEN at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five.—Admission, 1s. ALFRED D. TRIPP, Secretary.

INSTITUTE of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—THE EIGHTH WINTER EXHIBITION is now Open, from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s. Gas on dark days. Gallery, 51 Pall Mall. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—The following are the Dates at which the several EXAMINATIONS in the UNIVERSITY of LONDON for the Year 1874 will commence:

Matriculation	Monday, January 12, and Monday, June 29.
First B.A.	Monday, July 29.
Second B.A.	Monday, October 21.
Branch I.	Monday, June 1; Branch II, Monday, June 8.
Branch III.	Monday, June 15.
First D. Litt.	Monday, June 1.
Second D. Litt.	Friday, October 13.
Scriptural Examinations	Tuesday, November 21.
First B.Sc.	Monday, July 29.
Second B.Sc.	Monday, October 20.
Within the first Twenty-one days of June.	
First L.L.B.	Thursday, January 8.
Second L.L.B.	Thursday, January 15.
Thursdays, January 15.	
Preliminary Scientific	Monday, July 29.
First M.B.	Monday, July 29.
Second M.B.	Monday, November 2.
Tuesday, November 2.	
Monday, November 2.	
Monday, November 2.	
Monday, November 2.	
Monday, May 1.	

The Examinations relating to the above Examinations and Degrees may be obtained on application to "The Registrar of the University of London" (Buckingham Gardens, London, W.) December 10, 1873. WILLIAM R. CARPENTER, M.D., Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of LONDON. MATRICULATION EXAMINATIONS. 1874.—The Course of PRIVATE and CLASS LESSONS for the next June Examinations, under the direction of the Rev. PHILIP MAGNUS B.Sc., B.A., will COMMENCE the 1st week in February.—Address: 2 Portland Road, W.

THE LONDON INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE.—Principal, Dr. LEONHARD SCHMITZ, F.R.S.E., late Rector of the High School, Edinburgh. The WINTER TERM will commence on Monday, January 19, 1874.—Applications for admission to be addressed to The Principal, at the College, Spring Grove, near Islington, Middlesex.

MALVERN COLLEGE. The next TERM will begin on MONDAY, January 26, 1874.

BRIGHTON COLLEGE. President.—The Earl of CHICHESTER.

Principal.—The Rev. C. BIGG, M.A., late Senior Student of Ch. Ch. Oxford. There are several Modern Forms including every new course, and also to be the Index in Aqueous Examinations. The School is well endowed with Exhibitions. FOUR SCOTLANDS, at about £200 a year, will be awarded by open competition in January.—Apply to the Rev. the SECRETARY.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE SCHOOL, Oxford, offers to the SONS of GENTLEMEN a direct Preparation for University distinctions and for the Scientific Branches of the Public Service. It has all the appliances of the best Schools, and special facilities for the study of modern subjects. The Terms are moderate, and include definite Preparation for Examinations. Numbers limited to 120.

Honours gained during the Year ending October 1873.

Classical Fellowship at Corpus.
Natural Science Fellowship at Magdalen.
Classical Fellowship at Magdalen.
Mathematical Scholarship at Magdalen.
Classical Scholarship at Magdalen Hall.
Open Classical Exhibition at Ch. Ch.
Open Classical Exhibition at Queen's.
Natural Science Scholarship at Worcester.
Indian Civil Engineering College.
Royal Engineers.
First Class in Natural Science.
Two First, one Second, Class in Mathematics.
Two First, four Second, Classes in Mathematics.

EXHIBITIONS.—CHATHAM HOUSE, Ramsgate.—An EXAMINATION will be held January 20, to award FOUR ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS, value £25, tenable for Two or more years.—Apply to Rev. the HEAD-MASTER.

WOOLWICH and ARMY DIRECT.—Rev. Dr. HUGHES (Wraugh, Ann.), who, with Twenty Years' experience, has passed 300 (and last September, for Woolwich), receives a few PUPILS expressly for the above.—Castlebar Court, Ealing, W.

GARRICK CHAMBERS.—LECTURES will be RESUMED on January 2, 1874. The Honour List for the years 1866-72 contains the Names of 131 SUCCESSFUL PUPILS, appointed to the following Departments:—

57 to the Civil Service of India.
19 to Attachships in the Diplomatic Services.
14 to the Foreign Office.
21 to other Superior Offices of the Home Civil Service.
11 to the Ceylon Service and to Chinese Interpreterships.
3 to the India Engineering College.

Of this number 33 gained the First place in their respective Competitions. The List may be had on application by letter to the LIBRARIAN, Garrick Chambers, Garrick Street, London.

ARMY, CONTROL, COOPER'S HILL, &c.—Mr. W. M. LUTON (Author of "English History and Arithmetic for Competitive Examinations") PREPARES CANDIDATES for the above, at 9 Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, and at Leatherside House, South Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.

CARSHALTON HOUSE, Surrey.—PREPARATION for Woolwich, the Line, the Navy, the Indian, Civil and Forest Services, as well as for Matriculation in Oxford, Cambridge, and London.—Terms moderate.

FOLKESTONE.—Mr. W. J. JEAFFRESON, M.A. Oxon (formerly Principal of the Elphinstone High School, Bombay) will continue, with the Assistance of a Cambridge Honour-Man, to prepare PUPILS for the Universities, Indian Civil Service, Woolwich, and all Competitive Examinations.—Terms and References on application.

ST. SWITHIN'S VICARAGE, Lincoln.—BOYS prepared for Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and the other Public Schools, by Rev. G. H. PRATT, M.A., Vicar of St. Swithin's, and O. TOWNSEND OLDHAM, Esq., B.A., Oriel Coll., Oxford. References to Parents of past and present Pupils given on application.

FRENCH.—Conversation, Reading, Special LESSONS on Pronunciation.—Translation.—Correspondence, by Dr. CLAUDON, Parisian, 443 Strand (opposite the Charing Cross Station). Dr. CLAUDON is M.D. of Paris, and M.R.C.S. of England, and has had ten years' successful experience in Teaching French in London. List of references sent free.

STOKE HOUSE, near SLOUGH.—The Rev. E. ST. JOHN PARRY (late of Tudor House, Durham Down, Bristol) has REMOVED to STOKE HOUSE, near Slough. Mr. PARRY prepares for the Public Schools generally, and also specially for the Scholarship Examinations at Eton, Winchester, and other Schools, as heretofore.—For further particulars apply to Mr. PARRY, Stoke House, Slough.

BURWICK GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—HEAD-MASTER WANTED.—There being a VACANCY in the HEAD-MASTERSHIP of the above School, Gentlemen who may desire to obtain particulars with a view to becoming Candidates for the Office are requested to apply to the Undersigned.

The Appointment will be made early in January next, so as the new Master may enter on his duties at the close of the Christmas Vacation.

By Order of the Trustees,
Ravensdowne, Berwick-upon-Tweed,
December 9, 1873.
H. J. WILLIAMS, Clerk.

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THE TWO INFALLIBILITIES.

LORD RUSSELL will preside on the eve of the ensuing Session at a great Protestant meeting for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the German Emperor in his contest with the Pope and the Roman Catholic clergy. It is an arduous task to decide between two conflicting claims to infallibility. On one side the Pope asserts his jurisdiction over all baptized persons; and on the other Lord Russell is the acknowledged representative and prophet of civil and religious liberty. Only a hardened bigot would venture on the hobby of doubting whether the proposed meeting will be consistent with the Bill of Rights, the speeches of Lord Somers and Mr. Fox, and the Act of Settlement. Even if the authority of Lord Russell were not in itself conclusive, he reminds Sir George Bowyer that the Whigs have, like the Roman Saints, an accumulated capital of supererogatory merit on which they can draw in favour of the German Emperor or of any other client who may be entitled to their patronage. "You seem," says Lord Russell, in answer to the remonstrance of his Catholic correspondent, "to forget the part the Whigs took in remedying your legitimate grievances." Having fifty years ago supported Catholic Emancipation, Lord Russell may set off early tolerance against his present leaning to persecution. As in the case of his venerable rival, there is some difficulty in distinguishing doctrines proclaimed *ex cathedra* from those which need not be implicitly accepted as articles of faith. To the unassisted reason it would seem that two of Lord Russell's propositions are at first sight inconsistent. "The autonomy of Ireland is asserted at Rome: I decline the Pope's 'rule over Ireland.'" Even the Pope would hesitate to affirm in the same breath both that Ireland had no external ruler, and that he was himself the foreign ruler of Ireland; and indeed he might add that he had never made either of the assertions which Lord Russell denies. Even the potentate who is to receive the unnecessary support of the meeting at Exeter Hall might profanely object that he is not Emperor of Germany, but Emperor in Germany, or, according to English idiom, German Emperor. The great Whig Pontiff would reply to both Pope and Emperor that his infallibility extends to facts as well as to articles of political faith. If Jansenists were excommunicated, not for holding the doctrine of their supposed founder, but for maintaining, in contradiction to a Pontifical Bull, that Jansen had never affirmed the doctrine which was declared to be heretical. It is necessary to believe that Pius IX. has described Ireland as independent, and as wholly dependent on Rome. It would be irrelevant to enter on the further inquiry whether the relations between the Holy See and Ireland have been in any manner affected by the decrees of the Vatican Council. When the Whigs were engaged in redressing the legitimate grievances of the Catholics, it was considered a proof of *bona fides* to refer to Papal claims of supremacy in Ireland.

If Sir George Bowyer were not politically and religiously tainted, he would have to turn first to the conclusion that the German Emperor is in a position to force this country to accept the every-day rule and every party, and he would then be bound to come to the House of Commons with "contempt and disgust." It is neither necessary nor useful to express an opinion on the expediency of Prince Bismarck's domestic policy. To say that the suppression of ecclesiastical independence is essential to the safety and unity of the Empire, which is undoubtedly regarded by the Emperor and the Emperor as the Vatican. As Sir George Bowyer declares, the English realm has nothing to do with the proceedings which he describes as

measures of persecution. "Prince Bismarck does not 'want your Lord Russell's sympathy, and he will be 'amused and laugh at the applause of English Liberals.' The distinction between temporal and spiritual affairs is not perpetual nor necessary. There are occasions when it is necessary to deal with religious dissidents as political malcontents; but in England the indifference of the State to religious dogmas has long since been admitted." Sir G. Bowyer forgets the histories of Bohemia, of Spain, and of France, when he asserts that force has never ultimately triumphed over religious opinion; but the English nation has not the slightest inclination to make or to revive the experiment of persecution. If it were possible to believe that Lord Russell was mistaken, Sir G. Bowyer might have some ground for suggesting that the Anglo-German Non-Popery movement would be very unjust to the "Majesty's Catholic subjects and injurious to the peace and welfare of the country." It may be true that, as Lord Russell complains, "the Roman Church disclaims equality, and will be satisfied with 'nothing but ascendancy'; but when Prince Bismarck and Lord Russell have done their best, or their worst, claim of ascendancy, whatever it may mean, will be modified or withdrawn. The only justification of Prince Bismarck's measures, if they are to be judged by an English standard, must be derived from the fact that he is dealing with an Established Church, and Lord Russell abandons his only ground when he identifies the pretensions of Rome in Ireland with the grievances of the German Catholic Church. It must be admitted that he is perfectly consistent with the policy of the DUKAK letter and of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. In 1851, as in 1873, it seemed intolerable to the typical Whig that the ecclesiastical pretensions of the Catholic hierarchy should exceed their legal powers. The consequence was an abortive Bill which was silently repealed by Parliament after it had remained inoperative, except as an offence and provocation, for twenty years.

There is perhaps still time to enlarge the scope of the resolutions which will be passed at Lord Russell's meeting. As Mr. MAX MILLER has recently stated, there are other proselytizing Churches in the world besides the Roman Catholic. The GRAND LAMA is perhaps too remote to create alarm in the minds of English Protestants, but the Sultan of Turkey proposes to inherit the prerogatives of the Caliphs, who were bound to offer infidelity the presumptuous alternative of conversion, of death, or of payment of tribute. Lord Russell indignantly denounces the ascendancy of the Pope over baptized persons, "and therefore including our Queen, the Princes of Wales, and our Bishops and clergy." He would scarcely regard with greater complacency the subordination of the Emperor and the bishops to the modern COMMANDER of the Faithful. Sir George Bowyer truly remarks that every bishop of the Established Church makes the same claim within his diocese, and every clergyman within his parish. Nonconformists are sometimes impatient of the pretence though it does them no practical harm. Ordinary Protestants dismiss their business and their money without ever remembering that the Grand LAMA has become a phantom great in the East. Progress still affects to stop this way. The No Popery meeting, if they cannot manage to antagonize one of their countrymen, might be directed to show that in proceeding against Roman Catholics they are simply helping the cause. Not a single Englishman, however, will be restrained in future by the Emperor or the Pope, and the English realm has nothing to do with the proceedings which he describes as

measures of persecution. Prince Bismarck does not 'want your Lord Russell's sympathy, and he will be 'amused and laugh at the applause of English Liberals.' The distinction between temporal and spiritual affairs is not perpetual nor necessary. There are occasions when it is necessary to deal with religious dissidents as political malcontents; but in England the indifference of the State to religious dogmas has long since been admitted." Sir G. Bowyer forgets the histories of Bohemia, of Spain, and of France, when he asserts that force has never ultimately triumphed over religious opinion; but the English nation has not the slightest inclination to make or to revive the experiment of persecution. If it were possible to believe that Lord Russell was mistaken, Sir G. Bowyer might have some ground for suggesting that the Anglo-German Non-Popery movement would be very unjust to the "Majesty's Catholic subjects and injurious to the peace and welfare of the country." It may be true that, as Lord Russell complains, "the Roman Church disclaims equality, and will be satisfied with 'nothing but ascendancy'; but when Prince Bismarck and Lord Russell have done their best, or their worst, claim of ascendancy, whatever it may mean, will be modified or withdrawn. The only justification of Prince Bismarck's measures, if they are to be judged by an English standard, must be derived from the fact that he is dealing with an Established Church, and Lord Russell abandons his only ground when he identifies the pretensions of Rome in Ireland with the grievances of the German Catholic Church. It must be admitted that he is perfectly consistent with the policy of the DUKAK letter and of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. In 1851, as in 1873, it seemed intolerable to the typical Whig that the ecclesiastical pretensions of the Catholic hierarchy should exceed their legal powers. The consequence was an abortive Bill which was silently repealed by Parliament after it had remained inoperative, except as an offence and provocation, for twenty years.

sionate amusement; but a wanton revival of No-Popery agitation will furnish new weapons to Irish demagogues, and quicken the chronic discontent of the Roman Catholic clergy. The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was from the first a dead letter in respect of its legal effect; but it nevertheless supplied a pretext for disaffection and clamour from the day on which it passed to the time of its repeal. Ecclesiastical will make every allowance for Lord Russell; but in Ireland he will be represented as the organ of English Liberal opinion. It is absurd to grudge the Pope any satisfaction which he may derive from a mystical claim to the allegiance of baptized or unbaptized persons. His adherents have long since abandoned all attempts to enforce his claims on the United Kingdom; and wordy pretensions are wholly innocuous. As Lord Russell answers Sir George Bowyer's temperate remonstrance by a reference to his former services to the Catholics, it would be useless to appeal further to his prudence and moderation. It may not be too late to express a hope that no other politician and no ecclesiastic holding a responsible position will be guilty of the impertinence of interfering in German affairs, or of the mischievous rashness of providing an excuse for Irish disaffection. Mr. WHALLEY might appropriately move, or second the resolutions which will be proposed at the meeting. That a veteran statesman of high rank should make himself ridiculous is a melancholy and unavoidable accident. It is not necessary that others should render his mischance more conspicuous by following his example.

COUNT DARU'S REPORT.

IT is long since a document has been issued in France so full of instruction, both with regard to the past and the present, as the Report which Count DARU has presented on behalf of the Commission charged to inquire into the history of France from the fall of the Empire to the constitution of Paris. It contains much that explains not only what took place three years ago, but a great deal of what is going on now—the attitude of parties to each other, the grievances they complain of, and the fears they entertain. The Report is drawn up with much moderation and good sense, and is as fair as any judgment on history so recent could be expected to be. Its general purport is to show that the Government of the 4th of September, being the fruit of a revolutionary movement, and coming into existence in defiance of the law, was from its outset tainted with the faults and weaknesses, not to say the vices, of its origin. The Revolution of the 4th of September was not premeditated by those who formed the new Government, and was really due to the agency of the leaders of the faction which ultimately set up the Commune. The only witness who acknowledged that he had contributed to bring it about was Count KÉRATY, who, the day before the outbreak took place, actually offered the post of Minister of War to General LA FLORE. JULES FAVRE, PICARD, and GAMBETTA all asserted that they knew nothing of it beforehand, and suffered themselves to be placed at the head of a Government which did neither more nor less than invent itself, mainly because they feared lest, if no one took the responsibility of giving a safe direction to the violence of the mob, there might be a frightful reign of licence which would expose the deputies attending the Corps Législatif to serious danger, and make impossible any effective resistance of Paris to the advancing enemy. TROCHU was induced to join the new Government on two conditions, one of which was that God, the family, and property should be respected; and the other, that he should be named President of the Council of the Government; and, having obtained the consent of those who were constituting themselves his colleagues, he proceeded to make an official call on General PALIKAO—a piece of politeness calculated, as Count DARU remarks, to astonish the object of Trochu's ceremonious respect. Meantime GAMBETTA had with his usual energy seized on the office of Minister of the Interior, and telegraphed to all the prefects the imaginary fact that the *déchéance* of the Empire had been voted by the Corps Législatif. It had been the intention of those who placed him in power that PICARD should be the Minister of the Interior, and when the nine members of the Government met on the night of the 4th to settle the distribution of offices, a very significant contest arose as to which of the two claimants of the all-important Ministry of the Interior should be recognized. By a majority of one voice the decision was made in favour of GAMBETTA, principally because he had already issued his telegram, and to replace him by

another Minister would be taken to show discord or hesitation among the new governors of France. But the issue was a most serious one; for PICARD represented that section of the new Government, to which TROCHU and JULES FAVRE also belonged, which held that the Government should be really a Government of National Defence, and no more; while GAMBETTA represented the section which held that the Government had not one, but two objects, to serve—to beat the Prussians, and to impose a Republic on France in the name of Paris.

It was owing to the ascendancy of GAMBETTA that from the outset everything was done to avoid connecting the new Government with the institutions of the country as lately existing, to insist on the Republic as a new beginning, and to treat France, apart from Paris, as a mere mass of force to be manipulated for the benefit of a party. Count DARU does justice to the sincerity of GAMBETTA's conviction that the institution of the Republic and the levy of the people in mass were the only effectual means of beating the Germans; but he says, with incontestable truth, that all the action of the Government was inspired by the same idea, and that resistance to GAMBETTA or dissension from his policy never succeeded in altering the essential character of the Government. Thus the new rulers of France fixed the seat of government at Paris, in a besieged city without means of communication with the interior, because Paris, although absurd as a seat of government, was really the seat, and the only seat, of the Revolution. GAMBETTA, in the same way, opposed the project of calling together a new Assembly. The more Conservative members of the Government had always an uneasy feeling that they were not dealing quite fairly with France, and that the want of any authority representing the nation constituted a most serious obstacle to success in negotiations with the enemy. But GAMBETTA never allowed them to do more than offer feeble and wavering suggestions; and when the news reached Paris that the Tours delegates had actually ventured on their own authority to order elections to be held, he immediately persuaded his colleagues to give him extraordinary powers, left Paris in a balloon, and on his arrival at Tours revoked the decree for the elections, and shortly after nominating himself Minister for War as well as of the Interior, became Dictator of France outside Paris. He had, while still in Paris, nominated eighty-nine Prefects in a day, and changed the staff in the office of the Interior until it had assumed a sufficiently revolutionary complexion. He had now full opportunity of trying his experiments of crushing what he believed to be the standing conspiracy of Legitimists and Clericals against the country, and of seeing what a levy in mass could do. With his proceedings his adversaries contrast their own. The graver Liberals of the Assembly were so apprehensive of the consequences of setting up a Government without a show of legality that M. GRÉVY went late on the afternoon of the Fourth to the Hôtel de Ville to see whether it could not be arranged that the new Government should take its commission from the Assembly and seem to be acting with its sanction. But it was too late; the Ministry had been proclaimed and had issued in its own name an address to the people. It is interesting, by the by, to hear how they manage these things in France. It appears to be, according to Count DARU, the traditional usage that when a revolution breaks out the gentlemen who propose to profit by it hurry into an upstairs room and write their names on little bits of paper, which they roll up and throw down to the mob outside. As the little rolls are picked up, they are opened, the names are read out, and a shout is given, and this process is turned nomination by acclamation of the people. As this ceremony had been successfully gone through before M. GRÉVY arrived, M. THIERS advised all the deputies in communication with him to go quietly to their homes in the provinces, to do all they could for their country, and to fight under the new Government rather than not fight at all. What the members of the present Assembly opposed to GAMBETTA say is that they acted on this sensible advice, that they thought of France and not of their party, and made the best resistance they could, although they had to range themselves under a dictator who was filled with a fanatical party spirit, and who sacrificed thousands of his countrymen to his absurd notions of the mode in which a successful war ought to be conducted. They wished for a legal continuity of the Government, for the submission of civilians to general guides in war, and for an Assembly which should represent France. He, as he himself said, claimed to govern France

after his own fashion, because he was inspired with the sentiments of Paris, and he audaciously seized on every means of power that came to hand, simply that the sentiments of Paris might prevail.

If we were called on to do justice to GAMBETTA, we might question whether Count DARU judges this black sheep quite fairly. Not that anything which the Report says is untrue or tainted with partiality; but Count DARU always assumes that such efforts as were made to raise new armies and send them against the Germans would have been made if the authority of Tours had been in the hands not of GAMBETTA, but of an Assembly elected suddenly in war time with many departments invaded, and Paris cut off from the rest of the country. This is by no means a safe assumption. It is also to be noticed that GAMBETTA gave a real impulse to Republicanism in France, and that, as election after election has recently shown, he was appealing to a much less factitious feeling than was commonly supposed at the time. But it is not with the verdict which history will pronounce on GAMBETTA that we are now concerned. It is because this Report throws so much light on the sentiments with which the more sensible members of the Right are animated that it is important for the study of current politics. They think that their case is complete against GAMBETTA, and against those like THIBERS who consent to act with him. They hold that it is he who broke with legality, placed a party before his country, stifled the voice of France, disappointed the hopes of those who were willing to fight at any cost, and made an earlier and a better peace impossible. In point of arbitrary measures for the benefit of a party, they are now doing exactly what he did; but then they say that he did it first, and that they must beat him and his friends with the weapons he used. Such a course seems to outsiders at once unpatriotic and foolish, but some allowance must be made for men who lately smarted under the evils they are now inflicting. But that he was tyrannous and final, and spoilt the chances of the war, is not all that they have to say against GAMBETTA. They say of him what they say of the whole Government of the 4th September—that the main responsibility for the insurrection of the Commune must be cast on him and them. This is, we think, fully proved by the Report. The Revolution of the 4th of September was really the work of the leaders of the Commune, and these leaders never ceased to try first to control, and then to supplant, the Government they had called into being. The members of the Government never really dared to resist their secret masters. They were always afraid of them, always ready to excuse them, and never ready to repress them. Even after the scandalous affair of the 31st of October, when the members of the Government were for some hours in the hands of the Communists, and when some of the principal Ministers were kept for hours in momentary expectation of death, the Government did not dare to punish the authors of the conspiracy, or even, after they had been arrested, to keep them in confinement; and yet the ease with which the outbreak was suppressed as soon as some firmness had been shown proved that the Commune might have been crushed in its germ without there being any reason to apprehend that an internal struggle would be excited that would have interfered with the defence of the city. For the culpable weakness thus exhibited Trochu is chiefly to blame; but all the Ministry must share the reproach, and that it was the parent of the Commune will always be the greatest domet of the Government of the 4th September in the eyes of Frenchmen.

THE FEDERATION OF EMPLOYERS.

THE expediency of establishing a "National Federation of Associated Employers of Labour" is doubtful, although the reasons which may be urged for trying the experiment are obvious and plausible. It is perhaps not a sufficient objection to the plan that it virtually recognizes the propriety of the combinations which it is intended to counterbalance. Since Trade Unions have been long established, and as they involve no violation of the law, it is a waste of time to continue the controversy as to their economic utility. A large minority of skilled workmen believe that the organization is beneficial; and in some parts of the country the agricultural labourers have lately been persuaded to form Unions of their own. The eulogists of Trade Unions are perhaps biased by political considerations; and some of them may be suspected of a desire to

court popularity with a class which has lately increased its electoral power. With few exceptions employers dislike and resent the influence of the Unions and their managers over the workmen; and although in some districts, and in certain trades, it has been found necessary or convenient to negotiate with the Councils which administer the affairs of the Unions, there is probably not a single manufacturer or large tradesman in the kingdom who would not rejoice at the collapse of the system. Even if the rates of wages were alone in question, the pressure placed on employers by the Unions would cause much annoyance; but the interference of strangers with the hours and the other conditions of labour, and their efforts to introduce an artificial uniformity of work and of pay, are still more vexatious and irritating. The wild theories of the demagogues who enjoy the confidence of the artisans as to the relations of capital and labour are well calculated to cause alarm. It would be surprising if plans for resisting the Trade Unions were not from time to time proposed; but there are grave practical considerations which have hitherto induced prudent capitalists to hesitate before resorting to a mode of defence which will be understood by the Trade Unions as a declaration of hostility. Experience has shown that large numbers and approximate equality of condition facilitate combination. A few intelligent mine-owners or iron-masters include among them more elements of disunion than tens of thousands of the workmen whom they employ. Intelligence and wealth tend to promote an independence which is scarcely compatible with discipline; and it sometimes happens, as in the case of the South Wales strike at the beginning of the present year, that an employer is compelled to choose between ruin to himself and loyal adherence to his neighbours who are engaged in the same business. The currency of a single large contract may render submission to the demands of discontented workmen the only mode of escaping bankruptcy.

If difficulties are found in the maintenance of combined resistance in a single trade, more complicated embarrassments will arise if the whole body of employers undertake to render one another mutual aid. It is scarcely possible that Lancashire cotton-spinners should be able to form a judgment of the merits of a dispute in the mineral business of Northumberland or of Wales. The institution of a general association of masters will draw closer the federal relations which already exist among the different Trade Unions; and it is possible that a strike might be organized at Manchester in support of a demand for higher wages at the other end of the kingdom. To a certain extent the workmen are justified in the assertion that organized union is more necessary to themselves than to the employers. In ordinary times capitalists engaged within the same district in any kind of business agree among themselves on matters of prices and of wages, although they have little power to control dissentients who may have special interests of their own. It is unnecessary, and perhaps undesirable, to substitute a permanent combination for temporary arrangements which are habitually made as occasion arises. A general federation of employers will be formidable in appearance, while it is not certain that it will be found practically efficient. The objects which are said to be contemplated by the promoters of the scheme are too vague to justify a formal organization. The proposal to fight working-men with their own weapons is little better than a figure of speech, unless it means that a common fund is to be raised by contribution to support employers in lock-outs and in resistance to strikes; and yet, for reasons which have been already stated, it would be neither just nor possible that a general body or council of capitalists should judge of the merits of every dispute as to wages or hours of work which may occur in any special trade.

The purpose of securing to education, intelligence, and capital their fair share of influence in the constituencies is strictly political, and probably it comes too late. It would be highly inexpedient that the impending contests on extension of the franchise and on redistribution of electoral districts should be conducted by two antagonistic classes rather than by two political parties. Many of the eminent employers of labour who take part in the new Association are Liberals either of the moderate or of the extreme section of the party; and probably they will continue to support the present Government even in the questionable attempt to give additional power to the working classes. In all recent schemes of reform, and especially in the plan of transferring the control of the county representation to the farm-labourers, nothing

is further from the intention of democratic politicians than to cultivate the smallest regard for education, intelligence, or capital. It may perhaps be possible, for a time at least, to defeat the proposed deterioration of the constituency, but the proposal would acquire new popularity if it were resisted by associations of employers acting professedly in defence of their own interests. The true reasons for opposing similar measures have nothing to do with the regulation of wages, or with the other questions on which employers and workmen have come into collision. The law of conspiracy and the law of master and servant will perhaps be altered more or less largely in accordance with the demands of the Unions, and it is not desirable that the matter should be mixed up with questions relating to the suffrage. The Trade Unions have hitherto only occasionally adopted the suggestion of Mr. BRIGHT that they should use their organization for political purposes. It is as well that no excuse for a noxious agitation should be furnished by the employers. One conclusive reason for not engaging in the struggle is that the masters would be outvoted by the men. Some of the promoters of the new Association possess considerable local influence, which depends on the maintenance of the distinction between politics and private business.

Although manufacturers and traders may perhaps not be well advised in formally accepting the challenge of the Trade Unions, they are not to be blamed for discerning the dangers to which they are undoubtedly exposed. The arguments addressed to Mr. LOWE by the deputation of employers are the more reasonable because the advocates of the Trade Unions have of late conducted a one-sided controversy. It may be hoped that the Government will not sanction any change in the law which affixes penalties to the ordinary modes of persecution by Trade Unions. The agitators who insist that combined workmen shall only be subject to the provisions of the ordinary criminal law well know that the modes of oppression which are now prohibited are exclusively practised by Unionists. Some of the members of the deputation properly reminded Mr. LOWE that the present law is necessary for the protection not only of masters, but of non-Unionist workmen, who probably form a majority of the whole body. In dealing with trade legislation the Association of Employers may probably exercise a useful influence. If the members can in their combined capacity do little directly for the defence of intelligence, education, and capital, they may at least, within their several spheres of influence, discountenance on all occasions the revolutionary spirit. There are industrial capitalists who listen with complacency to newfangled projects for transferring the property in land from the present owners to the occupiers, or of subjecting the land to special taxation on some fallacious pretext. The agitators affect to discover in land some peculiar quality which exceptionally fits it for spoliation; but those who have invested their money in mines or manufactories may be well assured that their rights will be exposed to imminent danger when property once ceases to be an ultimate and unquestionable fact. The associated workmen of the Continent denounce capital more fiercely than landed property; and even in England revolutionary demagogues have often hinted that the profits of the master justly belong to his men. Free land, whatever the phrase may imply, will involve similar freedom of dealing with capital, irrespectively of the discretion of its owners. No systematic combination is required to oppose socialistic schemes of subversion; but it is possible and prudent to abstain from all participation in revolutionary projects. The strongest argument for the establishment of the proposed Association is to be found in the names of the promoters; but even the authority of the greatest trading capitalists in the kingdom is not conclusive evidence that their plan is feasible.

MR. WINTERBOTHAM.

THE news of Mr. WINTERBOTHAM'S death has been received with general and sincere regret, and it is a satisfactory symptom of the spirit that prevails in English political life that the leading Conservative journal showed an honourable readiness to pay a tribute to the merits of an opponent. Mr. WINTERBOTHAM has died early, and has had but a short Parliamentary career. Latterly, too, his name has been little heard, as he spoke so well in the first years after his election that he was promoted with unusual rapidity to the silence and obscurity of a subordinate

appointment. While he was still free, he had given the promise of an oratorical success considerably beyond the usual level of speakers who speak well enough to be promoted. He had shown that he could be independent and yet conciliatory, and he impressed on what he said and did the stamp of earnest convictions and of thoughts produced by study and matured by reflection. But he very wisely gave up the luxury of thinking and acting for himself when a chance of office presented itself. It is very difficult for a young man of promise to get a seat in these days, especially if he is on the Liberal side; but if a member is elected at the age when Mr. WINTERBOTHAM was returned for Stroud, much the best thing he can do is to look on Parliamentary life as a business for which he must carefully train himself by helping to conduct an important department of the State. Under Lord ABERDEEN Mr. WINTERBOTHAM had certainly the opportunity of seeing how such a department should not be conducted, rather than of seeing how it should be; but both forms of experience have much to teach a thoughtful and capable observer. At any rate Mr. WINTERBOTHAM showed in his last public speech, made at Bristol towards the end of October, that he had learnt one great lesson from office, and that was the immense importance to the nation of the chief departments of State being administered in a satisfactory manner. As he pointed out, Parliament sits only five months in the year, and during the remaining seven months the chief of each office is practically uncontrolled. We are so accustomed to speak habitually of the supremacy of Parliament that we are apt to forget how much power each Minister has, and how many things he may do, and how many interests he may affect, without Parliament having any practical means of challenging or reversing his decisions. It is only when gross blunders or glaring faults are committed or exposed, such as the Zanzibar Contract and the misappropriation of the Post Office money, that Parliament can intervene and give a Minister a severe and salutary lesson. Ordinarily a Minister does very much what he pleases, and even in such a case as that of Lord ABERDEEN, all that criticism could do was to reduce him from the weakness of precipitate action to the weakness of helpless inactivity. Mr. WINTERBOTHAM shaped his observations so as to lead to the conclusion that, as the prevailing spirit of an Administration is sure to colour most of its acts, and as the prevailing spirit of a Liberal Administration is the only right one, it is desirable that a Liberal Government should be always in office. It is better that a young official should show an innocent enthusiasm on behalf of his party and his superiors than that he should be overwhelmed by the dry prose of small Ministerial duties without a ray of poetry to enliven them. No one, therefore, would grudge Mr. WINTERBOTHAM his ray of poetry if he were living, and now that he is dead it adds to the regret which his loss has occasioned that one of the few young officials capable of appreciating the romantic side of Parliamentary ambition should have passed away. But it is obvious that, if criticism were started on Mr. WINTERBOTHAM'S theory, there would be a wide field for it to work on. The spirit of a Liberal Administration, if Mr. GLADSTONE'S Administration is to be taken as a typical one, has shown itself as a spirit energetic, inventive, and ready to consider and meet the wants of the nation at any cost to individuals; but it has also shown itself as a spirit prone to premature changes, delighting in crude proposals, dictatorial towards the whole non-Ministerial world, and fond of an economy often sadly misplaced, while not wholly averse to indefensible jobs.

It will not be easy for Mr. GLADSTONE to find a new Under-Secretary of the Home Office of anything like equal promise and merit. There are no more young Liberals who have deserved promotion, and when we learn the name of the person selected we shall probably find that the name of any one among twenty or thirty other persons would seem equally fit. This is not at all wonderful. The Ministry has been five years in office, and the same House of Commons has been sitting all the time. There have been a great many appointments to fill up, and gradually Mr. GLADSTONE has used up the list of serviceable subordinates with which the elections of 1868 furnished him. Under similar circumstances this result must inevitably happen, whoever is in power; and what we are chiefly concerned with is whether there is any reason to prospect of the next general election providing a good stock of Liberal recruits. Very serious doubts on this head may be justly entertained. In the first place, the

constituencies are more and more showing themselves inclined to return candidates who could make no pretension to office, who are elected on very narrow issues, and who are returned to look after the interests of a locality, a trade, or a sect. In the next place, the supply of the right kind of men seems failing. Mr. WINTERBOTHAM himself seems to have been much struck with this, and in his speech at Bristol he set himself to inquire how it happened that he could find among his contemporaries so few men of his own type. He was a Nonconformist, believing in Nonconformity, with a mind deeply imbued with the literature of the first half of the seventeenth century, and yet honestly striving to see things in as broad and as true a light as possible. He regretted to observe that young Nonconformists had no zeal for Nonconformity and no interest in education. They no longer studied, thought, and fought for their principles, but gave themselves up to getting on in the world; and so powerful is the influence of the world that, as he said, it has passed into a proverb that no Dissenting family keeps a carriage for three generations. A pair of horses inevitably instils Anglican convictions into the minds of the grandchildren of the toughest Dissenters. No doubt some of the finer traits of the Puritan character have faded away simply because the air of modern society is not wholesome and pure enough for them. But Mr. WINTERBOTHAM might have traced other causes at work to produce the effect he deplored, if he had pursued his inquiry. As time goes on, Dissenters, unless they fan their ardour by busying themselves with working the machinery of their sect, are apt to grow lukewarm about Nonconformity, not only because the carnal influences of a pair of horses sap their spiritual strength, but because, when they come to consider why they quarrel with the Church, they find that they have uncommonly little to quarrel about. In the days when Dissenters were excluded from public life merely because they were Dissenters, they had something to quarrel about that was worth the trouble. They had to fight not for the proposition that some one of the Thirty-nine Articles is possibly wrong, but for the proposition that a man who thinks one of those Articles possibly wrong should not be treated by his countrymen as an alien and an outcast. Directly the political basis of Dissent was cut away, Dissent lost the serious enthusiasm which is excited by a fierce but honourable struggle, and was left to split little theological straws in face of modern criticism and modern literature. It is the Liberalism which Mr. WINTERBOTHAM so much admired that has withered the Nonconformity he so much loved.

The advent of an educated, serious, cautious Nonconformist like Mr. WINTERBOTHAM, a revival of the Puritan of the Miltonian type in the political world of the nineteenth century, is something too exceptional to warrant any hopes of its frequent repetition. Educated Liberalism in these days is apt to develop into two types, very different from that which Mr. WINTERBOTHAM presented. First, there is the type of the impulsive Liberal, who glories in starting blazing principles, the friend above all things of the people, thinking every democratic change justified simply by its being democratic, and satisfied to his heart's core if a mob approves him. Secondly, there is the educated Liberal, whose education makes him cautious and perhaps timid, who sees the worth of the work of preceding generations, who is oppressed with the greatness and perplexity of the issues offered to modern society, and who cannot bring himself to believe or say that all Conservatives are fools or useless, because daily life shows him that nothing of the sort is true. The first type suits constituencies, but is not adapted to office. The second type is adapted to office, but does not suit constituencies. The Liberal party therefore seems likely to run short of promising young officials, and in twenty years or less it will be seen how serious a loss this is to the nation. Mr. STANSFELD, who has spoken at Liverpool this week, and who amply recognized the merits of the colleague he had just lost, made an earnest appeal to the Liberal party to heal its differences, to show a readiness to accept compromises, and to think only of the good of the party and the nation. We have not a word to say against the general tendency of his remarks, for, unless what he recommends is carried out, the Liberal party must become every day feebler and more ignoble. But Mr. STANSFELD's speech itself showed how great are the difficulties that stand in his way. He attempted to surmount unpleasant facts by ignoring them. He touched on the charges made against the Administration, and said that he had no objection to them,

for, while they amused those who made them, they produced no effect on the Ministry. The audacity of such a statement is little short of sublime when it comes from the mouth of a member of a Cabinet which has just been shifted and reshifted in order to repair the mischief of old shortcomings, and to give it, if possible, new strength. Mr. STANSFELD also dealt with the Education Act, and strongly advised that peace should be once more made to reign in the Liberal party with regard to the thorny questions which this Act has called into life. But if what he said is to be taken to have its natural meaning, his real opinion must be supposed to be that this desirable result is to be brought about by Mr. FORSTER being induced to allow the policy embodied in his Act to be materially changed: Conservatives would see in this nothing more than another instance of the leaders of the Liberal party capitulating to the pressure of their extreme adherents, and probably would be very glad that a general election should be held as soon as possible after the Government had accepted such a position. It can scarcely be that the true means of recruiting the Liberal party and supplying it with the statesmen of the future is to be found in the Government laughing at the notion of its having made mistakes, or altering its education policy at the last moment to please its discontented allies.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THE French elections of Sunday repeat the same story that has been told by every election since the 24th of May, though some additional significance is given by the fact that even Brittany has now pronounced in favour of Republican institutions. The Conservatives have tried to find comfort in the reflection that nearly two-fifths of the voters were on their side, a gain which they attribute to the confidence inspired by the prolongation of Marshal MACMAHON's powers. This ingenious theory shows at all events that French Conservatives have the grace of humility. They are not above making a meal on the crumbs which fall from the Republican table. Nearly two-fifths is a highly respectable minority, except at election time; but it argues a singularly thankful spirit to be able to say grace over it at the moment that the poll has been declared. Nor is it by any means certain that the fact that the minority has proved somewhat larger than the Conservatives expected is as consoling as the *Journal de Paris* makes out. Even supposing that the prolongation of Marshal MACMAHON's powers has won some votes for the Conservative candidates, what does this mean except that certain electors who would not have supported the Government when it was supposed to be bent on re-establishing the Monarchy are willing to support it now that it is assumed to have identified itself with the Republic? This is not the thoroughgoing partisanship which French Conservatives desire. They have shown by abundant proofs that a Conservative Republican is as hateful to them as a Radical Republican. M. THIERS has come in for as much of their wrath as M. GAMBETTA. The knowledge that a fraction of the constituencies which formerly accepted M. THIERS as its representative is now inclined to see the same qualities in Marshal MACMAHON is rather calculated to excite distrust of the measure which has worked the change. Governments often take their colours from their supporters, and if Marshal MACMAHON should learn to regard himself as a Republican President, he might insensibly fall to the level of his predecessor. As yet, however, there is not much ground for fearing so melancholy a result. The recruits who come into the Government are too few to make any sensible impression on the mass of solid Conservatism which has attached itself to Marshal MACMAHON in default of anything better to cling to.

It would be too much perhaps to say that the elections of Sunday have strengthened the purpose of the Government to amend the electoral law, because even before this last manifestation of French opinion it had been determined that such a Bill should be brought forward. But they have shown, at all events, that it is not safe to trust to any alteration in the composition and character of the Executive for maintaining the Conservatives in power. The Duke of BUCCHIE must look with lessened confidence to his Bill about Mayors, since, if Prefects have proved useless in the departments, the magic of Ministerial patronage may prove equally ineffective in the Communes. There are only two alternatives, therefore, open to the Government. Either it must recognize that France has

become Republican, or it must devise measures for preventing Republican France from making its voice heard. From time to time there are rumours pointing to the existence within the Cabinet of a disposition to take the former course. They are usually contradicted as soon as they become public, but they reappear again with a persistency which seems to show that, if not true, they are at least consonant with what men who know the composition of the Ministry think likely to be true. According to these stories, the Duke of Broglie and the Duke Dezares are not agreed upon the policy which the Conservatives ought to pursue. The Duke of Broglie wishes, if possible, to win back the Right to the side of the Government. The Duke Dezares holds that fresh support ought rather to be looked for in the direction of the Left Centre. If this alleged difference of opinion is anything more than an imagination, it shows that the Right Centre is not so entirely led by its fears as might have been expected from its taking the Duke of Broglie for its mouthpiece. The marvel is that any considerable number of intelligent Frenchmen, not pledged, either by their convictions or by their antecedents, to the maintenance of an impracticable loyalty, should shut their eyes to such patent facts. All appearances seem to prove that France has become Republican, but at the same time there can be little doubt that the variety of Republicanism really popular in the country is one of an extremely Conservative character. The nation would seem to have made up its mind that the establishment of Republican institutions will do more than anything else to secure the kind of conditions under which it wishes to live; but, provided that such institutions were honestly created, it would be willing to all appearance to see them administered by men who have little or nothing in common with the traditional Republican type. If the Government of the 24th of May had been able to convince the electors that its Conservatism was compatible with a firm determination to maintain the Republic intact, it is quite possible that the elections would already have shown a change in the view taken of it. But, instead of even attempting to make the electors feel this confidence, the Government went out of its way to make it impossible. It played fast and loose with the project of a Restoration, until at length it became pretty well understood that, though nominally the Ministers of the Republic, the Cabinet was really only holding office until a Monarchy could be set up in its room. Even now it is probably not too late to adopt a different policy. The Duke of Broglie is perhaps too much identified with reactions and restorations to be trusted to carry out the change, even supposing that he could be brought to see the necessity of it; but if the Conservative majority knew their own interests, they would try to form a Cabinet with the Duke Dezares, or some politician of the same school, as Prime Minister, and a Conservative but honest Republicanism as its policy. Such a Government might command the whole of the Right Centre, and a very large part of the Left Centre, in the existing Assembly, and might even be able, when once its honesty was believed in, to secure the return of another Assembly differing much less completely from its predecessor than at present threatens to be the case.

The other alternative is the mutilation of universal suffrage. The Committee of Thirty are certain to bring this forward, and as yet the Government shows every inclination to make the measure its own. It is easy enough to construct a theoretical argument against universal suffrage, and M. CÉZANNE, one of the Liberal minority in the Committee, has frankly admitted the many objections to which it is open. But the practical argument against interfering with it, when once established, outweighs all that can be urged on the other side. If any large section of the population is excluded from the franchise when it has once possessed it, it is ticketed thenceforward as a party hostile to the established order of things. The object of all wise Reform Bills is to make the extension of political power go hand in hand with the growth of political consciousness. The object of such a Reform Bill as the Committee of Thirty will probably introduce is to restrict political power after political consciousness has been developed in a way which the authors of the Bill dislike. A measure of this kind is nothing short of an invitation to the excluded electors to take other than political methods to attain their ends. Hitherto they have gone peaceably to the poll, and given voice to their opinions by sending deputies to the Assembly. Are they now to be told that in

future the poll will be closed to them, and that the right of making themselves heard by their representatives will be theirs no longer? If these men were destitute of political opinions they might submit to this discipline without murmuring. But the motive for applying it is that they do possess political opinions; and in that case these opinions are likely one day to make themselves heard in some more revolutionary fashion than the return of a Republican candidate.

GENERAL GRANT ON THE CURRENCY.

THE full text of the American President's Message adds a little to the information contained in the telegraphic summary. The most laboured part of the document consists of a disquisition on the currency, which was unintelligible in the abridged form, and which is, if possible, obscure still when it is published at length. It is not for forebears to discuss the expediency of entering on controverted questions in communications between the Executive Government of the United States and the Legislature, but the introduction of a similar practice would be extremely inconvenient in England. A European Chancellor of the Exchequer or Finance Minister is supposed to be appointed with reference to his special knowledge, and it happens that at this moment, in France as well as in England, the most skilful and experienced financier of the day presides over the national Treasury. The American Secretary of the Treasury is placed at some disadvantage by the constitutional arrangement which excludes the President's Ministers from Congress. The Finance Committees of the Senate and the House discharge part of the duties which elsewhere belong to a Finance Minister, and they may at their pleasure disregard any or all of the recommendations of the Secretary of the Treasury. In the Report of his department, Mr. RICHARDSON naturally uses all the arguments which may be urged in support of his various proposals; and he also, according to custom, gives an account of the measures in which he has exercised a discretion. It is more worthy of remark that the President himself devotes a great part of his Message to the exposition of his personal views. It is probable that he never studied finance until he became simultaneously a politician and the first officer of the Republic; and he was certainly not elected to his first or second term of office through any confidence which could have been reposed in his financial skill. His only claim to attention in matters of currency, besides the respect which is due to his high position, is that he brings a fresh mind to investigations which have evidently a genuine interest for him; and yet the strongest common sense is as incapable of mastering the mysteries of the currency as of throwing light on the abstrusest of metaphysical problems. There seems to be no material difference of opinion between the President and the Secretary of the Treasury; but the language of the Message is more argumentative and more earnest than the text of the Secretary's Report.

Although the revenue has, as might have been expected, fallen off in consequence of the late financial disturbances, the President is inclined to hold that the panic has been a blessing in disguise. If he is right, it is perhaps scarcely consistent to recommend that measures should be taken to prevent the recurrence of a disaster which produced a balance of advantage to the community. The President practically explains his meaning by stating his belief that a long step has been taken towards the restoration of specie payments, which he rightly holds to be the indispensable condition of a sound currency. The process of reasoning by which he arrives at this satisfactory conclusion is left to conjecture; nor is the matter in any degree elucidated by the further remark that "a specie basis cannot be reached and maintained until 'our exports, exclusive of gold, pay for our imports.'" The obsolete delusion of the balance of trade still prevails in the United States, or at least at Washington; nor has it occurred to General Grant's mind that a specie currency would tend to retain gold in the country by making it an indispensable commodity. He next congratulates Congress on the past and probable increase in the domestic production of precious metals; and he expresses the opinion that, if half the gold produced could be retained in the country, the return to specie payments would be rapidly attained. It seems that "to increase our exports sufficient currency is required to keep all the industries of the country employed." A less confident theorist

would have reflected that many other conditions of price and demand affect the amount of commodities exported. It is difficult to understand the statement that "the impossibility of competing in our own markets for the products of home skill and labour, and the repeated renewals, give elasticity to our circulating medium." It might be supposed that the passage had been incorrectly reported or printed, if other parts of the same document were not almost equally mysterious. The purport of the PRESIDENT's argument becomes somewhat clearer when he suggests that a metallic currency would be necessarily elastic. Gold would leave the country when there was a superfluity, and it would be brought back when it was required by a high rate of interest. The disadvantages in this respect of an inconvertible paper currency were forcibly illustrated during the autumn panic. The issue of greenbacks was necessarily limited by law; and, as they were exclusively used at home, there was no possibility of drawing supplies from abroad. An influx of gold would not have served the purpose as long as specie commanded a premium in comparison with paper. If the PRESIDENT would always apply the term of elasticity in the sense of an increase or diminution in the supply of gold, his reasoning would be less perplexing. Notwithstanding his well-founded appreciation of the advantages of a specie currency, General GRANT appears to have been deeply impressed by the scarcity during the crisis of greenbacks, which were hoarded by the holders because there was nothing else to hoard. His strange remark that the actual currency of the United States is the best which has ever been devised seems to require explanation. There is no doubt that the credit of the United States is, since the rejection of former projects of repudiation, sufficient to sustain a circulation of paper which has become relatively smaller in consequence of the increase of population and trade; yet the PRESIDENT himself repeatedly expresses the belief that a gold currency would be preferable to inconvertible paper. Again reverting to the supposed advantages of elasticity, General GRANT complains that the irregular demand at different times of the year renders money sometimes cheaper and sometimes dearer. He has learned from his former Secretary of the Treasury the odd phrase of "moving the crops," which furnished Mr. BOUTWELL with a pretext for a wilful breach of the law. It would seem that the natural provision against inequalities in the demand for money or the supply was to allow prices to regulate themselves accordingly.

The frequent and rapid fluctuations of the rate of discount in England during the present year have furnished a striking illustration of the absurdity of contrivances for making currency elastic. The Bank rate has been altered, at irregular intervals, on an average once a month, and the variation has ranged from three to nine per cent. The highest point was reached in November; in June the rate was seven per cent., and in August it sank to three per cent. Early in the spring, when only a few moderate changes had occurred, an ingenious member of the House of Commons, who would have been more suitably placed in Congress, proposed that measures should be adopted for securing trade against the inconvenience of varying rates of discount; and although his suggestion met with little favour in the House, the delusion on which it was founded has never been permanently dispelled. A quarter of a century ago the so-called Birmingham School was busy with devices for making money cheap whenever it became, from any cause, naturally dear; and the PRESIDENT of the United States and his SECRETARY of the TREASURY are at present urging upon Congress the trial of a similar experiment. Their practical conclusion is that the banks should be prohibited from paying interest on deposits. The fancy that money, or any other kind of property, belongs not to the owner, but to the community, or to some abstract or imaginary body, has never been more crudely avowed than in the Presidential Message. "Elasticity in our monetary system is the object to be attained first; and next to that, as far as possible, a prevention of the use of the people's money and stocks in other species of speculation." It is wonderful that in the United States, where the functions and powers of Government are supposed to have been reduced to the lowest point, a President should imagine that it is the duty of the Legislature to prevent the investment of money in any kind of speculation which may suit the purpose of capitalists or borrowers. The people's money cannot be misapplied without the will of the people, but the President speaks of the people in its national or corporate capacity,

while the people or persons who have the deposits at the banks are private individuals. It cannot be said that the PRESIDENT's discourse on currency is instructive, but he and the SECRETARY of the TREASURY deserve credit for their refusal to repeat Mr. BOUTWELL's irregularities.

MR. BRIGHT IN A PASSION.

JUST now Mr. BRIGHT's temper and memory seem to be equally short. In the extraordinary narrative of the proceedings of the Government with regard to the Education Act with which he favoured his constituents, he forgot some rather important incidents which had happened, although he made up for it, it is true, by remembering some other incidents which never happened. On this subject, however, it may be presumed that he has accepted the corrections of the Cabinet, and has made amends to the VICE-PRESIDENT of the COUNCIL. It appears that Mr. BRIGHT has also forgotten the time when or the speech in which he used the word "residuum"; and this is the more remarkable because it seems to imply that he has also forgotten what he himself had to say about the use of a similar expression by Mr. LOWE. It is sometimes convenient to remember to forget, and, as Dr. KENNEL has observed, men seldom care to recollect passages in their lives of which they have reason to be ashamed. This may perhaps account for Mr. BRIGHT's oblivion in the present instance. As the story is an historical one, it may be worth repeating.

In 1866 Mr. LOWE, who was then doing his utmost to resist the Reform Bill which afterwards carried him into office, made some remarks with regard to a part of the lower classes of the population which, taken away from the context and twisted out of their obvious meaning, were construed by Mr. BRIGHT and his friends into an insolent attack on the whole working classes of the country. What Mr. LOWE said was simply that "venality, ignorance, drunkenness, the means of intimidation, and impulsive, unreflecting, violent people" were more likely to be found at the bottom than at the top of the constituencies. The remark is a commonplace, and is confirmed by familiar experience. It is not an attack on the working classes, but a simple matter of fact, to say that people who take bribes and get drunk are to be found chiefly among the poorer classes of electors. Those who are conventionally called gentlemen have no doubt faults and vices of their own; but they are not often found staggering in the streets, and a five-pound note is not much of a temptation to them. Mr. LOWE referred to abuses notoriously existing in many constituencies, and daily being exposed before the Election Committees which were then sitting. Mr. BRIGHT, however, chose to fasten on the sentence a meaning of his own. The Reform League, which derived its inspiration from Mr. BRIGHT, loaded Mr. LOWE with the most virulent abuse, and did its best to make him an object of hatred—perhaps, as he said, a mark for the vengeance—of his fellow-countrymen. Mr. BRIGHT lent his voice to encourage this persecution. He publicly suggested that a garbled version of Mr. LOWE's words should be posted up in every workshop and factory in the country, so as to keep alive a feeling of animosity and desire for vengeance against the man to whom the words were falsely imputed; and soon after Mr. LOWE was mobbed and hooted by the adherents of the League when going to and from the House of Commons. Mr. LOWE's defence was simply the reproduction of the language he had actually used, in its complete form; but he also pointed out that he had only repeated in substance what his most bitter and malicious assailant had himself said. In 1859 Mr. BRIGHT had observed that there were "some scores in very small constituencies, some hundreds in others, a few thousand, perhaps, in the largest, of a class of which there are unfortunately too many among us—namely, the excessively poor—many of them intemperate, some of them profligate; some of them, it may be, only unfortunate, some of them naturally incapable, but all of them in a condition of dependence such as to give no reasonable expectation that they would be able to resist the many temptations which rich and unscrupulous men would offer them to give their votes in a manner not only not consistent with their own opinions and consciences, if they have any, but not consistent with the representation of the town or city in which they live." Mr. LOWE put the idea a little more tersely, but the idea is the same. In 1867 Mr. BRIGHT toned down what he had formerly said into the qualified remark that there was in all, or nearly all, the boroughs "a small class, which it

"would be much better for themselves if they were not enfranchised, because they have no independence what-ever"; and he added, "I call this class the residuum of almost hopeless poverty and dependence."

This is one side of the story; and we have just had the other side presented to us. What Mr. BRIGHT seven years ago did to Mr. LOWE, a clergyman at Manchester is alleged to have now done to Mr. BRIGHT; and Mr. BRIGHT, without inquiring whether the report sent to him is correct, lashes out upon the unfortunate gentleman in the most fearful way. He can hardly find words to express his overflowing fury, and splutters in his rage and maledictions. He seems to leap on his enemy in his wrath; and one can almost fancy him chasing the unhappy priest round the churchyard and into the pulpit, rending the gown from his back, and then trying to stuff the shreds down his throat. "The statement of this slanderous clergyman," Mr. BRIGHT writes, "is false, and if he is not a singularly ignorant person, he must know it to be false." He is "a hot partisan priest, ignorant and scurrilous," and "his congregation should pray for him." It may be thought, perhaps, that this is rather the vituperation of gentlemen of the pavement than the sort of language which might be expected from a Cabinet Minister. It is not our business to defend the clergyman, who has, however, explained that he merely quoted Mr. BRIGHT's own words. But, we would ask, what would have been said if Mr. LOWE in 1866 had written in this way of Mr. BRIGHT, and had called him a slanderous demagogue, who, unless he was a fool, must know that what he had said was false, and a "hot partisan agitator, ignorant and scurrilous," who ought to be prayed for by the chaplain of the House of Commons? Yet Mr. LOWE had certainly much more cause to complain of Mr. BRIGHT than Mr. BRIGHT has to complain of the Manchester clergyman, for the latter only made a casual remark, whereas Mr. BRIGHT pursued his victim with systematic and persistent calumny. We now know, however, Mr. BRIGHT's opinion of the kind of offence which he himself committed in 1866, and the language which, he thinks, should be applied to the offender.

It is natural that Mr. BRIGHT should resent the supposition that he has ever spoken disrespectfully of the working classes, and nobody who knew anything of his political career could for a moment imagine such an absurdity. There is undoubtedly such a residuum as he referred to, and it is a fact which cannot be ignored, but neither Mr. BRIGHT nor any one else has ever suggested that this residuum includes the general body of working-men. So far from its being true that Mr. BRIGHT has disparaged and insulted the working classes, it would be much more true to say that he has invariably flattered and courted them; and it was only natural that he should do so, inasmuch as he has always endeavoured to make use of them as the necessary leverage for his political designs. Their assistance has been indispensable to him in his attacks on other classes; and indeed his flattery of working-men has been only a part of his invective against other people. If we look back over Mr. BRIGHT's history, we shall find that his enthusiasm for the artisan and the labourer has usually been displayed on those occasions when it furnished an opportunity of vilifying and denouncing other persons towards whom he cherishes a bitter and unflinching hatred.* Mr. BRIGHT's speeches during the Corn-law struggle show that one of the great objects of the agitation in his eyes was the discomfort and humiliation of the landed interest. He afterwards exerted himself to obtain votes for the working classes, and advised the Trade Unions to use their organization for political purposes; but this was of course on the assumption that this new power was to be exercised under the direction of himself and his friends, and for such objects as they approved. It may be doubted whether Mr. BRIGHT has much sympathy with the aims for which the Trade Unionists are now employing their influence; and though he has lately encouraged the agricultural labourers to believe that they are grossly ill-used in not being put in possession of large farms and large estates which at present belong to other people, we are not aware that he has identified himself with any similar proposals for putting factory operatives into possession of their masters' mills. Mr. BRIGHT appears to be extremely sensitive lest it should be imagined that he ever spoke disrespectfully of the working classes; but the working classes are not the only people in the country who are entitled to courtesy and decent consideration. There is no reason to suppose

that Mr. BRIGHT repents the slanderous language which he has constantly employed in regard to all persons who have ever happened to differ from him. He has accused the aristocracy of rushing into war with a view to personal gain, of keeping up the army and navy as a system of out-door relief for their poor relations, of pursuing their prey "like the jackals of the desert." He has taunted successive Ministries with being influenced by a lust for the emoluments of office, and has charged Conservative lawyers, as a body, with taking a particular course "for the sake of the patronage and plunder which in India is known as loot." Only last year he came out of the sick-room to denounce the House of Lords as the last refuge of political ignorance and passion, and deliberately to renew imprecations, which might have been pardoned in the heat of the conflict, against the "wickedness" of all who thirty years ago had taken a different view from himself on a question of political economy. It is surely an equivocal love of the lower classes which invariably takes the form of hatred and slander against another class. We can only hope that Mr. BRIGHT may find a lesson for himself in his letter to the Manchester clergyman.

MR. STANSFELD ON EDUCATIONAL POLICY.

THERE is something touching in the anxiety of the advanced Liberals not to be driven to make good their threat of leaving the Government in the lurch. They have been obliged to give up Mr. FORSTER, because, whenever he opens his mouth about education, he is careful to say that he stands by the Act of 1870, and that the persons who want it altered in the sense in which the League would alter it must find another Minister to take his place in the Council Office. But though nothing can be made of Mr. FORSTER, there are Ministers not specially concerned with education who have to speak to their constituents, and who find it difficult to keep clear of a question which has bred so much discord in the Liberal party. When a man is dealing with matters lying outside his own department, he naturally speaks with less of a present sense of responsibility than when he has in view his own special contribution to the Cabinet programme. It is not so incumbent on him to leave no doubt as to his meaning, because no reasonable politician expects a declaration of policy except from the Minister within whose department the subject falls, or from the Prime Minister. The advanced Liberals have made the most of the opportunity thus given them of shutting their ears to Mr. FORSTER's declarations. When Mr. BRIGHT said that the Act of 1870 was a bad Act, the Education League was immensely comforted. It is true that he added that nothing could be done to mend it until experience had convinced the public that he had described it rightly; but in their joy over his condemnation of the measure the Education League had no thought to spare for his warning that, bad as it might be, it would have to be endured some time longer. A similar crumb of comfort was supposed to be concealed in Mr. STANSFELD's declaration that he was glad to think that the three most debated among the educational problems of the day would next Session be discussed separately, instead of being, as in former years, mixed up in a single motion. Certain Liberal journals jumped at once to the conclusion that, if these three questions were to be discussed, it must be at the instance of the Government; and that if the Government meant to legislate on them at all, it would be sure to approach them in a spirit agreeable to the views of the more Radical section of the Liberal party. Both conclusions had very much the character of pure assumptions. It was known that motions exactly similar to those to which Mr. STANSFELD was supposed to refer had already been entrusted by the League to the hands of three private members; yet it never struck the journals in question that there was anything unusual in a Cabinet Minister's mentioning, incidentally and nearly two months before the opening of Parliament, the course the Government intended to take as regards these motions. The experience of last Session might have convinced these amiable optimists that it is possible to introduce amendments into the Education Act without necessarily modifying it in any of the ways suggested by the Birmingham League. Politicians who prophesy such things on such very slight provocation have no right to complain of being misled. So long as they choose to interpret every chance Ministerial utterance by the rule of their own wishes, they will continue to make similar blunders.

Mr. STANSFELD had good reason to be pleased with the prospect of the three questions of universal compulsion, Free Schools, and the repeal of the 25th Clause being separately debated. To combine them in a single motion, or to combine any two of them in a single motion, is to throw the whole discussion into confusion. One of the most weighty arguments that can be urged against the last two proposals is that the adoption of them would throw needless difficulties in the way of the first. It is very possible, for example, that the 25th Clause might be repealed without any serious violence being done to parental consciences. The general testimony of those who know most about the subject seems to show that, as a rule, parents choose a school for their children on grounds quite unconnected with theology. They take the school which is nearest, or one which is on the same side of the street as their house, so that the children escape the risk of being run over, or one which has the reputation of bringing its scholars on fast; and, provided that one or more of those recommendations can be secured, the Denominational quality of the school is rarely taken into account. It is the Education League that insists on crediting parents with a keen sense of theological differences, as a preliminary to attributing a similar sensitiveness to ratepayers. But though on this theory the excision of the clause need involve no serious shock to the conscience of the parent, the consequences flowing from the disregard to the convenience of the parent which such a course would entail might be very disastrous. As regards elementary education, it must always be remembered that compulsion will have to be exercised by the community upon the community, and if the conditions of school attendance are made more burdensome than public opinion thinks necessary, compulsion will certainly become a dead letter. If parents who are too poor to pay for their children's schooling are not allowed to send them to a school which is near, or to a school to which there is a safe road, or to a school which is in exceptionally good repute, there will be a general tendency to admit insufficient excuses for keeping children at home. Consequently, to mix up the repeal of the 25th Clause with the universal application of compulsion was to put a couple of contradictories in a single motion. The man who is anxious to make compulsion universal may be convinced that the maintenance of the 25th Clause is the only means of attaining his object. The man who insists upon repealing the 25th Clause at all hazards may feel a burning zeal for compulsion, but it must be a zeal which is devoid of knowledge. Free schools, again, constitute a question which requires to be considered by itself. Even if the abstract argument in their favour were absolutely unassailable, it is quite possible that the advocates of universal compulsion might be opposed to their introduction until a very much later stage of educational progress. Universal compulsion implies the provision of a large amount of additional school accommodation, and if in supplying this voluntary schools had to be disregarded—which if all Board schools were free, would almost inevitably be the case—the opposition of the ratepayer to any effective extension of compulsion would be very great. The inclusion, therefore, of universal compulsion and free schools in one and the same motion would prevent any satisfactory expression of opinion on either half of the proposal.

It is not difficult to predict the fate of two out of the three educational motions which are promised for next Session. Free schools will be put aside as at the least an expedient which neither Parliament nor the country is at present prepared to try. The 25th Clause will not be repealed unless the Government has by that time discovered some compromise which will secure the substantial liberty for which the clause makes provision. The universal application of compulsion is known to have a staunch advocate in Mr. FORSTER, but it is not equally certain whether he thinks the universal creation of School Boards an indispensable adjunct to universal compulsion. There might be no great difficulty in committing the enforcement of school attendance to some existing body, such as the Guardians of the Poor or the Justices of the Peace, if it were not that the religious difficulty is certain to present itself when it is proposed to drive children into Denominational schools. If Mr. FORSTER can convince the House of Commons that the Education Department is strong enough to make the Conscience Clause everywhere a reality, it would make the passing of a scheme of compulsion, apart from School Boards, a very much easier business. If the advanced Liberals would set them-

selves to perfect the Act of 1870, instead of abandoning it, they would show that elementary education is dearer to them than a sectarian triumph. But this, unfortunately, is just what they have pledged themselves not to do. Of course they have a right to set religious equality above the spread of education if they think fit; only in that case it would be more straightforward to avow the fact, and to acknowledge that, rather than English children shall receive secular instruction in Denominational schools, they shall go without secular instruction. That is an intelligible statement, and a statement which it is as open to the extreme Secularist to make as it is to the extreme Denominationalist to say that, rather than children should receive secular instruction except in Denominational schools, they shall go without secular instruction. But the faction which commits itself to either statement has no business to profess devotion to the cause of elementary education. In this respect the extreme Denominationalists have the advantage over the extreme Secularists. Men who take their stand upon the Act of 1870, as upon a binding and permanent compromise, would not deny that they put religious considerations above the extension of elementary education. The men who refuse to accept the Act of 1870, even as a temporary compromise, equally put religious considerations above the extension of elementary education, but they have not the candour to say so.

ART AT HOME.

IF Mr. Cole seeks a monument, he has only, like Sir Christopher, to "look around." He has quitted South Kensington, but he has quitted it with the honours of war. It is because his work is done that the hero hangs up his sword, and make his bow of farewell. Thanks to the chaos of pots and pans, of artistic litter, of prettyisms and oddities, over which he brooded through so many well-paid years, England has at last become a vast knickknackery. He can pass in a round of visits from town house to country house, and still fancy himself in the Boilers of his youth. He can hardly enter a drawing-room without recognizing some favourite "department." We have had so many passes of arms with Mr. Cole in the days gone by that we are bound honestly to own that he has beaten us at last. While we were laughing and jesting, he was conquering the world. Jest, indeed, was possible while we could still jest from a cozy armchair, while our sofas were comfortable, and domestic art was strictly limited to the sphere of the area railings. But art has come and comfort has gone. The cozy armchair and the comfortable sofa have alike disappeared. Knickknackery hunts us from floor to floor, and oddity winks at us from our very paperhangings. The age of decoration is around us, and even the partner of our joys and sorrows hints with a pretty disdain that we are behind the age. She flies from our foginess to the prattle of the "aesthetic friend." The aesthetic friend is the weakest, as he is the most universal, of the apostles of Cole. Like every other great master, the Prophet of the Boilers has formed his school. Critics, Mr. Diemel tells us, are simply men who have failed in letters, and the aesthetic connoisseur who carries South Kensington into our homes is simply a failure in art. He is the painter whose daubs have been damned by the Hanging Committee; he is the architect whose plans never pass from cardboard into stone; he is the critical amateur who has tired out the world with his vamped-up judgments on Academy after Academy. Of all the triumphs of Mr. Cole, the greatest, though the least recognized, has been the success of his design for rallying these failures, and turning them into apostles of knickknackery. It was the more successful because the number of failures is always pretty considerable, and the number of apostles will always be correspondingly great.

It is hard, in fact, in these days to find a home that has not its aesthetic friend, or to enter a drawing-room without catching phrases of the euphuistic rhapsody in which he is unfolding the perfections of a tea-cup. Life, he tells an adoring group, is not action, but art; and art is the delirious contemplation of the infinitely little. What he dotes upon is the quaint and the odd. He escapes from the consciousness of commonplace which haunts him before a torso of Phidias or a fresco of Tintoret by entrenching himself in the field of the grotesque. In his heart he prefers a Joss-house to the Parthenon. If Raffaele bores him, he can die into ecstasies over a Japanese fan. To be utterly delightful, too, his delight must be a little morbid. The beauty he loves is a beauty that springs from decay—the poetry of Baudelaire, the bronzes of Pekin, the faded graces of Madame de Pompadour. In colour, as in form, he shrinks from the grand and the intense. He revels in faded tints and subtle harmonies. He piques himself on his delicate appreciation of shades and tones. He screams with a pretty feminine horror at the mention of mauve or magenta. The sky is too blue for him, and the sea is too green. He likes to modify the daylight and to tone down the obtrusive vulgarity of the sunshine. There is something delicious about the littleness of his temper; we watch him with the same amused interest with which Gulliver watched a dapper Lilliputian; but it is this

pettiness of mind which makes him the despot of our houses. Women dote on his innocent prattle, and worship him as an apostle of art. His tone, indeed, as he preaches from the hearth-rug has something of an apostolic solemnity. He is an oracle upon chimney-pieces and cashmeres. He is infallible upon lace. He decides with a religious gravity the vexed questions of the texture of stuffs and the shimmer of silks. His judgment in edgings and furbelows is without appeal. The harmony of the chimney-piece and the fire-irons rises with him into the majesty of a dogma. As M. Jourdain was delighted to find that he had talked prose all his life without knowing it, woman learns with a singular pleasure that in choosing her bonnet and changing her coat-scuttles she has been for years an unconscious votary of art. Aesthetic study has hitherto meant to her lessons in perspective, and the five quartos of *Modern Painters*; and she listens with a thrill of exquisite surprise to the apostle of Cole as he sweeps aside this drudgery, and bids her associate art with gossip and shopping. His lectures, indeed, are the prettiest small talk in the world. He is always on the track of some inlaid cabinet which the death of a certain old maid will bring into the market. He glances at the carpet to deplore the advance of civilization and its effect on the fabrics of Smyrna. The chair he sits in becomes the text of a discourse upon "Chippendales." He dangles a paper fan with an air of despondency, and deplores the arrival of English pigments in Japan. He knows little shops in by-alleys where bargains may yet be picked up by the aesthetic and devout. He knows the exact meaning of Mr. Burn Jones's last allegory. He has a great scheme for facing the house with terra-cotta, and turning every street into a gallery of "ceramic art." He tells the story of his summer's tour, of his wonderful "finds" of bric-a-brac shops in the slums of Ghent, and his wonderful "catches" of point-lace in the slums of Naples. Even in town a day with him is a feast of shopping. He disinters bits of genuine Murano glass from the dustiest corners. He lounges for an hour over the counter in Vero Street, and tosses about ribbons and shawls with a gusto which startles the pretty milliners. He is more than a match for the forgers of Wardour Street. He knows the mysteries of Christie's and shakes his head knowingly over the sale catalogue. He dips into the studio of a pre-Raphaelite friend, who but for his difficulties about drawing would be the Leonardo of his time. He selects a bonnet on definite principles, and discusses, as the morning ends, the propriety of patches and the artistic possibilities of rouge.

There is so much to amuse one in the aesthetic friend that it is not till we enter our home that we realize his power. The study is crowded with crockery. Teapots of hideous form are perched on little brackets, and corners are occupied with dishes of hideous worms and yellow crayfish which make us curse the name of Palissy. The children who run in for a romp are ordered roughly back to the nursery, lest they should smash the Sevres saucers on the chimney-piece, or bring down a cascade of Dutch platters from the wall. Mr. Morris, the most inoffensive of poets, turns into a ruthless tyrant in the drawing-room. Councils are held with the aesthetic friend over the conflicting claims of the "daisy paper" and the "sunflower paper," and the paper full of willow-branches and cockatoos. But, whichever is chosen, the old family pictures go to the garrets. The new decorative school will have no trifling with its sun-flowers and daisies. The "Old Cromo" on which we piqued ourselves is voted "heavy." Not a print breaks the delicate monotony of the latticed birdcage-paper which surrounds us. The cornice, we are told, is "a difficulty," and the difficulty ends in a bill of rather startling amount for its bedizenment. As for the carpet, "Brussels" is "impossible," and after a faint struggle we resign ourselves to the wintry pleasures of a varnished floor strewn with casual rugs and odds and ends which make a walk over it perilous for the shortsighted and unwary. It is difficult to get into the room or to get out of it for the Japanese screens. A Murano chandelier hangs from the ceiling, in which glass is tortured into a complication of bellflowers and wriggling vipers. Even dinner is made bitter to us by napkins which we are expected to admire, and "opalized" wine-glasses which are cunningly contrived to turn the golden tint of our sherry into the colour of ink; while politics are set aside as un-aesthetic, and talk is drawn to the devices which mark the plates and the antique forms of the salt-cellars. It was our special weakness, we own, to enjoy our easy chair. We dwelt with a loving interest on its low deep seat, on the perfect correspondence of its height with the serene loll of a wearied head, on the exquisite adaptation of its cushions to a wearied back. In moments of philosophic repose it seemed to us the climax of modern civilization. The woes and ignorance of an earlier world seemed directly attributable to its want of armchairs. But the armchair vanishes before the sneer of the aesthetic friend. We are invited to rest in a kitchen-chair, lofty in the leg, straight in the back, hard, narrow, wooden. We curse our fate, and are told with a smile of triumphant condescension that the kitchen-chair we despise is "a Chippendale." We fly, battered and bruised, to the sofa of older lounges, but that inartistic object has vanished with the easy chair. A "Georgian" sofa has taken its place, as lofty in the leg and as straight in the back as the Chippendale from which we fled. We humbly point out that from its wonderful shallowness the chief object of a Georgian sofa appears to be that of propelling on to the floor any one who by delicate adjustment of his frame to its structure has contrived to fall asleep on it. We are told loftily that Georgian sofas are not made for people to fall asleep on.

Neither, we find, are windows made to look out of. The vulgarity of plate-glass has vanished, and a "subdued" light, which baffles us whenever we pass from the big type of the book we are reading to the small type of the notes, falls on us from a casement of green bottle-bottoms.

But the revolution in the house is small when compared to the revolution in the family itself. In pre-Colian times rooms were adapted to the people who live in them; but the great aim of the aesthetic friend is to make people adapt themselves to their rooms. Years of costume were determined on the fatal day when the daisy wall-paper was preferred to the parrot-and-lattice paper. The very servants are expected to harmonize with the furniture, and the housemaid is warned that her aprons must be in keeping with the general tone of colour which rules in the house. Its mistress yields herself up to the current of taste, and bows humbly to the criticism of its apostle. The young country wife whose fresh cheeks and rosy mouth went so well with the frank tints and gay contrasts of her rural finery, makes her appearance in faded silks and bonnet-strings of a subdued and melancholy hue. The vulgar suggestions of her spouse are treated with disdain. "Dress is a science," says the aesthetic friend, and the dressmaker's bill soon proves that it is an experimental science. The young enthusiast explores the annals of costume. She appears in a thirteenth-century robe with its girdle halfway down her skirt, and only a stern remonstrance from the husband, driven to despair, makes her abandon the horn on her forehead which gave grace to the lady of the middle ages. The disappointment over her horn drives her for comfort to the ruff and farthingale of Mary Stuart or to the patches and languor of the days of Louis Quinze. To-day she is vibrating between the contrasted styles of the early French Revolutionists and the peasant girls of the Cambragna. To-morrow she will be driving her dressmaker to madness with demands for a Georgian sacque, or a robe à la Nell Gwynn. The children are viewed in a purely artistic light. "Boy" comes downstairs in a velvet frock and with a little round cap pinned to the side of his head, and is told he is "a perfect Edward VI." But "boy" is the least patient of artistic martyrs; he demurs to the graceful lovelock which persists in getting into his eyes, and roars till the hot velvets are stripped off him again. And yet less patient, if possible, is the master of the house. To him the whole thing is a purgatory of utter woe. He declines to change the horrid shooting-jacket whose colour throws every tint out of harmony. He hates the hard Chippendales, and kicks the Indian rugs from one end of the drawing-room to the other. He is a brutal Englishman, without the slightest artistic sympathy or aesthetic taste. He wants children to play with, and not child-dolls to dress and look at. He wants a wife, and not a milliner's block. He wants chairs he can sit in, and sofas he can lounge on. He wants, in fact, a home, and not a chaos of uncomfortable prettinesses. But just now, so far as we can see, he is likely to get little of what he wants from the apostles of Cole.

FAMILY QUARRELS.

THE approach of the season in which it is proper to dwell upon the virtues of peace and goodwill naturally recalls the pleasures of quarrelling. That subject was never, so far as we can remember, treated by the poets who used to write upon the pleasures of hope, imagination, and memory. No reasonable person indeed would deny that much pleasure may be derived from a quarrel well designed originally and skillfully worked out by judicious persons. But to say nothing of a certain suspicion of immorality which attaches to a too liberal indulgence in the practice, it must be confessed that this is one of the pleasures which have lost their poetical associations in modern times. We have become too independent of each other and too close to each other too easily in the crowd. To keep up a good quarrel at the present day is almost as difficult as to play a game of football in the Strand. The true principles of quarrelling are suggested by the old Scandinavian game where a couple of men were lashed together, each with a knife in his hand. To make a quarrel contribute permanently to the pleasure of your life, you should have your antagonist steadily and closely before you. In old days one savage tribe was in constant contact with another; the Sioux might regard themselves and the Ojibbeways as constituting the whole universe for all practical purposes, and might therefore regard the extermination of Ojibbeways as the one pursuit really worthy of masculine energy. But it would be obviously absurd for anybody to maintain that the final cause of the creation of the Browns was simply the humiliation of the Smiths. The real old feud, or vendetta, which was the sublimest development of the quarrelling principle, belongs to an earlier social stage, and has retired into a few remote corners of the earth, or into the hands of historical novelists. It was a corollary from the code of morality appropriate, as Hobbes tells us, to the state of nature, in which the cardinal virtues are force and fraud. Our modern quarrels are but vapid remains of the old exciting system; and, as compared with the genuine spirit-stirring, soul-absorbing pursuit of old, are as a modern reptile to one of the ancient megalosaurs. Still this is no reason why we should not get as much amusement as possible out of the still surviving relic. Here and there one meets in modern society persons whose apparent object it is to keep a little fire alive in the dying embers by assiduous fanning. There is a masculine and a feminine variety of

the species. The masculine quarrel-maker is generally one of those persons of whom it is proverbially said that all their fingers are thumbs. There are men in whom clumsiness, spiritual as well as physical, approaches to genius. It seems as though they must be attended by some malignant goblin with a perverse taste for practical jokes. If there is an awkward subject for conversation in any society, they are certain to bring it to the surface; like the Yankee diplomatist in *Vanity Fair*, they cross-examine the nobleman about the health of his heir who is in a lunatic asylum; or they recount the witticism which one of the guests has recently made at the expense of his next neighbour. There are persons who thus go through life, always managing to explode the mine over which their friends would otherwise pass safely by help of studied unconsciousness. And, if they happen to meet with inflammable materials, they may produce very pretty little explosions. The feminine performer is generally too acute for blundering of this kind. She gets up a quarrel from pure love of excitement. She enjoys good lively emotions, and finds society generally dull. And therefore she contrives delicately to inform one friend of the kind remarks made about him or her by another friend; and throws herself with infinite gusto into all the subsequent developments of her little drama, and delights in nothing so much as those elaborate explanations which are dreaded by all sensible people. Simple blundering and more or less intentional indiscretion are common enough, and in skilful hands may lead to a certain amount of satisfactory quarrelling. And yet, as a rule, even these explosions turn out to be little more than a flush in the pan. They generate a momentary irritation rather than a settled antipathy. Few people can manage to hate anybody very seriously, not even the reviewer who has denied that their poetry was equal to Mr. Tennyson's, or their logic as accurate as Mr. Mill's. Here and there, undoubtedly, we may find an unpopular person who explains the general dislike which he excites by the malignity of two or three more favoured persons. Conceit is still a passion which shows few signs of growing weaker; and when it is possible to maintain our good opinion of ourselves by maligning somebody who excites our jealousy, he becomes a symbol of the general inappreciativeness of the world; and we can avenge upon his reputation all that bitterness which would be too palpably absurd if vented upon the world in general. This kind of discontent, however, from the absence of any specific antagonist, more generally takes the form of a grievance; and though a quarrel or two may arise from it by good management, the more ordinary result is to produce one of those unfortunate persons who pass their lives in demonstrating, by the help of blue-books and State papers, that the next Session of Parliament should be entirely devoted to the consideration and redress of their wrongs.

Thus, as a rule, the only tie which still affords a satisfactory foundation for a good permanent quarrel capable of resisting time and separation, with vitality enough to branch out into complex ramifications and allow its origin to become traditional and its development to assume the form of duty, is the tie of family. The highest class of quarrel is of course the quarrel between man and wife. But this is something which rises above the ordinary family quarrel. It is too serious a business altogether for purely artistic treatment; and it will probably retain its present features until the complete emancipation of woman. When matrimony is fully understood to be a purely temporary contract, terminable at the will of either party, the lady and gentleman will separate whenever they please, and what is now felt to be too dangerous an amusement to be rashly admitted will perhaps become a popular occupation. There is indeed another possibility—namely, that when a wife is legally free, the natural brutality of man will assert itself in the way common, if we may trust police reports, amongst certain classes of society; and the danger of a practical declaration of independence be averted by a summary appeal to physical force. That, however, is a problem which we need not at present discuss. We need only take into account what are generally known as family quarrels, regarded as a mode of spending time and finding a relief to the commonplace proprieties of modern society. It would be difficult to give anything like a complete system of rules for this fascinating game; but we may endeavour briefly to indicate some of the most obvious sources of the pleasure which it evidently gives; from which intelligent persons may discover for themselves how in any given case the greatest amount of pleasure may be derived by good selection of the original causes of quarrel and a skilful cultivation of its subsequent developments.

In the first place, there is one obvious remark. In regard to the ordinary family quarrel, we have to ask, not the well-known detective's question, Who is she? but the other great question about all human affairs, How much is it? Every good quarrel, every quarrel, that is, which is capable of a sufficient number of different views being taken and different interests engaged, is a question about money. The ordinary discussion about settlements which takes place on the arrangement of a marriage may be regarded as a means of providing for future quarrels. A dispute about money, once dexterously set on foot, is a dispute which can never grow old. Most people have had a chance, some time or other, of making their fortune. That it has also been a chance of losing it is a consideration which they naturally do not take into account. If only they had had the funds to invest in a piece of building-land, or to buy some depreciated shares, or, possibly, to purchase a partnership or a living or a commission, they or their children might now have been, comparatively speaking, rolling in wealth. This is a reflection which is being constantly brought before us; and which need never grow cold. Whenever you

want to change your house, to take a good holiday and visit a distant country, to buy a picture or to get up a carriage, you may always reflect that, but for the perverse selfishness of some of your relations, you might now have enjoyed the desire of your heart. To have a few hundred pounds at a particular conjuncture is not simply to have so much more pleasure for the moment, but to enjoy, as Johnson so well stated it, a potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice. What you grudge is not the mere loss of a temporary pleasure, but the loss of a seed which might have developed, and of course would have developed, into a stately tree. Here, then, is a reflection which is forced upon you incessantly by every turn in your affairs, and which, so far from losing its importance, becomes more impressive as imagination enables you to magnify its proportions. Did we not learn at school how a single penny put out at interest in the days of Adam would by this time have amounted to eight hundred balls of solid gold (we forget the precise figure) each as big as this planet? And the rate of interest which is allowed upon the wealth of the imagination bears no proportion to that which is obtainable through ordinary flesh and blood bankers. Therefore it mathematically follows that the smallest pecuniary injury inflicted upon you in your youth may have had consequences entirely beyond your powers of calculation to assign accurately. Besides, a grievance of this kind, when properly dwelt upon, has a natural tendency to become more comforting the longer it is kept. It communicates a certain pleasing sense of personal virtue. The justice of your case rests, not upon some empty fancy which may come to look differently in after life, but upon hard undeniable facts and figures. Nothing, it is clear, but the most prejudiced and selfishness could have withstood the absolute demonstration which you offered. Moreover, you were far above higgling about a dirty pecuniary question from any consideration of mere pecuniary ruin. As you clearly pointed out at the time, the real question involved was one of principle, not of pounds, shillings, and pence; and your virtue was evident, inasmuch as you were thinking of your children rather than yourself, and possibly even—so great was your generosity—of the interests of unborn generations. The wretched perversity of your adversary cannot obscure that point in the eyes of any impartial spectator. And then this admirable adherence to principle has always been accompanied by an equal display of delicacy. You have not let any outsiders into the secret; at least you have not gone further than confiding the main points of the case to two or three intimate friends upon whose discretion you could count as upon your own. You have naturally stated the case even to them as favourably as possible to the other side; and have only incidentally allowed them to divine the extreme generosity which has marked your conduct throughout. With all your impartiality, indeed, it has been impossible not to assume some dignity in hinting at transactions of which the minor details are necessarily more or less wrapped in mystery. In every kind of family inheritance—whether it be a lauded estate, or an ancestral portrait, or a quarrel—there is a certain kind of aristocratic dignity. People in an inferior rank of life settle these matters offhand with the help of a poker and a policeman. The fact that you can quarrel about money proves, at the very lowest, that you have some money to quarrel about; and the fact that the quarrel can be kept alive for years shows that you may boast of a certain family continuity, and thus that your traditions are part of the general system of things, and possibly even of the British Constitution. In former days a quarrel about precedence might be kept alive for a long time; in proportion as our aristocracy tends to become a plutocracy, such disputes become identified with pecuniary disputes, and hand over to them something of their traditional dignity. If we add that quarrels of this kind may afford infinite amusement in working out all the collateral issues which naturally arise out of every subject in which accounts are involved, we have said enough to show that, in the hands of wise men, they may be, if not a possession for ever, at least a possession to be cherished by the first owners, and delivered to their children. We need not deny that there are some incidental disadvantages; but we may safely leave them to be dealt with by the preachers who are at present engaged in discussing such topics.

THE GREAT ROMAN BASILICAS.

WE spoke a little time back of the characteristic features of the ancient basilicas, and of the type of church which grew immediately out of them; and we showed also how all the arrangements of later churches, Romanesque and Gothic, even those which have gone furthest away from the original model, were developed, step by step, out of that one primitive pattern. We then dealt with the subject generally; but the churches of the city where the basilican forms were first applied to Christian uses, that is, the basilican churches of Rome itself, may fairly call for some special notice. At Rome the name "basilica" is commonly understood as the distinguishing title of certain churches of special dignity, without regard to their architecture or arrangements. But for our purpose it may be more convenient to extend the name to some other churches of the basilican type, such as we should freely give the name to elsewhere, whether it strictly belongs to them in Roman ecclesiastical topography or not.

The higher the dignity of a church in Rome the more unlucky has been its fate. The fury with which the Popes and Popes' nephews of the last four centuries have raged against the ancient buildings of their city, heathen and Christian alike, has reached its highest point in the case of the churches with which they have had

most to do. In the smaller and more distant churches something has been spared. Some Pope or other has commonly destroyed the character of the outside; his infallible taste has also in most cases gone a long way to disfigure roofs and walls within; and a boastful inscription is sure to record the often very obscure name of the doer of the mischief. But in the smaller churches the columns and the mosaics of the apse have commonly had some mercy shown to them. Otherwise the works of early Emperors and Bishops, works some of them which Alaric had spared and Theodoric restored, have perished, or worse than perished, at the hands of some Farnese, Borghese, or Barberino, or any other of the names which a visit to Rome teaches us to loathe. At their own gates of course destruction has reached its height. In vulgar estimation, in Papal estimation, the Vatican Basilica, the church of St. Peter, has eclipsed the Mother Church of the City and of the World. The Bishops of Rome have forsaken their ancient church and home, and he who visits the beautiful cloister of St. John Lateran may there see the patriarchal chair of Western Christendom cast forth as a useless thing, while he who should fill it sulks in a distant palace, refusing to be Bishop because he can no longer be King. But precisely because the Bishops of Rome have forsaken their proper home for their own church, for that very reason the havoc at St. John Lateran is one degree less than the havoc at St. Peter's. The metropolitan church has been diligently and elaborately disfigured in detail; but it does keep something like its original shape and proportion; the apsidal mosaic and some of the smaller columns have been spared, so that there is some kind of continuity between the church of Constantine and the building which we now see. But at St. Peter's all connexion with the past is lost; the crowning-place of the Emperors has vanished to make way for a pile devoted only to the glorification of Popes. Of that pile a thousand critics have spoken, and we perceive that in the tourist mind it is received as a kind of moral duty to look on the Vatican Basilica as the noblest church in the world. We saw a small book of travels the other day in which the writer, after going through several cities of Italy, is on the point of declaring St. Vital at Ravenna to be the finest thing that he had seen on his journey. But he checks himself, and puts in a proviso that of course he only means after St. Peter's. This is not a bad case of a man's natural sense revolting against the dogmas of his guide or his guide-book. Of course St. Peter's and St. Vital have so little in common that any comparison between them would be unfair; but the same limitation would most likely have been put in as a matter of duty if the rivalry had been between St. Peter's and the basilica of the brother Apostle beyond the walls. Now, assuming the modern St. Paul as a fair representation of the pile which it succeeded, such a comparison would be by no means unfair. Let us premise that we are not going to maintain any such paradox as to deny the real majesty of the interior of St. Peter's, the great triumph, both constructive and æsthetic, of its cupola, and the external grandeur of the cupola from without, wherever it can be seen—that is, when we have got a long way off from it indeed. But we must be allowed to hold that it is no triumph of art elaborately to hide such a structure when it is once made, and we think that Brunelleschi's cupola at Florence, rising boldly in the sight of all men above its supporting apses, is as far superior to St. Peter's without as it certainly is inferior within. The west—that is, the east—front of St. Peter's really might not be the front of a church at all. It would be unfair to compare an Italian church with Peterborough or York or Abbeville; but think of Verona, Lucca, and Pisa, and see what Italian art could come to under the patronage of a Borghese. But the point on which we wish specially to insist is one which concerns the inside. Everybody who goes into St. Peter's complains that the building at first sight does not look so large as he expected to find it, or as it really is. Everybody, expert or otherwise, makes the same remark. Now the regulation answer is that it is the perfection of its proportions which makes the church look small. Such an answer is nonsense. Proportions which take off from the apparent size, and therefore from the dignity, of a building are in their own nature disproportions. It is certainly hard, on entering St. Peter's, to believe that we are in a church longer than St. Albans and higher than Amiens. The reason is that the architects of St. Albans and Amiens knew what to do with their height and their length, while the architects of St. Peter's did not know what to do with theirs. It is all the difference between the *magnifying* and the *multiplying* principle. At St. Peter's four arches of enormous height and enormous span occupy a length which in an ancient basilica would have been occupied by twenty arches. The necessary result is that, while an ancient basilica, or a Gothic church either, does full justice to its own length, St. Peter's looks a great deal shorter than it really is. So with the height; the height which a mediæval architect would have cut up into three or four stages makes at St. Peter's only one stage; therefore St. Peter's looks a great deal lower than it really is. Lofty pillars, with little or no triforium and a low clerestory, will often give a great effect of height, as at Milan Cathedral and in many of our perpendicular churches. But at St. Peter's there are no lofty pillars, only enormous piers. There is nothing to carry the eye vertically; there is nothing to carry it horizontally. Nor is there anything for the eye to rest on as the expression of mere repose, as in the Norman and German Romanesque. Again, the colossal statues help to take off from the effect of size. So does the huge baldacchino of the misplaced high altar, while the apse, so glorious at Torcello, is thrown into insignificance. The fault

is indeed not peculiar to St. Peter's or to the style in which St. Peter's is built. This fashion of getting rid of the effect of vast spaces by dividing them among too small a number of members is one which the Renaissance inherited from the pseudo-Gothic of Italy. It is exactly the same in Arnolfo's nave at Florence; it is exactly the same in most of the famous pointed churches of Italy, save at Milan, where the German architect was able to produce so much nearer an approach to the true proportion and effect of a Gothic building. In the nave of Florence the effect of a positively great height and length is wholly lost by making the nave of a few broad sprawling arches, instead of double the number of narrower ones. And the effect there is even worse than at St. Peter's, because there is nothing at St. Peter's which specially reminds us of anything better, while the pointed arches at Florence force on us the comparison with the true pointed buildings of England, Germany, and France. But both at Florence and at St. Peter's every pains has been taken to give a really vast church an appearance of far less size than it really has.

What has been done in the Vatican Basilica has been done also, though not quite in the same fulness, in the patriarchal church itself. No one would think that St. John Lateran is anything like so long as it really is. Papal barbarism has destroyed the long unbroken range of its mighty columns, and the length is further intruded on by the huge high altar and its accompaniments. The consequence is that St. John's too looks smaller than it is. Still here the lover of antiquity may comfort himself with a few things in the retrochoir and the cloister; at St. Peter's a man must go underground to see the glorious objects which adorned the ancient church, but which the destroying Pontiffs of modern times thought worthy of nothing but to be stowed away in the dark. There is the exquisite sarcophagus of Junius Bassus, one of the loveliest specimens of early Christian art; there is the one Imperial tomb which Rome still shelters, the resting-place—we fear, the riled resting-place—of the second Otto, thrust down by Papal envy from his lawful place in front of his own Imperial church; there are the tombs of a long line of Pontiffs who had a history, but who seem to be deemed less worthy of memory than their obscure successors whose names flaunt on every ugly building of modern Rome. It would seem that to no human creature is beauty or antiquity so hateful as to a Pope or a Pope's nephew.

At the same time we must make one exception in favour even of the living author of the dogma of infallibility. One is disgusted at every corner in Rome with fulsome inscriptions in honour of Pius the Ninth, in some of which, as in the case of many of his predecessors, the mind of the flatterers seems to have been slightly confused between Jupiter and the Bishop of Rome, and the simple "Pærsul" or "Papa" of earlier times grows into the somewhat heathenish-sounding title of "Pontifex Optimus Maximus." Still we must not forget that the present Pope has had a hand in the great work of the restored basilica of St. Paul. We have a vague notion that some part of its vast length has been sacrificed, that the ancient building was an arch or two longer than the present one. Still, even if this be so, the reproduction is close enough to make us understand, better than we can anywhere else, what an arcaded basilica of the first class really was, and how glorious a type of church it was that the first Christian architects wrought out of their heathen models. St. Paul's is the exact contrast to the basilica of the brother Apostle. Here too something has been done in the way of disfigurement in the shape of a modern baldacchino overtopping the ancient one; but we still have the endless rows of marble columns with their arches, four or five of them answering to a single arch of St. Peter's. What is the result? Simply that not an inch of the length is lost; the building impresses the eye with its full majesty; no one complains that St. Paul's looks so much smaller than he expected to find it. Of course St. Paul's lacks the cupola; but the cupola and the basilican nave cannot be really fused together into a harmonious whole. Pisa itself proves this; where there is the cupola at all, it should be all in all, as in the three generations of St. Sophia, St. Mark, and St. Front.

But we can best call up the effect of the old St. Peter's, the place of the crowning of Charles and Otto, by looking at another of the great Roman churches, the Liberian Basilica or *Sta. Maria Maggiore*. Here, as in the central colonnades of the old St. Peter's, we find the purely Greek construction of the column and entablature applied to the inside of a church. To a Northern eye the arrangement is strange and displeasing, and it can hardly be justified on any principle. The Greek entablature was meant simply to support its own pediment, not to carry a wall as high as the columns themselves; yet the arrangement is not without striking effects. Nowhere does the effect of mere length come out as it does in *Sta. Maria Maggiore*, in defiance of every barbarous interruption—here an intercolumniation or so blocked up to receive big images of Popes—here an arch cut through the entablature because a Pope took a fancy to disfigure the building with a gaudy chapel—here the nave defrauded of its proper proportion by the intrusive canopy of the great altar. Still the strong horizontal line asserts its supremacy and gives the building that effect of vast unbroken length which is lacking alike in the new St. Peter's and in St. John Lateran in its present disfigured state. The Liberian Basilica is in fact the truest relic of the earliest type of church to be found among the great churches of Rome. St. Peter's is gone; St. Paul's exists only in a figure; the patriarchal church has been the victim of the barbarous sport of Popes and their architects; but the greater church of St. Mary is there to show what a Christian church looked like in the days of the first triumph of the

faith. Of course we speak only of the inside. No building was ever more barbarously disfigured by Papal abominations without. In short, for four hundred years, as an all but invariable rule, where a Pope has touched, he has destroyed. Why did they not stay at Avignon, where there was less to spoil?

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY, 1873.

THE representation of the *Phormio* of Terence by a company of gentlemen and scholars upon a stage hallowed by tradition is unusually striking at a time when the revival of old comedies is much in fashion, and seems even to have some intrinsic attraction apart from the actual merit of the pieces. It is possible that the *Phormio*, if produced now as a new piece, would meet with success; it had a long run on the occasion of its first production, having been played, if tradition tells truth, no less than four times in one year. This, too, was in spite of a certain amount of opposition from those of the audience who disliked innovations, who would not hear of their old favourite Lavinius being shaken in his monopoly of the stage, and preferred his broad effects of claptrap and stage-carpenter's tricks to the wit and truth of his rival's comedies. Nowadays, the fact of a play being adapted, not original, might weigh somewhat against its chance of success if the author's obligations to his original were confessed so candidly as they are by Terence; in his times the taste for Greek art and literature was so widespread and fashionable amongst the more cultivated portion of Roman audiences, that the fact of a play being adapted from the Greek rather added to than detracted from its merits in their eyes. Perhaps if the number of theatres, players, and authors at Rome had been equal to that in London, it would in time have become as little necessary to mention that a new play was taken from the Greek as it now is to speak of the French source whence the inspiration of an original English piece has flowed. Perhaps, too, if long enough time had been given to the development of this taste for foreign literature, the Greek Theatre in Rome might have become as established an institution as are now the French Plays in London. What is tolerably certain about the *Phormio* is that it was received with much approbation in spite of the difficulties we have spoken of above and others as well, such as the counter-attraction of the gladiatorial and athletic games, to which Terence is probably referring when, in the prologue to the work we are now considering, he begs his audience to receive his play with decent silence, and not to treat him as they did on a former occasion. Hadly enough this seems to have been, for he goes on to say that they all got up and went noisily away in the middle of the performance. The play which met with this very unmistakable mark of disapproval was the *Hecyra*, afterwards restored to the stage and represented, in spite of its first failure, with success, owing to the excellent management and acting of L. Ambivius Turpio, to whom the poet makes a graceful allusion in his prologue. The same kind of thing happened to Beaumarchais' *Figaro*, of which one is reminded by a certain resemblance between the characters of Figaro and Phormio; but the final success of the play in that case was more owing to judicious curtailments and alterations by the author than to anything else.

Instances of authors being saved from condemnation by the exertions and skill of a particular actor are by no means rare; but the case of Terence and Turpio is probably the earliest on record. Even if the actor had not come to the poet's aid, it does not seem that the poet would have broken his heart about it. He could apparently afford to write up to his own taste, and the presence of a lower, yet more powerful, rival drawing his whole audience away was of less practical importance to him than it was to poor Haydon the painter, who was nearly driven mad by seeing crowds pass by the entrance to his great picture and throng to see Tom Thumb. But in the picture there is probably less to appeal to the mass than there is in the *Phormio*. The finer touches of character, the more delicate strokes of wit, even the general power of humorous perception may be passed over unseen and uncared for; but the exquisite old joke of a father, guardian, uncle as the case may be (in this case it is a father), being thoroughly duped and set at naught by his son, ward, or nephew, and his friends will always be new and always appreciated. And it will be appreciated not only by boys and youngsters, but by elderly gentlemen, uncles, and fathers themselves, whom one might expect rather to tremble lest a like thing should befall them as they look at the young scapegrace's success than to gaze with delight. Why these things are so is a problem for the moralist. It has been suggested that the evil latent in every human heart must have some vent, and that it is for this reason that benevolent old gentlemen find happiness in contemplating the rogueries of a Phormio, a Scapin, or, to take a more humble instance, a Punch; but then what a terrible reflection to think that these things may come to an end before benevolent old gentlemen do! There is this consolation that, in the *Phormio* Chremes, one of the old men who are victimised, is a very naughty old man indeed, and thoroughly deserves to be punished. He has for years been successfully deceiving his wife at Athens, who has property at Lemnos, which he goes to look after on periodical visits. But there is something besides the property which he goes to look after, nothing less than another wife, by whom he has a grown-up daughter, named Phanium. At the opening of the play Chremes is away upon one of these visits to Lemnos, which place Phanium and her nurse have unfortunately left, her mother being dead, to

look for Chremes, whom they know under the name of Stilpho, at Athens. Thus, while he is hurrying back from Lemnos after them, they are wandering friendless about the streets of Athens. What more natural under these circumstances, what more in accordance with the laws of comedy, past, present, and to come, than that they should fall in with a young man who is charmed with Phanium, who is equally charmed with him? And who out of all Athens could this young man be except Phanium's own cousin, who was always intended to marry her? The knowledge of this relationship of course comes only at the end of the play, until which time Antipho, having married her without the knowledge of his father Demipho, who has gone to Cilicia to make his fortune, is in constant dread, taking her for a penniless stranger. Meanwhile Phædrus, the son of Chremes by his Athenian wife, has fallen desperately in love with a music girl, and cannot command the money demanded for her purchase by the "leno" to whom she belongs. It is to the solution of the difficulties of the two young men, Phædrus and Antipho, and the confusion of the two fathers, Chremes and Demipho, that the energies of Phormio the parasite, and Geta the slave, are directed. Phormio is the kind of ready, impudent, good-natured busybody whose place in the drama is generally elsewhere filled by a Scapin or Sganarelle, and in the plays of Terence by a Davus or a Geta. But the character of Phormio is less of a common type than are any of these. His independent position enables him to give freer reins to the play of his ready fancy and quick energy of action. There is a mixture in him of real good-humour and desire to help those who have been uniformly kind to him, with a keenness of eye for his own advantage, and a coolness of calculation as to consequences, which is excellently conceived. His reply to Geta, for instance, is admirable. Geta, although delighted at the readiness of his plans and the courage with which he carries them out, is a little afraid of their possible results, and the following dialogue takes place between them:—

GR. O vir fortis, atque amicus. Verum hoc aspe, Phormio,
Vereor, ne istæ fortitudo in nervum erumpat denique.

PH. Ah!

Non ita est: factum est periculum: jam pedum visa est via.
Quot me cense homines jam deverbasse usque ad necem
Hospites, tum clives? quo magis novi tanto sepius.
Cedo dum, en unquam injuriarum audisti mihi scriptam dicam?

This is the very acme of cool confident audacity, and only to be paralleled by Balzac's Mercadet.

The most remarkable thing about Terence's comedy as opposed to the comedies of modern days is perhaps the almost entire absence of female interest. In the *Phormio* there are many assertions as to the charms and beauty of Phanium, which are remarkably safe from contradiction as she never appears on the stage. So that the effect of the whole might be not inaptly compared to that of a *Barbier de Séville* wherein Rosina should be much talked of, but never actually heard or seen. Yet there is a force in the humour and diction of the Latin comedy which carries on the interest from beginning to end. Perhaps the cleverest scene in the play is that which Colman has pointed out for its combined terseness and humour; the scene in which Demipho asks the advice of his friends Hegio, Cratinus, and Crito, singly and in order, as to his conduct in the emergency which at the moment perplexes him. Each of the first two gives his opinion with great gravity, each entirely disagreeing with the other. Crito, the third, wise in his generation, replies that an affair of so great importance requires further deliberation. Hegio then gravely asks Demipho, "Numquid nos vis?" and the unfortunate Demipho replies:—

Fecistis probe:
Incertior sum multo quam dudum.

It is difficult to see how the varying emotions of Phormio can have been adequately represented under the fixed mask of the Roman comedy; but to a modern actor the part affords many opportunities which were made the most of by its interpreter at Westminster. The whole performance indeed was creditable and careful, but, as its principal weight falls upon Phormio and Geta, it may be specially remarked that the representative of Geta also delivered himself with excellent emphasis and discretion, and showed that he could act when silent as well as when speaking. His unavoidable absence on the third and last night of the performance was much to be regretted. If one were to venture on a suggestion, it would be that the airs of *La Fille de Madame Angot* sound a little out of keeping with stories of Lemnos and Athens, although for all we know they may be better worth hearing than the *modi* which Flaccus arranged for the piece on its first production, when L. Postumius Albinus and L. Cornelius Merula were curule ediles.

The Prologue, as usual, touched upon the prominent topics of the day, and contained allusions to the improvements in the auditorium of the theatre. The Epilogue, unlike its predecessors, did not rely mainly on hits at the follies of the day, introducing these only casually in the course of a dialogue among a somewhat heterogeneous set of people. Terence, Comedy, Tragedy, Ajax, and Falstaff meet and hold converse, and Falstaff, on hearing "alarms and excursions" without, falls as though dead, and Comedy asserts that his dead body is that of Ajax, and calls in three "causidici" to support her assertion. The conceit is perhaps far-fetched, but it is clothed in clever elegiacs, and the whole Epilogue, which concludes with a panegyric from Terence on the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was as well received as usual.

CONVERTED WINE.

THE conversion of wine is a form of missionary enterprise which even Mr. Max Müller would scarcely connect with the science of religion. Converted wine is, it seems, a polite name for forged wine; but there are different kinds of conversion. For instance, a man named Benoni le Blanc has just been sentenced by the Recorder of London to a year's imprisonment for having converted bad champagne into champagne of good repute by simply changing the corks and the cases in which the bottles were packed, and putting forged labels on the bottles. He forged the labels, and has been very properly punished for it; but what shall be said of those who forge the wine as well as the labels? If a milkman mixes a little water with his milk, he is liable to fine or imprisonment; but the wine merchants seem to fancy that they are at liberty to sell as wine a liquid which contains hardly any wine at all, and which in some cases contains absolutely not a particle of wine. At first sight one is tempted to say that wine merchants who do such things are liable to be prosecuted and punished under the Adulteration Act; but the question is not quite so simple as it appears to be.

Messrs. Gilbey, who have undertaken the defence of the trade, have thrown down a direct challenge on this subject. In their latest circular an assurance is given that the "purity and genuineness of every article in this list is guaranteed and can be ascertained by analysis in accordance with the Adulteration Act." But, then, what is purity and genuineness? In the circular we are told that "all the undermentioned sherries are purely of Spanish growth"; but in a letter to the *Times* Messrs. Gilbey deny that such a thing as pure Spanish sherry ever comes to this country. "Sherry possessing only the natural amount of spirit produced by fermentation may," we are told, "be found in Spain," but it never reaches England, or at least is not imported by Messrs. Gilbey. Messrs. Gilbey's sherries always contain "a sufficient preserving power"—quantity not stated—and this preserving power is alcohol. We are asked to believe that alcohol is a very expensive ingredient, and adds considerably to the cost of the so-called wine. Of course Messrs. Gilbey may make a point of invariably using the very best Cognac brandy for the fortification of even their pale sherry (three years old) at 1s. 6d. a bottle. It is known, however, that cheap sherries are occasionally fortified with alcohol which is distilled from potatoes, beetroot, maize, and other substances, and has no sort of connexion with the grape. This alcohol is a very cheap article, and it is simply because it is cheaper than real wine that it is so largely used. Messrs. Gilbey supply another kind of sherry at 1s. 3d. a bottle, which they honestly enough call "Castle Hambro' Sherry." "Hambro'," they mention for the information of their customers, "is not a place of production, but from its being a free port has more facilities than any other place for collecting, manipulating, and preserving the cheaper wines of many other countries." We do not happen to know anything about this particular Castle Hambro' Sherry—indeed we need hardly say that we are discussing only Messrs. Gilbey's arguments, and not their wines—but we are aware, in common with the rest of the world, that Hambro' Sherry generally has a very notorious reputation. We find the following analysis of a sample of it in a number of Mr. Ridley's *Wine Trade Circular*:—40 gallons of fine potato spirit, at 1s. 4d. per gallon on the spot; 56 gallons of pure Elbe water, cost nil; 4 gallons of capillaire, 12s.; 10 gallons, to be liberal, of luscious wine or grape juice, 2l.; charges for cask, work, labour, shipping, &c., bring the total cost up to 7l. 2s. The mixture was shipped as Elbe or Hambro' Sherry, at 7l. 15s.; and it is stated that a bottle of this stimulating beverage was found to contain 38 per cent. of proof-spirit. We are not suggesting that all sherry, or even all Hambro' Sherry, is as bad as this. All we wish to point out is that, if a dealer were to be prosecuted for selling this concoction, he would no doubt be able to prove that in the trade there is really no standard of purity and genuineness, that all sherry is more or less "manipulated," and that a great deal of liquor passes current as wine which is nearly, if not quite, as artificial as the Hambro' brew. A wine with 40 per cent. of alcohol in it is certainly not pure and genuine wine in the proper sense of those words, but then there is a technical sense in which the words may be applied to almost any mixture. Messrs. Gilbey, who go to Hambro' for sherry, also go to France for port; but it would be interesting to know what relation "French port," or Roussillon (1s. 4d. a bottle), bears to the genuine juice of the grape. M. Guyot says he has seen under his own eyes, and under the inspection of the Custom-House officers, 15 per cent. of maize spirit added to each cask of Roussillon. "It is true," he adds, "it was for exportation"; and there can be no doubt that a considerable quantity of this doctored liquor comes over here, and some of it is sold as real port. Of course we do not mean to say that Messrs. Gilbey's Roussillon is of this quality; but only that, if it were, it might still be contended, from the trade point of view, that it was a pure and genuine wine, because these words have come to be used in quite a non-natural sense.

In regard to sherry generally there are one or two facts which appear to be beyond dispute. In the first place, there is such a thing as pure natural sherry, or at least it has been known in other days, if it has now ceased to exist. By pure natural sherry is meant the juice of the grape, fortified only by the alcohol produced by fermentation. We have the high authority of Dr. Gorman for saying that, if the fermentation of wine is perfect, it produces sufficient alcohol to preserve the wine for a century in any country.

"Sherry," says Mr. Ford, "is a purely artificial wine, and when perfect is made up from many different butts; the 'Entire' is in truth the result of Xeres grapes, but of many sorts and varieties of flavour." The artificial character of the wine here referred to relates, of course, only to the mixing of different qualities of genuine wine; but in the modern process of manufacture the problem seems to be how to dispense with the pure juice of the grape as much as possible. First of all the grapes are plastered over with sulphate of lime, which removes the tartaric and malic acids, and substitutes sulphuric acid; and a further dose of vitriol is added by each butt being impregnated with the fumes of burning sulphur. Next, in addition to various ingredients which are intended to impart colour and flavour, the wine is fortified by the addition of spirit sufficient to raise the alcoholic strength of the liquid to 35 or 50 per cent. of proof-spirit. The ordinary sherry of commerce is, therefore, a mixture of alcohol, vitriol, and grape juice; but a great deal of it contains no grape juice at all, its place being taken by sugared water with a little flavouring. It is very hard to say what is genuine or pure about a concoction of this kind. It is assuredly not wine, in the proper sense of the word, because vinous ether is an important characteristic of wine; and, instead of ether, this manufactured sherry contains only a fiery and corrosive spirit. The wine merchants have been driven to admit that sherry is not, properly speaking, wine; they now call it a cordial or a stimulant, and plead that it is wine only in a technical and commercial sense. But this is exactly the argument of the milk-sellers, coffee-dealers, mustard manufacturers, and other traders; and the magistrates have refused to listen to it. It has been decided that milk and water is not pure milk, that coffee and chicory is not pure coffee, that pure mustard does not mean mustard, flour, and turmeric, and that alum is not a proper ingredient in bread. Why then should sherry wine, which contains scarcely any wine, but a great deal of alcohol and vitriol, be considered to be "pure and genuine" sherry? There is no reason why the wine merchants should not be allowed to sell this mixture, detestable as it is, if people with their eyes open are mad enough to go on buying and drinking it; but it is difficult to see why they should be entitled to sell it as wine without any warning that it is, in point of fact, not wine, but a strong spirit adulterated with sulphuric acid. It may perhaps be difficult to define exactly in all cases what is to be considered wine and what spirits; but there is a broad distinction between the two kinds of liquor which everybody understands. It is not immaterial to a man whether he drinks a glass of alcohol or a glass of wine; the effect on his nerves, on his stomach, and on his constitution generally is very different in the one case from what it is in the other. It does not seem fair, therefore, that when a man asks for a glass of sherry, a wine merchant or publican should be allowed with perfect impunity to serve him with a poisonous mixture of potato or beetroot brandy and oil of vitriol.

Wine merchants who wish to deal fairly with their customers should furnish an analysis of their wines by which they may be known and tested. There would then be some hold on the dealer. If he gave out that there was only so much per cent. of alcohol in his wine, that the alcohol was genuine grape brandy, and that the rest of the liquor was real wine; and if it were shown that this was not a fair description of the liquor, he could be punished for the fraud under the Adulteration Act. At present, whatever may be proved to be the character and composition of the liquor, the dealer can always turn round and say, "This is not perhaps what you call wine, but it is what we choose to call wine; it is the wine of commerce." A grocer who wishes to mix chicory with his coffee, or flour with his cocoa, can do so safely only by proclaiming frankly on the label what is the nature of the article; and there is no reason, as far as we can see, why a similar rule should not be applied to wine merchants. The principle of the Adulteration Act is that manufacturers and traders may adulterate if they choose, if they take care to let it be known that their goods are adulterated; and as wine merchants have twisted the nomenclature of wine altogether out of its original meaning, they might reasonably be required to give some idea of the nature of the liquors which they sell under arbitrary and unmeaning names. There is, however, another way in which the excessive adulteration of wines might be effectually checked. It is a fraud not only on the public, but on the revenue. Natural wine, which is supposed to contain not more than 26 per cent. of proof-spirit, pays 1s. a gallon duty; artificial wine, with from 26 to 42 per cent. of proof-spirit, pays 2s. 6d. a gallon; while spirits of proof strength have to pay 10s. a gallon. It is obvious, therefore, that the manufacture of highly alcoholized wines is really a form of smuggling. It is a mode of importing spirit under the disguise of wine, and at the lower duty; and this wine is, in point of fact, largely used instead of spirit for various purposes. The way to prevent this is simply for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to revise the duties, so that in the case of all wines over the natural standard of alcohol, spirit shall be charged as spirit. No plea can be advanced on behalf of the traders who would suffer from this measure. The production and sale of doctored and diluted spirits in the name of wine is in every way noxious and disgraceful. It is smuggling, cheating, and poisoning combined, and nothing better could befall the country than that it should be placed under the same restrictions as the sale of honest alcohol in its various forms. The wine growers too will perhaps some day begin to see that hitherto they have to their own ruin, been playing into the hands of the merchants. The object of the latter is to cheapen wines of an artificial character.

recter, because they are more easily manipulated and imitated; the more the juice of the grape is mixed and doctored, the less important it becomes as an ingredient; and indeed we now find that grapes are beginning to be regarded as an exploded superstition, and that sugar infusions and alcoholic mixtures are taking their place. The manufacture of sham wines has now reached a point at which the owners of vineyards may be expected to perceive that it is not exactly for their interest that the use of grapes should be entirely superseded.

SUNDAY FUNERALS.

A QUESTION has been suggested as to the right to be buried on Sunday. It is the most convenient day for numerous classes of the population to attend funerals; and, on the other hand, residents on roads leading to cemeteries are likely to regard Sunday funerals as a nuisance. It appears that the Commissioners of Sewers, who are the Burial Board for parishes within the City, have been taking advice on the question whether parishioners have a right to be buried on Sunday, and counsel "inclines to think" they have. The question has never been judicially determined; but a custom of burying on Sundays has generally prevailed, and the right appears to be recognized by a Canon of 1604, which proceeds on the assumption that the parishioners, and not the person, choose the day for the funeral, and give notice of it. "No minister shall refuse or delay to bury any corpse that is brought to the churchyard, convenient warning being given him thereof beforehand." It has been judicially declared that this warning must be convenient in reference to the time, distance, and various vocations of the clergyman, for that which might be a convenient warning in one case or in one parish might not be so in another. The word "thereof" must be taken to refer not to the fact of the corpse having been brought to the churchyard, but to the intention to bring the corpse, and the word "before" must be understood "before the corpse is brought." The canon being penal, a person proceeding under it against a clergyman would be required to show that everything therein mentioned had been strictly complied with; and it may be inferred from a reported case that a "convenient warning" must be such as would enable a clergyman to make his arrangements and prepare himself for his duty in meeting the corpse at the proper time and place, as well as to afford time for preparing the grave, or whatever else might be requisite. It must be remembered that the common law, as generally understood, cast the duty of providing burial upon the person under whose roof the death took place. Such person "was bound to carry the body, decently covered, to the place of burial," and it would seem that he ought to be allowed to perform this unpleasant duty with all convenient speed. In many cases prompt burial would be necessary, particularly as the person who would be bound to bury would apparently not be bound to provide a coffin. In time of pestilence even a day's delay of burial of the dead might be fatal to the living; and many stories attest the popular belief that sufferers from cholera and other epidemics have, under pressure of supposed necessity for prompt interment, been buried even before they were dead. These considerations make it probable that burial on Sundays would be held to be a common law right, and, if so, it may be doubted whether a Burial Board or Secretary of State could make a regulation closing a cemetery on Sundays. It would probably be held by the Court of Queen's Bench that such a regulation was in effect a prohibition, and therefore unauthorized by the statute under which it would purport to be made.

It is difficult to question the soundness of this opinion; and therefore, unless the Legislature interferes, the "scenes of drinking and riot" which are complained of at Sunday funerals must continue. It is doubtful also whether the Legislature would interfere to deprive the poor man of the opportunity of enjoying himself at a friend's funeral. It may be readily believed that Sunday funerals are as annoying to quiet people who happen to live near cemeteries as Sunday bands were to the dwellers near Hyde Park. A funeral party arriving at the City Cemetery at Ilford would be entitled to the privileges of *bona fide* travellers, and would not be likely to leave their privileges unimproved. But nevertheless a regulation prohibiting Sunday funerals could hardly be considered as made for the "maintenance of public decency" under the Act. Counsel remarked in his opinion that the indecency complained of would still prevail on week days; but this perhaps is hardly an answer to those who regard it as particularly indecent on Sundays. Of course fewer people would come on week days, because many could not leave their work, and therefore fewer people would get drunk; but then it would be said that funerals should be held on Sundays for the very purpose that people may come. It would be interesting to know something of the reasons which induced the Commissioners of Sewers to seek advice upon this question. To stop Sunday funerals because they are sometimes disorderly is in harmony with the ideas of a busy party which is always seeking to retrench the use of whatever is liable to abuse. But it may perhaps be desirable that a large number of persons should attend funerals, even at the risk of some of them being more than is good for them to drink. A funeral is usually a religious assembly, and those who value religion should do their utmost to bring the population into contact with it. Lawyers always hesitate to give an opinion without authority to rest upon, but it is easy to understand that there is almost nothing in law books to help towards a decision of this question of

Sunday funerals. For many centuries probably the question could not have appeared doubtful. The saying that "The better the day the better the deed" would have been held a sufficient answer to it. If quarter-day falls on Sunday, a tenant's duty is to pay his rent, and if he does not pay it, the landlord may detain on Monday morning. The ancient law was thus, and Sabbatarianism has not changed it.

In a case where an action was brought against an incumbent for refusing to solemnize a marriage, the Court seems to have thought that it was essential to the plaintiff's case to show that the defendant, at the time of the request made to him, was able to perform the ceremony and not engaged in the performance of any other duty. The action was brought by the man, and the woman had died after the refusal. If she had a fortune, this circumstance of her speedy death might perhaps have afforded ground for claiming what lawyers call "special damage" in the action. Formerly one might be married anywhere, but by an Act of George II. parties are confined to the church of the parish where one of them has resided for a certain time; and as an incumbent of a church might prevent any other clergyman from performing the marriage service in his church, it may perhaps be said that the duty to solemnize marriage is now cast on him. But the duty would be to marry on request, and the Court considered that, in the case before it, request was insufficiently alleged. "One party might wish to be married, the other not: the request must be by both." It was doubted whether the duty arose upon notice of the licence being given to the clergyman. He might be engaged in some previous duty before he had knowledge of the licence, and that would surely constitute a good defence. It could not be said that under all circumstances he was bound to address himself to the particular occupation of marrying these parties as soon as the licence was notified to him. It was assumed in the argument on this case that it is not optional whether or not a clergyman will bury; but all that the Court said as to notice and occupation in other duties would appear applicable to the case of burial. It was contended that an action would lie for refusing to administer the Sacrament; but that is doubtful. No action lies for refusing to celebrate Divine Service, because "there is no individual wrong."

The statutes forbidding certain things to be done on Sundays are evidence that under the common law these things were permitted. Thus a statute of Henry VI. enacts that all fairs and markets held on Sundays should cease, except on the four Sundays in harvest. A statute of Edward VI. enacts that Christmas Day, Good Friday, and all Sundays, shall be kept as holydays, but in harvest or any other time when necessity shall require, any kind of work may be done upon those days. It was declared by James I. that dancing, archery, &c. were lawful, and no such honest mirth should be forbidden on Sundays after service. The King says, and his words would be true now, that the prohibition of these games led to filthy tippling and lowliness. The practice of archery on holydays was enjoined by various statutes. But the influence of the Puritans now began to prevail, and under Charles II. a statute was passed which prohibits tradesmen and artificers from working at their ordinary callings, and which also prohibits the sale and hawking of wares and goods. This brief summary will suffice to show that the duty, if it existed at common law, to bury on Sunday, has not been affected by legislation.

The custom of feasting at funerals has always prevailed in England, and as Sunday is a convenient day for an excursion to a cemetery, so it is a usual day for a good dinner and plenty of drink. The reeve of the manor of Hinton spent, between the death of Lord Berkeley and his interment, seven bushels and three-quarters of beans in fattening one hundred geese for his funeral feast. It appears probable that this entertainment was postponed until the geese were fat; and perhaps a mediæval noble, at once hospitable and thrifty, might have endeavoured to die just when his larder was well stocked. In *Middlemarch* the duty is inculcated of keeping a good table during a mortal sickness of the house-master, and of course that duty would become even more peremptory after his death. It is said, in reference to those who attended the funeral of King Richard II., *non erat qui eos invitaret ad prandium post laborem*. The same may probably be said of many Sunday visitors to Ilford, but then they invite themselves. It is fortunate that the right of reading or saying any so-called religious service in churchyards has not yet been conceded; for, if it had, we should fear that between fanatics and rowdies the condition of that cemetery and the approaches to it might become intolerable. In the cemetery itself, order, or some approach to it, might be maintained by a sufficient force of constables, but sponters and their attendant crowds would be a grievous nuisance to the neighbourhood. We can hardly doubt, however, that Sunday funerals must be permitted, at least until Parliament gives power to interfere with them, and Parliament will be shy of doing that, however respectability and Sabbatarianism may combine to press it. The poor man's friends, or those who call themselves so, are certain to complain that one of his few pleasures, a Sunday funeral, has been taken away from him for the convenience of wealthy dwellers in suburban villas.

THE THEATRES.

OUR theatres are most amusing when they borrow most largely from the French. The "eccentricity" in three acts, called a *Wedding March*, which now delights full houses at the Court

Theatre, is an old and valued friend, *Chapeau de paille d'Italie*, altered to the modern fashion and trimmed with English flowers. It is, when well acted, irresistible, and no better example could be found of skill in constructing a play of sustained interest out of trivial and grotesque incidents. It is in length a comedy, and in nature an extravagant farce. The bridegroom hurrying over London in quest of a straw hat of particular make and trimming, while the wedding party in eight cabs follow fast upon his flying traces, and appear shortly after him in every scene, presents a sort of parody of *Orestes* pursued by the Furies. The bridegroom, taking a ride in Hyde Park in the early morning, became separated from his horse, which availed itself of its liberty to devour part of a straw hat which it found hanging on a bush. The hat belonged to Mrs. Major-General Bunthunder, who, having quitted the house of her distinguished and irascible husband for the ostensible purpose of buying a pound and a half of Barcelona nuts, avails herself of the opportunity to meet in the Park a young and dashing officer of the Guards. Having for the more complete enjoyment of his society taken off her hat and hung it on a bush, it is partly eaten by Mr. Woodpecker Tapping's horse, and of course if the lady goes home without it, her husband will be likely to ask more questions than she can conveniently answer. Her admirer, being in honour bound to see her relieved from the embarrassment which he has caused, assists her in tracing Mr. Woodpecker Tapping to his house, and requires with portentous threats that that gentleman, laying all other business aside, and ceasing every excuse, shall procure a hat like that which has been destroyed, and shall allow the lady and her lover the shelter of his house while he makes the necessary search among the bonnet shops of the West End. He is expecting at that moment the arrival of his bride and her friends, who are to call for him on the way to church; and indeed he has hardly time to conceal Mrs. Major-General Bunthunder and Captain Bapp in two closets when the wedding party enter in grand procession, and inform him that eight cabs are waiting at the door. The bride's uncle Bopaddy, who possesses the inestimable advantage for stage purposes of being impenetrably deaf, had arrived beforehand, and is helping himself to sherry at the sideboard in the dining-room. The bridegroom, driven almost to despair, pretends that he has lost the licence, and takes the whole party to the door of a fashionable milliner, which, as they come from the country, they are easily persuaded is the entrance to Doctors' Commons. The poor young man fancies that one bonnet is very like another, and that he shall obtain without difficulty what he requires; but, after surmounting a fresh complication arising from the fact that the mistress of the shop recognizes in him a faithless lover, he learns the appalling fact that there was only one of those particular hats in stock, and it had been lately sold to the Marchioness of Market Harborough. While this explanation is taking place in a side room, the wedding party, growing impatient, leave the eight cabs at the door and come upstairs. The milliner's book-keeper arrives at the same moment wet through, and wishes to change his clothes before beginning the business of the day. This he attempts to do behind his desk, while the wedding party, supposing him to be the Registrar, approach with profound bows and request him to inscribe their names and addresses *seriatim* in a book which lies upon the desk. The poor man, bewildered and shivering with cold, at last gathers his clothes as well as he can about his person, and makes a bolt of it, while the entire wedding party rush off in frantic pursuit of the supposed Registrar, whose assistance they deem indispensable to the solemnization of the marriage. The bridegroom takes advantage of their starting on a false scent to depart as quietly as he can for the mansion of the Marchioness, who is about to give a morning concert. The Duke of Turniptopshire, one of the guests, has already arrived in full dress, and wearing his ribbon and garter, and has just helped himself to a penny tart from the luncheon-table in an adjoining room. The consumption of this delicacy is interrupted by the arrival of the unlucky bridegroom, whom the Duke mistakes for a famous Italian singer, while he mistakes the Duke for a particularly swell footman. The Italian, having been asked by the Marchioness to sing two songs for 3,000 guineas, gallantly answered that he would sing three for a flower from her ladyship's bouquet. The bridegroom adroitly avails himself of his supposed character to say that what he really wants to make him sing his best is a hat of charming design lately sent from a particular shop. The Marchioness is all smiles and compliance; she brings him a hat in a box, but unfortunately it is not the hat he wants, and she at the same time begs him to favour the company with a song. She tells him that the hat he wants has been given to her friend Mrs. Major-General Bunthunder, and at the moment of his disappointment and confusion the wedding-party, who have made their way into the house and devoured all the luncheon, come upon the stage in a delightful state of elevation from champagne; and a wild dance of all the characters succeeds, in which the Duke, taking for his partner one of the bridesmaids, performs with surprising vigour. We learn afterwards that the bride's father mistook the mansion of the Marchioness for St. James's Hall, and is going to write to the *Times* to complain of the treatment he and his party received in being turned summarily into the street.

The bridegroom, still goaded onward by inexorable necessity, now arrives at the house of Major-General Bunthunder, who has been expecting from ten o'clock in the morning to half-past five in the afternoon the return of his wife from her purchase of a pound and a half of Barcelona nuts. The Major-General, suffering from

headache, is taking a footbath. He is sitting clothed as to his upper part in the fullest possible uniform, with a screen drawn partly round him, and a blanket covering the bath in which he has placed his feet. The bridegroom arrives, and after adding some more hot water to the bath, and shutting up the Major-General in the screen, he proceeds to search the house for the much-desired hat, which however he cannot find, for the simple reason that Mrs. Major-General Bunthunder is the strange lady whom he has left at his own house, and there was only one hat in all London of this pattern—namely, that which was devoured by his horse. The bridal party arrive at the Major-General's house just as the bridegroom quits it in despair, and they think that this is the bride's future home, where they may make themselves as comfortable as circumstances admit. The bride's father and the General exchange boots, and when the General starts in pursuit of the bridegroom, whom he supposes to be a burglar, his pace is happily checked by a misfit. Ultimately all the characters are assembled in the street between the bridegroom's house and a police-station. Exhausted with the fatigue of a long day's chase after the bridegroom, and denied admittance to his house, they sit down on the muddy steps until a member of the force appears and proceeds to run them all in. Recent events cause this part of the performance to be received with immense applause. The bridegroom becomes aware that the lady shut up in his house is the wife of the angry General, whom he has only just distanced in the race. The only resource is to get her to come out of his house and be shut up in the station. He drops a coin into the hand of a policeman, and charges the lady with being drunk and disorderly. The policeman exclaims, "I know yer; come along," and drags her off. Finally it appears that among the bridal presents is a hat of the exact pattern of that which the horse devoured, and as the lady appears wearing this hat, and declares that she never set eyes upon the bridegroom before, her irascible husband is pacified, and merely remarks that after all she has forgotten to buy the Barcelona nuts.

This "eccentricity" is preceded by a "comedy-drama," in three acts, called *Alone*, of which the basis of the plot is derived from an old French story. It is odd that the playbill which contains this acknowledgment does not refer to the French origin, which, however, is tolerably notorious, of the *Wedding March*. The "comedy-drama" is well written and well acted, and the Court Theatre seems likely to maintain the prosperity which the celebrated trio of the *Happy Land* created. It is remarkable that at the Olympic Theatre at this moment Mr. Gladstone's features are imitated in the burlesque of *Richelieu Redressed*, and it is even mentioned that the Prime Minister has written an article in a periodical bearing the familiar brown cover of *Good Words*. This burlesque is preceded by a new English version of the *Marriage de Figaro*, which is sufficiently well acted to make a very amusing piece. It is shortened to three acts, and much that made the original famous disappears, but still the situations remain as diverting and bewildering as ever. Noting the bills of the different theatres, a critic would be hard to please if he did not admit that the popular taste must be at least healthy when so many standard dramas are nightly presented with general efficiency, and some conspicuous talent. Even the burlesques have at least improved in this, that they no longer depend exclusively on classical legends for their subjects. The performance of the *Hypocrite* at the Gaiety Theatre, with Mr. Phelps and Mr. Toole in the leading parts, has been received with deserved applause. This is, we believe, the first appearance of Mr. Phelps in London for nearly a year, and his return is welcome. The success of this play is surprising when we observe that the same audience is capable of enduring an after-piece entitled *Seeing Toole*, which is, if possible, more inane than an average burlesque. The fashion for reviving comedies might be usefully extended to farces, of which dramatic literature contains an ample stock. A good old farce is certainly better than a weak new one; and even Mr. Toole cannot impart drollery to the act of asking for a programme.

REVIEWS.

BIRKS ON MORAL PHILOSOPHY.*

THIS volume is offered as "a small sheaf of first fruits" by the Professor whom the authorities of Cambridge competent in that behalf have chosen to set in the seat of John Grote and Maurice. As such it seems fitting that it should not pass unnoticed. Had it been a mere private lucubration, we should have been content to leave it in peace as the fancy of a well-meaning Evangelical preacher who had mistaken his vocation. If a clergyman holding no official position beyond that of a minister of the Church of England thinks fit to write a series of rambling sermons and call them moral science, it may add no particular lustre to himself or to the Church, but it calls for no public remonstrance. But the case is different when a clergyman who has been expressly appointed to expound moral philosophy as a science makes so little effort to discriminate between his two characters of pastor and professor as wholly to ignore the most elementary conditions of scientific treatment. This is what Mr. Birks has done; the result is that no one of his discourses is

* *First Principles of Moral Science.* A Course of Lectures delivered in the University of Cambridge. By Thomas Rawson Birks, Knighthbridge Professor of Moral Philosophy. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

satisfactory as a lecture, and we can at best only conjecture that in a more congenial place the materials might have been worked into respectable sermons. "This is the more to be lamented as a clear and vigorous re-statement of the ethical theories favoured by Mr. Birks is at present really much wanted. The old weapons of intuitive morality have never been properly re-fashioned to suit the exigencies of modern warfare. The developed utilitarian ethics of J. S. Mill are very different from the narrower, though perhaps more logical, system of Bentham. Mr. Bain and others have sought to strengthen their position by establishing connexions with admitted conclusions of physical science. Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Darwin, by taking into account the accumulated experience inherited from ancestors, as well as the actual experience of the individual, have put the experiential theory of morals on an entirely new footing. Nothing like an organized defence has been made against these advances. The writings of the late Professor Grote, who excelled almost all his contemporaries in true speculative insight, are indeed full of valuable criticism and suggestion; but their want of form and finish prevents them from being known as they deserve to be. Mr. Lecky made some telling points in the introduction to his *History of European Morals*, but he neither worked these out sufficiently nor set up any counter case of his own; and there have been also review articles and other fugitive pieces by various hands, sometimes of considerable ability. But nothing has been undertaken on the proper scale or on a settled plan. Mr. Birks obviously has the success of intuitive morality very much at heart, and his appointment to this professorship gave him a splendid opportunity of doing service to his cause, which, as far as we can judge from his first course of lectures, he is doing his best to throw away.

The manner in which Professor Birks introduces his subject is in itself a little singular. A teacher appointed by a great University to expound an important branch of philosophy whose very foundation is still matter of active controversy might be expected to reconsider with some anxiety the thoughts he is about to publish, or at least to make sure that his controversial equipment is not obsolete. But the writer of these lectures enters on his campaign as light-hearted as any general of the Second Empire. Desiring to give "a pledge that the views held in the present volume, and others which may follow, are no hasty product of recent study," he prints as an appendix an undergraduate prize essay just forty years old, in which he apparently finds at this day nothing to alter. A man who takes pride in having learnt nothing in forty years raises at the outset some suspicion of his capacity as a teacher.

It is true that this volume is announced as handling preliminary topics, and that the criticism of opposing theories is expressly reserved for another season; and we cannot say it is impossible that Professor Birks should turn out to be stronger in detailed criticism than in general exposition. But a work put forth by instalments must be judged by instalments; and of this preliminary exposition we are forced to say that we fail to extract from it any distinct ideas whatever, we do not say of moral science, but even of Mr. Birks's opinions on moral science. All we can make out is that he holds some sort of intuitive theory of ethics, considers it absolutely essential to the welfare of mankind, claims for the science of morals, without ever telling us what it is or showing us what it can do, a pre-eminent rank and dignity, and assumes accordingly a large jurisdiction to warn off as a trespasser any other science or scientific way of thinking whose conclusions are inconvenient to him.

Thus we have a chapter on the relation of Political Economy to Morals, wherein Mr. Birks sets forth passages from leading economists who expressly warn their readers against misapprehending the object of their science, and then proceeds to repeat all the vulgar misapprehensions, crying out against the "cold hard iron selfishness of trade," and declaring that economical science must be moralized. By this last phrase he appears to mean that political economists, having told their readers how wealth is produced and distributed, should not be content to leave them to their own judgment on the further questions how far wealth is a good thing in a moral point of view, and what is the right way to use it, but should distinctly advise them to go to the Professor of Moral Philosophy for the higher instruction without which all knowledge already acquired is rather worse than useless. The like complaint might be made with equal reason of every other science; but as to political economy the fallacy seems inveterate. Mr. Birks vituperates that unhappy science almost in the same breath for ignoring morality and for meddling with moral questions which are above it. It really does neither. The fundamental assumptions are not that material prosperity is everything, and that selfish motives are the only motives in human affairs. They go no further than this—that material prosperity is of sufficient importance to make the scientific investigation of it worth undertaking, and that the motives known as selfish are in fact the prevailing motives in the sort of transactions on which material prosperity depends. All the questions proposed are questions of finding what are the proper means for attaining certain ends; there is no economical measure for the worth of those ends in themselves. Philosophy is in some senses better than wealth; but the labour of a Professor of Moral Philosophy, whether he lectures well or ill, cannot be called productive in the sense of political economy. If he lectures about things he does not understand, it may be impossible to call his labour productive in any sense; but political economy has nothing to do with that.

Professor Birks shows his appreciation of another kind of science

by denouncing the "purely literary and curious treatment" of moral and religious opinions—meaning, as appears by the context, orderly historical treatment—as "one of the most worthless and mischievous of occupations." He proceeds to announce that his own aim will be the exact reverse—namely, "to unfold on this subject some definite principles which may serve as waymarks to earnest minds." He has certainly succeeded in making his own method the exact reverse of what scientific method ought to be, but those who can find any definite principles will be more fortunate than ourselves. We ask for the bread of reason, and we do not get even the stone of dogma, but only a heap of sand. There is one science, however, to which Professor Birks is respectful enough, being himself a mathematician of some standing. His use of mathematical similes is so frequent as to be tiresome, and he relies, as many before him have done, on the analogy of mathematical axioms to support the universal and necessary character of the moral axioms which he will at some uncertain day enunciate. Now it is perfectly true that the universality and necessity assumed to belong to the propositions of pure mathematics have furnished the strongest arguments in favour of a knowledge independent of experience, and have been the most dangerous stumbling-block in all systems, whether of logic, metaphysics, or morals, which have denied any such knowledge. But the peculiar quality of mathematical truth is itself no longer undisputed. Several eminent mathematicians now hold the opinion, formed on mathematical grounds, that we cannot affirm the axioms of our geometry to be absolutely true. Indeed it has been shown to be possible to construct a consistent geometry with other axioms. Mr. Birks as a mathematician is probably aware of this, but as an intuitive moralist he takes no notice of it. As he seems to think it had enough already that undergraduates should ever hear of the perverse people who have cast doubt on "eternal and immutable morality," perhaps he also feels bound not to shock their tender consciences with the desecration of eternal and immutable geometry. It seems worth while to observe that the late Professor Grote (*Examination of Utilitarian Philosophy*, p. 298) distinctly repudiated the notion of making ethics "an exact quasi-mathematical science."

As for philosophical criticism, there is a chapter on "The Doctrine of Utility" in which the crudest misunderstanding of utilitarianism is expressed in confused and involved paragraphs, of which we give a specimen for the reader to disentangle if he can:—

There is a further disproof of the doctrine that a calculation of consequences is the only source of morals, from reflection upon the nature of the calculation itself. It is a moral act, and subject to moral laws. The power to foresee consequences, to remember the results of past experience, to compare and analyse the causes of events, and to trace the probable effects of a particular course on the minds and feelings of others, is a high and noble faculty. Man did not create it for himself, it is the gift of God. If actions themselves need moral rules to be calculated for them, how much more the faculty by which these calculations are to be made! But who can learn, by calculating alone, the methods and principles on which all right calculation must depend? *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Surely the gift is one of which the exercise needs some guidance, since on its right or wrong performance, by the hypothesis, a life of vice or virtue, of wisdom or guilt and fully, must naturally ensue.

"The doctrine that a calculation of consequences is the only source of morals" would certainly astonish any utilitarian we ever heard of. But, letting the language pass, Mr. Birks has omitted to observe that he has proved too much. The only meaning we can attach to these sentences is that it is impossible ever to begin constructing any system of ethics at all. For inquiry into the first principles of morals, says the Professor, is a moral act, and you cannot tell whether you are performing it rightly when *ex hypothesi* you have as yet no moral rules; *ergo*—we pause for the conclusion. We should expect it to be that moral science either is impossible, or is possible only as a subordinate science whose office is merely to deduce propositions of morality from premises given by theology; and we more than suspect that Mr. Birks really inclines to the latter alternative. If he maintained it openly, we should attend to him with much more respect; his position would then at any rate be intelligible.

We find also the old misconception that a utilitarian can never do any moral act without first casting up a sum—an error which has been repeatedly corrected, and which we cannot stop to correct again. Likewise there is the not uncommon confusion (but this is perhaps venial) of the general reason, so to speak, for the moral quality of an act with the motive of the agent. When a man performs his contract, for instance, he very seldom thinks of the general precept of morality that men ought to perform their lawful contracts, nor is there any need that he should. In most cases his immediate motive is the desire of being paid for his work, which is a perfectly innocent and proper motive, but is quite apart from the reasons which make the execution of the work his duty.

When the substance of a book is so far from satisfactory, it is hardly needful to dwell on any small points of manner and style. Otherwise we might complain of vague and illusory definitions, of space wasted in unmeaning formal classifications, and of trains of argument which, instead of leading to a conclusion, break down and bide their discomfiture in a text. We might say that theories which, whatever may be their ultimate success, at least command the serious attention of the scientific world, ought not to be described by an educated man speaking in a seat of learning as "theories for manufacturing some miserable semblance of a conscience out of the transmuted instincts of the ape or baboon." And we might express a doubt whether it is tolerable for any writer of English to call democratic communities "plebiscites"

[sic] of mere floating political atoms." A French elector said of Napoleon III. in 1870:—"He would be President, and so we made him; he would be Emperor, and so we made him; he would be *Plébisuite*, and so we made him—and now that is not enough for him, but he must needs go to war." We did not expect to find this propriety in the use of political terms rivalled by a Cambridge Professor.

Finally, it may be observed that the publishers have borne strong indirect testimony to the real character of this book. The catalogue inserted at the end of the volume by way of advertisement is a special catalogue, not of scientific or philosophical, but of theological works. For aught we know, Mr. Birks may be successful as a theologian. At present we can only see that he fails as a scientific moralist.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF CYPRUS.

THIS work contains the best record remaining to us of the remarkable collection of Cyprian antiquities which about a year ago passed from London to New York at the price of 10,000*l*. It will be remembered that unusual interest was at the time aroused in archaeological circles by these objects of ancient art, nearly ten thousand in number, exhumed from temples and tombs at Golgoi and Idalion, cities sacred to Aphrodite. The vases, statues, and bas-reliefs delineated in these thirty-six photographs, some plates containing more than a dozen examples, have been judiciously selected by Mr. Newton with the purpose of elucidating the successive phases of plastic art in the island. The difficulties with which the subject is avowedly beset are met, and in some measure solved, by Mr. Colvin in a well-studied introduction which sets forth how

the Island of Cyprus is one of those points which stand marked in the map of the world as an ancient focus or radiating point of civilization. A key to much of the history of the origins and early development of Greek civilization, Greek forms of worship and of art, is the history of the early movements and contact of races along the coasts and in the coastward islands of the Mediterranean. The contact of Hellenic settlements with Semitic settlements along those coasts and in those islands, and the relations of the two with primitive populations—these constitute for the historical scholar a set of problems the most fascinating and the most difficult. Upon these the attention of much of the best modern scholarship has fixed itself, illuminating them bit by bit with results laboriously obtained, and in need of perpetual revision. But there has been one thing always obvious—that for the study of the primitive intercommunication between Greek and Asiatic, Cyprus is the centre of the position.

It was at once recognized that these archaic vases, these small terra-cotta images rudely modelled with the finger and thumb, these statues and statuettes of human figures carved in the soft calcareous stone of the island, some of unknown antiquity, others unmistakably Roman, might be read as the chronicles of intermingling races and of political vicissitudes.

The arts in Cyprus prove themselves moreover closely correspondent to the geographical position. Cyprus is so situated between Africa and Asia that her flora and fauna partake of the characteristics of both continents; and in like manner her arts show consanguinity with Egypt on the one side and with the Greek colonies of Asia Minor on the other. These remains, too, may be compared to geological *débris* washed together from many and remote strata. And what renders the phenomena presented of more interest is that the products are not importations, but home growths; they are impressed with a distinctive local character; they bear the physiognomy of the Cyprian race; they evidently pertain to the spot; the stone is not the granite of Syene, nor the marble of Pentelicus, but the soft sandstone that lay nearest to hand. And in this expressly native origin these vestiges differ from the otherwise analogous art deposits found in the ancient Crimean tombs near Kertch. Some of the treasures now removed from Kertch to St. Petersburg are of a type so highly developed as to lead to the conclusion that they were importations from Greece, or at any rate that the artificers were Greeks settled in the Cimmerian Bosphorus. It is true that certain of the works exhumed in Cyprus suggest a like alternative. Thus there are archaic vases which may have been taken thither by the great carriers of the old world, the Phœnicians; and again there are statues which wear so expressly the Egyptian and the Assyrian image as to point to the probable conjecture that artists from neighbouring nations came and planted schools in an island which, from its mineral riches and the fertility of the soil, presented irresistible temptations to any people who might happen to be on the move. Other analogies arise between Cyprus and the Crimea; in each is found local articulation and motive. The arts of Cyprus tell of the worship of Aphrodite, just as the sculpture of Attica proclaims the dominion of Athena; in place of the owl of Minerva we find the dove; here, for example, is a priestess of Venus bearing in her hand a dove. In the analysis of Crimean antiquities it has seemed not unreasonable to set down to local agencies what cannot be referred to foreign sources; there is, for instance, a presumption of localization in the favourite use of the griffin, inasmuch as a tradition prevails that the monster was born in those parts. Analogous arguments favour localization in Cyprus. Also rude execution may generally be taken as evidence of

native workmanship—a testimony to indigenous origin which bears on the arts of the Crimea and of Cyprus equally. We may add that like moot questions as to race, style, and date extend as far as the regions about the Danube, though the chronologies we there have to deal with are later, but equally confused. The fact is that in any locality where there have been great and continuous migrations of peoples, the antiquities that come down to us almost of necessity present mixed and anomalous characteristics. Chronologies seem to overlap each other, specific styles cross into hybrids, national systems of ornament interpenetrate and coalesce. It were well were it possible to analyse these art products as a chemist would reduce a compound into its original elements. That Mr. Newton, Mr. Colvin, and Mr. Stuart Poole have been working this rich mine gives assurance that we shall, if possible, obtain the clue to the perplexed arts deposited on the border-lines where three continents meet as on common ground. What seems to be wanted is some exhaustive work which shall do for Cyprus what the Russians, in the "Compte-rendu de la Commission impériale archéologique," and in a monograph on the "Antiquités du Bosphore Cimmerien" accomplished for the antiquities of Kertch.

The Cyprian antiquities here delineated and described are divisible, with more or less approach to certainty, into successive periods and styles. The series opens with vases and rude figures in terra-cotta. We seem to be here in the presence of that prehistoric, that "Homeric or pre-Homeric," art, of which it is difficult to assert anything with certainty. The Phœnicians are almost as a matter of course named as either the carriers or the artificers, and this conjecture tallies with our own experience in the Mediterranean. Certainly works of this archaic type are not circumscribed within the shores of Cyprus; we believe we have met with their like at various stations in the sea which washed the shores of the old civilizations. Indeed, in art creations, as in the works of nature, the further we go back in time the more nearly do we approach to certain elementary and generic forms which are widely diffused just as they are elementary and generic. This certainly is true of such rudimentary forms as flint implements; it also would appear to hold good of those simple shapes in fictile ware which are suggested by the necessities common to all primitive peoples. Mr. Colvin points to a wide geographic distribution of an archaic type, identified with a "set unmeaning smile of the mouth, and the more or less rigid attachment of the arms to the body, according to the traditional helplessness of the art before the innovations of Daedalus." Statues of this character found in Cyprus are of the transitional period when Egyptian and Asiatic styles were becoming Greek; thus we seem to see "Greek art dawning under our eyes." Mr. Newton in like manner discovers interesting points of consanguinity between this Cyprian statuary and Etruscan statuary found at Cervetri. Thus, again, we see that Cyprus contains an epitome of historic arts; she is the common ground whereon meet and intermingle the arts of many peoples, and yet each national art in turn takes on the local colouring of the spot; Cyprian art has a dialect peculiarly its own.

The most important remains—the statues and statuettes of human figures—come from the temple discovered by General di Cesnola at Golgoi. They may be broadly classified into "figures of priests or kings, and figures of the god Herakles." As to size, they vary from colossal to miniature. And as to distinctive styles, they range from Egyptian and Assyrian types to forms which may be designated as provincial Greek, the series ending with works of the late Roman period. Thus we have a history of rise and decadence which extends over more than a thousand years. The largest and most important head in the collection, Assyrian in treatment, is supposed to have belonged to a dominant statue no less than forty feet high. A figure of this import pronounces the scale of the containing or adjacent temple. Other figures speak equally plainly of that wave from Assyria which passed over Cyprus. Yet beneath and around this and other foreign elements there subsists, as we have said, a distinctive local character. Thus Mr. Colvin reminds us that modern travellers find in the receding forehead, high cheek-bones, sunken cheeks, and thick protruding nose, chin, and lips of the Cypriot population of the present day a remarkable correspondence to these heads exhumed from the old temple. We have here another interesting example, not only of the permanence of race, but of that inherent relation which is ever maintained between historic races and historic arts.

We think it must be admitted that these Cyprian antiquities possess an archaeological rather than an artistic value; indeed it is avowed that they belong either to "an imitative and third-rate provincial school" or to an "archaic and traditional school." In fact, the two schools lived side by side, of which there is an analogous case in the Temple of Argina, where the central figure is archaic and traditional, while the surrounding figures are studies from the life. The traditional school in Cyprus is as usual sacred to religious uses, and thus were perpetuated archaic forms "long after they had been enabled or grown out of elsewhere." Hence, as in the subsequent art of Byzantium, which in like manner for century after century preserved a prescriptive type, it becomes difficult to determine the date of many of these products. In fact, style ceases to be a criterion of age. It was the peculiar fatality of this Cyprian art that it passed into the decadence of the late Roman period without having touched the culmination reached in Greece or among the colonies of Asia Minor. These remains make confession that the artists of the island saved themselves the trouble of direct appeal to nature, and thus the works are alike wanting in actuality and ideality. We find neither broad and vigorous modelling from the life, nor

* *The Antiquities of Cyprus*. Discovered (principally on the sites of the ancient Golgoi and Idalion) by General Luigi Palma di Cesnola, U.S. Consul at Larnaka. Exhibited by Messrs. Rollin and Feuardent, Photographed by Stephen Thompson, and Printed by the Lithotype Press, permanent, from a Selection made by C. T. Newton, M.A., Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum. With an Introduction by Sidney Colvin, M.A., Fellow Trin. Coll., Camb. London: Mansell & Co. 1873.

generalization of the individual into an ennobled type of the species. Hence these figures are wide as the poles asunder from the creations of Phidias in the Parthenon. We shall anxiously look for further accessions of knowledge to clear the moot questions which arise out of these discoveries. We would gladly learn more of the actual condition of these tombs and buried temples; photographs which may have been taken on the spot, showing the position of the vases and figures when first uncovered, would be invaluable. We need scarcely say that it is of the utmost importance that notes should be preserved of the position in which the figures were found, especially when works of diverse dates or schools stood in juxtaposition. An analogous case is that of bone caverns where the remains of animals belonging to distant epochs lie together. Men of science boast that they take notes or sketches of the precise condition of things when a cave is first opened. We believe that a like practice has prevailed among careful excavators of tombs. At present these Cyprian remains, as they have come to us in fragments or in isolation, appear sadly in want of what may be termed foreground, background, and surrounding scenery. Wide is the field, and the labourers, though skilled, are necessarily few.

THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.*

MRS. PARR is the author of *Dorothy Fox*, a novel of sufficient merit to distinguish it from the mass of ephemeral literature which fills the shelves of circulating libraries. Her present performance is creditable in its way; but we are afraid that it is still of the tantalizing kind, and is always raising hopes which are never quite satisfied. Mrs. Parr writes in a natural and lively style; and the little vignettes of country life to which she treats us are fresh and interesting. The scenery of the Western counties has inspired more than one novelist, though we doubt whether it has yet received full justice. Mrs. Parr's strength, however, lies less in descriptions of scenery, though here and there a touch recalls to us the characteristic beauty of the Cornish coast, than in descriptions of the unsophisticated population. We fancy that we could without much trouble identify the naval port of Dockmouth, and make a fair guess at the little town of Mallett, in which the characters play their parts. The natives, at least, have every appearance of being sketched from the life. Their kindness, simplicity, and loyalty to the old families enable them to fill the minor parts of the little drama in a very satisfactory way; and we are willing to believe that such qualities still survive in some remote villages. There are two or three exemplary sailors who are in the habit of making free but friendly comments on the love affairs of the leading personages; and a quaint old nurse who may possibly be described as a distant relation of the immortal Mrs. Poyser. The country talk is shrewd and easy enough; and there is some real humour in the indications of religious and social prejudices. All this, which may be called the filling-in of the story, is so good that we are inclined to expect something better in the parts upon which the chief stress is laid. Unluckily it is just here that we become conscious of at least a partial failure. In fact, Mrs. Parr passes too frequently from the natural to the merely conventional, and fails to make her fine ladies and gentlemen talk with anything like the force of their humbler dependents. If we can show her what are her really strong points, we shall be doing her the greatest service which a critic can render to an author, and we shall therefore venture to insist a little upon the contrast of the two elements of the story.

The plot in which the fate of the various characters is involved reminds us a little too strongly of the rather whimsical cause of melancholy suggested in Mr. Mill's Autobiography. The philosopher, as he tells us, was at one time much grieved by the reflection that there was only a limited number of possible tunes in the world, and that when composers had discovered them all, our descendants' pleasure in music would be materially destroyed. We often feel that fiction is exposed to a similar danger. The number of possible plots is not perhaps limited, but the number of types to which they can belong is very limited indeed. So many variations have been played upon some of the most familiar tunes that the novelist's task is now rather selection than invention. Mrs. Parr's story belongs to a well-known variety which follow what may be called the circulating method. The recipe for such a story is easily given. Take any number of young ladies and gentlemen, arrange them in a circle as though they were about to play a game at cards, but let each person fall in love with his or her left-hand neighbour. The result of this is inevitably to produce a good many complications, which can easily be worked out to any length according to the taste of the author. A situation of this kind occurs in a good many of Mr. Trollope's stories, and in his hands is often amusing enough. Mrs. Parr's application of it in the present case is very simple. Sir Stephen Prescott is in love with Miss Carthew; Miss Carthew with Mr. Despard; Mr. Despard with Mrs. Labouchere, an interesting widow; and Mrs. Labouchere with Sir Stephen Prescott; thus completing the magic circle. The next point is to give us a little additional excitement by distributing good and bad qualities. Sir Stephen and Miss Carthew are therefore made into pattern characters; whilst Mrs. Labouchere and Mr. Despard, though not actually wicked, are so selfish as to repel our sympathies. In order to bring things right, the bad characters have to show their selfishness in such a way as to undeceive the good characters,

and thereby induce them to transfer their affections to each other, instead of wasting them upon undeserving objects. The same device is employed twice over: Mrs. Labouchere has jilted Sir Stephen Prescott before the story begins for the sake of a rich man; though, being now a rich widow, she is endeavouring to bring him back into bondage. Mr. Despard, from equally mercenary motives, refuses to avow an engagement to Miss Carthew, and endeavours to attract Mrs. Labouchere instead. Miss Carthew's illusions are thus destroyed, and she is at liberty to recognize the virtues of Sir Stephen, and reward them with her hand. In order to produce sufficient complication in the narrative, Mrs. Parr has recourse to the familiar device of a concealed marriage, which of course comes to light towards the end of the novel, and elevates the selfish Mr. Despard to the baronetcy and estates of the admirable Sir Stephen. The plan might seem to reward the villain at the expense of the virtuous hero; but, in fact, it only serves to show the nobility of the one character and the selfishness of the other, and moreover, the estates thus transferred turn out to be so heavily encumbered that we may congratulate Sir Stephen upon getting rid of them.

The story of which we have thus indicated the outline is obviously of the most conventional class, and naturally fails to interest us very deeply. In fact, Mrs. Parr hardly seems to care much about it herself. She does not care to avoid very gross improbabilities, or to realize very clearly the natural influences of their situation upon the characters concerned. Thus, for example, the original cause of all the mischief is the eccentric behaviour of a former proprietor of the Pamphillon estates. This gentleman has been cheated into a marriage with a woman of bad character, who has a son, and then deserts him. He is so much annoyed that he disowns his son, and tries to conceal his marriage. He has, however, some scruples about destroying his marriage certificate, and therefore takes the singular course of enclosing it in a sealed letter, which is given, after his death, to the mother of the supposed heir. The mother, to secure her son's prospects, not unnaturally, though very wrongly, puts the certificate in the fire, to the considerable trouble of her conscience, and supposes that she has destroyed all evidence as to the legitimacy of the disowned son. We do not mean to say that this eccentric proceeding of a gentleman who does not like to commit a crime himself, but puts a temptation to commit it in the way of an interested person, is altogether inconceivable, but certainly it is so queer that the author should take a little trouble to reconcile us to the improbability. When it is suddenly sprung upon us without any preparation towards the end of the story, we see too plainly that the old gentleman has been acting, not from any peculiar idiosyncrasy, but from a desire to further the interests of the novelist. The story is made still more absurd by the extreme ease with which the property is instantaneously recovered. So far from all evidence being destroyed, we are required to believe that the first inquiry into the matter immediately produces conclusive proofs of the marriage; and thus the fictitious nature of the whole transaction is made unpleasantly obtrusive. We are not merely aware that we are reading a novel; but the unreality is dashed in our faces. Plots of this kind should either lie left alone or be carefully constructed. Otherwise we are rudely disturbed in that measure of illusion which is agreeable even in a story which demands no serious attention. It is a worse blemish that the iniquity of the whole transaction is not turned to proper account. Mrs. Parr does not seem to realize the extremely disagreeable consequences to a lady of being found out in a long course of deception by which she has fraudulently kept a man out of an estate for many years. It is true that Mrs. Prescott, who has been guilty of an action for which she might have been sentenced to penal servitude, expresses a certain amount of annoyance, that she cries a good deal, and even goes so far as to faint away. But none of her friends seem to think any the worse of her, or to have recourse to any means of consolation beyond a smelling-bottle and a glass of water. Novelists who venture into tragedy cannot be allowed to put it aside in this summary fashion. A mother committing a crime for the sake of her son is in a position which has afforded the pretext for a great deal of powerful and would-be powerful writing amongst novelists of all calibres. It is a pathetic and forcible situation, and therefore, when once presented to us, it should lead to a catastrophe of corresponding magnitude; and certainly it should not be treated as though the criminal had only been guilty of a rather unladylike proceeding, to be fairly atoned for by a good fit of crying. When that is done, it is plain that the writer's imagination has not been exerted, and that she has merely been employing the first artifice which came to hand from the ordinary novelist's stock-in-trade, instead of endeavouring to work out a moral or artistic problem.

The characters engaged in carrying out the plot are for the most part rather feebly coloured. As may be expected from a lady novelist, the men are decidedly inferior to the women. The good hero is good, but commonplace. The bad hero is apparently meant to be outwardly attractive, but spoilt by a selfishness which he attempts to conceal from himself and others. Unluckily the selfishness becomes so prominent from the very first that we are never left in doubt as to the sentiments which we ought to entertain for him, and anticipate our final verdict from the earliest pages. The task, indeed, of displaying such a character satisfactorily is not an easy one. There are plenty of people in this world on very good terms with themselves and others, who would appear, if carefully analysed, to be selfish to the core. But to show this, whilst preserving the charm of their external good humour, requires a masterly hand; and Mrs. Parr becomes rather too angry with this creature

* *The Prescotts of Pamphillon*. By Mrs. Parr. London: Ishister & Co. 1872.

of her imagination to do him full justice. The worst result of this error is that it rather interferes with our appreciation of the otherwise charming heroine, Miss Hero Carthew. We should wish to see a more palpable excuse for her error in taste. We know that she is making a blunder in bestowing her affections upon Mr. Deepard; and we should sympathize with her more if her blunder appeared to be more natural. However, the love affairs of human beings are generally managed on such inscrutable principles that we are hardly shocked by a fact only too conformable to our general experience—namely, the misplaced affection of a charming young woman for a man who is anything but charming. Miss Carthew is not precisely a new creation. She is the fresh, healthy country girl with strong affections and no nonsense, of whom we meet a good many examples in novels. But we do not often see her described with more spirit than in Mrs. Parr's story; and we admit her to be thoroughly fresh, healthy, and lifelike. If we could expect our advice to be received, we should say that Mrs. Parr might write a really excellent story if she would take a young lady like Miss Carthew, surrounded by the society natural to the place, and make her fall in love with a substantial farmer or a half-pay naval officer, instead of introducing her to wooden ladies and gentlemen from London, and involving her in troublesome plots with fictitious marriages and hidden wills.

WEATHER WISDOM.*

NEW editions of Hone's *Every-Day Book* and *Year Book*, which supplied so much entertaining gossip to our fathers, have just been published, in the reasonable confidence that they will have no less a charm for our generation. It is indeed remarkable how well they deserve reprinting, and how little they have been put out of date by the subsequent appearance of Chambers's "Book of Days," and the invaluable volume of *Notes and Queries*. At present our concern is chiefly with the corroborations they furnish to a great many of the explanatory and illustrative notes of Mr. Swainson's collection, which clearly owes to them no inconsiderable debt. If the reader is at fault for fuller particulars of the strange saints of the Continental calendars, whose supposed influence on the weather makes up Mr. Swainson's first part, i.e. "the superstitious side of weather lore," Hone's volumes will rarely fail to supply his want. They illustrate, too, though in a less degree, the sun, moon, and star proverbs of the second part, besides containing a good deal of information about animal life and plant life, from both of which weather-prophets, ancient and modern, have drawn prognostics. Under April 4 in the second volume of the *Every-Day Book* will be found the information about an inexpensive and durable weather-glass, consisting of a leech in a phial of water, which Mr. Swainson has condensed in his *Prognostics from Reptiles*, p. 251. The phial is the common eight-ounce phial, three parts filled with water, and covered at the mouth with a piece of linen rag. It is placed upon a window-frame; and the water is changed in summer twice, in winter once, a fortnight. The leech moves restlessly up and down the bottle before wind; is agitated and convulsive near the very mouth of the phial before thunder and rain; is motionless, coiled, and calm at the bottom before frost or clear open weather; and in prospect of rain or snow is apt to creep to the surface, and betoken the duration of such weather by an indisposition to sink. From Hone's *Year Book* also we get a clue to other points of rustic natural philosophy, which renders intelligible certain sayings recorded by Mr. Swainson. "At New Year's tide" says one of these, of English origin, "the days lengthen a cock's stride." A Polish proverb has the same expression, and another form of the English adage goes on to say "At Candlemas an hour wide." We become curious as to the oddness of this manner of computation, when, under the day of St. Antony the Hermit (January 17th), we find the Italians saying that "At Antony's tide, the days lengthen a demon's stride," a stretch indicative of seven-leagued boots or the hill-to-hill stride of a Cornish giant. But the *Year Book* explains the origin of the expression:—

Everybody knows that this saying (that about the cock's stride) intends to express the lengthening of the days in a small but perceptible degree; yet few are aware of the ground for it, for there is something uncommon and seemingly improper in applying long measure, inches and feet, to time. But the countryman knows what he says from observing where the shadow of the upper lintel of his door falls at 12 o'clock and there making a mark. At New Year's day the sun, at meridian, being higher, the shadow comes nearer the door by four or five inches, which for rhyme's sake he calls a cock's stride, so expressing the sensible increase of the day. Before the style was altered, long after this saying came into use, the distance of time was greater by clever days between the solstice and New Year's day than it is now; and consequently the difference as to the sun's altitude, or day's length, at those two times would be more perceptible than it is now.

There can be no question that the application of long measure to time indicates very primitive observation, for Hesiod avails himself of something very like it in order to teach the rural Boeotians the spring season for sowing, to wit, "when the leaves at the end of a spray have grown to the length of a crow's foot."

It can hardly be doubted that much weather folklore has its origin in reverence for particular local saints, and some also may

have been due to the accident of verse or of alliteration. And although it may be going too far to endorse Gay's couplet—

Let no such vulgar tales debase thy mind,
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind—

still it must always be safe counsel to "try" the saints and their weather-wisdom. As to the connexion of St. Paul with the weather following the festival of his Conversion (January 25), there is an old and constant opinion in many nations and languages. French, Germans, Italians, all endorse the four Latin lines which our English adage reproduces in eight:—

If the day of Paul be clear
Then shall betide a happy year.
If it do chance to snow or rain,
Then shall be dear all kinds of grain;
But if the wind be then aloft,
Warres shall vex this realm full oft;
And if the clouds make dark the sky,
Both neate and fowle this yeere shall die.

In Alsace the vulgar belief is that on the evening of this day, "omnia ventorum concurrere prelia," all the winds strive for the mastery, and that which holds its own at midnight takes rank as the predominant wind for the year. But still more fanciful is the calculation by which the country folk of North Italy prognosticate the weather of the year to come from the twenty-four days of January which precede St. Paul's. Beginning with New Year's Day, which is termed January, they go on up to the 12th, giving each day the name of the corresponding month, the weather of which it is considered to foretell. From the 13th they reverse the order till the 24th, making the 13th December, the 14th November, and so on. Thus, if the 7th and 18th, corresponding to July, are foul weather, such will be the character of that month. It is somewhat against this elaborate calculation to learn that it is liable to be vitiated and upset by a partly wet and partly fine 25th of January, which makes all uncertain. Somewhat of kin to this calculation is the theory of our ruder forefathers and their contemporaries in other lands as to the "Borrowing days"—the 29th, 30th, and 31st of March, which are generally stormy, and so were reputed to have been borrowed from April by grasping March. There is a vulgar belief that these days—on which it is unlucky to lend or borrow—are so called from the Hebrew loan on the Egyptians before the Exodus, and Dr. Jamieson traces this to the corresponding time of the year, Abib or Nisan, including part of March and April, at which the Israelites quitted Egypt. The inclemency of the "borrowing days," which is fully believed in Andalusia, may be connected with the storm that overwhelmed the Egyptians.

It must be owned that there is more to be said against than for a faith in St. Swithin's influence on the weather:—

If St. Swithin weeps, the proverb says,
The weather will be foul for forty days.

This saw has been shown to have no basis in what happened at the translation of the bones of the saint, but it derives a certain amount of confirmation, or consistency, from the tradition about St. Bartholomew's day, just forty days after—namely, August 24th. This runs:—

All the tears St. Swithin can cry
St. Bartholomew's dusty mantle wipes dry.

Unfortunately, though Continental nations cherish almost universally the same form of belief, there is great fluctuation as to the day and the saint. In France St. Médard (June 8) and St. Gervase and Protasius (June 19th) have the credit which St. Swithin holds with us. In Belgium St. Godelieve (July 6), in Germany the Seven Sleepers (June 27th), have a forty days' lien upon the weather for better or worse; and Poland, Denmark, and North Italy claim a like privilege for other saints. The term of forty days is obviously borrowed from Holy Scripture. Mr. Swainson, by the way, notices the apple-country proverb that when it rains on July 15 "St. Swithin is christening the apples"; he omits, however, a well-known and curiously trustworthy adage connected with hop counties and with St. James's day (July 25):—

Till St. James's day is past and gone
There may be hops or there may be none.

Another very curious tradition, founded no doubt upon careful observation, is that which introduces into the almanack a *second winter* and a *second summer*. The first occurs in May, on account of the east winds, of which divers Continental nations have a kindred proverb to our homely adage "cast not a clout till May be out." Mamertus, Pancratius, and Servatius, French saints whose festivals fall on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of May, are called in France ice-saints; and a special Bohemian saint, made up of the two last-named and St. Boniface (May 14), and called Pan Serboni, is commonly reputed "to wither the trees with frost." In Naumburg these saints are called, for a similar reason, "wine-stealers." A slight indication of the sound basis on which the proverbs about a second winter in May depend is to be found in the frequent nipping by frost of the plants bedded out in our parterres in that often treacherous month. The second summer—a short one—is All Saints' day, and is said to last three days, three hours, or three weeks; and it is to this that Prince Hal, in *Henry IV.* (act i., sc. 2), likens Falstaff, when he says to him, "Farewell, thou latter spring; farewell, thou All Hallow's summer." It is not at all uncommon to have at this season a spell of good still warm weather. It would save a vast deal of loss and vexation to amateur tree-planters if, reckoning on this second summer and its brief continuance, they would indoctrinate

* *A Handbook of Weather Folklore.* By the Rev. C. Swainson, M.A., Vicar of High Hurst Wood. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1873.

Hone's *Year-Book*. London: W. Tegg.

Hone's *Every-Day Book*. 2 vols. London: W. Tegg.

their woodmen with an old English proverb which is worthy of acceptance—namely, "Set trees at All Hallows' tide, and command them to prosper; set them after Candlemas, and ontreat them to grow." We will not answer for the truth of this about fruit-trees, but as to forest-trees it is beyond a doubt that whereas, if planted in November, they have time to get rooted and settled before the cold sets in, to defer planting them till the cutting February or the changeable March, is a perilous procrastination. *Appropos* of tree-planting, we are reminded that another interesting English proverb—

If you would fruit have,
You must bring the leaf to the grave—

inculcates that trees should be transplanted at the fall of the leaf; not much sooner, because of the motion of the sap; nor later, in order that there may be time for their rooting before the deep frosts. Old Ray it was who enunciated this explanation.

It is a curious study to connect the immigration and emigration of birds, and their appearances and disappearances, with the calendar of the months and saints. According to the proverb of Bergamo, the swallow arrives in Europe on St. Gregory the Great's day (March 12); it flies over the roofs on St. Joseph's day, the 19th. On the 15th of September (St. Nicolas) "the wild geese fly away" from Russia, a token of the approach of winter. In Scotland we learn that the proverb about them runs as follows:—

Wild geese, wild geese ganging to the sea,
Good weather it will be.
Wild geese, wild geese ganging to the hill,
The weather it will spill.

In truth, and apart from the saints, the prognostics from birds are generally to be trusted; and, for one obvious reason, especially those from the migration of birds:—

When great abundance of winter migratory birds, and particularly field-fares, arrive early, they usually forebode a hard winter; and the same prognostic of severe weather is to be inferred from the early or numerous migration of wild geese, wild ducks, and other winter fowl.

Enough has been said to illustrate the wealth of the mine which Mr. Swainson has opened in the first part of his volume. The second part is not a whit less rich and interesting, whilst, in addition, it is more trustworthy. There is a substratum of truth in most of the proverbs about a red sunset or sunrise, a pale, or red, or clear moon, twinkling or shooting stars, a rainbow in the morning, and a bank of clouds in the west, and the weather they severally portend. Who can disabuse us of a belief in the "mare's tail" cloud, which forebodes winds, and which is commemorated in this rhyming adage:—

Hens' scarts and silly-tails
Make lofty ships wear low sails?

"Hen-scarts" are equivalent to light clouds resembling "the scratching of hens on the ground." Or who doubts the import of the roundish, small, and well-defined masses of cloud which our proverbs designate "A mackerel sky, neither long wet nor long dry"? There is a fund of homely wisdom and reflection in the Tuscan snow-proverb, "Under water dearth, under snow bread"—illustrated by the Russian adage, "Corn is as comfortable under snow as an old man in his fur coat"—which should teach the husbandman to get his seed sown in the open weather of November. About the phenomenon of "rain while the sun is shining," which our matter-of-fact English adage says is certain to be soon over, the Pole more imaginatively surmises that "the witches are making butter," while the German accounts for it by the conclusion that "the Devil is beating his grandmother; he is laughing and she is crying." Under prognostications from birds, the ill-luck attaching to the sight of a single magpie in spring is explained by a quotation from Sir Humphry Davy's *Salmonia*, showing how, in cold weather, one magpie leaves the nest to forage while the latter sits on the eggs or young; in warm mild weather the two go out together, and it is then good fishing time. All the prognostics are of course liable to fail at times; and after all the wisdom of the Tartar proverb is the soundest, that "the peasant prays for rain, the traveller longs for sunshine; but God gives each what is best."

It is impossible to peruse this collection of the weather wisdom of all nations without noticing the discrepancy between different nations and districts as to questions of prognostication and portent. In the Pyrenees "a red sunset bespeaks a fine morrow"; in the Eure and Loire district, wind or rain. Of the rainbow in the east the French say that it betokens fair weather, in the south, rain; but the Spanish expect rain to follow from a rainbow in the east, dry weather and wind from a rainbow in the west. Again, while Virgil (*Georg. i. 397*) counts it a sign of rain—

Tenuis—laus per cælum vellera ferri—

our rhyming proverb runs in the opposite direction—

If woolly fleeces spread the heavenly way,
Be sure no rain disturbs the summer day.

In like manner England and France are at issue in their proverbs as to the results of drought, and Scotland and Sicily on the luck to be looked for in leap-year. Climate, experience, observation, may account for these variations; it may be that "each is right and each is wrong." And it is to be remembered that these discrepancies are not in cases where much depends upon following or disregarding the voice of proverbial wisdom; whereas, as we have shown above, there are really useful and trustworthy lessons to be learned from weather-lore.

FENG-SHUI.*

ONE of the most important and perplexing questions which meet the foreigner in his dealings with the Chinese is that which concerns the nature and properties of the *Feng-shui* superstition. It confronts him at every turn. If he wants to build a house, if he wishes to construct a railway or erect telegraph poles, if, perchance, he is desirous of taking his steam yacht higher up the river than it has been wont to go, or if he wishes to make a cutting through a hill, he is met with the invariable objection that by doing all or any of these things he will destroy the *Feng-shui* of the district, and will thus introduce disease and death among his neighbours. Were this belief confined to the lower and more ignorant classes, we might leave its investigation to those scholars who take a delight in observing and searching out the popular weaknesses of mankind. But the votaries of *Feng-shui* are to be found among the rich as well as among the poor, among the learned as well as among the ignorant, and among the officials as well as among the laity. It figures in despatches as the foundation of weighty arguments, and in erudite and technical books it assumes as much importance as in the mystical works of the professors of the art. It is therefore a question which demands the consideration of both diplomatists and scholars; and to the attention of both these classes we commend Dr. Eitel's pamphlet.

In considering this subject, the first question to be asked is, "What is 'Feng-shui'?" To this Dr. Eitel replies that it is "the blind gropings of the Chinese mind after a system of natural science, which gropings, untutored by practical observation of nature, and trusting almost exclusively in the truth of alleged ancient tradition and in the force of abstract reasoning, naturally left the Chinese mind completely in the dark." Like the people of almost every Oriental nation, the Chinese look upon nature as a living, breathing organism, in which are inseparably bound together all things that exist in heaven above or in the earth beneath, the organic with the inorganic, the living with the dead. Heaven is to the Chinaman "the ideal type of which our earth is but the coarse material reflex." The sun and moon he regards as the celestial counterparts of the male and female principles of nature. The reflection of the five planets, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury, and Saturn, he sees in the five elements of nature—namely, wood, fire, metal, water, and earth; and he traces their influence in the five constituents of the human frame—that is to say, the muscles, veins, flesh, bones, skin, and hair; in the five inward parts or viscera—namely, the heart, liver, stomach, lungs, and kidneys; in the five colours, white, black, red, blue, and yellow; in the five fortunes, riches, honour, longevity, children, and a peaceful death; and in the five social relations, those of prince and minister, father and son, husband and wife, older and younger brothers, and friends. "And he contemplates the spangled firmament at night and compares with it its dimly-reflected transcript on the surface of our earth, where the mountain peaks form the stars, the rivers and oceans answer to the milky way."

Thus in the firmament of heaven the Chinaman watches those mysterious signs which, marking the fate of nations and the destinies of individuals, are intelligible only by the light thrown on them by a knowledge of the general principles or laws of nature. Now one of the first of these laws as understood by Chinamen is that every elevation of ground on the earth's surface indicates the presence of one of the two magnetic currents of which the *W'e*, or breath of nature, consists. The excess of either of these currents, known as those of male and female, positive and negative energy, and which are symbolically called the Azure Dragon and the White Tiger, is destructive to the health and well-being of those living within its influence. The great object, therefore, in fixing on a site for a house or for a grave is to choose a spot where these two currents balance and equalize one another, and thus shed a beneficent atmosphere around—for their absence is as fatal as is the excess of either one or the other. The intending builder should therefore carefully note the position, as indicated by the higher hills or mountains, of the Azure Dragon, and should assure himself of the presence among the lower and more undulating hills of the White Tiger. The spot then to select will be the corner formed by the junction or neighbourhood of the two ranges. The upper and lower portions of the human arm when bent are the usual figures employed to represent the Dragon and the Tiger, and the inside part of the elbow as the model of a lucky site, for, say the books on *Feng-shui*, the luckiest spot, like a modest virgin, loves retirement. As an example of a well-chosen locality, Dr. Eitel points to the city of Canton, which is situated in the angle of two chains of hills running southwards in gentle curves, and forming in their course the shape of a complete horse-shoe. Every visitor to the mountain districts of Southern China must have noticed how invariably the excavations forming tombs are of the shape of horse-shoes; and some travellers have even thought that in life form thus adopted may be traced the use of the Greek π to symbolize the end. But the true explanation is to be found in the fact that the pious survivors are anxious that the ashes of the departed should lie embosomed in the genial influences generated by the combined presence of the Dragon and the Tiger.

All this sounds fanciful enough; but to the Chinese mind it represents a genuine belief, as may be proved by their never-failing attempts to palm off upon foreigners, as concessions at the Porte, those spots which are especially marked out as being under unfavourable influences. The falling off of trade at Canton since the forma-

* *Feng-shui*; or, the Rudiments of Natural Science in China. By Ernest J. Eitel, M.A., Ph.D. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

tion of the new settlement which consists of a dead level piece of ground reclaimed from the river; the fact that every house upon it is overrun with white ants, notwithstanding that every precaution has been adopted to prevent their inroads; and that the English Consul, who has a special residence built for him there, prefers living two miles away under the protecting shadow of a pagoda, are all with a secret pleasure attributed by the natives to the violation, in the choice of the site, of the laws of Feng-shui, and tend to confirm them in their contempt for the ignorance and simplicity of the outer barbarians. Indeed it is difficult to imagine how, until the idol of Feng-shui has been trodden under foot, any engineering works can possibly be carried on in China; for straight lines are of as evil import as even the total absence of the Dragon and the Tiger. A straight stream of water, a straight embankment, or a straight range of hills is quite enough to destroy the propitious influence of the most otherwise favoured spot; and to make a cutting through any portion of the hill or hills which form the Dragon or the Tiger is in the eyes of all true Chinamen to invite disaster. As an instance of this, and also of the sort of facts which so often give rise to and support popular superstition, we will quote a case mentioned by Dr. Eitel:—"When the Hong-kong Government," says the author, "cut a road, now known as the Gap, to the Happy Valley, the Chinese community was thrown into a state of abject terror and fright, on account of the disturbance which this amputation of the Dragon's limbs would cause to the Feng-shui of Hongkong; and when many of the engineers employed at the cutting died of Hongkong fever, and the foreign houses in the Happy Valley had to be deserted on account of malaria, the Chinese triumphantly declared it was an act of retributive justice on the part of Feng-shui."

But while it is declared to be the leading principle of Feng-shui that the influences of the natural configuration of the earth's surface are thus supreme, the power of modifying and moulding them is to some extent left in the hands of man. For instance, as we have said, the surface of our earth is but the dimly-reflected transcript of the celestial system, and in the mountains are to be traced the counterparts of the five planets and the stars. And it will be remembered that these planets—namely, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury, and Saturn—are also the prototypes of the five elements of nature—wood, fire, metal, water, and earth. When examining a site, therefore, it is the duty of every professor of the Feng-shui art to discover which planet is represented by any given mountain or hill, since the proximity of harmonizing elements is as important for the luck of a place as that of hostile and destroying elements is dangerous to existence. Thus no Chinaman in his senses would ever establish himself in the vicinity of two adjoining hills representing respectively the planets Jupiter and Mars and the elements wood and fire. But should he, from other reasons, deem the situation desirable, it is always open to him so to alter the shape of the hills as to change their identity. If, for example, he recognizes in a bold high mountain peak the characteristics of Mars (fire), and he wishes to convert it into the embodiment of Jupiter (wood), he has simply to level the top of the peak and the change is effected. In the same way a rounded Jupiter becomes a Venus, and a mound on the top of Saturn converts it into a Mars.

We have thus briefly sketched some of the leading principles of this extraordinary superstition which has for centuries enthralled the entire Chinese nation. For a complete view of the system we must refer our readers to Dr. Eitel's pamphlet, in which it is traced out with great care and perspicuity, and which we confidently recommend to the attention of all those foreigners in China who by force of circumstances are compelled to encounter and struggle against that bugbear of diplomatists and stumbling-block in the way of the nation's progress—Feng-shui.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IV.

CHAPTERS on Animals, by P. G. Hamerton. With twenty etchings by J. Veyraat and Karl Bodmer (Seeley). Among all the books that have come before us there are few that show any better or more original work than these twenty etchings. There is a truthfulness to nature and a vigour in the sketches of animal life which at once carry away the mind to many a scene of the country and woodland. Mr. Hamerton's writing is pleasant and interesting, and not unworthy of the illustrations which adorn it. It is by no means one of the biggest, and it is one of the least showy, of the Christmas books. There would be no great credit, therefore, in giving it away. But to make up for this there would be a great pleasure in receiving it, or keeping it.

We have also received from the same publishers an abridgment of the *Unknown River: an Etcher's Voyage of Discovery*, by P. G. Hamerton. Of the thirty-seven illustrations of the original edition only eight are now given, and of these two or three are somewhat blurred. Mr. Hamerton's narrative, however, is very pleasing, and, if we are not mistaken, is given almost in full. These, therefore, who cannot afford the original work may be glad to get at all events the narrative, with a few of the etchings.

Sunday Reading for Good Children. With illustrations by Sir John Gilbert, Holman Hunt, John Tenniel, and others (Routledge). If those who are whole need not the physician, but those who are sick, we would venture to suggest that Sunday reading is needed quite as much for bad children as for good. But perhaps picture-books are not for them. The illustrations, though of course merely reprints, are for the most part very good. We cannot say

as much for the verses with which the book opens. We should be sorry to set a naughty child to learn by heart such lines as—

Balaam the prophet, and Balak the king,
Would curse God's people—a wicked thing.

With this book we must couple the *Child's Coloured Scripture Book* (Routledge). It also has a Scriptural alphabet, and thus deals with the letter B:—

Balaam the prophet, on an ass, a visit went to pay
To Balak; but an angel stood to meet him on the way.

It contains also the story of Joseph, told not in the language of the Bible. We are amazed at the audacity of a writer who ventures to tell in his own poor language a story so written that it can be enjoyed equally by the child and the man. The illustrations are of the gaudiest.

From January to December: a Book for Children (Longmans and Co.). In this book a good deal of information about Natural History is given to children in short stories, or in accounts of visits to museums and the Zoological Gardens. The book is fairly well written, though the language at times is a little too high-flown, and the words are occasionally too big. Why, we should like to know, do women when they write a book for children always bring in the word entail? A shawl, we read in the book before us, in the making "entailed a good deal of counting." The political economy taught in one of the stories, by the way, would fully justify schoolboys in throwing stones at the street lumps, and rioters in burning a whole town. The author is describing a City feast, and she says:—"Do not the careless attendants who on these festive occasions chip the finest glass and break the most exquisite china deserve the silent thanks of the philanthropist? Surely they create a never-ceasing demand for the work of active hands." We hope that the philanthropist will keep his thanks silent thanks, or glass is likely to go up in price.

The Reef, and other Parables, by E. H. Bickersteth, author of "Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever." With illustrations (Sampson Low and Co.). These parables are fairly well written; but to our mind the applications are far too long. The best parable is that which needs no application, and the longer the application needed, the worse is the parable. Nevertheless we have no doubt that by a large class of readers Mr. Bickersteth's new work will be as highly esteemed as his well-known poem.

Worby College; or, the Luscombe Prize: a Tale of Boy's Life, by the Rev. H. C. Adams. With illustrations (Routledge). Mr. Adams, as we learn from his preface, suffers greatly from his stories of school-boy life being called by his critics imitations of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*; while, as he is the older man and the earlier writer, if there is any imitation, it must be all the other way. So too at Chelsea or at Everton, the proprietor of the Original Bun Shop or the Original Toffee Shop suffers from the charge that he is an imitator of the more modern Old Original Shop. Without then comparing *Worby College* with *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, or trying to estimate whether the parson or the layman is the better at getting boys into scrapes and out of them, we will say that we have a fairly interesting story of school-life, such a book as a boy will read with pleasure and with profit.

Man on the Ocean: a Book about Boats and Ships, by R. M. Ballantyne (Nelson). This is, we are told, a Book for Boys. We hope, however, that the literature of the present day with its big words has not yet brought down boys so low that they will stand many such sentences as the following:—"Ships are, as it were, the electric sparks of the world, by means of which the superabundance of different countries is carried forth to fill, reciprocally, the voids in each." We are not surprised to find that a writer who is so silly in his language is full of errors in his facts. He says that "the expedition of the Argonauts to Colchis in the year 1250 B.C. in search of the *Golden Fleece* is the first ancient voyage that lays claim to authenticity." There are then still men who claim to be writers, and who in their historical knowledge have not yet got beyond Goldsmith. "During the first five hundred years after the birth of our Lord," he goes on to add, "nothing worthy of notice in the way of maritime enterprise or discovery occurred." Agricola's exploration of Britain was of no moment, it would seem. A few pages further we read that "the crusades now began, and for two centuries the Christian warred against the Turk [sic]." It is a pity that a man cannot write about ships without thinking it needful to show his utter ignorance of history.

The Boy's Book of Trades, and the Tools Used in Them. With numerous illustrations (Routledge). The compiler of this little work rightly says that "when a boy has just left school he seldom knows much about the operations of any trade, and cannot be expected to express any preference for one more than another." He hopes, therefore, and we think with some reason, that his book may be of use in guiding each one in the choice he has to take. It will be found interesting also by those boys of a higher class who, though they will never become craftsmen themselves, have yet a strong interest in all crafts. The illustrations are very full and clear, while the explanations are fairly well done.

Lob Lie-by-the-Fire, and other Tales, by J. H. Ewing, author of "Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances," &c. &c. With illustrations by George Cruikshank (Bell and Sons). Mrs. Ewing has written as good a story as her "Brownies" of two Christmases back, and that is saying a great deal. *Lob Lie-by-the-Fire* is a very pretty story, with by no means a pretty name. It has humour and pathos, and teaches what is right without making children think that they are reading a sermon. The other tales have

already appeared, as we are told, in *Aunt Judy's Magazine*. They are all good, but not one comes quite up to "Lob." We are glad to see three illustrations by that friend of our childhood, George Cruikshank. He must have nearly filled his fourscore years, and yet, so far as drawing goes, is not far removed from the young.

The Gospel of St. John, illustrated by Bida (Sampson Low and Co.) "The drawing, etchings, and engravings" of this book, as the publishers' announcement tells us in somewhat questionable English, "have been twelve years in preparation, and an idea of the importance of this splendid work may be gathered from the fact that upwards of fifty thousand pounds have been expended on its production, and it has obtained for MM. Hachette the Diplôme d'Honneur at the Vienna Exhibition." The work is in itself so admirable that it needs no puff, whether well expressed or ill expressed. The present volume, containing only the last of the four gospels, is illustrated with twenty-seven steel engravings. The publishers have done well in giving the English version of the gospel, and not the French, with which these illustrations were originally published. If M. Bida can read our language, he will find that our English version as much adorns his engravings as his engravings adorn the French version. We must not forget to add that the printer's work is all that could be desired. We reserve for another opportunity a fuller notice of the great work of which this book before us is a partial reproduction.

Martyrs of the Revolution (Bickers and Son). This is an excellent reproduction of a very interesting series of plates which were engraved by George Virtue from original pictures by Vanlyke and others about one hundred and thirty years ago. The original title of the work was undoubtedly somewhat long, but we think that the modern publishers, if they desired brevity, might have struck out one rather more accurate than that which they have chosen. It is difficult to see how Archbishop Juxon, for instance, was in any way a martyr, who, as we read in the quaint notice of his life affixed to his print, "had the happiness to see the King and Church restored, to place the crown on the head of the former, and be himself the head and crown of the other, being in 1660 translated to Canterbury, and on June 4, 1663, to that place where his character may be equalled but not excelled." Misleading and foolish though the title is, the work itself has great merits.

Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea, translated by Rev. Henry Dale, M.A., formerly British Chaplain at Dresden. With illustrations by W. Kaulbach and L. Hofmann (Bruckmann). Mr. Dale's version has considerable merits, and the illustrations are in themselves very pretty, and have been admirably reproduced by the photographer, while the printer (saving a few typographical slips) and the binder have done all that printers and binders can do in helping to render this translation of the German classic worthy to rank as one of the first among the Christmas books of the year. We hope that the spirited publisher will find that he is no loser by his efforts to bring out the great poet of his nation in an English dress.

Oxford and Cambridge: their Colleges, Memories, and Associations, by the Rev. Frederick Arnold, B.A. With engravings by Mr. E. Whymper, F.R.G.S. (The Religious Tract Society). Mr. Arnold has done his portion of the work fairly well, while Mr. Whymper's engravings are very interesting. We should have liked to see, by the way, a sketch of that portion of the University in which "the antiquarian may go back to the Saxon period." If Mr. Arnold had been at University College, he might have been almost pardoned for clinging, with all the members of that ancient foundation, to the pious belief in King Alfred as their founder. But a Christ Church man has no excuse for writing such nonsense. He admires, by the way, "the most sumptuous pile of buildings erected" a short while ago, close to the famous Broad Walk of his College. Sumptuous, no doubt, it is. For ourselves, we never felt to the full how greatly a town can be improved by standing a siege till we first saw this and one or two others of the new piles of building in Oxford. A few cannon-balls well aimed would turn what is now a dreadful eyesore into a most picturesque ruin. Mr. Arnold's book, however, is much better than the pile of buildings which he praises, and will be found a useful guide to the visitors to either of the Universities.

Beethoven's Sonatas, edited and fingered by Agnes Zimmerman (Novello). This is in every way an admirable edition of the great master, but will be found especially useful for the student. Each sonata is amply fingered, while particular attention has been given to the proper marking of the phrasing. Some few slight alterations have been made in the text, for which the accomplished editor gives reasons which at least show that they have not been made without consideration.

The Christmas Oratorio in Vocal Score (with a separate Accompaniment for the Organ or Pianoforte), by J. S. Bach. The English translation and adaptation by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, M.A. (Novello). This is the third great choral work of this great composer that has been brought out by Messrs. Novello. The price is so moderate that this noble composition, consisting as it does of sixty-four numbers, can be bought for about the cost of a couple of the so-called comic songs of the day.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. With illustrations by Alfred Fredericks (Bickers and Son). There is considerable merit in some of these illustrations, more especially in the sketches of woodland scenery. But the humour of the play seems to us to be entirely lost in Mr. Fredericks's drawings. He has read his *Midsummer Night's Dream* but ill if he thinks that the craftsmen of Athens are fit for nothing but a caricature.

Pheasants for Coverts and Aviries, by W.B. Tegetmeier, F.Z.S.,

author of the "Poultry Book," &c. &c. Illustrated with full-page engravings drawn from life by T. W. Wood (Cox). Mr. Tegetmeier is so well known as an authority on everything connected with birds, that it is necessary for us to do little more than call attention to the publication of this work on pheasants. So far, however, as we have looked into it, it is written in a clear and interesting manner. The illustrations are good, though a wood-engraving, we must admit, can do but little in reproducing the brilliant plumage of the cock-pheasant. It may surprise some of our readers to learn that in this country "hundreds of thousands are spent annually in rearing the pheasant." It is no wonder that so important a branch of production has a manual all to itself.

The Smaller British Birds, by H. G. and H. B. Adams. Illustrated with coloured plates of birds and eggs (Bell and Sons). This is an interesting book, containing full descriptions of the nests, eggs, and habits of the smaller birds. The coloured plates are abundant, though perhaps not very true to life. Our great fear is lest the British schoolboy may find his appetite for bird-nesting, which is already far too keen, whetted by what he reads in such a book as this. It would be as well, by the way, if the authors would stick to their birds and leave Latin alone. Even a bird-nesting schoolboy may be astonished to learn that, "if we dissect the above scientific name (*Alauda brachydactyla*) of this, to us, rare species, it will be found to consist of three Latin words—*alauda*, a lark; *brachius*, short; and *dactylus*, a finger."

A Very Young Couple, by the author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal," &c. (Marcus Ward). If the plot of this story is somewhat melodramatic, yet the story itself is so pleasantly and brightly told that it deserves high praise. The young wife's faith in her husband when he is missing and is believed by all his little world to be a thief, is very well described. They had made no doubt a great mistake in marrying on 170*l.* a year, but, though a very imprudent, they are nevertheless a very charming couple, and are sure to be liked. We must congratulate the authoress on having produced a work in every way equal to her *Runaway* of last year.

Women in Sacred History, by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Illustrated with fifteen chromo-lithographs (Sampson Low and Co.). We cannot say very much for this work. Mrs. Stowe's "object" is, as she tells us, "to show in a series of biographical sketches a history of Womanhood under Divine Culture, tending towards the development of that high ideal of woman which we find in modern Christian countries." She is helped in her object by a series of chromo-lithographs, selected for their "aptness of design and a rich variety of effect." Mrs. Stowe's narrative is certainly more interesting than the ordinary sermon, but the chromo-lithographs, on the other hand, are far more gaudy than the ordinary painted glass in some modern churches.

From Messrs. De La Rue we have received the usual selection of diaries and pocket-books, as admirable in their binding as they are astronomical in the information they impart. Not but that the editor duly considers the infirmities of those who are chiefly concerned with this earth, for he not only informs them at what time the occultation of B.A.C. 7077 will be visible at Greenwich, but also lets them know on what days the China mail starts.

From Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. we have, as before, the diary of the year conveniently divided into four parts, in such a way that no one need carry in his pocket more than the diary of the actual quarter. From the same publishers we have also the *Year and its Festivals*, a pretty little calendar designed by Walter Crane, and some highly decorated Christmas cards.

Punch's Pocket-Book contains as usual "a variety of useful business information." It would, however, be greatly improved if it were made in portions like Marcus Ward's. Not every one likes to carry about in his pocket for a whole year seventy pages of jokes which, at their freshest, were rather poor.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE story of the Protestant immigration into Prussia* is one of the most agreeable and instructive in modern records, and corresponds more perfectly than most to the definition of history as "philosophy teaching by example." It shows how one great State may be built up from small beginnings by an unswerving adherence to a just and beneficent policy; how another may be humbled and drained of its life-blood by an opposite course; and strikingly of all, how natural disadvantages and public calamities may become the sources of national welfare. The systematic encouragement of foreign immigration into Prussia took its rise from the fearful devastations of the Thirty Years' War, and, reacting on the foreign policy of the Government, largely contributed to the assumption by the latter of the part of leading champion of Protestant interests on the Continent. Similar causes produced similar results after the almost equally ruinous Seven Years' War; while the necessity of attracting foreigners by liberal legislation powerfully promoted the adoption of enlightened maxims of administration. The indirect benefit of the immigration was thus even greater than the direct; while the positive addition made by the new settlers to the numbers, wealth, and intelligence of the population was very considerable. The circumstances under which the various settlements were formed, and the history of the colonists, now almost entirely

* *Hohenzollernsche Colonisationen. Ein Beitrag zu der Geschichte des preussischen Staates und der Colonisation des östlichen Deutschlands.* Von Dr. Max Bohn-Schwarzbach. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

absorbed into the general mass of Prussians, are narrated by Dr. Beheim-Schwarzbach with great circumstantiality and perspicuity. Less effect was probably produced by the direct and systematic efforts of the Brandenburg princes than by the steady influx of refugees, subjected rather to perpetual uneasiness than to absolute persecution by their Catholic rulers. Among immigrations *en masse*, the most remarkable was that of the Huguenots expelled from France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and, after this, that of the Tyrolean refugees from Salzburg. The Vaudois likewise found a home in Brandenburg; and Protestant intolerance also contributed its recruits in the persons of the harmless Mennonites, banished from Switzerland. Dr. Beheim-Schwarzbach's history is not only written with ability and good taste, but from its ample details of the regulations proscribed by the authorities, is a valuable contribution to the science of colonization; while its copious statistical tables afford the best means of tracing the history of the respective settlements.

"The Staff Officer's" narrative of the operations of the German army during the late campaign, from the action at Weissenburg to the battle of Gravelotte, is manifestly the work of a very competent writer. It is, however, one of those dry professional histories which may be consulted with advantage by military students anxious to ascertain the exact position of every corps at any given quarter of an hour during an engagement, but offers nothing calculated to interest general readers.

Baron von Maltzan† is one of the most instructive of travellers, and, when his subject admits of being rendered amusing, one of the most entertaining also. It is not his fault that the most original portion of his last volume of travels should also be the driest. No human ability could impart much interest to the obscure details of the tribal organization of Yemen and Hadramaut, unless these were seasoned with a spice of lively personal adventure. The Baron's information, however, is principally collected at Aden, although his good sense and thorough knowledge of Arabic are guarantees of its value. It is gratifying to find the testimony of the adventurous and ill-used Wrede confirmed in all material respects. Attention has recently been directed to these neglected districts in consequence of the revival of the Ottoman power in Arabia—an unforeseen consequence of the opening of the Suez Canal. At the time of Baron von Maltzan's visit, the Sultan's influence in Hedjaz was a mere shadow; the Turkish officials, though treated with respect, were utterly impotent, and all real authority was in the hands of the Sheriff of Mecca. In Yemen, however, matters appeared ripe for a change, the oppressions of the petty Arab chiefs being almost intolerable to their subjects, who are for the most part settled residents, unable to remove beyond the reach of their exactions. There is, however, no reason to doubt that with proper firmness England may regulate these affairs as she pleases. The latter part of Maltzan's volume contains a full account of the geography of the various chieftainships in the vicinity of Aden, especially that of Lahej, to which the Gibraltar of the East originally belonged, and a history of British relations with this and other contiguous principalities. His account of Aden is probably the fullest of any extant; it is also extremely entertaining. The latter commendation is equally merited by his descriptions of Egypt, Masuah, and Jidda; everywhere we meet with the same lively style and ease of treatment, dependent not upon superficiality, but upon thoroughness of knowledge. His views of Islam are by no means favourable; he regards it as an invincible obstacle to all progress; at the same time the recent influx of European ideas into Egypt has, he considers, only served to convert stagnation into putrescence. The educational and philanthropic displays of the Government are pronounced to be for the most part mere pretences. The Khedive is a man of considerable capacity, but otherwise neither better nor worse than other modern Oriental sovereigns, all of whom affect the part of civilizers for their personal emolument, and in order to impress the public opinion of Europe, while in fact the ancient maxims of administration remain totally unchanged.

Notwithstanding our concern in the Ashantee war, the Germans are beforehand with us in producing a clear and interesting digest of information respecting Upper and Lower Guinea, prepared from the narratives of the principal explorers during the present century, and profusely and beautifully illustrated with wood engravings. Richard Oberländer's "West Africa"‡ is, indeed, merely a compilation, of no extraordinary literary pretensions yet executed with sound judgment, and reproducing the observations of many travellers whose works are hardly known in England. Among these are General Faidherbe, the governor of French Senegambia, since so distinguished in the war of 1870; Mago, the subsequent adventurous explorer of the head waters of the Niger and Senegal, and Ladislaus Magyar, the Hungarian, whose field of operations near Bihe, save for an occasional contact with Livingstone, is nearly peculiar to himself; Mungo Park, Baikie, and Du Chaillu are also drawn upon; perhaps too much space is accorded to the latter. Ashantee, Dahomey, Abbeokuta, and Liberia are not forgotten; the political

as well as the geographical information is brought up to the most recent date; and the woodcuts, both in number and in quality, surpass all that could have been expected at the price of the book.

Great must have been the love of enterprise which carried the well-known African traveller Von Heuglin* from Abyssinia to Nova Zembla, and we can only regret that the Arctic voyage of the *Germania* in 1871, to which he attached himself, should have been so unproductive of results. We cannot, indeed, discover that it yielded any geographical result whatever. The original design of pressing along the Siberian coast, so far at least as the mouth of the Obi, was frustrated partly by the unfavourable season, partly by the defects of the vessel, though constructed expressly for the Arctic navigation; partly, as Herr von Heuglin seems to imply, by the unenterprising spirit of the commander. The achievements of the expedition seem to have been almost confined to scientific, chiefly botanical, observations on Nova Zembla and the islands off the Siberian coast; which at least attest Herr von Heuglin's assiduity in making the most of his scanty opportunities, and are by no means devoid of interest. He states, for example, that the vegetation of Nova Zembla is decidedly in a progressive condition, both as regards the number of species and the area occupied by them. The volume is further eked out by a serviceable summary of the past history of discovery in Nova Zembla.

Gottfried Arnold† was one of the more conspicuous adherents of that pietistic reaction against the dryness and formality of Lutheranism which broke out in Germany towards the end of the seventeenth century. The movement presents some obvious analogies to Methodism in England, but, being confined within the walls of the churches, never obtained anything like the influence of the latter. Its leaders were also in general characterized by a mystical and contemplative spirit, rather tending to the formation of separate conventicles than to a transformation of the Church at large. Arnold appears to have had his full share of this quietism, and to have been, moreover, a difficult man to co-operate with under any circumstances. His principal work was an ecclesiastical history, which excited the most virulent animosity on the part of the orthodox. The contentions thus occasioned embittered a large portion of his life, but he eventually found repose in a country pastorate. He was also eminent as a writer of hymns. His biography is an interesting contribution to our knowledge of German Protestantism at the period, and the movement with which he was connected may be usefully compared with that attempted a century later in the Roman Church by Bishop Sailer and his circle.

Thilo's History of Modern Philosophy‡ offers a condensed but ample survey of all the principal philosophical systems, from Descartes to Herbart, of whom he professes himself a follower. The plan of the work includes ethics as well as metaphysics; such English moralists, therefore, as Clarke and Hutcheson receive a degree of attention not always accorded to them in Germany. The book would be well adapted to its object if exposition did not too frequently pass into controversy.

A complete edition of Schopenhauer's works§, under the editorship of "the apostle," Julius Fraenckstädt, will be a welcome addition to philosophical libraries. The first volume, however, only contains, of Schopenhauer's own writings, the abstruse essay *Ueber die vierfache Wurzel*, &c., and the Treatise on Colours. The remainder is occupied by a memoir and a preliminary disquisition, in which the editor, feeling perhaps that his services to his instructor's memory have hitherto been of a somewhat questionable character, claims for him the origination of many of the most characteristic principles of modern scientific investigation, and defends his system against the objections raised by Bona Meyer, Zeller, and others. The memoir is fairly executed, but contains no new matter. It is perhaps all that the purchasers of a collected edition of the works are entitled to claim, but is no substitute for that little gem of biography, the Life by Gwinner, on which it is mainly based, and whose language is frequently reproduced verbatim.

Under the unpromising title of "Schopenhauer as a Scholastic," || a writer calling himself "Moritz Venetianer," and belonging to the rising school of Von Hartmann, has composed a most pungent castigation of the Frankfurt sage, who would be exceedingly disgusted to find himself classed along with the very philosophers whom he is never weary of denouncing as sophistical corrupters of Kant. It might console him to find Kant comprised in the same sentence, and indeed the work is practically an attack upon Kant, who, having swayed the sceptre of philosophy for a century, is now called upon to resign it to Von Hartmann. The writer has paid Schopenhauer the compliment of going to school to him so far as style is concerned, and his vigorous assault is rendered still more lively by copious quotations from the incriminated philosopher himself.

* *Reisen nach dem Nordpolarmeere in den Jahren 1870 und 1871.* Von M. T. von Heuglin. Th. 2. Braunschweig: Westermann. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Gottfried Arnold. Sein Leben und seine Bedeutung für Kirche und Theologie.* Von Dr. F. Dibelius. Berlin: Hertz. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Kurze pragmatische Geschichte der neueren Philosophie.* Von G. A. Thilo. Coblenz: Schulz. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Arthur Schopenhauer's sämtliche Werke. Herausgegeben von Julius Fraenckstädt.* Bd. I. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Schopenhauer als Scholastiker.* Von Moritz Venetianer. Berlin: Duncker. London: Asher & Co.

* *Von Weissenburg bis Metz. Ein Beitrag zur Kriegsgeschichte des Jahres 1870.* Von einem preussischen Stabsarzt. Berlin: Janke. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Reise nach Sildarabien, und geographische Forschungen in und über den südöstlichen Theil Arabiens.* Von Heinrich Freiherrn von Maltzan. Braunschweig: Vieweg & Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Westafrika von Senegal bis Benguela. Reisen und Schilderungen aus Senegambien, Ober- und Niedergrünea.* Herausgegeben von R. Oberländer. Leipzig: Spamer. London: Asher & Co.

The freedom of quotation in the New Testament from the Old has at all times been a subject of remark. Professor Böhl* seeks to explain it on the hypothesis of a popular translation from the Hebrew Scriptures into the colloquial Syriac, from which he supposes the quotations in the New Testament to be made. This translation, he thinks, corresponded in essentials with the Septuagint, and was executed at the same time. The variations of the New Testament quotations from the Septuagint text are thus explained by their being rendered directly into Greek from the Aramaic equivalent of the latter. The hypothesis is certainly a very convenient one, but Professor Böhl seems to require another equally convenient to account for the total disappearance of his Syriac version, of the existence of which, moreover, he has produced no evidence.

Dr. P. Nietzsche† appears to be what in England might be termed an Adullamite, who has set up a "cave" from which he proposes to deliver himself periodically of what, having regard to their presumable unpopularity, he entitles unseasonable reflections upon men and things in general. A man of parts can hardly hit all round without planting an effective blow somewhere, and in his first essay, devoted to Strauss's recent work, he directs some smart attacks against that author's complacent optimism, and, a matter more capable of direct demonstration, the inaccuracies of a style which lays claim to classic purity. Both criticisms may be well founded to a certain extent; yet cheerfulness is probably better than discontent, and Strauss is certainly more readable than Dr. Nietzsche, who writes ably indeed, but has neither the passion nor the pungency of his models Lassalle and Schopenhauer, and rather creates the impression of a moody Momus.

Professor Overbeck's‡ work on "the Christianity of our present Theology" is also mainly called forth by Strauss's treatise, and, while admitting the freest theological criticism in principle, contains some stringent criticisms on Strauss's practical application of his views in his section on the regulation of human life. So far as we can understand the Professor's own conceptions of the Christianity of modern theology, it rests upon an implied contract between the pastor and his flock corresponding to that between Frederick the Great and his people, in virtue of which he is to say what pleases them, and to think as pleases himself.

Rudolf Westphale§ Comparative Grammar of the Indo-Germanic Languages is a work terrifying to all except profound philologists, and may probably terrify some of them if, as we imagine, he contravenes several accepted doctrines. All we can venture to say is that, right or wrong, he evidently has a firm grasp of his subject, keeps his team of languages fairly abreast, and has prefixed a general survey of the members of the Aryan family of speech which might be reprinted separately as a compendious introduction to the subject.

Dr. Julius Jolly|| investigates the various forms which the infinitive has assumed in the Indo-Germanic languages, and also enumerates the views of grammarians respecting it, from the days of Panini to our own.

The leading object of Professor Pfaff's¶ work on geology is to determine whether geology in its present state can be regarded as an exact science. The reply is less explicit than one would have expected from a Professor of Geology. No science, he says, so abounds with theories as yet neither fully confirmed nor finally disproved; or with theorists who regard lack of absolute refutation as tantamount to positive truth. We must say that we observe, and not merely in geology, a growing and perilous propensity to shift the *onus probandi* from the advocate of a proposition to its opponents. Dr. Pfaff seems for his part more impressed with the difficulties than with the allurements of all theories, and lays chief stress whenever practicable on actual experiment. His volume is chiefly devoted to the more difficult problems of geology, such as terrestrial gravity, the igneous or sedimentary formation of rocks, the causes of elevation or depression, &c.

Professor Wundt's work** is a new and an important witness to the need now generally felt for basing psychology as far as possible upon physiological research. The technical character of the work forbids us to enter upon it more at length.

Professor Eugene Petersen's†† treatise on the "Art of Pheidias" consists principally of an investigation of the friezes of the Parthenon, with the view of reconstituting them as far as possible after the descriptions of Pausanias, the drawings of Cayrey, and the deductions derived from the remains yet extant. The author

acknowledges himself largely indebted to the great work of Professor Michaelis, although his own labours were begun and originally completed independently. The latter part of the book is devoted to Pheidias's colossal statue of Zeus at Olympia.

Friedrich Spielhagen's last novel* has the merits of brevity, dramatic force of situation, and fidelity to nature. It must be added that the nature represented is of a very unattractive and even repulsive character. "Ultimo" in the language of the German Stock Exchange signifies "settling day"; and the story moves throughout, not merely in a sordid, but in a rascally atmosphere of speculation and vulgar greed. The most offensive personage of all is the hero, the only conspicuous character not connected with finance, and the most mercenary and heartless of any. The moral standard of the tale, in fact, is nearly that of Thackeray's most cynical satires, with the difference that what Thackeray holds up to contemptuous reprobation, Spielhagen apparently accepts as natural and in order. The story is nevertheless so powerful and so well told that it raises the character of German fiction almost as much as it depresses that of German society.

Though written in English, Mr. Charles Grant's *The Charm and the Curse*† may rank among German books from the subject and place of imprint, as well as from the virtual naturalization of the author in Germany. Mr. Grant's gifts are rather those of a poet than of a dramatist; he does not evince much skill in the delineation of character; but his diction, always dignified, is frequently highly poetical, and his versification is harmonious and sonorous. The great fault of his fine dramatic poem is the incongruity between its polished speech and refined sentiment and the rugged barbarism of the characters to whom these are ascribed.

* *Ultimo, Novelle*. Von F. Spielhagen. Leipzig: Staachmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *The Charm and the Curse*. A Tale dramatized from the *Edda*. By Charles Grant. Jena: Frommann. London: Williams & Norgate.

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* *Forschungen nach einer Volksbibel zur Zeit Jesu, und deren Zusammenhang mit der Septuaginta-Übersetzung*. Von E. Böhl. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen*. Von Dr. F. Nietzsche. Stk. 1. David Strauss, der Bekenner und der Schriftsteller. Leipzig: Fritzsche. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Ueber die Christlichkeit unserer heutigen Theologie. Streit und Friedenschrift*. Von Franz Overbeck. Leipzig: Fritzsche. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Vergleichende Grammatik der Indogermanischen Sprachen*. Von R. Westphal. Th. 1. Das Indogermanische Verbum. Jena: Costenoble. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Geschichte des Instituts in Indogermanischen*. Von Dr. Julius Jolly. München: Ackermann. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Allgemeine Geologie als exacte Wissenschaft. Mit einem Anhang: Geologische Versuche*. Von Dr. F. Pfaff. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Asher & Co.

** *Grundzüge der Physiologischen Psychologie*. Von W. Wundt. Hft. 1. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Asher & Co.

†† *Die Kunst des Pheidias am Parthenon und zu Olympia*. Von Eugen Petersen. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

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- 57 to the Civil Service of India.
- 12 to Attachments in the Diplomatic Service.
- 14 to the Foreign Office.
- 14 to other Superior Offices of the Home Civil Service.
- 11 to the Ceylon Service and to Chinese Interpretships.
- 3 to the India Engineering College.

Of this number 33 gained the First place in their respective Competitions.
The List may be had on application by letter to the LITERARIAN, Garrick Chambers,
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THE FRENCH BUDGET.

THE proposals of M. MAGNE for the Budget of 1874 have now been presented in such a shape that the public whom they affect can study them with ease; they have been submitted to the criticism of a Committee, and are being slowly discussed by the Assembly. The main point of interest lies in the consideration of the means by which the deficit of six millions sterling is to be filled up. All parties are agreed that it must be filled up, however hardly the necessary taxes may bear on the country, and it may be observed that, in spite of all that has been truly said of the wealth of France, and the economy and industry of Frenchmen, the country generally is now passing through a time of severe trial, and at Paris especially there is much actual suffering and want. It is not therefore surprising that M. MAGNE and his numerous critics should find it hard to agree as to what new taxes are possible without crushing those who already find it hard enough to live. M. MAGNE, after making every reduction in expense that he thought possible, and having induced his colleagues to reduce their demands on the Treasury by a sum not far short of two millions sterling, found that he had still six millions to make good. He also found that scarcely any new taxes could be invented. It was only after long consideration that he rejected the notion of taxing manufactured products. A special Council was appointed in the Ministry of Finance to determine how these products could be taxed, and to estimate what would be the probable yield; and no proof could be more striking of the difficulty of putting on new taxes, and of the degree in which sanguine expectations fade away when practical difficulties are taken into account, than that which is afforded by the results at which this Council arrived. At first it was estimated that a tax on manufactured tissues would give four millions sterling a year; then, on consideration, this estimate was brought down to a trifle more than two, then to one and a half, and at last it became clear that during the first two years it would give nothing at all, as the receipts would be spent in the cost of collection. M. MAGNE was thus obliged to look almost exclusively to an augmentation of existing imposts. He proposed to obtain 83 millions of francs by the addition of a half-decimo on registration duties, on sugar, liquors, salt, and transport of merchandise by slow trains. Further he proposed to obtain 65 millions of francs by an increase of the duties on extra-judicial acts, on bills, on cheques, on the transmission of liquors, on mineral oils, and to augment certain charges made in the Post Office. By the increase of existing taxes he estimated that an annual revenue of about 120 millions of francs would be obtained, or nearly five millions out of the six millions sterling that he wanted. Somewhat more than one million sterling was to be obtained by the imposition of new taxes on salt used in the manufacture of soda, on vegetable oils, on candles, and on letters re-directed; and if all his proposals were accepted, he assured his countrymen that, to the best of his belief, not only would all the immediate financial wants of France be provided for, but his Budget would leave him with a surplus of more than fifteen millions of francs.

The French Parliamentary system subjects the Budget to a criticism far more elaborate than anything that is known in England. Here we do our financial work for the most part in a very easygoing way. If any set of people is much aggrieved by the Minister's proposals, and can get itself together quickly enough, as the matchmakers did, it may be able to stop what it thinks will be a grave injury to its interests. A Minister, too, feels the opinion of the House, and pretty much anything that he finds will not do, or the whole business is raised into a party question, and a Govern-

ment stands or falls as it succeeds or not. In France a Committee goes through every detail, looks into the estimated expenditure and receipts, examines any new taxes that may be asked for, and reports for or against each portion of the Ministerial scheme. The French system might at first seem better than ours, for it subjects the Government to a check applied in detail, and detail is the essence of finance. There would appear to be a considerable advantage in having a large portion of the Assembly instructed in finance and made to see its practical bearings, and no doubt those members of the French Committee who really work hard at their duties have an opportunity of learning how the country stands financially which is denied to all but the occupants of office in England. But the difficulty is to get the members of the Committee to attend, and often when the Committee has recently met to discuss M. MAGNE's proposals, the attendance has very little exceeded one-third of those entitled to be present. The Committee, too, has one source of weakness which it finds it difficult to surmount. It can agree with the Minister, which is easy enough, or it can positively disagree with him, which is not very hard work; but if it half agrees and half disagrees with him, it can but ask him to attend and argue with it, and the Committee can do its best to persuade him. But if the Minister is firm, and the point at issue is not of very great magnitude, and something is to be said on both sides, the Assembly which must decide between the disputants is tolerably sure to go with the responsible official, backed by the existing Government, and not with the irresponsible critics. The Committee on M. MAGNE's Budget accepted the principle that the deficit which incontestably existed must be filled up by taxation, and to some of his proposals for getting additional money it offered no objection. But it would not agree to sanction the imposition of a half-decimo on the transportation of goods by slow trains, nor the augmentation of the duties on bills and cheques, nor the new impost on salt used for soda. It thus cut away 56 out of the 149 millions of francs for which M. MAGNE had asked, and the question arose how these 56 millions were to be replaced. The Committee began by taking advantage of M. MAGNE's estimated surplus. His Budget was to leave him with an estimated surplus of 15 millions of francs, and this the Committee proceeded to cut down to two millions. Thus they had to provide for 43 instead of for 56 millions. They proposed to get this amount, or one not far short of it, by doubling the proposed extra duty on salt. This would give 16 millions; but M. MAGNE, although it is said he is disposed to yield, might have been expected to resist this proposal most strenuously. In his Report he has anticipated it, and has rejected the notion of taxing salt beyond what it will have to bear if his scheme is accepted. It would, he says, be a proceeding very unjust and very onerous to the poorest classes; and as salt is really a necessary of life, it is startling to find that what the Committee proposes is to put on salt a tax nearly three times as great as the value of the article in England. The Committee also propose to augment the tax on receipts from passengers and goods sent by fast trains, and to put a new tax on soap, which together would give nearly eighteen millions, and they also suggest a tax on goods sent otherwise than by railway. It will be seen that the difference between the proposals of M. MAGNE and the Committee is not of a very radical character, and some means of reconciliation may probably be found; or, if not, the Assembly will scarcely hesitate to support the Minister, and free itself from the wearisome discussions to which the Budget gives rise.

The question of the mode in which new taxation is to be

levied has not yet come before the Assembly, but many of the heads of expenditure have been discussed there, and some points of interest have been raised. Considerable warmth of debate was excited by the discovery that one of the savings in the War Department consisted in not calling out the second contingent of recruits for the year. M. THOMAS, who was steadily opposed to the scheme of a national army raised by a general obligation to serve in the ranks, contrived to leave a loophole in the Bill which the Assembly insisted on passing, and made the calling out of the contingents discretionary with the Government. Those who hoped that service in the army had been made compulsory on the bulk of the male population were discomfited by discovering that there was this defect in their scheme, and that M. MACRY, in order to save five millions of francs, had obtained the postponement of the calling out of the contingent at the time contemplated in the Bill. France was quite rich enough, it was urged, to have as good and large an army as she pleased, and it was absurd to spoil a good scheme for so paltry a sum. Perhaps, however, the present French Government does not look with any great favour on a scheme which would give every able-bodied man a military training; not because it fears, as M. THOMAS feared, that this would spoil the army, but because it knows that the mass of the able-bodied male population has very little sympathy with it and its policy. As is always the case, the discussion of financial questions has led to the discussion of small matters of the greatest variety, for everything for which public money is asked may be made the subject of debate. M. GAYARDIE amused the Assembly by declaring that, if public money was to be spent on statues, it ought not to be spent on statues so very made as those which now adorn or disfigure Paris; and M. MACRY insisted with success on the claim of the miserably paid teachers of primary instruction to have their tiny pensions increased. By a large majority the Assembly agreed to place at the President's disposal a sum to be spent in entertaining at the Elysée this winter, the Ministry explaining however that this was not to be taken as any indication of an intention to remove the seat of the Assembly back to Paris. A new grant will also shortly be asked for, also with a political object; a bargain having been concluded between the PRESIDENT and M. ROCHER, acting for the EMPRESS, under which the EMPRESS, in discharge of the claims of the Imperial family for property purchased out of the EMPEROR's privy purse, but retained by the nation, is to receive by instalments a sum of 120,000*fr.* No one can grudge the EMPRESS having an addition to her income, but it may be suspected that she will owe her improved fortune not so much to the justice of her claim as to the conviction of the Government that the alliance of the BONAPARTISTS is worth purchasing. All these are, however, very trifling matters, and the main thing is that the financial position of France is now ascertained, and that the Budget will, in one way or other, be balanced out of revenue, although the extreme limits of what a French Government can ask the taxpayers to bear have been almost, if not altogether, reached.

SPANISH AFFAIRS.

THE Government of Madrid will have welcomed, in the dearth of other causes of satisfaction, the decision of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL of the United States against the claim of the *Virginias* to the protection of the American flag. It follows, not necessarily that the act of the *Turnado* was lawful, but that the Government of the United States suffered no affront by the original capture. It will therefore be no longer necessary to offer an apologetic salute to the American flag; and it is possible that the vessel may be surrendered to the Spanish Government. The reported demand for the restoration to Spanish custody of the surviving crew of the *Virginias* has probably not been preferred. The massacre of Santiago still requires atonement; and no civilized Power would incur the guilt of possible complicity in the renewal of similar atrocities. The Spanish part of the crew may possibly have been amenable to the jurisdiction of the authorities in Cuba on a charge of treason or of technical piracy under municipal law. The English and American seamen were assuredly not pirates under the law of nations; nor had they committed either a moral or legal offence which could justify the infliction of capital punishment. It is not known whether there is any pretext for the up-

founded and incredible rumour that the English Consul at Havannah had summoned the English fleet on the station to enforce a demand for the punishment of the delinquent Governor of Santiago. The English Government, though it has every right to insist on the dismissal of General BERNIER, is not in the habit of communicating either with its own naval officers or with foreign Governments through Consuls who are employed for entirely different purposes. Although the offence was perpetrated by colonial officials in Cuba, it is of the Spanish Government alone that redress can be demanded. Señor CASTELAR will desire to afford just satisfaction to a Government which he may probably wish to conciliate; nor can it be doubted that he profoundly disapproves of the crime committed at Santiago. If he requires a reasonable delay before he enforces the submission of the offenders in Cuba, the English Government will not be disposed to embarrass him by unreasonable urgency. It oddly happens that while the matter is still unsettled a report has been spread that England is about to be the first of European Powers to recognize the Spanish Republic. The question whether the Republic has proved itself a regular and stable Government will not be mixed up with any controversy which may arise from transactions in Cuba.

The temporary misunderstanding with the United States has incidentally relieved the Spanish Government from one serious cause of anxiety. It has become evident that even in circumstances of grave provocation, and notwithstanding the inflammatory language of irresponsible journalists, the American people has no inclination to encumber itself with the possession of Cuba. A Constitution founded on political equality can only be administered on the condition that the community shall be in some degree really equal and homogeneous. The enfranchisement of the negroes of the Southern States, though it was perhaps unavoidable, has subjected American institutions to a severe and lasting strain. Two or three additional States inhabited by bigoted Spaniards, by degenerate Creoles, and by African negroes, could not conveniently be admitted to share in the sovereignty of the American Union. The active measures of the Executive Government for the equipment of the navy may perhaps have indicated General GRANT's persistence in his avowed policy of extending on all suitable occasions the territory of the Republic; but warlike projects met with no support in the country or in Congress. It happened that, simultaneously with the amicable arrangement of the Cuban controversy, another of General GRANT's schemes of aggrandisement finally collapsed. The impudent adventurer BAZ, who took advantage of his elevation to the Presidency of St. Domingo to negotiate the sale of the Republic to the United States, has succumbed in one of the obscure revolutions which constantly recur in the former possessions of Spain. As it is also announced that the American cruisers have been recalled from the coast of San Domingo, it may be presumed that the PRESIDENT has abandoned his plans of annexation. Either in Cuba or in San Domingo, it is probable that the American dominion would have been advantageous to the inhabitants; but it was not worth while to entail permanent embarrassment on the United States for the purpose of trying the doubtful experiment of promoting the civilization of alien communities. Only ten or twelve years have elapsed since Spain resumed possession of San Domingo, to find by experiment that the burden of governing the colony outweighed the benefit. No long time will probably elapse before it will also be found convenient to retire from Cuba. The Spanish MINISTER for the Colonies is now investigating the condition of the island, and perhaps his report may induce his colleagues to doubt the expediency of maintaining in perpetuity the boasted integrity of the Spanish dominions.

The condition of the Republican Government in Spain has not lately been altered. Although Admiral CHICABRO has not found himself strong enough to co-operate in the siege of Carthagen, the attack on the land side has been prosecuted with increased vigour. Two generals have, with the laxity which is peculiar to Spain, successively resigned the command of the besieging force, but General LOPEZ DOMINGUEZ has, since his promotion to the command, advanced his works nearer to the fortress. A complete investment is impracticable, as the insurgents retain the command of the sea so far as to receive convoys of provisions, notwithstanding a nominal blockade. It is thought that the employment of Señor DOMINGUEZ, who is a nephew of Marshal SERRANO, possesses some political importance. Although Señor CASTELAR long since an-

nounced his intention of employing generals of all parties without reference to their opinions, he has not hitherto thought it prudent to entrust important commands to the professed adversaries of the Republic. The most experienced soldiers in Spain have necessarily served the Monarchy which lasted into the present year. SERRANO himself and the two CONCHAS might perhaps have succeeded in crushing the Carlist insurrection, and in reducing Carthagena; but a Royalist general at the head of a victorious army would have been a formidable rival to the Republican Ministry. If Admiral TOPETE's reputation is founded on professional merit and energy of character, it is scarcely possible that, as commander of the fleet, he should not have excelled the exploits of LOBO and CINCARRO. General DOMINGUEZ, who may probably share the opinions of his family, has the political merit of being comparatively unknown. If he fails to take Carthagena, no party will be compromised by his defeat; and even if he succeeds, he is not so considerable a personage as to be necessarily formidable to the Government. It would seem that, with the usual tolerance or negligence of Spanish administration, General CEBALLOS has not been punished nor even censured for the abandonment of his duty. It is added that the proceedings of Admiral CINCARRO are fully approved by the Government.

The insurgents and the besiegers continue to exchange defiance with the energy of Homeric heroes. General DOMINGUEZ, on assuming the command, announced in the middle of the bombardment that it would be his painful duty to adopt measures of severity if resistance was prolonged. On the other hand, the Junta has issued a windy proclamation in which the members of the Government of Madrid are denounced as rebels and traitors. The Cortes had, as the Junta declares, established a Federal Republic, and consequently the champions of cantonal independence are the genuine loyalists. It is not thought necessary to remember that the Cortes, who may be supposed to be the best interpreters of their own legislation, have temporarily devolved their powers on CASTELAR and his colleagues with a special commission to restore by force the unity of the Republic. It is to be presumed that the fine language which is always current in Spain produces some effect; and the manifestos of the Junta are almost as rhetorically imposing as the speeches of the legitimate representatives of the Republic. The insurgents can scarcely hope for ultimate victory and independence; and it is generally supposed that they are fighting against time. The Cortes were to meet, in default of a new prorogation, on the 2nd of January; and the uncompromising faction hopes, on grounds which are not apparent, to secure a majority for PI Y MARGALL as the successor of CASTELAR. It is thought with good reason that a politician who, when he was Minister, connived at open rebellion, would probably offer favourable terms to the insurgents of Carthagena. There is no intelligible reason for a change in the opinion of the Cortes who raised CASTELAR to power; but perhaps the majority may be tired of a suspension of its powers, or may desire a change for the sake of excitement. The strange rebellion which has lasted so long may probably be regarded in Spain with a toleration which would not be extended to treasonable folly in any other country. It cannot be denied that the leaders of the rebellion have displayed perseverance and courage. The most wanton insurrection, if it is not suppressed within a moderate time, approximates to a civil war; and to a certain extent the rebels are justified in their claim to be the orthodox exponents of Federalism.

THE WRONGS OF SCOTLAND.

MR. M'LAREN has been trying to get the Scottish lion to wag his tail in wrath, but the noble beast shows he is uncommonly well off, and his tail is as quiet as if he and it were moulded in bronze. The three and a half millions of human beings who make up the Scotch nation are at this moment the most flourishing body that exists in any part of the globe. They have all that man can want, and perhaps more than is always good for him. They have ample room and means of cultivation to indulge their virtues or their vices. They have coal, iron, fine harbours, abundant water communication, splendid scenery, excellent Universities, with primary education far ahead of that of England, intelligence, health, and wealth. They have their own way in everything. They drink oceans of whisky, they make their streets on Sunday resemble those of a buried city, they have a succession of castled hotels

swarming with Cook's tourists. With the utmost freedom of making themselves uncomfortable they combine advantages which are not indeed superior—for of all privileges, that of making himself uncomfortable after his special fashion is the most highly prized by man—but which are really very considerable. They go through life like ROUSSEAU DU through the glen. Each of them has but to sound his bagle, and three millions and a half of human beings, minus one, spring up out of the heather to back him, to job for him, and to state that they know his aunts, who are most respectable women. They alone of mankind can tell Scotch stories to each other in real Scotch; and this, if pleasure could be put into a pecuniary slupe, might be safely set down as worth five pounds a head. The size of the estates of some of their nobility is rather oppressive, and it would be a relief in going from Taymouth to Oban to hear some one talked of besides the Earl of BREADALBANE. But then, on the other hand, these large estates sometimes afford opportunities for most interesting experiments being tried on them. No English nobleman is such a prince in England as the Duke of SUTHERLAND is in Scotland; but no English nobleman could do what the Duke of SUTHERLAND is doing to reclaim and improve land, to create new wealth, to make a poor and backward population rich and intelligent. They have their own laws and their own legal language, which is the most unfortunate gibberish known to jurisprudence, but which at any rate is eminently national. A lawyer cannot help feeling an honest pride when he thinks that it is under a solemn treaty between two kingdoms that in the nineteenth century he is still able to state, as if he were giving intelligible information, that "the Lords assailed from the passive title, but reserved reduction." Then the Scotch have great Parliamentary privileges. Such alterations as have been made in the details of the Treaty of Union have been naturally and properly to their gain, and they return an increased number of members at the expence of England. Not only do they vote very much as they please, but they get distinguished strangers to run down from London and subject themselves to the very candid criticisms and ingenious catechisms of Scotch constituencies. They have their Sovereign to reside among them even at times of the year when her Cabinet often sighs over the distance that separates her from London. They have all the romance of the STUARTS for the purposes of songs, illustrated tea-trays, and local memorials, without any of the inconveniences of having successfully adhered to them. All these good things and a thousand others they have and know they have. But a Briton is far above owning that he has no cause of discontent, for that would subject him to the injurious imputation of having got all he deserves to get. He must grumble about something in order that he may assert his general rights against the human race, and so Mr. M'LAREN steps forward to keep his countrymen up to the mark, and suggests that they should make themselves unhappy because Ireland is better treated than Scotland by the Imperial Parliament.

The benefits of the Union have been common to both nations; and if the Scotch have gained by the consequent increase of wealth, security, and area for their activity, England has immensely benefited by its intercourse with Scotland, by the working of the Scotch intellect in English politics and economics, and by having a new national playground thrown open to it in the Highlands. But it may be worth noticing that, whatever may have been the political tendencies of the United Kingdom since the days of ANNE, they have always found their most intense expression in Scotland. The Union produced a state of things common to both countries, but it was in Scotland that this state of things was most conspicuous. The Union was the formal manifestation of the desire which really prevailed in the kingdom that Jacobitism, and the ideas associated with Jacobitism, should not get the upper hand. England rendered the Scotch the signal service of twice saving them from giving way too far to a mistaken enthusiasm for a bad cause. During the greater part of the eighteenth century, what England and Scotland really wanted and got was a season of internal repose under the Hanoverian sovereigns; and Scotland, which benefited most by that repose, contributed most to it in one way. It is a very curious thing that at no time after the Union did Scotch members ever give any trouble at Westminster. There never was a Scotch party prepared, merely as a Scotch party, to intervene and purchase concessions as the price of its adherence. Any one who chooses to look at the Parliamentary

history of the last century will find that he may turn over volume after volume without coming on the speech of a Scotch member. The Scotch members were as quiet as mice, and always ran in a gentlemanly steady manner after the crumbs that were thrown down to entice them, and show them which way to go. The principal reason for their modest and unassuming behaviour was, no doubt, that they were returned to Parliament according to a system of representation which even in Cornwall would have been thought artificial and absurd. They were the nominees of great men, and often, for the most part, of one great man. But still, in whatever way it came about, the result was that it was in Scotland, or by the help of the Scotch, that the desire for internal repose was most abundantly manifested and satisfied. After the Revolution in France, both Scotland and England were seized with a violent spirit of Toryism and reaction; but it was in Scotland that this spirit had its way most freely. It was in Scotland that there were the sharpest and severest dealings with the disaffected; and it was in Scotland that Whigs were most openly looked down on by Tories, as blackbattles might be supposed to be looked down on by their Divine Creator. At last the tide turned. There was a pacific revolution and Liberalism gained the ascendancy. The Reform Bill of 1832 changed England very largely, but it changed Scotland much more. It soon appeared that, of all parts of the kingdom, in this new Liberal era Scotland was the most Liberal. The Liberal party boasts of what it has done in the last forty years, and it has done much that it may well be proud of; but nothing helped it to surmount its difficulties so much as the unwavering assistance of Scotland. At this moment Scotland is the backbone of the Liberal party. A Liberal whip has not to trouble himself much about Scotch members. They are his pet sheep, who know his voice, and are sure to come when he calls them. Scotch constituencies, too, do not like any trifling. They want a Liberal member to behave as such, and to stick like a limpet to his Parliamentary leaders. When a member goes into his reasons for this and his reasons for that, and shilly-shallies about his support of Mr. GLADSTONE, Scotch electors feel an instinctive loathing for him, just as they might for a man who urged them to pause after the twelfth glass of toddy, or who described the Shorter Catechism as a wearisome composition. Liberalism, and what is more, Liberalism in office or claiming office as its peculiar inheritance, is the present most conspicuous fruit of the Union; and the Scotch now as heretofore take care that the fruit of the Union which for the time being is the most conspicuous shall flourish most profusely and ripen most perfectly on their soil.

At the beginning of this century these two united kingdoms found it convenient to take a third kingdom into the Union. They were harassed by this third kingdom having a mock legislative body of its own, strong enough to give endless trouble, and perpetrate endless jobs, but not strong enough to do any good. Dealing in a coarse but practical fashion with men of a very low moral standard, they bought up this legislative body, and persuaded it for private considerations to sell its independence for the public good. Having made their purchase, they began to take stock of what they had bought, and they found they had undertaken to govern a poor, bigoted, disaffected, overgrown population. They soon discovered, as the purchasers of undesirable properties which they cannot help buying often find to their cost, that their new property brought in much less revenue than was expected, and required a much larger outlay than was pleasant. Blundering here and blundering there, often throwing away money to no purpose, often mistaken in their agents, sometimes befriended by lucky accidents, but animated by an unswerving tenacity of purpose and by sentiments of duty and justice constantly expanding, they have worked away till they have now made Ireland fairly tranquil and rich beyond what twenty years ago would have seemed possible. Of course Ireland is still far behind England and Scotland. We have still to govern by the Peace Preservation Act, and we have still to spend a million sterling annually on the Irish police. Nor can we get Ireland as yet to pay a contribution to the Imperial revenue at all in proportion to its population. Whereas every one in England pays 2*l.* 6*s.* to the Imperial Exchequer, and every one in Scotland pays 2*l.* 3*s.*, each inhabitant of Ireland only pays 1*l.* 5*s.* We do not in the least mind paying a trifle more here than is paid in Scotland. Long experience has shown

us that to get small advantages over us gives the Scotch so much pleasure that we should not think of grudging them the mild satisfaction, just as a kindly host affects not to notice a valued guest who, he observes, always helps himself to an innocent backhander. But Mr. M'LAREN, leaving entirely out of sight what England pays, calls on Scotland to lash itself into a fury because Scotland pays so much more than Ireland. He forgets the history of the partnership as an asset of which Ireland had to be taken over. Mr. M'LAREN gets on very different ground, and comes to something like a subject of useful discussion, when he calls attention to some of the smaller heads of Irish expenditure. The Irish judicial staff is probably too numerous, and perhaps too highly paid, and Mr. M'LAREN has come across the scent of a job in the management of a small Irish prison which has filled him with a sense of natural and legitimate triumph. It is but a small piece of jobbery, but it is, if the facts are as Mr. M'LAREN states them, a very scandalous one. The truth is, that all reforms, and especially all reforms under a system of Parliamentary government, can only be carried out very imperfectly and slowly. The Minister of the day wants, for example, to do something for Ireland, but he does not like at a critical moment to quarrel with the legal profession in Ireland. He is obliged to work through the Irish Attorney and Solicitor-General, and the Law Officers do not like to have the prizes of their profession diminished. Or he makes an effort to put the management of Irish prisons on a satisfactory footing; but as there are many persons interested in his not getting full information, he omits to notice the abuses that exist in the management of some tiny establishment. The next Session he has other things to think of, or events may have occurred which make it impossible to ask Parliament to attend to small Irish matters. So the opportunity goes by, and the little nest of jobbery remains untouched and unnoticed until some indefatigable, irrepresible investigator of small things like Mr. M'LAREN comes across it, and proudly reveals the scandal he has been the first to discover. It is a useful piece of work, and Mr. M'LAREN may be congratulated on having so congenial a piece of work to perform; and we trust he will persevere until he gets this ridiculous little prison abolished, or conducted at a proper cost. But his task has nothing whatever to do with the wrongs of Scotland, unless Scotchmen are prepared to think all Irish jobs special wrongs and insults to themselves, and in that case, no doubt, they will have ample opportunity of sitting on pins and needles for the rest of their lives.

RUSSIA AND KHIVA.

THE Russian Government has so far deferred to English opinion as to publish an official apology for General KAUFMANN'S Treaty with Khiva. The previous statement that the EMPEROR was dissatisfied with his lieutenant in Central Asia was received with disbelief or indifference, because it was not even alleged that General KAUFMANN'S treaty would be disavowed. The explanation of the reasons for establishing Russian forts on the Amoo, for controlling the navigation of the river, and generally for reducing Khiva to the condition of a Russian province, is sufficiently plausible to be accepted, especially as there is no possibility of interference with the Russian policy. It is impossible to reconcile the terms of the treaty with the personal assurances of the EMPEROR conveyed to the English Government through Count SCHUVALOFF; but it may be remembered that at the time the fulfilment of the Russian promises was assumed by many English politicians to be dependent on circumstances; and the Russian journals candidly declared that, instead of binding himself to a fixed course of action, the EMPEROR had only announced an intention which he would afterwards have the right to modify. It seemed doubtful whether the objects of the Russian expedition could be satisfactorily accomplished if the capital and the territory were evacuated, and if the KHAN were left in possession of his former independence. According to the *St. Petersburg Government Gazette*, the KHAN himself was the first to point out the difficulties of keeping his engagements with the conqueror unless he were allowed the privilege of receiving a permanent Russian garrison in his capital. The statement is a little overdone, although it may perhaps be literally true. The official apologist forgets for the moment that in the first clause of the KAUFMANN'S

treaty the KHAN renounces sovereign independence by professing himself the obedient vassal of the EMPEROR. A demand that his territory should be evacuated in conformity with Count SCHUYALOFF'S assurances would have been flagrantly inconsistent with the position of a loyal feudatory; and probably the unfortunate ruler was willing to court the favour of the conqueror by anticipating, in the form of a request, the conditions to which he would in any case have been compelled to submit. It was a still more delicate proof of deference to give the Russian COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF an opportunity of exhibiting his moderation. The request that a garrison should be left at Khiva was evidently designed to suggest the more acceptable alternative of a Russian fort to be built on the right bank of the Amoo, and of a large cession of territory.

The general in command, notwithstanding the language of the treaty which he imposed on Khiva, is now represented as having been anxious to maintain, if possible, the independence of the KHAN. Indeed he only converted the Khanate into a province in the fear that otherwise a fresh expedition would become necessary, "which would render it impossible to preserve the independence of Khiva any longer." Whatever may have been the intentions of General KAUFMANN, it is probable that the Russian Government would rather govern the Khanate through a native chief than by the direct agency of officers of its own. The Romans in ancient times, and the English in India, have in many cases left the nominal or actual administration of dependencies to vassal kings, who deadened the inevitable collision between alien rulers and a subject population. As the official writer truly states, the Russian Government has prolonged the nominal independence of Khokand and Bokhara, and there was no reason for deviating from its habitual policy in the case of Khiva. "The task was rendered difficult by the weakness of Khiva, which, like all Central Asian Principalities, is so utterly rotten that the slightest punishment inflicted threatens the downfall of the whole concern." The weakness of a protected State involves the compensating advantage of rendering ostensible independence purely fictitious and nominal. The means for securing at the same time the formal independence and the obedience of Khiva were found to consist in the establishment of a garrisoned fortress, which would by preference have been placed at the mouth of the river, on the shore of the Sea of Aral. Unluckily it was found that the delta of the river was an impracticable swamp, and that the navigation of the Amoo would be interrupted in winter. It consequently became necessary to annex to the Russian dominions the steppe which extends from the right bank of the river to Russian Turkistan. The military or geographical inference is not easy to follow, and the proverb that excuse is self-accusation seems exactly applicable to the official apology. The desert space which intervenes between Khiva and Turkistan will scarcely serve as a convenient base for military operations. The nomad tribes will plunder convoys which are not sufficiently guarded, without troubling themselves to refer to the map in which the steppe will be coloured as a Russian possession. If it is thought worth while to connect the new fort on the Amoo by a line of posts with the frontier of Turkistan, it can scarcely be doubtful that a similar road would have been constructed if the delta of the river had been as dry as Salisbury Plain. The logic of fact and of force is simpler than the elaborate deductions of State papers. The Russians, being absolute masters of Khiva, have taken from the Khanate whatever territory they thought it expedient to acquire, and it matters little whether they trouble themselves to justify their proceedings to the outer world. A detailed explanation of the motives for inserting various stipulations in the treaty would not repay laborious criticism. It seems that a monopoly of the navigation of the river is indispensable to the prevention of nomadic piracy; and that other arrangements have been made for the purpose of placing caravan routes under the protection of the Ameer of Bokhara. Generally it may be taken for granted that the Russian Government is bent on preserving internal peace and on encouraging its own trade, while it extends the area from which foreign commerce is excluded.

The appeals which the Russian Government sometimes makes to the goodwill and confidence of England would meet with a readier response if the semi-official Russian journals were not in the habit of representing every extension of Russian dominion as a menace to English power in India. Nevertheless it is both useless and indiscreet to

regard the progress of Russia in Central Asia with professed suspicion and jealousy. There can be no doubt that the approximation of the frontiers of two rival Empires involves an ultimate risk of possible collision; but at the same time it is true that the civilization of a vast and barbarous region is in itself a legitimate and meritorious undertaking. It would perhaps have been better that the absolute subjection of Khiva should have been openly avowed as the object of the recent expedition; but the explanations and promises which were tendered by Russia may be regarded as proofs of friendship or courtesy. In public or private affairs it is undignified and injudicious to remonstrate against acts which it is impossible to prevent. The most pugnacious of alarmists would have recognized the absurdity either of attempting to assist the Khan of KHIVA, or of commencing hostilities against Russia for the purpose of effecting a diversion. The GOVERNOR-GENERAL of India properly sent back the Envoy of KHIVA to his master with the advice to make amends to the best of his power for his undoubted offences against Russia. It is not the business of the English Government to protect uncivilized potentates which are within reach of Russia and which are out of reach of England or India. In the further East it is just and reasonable that steps should be taken for the maintenance of existing commercial intercourse with States which are still independent. Mr. FORSTH'S mission will probably result in the conclusion of a commercial treaty with the ATALIK CHAZEE; and in the contingency of Russian encroachments the right of intercourse may be justly maintained. It is unfortunate, though not surprising, that a great and aggressive Empire should abide by that obsolete theory of conquering markets which influenced the policy of England down to the early part of the present century. It is not probable that English manufactures at any time penetrated into Khiva; and they will henceforth be artificially excluded. The people of Central Asia will, in return for the blessings of order and civilization, be compelled for the present to buy inferior goods at an unreasonably high price. If at any time the Russian Government should become converted to the true principles of political economy, the most material objection to the extension of the Empire in Central Asia will be at once removed. In the meantime it is well that both the Indian Government and the Foreign Office should carefully watch the policy of Russia in the extreme East; but querulous protests against every step in an inevitable progress will only tend to aggravate dangers which are perhaps not wholly imaginary.

ECCLIESIASTICAL LEGISLATION IN PRUSSIA.

THE history of the Civil Marriage Bill is a good illustration of the spirit in which the new ecclesiastical laws are supported by the intelligent classes in Prussia. It is no necessary part of the contest with the Ultramontanes; indeed, in one respect it may incidentally be even favourable to Ultramontanism. It seems probable that the ultimate policy of the Roman Catholic Church—supposing that nothing happens to restore peace between it and the Prussian Government—must be to demand disestablishment; and the requirement in all cases of a civil ceremony as the binding element in the marriage contract is certainly a step towards disestablishment. Otherwise it is not a measure which really touches the Roman Catholic Church. The civil marriage is obligatory upon Catholics in France, and it is highly improbable that it would have ceased to be so even if the Count of CHAMORRO had been placed on the throne. The measure has been extracted from the Prussian Government as part of the price of the support given to their ecclesiastical legislation by the Liberal party. This party hates the Roman Catholic Church heartily enough, but it hates with even greater heartiness the orthodox party in the Evangelical Church. No direct attack could have been made on the "Protestant Jesuits" with any prospect of success, partly for want of a pretext, and partly from the affection felt towards them by the King. But when once the Government was committed to strong measures against the Catholics, it became possible, under cover of making provision for the celebration of marriage in Catholic parishes temporarily deprived of their priests, to deal a very serious blow at the religious side of Protestantism. The Berlin Correspondent of the *Times*, whose letters are for the most part an excellent reflection of the views taken by the educated and professional classes, tells us with remarkable candour what the effect of the Bill will be.

Throughout the Protestant population, he says, to enact such a law is like snapping the last link uniting Church and people. In the larger towns, at all events, civil marriage will soon be the rule, and ecclesiastical marriage the exception; and as baptism, which has hitherto been exacted as a condition of registration, is in future to be optional, the proportion of christenings to births will be equally small. These changes will have no counterpart among the Roman Catholics, since with them these rites are a matter of religious conviction, not of mere traditional observance. No professed Catholic will dispense with the marriage in church for himself, or with baptism for his child, because the State has provided him with a civil ceremony in the one case and with a process of registration in the other. There must be a great deal of secret discontent among orthodox Protestants at the turn which affairs are taking, but the enthusiasm in favour of the assault upon Rome is so universal that it is enough that a Bill should be identified with the new ecclesiastical legislation to ensure its popularity with the people at large.

In his paper on Casarism and Ultramontaniam Archbishop MANNING repeats the assertion that the conception of the new laws dates from 1866. He quotes in support of this a passage from a speech of Prince BISMARCK in which he says that peace began to be disturbed after the war with Austria. It is probable that this statement is true so far as this, that the Roman Court began at that time to foresee danger in the growing power of Prussia. But the alliance between the Prussian Ultramontanes and the Government remained to all appearance unimpaired down to the war with France. The Catholic vote was always at Prince BISMARCK'S disposal, and the action of the civil authorities in matters of education and religion was exceedingly favourable to the Catholic Church. And if the Roman Court had been content to regard only the spiritual interests of its subjects, there is no reason to suppose that this state of things would have undergone any change. The secret of the quarrel with Prussia is the determination of the Pope to treat the restoration of his temporal power as an object of paramount importance. Down to 1870 the Pope fixed his hopes on France; but when the end of the war showed conclusively that no more help was to be had from this quarter, he seems to have determined to sound the intentions of the Prussian Government. This at least is the probable explanation of the mission of Archbishop LUBOWSKI to Versailles in January 1871. He was chosen as a sort of informal legate, because he had always had the reputation of being in favour at Berlin. What passed between him and Prince BISMARCK has not been made public, but there is reason to think that Prince BISMARCK virtually took the initiative, and, instead of waiting to hear overtures from the Pope, began by making overtures on his own part. It is further supposed that these overtures amounted to an offer to give the Catholic Church in Prussia the full benefit of State support and patronage on condition that the clergy would support the Government in political matters. It is not difficult to imagine how such an offer was met. Perhaps if the Archbishop of POSEN had been a free agent, he would gladly have closed with an offer which secured to the Church all, and more than all, that it had enjoyed during that peaceful period from 1848 to 1870 on which so many ecclesiastical regrets are now wasted. But as the representative of Pius IX. the Archbishop had something else to think of than the condition of Catholics in Prussia. He had to extract, if possible, a promise that Germany would show herself favourable to the restoration of the Pope's dominion, and he may perhaps have hoped that when Prince BISMARCK was bidding for Catholic support, he would consent to throw in some assurance to this effect, so as at all events to give him something pleasant to report to Rome. Here, however, it is believed that Prince BISMARCK put down his foot, and the Archbishop of POSEN retired with the distinct offer of State countenance for the Church in Prussia, but with no hint that any help would be given to the restoration of the temporal power. At a later date Prince BISMARCK made a second effort to induce the Pope to accept his proffered alliance, but by that time the state of affairs in Prussia and the Chancellor's own temper towards Rome had changed for the worse. The Ultramontane party in Prussia had begun in the elections of 1871 to put forward candidates of their own instead of supporting the Government candidates; and this had perhaps warned Prince BISMARCK that, after refusing to assist the Pope

in regaining his dominions, it would not be safe to count on the good will of the Roman authorities. Partly, it may be, from this cause, partly from seeing that the Pope was resolved to give no quarter to the impugnors of the Vatican decree in Germany, Prince BISMARCK is understood to have added a fresh clause to his ultimatum. He still offered to maintain the Catholic Church in the position she had so long occupied in Prussia, but he stipulated for some concession in favour of the King's Old Catholic subjects. The Pope was not in a mood to listen to any such proposal as this, and the Prussian envoy retired from Rome in high dissatisfaction at the contumely with which he had been dismissed. It is understood that at this interview the outline of the laws which the Prussian Parliament has since adopted was communicated to the Pope; and as soon as he had refused to avert or delay the blow by making concessions, the necessary Bills were introduced.

When Prince BISMARCK speaks of the danger to the German Empire arising from the attitude of the Ultramontane clergy, he is really referring to the future, not to the past. Had he any evidence to produce of actual conspiracy against the State on the part of the Church, it is not likely that he would have kept it to himself. But when once the Pope had rejected his overtures of peace, he had good reason to expect that the German Empire would become the peculiar object of ecclesiastical hostility. The Pope had given him fair warning that at the Vatican every consideration would be subordinated to the restoration of the temporal power, and to such a restoration the German Empire is undoubtedly the greatest of obstacles. On the theory of Ultramontaniam therefore every Prussian Catholic is a potential enemy to the Empire, because as a Catholic he is bound to obey the Pope's orders in every political act, so far as the interests of the Church are affected by it. He may be ordered, under pain of losing the sacraments, to oppose the Government in every possible way. In time of peace such a command might only affect the results of a few elections, but in time of war it would supply traitors or spies in the person of every servant of the Pope. The difference between Ultramontanes and religious men belonging to other Churches, or to the opposite party in the Roman Church, is this, that the former are good subjects so long as their conscience does not tell them that the commands of the State are immoral, whereas the latter are good subjects so long as the Pope does not tell them that the commands of the State are immoral. The fact that this condition of things constitutes a real danger to the State is not affected by the doubt that may fairly be entertained, whether Prince BISMARCK has chosen either a wise or a legitimate way of meeting it.

MR. ARCH AND THE LABOURERS.

MR. ARCH, who is as usual engaged in a tour of agitation, seems for the moment to be embarrassed by a divided purpose. Although his professed object is to enlist emigrants for Canada, he is never tired of attacking the landowners and farmers for driving the labourers into a movement which he stigmatizes as exile. It is of course possible that emigration may be not so much a positive advantage as the less of two evils; but enterprise is not likely to be stimulated by exhortations to make the best of an acknowledged grievance. Colonel DENISON, who has been instructed by the Provincial Government of Ontario to accompany and assist Mr. ARCH, is much more single-minded and more encouraging than his coadjutor or principal. He is authorized to offer to English labourers free grants in a province which possesses waste lands of two or three times the area of Great Britain. As becomes an emigration agent, Colonel DENISON guarantees the goodness of the wares in which he deals; and some of his hearers will probably be attracted by the prospect of immediately becoming freeholders of 100 or 150 acres. In the absence of accurate local knowledge, it is impossible to form an opinion of the advantages of emigration to Ontario. Mr. CLAYDON, who is in disfavour with the Unionists because he differed from Mr. ARCH's opinion of the prospects of settlers in Canada, asserts that the greater part of the vacant lands of Ontario are not worth acceptance as a gift. According to his statement, the fertile lots and the water frontages have already been taken up; and the remainder consists almost entirely of stone or of sand. It is scarcely possible that Mr. CLAYDON can have visited all parts of the province, and there may be fertile places which have escaped his notice; but it seems

that even in Ontario there is a difference of opinion on the subject; and that the value or worthlessness of the State lands has, like other controversies, become a political question. The Conservatives hold that it is little better than a fraud to invite European settlers; and the "Clear Grit" party, on the other hand, having lately acceded to power, is responsible for the appointment of Colonel DENISON and for the correctness of his statements. As an additional supply of labour, whatever may be the effect on the English emigrants, can scarcely fail to benefit the province, it is only surprising that Mr. ARCH's proposals should not be unanimously approved in Ontario. Even if Mr. CLAYDEN's depreciatory estimate of the quality of the waste lands proves to be well founded, there is fertile land in abundance to be had by settlers in other parts of the American continent. Both Canada and the United States contain millions of square miles which will sooner or later be converted from desert or forest into profitable arable and pasture.

To robust, active, and enterprising men skilled in agricultural labour, emigration, notwithstanding Mr. CLAYDEN's warnings, offers a prospect of advantages which are not to be obtained at home. The prosperous farmers of the valley of the Mississippi are either settlers or the immediate successors of settlers who possessed little capital beyond strength and industry. To some minds ultimate independence will seem cheaply purchased by incessant labour and hard living during the earlier years of settlement. If an immigrant is inclined to postpone his aspirations to ownership, he can in Canada or in the States secure much higher wages than in any part of Europe, though probably he may be required to work harder. A large family will in a new country be a source of prosperity rather than an element of anxiety; and to some persons the absence of social superiors will be in itself a satisfaction. On all these points Mr. ARCH has nothing new to offer, although he may perhaps render a service to suitable emigrants by calling their attention to the opportunities which have long awaited them in the West. It is evident that labour can be more beneficially employed on virgin and fertile soils of unlimited extent than even in the more scientific and more productive operations of the best English agriculture. It may also be admitted that a large emigration of English labourers would tend to raise the rate of wages of those who remained. A thoughtful workman may usefully balance the statements of Colonel DENISON against the not unfounded warnings of Mr. CLAYDEN. If he is conscious of a vigorous constitution and an adventurous disposition, he will probably decide in favour of emigration. Those who shrink from unusual exertion may find in some of Mr. ARCH's speeches plausible reasons for staying at home. An economist who is also a demagogue naturally wavers between his two vocations. In the judgment of the most enthusiastic and sentimental of journalists, Mr. ARCH is destined to be "the CROMWELL of the 'working classes'"; and it is unnecessary to say that the title is intended to convey the highest possible eulogy. Mr. CROMWELL was by no means exempt from factional antipathies; but when he was engaged in a practical struggle he concentrated all his energies on success. Mr. ARCH is unable to choose between the immediate expediency of emigration and the more remote prospect of some political and social convulsion which would convert the labourers into petty freeholders in England.

The complaint of predial agitators that large quantities of land in England are uncultivated is, if not altogether baseless, at least grossly exaggerated. Pasture is not the less fertile or productive because it may happen to be enclosed by an oak paling or a wall instead of a hedge; and the space devoted to the exclusive maintenance of deer, which are probably regarded by Mr. ARCH as superfluous quadrupeds, is comparatively insignificant. Much rough or barren land which will produce nothing else is profitably employed in the growth of wood, which would have to be imported and paid for if the present wooded area were with much wasteful cost and labour converted into a checkboard of potato patches. A bare slope for which none of Mr. ARCH's clients would give five shillings an acre will produce in forty years a crop of larch poles worth 40*l.* or 50*l.* an acre. In some places and soils a rabbit warren produces, in proportion to its acreage, a larger amount of nutritious and popular food than a cornfield or a garden. The mountain tracts which are in Wales and some other districts exclusively devoted to the purpose of sheepwalks are more profitable in that form than in any other, except that great loss and inconvenience arise where the friends of the labourer have, for the exclusive benefit of large

and encroaching sheep-farmers, succeeded in preventing enclosures. It would be absurd to contend that the cultivable soil of England produces the largest possible return; but even in the amount of gross produce it may compare advantageously with France, notwithstanding the inferiority of climate; and in the proportion of produce to labour it excels any other country. The drawbacks which are caused by want of skill, by want of capital, and even in a few cases by caprice and extravagance, are inseparable from the institution of property in land. Under a system of free trade, and as long as abundance of unexhausted soils remains in the world, a partial waste of the productive qualities of land is neither more nor less culpable than the employment of any other commodity to gratify the tastes of the owner. Consistent Socialists would prohibit all indulgence and luxury; but as long as diamonds and carriage-horses are tolerated, there is no just reason for denouncing the crime of maintaining a gorse-cover or a flower-garden.

During his experience of two or three years as an agitator, Mr. ARCH has with commendable docility learned the expediency of dividing his enemies as a preliminary to conquering them. The managers of the Labourers' Unions have succeeded in thoroughly alarming and irritating the farmers, who were the more immediate objects of their hostility; and probably Mr. ARCH is sagacious enough to foresee that one result of his agitation will be to induce the tenants to forget or to suspend any differences which might exist between themselves and their landlords. The experience of the trading capitalists who have thought themselves obliged to unite against the combinations of artisans will not be lost on the manufacturers of wool, of meat, and of corn. The philanthropic and literary speculators who have hailed the appearance of Mr. ARCH as a beneficent reformer are not likely to enlist a single adherent among the farmers. With the control of the counties through the agency of his Unions, Mr. ARCH may perhaps hereafter do much; but for the present the county electors are not his followers, but his victims. He has consequently now begun to affect advocacy of the interests of tenants in opposition to landowners. They ought, he tells them, to have tenant-right; or, in other words, a share in the ownership of their lands; and he undertakes that the enfranchised labourers will help the farmers to dispossess their landlords. It is fortunate that he is not addressing absolute simpletons or willing dupes. His main agitation is utterly inconsistent with his incidental sympathy for the tenant-farmers. If the Lothians and Lincolnshire were divided among the present occupiers, there would be no tendency to split up large farms, at least in the first instance, into cottage freeholds. It is indeed probable that, if the subsequent accumulation of landed estates were legally prevented, it would follow that the larger holdings would be gradually broken up; but this is not the prospect which Mr. ARCH offers to the allies whom he hopes to conciliate. He will find it necessary to choose between the labourers, who are to maintain themselves by the cultivation of their own freehold tenements, and the farmers, who cannot farm without a supply of labour; and also to make up his mind whether emigration is a benefit or merely an unavoidable alternative.

THE APOSTLE OF ARBITRATION.

MR. RICHARD, M.P., who is at present engaged in a triumphal progress throughout Europe, will be eminently qualified on his return to speak with authority on international gastronomy as well as on international arbitration. He has been entertained at a great many public dinners, has received cartloads of addresses, and has made the necessary replies. The latest of these celebrations took place in Paris on Monday night. "The table," as we learn from a telegram in the *Daily News*, was "charmingly decorated, and the dinner well served." The guests were regaled with *petits pâtés à l'Alabama*, *poulardes truffées à la Cobden*, and *bombes pacifiques*. The speaking was perhaps not quite so successful. The Chairman, M. RENOUARD, in the enthusiasm of the moment, forgot his guest, and imagined that he was addressing RICHARD COBDEN. Some of the company laughed; and M. RENOUARD refused to proceed. It does not appear that arbitration was attempted, but another gentleman delivered the indispensable speech. Mr. RICHARD began to return thanks in French, but suddenly "broke into English." The company then adjourned for coffee, after which there were more speeches, including "one of great length in English from Mr. MILLS,

"of Boston." On the whole, the company no doubt spent a pleasant evening after their own fashion, and it may be thought that this is a very innocent kind of diversion. It will be asked, however, what is the object of all these festivals? At the Grand Hôtel this question was answered by a cluster of interwoven flags, and the inscription in large gold letters, "Chamber of Commons, 8th July, 1873." This referred to Mr. RICHARD's triumph of last Session over the common sense and self-respect of the House of Commons, when an idle and unmeaning resolution was passed by a majority of members, some of whom must now be very much ashamed to remember their weakness. The passing of this resolution is regarded by Mr. RICHARD and his friends as marking the advent of a new era of universal peace and brotherhood. Mr. RICHARD has put down war; and our admiration must be divided between the magnitude of the result and the simplicity of the process. If Mr. RICHARD has really put down war, he certainly deserves all the dinners and addresses; but it is just possible that some obdurate and sceptical people may see reason to doubt whether the celebration of the triumph is not a little premature. For Mr. RICHARD's foreign tour Mr. GLADSTONE, it seems, is in some degree responsible. In the debate of last Session Mr. GLADSTONE said he was in favour of the principle of Mr. RICHARD's resolution, but he "only" thought Europe was not ripe for it. Accordingly Mr. RICHARD, in order to prove that Europe was ripe for it, has undertaken a three months' pilgrimage; and he is now prepared to "certify to the disposition throughout Europe" to settle quarrels otherwise than by slaughter. The way in which Mr. RICHARD has arrived at this conclusion is exceedingly characteristic. He does not appear to have made out a list of the questions between different Powers which threaten at the present moment to lead to war, and to have then asked the various Powers concerned whether they would agree to go to arbitration on them. But he has been entertained at dinner by sentimental theorists like himself, and he has received addresses from any number of obscure and impotent societies of working-men and other people; and all this barren and ridiculous verbiage has convinced him that the reign of peace is at hand.

The address of the working-men of Venice to Mr. RICHARD is perhaps as good a specimen of these productions as any other. The working-men of Venice salute the "illustrious Mr. RICHARD" with enthusiasm and affection. In common with all other working people, they desire liberty, order, and peace; and they "desire that the troulblers" of nations may cease from wars of conquest, and forbear "to put forth their dishonourable claims over other nationalities," and no longer exercise violent control over liberty "of conscience." This is a desire in which we can readily join; but one difficulty is as to how the desire is to be accomplished. Of course if the troulblers of nations will only be good enough of their own accord to abandon their iniquitous projects, that will greatly simplify matters; but, if they decline to do so, it is difficult to understand how arbitration is to be accomplished. The other day there was a Congress on this subject at Brussels, at which, if we remember rightly, Mr. RICHARD was present. The Congress passed all sorts of beautiful resolutions as to the duty of arbitration and peace. It was proposed amid great enthusiasm that arbitration should be made compulsory on all nations—that is to say, that the nations which are in favour of peace should go to war in order to enforce their views upon those who are not—an eminently pacific conclusion. At the final dinner of the Congress, Dr. BLUNTSCHLI, who represented Germany, thought it necessary to reserve to his own country the right to vindicate the cause of intellectual freedom—even by the sword. It appears therefore that the advocates of universal peace have no objection to war so long as it is intended to enforce their own crotchets. It will be remembered that at another Peace Congress GARIBALDI intimated that the reign of peace was to be postponed until there had been one great war for the purpose of turning the world upside down to suit the views of Italian patriots. The Venetian working-men take a similar view of the question. They protest against the troulblers of nations putting forth their dishonourable claims over other nationalities—which means, we suppose, that neither France nor Austria is to presume to meddle with Italy; but they wish it to be understood that "the Italian working-men have given fresh proof" that they can sacrifice all they possess for the triumph "of a great national principle"—that is, by means

of war—and that they fully approve the spirit of the declaration recently made by one of their own statesmen, that "Italy desires to live in peace with all nations, but she will also insist upon securing her national rights and dignity." In other words, the Italians are perfectly willing to accept from arbitration anything they can get, but they are at the same time determined to fight for what they want if they do not see their way to get it otherwise. So far from accepting the principle of arbitration, they expressly repudiate it. Their enthusiasm for peace is limited by the condition that they shall be able to carry out their own views by peaceful means; if not, then they are bent on war. Yet so blind is the Peace Society in its fanaticism, and so incapable of understanding the plain meaning of language, that it has actually been at the expense of printing and circulating a translation of this address as a proof of the extent to which its Utopian fancies have found acceptance on the Continent. It is an old objection to chimerical projects for the suppression of war, that war is not a cause, but a consequence, and that peace can be established only by all men being made peaceful. The Venetian working-men thank Mr. RICHARD for his efforts "to bring about peace everywhere, even in the family and the workshop." No doubt all quarrels between husbands and wives, between fathers and sons, all disputes between employer and employed, and all other social differences, might just as easily and effectually be put down by an abstract resolution being entered on the Minutes of the House of Commons as war between one country and another; but neither the imbecility of members of Parliament nor their subserviency to popular cant has as yet reached the point at which it would be possible for them to issue a decree gravely commanding everybody to love everybody else.

There is a passing gleam of reason in one passage of the speech which Mr. RICHARD delivered at Paris. The peace movement, he admitted, greatly depended upon France. "It could not do without her, but with her it might do much." It is no doubt true that, if France would consent to submit to arbitration the question whether or not Alsace and Lorraine should be returned to her, the difficulty of bringing about arbitration on the subject would be to that extent diminished. It would then only remain to persuade Germany to agree to a similar ordeal. We should like to know, however, whether Mr. RICHARD himself, when he said he had found "a general disposition throughout Europe to settle quarrels otherwise than by slaughter," really meant to assert that he had found a single sane person in either France or Germany who was willing to submit the question of the frontier between these two countries to arbitration. Indeed, we may extend the inquiry, and ask whether in any country he had found a disposition to submit to arbitration any question of genuine importance? He said that "the Italian Chamber had risen like one man to adopt the principle of arbitration." But does he suppose that the Italian Government would agree to accept the decision of an arbiter as to whether the Pope should be replaced in his old position at Rome, or whether the King of the Two Sicilies should be invited to return to his former kingdom? Would the Austrian Government accept arbitration as to whether she should transfer the Southern Tyrol to Italy? Or would Germany agree to a similar reference in the case of Hanover? Everybody of course knows that none of these Powers would dream of allowing any of these questions to be determined in this manner, and it is incredible that Mr. RICHARD should not know it too. Mr. RICHARD says he can answer for Holland and Belgium, but even Mr. RICHARD can hardly believe in earnest that these States would allow an arbiter to decide how they should be divided between France and Germany.

If, instead of looking into the future, we go back upon the past, is there any great question of the last few years on which a suggestion of arbitration would have been listened to for a moment? Except the question of the *Alabama*, none; and in that case the proposal of arbitration was only a disguised surrender. The simple truth is that nations are ready to arbitrate as to things which they do not care to fight about, but that they prefer to fight about things to which they attach importance; in other words, they will not give up anything as to which they are very much in earnest unless they are obliged. The sum of Mr. RICHARD's exhortations, so far as there is any sense in them, comes to this, that people ought to be good and peaceable, and then there would be no war because

there would be no need for war. Mr. RICHARD appears to labour under the delusion that nations go to war because they are fond of it; he knew, he said at Paris, that "history, poetry, and romance had thrown a halo round the "military system which had taken deep root in the world." In point of fact, there is a very general abhorrence of war, and the only reason why nations resort to it is that they would rather endure the miseries and sacrifices which it involves than sacrifice anything which is very dear to them, as territory, independence, or national honour. The sentimental enthusiasts who have taken up this crotchet might perhaps clear their thoughts a little by endeavouring to define in what cases arbitration can fairly be recommended. Even Mr. RICHARD, we suppose, would hardly go so far as to say that there is no question on which a nation may not honourably submit to arbitration. For instance, there has been a long-pending question between France and Germany as to which has the best right to the Rhine provinces; but it is impossible to imagine Germany agreeing to give up these provinces if an arbitration court chose to say that it ought to do so. Again, can it be conceived that England should place itself unreservedly in the hands of arbiters who should determine whether Canada should not be transferred to the United States, or whether Ireland should not be constituted an independent State? In the course of time something in the nature of a system of international police, of which indeed the rudimentary elements already exist, may perhaps be developed. In the meantime it is unlikely that nations will care to confide their destinies into the hands of irresponsible, and possibly corrupt or incompetent, arbiters. It is unfortunate that the House of Commons should, in a nodding moment, have given countenance to the empty and chimerical proposition which has furnished a pretext for Mr. RICHARD's ridiculous tour.

THE LIVERPOOL SCHOOL BOARD.

THE decision whether elementary education shall ultimately be provided as at present by a combination of State schools and voluntary schools, or by State schools exclusively, practically rests with the Denominationalists. If they are wise, they can make the excellence and the economy of the existing order of things so conspicuous that it will be with difficulty superseded by a system involving sweeping changes, and at the outset necessarily costly. If present appearances are to be regarded as presumptive evidence of the position which the Denominationalists mean to take up towards the Act of 1870, this wisdom is not likely to be vouchsafed to them. Some of them appear to have had their heads turned by the unexpected reaction in their favour which has been produced by the disastrous activity of the Education League, and seem bent upon committing the immense mistake of throwing overboard the compromise which has been the source of their success. They had an admirable opportunity this winter of consolidating their strength throughout the country. The triennial School Board elections coinciding with the "Conservative Reaction," and with the general irritation at the burden of local rates, gave the supporters of a system which makes full use of existing schools a great advantage over the supporters of a system which proposes to provide new schools everywhere. The interest of Denominationalists was plainly to identify themselves with the Act of 1870, and to present themselves at every educational election as the advocates of School Boards and School Board schools wherever voluntary schools have failed to provide the necessary accommodation, and of such machinery of compulsion as will allow no school accommodation to be wasted. If they had not sense enough to see this fact for themselves, they might at all events have profited by the superior discernment of their adversaries. The Birmingham League knows perfectly well that its success depends on getting rid of the Education Act, and after this it was not expecting much of the Denominationalists to assume that they would see that their success depends on the efficient working of the Education Act. In a great number of instances, however, they have taken the exactly opposite course. They have come forward as the avowed enemies, or at most as the languid friends, of the very law which the Secularists are doing their best to destroy. What they expect to gain by this policy they probably do not know themselves; what they are likely to lose by it need not be told to any one who has studied the fate of parties which throw away favourable compromises be-

cause they think that they might have got better terms had they asked for them in the first instance.

A conspicuous mistake of this kind seems to have been committed by the Denominationalists of Liverpool. The School Board which has just completed its term of office was in all respects an example of what such a body ought to be. It had shown great ability and great moderation. It had done a great deal of work at a moderate cost and with no needless displays of eloquence. It had taken the Act as supplying the rule to which it was to conform itself, and had shown equal anxiety neither to go beyond what the Act contemplates nor to fall short of what it requires. Elected in the first instance by a Denominational arrangement, its success was the best possible proof of what could be achieved by Denominationalists when acting under a reasonable and patriotic zeal for educational progress. If there was one object which the Church party in Liverpool ought to have proposed to themselves, it was the prosecution of the work by the new Board in the same spirit which had governed the action of the former Board, and to this end it was of the highest importance to secure the services of the former Chairman. Mr. BUSHELL might very well have desired not to be re-elected to an office which must necessarily have withdrawn him from most other work. It is understood, however, that he was willing to serve again if those who had supported him at the first election had been unanimous in asking him to do so, and that his disappearance from the list of candidates at the second School Board election is due to the absence of this unanimity. The explanation of this strange folly is to be found in the concluding words of the "Report of the "General Purposes Committee," lately presented to the retiring Board. That Report claims on behalf of the Board that "neither as regards the letter nor the spirit "have the principles of the Act—which it was their "duty to administer, to the best of their ability, faithfully, zealously, and wisely—in any degree been "violated." This is the worst possible recommendation at the present moment to extreme Denominationalists. They desire to see the spirit of the Act violated, and they are not greatly distressed if the letter suffers somewhat in the process. Faithfulness to the principles of the Act is in their nomenclature extravagance, zeal in the execution of it they set down as irreligion. Though the Act says plainly that there shall be provided for every school district a sufficient amount of accommodation in public elementary schools, and directs that where such accommodation does not exist the deficiency shall be supplied in a certain specified way, they insist that nothing ought to be done until the places in all the existing schools have been filled, notwithstanding that these places, even if every one of them were filled, would not accommodate all the children for whom room is directed to be found, and quarrel with the Board for not accepting accommodation in schools which are not public elementary schools as constituting accommodation in public elementary schools. There is no dealing with impracticable persons of this type; all that can be done is to hope that the revelation lately made of their indifference to the extension of elementary education will not have its natural result in giving an unreal victory to fanatics on the other side.

The inquiries of the late Board showed that in 1871 there were close upon eighteen thousand children in Liverpool for whom no school accommodation was provided. Since that time new schools have been provided for something over seven thousand children, and the Board proposed to establish others which would accommodate about five thousand children more. The deficiency left after this last provision has been made will consist entirely of infants, and this it is hoped may be met for the present partly by a re-arrangement of the accommodation in existing schools, and partly by the hire of temporary buildings. The Board has discovered one fact of great importance as regards vagrant children. It has been usually supposed that this class would have to be dealt with in a wholly exceptional manner, but the result of a fortnight's "picking up" of such children by the police under the direction of the Board was that "in the "great majority of the cases—even where the children "were engaged in begging—the parents were found to be "in receipt of good wages, amply sufficient to support "themselves and their families respectably, if they were "willing." The Board consequently determined to try the effect of its compulsory powers on the parents before resorting to any special process for the benefit of this particular class of children. Still the Board is of

opinion that the compulsory powers conferred by the Act, even as increased by the amending Act of last Session, are quite inadequate to meet the case. Parents may be able to pay for their children's schooling and yet not be able to ensure their attendance. The father and mother may be out all day, and though they may be fined if their children do not come to school, it is difficult to say how they are to prevent them from staying away. The suggestion of the School Board is that its officers be empowered to detain any vagrant children found in the streets during school hours, and to take them either to their homes or to school or before a magistrate, and that the magistrates may order habitual truants to be whipped. As, however, the necessities of many families make the earnings of the elder children essential to their own or to the common support, the Board further proposes that no children of school age shall be employed in the streets without licences, which shall not be granted or renewed without a certificate from the School Board. The case of children employed in houses or workshops should be met, they suggest, by the extension to England of the principle of making the employer as well as the parent responsible for their education, which has already been adopted in the Scotch Act. A third proposal relates to private schools. These schools are much in favour with parents who wish to evade the by-law from their laxity in the matter of attendance. In point of fact, children are sent not so much to receive education as to secure a plausible excuse for keeping them uneducated. The Board recommends that attendance at private schools should not count as compliance with the by-law, unless the school is periodically inspected by the Education Department, and returned by them as efficient.

The experience of Liverpool shows what can be effected by an energetic School Board, but it is impossible to review its proceedings without reflecting on the difficulty of creating similar bodies in small places. In speaking the other day at Liverpool, Mr. Rayment proposed to meet these objections in some measure by consolidating all the local authorities into one, and thus providing in every district a Board which would "deal with public duties of sufficient magnitude to excite public interest," and be "constituted in such a manner as to represent fully the various classes of the community." Now that the question whether School Boards shall become universal promises to become the next important issue in the educational controversy, this suggestion deserves careful consideration.

THE YEAR.

THE general truth that in a twelvemonth many things may happen and much be changed is, if applied to the year now at its close, made sufficiently vivid by calling to mind that at the beginning of 1873 the strength of the Gladstone Administration seemed unbroken, and the King of Spain was reigning in apparent comfort and prosperity at Madrid. Before three months had passed, the King had bidden a prudent farewell to a country which he thought deserved the anarchy he left behind him, and Mr. Gladstone had been defeated, had resigned, and had unwillingly resumed office on the uninviting terms on which a leader must hold office when it has been discovered that he can be beaten. When on the 12th of March Mr. Gladstone found himself in a minority of three, it was evident not only that the ill-fated Irish University Bill had been killed by those whom it was intended to propitiate, but that English politics had assumed a new aspect. There was a weak Ministry instead of a strong one; there was an opening for the depreciation of men who had hitherto thought themselves above criticism, and there was an end of bold measures vigorously carried. The Judicature Bill was indeed passed, because Lord Cairns chose to bless it; but the Government had to endure the mortification of recognizing that, if they wished to make their measure in the slightest degree more complete than had been agreed on, Lord Cairns had only to wave his hand and whisper "Privilege," and they must bow to his decrees. The Chancellor brought in a Land Transfer Bill, which was to have been the other great legal measure of the Session; but Lord Cairns, assuming the attitude of a schoolmaster who tells a clever boy that he has done a good copy of verses and had now better go and play, said that the Chancellor's Bill was really a very meritorious performance, but that he could not recommend the Peers to go through the fatigue of discussing it. After cutting down a scheme for dealing with Local Taxation to the tiniest dimensions, and persuading the House of Commons to spend the best part of the Session in putting it into shape, Mr. Stansfeld sent his fragment to the Lords, and was informed that the Peers did not think it worth while even to inquire how far in its microscopic way it might be good or bad. As Lord Lyttelton said when he had to consent that the Endowed Schools Commission should be renewed only for a year, the Ministry seemed stricken with paralysis. Mr. Forster, who wished to do something more for education, could only manage to make Denison's

Act obligatory. Mr. Fawcett's Bill for removing Tests at Trinity College, Dublin, was rather forced on than accepted by Mr. Gladstone. Minor members got majorities against the Ministry on small or futile points such as the treatment of the Irish Civil Servants and the establishment of Universal Arbitration. And then, unfortunately for Mr. Gladstone, occasions arose when his colleagues made blunders of a most surprising kind. The scandals of the Zanzibar Contract and the misappropriation of the Post Office money gave a violent shock to the confidence of the public in the Administration, and when at the close of the Session Mr. Lowe and Mr. Ayrton broke into open war, it became obvious that the Ministry must undergo a considerable change or must cease to exist.

But it was not only in Parliament that the tide seemed to have turned against the Ministry. They seemed to have no longer any command over the constituencies. It was found that the offence given by Mr. Bruce's first Bill had never passed from the agitated breasts of the Licensed Victuallers, and Ministerial candidates discovered that they had everywhere beer and gin arrayed against them. Their Education Act had also excited much active and bitter feeling, and while the Nonconformists thought they had been betrayed, Churchmen thought that they could not confide in the support of a Ministry which was always being pressed by its adherents to alter the arrangements that had been made. There was, too, an unmistakable air of timidity and indifference creeping over the minds of a large section of the electors, and Mr. Gladstone's Government began to be first distrusted and then disliked as a Ministry that could never let things be quiet. Constituencies of the most varied kind showed a reluctance to support Mr. Gladstone any longer. Bath, Gloucester, East Staffordshire, and, above all, Greenwich, replaced Liberals with Conservatives, and the last-mentioned constituency actually sent a young Tory distiller to sit as the colleague of the Premier. Scarcely had Parliament risen when Mr. Gladstone, thus pressed on all sides, determined to run the risk of reconstructing his Ministry. He has gradually, as occasion offered, completed the reconstruction, and it must be owned that he has done well a very difficult task. He began by taking himself the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, thus at once utilizing his own great reputation in finance, and removing Mr. Lowe from an office which he could no longer hold with credit. By shelling Mr. Bruce and Mr. Monell in the Peers, he got rid in a handsome way of two of the weakest of his subordinates, and he did not hesitate to perpetrate a distinct job and silence Mr. Ayrton with a sincere. Later on he had to appoint two new Law Officers and to replace Mr. Monell, and in all these selections he showed that he would, be guided solely by the capacity to serve the public, and had learnt to forgive independence. The greatest, however, of all his means of strengthening the Ministry was the recall of Mr. Bright to office, for whom Mr. Childers good-naturedly made room. The Ministry is thus, no doubt, much stronger in its internal composition than it was, and the reconstructed Ministry has had sufficient success in the keenly-contested elections of Bath and Taunton to warrant it in saying that there is no decided voice of the constituencies against it, and that it will show what it can do in another Session. Mr. Disraeli, who had contributed in no small degree to the Liberal success at Bath by his letter to "My dear Grey," made a fuller and more sustained attack on the Government at Glasgow. Nothing could have been more clever or witty or better roading than his speech; but, as is usual with Mr. Disraeli, it rather raised the reputation of the speaker than did damage to his opponents. The Ministry is now in a better position to meet Parliament than seemed possible when the Session closed in August.

Mr. Gladstone's University Bill was to have been the crowning stroke of his Irish policy, but it will probably prove no great loss either to Ireland or to Mr. Gladstone that he was not destined to cut away what he once termed the third branch of the Uppas-tree. The Ultramontanes are endeavouring to construct a University system of their own, and whether they succeed or fail, it is as well that England should not have the responsibility of their success or failure. In other respects, the Government may be fairly satisfied with the results of their Irish policy. Ireland is rapidly getting rich and prosperous, and although Parliament was this year once more called on to hurry through a Peace Preservation Bill, yet, as in point of fact peace is tolerably well preserved now in Ireland, there is no serious complaint of the legislative cost at which the result is won. Mr. O'Keefe manages to keep up a constant war with his ecclesiastical superiors, and the Education Board which sides with those superiors has shown how difficult a Board is to beat, by having found an excuse in the unfortunate Father's violent language for not allowing him to benefit by the rule as to the management of Irish schools which was laid down as a fair compromise after he and his wrongs had occupied Parliament and bewildered the Government during a considerable part of the Session. That the prosecutions arising out of the Galway elections should fail was a matter of course, and it is easier for a judge to arrive at the general conclusion that spiritual intimidation has been used than to present in any one case evidence of such intimidation which a jury can be expected to find irresistible. The sign of the times in Ireland most gratifying to the Ministry is, no doubt, the collapse, for the time at least, of the Home Rule movement. Great things were prophesied as to what this movement was to do. The priests condescended to associate themselves with it, and a Conference met with a great flourish of trumpets to settle the terms on which the British Empire was to be invited to break itself to pieces. But the gathering proved a failure; no two members of any eminence could agree as to what

they wanted, and the proposal to have an Irish House of Lords was rendered palpably ridiculous by the absence of every Irish peer.

India generally allows Englishmen to forget it, except as a place of sound investments, and of an honourable career for enterprising relatives; nor was the House of Commons annoyed with any Indian question last Session, except discussions on the break of gauge and the designs of Russia. But the prospects of a dreadful famine in Bengal have aroused public attention and sympathy; and English opinion has been stirred sufficiently to ask the Indian Government to do its duty, which it would probably have done anyhow, and which it has, so far as is known, done in a satisfactory manner, without fuss and without stint. In its quiet way moreover the Indian Government managed to render us at home a considerable service at an earlier period of the year. We had sent out Sir Bartle Frere to Zanzibar with many good intentions and much philanthropic pomp: He was to make a treaty with the Sultan of Zanzibar by which the slave trade on that part of the African coast would be suppressed. Unfortunately the Sultan would not sign the treaty; but Sir Bartle Frere had something better than arguments at his disposal. He went to India, conferred with the Government, and got an admiral sent to Zanzibar, who by a threat of bombardment induced the Sultan to sign the treaty. We may thus hope to have done something to destroy African slavery, more especially as Sir Samuel Baker, after having been supposed to have been murdered, was suddenly discovered telegraphing that Africa was free to the Equator, and has since returned home to tell his tale. That we have some considerable influence with semi-civilized races is satisfactorily proved by our success in insisting on the right of personal audience at the Court of Peking, and in making the troops of the Sultan evacuate Lahoj, where the exaggerated pretensions of the Caliphate came into collision with our claims to collect provisions for Aden where they could most conveniently be found. The dangers, however, to which a vast Empire coming into collision or contact with men of every race is inevitably exposed have seldom been more strikingly illustrated than by the necessity in which we have found ourselves of engaging in an Ashantee war. The origin and the political issues of the war are still enveloped in obscurity, and the unfortunate expedition of Commodore Comberrell on the Prah teaches us that we must not too much despise the black creatures we have to fight. Even the successful skirmishes in which Sir Garnet Wolseley as soon as he arrived achieved great things with a tiny force and useless allies only point to the same conclusion, and the special dangers to which in the African service officers seem exposed make a war doubly lamentable. Englishmen, however, cannot refuse themselves the satisfaction of observing that those employed could not have done their duty more patiently and gallantly than they have done in an expedition which can bring them little glory, and exposes them to terrible risks.

In the region of social life we have had an uneasy time this year. Strikes, with all their painful consequences to employers and employed, have done much to paralyze industry. The great strike among the ironworkers in South Wales lasted long enough to test severely the endurance of the men and the resources of the masters; and in London the building trade was thrown sufficiently into confusion to make Londoners know by the silence and nuisance of half-finished buildings some of the outward signs of a strike. Recently some of the masters have decided on a counter movement, and have resolved to form a National Federation of Employers, with what precise object and with what success it yet remains to be seen. The discontent among the agricultural labourers was fortunately not sufficiently violent to interfere with the ingathering of a harvest which a continuance of wet weather had made poor enough, without accidental drawbacks to increase the bad consequences of a short supply. Mr. Arch has been to Canada, and has been entertained in the kindest manner by Lord Dufferin and the local authorities, but appears to have learnt that the life of an emigrant, unless he is a handy, bold, and vigorous man, is a life full of endless trouble and ill-requited toil. Even those who are not quite fit to emigrate are yet held to have shown so much political ability by simply joining a Union that they are, it appears, to be rewarded with the franchise; and one constituency at least is so absolutely in the hands of workmen that a fine relic of the old Whig school is to be made to disappear in order that Morpeth may return a representative of labour. Still it deserves to be noticed that the labourers of all classes have not, except by making everything dear, given much trouble this year. There was a large gathering in Hyde Park on Whit-Monday of the opponents of the law as to the punishment of working-men guilty of offences against their fellows or their employers, and the zeal of two clerical magistrates who sent to prison a large number of women guilty of such an offence gave strength to the outcry. But, as it happens, both the new Law Officers of the Crown have, as private members, endeavoured to meet the views of the employed as far as practicable; and those who are dissatisfied with the law as it now stands wait in hopes of an early change. Even the Licensed Victuallers are a little cheered by having to deal with the common sense of Mr. Lowe instead of the philanthropic restlessness of Lord Aberdeen, and, alarming as have been some recent disclosures as to what policemen will do and swear, Mr. Lowe has tried, perhaps not in vain, to reassure us as to the general state of the force.

It has also been a year of terrible catastrophes. The wholesale destruction of human life which attended the loss of the *Northfleet*, the *Atlantic*, and the *Ville du Havre* showed how awful may be the dangers that await travellers by sea. And travellers by land

have been kept in perpetual terror by an unbroken succession of railway accidents. The Wigan, the Kestford, and the Guildford accidents followed each other too closely not to startle the public, which would have been delighted if it could have seen clearly who was to blame and how railway accidents are to be prevented. But when the President of the Board of Trade addressed a circular of warning and inquiry to the different Companies, each of the Chairmen in turn explained that his line happened to be in perfect order, and was distinguished by every precaution having been taken on it that ingenuity could devise. How to control railways without impeding carriage and locomotion is a very difficult problem, and it is too early as yet to guess whether the new Railway Tribunal established last Session will do any practical good. It has first to show that it can arrive at a definite decision, and then to show that it can practically enforce obedience to this decision. In one department of the railway world Mr. Nass, the staunch friend of the servants of the Companies, goes on working with his usual perseverance, and he has made an inquiry on his own account the result of which shows that the accidents among its servants acknowledged by a leading Railway Company bear a most insignificant proportion to the amount of those that really take place. Mr. Plimsoll has on his part done a great public service by calling attention to the enormous waste of life attending the employment of untrustworthy vessels, although his recklessness of statement and the inability of the Commission which he got appointed to suggest any remedy have thrown a temporary cloud over the movement he set on foot. In the region of criminal law the history of the Bank forgeries showed with what ease even such a cautious institution as the Bank of England may be robbed, although it also showed the vigour with which criminals may be followed up and proof of criminality collected; while the interest of those who love the excitement of criminal trials has been gratified to a degree unknown in other days by the interminable Tichborne trial, with its startling revelations and incidents, and its unprecedented duration. But then, if we have had all these things to startle, to terrify, or to pain us, we have had, it must be remembered, an unparalleled set-off. We enjoyed the visit of our own romantic Shah. All England went mad in honour of this harmless Asiatic prince. What could we do enough to show him how great and glorious we were, and how much nicer and better people we were than the Russians? He took our frenzied homage with mild Oriental placidity, and at length escaped from the warmth of our exuberant affection, and went to Paris, where he was fêted and politely laughed at. He then faded away from one remote Court to another, until at last he got home to find that he could scarcely save his favourite Minister from destruction, and that he must revoke the celebrated concession which we were fondly told, when he was here, was destined to regenerate Persia.

Our colonies generally give us little trouble, and it was with satisfaction and without discussion that Parliament passed a Bill giving an enlarged power to the Australian colonies of dealing with revenue questions, which it is hoped may prove hereafter the basis of federation. Unhappily Canada, hitherto considered the chief pearl in the colonial chaplet, has been a cause of uneasiness. The House of Commons had scarcely passed the Bill by which, to compensate Canada for the Fenian raids, England guaranteed a portion of the cost of the railway through the territory of the Federation to the Pacific, when ugly rumours reached England that the railway had been the mainstay of a gigantic job. It was alleged that the Canadian Ministry had given the concession in return for money contributed to support electioneering contests last year. The facts were exaggerated; but one result was beyond doubt, and that was that the Ministry of Sir John Macdonald had received large sums of money from Sir Hugh Allan for electioneering purposes, and that the concession was subsequently given to Sir Hugh Allan. The Opposition in the Canadian Parliament was irritated by a Bill to permit witnesses to depose on oath being disallowed by the House Government, and it was subsequently suggested that Lord Dufferin had attempted to screen the offenders by a prorogation. But the conduct of Lord Dufferin was afterwards recognized to have been quite what it ought to have been, and when the Canadian Parliament reassembled, sufficient evidence had been collected under the authority of a Royal Commission to force Sir John Macdonald to resign. The lesson has been a severe one, and it may be hoped will be sufficient to crush corruption in the colonies before it has time to establish itself. In the United States some little has been done to show that corruption has at length provoked resistance. The notorious Tweed has been condemned to twelve years' imprisonment. Pennsylvania has accepted a constitutional amendment intended to arrest the evil. The Credit Mobilier scandal was revealed to Congress, and elicited some warmth of disapproval, although by a narrow majority it was decided not to impeach Vice-President Coffey. It is something, too, to have to record that General Butler had to retire from his candidature for the post of Governor of Massachusetts. Congress, indeed, has not set a very bright example of political purity, for it voted itself a few months ago an increase of pay, with retrospective effect—a proceeding known to American journalism as "the back salary grab." A commercial panic, principally due to the locking up of money in unfinished railways, has caused much distress in the States, and has set the President, after consenting to a re-issue of greenbacks which ought to have been cancelled, to hazard in his recent Message proposals as to the currency which are of very doubtful value more especially as to the prohibition by law of the allowance by banks of interest

on deposits. Happily the Message had to deal also with a more pleasant topic, and the President was enabled to inform Congress that the affair of the *Virginia* had been satisfactorily settled, and that the States were not under the painful necessity of crushing an infant Republic which they had been not only the first, but the only, nation of any importance to recognize.

On the 9th of January an event took place which, if it had occurred a few years ago, would have seemed of supreme importance, but which, coming when it did, had scarcely any political interest. The Emperor Napoleon died at Chislehurst, and ended a life which had been an epitome of almost every vicissitude of good and evil fortune. He had for some little time before his death lived in England in almost complete seclusion, but his popularity with ordinary Englishmen had not died out, and those who remembered that he had been the ally of England and the friend of Englishmen were many more than those who could never forget how it happened that he had gained the opportunity of forming alliances and bestowing Imperial patronage. His day had gone by in France, and no one at Paris was very much affected by the news that the late occupant of the Tuileries had passed away. France had indeed its own present, and that a perplexed and sombre one, to think of. From the beginning of the year to the 24th of May there was going on a long struggle between the Right and M. Thiers. For some time M. Thiers seemed to have the best of it. Afraid of his unrivalled power of debate, the Right wished to prevent him, while President, from speaking as a Deputy. He fought the point with his accustomed tenacity, and succeeded in securing that he should be allowed to speak on all questions of foreign policy, and on all home questions on which his Ministers in Council declared it to be necessary that he should speak. A great contest followed with the Committee of Thirty who were appointed to consider the constitutional changes that might be deemed necessary; but after they had rejected all his proposals, they at length succumbed and agreed to the terms of M. Dufaure's suggestion that a Second Chamber should be created, the electoral laws revised, and provision made for the transmission of powers when a dissolution took place. The success of M. Thiers so far was in part due to a manifesto published at this time by the Count of Chambord, in which the Pretender denounced the tricolour and everything connected with it as incentives to and memorials of Republicanism; and the supremacy of M. Thiers never seemed so well established or so wholly due to his personal qualities as when, by a timely speech he reconciled for the moment discordant factions by informing them that the Pact of Bordeaux still existed, meant everything and meant nothing, and left Monarchists all their hopes and Republicans all their gains. But M. Thiers cut away the ground on which he was treading when he achieved what in one way was the greatest triumph of his tenure of power, and negotiated a new treaty with Germany by which the enemy—restoring Belfort at once, though retaining Verdun—was to clear entirely out of France in September. M. Thiers was no longer indispensable. By making M. de Goulard a Minister, and by his Bill for regulating the Municipality of Lyons, M. Thiers offended the Extreme Left, and they determined in an evil hour to give him a lesson by returning M. Barodet, an obscure agitator of Lyons, as deputy for Paris instead of M. de Rémusat. At the eleventh hour M. Thiers tried to combat the Extremes opposed to him by throwing himself more than ever on the Centres. M. Jules Simon and M. de Goulard left the Ministry, and a Cabinet all of a moderate shade was appointed; but the Right was not to be pacified. Already, before the recess, it had managed to substitute M. Buffet for M. Grovy as President of the Assembly; and as soon as the recess was over its plans were complete. It challenged, and on the 24th of May defeated M. Thiers; and Marshal MacMahon, with the Duke of Broglie as his Minister, reigned in the place which the resignation of M. Thiers made vacant.

The new Ministry set to work heartily after its own fashion. Its business was to coerce France, where the growing strength of Republicanism had shown itself in one election after another. M. Boulé, the new Minister of the Interior, addressed the Prefects to tell them that, if they wished to remain in office, they must show an unhesitating devotion to him, his friends, and his subordinates. M. Pascal wrote a circular, a copy of which passed through the hands of M. Thiers into those of Gambetta, with the object of having a report made to him on the best means of buying up or winning over the provincial press. The discussion of the new Constitutional Laws was adjourned for six months, and M. Ranc, a Communist who had been returned for Lyons, was prosecuted, and had to fly for his life. Everything was, in short, made ready for the realization of the one pet scheme of the majority—the fusion of Orleanists and Legitimists, and the Restoration of the Count of Chambord. The scheme was very nearly successful. The Count of Paris went to Frohsdorf, and fell into his cousin's arms. All was love and harmony; and the Orleanists, who, much to their credit, insisted on constitutional liberties and the retention of the tricolour as the price of their concurrence, sent a special ambassador, M. Chesnelong, to Salzburg, and received through him satisfactory assurances of the Count's willingness to accept the Crown on the terms on which it was offered. M. Thiers returned to Paris, and exerted all his unrivalled skill in forming and consolidating a party strong enough to protect the Republic. But it seemed certain that a majority, although a narrow one, was assured, the Bonapartists being now opposed to the Government which they had supported on the 24th of May. All of a sudden it was discovered that there was a hitch; and at last

the thunderbolt fell in the shape of a letter from the Count of Chambord, in which he entirely threw his dear Chesnelong over, boldly said that the white flag must be his flag, and proclaimed that the sword must be used in order to make the ideas prevalent to which he was attached. The whole plan of a Monarchical Restoration came to an end, and Marshal MacMahon, after two Messages to the Chamber in which he said that he could only hold power if the principles of his Conservative friends were triumphant, was made President for a term of seven years. It was evident, however, that the country was against the Ministry. New elections were held in every part of France; and even in Brittany the result was the same, and Republicans were returned. The dread of a Monarchy and a civil war, and an equal dread of the clergy, who, thinking themselves sure of triumph, had got up a series of pilgrimages offensive in the eyes of lay Frenchmen, had provoked a spirit of resistance which the Ministry knew must be fatal to it unless checked in time; and recently all the efforts of the Government have been directed to devising a series of measures for repressing democracy. The Mayors are everywhere to be the creatures of the Government, and the electoral law is to be altered. Meanwhile M. Magne complains of a deficit, and cannot get the taxes voted to replace those which the Ministry abandoned when it gave up the Protectionist policy of M. Thiers, and negotiated in July a liberal Treaty of Commerce with England. The attention of France has, however, been momentarily directed from politics to the extraordinary trial of Marshal Bazaine, which was conducted with great skill by the Duke of Aumale, and ended in a Marshal of France being degraded, fined, and condemned to twenty years of seclusion. It was a sad spectacle, and perhaps Bazaine was not much more to blame than others whom the rotten system of the Empire raised to an undeserved eminence. But at any rate, even if he was not guilty of treachery, Bazaine had done less than France had a right to expect, and he was the author of so many evils and such dreadful shame to his country that his condemnation has been received with a very general expression of mournful approval.

Germany has also been going through a time of trouble which has been serious enough. It has quarrelled openly with Rome, and has fought Rome as England fought it in the days of the Tudors. Whether the conditions of modern life permit such a victory to be won now as was crowned the efforts of the Tudor princes is among the gravest and most interesting problems of modern politics. The new Ecclesiastical Bills were introduced early in the year, a large majority sanctioned the preliminary alteration in the Constitution that was necessary, and the Bills received the Royal Assent in the spring. Their purport was to lay down three great modes of asserting the supremacy of the State over the Church. All ecclesiastics, from the highest to the lowest, are to receive the approval of the Government before they can act; religious institutions are to be subjected to lay inspection, and are to be closed at the discretion of the lay power; and all ecclesiastics are to be compelled to undergo a lay training. Nothing could be more diametrically opposed to the claims and teachings of Rome. Since the Bills were passed the Government has found itself obliged to press continually forward in the path it has selected. It has been under the necessity of recognizing and patronizing the Old Catholics and their new bishop; it has submitted to the new Prussian Parliament a Bill for Civil Marriages, and it has begun prosecutions against a number of eminent Romanist ecclesiastics, and more especially the Archbishop of Posen. The Pope took it into his head to write a letter in August explaining how these accumulated wrongs disturbed his mind, and professing a belief that the German Emperor was acting against his will under the dictation of the wicked Bismarck. The Emperor replied by saying that he was perfectly independent, and that the servants of the Pope had nothing to complain of. A Parliament has been returned more hostile to Rome than the last one. Prince Bismarck has resumed the Premiership, and on the other hand the Pope has shot forth the bolt of another Encyclical, in which he points out how far on the road to destruction his enemies in Germany have advanced. Open war has thus been proclaimed, and the cases in which the new ecclesiastical laws are to be applied in their full force are now almost ripe for decision. On neither side is there any sign of flinching, and if the Pope is firm, so is Prince Bismarck, with the approval of Lord Russell. Which will win depends on the question which few would pretend to answer, whether the leading Catholic laymen of Prussia really care most for the State or the Church.

If, however, France and Germany have had their troubles this year, their disasters and anxieties have been nothing to those of Spain. At the beginning of the year Amadeo was King, and Zorrilla was his Prime Minister. But, disgusted with the resistance of the Spanish grandees and with the obstinacy of Zorrilla in quarrelling with the officers of the Artillery, the Italian prince one fine morning announced that he intended to set off for Portugal. As the only monarch then possible thus took himself off, and no other monarch was available, the Cortes was easily led to set up a Republic in despair. Figueras and Pi y Margall were the first to profit by the change, and Castelar lent them his aid. But the new Government began badly. It pandered to the mob, issued rifles to all the ruffians of Madrid, and with the aid of the mob forced the Cortes to dissolve. Then new elements of discord immediately began to show themselves. The new Cortes was elected to represent the views of those who wished the new Republic to be a Federalist one; there was a party discovered both in the Cortes and the provinces, which thought even a Federalist Republic a bad measure, and longed

to set up a copy of French Communism; and lastly the Carlists began to show themselves, achieved some small successes, and were cheered by the arrival of the Pretender and his brother. After some changes not worth noticing in detail, Castelar at the end of August was made Dictator, the newly elected Cortes was prorogued till January, a respectable force was got together, the arrangements for a Federal Government were postponed, and some degree of vigour and of unity of action appeared in the course taken by the Government. The Carlists have not been crushed, but their progress has been arrested; and Valera, Aleny, Malaga, and Seville were wrested from the Intransigentes. Unfortunately Carthage proved a more trustworthy refuge for a Communist Government, and, with the aid of a body of released convicts and of five ironclads that mutinied, the revolutionary leaders have made a defence which still baffles the efforts of the Madrid Government. A situation so anomalous as that of Spain also very naturally gave rise to complications with foreign Powers. Two ironclads which fell into the hands of a German captain, whose action was subsequently disapproved by his Government, were by his orders transferred to the custody of an English Admiral, and were subsequently, in defiance perhaps of the rules of strict impartiality, given up by England to the Spanish Government. An English vessel, the *Deerhound*, carrying military stores to the Carlists, was captured with her crew either in French waters or on the high seas, and the Spanish Government was forced to avow that it had been in the wrong. Lastly the civilized world was shocked to hear that the *Virginia*, a vessel sailing under the American flag, had been captured on the high seas, while proceeding to give help to the insurgents in Cuba, and that a considerable portion of her crew had been brutally murdered under the disguise of a military execution. Although England was equally aggrieved so far as the executions went, yet as the American flag had been disregarded, the Government of President Grant took up the matter much more seriously than we did, and at one time it appeared that war and an American intervention in Cuba were inevitable. Castelar, however, was strong enough and prudent enough to be able to give way. The *Virginia* was restored, and it appears that Spain has now the satisfaction of hearing that the captured vessel had never any real right to bear the American flag. Nothing, however, can lessen the permanent injury which Cuba does to Spain by compromising its policy and draining its resources; and when it is added that Carthage still holds out, that the Carlists still occupy the greater part of the North of Spain, and that the period assigned to Castelar's dictatorship is almost at an end, the prospects of Spain will appear sufficiently dark.

Two small nations have found themselves engaged in much the same tasks which have fallen to the lot of greater Powers. Holland has its Ashantee war in Sumatra, and has, after undergoing a discomfiture, sent out an expedition big enough to bring the Sultan of Acheon to submission. Switzerland has, like Germany, been fighting the Pope. The quarrel began in consequence of the Pope appointing a Vicar-General of Geneva with jurisdiction over a portion of the Canton of Vaud, which the Swiss say was contrary to established practice; and the Federal Government having taken the matter up with abundant energy, the Vicar-Apostolic has been banished from Switzerland, while Geneva has decreed that all curés shall be elected by the people. The phases of the quarrel are different, but both in Switzerland and in Germany the supremacy of the laity over the Church is the real ground of dispute, and both countries have been equally denounced by the Pope in his Encyclical, while both revenge themselves by patronizing in the Old Catholics the special objects of the detestation of Rome. Austria was to have had a grand time this year, and politically it has, in the return of a decidedly Centralist Parliament, achieved a conspicuous success; but the Exhibition was a failure, owing partly to the cholera, and partly to a monetary panic, which threw Vienna into utter confusion at the very moment when signs of its triumphant prosperity ought to have been given. Italy, too, has been passing through a Ministerial crisis, and its Budget exhibits a deficit which appears equally to baffle all Ministers of Finance. Still the courage and resolution with which the Bills as to ecclesiastical property and the residences of the chiefs of the ecclesiastical orders were carried, and the welcome given to Victor Emmanuel at Vienna and Berlin, must be set on the other side. Russia alone has been steadily triumphant. Its policy has prevailed at Constantinople; and Khiva, after having been conquered by an expeditionary force handled with great skill, has been, if not annexed, yet placed for every practical purpose under the exclusive control of Russia, in spite of the assurances given at the beginning of the year by Count Schuvaloff, who was sent on a special mission to tranquillize the apprehensions of England.

Excepting the Emperor Napoleon and Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador in London, no foreign public men of any great eminence have passed away this year. The King of Saxony and the Duke of Brunswick scarcely deserve to be noticed as exceptions, although some curious questions will probably arise as to the disposal of the enormous fortune of the latter. In England, however, we have lost many men of considerable eminence. Lord Westbury and the Bishop of Winchester died within a few hours of each other, and each in his way—a very different way—was a prominent figure in English public life. Lord Lytton, too, had so long amazed or delighted England with his astonishing fertility in writing romances and in dilating on every possible topic, that a sincere feeling of pain was awakened when it was known that he would write no more. In art Mr. Macready and Sir Edwin Landseer had each reached the summit in

their respective walks, and had made their victories a part of the intellectual store of Englishmen. Philosophy has lost Mr. Mill. Dr. Lushington, Chief Justice Bovill and Vice-Chancellor Wickens had each done so much to serve the public, that the regret for their loss extended beyond the regions of the profession to which they belonged. In the political world Mr. Graves and Mr. Clay were well-known figures, and in Mr. Winterbotham we have to lament the loss of one of the few men of the younger generation who have shown much promise of Parliamentary success. Perhaps, however, it may be said that death has not taken more from us this year than it must inevitably take in every year that goes by.

CHRISTMAS.

IT is an unfortunate part of the human constitution that our emotions show no tendency to periodicity. We are in pretty much the same state of mind in winter and summer, except in so far as the direct influence of external circumstances is concerned. A frost may spoil our tempers by pinching our fingers, and a fog may lower our spirits by affecting our bronchial tubes. But we are not subject, like some of our animal and vegetable ancestry (we speak after the manner of Mr. Darwin), to annual gushes of sentiment. The sap does not rise in us at stated periods, nor do we instinctively burst into song at the vernal equinox. We leave it to natural philosophers to decide why we have not inherited some such peculiarities. Whatever the reason, this defect in our organization makes itself painfully felt upon a good many occasions, and especially at such anniversaries as Christmas. Some people are always piping when others are utterly unwilling to dance. One half of the world accuses the other of being cynical, and the attack is met by a counter-charge of levity. Some contrast of feeling must indeed always result from the simple fact that the human race does not grow up in successive and distinct generations like butterflies, but that some of us are going down hill whilst others are climbing up. Every anniversary necessarily changes its colouring to "the eye which hath kept watch o'er man's mortality." There was a story in the papers the other day of a party which used to dine together in Paris. As successive members dropped off, their places were still prepared, and no fresh guests invited to fill them; and thus, on the last occasion, a solitary old man was dining by himself, with a score of empty chairs set round the table. Most of us can find melancholy enough in life without wishing to embody it in so ghastly a ceremony. But every anniversary feast necessarily partakes of the same character. The chairs are invisible as well as the guests; but the friends who have gone over to the majority are perceivable to the mind's eye so clearly that we have no need to advertise the fact by external symbolization. The melancholy which testifies to the unseen companionship should not indeed make a healthy mind unsympathetic. It may soften, but it need not quench, the spirits; and even a connoisseur in melancholy, like Jacques, may feel himself in harmony with childish conviviality. If he cannot quite share it, neither need it jar upon him.

There is another contrast of feeling which is more troublesome. Characters may be divided into two classes according as they are sympathetic or antipathetic. The first impulse of some people when they hear a new doctrine proclaimed is to exclaim, How true! and of others to say, How false! So the emotions of one man seem to be in a permanently positive, and those of another in a permanently negative, condition. Any wave of feeling set up amongst our neighbours may generate either a similar or an inverse feeling in ourselves. We may be carried away by the contagion of excitement, or may be absolutely repelled by it and driven back into our own private meditations. Everybody who has made a speech or acted in a play is conscious that an audience is generally composed of two different materials. Some of his hearers act, for a time at least, like a non-conducting medium, and oppose frequently insuperable obstacles to the establishment of the proper chain of electric sympathy. Of course it is usual to denounce the stolidity of such human blocks; and it may certainly be said that a man who is sensible that he is a purely refrigerating body should avoid going into societies for mutual stimulation. But it is quite unfair to assume that a character of this kind, however unsocial, is necessarily unfeeling. In some cases it is the very excess of sensibility which makes people instinctively struggle against yielding to a sympathetic emotion. The man who has a natural inclination to mysticism shrinks from all external manifestations, because they tend to substitute a purely mechanical ceremonial for the pure emotion which he values so highly. He is shocked by the inferior elements which necessarily make part of every stated performance; by the forms which have ceased to represent any inward feeling, and the mixture of mere superficial or sensuous excitement with genuine spiritual emotion. He suppresses altogether any outward symbols for fear lest they should lose their savour, and become part of a merely formal routine. His emotions are too valuable to be squandered in public, and should be kept for hours of solitary retirement, when he can abandon himself to them without any shock from less congenial sentiments. It is not that he is really unsympathetic, but that he unfortunately suffers more from the false notes which must blend in any general chorus than he is charmed with the true ones. Such a frame of mind may be more or less morbid; but it is very different from the cynical frame of mind which occasionally mimics it. When a man says that his feelings are so exquisitely fine

that he is put out by any attempt to give them a concrete embodiment, it may possibly be that he is a mere hypocrite who has not any feelings at all, and, therefore, if we may make a bull, finds it perfectly easy to conceal them; but it is also possible that the statement may be accurate. Such people, however, cannot be allowed to have their own way in the world. Possibly they are too good for it; but in some cases an excess of goodness is almost as mischievous as an excess of the opposite kind. In fact, they encourage a kind of hypocrisy as distinct as that which belongs to the opposite temperament, and a good deal more disagreeable. People of a very demonstrative temper, who profess a warmth of feeling which they do not really possess, and never meet an acquaintance without squeezing his hand into a mummy, and, figuratively speaking, weeping upon his neck, are certainly very offensive, and they have their reward. There is no more certain road to unpopularity than an excessive desire to be popular. We all like flattery, but we always dislike the flatterer; partly because there is nothing more disagreeable than the sense of being done, and we naturally resent the spectacle of that tribute of praise which has become in some sense our own property being bestowed with equal liberality upon our friends and inferiors. The injury which a demonstrative person inflicts upon our self-esteem by excessive civility to our neighbours more than cancels the benefit which a similar civility has conferred upon ourselves. On the other hand, the affectation of excessive coolness, if it makes us less angry with the offender, is more noxious in the social atmosphere generally. The too unctuous person incurs our contempt, but at any rate the function which he discharges with more zeal than could be wished is necessary to our social comfort, and is favourable to the spread of that general complacency without which we should very soon become mere savages in dress-coats. If we attempted to suppress all external ceremonial because it may become nonsensical and hypocritical, society would either be brutalized or become as dull as a Quaker's meeting; and though the Quakers are in many respects a most exemplary people, it must be admitted that their tendency to quietism and extreme plainness of speech is the most obvious cause of their decay.

Every such anniversary as Christmas brings up some of the practical problems which are suggested by these divergences of temper. How are we to solve such problems? How are the convivialities in which we have to indulge to be made tolerable to the very varying minds of the persons who are to share them? To all who have finally parted company with childhood, the annual consumption of turkeys and mincepies will be at least as suggestive of melancholy as of pleasure. Nobody thinks his birthday a very delightful occasion of festivity when it is distinctly marking another downhill stage. Life is too much like the childish game of ducks and drakes, in which the intervals between successive blows diminish in geometrical progression. And if we can get over this difficulty and manage to enjoy the childish entertainment of a pantomime though we don't much care for the Clown ourselves, yet a greater remains behind. Why should we run into such danger of hypocrisy? Moralists on a larger scale may dwell upon the fact that, whilst we are all talking about Christian goodwill, there is nothing for which one-half of professing Christians is more ardently longing at the present moment than the complete humiliation, and possibly decimation, of the other half. But within the bounds of private life we have difficulty enough in reconciling practice and principle. It is a popular belief that at this season of the year we are to be specially civil to poor or alienated relations. We know quite well that we shall not like them any the better for it. We are not so foolish as to forgive a man for an injury because he has eaten a mincepie at our expense. The perverso impenitency of our improvident cousins will not become a less monstrous neglect of duty because they have added to their score another item which they choose to consider rather as a matter of right than a cause for gratitude. The sentiments in which we indulge for the amusement of children are no more real than the conviviality of a man who drinks a glass of coloured water when the fear of gout prevents him from taking real wine. The whole thing is a sham, and, like other shams, only ends by intensifying the sense of the evils which it professes to ignore. Why not adopt the simple rule which some people advocate? Let everybody be perfectly natural. If a man feels sulky at Christmas time, let him eat his chop in private without being scouted as a cynic and a killjoy. The miser in Dickens's story was perfectly right for not getting up a show of geniality. In the story, of course, his conversion is taken to be genuine, and his concession to the ordinary customs of mankind is rewarded by his becoming permanently a social being. It would not have been so in reality. Next morning he would have had a bad headache from the excess to which he was not accustomed; and a week afterwards he would have been as hardened a skinflint as ever, with perhaps an additional touch of bitterness due to the sense of the folly he had committed. If only everybody would act up to his own character, the jovial might be as jovial as now, but they would not be allowed to insult or annoy their less excitable fellow-beings by dragging them at the ear of a sham festivity.

Luckily, the question need not generally be put in this uncompromising fashion. A large part of the population is at the age when genuine high spirits are still to be had for the asking, and habit has not ossified their tissues into unbending rigidity. Another large part is unhappily in a condition in which a rough approximation to a satisfactory meal is still a cause for unfeigned rejoicing. They can take such goods as Christmas provides them without any uncomfortable doubts, and will need no casuistry to

persuade them of the advantages of even animal forms of enjoyment. People who have become more morbidly sensitive must strike out such a rough compromise as is available under the circumstances. The suggestion that we should be perfectly natural is unfortunately impracticable. Whatever philosophers may attempt to prove to the contrary, human beings are not a set of unconnected units, and the purely self-regarding class of actions is simply a class which does not exist. We are bound to settle some terms of communication with our neighbours, and every social rule involves certain compliances which may at times become hypocritical. Unless we are prepared to reveal to everybody who comes in contact with us all the emotions of dislike or weariness or ill-temper which he may excite, we must sanction a certain number of formalities which are at times more or less distressing. The only comfort is that, as the world becomes more civilized, its ceremonial tends to become less cumbersome. The old elaborate observances of former days which look very picturesque in artistic representations would undoubtedly be intolerable bores in practice. We have become too old for the minneries which amused our more simple-minded ancestors, and so far we are freed from a vexatious bondage. As time goes on, we may hope that the tendency will be not to abolish observances founded upon a real need, but to make the machinery work as smoothly and with as little complexity as possible. Perhaps, too, when we all regard each other with unfeigned brotherly love, we shall be all glad of any excuse for giving the first possible vent to the sentiments with which we are oppressed. At present that day seems to be rather distant, and the best we can do is to submit with as much good temper as we can to the demands of our friends, and at least avoid damping their spirits, if we cannot indulge in very extravagant outbursts of hilarity. In return we can only invite them to look with toleration upon our comparative calmness.

THE GOVERNMENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE Governing Body of Rugby School have not yet issued any formal explanation of their reasons for dismissing Dr. Hayman from the Head-Mastership, but the *Times* has published what it calls a "fair description" of the transaction, which has apparently been derived from an official source. This document shows, as the *Times* puts it, that a series of collisions had arisen between Dr. Hayman and his assistants, that the Governing Body always pronounced with greater or less severity against the Head-Master, and finally dismissed him on the ground of general failure in office. As it appears that the failure in office, if there was any failure, was owing to the collisions between the Head-Master and his Assistants, it is natural to inquire how these collisions arose. Dr. Hayman was elected Head-Master of Rugby at the end of 1869, in succession to Dr. Temple, who had just been made Bishop of Exeter. There were eight other candidates for the appointment, and, as might be expected under such circumstances, the choice of Dr. Hayman did not give universal satisfaction. The friends and admirers of the disappointed candidates naturally thought that a better selection might have been made, and the Assistant-Masters had also preferences or pretensions of their own. Whether Dr. Hayman was or was not the best man for the place is a question with which we have for our present purpose nothing to do. The Trustees thought that he was the best man, and the decision rested with the Trustees, and not with any other persons. It is no doubt desirable that the Head-Master of a Public School should enjoy the confidence of his subordinates; but, according to the existing organization of these institutions, it is not the Assistant-Masters who are called upon to elect their chief. It is necessary to lay some emphasis on this point, because, obvious as it is, it seems to have been overlooked in some of the criticisms on this subject. The right of election is vested absolutely in the Governing Body—at that time the Trustees—who act on their own responsibility, and not under a *conseil d'enfer* from the Assistant-Masters. It is possible that the Assistant-Masters may be much more capable of discharging this duty than any other persons; but that is one of the questions which we do not propose to discuss. The law, as it stands, says that the Head-Master shall be chosen by the Governing Body; and when he has been chosen, it is clearly the business of the staff of the school to submit themselves loyally and faithfully to their superior. Whether he does or does not come up to their standard of an ideal Head-Master is a question with which it is unnecessary that they should trouble themselves. They may reflect that they are not responsible for his appointment, and that there is no compulsion on them to serve under a principal whom, for good or bad reasons, they dislike.

What happened at Rugby was this. Dr. Hayman was no sooner elected than a number of Assistant-Masters protested against the appointment on the ground of certain alleged informalities in some of Dr. Hayman's testimonials. They declared that their sense of honour was outraged, and that they could not serve under any one who had done what Dr. Hayman had done. The Trustees, however, who were the proper judges of the relevancy and value of testimonials, did not take the same view of the matter, and the appointment was confirmed. A second request from the Assistant-Masters—we are now quoting from the *Daily News*, one of the organs of the Masters on this subject—to the Trustees to hear their views was ignored. The Masters, it is stated, were at this time ready to resign, but they took counsel with their friends, and were strongly advised to remain and do their best for the

school. Accordingly they not only remained, but from time to time accepted promotion at the hands of their new chief. In what manner they acted upon the other part of the counsel is one of the questions at issue between them and Dr. Hayman. They may have thought that the best they could do for the school was to get Dr. Hayman out of it; and that this was their policy may almost be inferred from the fact that they again revived in the form of a Parliamentary petition the accusations against their chief which had already been disposed of by the Trustees. At the same time Dr. Hayman was persistently attacked by anonymous correspondents of the newspapers, who continually repeated the same charges. It is obvious that attacks of this kind could not fail to keep alive in Dr. Hayman's mind the recollection of his first reception by the Masters, and to colour his interpretation of their subsequent conduct. There can be no doubt that for the last four years the atmosphere of Rugby has been charged with stormy elements; the Masters and their chief did not work cordially together, and the want of concord among the teachers naturally produced a bad effect among the scholars. A Head-Master is, or ought to be, an autocrat, yet there is no one who is so dependent on his subordinates in almost every part of his work. It is quite clear that a Head-Master cannot carry on a great school single-handed. He must have assistants; and, if he and his assistants do not work together in mutual confidence and esteem, it is certain that the work must break down. A Public School cannot be managed successfully as long as there are collisions between the Head-Master and the other Masters; but the question here is, who is responsible for these collisions? It will be observed that the Assistant-Masters received Dr. Hayman on the very threshold of office in a hostile spirit; that they repeated their aspersions after the Trustees had set them aside; and that they continued to adhere to this line of conduct after Dr. Hayman had been for some time in office, and after they had themselves decided not to resign, but to remain and "do the best they could for the school." What the Trustees thought of the conduct of the Masters will be seen from the following Minute, which was published in the course of 1871:—

They think that the under Masters should never confer with the boys, not even with the sixth form, on points of school discipline, without the knowledge of the Head-Master.

The Trustees feel it now their duty, in justice to the Head-Master, to impress upon the under Masters generally the necessity, for the good of the school, of giving to the Head-Master not only a nominal, but a cordial, co-operation and support.

We now come to a change in the government of the school. Dr. Hayman had been little more than a year at Rugby when the Trustees who had elected him were replaced by the new Governing Body, which contained several members who had from the first keenly and violently opposed the appointment. Bishop Temple, for example, forgetting the decencies of official life, had taken a prominent part in the early attacks upon his successor; and he had now to sit as a judge upon a cause in which he had held a brief as an advocate. It is almost amusing to observe how when the new Governing Body came into power, it was tacitly assumed that the whole place lay under the spell of some kind of superstitious bondage to the spirit of the late Head-Master, so that everything was to be done exactly as he had been accustomed to do it, and everything was to stand exactly as he had left it, and not a pipkin was to be displaced. The Trustees had set aside the original charges against the Head-Master; but as several of the new Governors had identified themselves with the Assistant-Masters in this respect, it was perhaps not unnatural that the latter should be encouraged to imagine that they had now the sympathies of at least a part of the Governing Body on their side. It is obviously hopeless for a Head-Master to attempt to cope with disaffected subordinates unless he is firmly supported by the Governing Body; and this support appears from the moment the new Governors came into office to have been systematically withheld from Dr. Hayman. If a school is to be managed through the Head-Master, it is indispensable that he should be allowed a certain amount of discretion in dealing with the personnel of the establishment. It would seem, however, that at Rugby the Governing Body insisted that Dr. Hayman should carry on the school without making any change in the original staff; and on all the questions submitted to them they sided with the Masters against their Head. Dr. Hayman complains that some of the Masters treated him in an unfriendly and disrespectful manner, and it is easy to understand that there are many ways of thwarting and insulting a Head-Master without doing anything which can be very distinctly proved. The broad facts of the case are that the Assistant-Masters, in the first instance, assumed the right of sitting in judgment on their superior, condemned him, and took care to publish their verdict; that they maintained this attitude of hostility even after the Trustees had condemned it; and that the new Governing Body insisted upon the Head-Master conducting the school with a staff of assistants a large proportion of whom were committed to a public declaration—for it was, if not formally, at least practically public—that, on moral grounds, he was disqualified to hold office. For the Head-Master this was simply an impossible task. What could be expected of a commander-in-chief who at the beginning of a campaign received a public intimation that his generals deemed him deficient, not only in military qualities, but in personal honour? It must be remembered that in a school, as in an army, it is not merely a question between the chief and his assistants; there is, in the one

case, the school, in the other, the army looking on. It is evident that Rugby School must from the outset of this affair have been put in a fair way of becoming disorganized by the position deliberately assumed by the Assistant-Masters towards their superior. And, in order to mend matters, the Governing Body not only espoused the cause of the disaffected Masters, but themselves did all they could to discredit the head of the school, and to paralyse his activity—as, for instance, when they last year issued the Minute suggesting to Dr. Hayman that "it was due to the interests of the school that he should lose no time in retiring from the office of Head-Master." The mistake which the Governing Body committed was, it seems to us, in imagining that a Head-Master could possibly conduct a school under such circumstances. If they thought that Dr. Hayman was unfit for the position he occupied, they should have assumed the responsibility of removing him at once; and as they refrained from doing so, it must be supposed that they had not sufficient grounds for taking this step. On the other hand, as they allowed him to remain at the head of the school, they were bound to give him a staff of assistants with whom it was possible for him to work. What the Governing Body in effect did was to make the conditions of the task impracticable, and then to dismiss Dr. Hayman because he could not perform an obvious impossibility. It was perhaps from the beginning a question whether the Head-Master, or certain of the Assistant-Masters who had taken the lead in opposing him, should be dismissed. We do not say which course the Governing Body should have taken; we say only that they should have taken one course or the other openly and boldly. They might or might not have been justified in dismissing Dr. Hayman, but assuredly they were not justified in retaining him in office, and at the same time refusing him the necessary means of maintaining his command over the school. It would appear, therefore, that for Dr. Hayman's "general failure in office" the Governing Body are themselves responsible, and that from first to last he has never had fair play.

It may be said broadly that the Head-Master of Rugby has been dismissed because the Assistant-Masters disapproved of him. The Masters may or may not have been right in forming this opinion, but it is rather a serious question whether Public Schools are henceforth to be managed in deference to the opinions of the teaching staff. The importance of this question is strikingly illustrated by the recent conduct of the Masters at Eton. It may be said that, if the boarding charges had previously not been excessive, the addition which was asked for was not unreasonable; but that was not the question. The question was whether the school was to be governed by the Governing Body or by the Masters. The former had forbidden the Masters to make any increase in their charges, and the Masters claimed the right to disregard this prohibition and to use their own discretion in the matter. It appears that other differences—happily of a minor kind—have since arisen between the Head-Master and some of his assistants. It is clearly necessary that some understanding should be come to as to the extent to which Assistant-Masters are entitled to dictate to their superiors how a school should be conducted. It is important to remember that Public Schools exist after all, not for the benefit of the Masters, but for the benefit of the public. Hitherto it has been supposed that the only way of managing an institution of this kind efficiently was to make the Head-Master absolute, and to throw upon him the responsibility of keeping everything in order. The new Governing Bodies have not been long in existence, but it cannot be said that they have attained much success in the discharge of their delicate and important duties. If they attempt to reverse the old system, to depose the Head-Masters, and to manage the schools themselves under the advice of the Assistant-Masters, the consequences may be expected to be exceedingly disastrous to the institutions under their charge.

THE LESSER CHURCHES OF ROME.

WE have spoken of the Basilican type of church in general, and of some of those great churches in Rome to which the name of Basilica is applied in a special sense. But, after the havoc which the greater buildings have undergone, almost more may be learned from these smaller buildings—including some which technically rank as Basilicas and some which do not—on which the hand of Papal devastation has on the whole fallen less heavily. In the case of the smaller churches the destroyers have commonly been contented with disfiguring the outside, sticking up some fulsome inscription to record the munificence of the disfigurer, and spoiling the inside as far as may be by incongruous attempts at ornament. But the main features, the columns with their arcades or entablatures, have, with a few exceptions, been spared, and the apse with its mosaics has very commonly been spared also. Hence many a church which looks most unpromising without will be found to contain rich stores of instruction within, and it may be laid down as a practical rule at Rome, and indeed in Italy generally, to pass nothing by simply because the outside is unattractive.

It is not easy to throw oneself into the position of the disfigurers of these ancient Roman buildings. We can understand how—especially at Rome—men may have preferred classical to mediæval architecture, and may have thought it a good work to make the one give way to the other. We can understand a man thinking a monolith column with a Corinthian capital a fairer object than

the richest cluster at Lincoln or Ely. The truth of course is that each is equally beautiful, equally fitting, in its proper place. But the strange thing is that a man should think that he was working an improvement by taking away or hiding the columns of St. John Lateran to put masses of Jesuitical ugliness instead; and it is no less strange that even a Pope should think it worth while to commemorate such an achievement as cutting through the original round-headed windows of the famous church of St. Clement to stick in hideous square things instead. Yet a later Clement—we forget his number, but we felt inclined to turn Clement into Inclement—has thus barbarously dealt with the church of his apostolical namesake. Still St. Clement has not suffered like the patriarchal church. The columns are there; the primitive arrangements are there; nay the earlier church is there below, and the temple, or whatever it was, of Mithras is below that. Rome contains so much that even a succession of *Renaissance* Popes could not destroy everything; their wasting fury has mainly spent itself on the greatest objects of their city, and the smaller buildings, with their rich stores of art and history, have thus escaped comparatively unhurt.

The Christian Basilicas, as we have already explained, arose largely out of the spoils of heathen buildings, and not uncommonly on the sites of heathen temples. The columns of the churches were commonly the columns of earlier buildings used up again. But their architects seem seldom to have made use of the columns of the temples on the site of which they were building. The fact is that the columns of the temples were seldom suited for that purpose. The columns of the portico of a temple, columns which, with their entablature, made up the full height of the wall, were too lofty to be employed in the inside of a church which came at all short of the very greatest scale. Translated to the inside of the Basilica, the column had to bear its arch, perhaps a stilt between its abacus and the arch, to bear the clerestory range above, and the space between arcade and clerestory devoted to mosaics or other kinds of enrichment. Sometimes, again, in the Christian, as in the heathen, Basilica there was one arcade or colonnade above another. Smaller columns than those of the temples had therefore to be used for all but the very greatest churches, and we thus get the curious sight of churches built on the sites of ancient temples, out of the spoils of ancient temples, but with the columns of the temples on whose site they stand remaining unused and embedded in the walls. This may be seen at St. Mary in *Comedien*, where five stately columns of the original temple are built up in the western and northern walls. It is almost more striking at St. Nicolas in *Carcere*, where the church—one of no great size—takes in parts of three neighbouring temples, with columns of different orders. In both churches the arcades rest on much smaller columns, doubtless brought from somewhere else. Had the columns of the original porticoes been used for the churches, the churches must have been built on the scale of the Lateran or the Vatican Basilica.

The different churches made up in this way out of heathen fragments show widely differing degrees of skill in the way in which the fragments are worked together. A range has to be made in which the arches must spring from the same level, while the columns which serve to support them are often of different sizes, very often of different orders, and therefore with shafts of different proportions and capitals of different forms. Add to this that at Rome, as at Ravenna, the need was often felt of putting in a new member, a stilt or its equivalent, between the abacus of the capital and the actual springing of the arch. Sometimes all this is done in a very rude and inartistic way. Thus, at St. George in *Felabro* the arches hang in the most awkward way over the capitals of various kinds, with and without stilts; and some slender columns with Corinthian capitals are cruelly set to support a wide projecting mass, after the fashion of the market-place at Verona. In other cases the work is done far more skilfully. The arch, the stilt, if there be any, and the capital itself, are all worked harmoniously together. Any inequality in the height of the columns is often got over by making a difference in the bases, where it strikes the eye less than it does in the capitals. This is done with one of the columns in the small church of St. Bartholomew-in-the-Island, said to be the work of the Emperor Ottó the Third. It is but a small building; but so much as has escaped the disfiguring hands of Popes and Cardinals is worthy to have been the work of the Wonder of the World. Two fine arcades, with Composite columns well fitted to their arches, form the main feature. In other cases where columns and capitals of different kinds are used, those opposite to one another are often made to agree. Ionic capitals are often set opposite Ionic, Corinthian opposite Corinthian, plain shafts opposite plain, and fluted opposite fluted. In this way we get that same diversity in uniformity, or uniformity in diversity, which distinguishes mediæval art from classical. It is especially common, according to a fashion which we have already noticed as being usual in the Basilicas of Lucca, to mark the extent of the choir by some difference in the architecture at that point, by breaking the continuous range of columns by a square pier, by using a pair of columns at that point different from the rest of the range, or by any other means which might come into the architect's head. The breaking of a continuous range by a square pier at this point comes out very conspicuously in the famous upper church of St. Clement, the building where the primitive arrangement of the *chorus cantorum* in front of the altar is better preserved than anywhere else. And in St. Mary in *Comedien*, though the actual arrangement of the choir is less perfectly preserved than in St. Clement, its effect on the arrangements of the structure is yet

more marked. Instead of a continuous arcade, we have in this church a range in which three groups of arches are divided by two massive pieces of wall. The altar stands in its proper place on the chord of the apse; its steps are marked by a group of three arches on each side; the ambones stand against a massive pier; four arches again mark the extent of the choir; then another massive pier and four more arches to the west. Again, in the centre of the eastern group of four arches a pair of fluted columns, with plain ones on each side of them, stand opposite to each other; and in the centre of the western group two capitals with figures stand opposite to each other, all the other capitals in the church being Corinthian of different degrees of goodness and badness. From this there is only one step to the spanning arches of St. Praxedes cutting through the line of the entablature, the forerunners of the glories of St. Zeno.

When the custom of thus marking off the choir has been once taken in in churches where it is so clearly marked as in St. Clement and St. Mary in *Comedien*, it becomes easy to recognize the same feeling in a less strongly marked form elsewhere. Though the primitive choir did not, like the mediæval choir, stretch across from pillar to pillar, though it was not marked off by any great architectural feature like our chancel-arches, yet there clearly was a wish to mark in the building itself the point to which this division of the church was meant to reach. We see this in the Basilica of St. Agnes-without-the-Walls, a building remarkable on many grounds. This church has round three sides a gallery following the same arrangements of columns and arches as the greater stage below. Allowing for the difference between classical columns and massive square piers, the arrangement is exactly the same as that of the Great Minster at Zürich. Here again the only pair of fluted columns in the lower range seems to mark the extent of the choir, and in the smaller upper range, where there is greater variety, plain, fluted, and twisted columns carefully answer to one another. St. Agnes is one of the most pleasing of the Roman churches, and it is still more important as supplying the key to the original state of a far more wonderful building, the great church of St. Laurence-without-the-Walls. Here we are staggered to find the purely Greek construction with the column and entablature applied to the inside of a church so late as the days of Honorius the Fourth, the adversary of Frederick the Second. We are hardly less staggered to find the altar standing, without any apse or triumphal arch, against a flat east end—we use the word "east" conventionally—with a gallery like that at the east end of St. Agnes. Nor is it much less wonderful in a Roman church to find that altar at the end of a long raised choir, parted off from the nave by an arch after the manner of churches north of the Alps. The key to all this is to be found in one of the strangest transformations that any church ever went through. The present choir is the original church turned round, with the original apse pulled down and a nave built on in its stead. The arch of triumph thus becomes a chancel-arch in the English sense, leading into what is now the choir, and the altar with the Bishop's throne behind it is moved to the (conventional) west end of the original church, now become the (conventional) east. In this choir—the original church—a gallery like that of St. Agnes, taking the form of an arcade, rests on a lower stage which consists of noble fluted Corinthian columns. These support an entablature, one pair alone having capitals introducing human figures. The greater part of the height of the columns is hidden by the arrangements of the choir, and their full proportion can be seen only by looking down into what were the aisles. The entablature is made up of scraps of friezes from different places. Yet they fit together better than might have been looked for, and the whole effect is striking and not wholly unsatisfactory. The entablature does not seem out of place when it merely supports the light gallery above; and it forms a marked contrast to the effect of the same construction in the nave, where the columns have, as in the Liberian Basilica, to support a heavy wall, answering to the triforium and clerestory range.

The capitals of these churches are of course commonly classical capitals used up again. Among them we get every variety of Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite forms; the Doric, as at St. Peter in *Vincula*, is rare. Sometimes, as in a side chapel of St. Praxedes, we find later imitations, such Ionic, for instance, as would be made in the time of Pope Paschal the First. We have already mentioned a few cases of the use of the capitals which introduce human forms. These belong to a class whose history needs minutely working out. The trophy capital, as we may call it, made up of armour without any actual human figure, is found in the Temple of the Twelve Gods. Capitals with the actual human figure, capitals of the most splendid workmanship, may be seen lying about, seemingly uncared for, in the Baths of Caracalla. Among the fragments found in the lower chambers of the Tabularium or the Senatorial Palace are capitals no less well wrought, in which volutes are made of animal forms. These varieties are most important in the true history of architecture. Here, in classical Rome, we find ourselves on the high road to the ruins of St. Ambrose, to the eagles of Lucca, Wetzlar, and Gelnhausen. In everything, to one who recognizes the continuity of history, and therein the continuity of architecture, to one who does not dream that there was any time when the building art perished from the earth, the works of classic Rome are but a transition to the more perfect works of Pisa and Durham; and the age of Diocletian, though its bricks may be wider apart than bricks were in the golden age of Nero, is seen to be the age of the greatest architectural development that the world ever saw.

NEW CHICAGO.

THE second anniversary of the great Chicago conflagration has been celebrated by one of the local magazines, the *Lakeside Monthly*, in a special number containing seventeen papers, every one of which bears a title of this kind—"The Chicago of the Educator," "The Chicago of the Business Man," "The Chicago of the Manufacturer," and so on. In short, we have seventeen special Chicagos considered in a review of the big general Chicago, whose name has already been so widely "advertised" (as the inhabitants themselves say) by the remarkable rapidity of its growth and the suddenness of its destruction.

What the United States are to the rest of the world, Chicago is to the United States. It is the concentrated essence of Americanism. The peculiar state or temper of the human mind in which material growth and extension are its only objects, and all its forces are concentrated with the utmost intensity on these, has never been so perfectly developed as in the United States; and if we were asked what city in that country showed that temper in its most energetic form, we might possibly think once of Boston or New York, but should certainly relinquish them for Chicago. Just as the United States are the newest of great nations, so Chicago is the newest of great cities; and as the States look forward to an almost indefinite increase of wealth and population in the future, so Chicago expects in its own mind to become the biggest and richest city on earth. In this condition of temper and feeling, it is not surprising that we should hear a good deal of exultation. A people very busy and prosperous, and just enough educated to be capable of reading and writing incessantly about itself in a multitude of cheap periodical publications, is sure to develop a continual supply of brag. Such a people is very much in a condition that is known to us by specimens in our own country, the condition of the clever and active Manchester or Bradford man who, beginning with nothing but native strength and ability and a very little elementary education, fights his way to a brilliant material success, and naturally looks back upon his career with a self-complacency that expresses itself in boasting. American brag has been long quite familiar to us, and we imagine that there must be a use for it, that it must have been ordained amongst the inscrutable intentions of nature. It acts no doubt as a stimulus, and keeps the Americans well up to their work. The Americans are like very strong boys who are always wanting to show off their strength, and who look upon every piece of physical labour to be done as an opportunity for athletic display. We really believe that when Chicago was burned down the inhabitants inwardly chuckled over the calamity as the finest possible opportunity for proving to the world the pluck and energy that was in them. The building of a new city was a match against time. So they set to work as if they had made bets with all other cities that they would rebuild Chicago in a couple of years, and they laboured all along with the idea that they were watched by the whole world.

The Chicago papers of the *Lakeside Monthly* begin with a poem by Mr. B. F. Taylor, imitated in some degree from Macaulay's manner, but decidedly above the average of magazine verses. Mr. Taylor had rather a perilous kind of subject to deal with, for it is difficult to do the tremendous in poetry when there is hardly a refuge in anything else, and this writer, we should imagine from his graceful beginning, would have done more justice to a quieter theme. Here is the central passage of the poem, in which the conflagration is described, but with rather incongruous imagery:—

The stately piles of polished stone were shattered into sand,
And madly drove the dread simoom, and snowed them on the land,
And rained them till the sea was red, and scorched the wings of prayer!
Like thistle-down ten thousand homes went drifting through the air,
And dumb Disney walked hand in hand with frozen-eyed Despair!

The thunder of the fiery ruff rolled human accents dumb;
The trumpet's clangour died away a wild bee's drowsy hum.
And breakers beat the empty world that rumbled like a drum.
O cities of the silent land! O Graceland and Rosehill,
No tombs without their tenantry? the pale best sleeping still?
Your marble thresholds dawning red with holocaustal glare
As if the waking Angel's foot were set upon the stair!

There is a very sensible paper by Mr. John F. Binckley, called "The Chicago of the Thinker," in which the writer really does try to think out certain interesting questions about Chicago which suggest themselves to an intellectual inhabitant. He says that "it is the prevalent practice to ascribe the development of Chicago to the uncommon enterprise of spirit of its inhabitants," and he then immediately inquires whether there is a constitutional difference of character between the Chicagoans and the inhabitants of smaller towns in the North-West equal to the difference in the size of the towns they live in. The answer is that "when a man is known to be from the North-West, there is little about him to show whether he lives at Chicago or elsewhere." And then come some observations about one point in Chicago character which are well worth quoting at length:—

Perhaps if any characteristic of Chicago is personal enough to strike a stranger, it is the settled mental habit of taking ulterior good for granted—a business optimism in which solicitude is reserved for particular expedients, and not indulged upon comprehensive doubts, or the sometimes startling possibilities that generalizations foretell. Were a Philadelphian to experience conviction that manufacturing was to become unprofitable in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, nothing could rescue his peace of mind from destruction. But if a Chicagoan could be convinced of a time when grain and live stock would no longer seek his market, I think he would accept the event with composure, trusting, with tranquil confidence, that by the time it should come other and better trade would occupy their place.

Mr. Binckley, however, is convinced that this is "a matter of superinduced habit, not of temperament." He considers this faith in a good future as the result of an exceptionally favourable experience. It took some time to imbue the Chicago people with this trustfulness. It is true that land was sold dear, or withheld from sale when it would have fetched high prices, in the early period of the city's prosperity; but Mr. Binckley does not think that this proved the foresight of the landholders, only the disposition to make as much as possible out of what seemed to them the folly of eager enthusiasts. Even down to 1857 there remained something of the stolidity of the early settlers. The ground had been appropriated as early as the beginning of this century, but the hydrographic schemes on which the future of the place depended do not seem to have awakened the interest of the settlers. In 1830 an official came to lay out a town in the interest of the canal, yet the event "seems to have made no impression until immigrants came from the East, seeking so promising a site." From this year dates the beginning of speculation at Chicago, though not yet of any healthy trade:—

The rapid influx of emigrants, the Government work on the harbour, the location of a public land office, the presence of labourers on the harbour and canal, and the incursion from older communities of scores of adventurers, awakened not a spirit of enterprise, but of sheer speculation. For years nothing was produced for sale; and supplies from the East, even including flour, were paid for out of the proceeds of extortion upon strangers, or with money and goods unconsciously got from the Indians on occasion of their receiving annuities or in traffic. More than once legislative interference was requisite for moderating hotel charges and the like. The inhabitants held the future of their own town in such contempt that the wharf rights and school lands, worth a hundred millions to-day, were sold and bought for a few nominal thousands, the former as late as 1835, and probably never paid for at that; the supposed necessity consisting of the equally significant fact that the town, then with a population of four thousand, and no considerable municipal debt, had not a public credit for 2,000 dollars. In 1836 the port of Buffalo received a million and a quarter bushels of wheat, including a thousand brought from a petty town across the lake in Michigan; and yet even the export of a few bags by lake to Buffalo was not ventured on for two years later, without which the Chicago business mind could not comprehend the opportunity. To be sure the next year (1839) witnessed that the experiment warranted the trade, if it did not amaze the experimenters, and it went on until last year it was nearly a hundred million bushels of grain.

Even in 1851, when the population was already thirty thousand, Chicago supplied itself with water by means of an engine of twenty-five horse-power, and the contractor was to receive no profit for ten years but the excess power of that engine. Nobody had the least confidence in the future, and the people would not listen to projects which were based upon an anticipated increase of population. In 1849 there was no gas in the place. Mr. Binckley affirms that "a less enterprising population have seldom been found in America than that of Chicago, until a series of the most unique and irresistible constraints that ever flattered an undeserving people had made the city great." It was a people "dull, unspiritual, and strong, conditioned so as to be necessitated to execute the ideas and participate the hopes of a more fertile, polished, and luminous people." There occurred "a kind of translation of one man's ideas into another man's motives." This resulted from "the extraordinary fact that the policy of Eastern enterprise involved as an incident, at national expense, the creation of a harbour, the digging of a canal, and the endowment of a great railroad, and the building of vast plexus of railroads by private enterprise, all tributary to a place having not the least aspiration for greatness." Mr. Binckley has some exceedingly interesting observations on the influence of the first inhabitants of Chicago, showing how it has maintained itself to this day in various habits and customs which, being already established in the little town that was called Chicago, have perpetuated themselves in the great city. We are glad to observe that he sees how necessary culture is to the life of such a city as Chicago is now rapidly becoming. Perhaps he is even too severe upon its present deficiencies in this respect. European experience proves two things which ought to be a consolation for every inhabitant of Chicago who has aspirations in this direction. It proves that culture does not establish itself firmly just at first in an enterprising trading community, and it proves also that any town that is very rich and populous, and inhabited by men of European blood, is sure to have a cultivated society in it before very long. The misfortune is that the cultivated class should be so much apart and have so little influence on the general public of the place, especially on the wealthiest traders. We do not doubt that Chicago is sure to become, in the course of a generation or two, as cultivated a place as Manchester is now; that is to say, there will exist some cultivated groups of citizens in the place, and a few public buildings for the three great divisions of culture—a library for literature, a museum for science, and a gallery for art. But the bulk of the community will resist culture there as it does in Manchester. The merchants and manufacturers and their wives may have a kindly feeling towards culture, and be willing to do something for it (and even this is hoping a good deal, for there is apt to be some jealousy of cultivated people); but they are not likely to see culture otherwise than from the outside, or to have that perfect and true sympathy with it which is only possible for those who really have a share in it. No one can have a share in culture without long-sustained intellectual labour, and it is difficult for men who are occupied in trade, and for women who are occupied in the duties or pleasures of a vulgar existence, to set to work strenuously for the improvement of their minds. Even in great capitals, although the society there has the advantage of external polish and refinement from the presence during a part of

the year of the national aristocracy, the really cultivated people are a few little groups who have not very much influence on the general mass of the inhabitants. We have all possible means of culture in London, yet how many well-to-do Londoners live without making the least use of them! There is a paper in this series by Dr. Powers, the well-known Episcopalian clergyman, in which he expresses a similar desire for culture, more especially of an artistic kind:—

While the reconstruction of Chicago is such a marvel, it cannot be denied that its æsthetic aspect is dispiriting. The city, as a city, does not wear the crown that her position and resources would seem to entitle her to. No one can view her magnitude and business, or read the truthful descriptions of her material greatness given in the present number of the *Lukewarm*, without a sense of incongruity and disproportion. She does not lack brain, but symmetry. She is heavy, ill-balanced, almost grotesque, with all her splendour. The city does not suggest cultivation and refinement; but immense material energy.

Whilst fully sharing the desire which Dr. Powers expresses for a better æsthetic culture in Chicago, we think that he cannot reasonably expect much more for the present than what the place has already attained to. He says that "the idea of art, of a great multitude, seems to be limited to fine tailoring, upholstery, and crockery." All this is very natural; it is not quite satisfactory, but it is quite in accordance with the usual habits and tendencies of human nature. A prosperous business community likes tailoring, upholstery, and crockery, and likes to see its wealth reflected in these things. Even when it begins to buy pictures and engravings it likes to see something for its money. The art that it most enjoys is highly finished handicraft, such as the gilding and painting on a pretty dinner-service, or the clever printing of a fine carriage. We think that Dr. Powers gives an example of good taste to his fellow-citizens when he objects to the modern American custom of arranging shops and counting-houses in such enormous palatial blocks. They have considerable grandeur, no doubt, but as Dr. Powers judiciously observes, they interfere with the effect of the real public buildings, which are dwarfed by them. There is scarcely a church in Europe which would not be either dwarfed or at least considerably injured by the immediate neighbourhood of a block like the new Sherman House at Chicago. It would do harm even to the loftiest cathedral.

There are some interesting statistics in the paper on Education by Mr. Leander Stone. The value of school buildings and their furniture is nearly thirteen hundred thousand dollars. There are fifty-one buildings and between five and six hundred teachers, with an actual attendance of thirty-five thousand pupils. The Bible has been removed from the public schools of Cincinnati and St. Louis, but is still read in those of Chicago, the teachers being "careful to select such portions as are not controverted by any body of Christian people; and up to the present time no serious objection has been raised to this course." Besides the children in the public schools, there are more than fourteen thousand in private educational institutions. Then there are medical schools, a law school, and a university. Notwithstanding all this rich provision for education, there would still however be room for the action of a School Board, as 28,000 children ought to be in school and are not. "But this," says Mr. Stone, "though a large number, should be considered in connexion with the fact that, in the bustle and whirl of our great commercial activity, very many children are removed from school and put to work as soon as they obtain a knowledge of the most elementary branches."

Mr. Stone tells us that all the places of worship, without exception, that were destroyed by the great fire have been rebuilt, or are in process of rebuilding, in a manner very superior to their former style. This is what always happens after destruction by fire, when a community is wealthy enough to seize the occasion. Men seek in the improvement a sort of compensation for their loss, and find a satisfaction in reflecting that, if a great misfortune has deprived them of what they had before, at least they have improved their condition by erecting in its place a structure either more useful and commodious or else more in accordance with their ideal. It is natural that when all the "business blocks" are re-erected on a scale of unprecedented magnificence, the churches must be larger and handsomer than they were before. For reasons already given, all public buildings in a city like Chicago, where the "business blocks" are so imposing, have a difficult part to sustain, and need both size and beauty, but size especially. Different writers agree in telling us that there is an unusual degree of mutual respect and forbearance among the sects of Chicago. It is said "that Chicago contains the most liberal orthodox and the most orthodox liberal clergy and people to be found anywhere in the world."

Under the head "The Chicago of the Business Man," Mr. Sherman tells us that there is a Clearing-house to which go daily the cheques given in the course of ordinary business, and whilst they do not represent the entire expenditure in buying and selling, any increase or decrease in this volume indicates the increase and decrease of the general buying and selling in the daily trade of Chicago. Computing a period in 1872—namely, from the week ending May 5, to the week ending September 20, inclusively—with the corresponding period in 1873, we have the following figures, which are interesting as evidence, in a very compressed form, of the amount of business done and the proportionate increase:—

1872	\$439,794,329
1873	\$505,358,386

Chicago is a great centre of periodical literature. It supplies seven hundred different country editors with newspapers printed on one side, leaving the other blank for the local news. Thirty monthly

magazines are published in Chicago, and the daily papers appear also in other forms, three times a week or weekly. There are very large morning and evening journals with very long telegraphic despatches, and the wonder is how the Americans absorb such a huge supply of periodical literature of all kinds. Another American peculiarity is the great amount of good hotel accommodation. There are forty of what are called "principal" hotels (we know not how many others), and these forty offer more than five thousand rooms amongst them.

We are sorry not to have space for more details about Chicago, its tunnels far out under the lake to get pure water, its vast system of sewers, its river whose current was actually reversed and made to flow from the lake instead of into it for sanitary reasons, its great number of railways, its docks, wide streets, good lighting, smooth pavements, tramways, manufactures. In all the practical setting-up of a great modern city the Chicagoans have proved themselves not less clever and decided than the builders of modern Paris. We can readily excuse a little boasting, which is natural under the circumstances, whilst it does nobody any harm, and we heartily wish the people of Chicago a long enjoyment of the fine new buildings they have just erected, and prosperity in the future to a lid indefinitely to their number.

BISHOP REINKENS'S LAST PASTORAL.

IT is hardly to be wondered at that the Papal Encyclical to which we called attention a fortnight ago should have provoked a rejoinder from the Old Catholic Bishop Reinkens. The Pope did not indeed perpetrate the gratuitous blunder which the *Times* theologian, with characteristic inaccuracy, put into his mouth. He never asserted that Reinkens could not possibly be a bishop because he was out of communion with the Holy See, which would have involved the whole Oriental episcopate in the same condemnation; nor did he "declare his pretended consecration invalid." On the contrary, he was careful to distinguish between the "uncanonised, unlawful, and utterly invalid election" of "the said Joseph Hubert," whom he therefore pronounced to be "no lawful bishop," and his "sacrilegious consecration"—sacrilege being, of course, the profanation of a sacrament, not the imitation of it. At the same time "those new heretics who call themselves Old Catholics" were, not to mince matters, very soundly rated for their misdeeds. They are "unhappy sons of perdition"; they are "going on more boldly in the way of iniquity"; there is "nothing wanting to their impudence"; and the Pastoral of a "certain notorious apostate from the Catholic Faith," whom they have made their bishop, is designated "that impious and most impudent of documents." Hard words, it has been truly said, break no bones; but these are very hard words indeed—and we have given but a few specimens of the Papal rhetoric—and it is only natural that the victims of so many and such hearty maledictions should claim the right of reply. The question has now become so variously complicated with Prussian politics that it is difficult sometimes to disentangle the religious quarrel of the Old Catholics and the "Vaticanists" from the quarrel of the German bishops with Prince Bismarck; and Pius IX. not unnaturally does his best to confound the two. It would perhaps have been better if Bishop Reinkens had shown less readiness to follow his lead, for the theological and political controversies, however closely connected, are really quite distinct. It looks certainly as if the only chance of ultimate success for the ecclesiastical policy of the Prussian Government must be found, as we have before had occasion to remark, in such a development of the Old Catholic party, or at least of the principles it supports, as may supply a religious basis for the grave alterations in the existing system of Church discipline which Bismarck is seeking to enforce. But it does not follow that the Old Catholics are wise in identifying themselves so completely as Bishop Reinkens seems inclined to do with what must be regarded on the whole, and in the method of applying it, as a policy of downright persecution, however justifiable or even valuable some of the particular regulations—as, for instance, about clerical education—may be in themselves. Even if every incident of the new system were in itself beneficial—and Bishop Reinkens would probably scruple to affirm so much as that—an internal reform of the Church differs materially in character from an external change forced on her by a hostile Government. The Tudor Reformation was a tolerably rough and ready procedure; but the Tudor sovereigns were at least professedly members, and claimed to be supreme governors, of the communion they were engaged in remoulding. The German Emperor is a Protestant, and does not pretend to any spiritual fellowship with the Church which he is so rudely manipulating, still less to any spiritual jurisdiction over it. The only plea on which his legislation can be consistently justified is precisely that which its author seems unable or unwilling to establish. Prince Bismarck has no doubt publicly charged the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy with disaffection, and something more than disaffection, to the new order of things in Germany, and there is nothing intrinsically improbable in the allegation. But when challenged by the inculpated parties to prove his charges, he vouchsafes no response; yet nothing short of proved disloyalty could excuse—to take one instance only—the imposition of the revised form of episcopal oath which has just been published, and of which we shall have a word to say presently.

The Civil Marriage Bill, or, as it should rather be called in its present form, Civil Registration Bill—for it applies to births and deaths as

well as marriages—stands on a different ground. Whether the introduction of the measure in a compulsory shape is desirable, or is best suited to the actual circumstances of the case, is a point fairly open to debate; but in some shape or other such an arrangement has become almost a necessity in countries of divided religions, and the only wonder is that it should not have been introduced into Prussia before now. Discretionary civil marriage is already the law of Austria, and compulsory civil marriage has prevailed for half a century in the Rhineland. It is curious that a change which, in the peculiar religious atmosphere of modern Germany, is thought likely to promote a further loosening of the remaining bonds of popular belief, should have been brought about, as it evidently has been, by the action of the Ultramontane party now dominant in the Church. It is a fresh example of the widening circles of influence radiating from the Vatican dogmas in a direction the very opposite of what was contemplated by those who framed them.

But it is time to say something of Bishop Reinkens's Pastoral, the principal passages of which, containing a severe criticism of the last Encyclical, have now been reproduced in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The writer is more successful in exhibiting the weakness of Papal rhetoric than the justice of the new Prussian laws. Constantine, Justinian, and Charlemagne may have exercised a greater authority in things spiritual than the Emperor William, but they were members and strenuous supporters of the Church, and were acting in substantial accord with the hierarchy of the day. No doubt, again, the favourite Ultramontane analogy between the old heathen persecutions and the present action of the Prussian Government, or the two "Cæsarisms," as Archbishop Manning calls them, breaks down in essential particulars; but that does not prove that the Prussian laws afford no legitimate ground of complaint. There were persecutions and persecutions, and a nineteenth-century statesman, however unfriendly to Christianity or to any one form of it, would not be likely to offer recalcitrant Christians their choice between apostasy and the lions. Bishop Reinkens seems to think the disobedience of the Prussian bishops to the new laws sufficient evidence of their disaffection to the State, and in this he does but echo Dr. Falk's words in the recent debate in the Landtag. Yet Prince Bismarck's legislation can hardly have been called forth by the conduct to which it has given rise. It is more to the purpose to point out that many of these regulations have been sanctioned or quietly acquiesced in elsewhere by the Roman authorities, without any such disastrous results as the Pope now professes to anticipate; but this plea by no means covers the whole ground. Several examples of usurpations on the temporal domain by former Popes, from Innocent III. downwards, which will be familiar to readers of "Janus," are next cited; but, except on the principle of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," they do not seem more relevant than Lord Russell's rather perplexing postscript to Sir G. Bowyer about the former services of the Whigs to the cause of Catholic Emancipation. The Prussian bishops might reply with much plausibility that it was rather hard that their spiritual rights should be invaded in retaliation for the civil encroachments of mediæval Pontiffs, or that the zeal of Liberals for religious liberty in the past should be held to give them *carte blanche* for religious intolerance in the present. Bishop Reinkens is more in his element, and writes with moderation and force of argument, when he comes to vindicate his own religious position as that of "the ante-Vatican Catholic Church," and the legitimacy, on principles of ancient canon law, of his election and consecration to the episcopate, and of the line taken by the "deeply injured Church of Utrecht," from which he derived his succession. The closing paragraph of the Pastoral is dignified and Christian in tone, but does not call for special remark.

The Pastoral makes no reference, as far as we have observed, to the new episcopal oath which has been published within the last few days, and which is henceforth to be exacted of every newly elected bishop in the kingdom of Prussia. Bishop Reinkens, we believe, took it himself, and was no doubt able to take it with a good conscience; but as it includes, among other things, an express stipulation to obey strictly, and cause others to obey, "the laws of the State," objections may not unreasonably be raised by others to a formula so comprehensive, or—to use Dr. Manning's term, so "cynical"—as apparently to embrace all future legislation of whatever kind, while it at once implicitly endorses the very laws which are just now the subject of such bitter contention. There is nothing, indeed, in an engagement to observe and enforce on others the observance of the law, and to give no support to any association whatever either within or without the country prejudicial to the State, but, on the contrary, to warn the sovereign against it, that is not easily susceptible of a reasonable interpretation. But the wording of the oath, when interpreted by the circumstances of its composition, points unmistakably to a promise to obey the laws which the Prussian bishops are just now, one after another, incurring fines and prospective deprivation for refusing to comply with, and to hold no communication with the Court of Rome. The see of Falda is vacant at this moment by the death of its last occupant, and five names of candidates have been submitted to the Government by the Chapter; and other sees will shortly be vacated by civil deprivation, if not by death; and in all these cases the new oath will be required as a condition of the Royal sanction to any fresh nominee. It is difficult to see how any bishop in communion with Rome can take it in the sense in which alone it would be accepted by the civil power. When, therefore, Dr. Falk said the other day in his reply to Herr Reichen sperger, "To say that we wish to disturb the Catholic faith

is an untruth; nay, I will go further and change the objective into the subjective—it is a lie," his statement requires explanation. It may be true "objectively" that the new laws do not interfere with the Catholic faith, and that Bishop Reinkens is quite as good a Catholic as Archbishop Ledochowski. But, even so, it is not the less certain "subjectively" that they do very seriously trench on what the Roman Catholic prelates regard as matters of principle. And, while the objective aspect of the question is what mainly concerns theologians, we cannot but think that in an age and country of mixed religions the subjective can alone be fitly dealt with by the State.

At the same time we need not travel beyond the elaborate paper already referred to on "Cæsarism and Ultramontanism," which Archbishop Manning read last Tuesday before the "Academia of the Catholic Religion," to understand how professedly Liberal statesmen may have been prompted to enter on a policy so little in accordance with Liberal ideas. There is force in much of what the Archbishop says about "the Falk legislation," but he seems unconscious of the very vulnerable points in his own defensive armour. It is startling to be told that "Ultramontanism"—it is a term Dr. Manning glories in—is absolutely identical with Christianity and with "the liberty of the soul"; and Ultramontanism is expressly and with reiterated emphasis explained to mean the absolute supremacy of the Church over the State "within its own sphere" of faith, morals, "and mixed questions," the limits of which it can alone decide and decide infallibly. The Bull *Unam Sanctam*—which declares every creature to be subject to the Roman Pontiff—and the definitions of the Vatican Council are quoted as examples of such decisions. On the other hand, the tyranny and religious persecution which follow from denying these Ultramontane principles is exemplified by the Tudor legislation, which "enforced a legal religion in England and Ireland by penal statutes." We have nothing to say for the Tudor legislation, but Dr. Manning has apparently forgotten that Mary Tudor enforced the "legal religion" with the most stringent "penal" severity of all who bore her name, and that the same legal religion was similarly enforced under the penalty of fire for centuries before the Tudors came to the throne. That religion was, of course, he may plead, the true one, and it was enforced with the full sanction of Rome; but this does not make its enforcement any the less persecuting, or more compatible with that liberty of conscience of which we are assured that Ultramontanism is the sole adequate guardian. Now Dr. Manning may be taken to represent fairly enough the spirit of the existing Roman Curia and of the hierarchy under its control; and when he gravely puts forward the *Unam Sanctam* and the Vatican decrees as simply "declaratory acts," defining the normal relations of the Church with the civil powers of the world, our surprise at the hardly less extravagant counter-claim of civil supremacy put forth by the Prussian Government is sensibly diminished, though what we cease to wonder at we do not therefore approve.

THE MODERN CHESTERFIELD.

A SERIES of articles which has been appearing in one of the monthly magazines, under the title of "The Chesterfield Letters of 1873, by Lord G— H—," has attracted a degree of attention which is certainly not due to its literary merits. Cynical letters from a father to a son, or from an uncle to a nephew, in imitation or in caricature of those which Lord Chesterfield addressed to the slovenly booby in whom he vainly hoped to prolong his social triumphs, have long formed a hackneyed subject for cheap satire. The latest attempt to extract humour from this exhausted topic appears to be chiefly remarkable for coarseness of language and ideas, and for the impudent repetition of stale jokes and second-hand indecencies. We cannot pretend to have read more than a few pages of it, but the rest seems to be in the same strain. In the part we happened to fall upon, an uncle is endeavouring to persuade his nephew against a love-match, and here are some samples, taken at random, of the delicate wit and sparkling epigram of the modern Chesterfield. The writer points out "the vulgarity of all this business of falling in love with a view to matrimony," and "the small probability of your spouse retaining your affection and continuing to you hers for many months after you are made one." "Pretty you say she is; but 'all women are alike in the dark,' and after the first fortnight you will be as much accustomed to her as you are to the old cane-bottomed chair." "Women," we are told, "are charming creatures no doubt, but no woman is nice enough to be a wife; whatever her charms, she would madden you as the Greeks thought a sweet perfume would madden a cat." "No charm on your part will make you an exceptionally favoured husband; remember that Pasiopath, the consort of a prince, was enamoured of a bull, Titania of Bottom, &c.," and "it is therefore madness 'to join company with one who will become in a few months your mortal enemy, for the felicity of being able to 'jaw, and brawl, and maunder' at one another during the term of your existence.'" And so on. We are not concerned to become the apologist of Lord Chesterfield's morality; but at least he wrote like a wit and a gentleman. The dismal rubbish which we have just quoted will show the general quality of the Modern Letters. The writer was perhaps aware that trash of this kind would fail to secure readers, and he therefore hit upon the expedient of seasoning his dreary prose with a dash of real or apparent personalities. Various

characters are introduced under names or in connexion with circumstances which have led to the supposition that they are not fictitious, but are intended to be identified with real persons. It is easy to imagine the amount of annoyance, and even pain, which may be caused in this way. It gets whispered about that this character is meant for such a person, and that character for such another; and a malicious, or perhaps only an idle, ingenuity is exercised in endeavouring to attach names to the different portraits. For this the writer may plead that he is not responsible; but he cannot escape responsibility if he has mentioned matters which naturally suggest a personal identification.

This point has just been put to the test in the case of "The Chesterfield Letters of 1873." One of the characters sketched in these letters is "Harry Browne, the Honourable Harry Browne, a lieutenant-colonel in Her Majesty's Fourth, or Chancery, Regiment of Guards, and member of Parliament for Ballykilljohnstown-Kennedy-borough." "Can you," it is asked, "resist his deep musical voice, his slow impressive manner of stating the most evident truism, his beautiful belief in himself, his splendid contempt for all others, his graceful attitudes, and his riches? What does it matter if his father did make his title and earn his pension by"—and then follow some atrocious imputations which we prefer not to reproduce. This description was suspected to be levelled at Colonel Charles White, who is the son of a peer, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Fusilier Guards, and a member for an Irish constituency, and whose efforts at Parliamentary oratory are perhaps chiefly characterized by artistic vocalization. Colonel White accordingly determined to investigate the authorship of the letter; and on Saturday last the following remarkable letter appeared in the *Times*:—

SIR,—We have to request that you will insert the following declaration, which was read in our presence at Desart House, Kilkenny, on the 12th of December, 1873.

Sir, yours most obediently,

CHARLES CRAUFURD FRASER, Colonel.
FRANCIS BARING, Lieutenant-Colonel.

London, Dec. 10.

"I, William, Earl of Desart, acknowledge that I am responsible for the 'Chesterfield Letters—1873,' which have been published in the magazine known as *London Society*.

"I deny emphatically, upon my solemn oath, that the article about 'Harry Browne' in any way, however vaguely, referred to Colonel Charles White individually, or to any member of his family.

"I deny that he, or they, were in any way in the mind of the writer at the time, or in mine when I corrected the proofs. Had it been so, I freely admit that that article would have been defamatory, unwarranted, unwarrantable, blackguard, infamous, and utterly unworthy of a gentleman's pen.

"I hope that Colonel White will give the utmost publicity to this statement.

"DESART."

It will be observed that this is not exactly the style of Chesterfield; and perhaps still less is it the sort of letter which, if written by another, and presented with an imperative demand for signature, would, under any circumstances, have been signed by Chesterfield. Lord Chesterfield was a cynic and a loose man of the world, but he was not deficient in those other qualities by which men of the world usually feel bound to atone for their failings.

The history of this letter appears to be as follows. It was discovered that the Earl of Desart had some connexion with the recent *Chesterfield Letters*; and Colonel White, Colonel Craufurd Fraser, and Lieutenant-Colonel Baring went to Desart House, Kilkenny, to inquire into the matter. On the 10th December, Colonel Fraser waited upon Lord Desart, while Colonel White and Lieutenant-Colonel Baring remained outside. As it happened, it was found to be unnecessary for Lieutenant-Colonel Baring to do more, than witness Lord Desart's signature to the declaration which he was requested to sign, or for Colonel White to appear at all. From a subsequent letter by Colonel Fraser it appears that the Declaration which was published under Lord Desart's name, and in which Lord Desart was made to say that he desired Colonel White to give the utmost publicity to it, was drawn up by Colonel White, who instructed Colonel Fraser not to allow Lord Desart to alter it in any material respect; and that Lord Desart had this Declaration before him for an hour, and finally consented to sign it. In the interval, however, Lord Desart produced a private letter addressed to Colonel White, and purporting to be "dated the day before our arrival, but"—for some reason—"not posted," and this letter, oddly enough, was to the same effect as the Declaration. This, however, was not accepted as a substitute for the Declaration. Lord Desart demurred to the sentence beginning "Had it been so, I freely admit that that article would have been defamatory, unwarranted, unwarrantable, blackguard, infamous, and utterly unworthy of a gentleman's pen"—a good strong sentence, not exactly Chesterfieldian, but with merits of its own, and highly appropriate to the circumstances of the case: but Colonel Fraser said that it could not be omitted "because Colonel White will not allow it." He also said "most impressively," "I tell you, Lord Desart, upon my honour, that, if you do not sign this Declaration, I consider that you will cause much unhappiness to your friends." Upon which Lord Desart "consented"—to use his own words—"to submit to what certainly may have seemed to be dictation." It does not appear that Lord Desart expressed any desire for a personal interview with Colonel White. Perhaps the Declaration would have been still more impressive if Lord Desart had only thought of adding the motto of his coat-of-arms—"Virtus repulsa nescia sordidus."

Lord Desart acknowledges that he is "responsible" for the "Chesterfield Letters of 1873"; but in a second letter to "Dear White," written after the interview with Colonel Fraser, he says he did not actually write the offensive article, although he "is, and must be, unfortunately, responsible for it." Whether Lord Desart wrote it or inspired it, or simply ordered it from some person whose trade it is to write such things, does not of course in the least affect Lord Desart's responsibility for the publication of the article. He admits that he saw the proofs, and the question remains whether the article can be considered a culpable one. On this point we may quote Lord Desart's own words to Colonel White:—"That it was possible for people to point to some degree of caricature likeness to you in the first part of the offending paragraph I admit, but how the latter part can be in the remotest degree connected with you or your family I never did, and I do not now, understand." A little reflection would perhaps enable Lord Desart to understand that, if Colonel White was thus labelled in the first part of the paragraph, readers would be led to suppose that the rest of it also applied to him or his family. A writer of sketches of this kind is not justified in drawing a picture in which "it is possible for people to point to some degree of caricature likeness" to a well-known person, and then coupling it with infamous charges which must appear to be directed against the family of the person thus caricatured. Lord Desart's confession that Colonel White might be identified in the first part of the paragraph appears to supply a conclusive condemnation of the article. Truth and fiction cannot be fairly mingled in this way. On the whole, although the original Chesterfield no doubt wrote from a low moral point of view, the modern Chesterfield who is "responsible" for the letters in *London Society* would seem to have something to learn from him. Perhaps, on the other hand, Colonel White and his friends would have acted more wisely if, while compelling Lord Desart to sign the Declaration, they had refrained from calling public attention to the matter. They have invested with a factitious interest a paltry and stupid article which otherwise very few people would probably have taken the trouble to read, and which none would have remembered. It is to be hoped that Lord Desart will be careful not to become "responsible" for any more productions of a similar nature.

KNIGHTHOOD FOR FIVE GUINEAS.

HUMAN nature testifies against that social equality which philosophers admire:—

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place;

and in obedience to a universal law artisans dub themselves "R.W.P.G.M.," while gentlemen attempt to revive the Orders of the Temple and St. John. The Queen is still the "fountain of honour" for her subjects, but some of them appear to think that a further supply of crosses and stars ought to be turned on. The members of a convivial or social club are at liberty to adopt among themselves any titles they may choose; and we can only hope that the Grand Master and Arch-Chancellor of the United Orders are pleased with the lofty names and pretty badges which they have assumed. The artists whom they have employed were at liberty to indulge fancy to the utmost, but we do not understand by what authority the royal arms of England have been placed upon the shields of the officers of the United Orders. We have all heard of the rich American who had a particular coat-of-arms painted on his coach-panel because he liked the pattern. In England, however, we have still a Herald's College, and we ought to show ourselves thankful for so great a mercy. We read in an old book of heraldry that, in order that fame might not lose itself in an unbounded notion, it was thought fit to reduce honour into form and order, and thus knighthood originated. According to the same authority, the Order of the Garter excels all other institutions of honour in the whole world, and the ensign of that Order was to put in mind the Companions that, as by their Order they were joined in a firm league of amity and concord, so by their Garter, as by a fast tie of affection, they were obliged to love one another. And lest this strict combination might seem to have any other aim or end than what was honourable and just, the King caused to be enamelled on the Garter a motto which might retort shame on him that should dare to think amiss of so just an enterprise as the invasion of France. A newly-elected Knight is exhorted to tie about his leg for his renown "this noble Garter," that thereby he may be admonished to be courageous, and having undertaken a just war, to stand firm, valiantly fight, and successfully conquer. The ribbon is to be worn about his neck adorned with the image of the blessed martyr St. George, by whose imitation provoked he may so overpass both prosperous and adverse adventures, that having stoutly vanquished his enemies both of body and soul, he may not only receive the praise of transient combat, but be crowned with the palm of eternal victory. The surcoat of crimson is to be worn to the increase of honour "wherewith you being defended may be bold, not only strong to fight, but also to offer yourself to shed your blood for Christ's faith, the liberties of the Church, and the just and necessary defence of them that are oppressed and needy." The mantle of "heavenly colour" is to be received "in augmentation of thy honour, ennobled with the shield and red cross of our Lord, by whose power thou mayst safely pierce troops of thy enemies, and be over them ever victorious, and being in this

temporal warfare glorious, in egegrious and heroic actions, thou may'st attain eternal and triumphant joy." The next thing is the cap and feather, which being put upon the head of the elect Knight, the investiture is completed, "and so after several religious ceremonies and offerings at the high altar, they with trumpets sounding march to dinner."

The statutes, which are before us, of the "Convent-General of the United Orders," show that the members of this new chivalry imitate carefully the ceremonies of the ancient Orders, and we believe that the concluding banquet is not forgotten. A candidate for the Order must be a master mason of two years' standing, must be twenty-one years of age, and must profess the doctrine of the Trinity. He must promise fealty to the Grand Master, and observance of the rules of the Order. The insignia of the Order are a black silk riband and a seven-pointed silver star, with a passion-cross in a circle in the centre, and the motto "In hoc signo vinces" round the circle. The habit shall be a white stuff or woollen mantle with an equal-limbed cross patent gules on the left shoulder. In a priory of the Order of St. John the Knights shall use a black mantle with a white eight-pointed cross. Each Knight shall wear a straight cross-hilted sword. The banners of the Order are the Beauceant and the Vexillum Belli. The former is a parallelogrammic banner, parted per fess, sable and argent. The latter is argent a cross patent, gules, charged with an eight-pointed cross argent. We suppose that this Vexillum Belli has been invented to signify the modern alliance between two Orders which anciently were more hostile to one another than to Sin or Saracen; and we are happy to think that the only war likely to be waged under this new banner will be against beef and pudding. Perhaps we might best describe this institution as a superfine sort of Freemasonry adapted for aristocratic and Royal use. It is proper that Masons should build the Temple in which its sworn defenders, fearing no hostile assault, may comfortably carouse.

By the payment of five guineas, the signing of a declaration, and the exercise of a good deal of imagination, any gentleman may persuade himself that he is a Knight of the ancient and illustrious Orders of the Temple and of the Hospital of St. John. He cannot wear both the red and the white cross at the same time, but he pays his money, and he takes his choice. We believe that the Prince of Wales is Grand Master of the United Orders in the three kingdoms, and the Duke of Leinster is Grand Prior in Ireland. The statutes appear to have been framed for the Order of the Temple, but it is provided at the end that they shall apply also to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Palestine, Rhodes, and Malta. While you are about it, you may as well accumulate upon yourself as many sounding titles as possible, and it is almost a pity that you cannot wear the robes and badges of two different Orders of Knighthood at the same time. It is remarkable that the ladies have not, so far as we are aware, entered upon this new road to distinction which gentlemen have invented. No lady is likely to become a nun for what may be called artistic reasons, but it deserves consideration that there were formerly Sisters of the Order of St. John, and we see not why the Temple as well as the Hospital might not be made accessible to ladies. The "schedule of designs" appended to the statutes of the United Orders may be regarded as a collection of notions for feminine adornment. We think that the Senechal by wearing the appointed badge of the office would take an unwarrantable liberty with the royal arms. But the star of a Knight Grand Cross or a Knight Commander would be a pretty and perfectly lawful ornament for a lady's neck. The white and red crosses of the two Orders are combined and placed upon a silver star, of which the laub bearing the banner Beauceant, and the motto "Non nobis Domine" form the centre. It is a pity that this book could not have been brought out as a Christmas number of the *Young Englishwoman*, or some other of those publications which supply patterns for work in coloured silk or thread. There is a dash of religious sentiment in the designs which properly accompanies all efforts of Christian art. Among the officers of the Order is an organist, whose badge is not an organ, but a harp. The statutory riband is black, with or without gold fringe, but the schedule shows that red and white ribands may also be worn. We presume that the black riband is for the Hospital, and the red and white riband for the Temple. There are keys for the Chamberlain and Treasurer, and two pens crossed for the Secretary; and we need not remind ladies that such badges in silver or other bright material might be made to look pretty. We do not find in the statutes of the Order any recognition of those duties towards the ladies which were an essential part of ancient chivalry, and we think that the time has therefore come for the ladies to take care of themselves.

Who fights for those eyes and that sacred cross
Can neither meet sad accident nor loss—

this was the religion of youthful aspirants to the Order of St. John when that Order was a reality. The modern Knights of that Order believe, at least for ornamental purposes, in the cross, but they make no profession of faith in the power of ladies' eyes. Indeed they partake of the suspicion which attaches to all Masonic and similar institutions, that they are mere contrivances for social intercourse of the male sex. A Chapter of the Garter moves with sounding trumpets towards a banquet, and a Masonic Lodge offers facilities for consuming—of course after all business has been transacted—bread and cheese and beer, followed by spirits and tobacco. We think that the establishment of the

United Orders of the Temple and St. John ought to be completed by the appointment of an Arch-Chancellor and a Grand Teapot, and we are prepared to suggest designs for the badges of these and other necessary officers. The ancient device of the Templars appears to require modification, for if two persons ride upon one horse, one of them ought, as we submit, to be a lady.

The ceremonies of investiture of the Garter are probably the same now as are described in the old book from which we have quoted. There is an obvious incongruity with modern ideas in the exhortations which accompany the putting on of the collar, the surcoat, and the mantle. But such ceremonies are rare, and the tradition of ages preserves them from ridicule. When, however, an attempt is made to revive the Orders of the Temple and the Hospital, and to admit members at five guineas a head, we cannot but remember that there was a time when it could be truly said:—

Who takes upon him such a charge as this,
Must come with pure thoughts, and a gather'd mind,
That time nor all occasions ever may
After disperse or stain.

But the modern Knighthood of St. John asks no other ornament than

A jingling spur, a feather, a white hand.

It seems a pity that some enterprising manager of a theatre could not engage the Arch-Chancellor and the Arch-Treasurer to appear in full robes and insignia of office in a pantomime. These Orders were a great and probably useful power in their day, but that day is long since past. Mr. Cook personally conducts tourists to Jerusalem, and the English subaltern smokes his short pipe and votes duty a bore in Malta. The Knights are dust, their swords are rust, and their modern imitators are merely performing a tedious burlesque.

REVIEWS

THE PARISIANS.*

WE have before us the last product of Lord Lytton's untiring industry in this novel, which appeared in *Blackwood* and was cut short by the author's death. It was, indeed, so far completed that little cause is left for regret at a few gaps in the last pages. The work itself belongs to a peculiar class of his writings, and though it would be superfluous to describe once more the qualities by which Lord Lytton obtained a high place in our literature, we may briefly point out which of them are most conspicuous in the *Parisiens*, and may endeavour to estimate, if not its absolute value, at least its place relatively to his other works. The *Parisiens*, we may remark in the first place, resembles *Middlemarch* in certain respects. It appears in four volumes in paper covers; a form which, if we may express our personal prejudices, is rather less appetizing than the familiar old three volumes in cloth. That, however, is a matter on which we do not wish to dogmatize. The resemblance to *Middlemarch* does not entirely cease at this point. It is the work of a celebrated author, and of one who never escamoped his work. Moreover, it is an attempt to represent a special form of society, though the inhabitants of Paris occupy a considerably larger space in the eye of the world at large than the inhabitants of an English country town. And, finally, the didactic element which showed itself in *Middlemarch* is prominent—indeed it is a good deal more prominent—in the *Parisiens*. Lord Lytton's last three novels, as his son points out in a preface to the last volume of the present work, form a group by themselves. They are all intended to signalize the danger of certain political and social theories. *The Coming Race* did this by means of purely fanciful symbols; *Kenelm Chillingly* was a psychological romance; and the *Parisiens* is a didactic novel. Against such novels there is a natural, and we hold a generally well-grounded, prejudice. The objection indeed may be removed where the didactic purpose is thoroughly fused with the artistic, and the symbols in which the principles are embodied are by themselves interesting and impressive. It is only where the imagination has not operated with sufficient intensity, and where consequently raw masses of sermon are interspersed in the middle of story-telling, that we have a fair right to object to the result. How far we hold this to be the case in the *Parisiens* may appear from our subsequent remarks.

We will, however, begin by remarking that Lord Lytton's general design was objectionable, if objectionable at all, only on the ground of too great daring. It was plainly a legitimate scheme for a thoughtful observer to set before us a picture of the social life of Paris during the German war and in the months immediately preceding. To show us the millionaires who had made fortunes by speculation in the luxurious times of the Empire; the epicurean critics and the immoral poets who had flattered the tastes of a dissolute society; the politicians who tried to fish in those troubled waters; the workmen excited and unsettled by the revolutionary ideas which have so long been fermenting amongst them; the old nobility, retaining a high sense of honour and religion, and yet incapacitated by their antiquated opinions from exercising much influence upon the discordant elements around them; the middle classes, loving repose and money above all things, but still endowed with many sterling virtues; and to show how the predominant character of the versatile, brilliant, logical, and excitable nation

*The *Parisiens*. By Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. Edinburgh & London: Blackwoods. 1873.

is manifested in all these various combinations—this is a task which might be too much for the powers of a French Shakespeare. If Balzac were still living, and if Balzac had been a man of less morbid mind, he might have done it successfully in a series of stories like that which composes the *Comédie humaine*, and which has so forcibly represented the society of the previous generation. Victor Hugo, again, has given us one side of the picture in the *Misérables*; and whatever objections may be made to the art or the morality of that great work, nobody can deny that it is a work of true genius. But for an Englishman, however able and well informed, to carry out such a design successfully in a single novel blending all these composite elements, was to give an unmistakable proof of considerable courage. Indeed we may as well say at once that the task really exceeded the powers of any man; and, on the moderate assumption that Lord Lytton was not equal to Shakespeare, we may add that partial failure was inevitable. The canvas was too vast, the number of figures too great, the point of view too near, and the time too close, to admit of a large measure of success. It was almost inevitable that much of what he desired to say should refuse to crystallize into artistic form, and that unmanageable fragments of dissertation should intrude themselves into the midst of the narrative.

The method in which Lord Lytton undertook his self-imposed duty may be easily understood. He wished to introduce to us a number of characteristic types, and it was difficult to include them all in the working of an intelligible plot. However, as a novel must have a story of some kind, he devised one of his usual intricate construction, which we cannot consider as very interesting in itself, and which has constantly to be interrupted for the sake of social and political reflections. We shall not attempt to describe the story; and, in fact, we are not certain that we understand it very clearly. It involves, however, the presence in Paris of a young English politician with a large fortune, who is exceedingly anxious to hand over by far the greater part of it to an undiscoverable young lady, supposed to be the daughter of the original proprietor of the fortune, now deceased. How she came to disappear, how he endeavours to trace her, and how the clue is always breaking, and then always being picked up again, are matters on which we must confess ourselves to be profoundly indifferent. The whole affair is one of those conventional entanglements which properly belong to an earlier stage of novel-writing; and though in the hands of a skilful inventor of plots, such as Mr. Wilkie Collins, they may give amusement to a certain class of readers, we feel that the story, whenever it turns up, is rather a nuisance than a source of interest. The young English politician who does detective business is a terrible prig, who writes letters about the object of his affections much as he would write a diplomatic despatch. "No one," he says, "can feel more sensible than I of the charm of so exquisite a loveliness; no one can more sincerely join in the belief that the praise which greets the commencement of her career is but the whisper of the praise that will show its progress with loud and louder plaudits." This epistolary style is worthy of a Complete Letter-writer, as his conversation seems to have been framed on a careful study of *Hamlet*, with an occasional touch about the True and the Beautiful. The lady of his love belongs to a family with whom Lord Lytton had previously made us familiar. We met her, for example, as Violante in *My Novel*; she is a beautiful Italian, without much education, but with a soul for the Beautiful, and the noblest aspirations after the Ideal. She has learnt from a feminine novelist, who has the poorest style in the French language, but who has objectionable theories about marriage, yet who is not George Sand, that "art and hope were twin-born, and they die together." She is fond of this and similar aphorisms; and generally a very noble creature. Many people admire the type, and we will admit that we think her too good for the English prig whom she ultimately marries. Her great office, however, is to point a contrast between the purity of a virgin soul and the demoralization of Parisian cynics and sentimentalists. It is, however, in the direct description of these latter persons that Lord Lytton appears to us to be most successful. The youthful poet, Gustave Rameau, falling into premature decay from absinthe and general debauchery, aiming at success by blasphemy and obscenity, and yet with some genuine touch of genius running through his limy work, is a portrait to which various originals may have contributed, and which is really drawn with much force. Considerable praise may also be bestowed upon the refined critic, M. Savarin, who from a single sentence written by the Italian beauty immediately divines her possession of literary genius even more remarkable than her power as a singer, but whose fine taste is marred by his want of high moral purpose. Portraits not showing so much delicacy, but still excellent in their way, are the speculators who fight out their battles with financial weapons, and who are not devoid of real insight or even of real generosity, though unfortunately their intellects and their emotions are narrowed and debased by their absorption in the struggles of the Bourse. In such portraits Lord Lytton shows his powers at their best. He can satirize without caricaturing; he can draw men of the world who are not, like Balzac's, mere monsters of selfishness and cunning, and who, though their portraits do not show the same intensity as that of the great French novelist, are living and moving human beings.

We feel more doubt as to M. Victor de Mauléon, who appears to have been Lord Lytton's favourite, and who is in some respects his mouthpiece. M. de Mauléon is another variation upon the same theme; he is a noble by birth, who has been ruined and subjected to

a false imputation by a singular combination of circumstances, and, when thrown early upon his own resources, has learnt to know the world and to look beneath the surface of politics. He acts the character well, and we are willing to believe in his audacity and intellectual vigour. Unluckily he too suffers from the exigencies of the plan. He appears first as head of a secret society, which is apparently destined to exercise a great influence upon the development of the story. The society, however, not very vigorously described, soon drops out of notice, though we are given to understand that it had a good deal to do with the events of the 4th of September, and its chief use seems to be to introduce us to an excellent artisan ruined by the poison of Socialism. The artisan strikes us too much like the hero of a tract; he points a moral too obtrusively, and is but a conventional portrait of a member of the International. M. de Mauléon, however, appears more conspicuously on the stage of open politics than as a secret conspirator. We believe in him as long as he does not preach too much. He shows, of course, remarkable insight in foretelling the result of the German war; but, not content with this safe performance, he takes great trouble to explain to us his own political panacea. So much emphasis is laid upon this "legacy to his countrymen," as he calls it, that we are safe in assuming that Lord Lytton is here speaking for himself. The way to the salvation of France, it appears, is to recognize three principles. The French are to borrow from America two safeguards against democracy; first, no article of the Constitution is to be changed without the consent of two-thirds of the legislative body; and secondly, a Senate is to be formed which will secure universal respect, though the method of doing this will "need the most deliberate care of the ablest minds." Thirdly, France is to adopt from England the principle that the head of the State can do no wrong. A Ministry is to be changed instead of a dynasty. With curious inconsistency, this last doctrine, which makes a Ministry responsible to the Legislature, is afterwards represented as identical with the American system in which the Ministry is independent of the Legislature. Not, however, to insist upon such matters, we must confess that M. de Mauléon disappoints us. That a man who has really seen the world and knows by what motives men are really moved should fancy that a country is to be saved by a bit of constitution-mongering may be not surprising when he is a countryman of Sieyès; but it certainly gives a most unworthy conclusion to the novel. Lord Lytton's opinion—we need not ask how far it is accurate—seems to be that the French nation has been seriously demoralized because a large part of it has lost faith in God, in another life, and in the most sacred institutions of social life. To infer that the Constitution should not be altered without a majority of two-thirds of a Senate is surely a most lame and impotent conclusion. How is this universally respected Senate to be provided? By some new manipulation of ballot-boxes, or by infusing a new spirit of loyalty and self-respect into the nation? Lord Lytton's answer here would appear to be in favour of the ballot-box; and though he elsewhere speaks more worthily the sentiment is only too characteristic. In short, the moralizing, though it affects to be that of a poet and philosopher, often sinks to be that of a mere man of the world nourished in lobbies and ante-rooms, and falls upon us by the want of genuine force. The talk about religion savours of a rather faded sentimentalism, and we could wish that the confutation of Socialism and other objectionable tendencies showed a deeper appreciation of the real difficulties of the great social problems of which Socialism would supply a very summary and totally inadequate solution. Difficult as it always is to embody religious and philosophical views in the form of fiction, it is certainly desirable that they should be at least imaginatively impressive. The didactic part of the book, in short, is not only in excess, but is of no great substance. And thus the *Parisians* appears to us to be the inevitable failure of a very able man in attempting a book which would be probably beyond the powers of the ablest. With much good portraiture and some clever writing upon political and social topics, it does not produce a satisfactory impression as a whole.

LYELL'S ANTIQUITY OF MAN.*

IN the fourth edition of his *Antiquity of Man* the Nestor of geology and palæontology has embodied such gains to those departments of science and the allied provinces of knowledge as have accrued during the ten years which have elapsed since the preceding issue of his work. It is gratifying to see one so long looked up to as the head of this particular realm of study preside with unabated powers over the ever-growing domain of discovery, and bring the light of the same serene judgment to bear upon controversies which have divided the ranks, and at times heated the passions, of a younger class of explorers. Sir Charles Lyell may well feel pride and satisfaction, even beyond the public recognition of his labours, in the extent to which the whole course of physical exploration and discovery has tended to confirm and verify the principles which he has given a long life's labour to uphold and demonstrate. The unity of nature everywhere and at all times has been throughout so leading a maxim of his philosophy as to leave us only in doubt whether to speak of it as the conclusion

* *The Geological Evidence of the Antiquity of Man; with an Outline of Glacial and Post-Tertiary Geology, and Remarks on the Origin of Species, with special reference to Man's First Appearance on the Earth.* By Sir Charles Lyell, Bart., M.A., F.R.S., &c. Fourth Edition, revised. London: Murray, 1873.

to a life-long process of proof, or as the postulate which his mind carried with it to the very threshold of inquiry. It is to be regarded in logical truth as not more the result of every sound series of induction from phenomena than the assumption which must underlie and vivify every generalization of physical facts. As the one all-pervading law, it is the groundwork upon which all less general or subsidiary laws depend for their sanction and their harmony. It is in no slight degree owing to Sir Charles Lyell's powerful and steady leadership of geological opinion in this controversy that the convulsionist forces may be said at the present moment to be routed along the whole line. Scarcely of less value have been his balanced judgment and keen appreciation of facts in steadying the mind of the educated public, and dispelling a cloud of unreasoning prejudice in regard to the lately multiplied evidences of the antiquity of the human race. The results of scientific discovery and research in this department of knowledge have had upon a number of minds well disposed towards the truth, but shrinking from aught that might clash with received ideas of history or theology, much the same effect as that of the Copernican system or the theory of gravitation some generations ago. Nothing can be better calculated to still the disquietude of such good people and prepare the way for a general absorption of these new truths among the masses of traditional opinion than a summary of the evidence on their behalf, calm, clear, and full, like that before us. The most timid or prejudiced readers may rise from its perusal satisfied that the religion and morals of mankind are no less safe under a scheme of history which carries back man's presence upon the globe to possible millions of years than when the span was limited by Archbishop Usher's figures, foisted (by whose authority nobody can find out) into the margin of our Bibles. The public demand which has absorbed so many copies of the *Antiquity of Man* must have had the effect of sowing broadly the seeds of sober and sensible teaching upon a subject so essential to all sound education.

Besides the new facts which will help towards this result, the arrangement which Sir Charles Lyell has adopted for his latest edition will do much to make clear the natural connexion between the separate portions of the inquiry. The three sections, although placed under distinct titles, will be seen to form one organic whole. The first, giving the direct evidences of the Antiquity of Man, comprising what might with greater strictness of expression be called the Geological Memorials of Man, naturally introduces the subject of the Glacial period, which forms the second part. The age of man, conclusively as it has been thus far traced through the Post-Tertiary period, acquires a range of indefinitely greater extent if it can be proved to have preceded the Glacial epoch. The third part, treating of the origin of species with reference to man's place in nature, is no less vitally connected with the previous branches of the argument. It is in this section of his work that Sir Charles Lyell has to speak of the most important additions which recent research has brought to his array of facts. At the date of the last preceding issue of his work, the absence of admitted links intermediate between so-called species was a difficulty continually urged against the advocates of transmutation. Since then three or more intermediate fossil forms have been discovered, linking together the classes of birds and reptiles. The first of these consisted of fragments of a swimming bird, considered to be a gull, from the upper greensand of the Cretaceous series near Cambridge. The second was the famous bird from Solenhofen, now in the British Museum, named by Owen *Archæopteryx macrura*, showing distinct reptilian affinities. Still more decided is the case of the reptile from the Stonesfield slate, called *Compsognathus longipes*, described by Professor Huxley as in some respects more ornithine than even the ordinary Dinosauria, having a slight bird-like head provided with numerous teeth, the hind limbs large and disposed as in birds, the femur shorter than the tibia. Still another link has been found as late as last year in the Upper Cretaceous shale of Kansas, described by Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale College, as *Ichthyornis dispar*, about the size of a pigeon, having teeth well displayed in both jaws. Till the whole remains were brought together, the Professor had classed them as reptilian. To these links may now be added the discovery, announced within the last few weeks by Professor Owen, of a bird in the London clay of Sheppey having teeth like those of the hooded-lizard of Australia. These forms present us not merely with transitions between species, or genera, or even orders; but even between what are set down as distinct classes of the animal kingdom—an important accession to Mr. Darwin's view of species as simply indicative of gaps in our knowledge of the continuity of nature. Among mammals, the discovery of two extremely ancient and less specialized forms of the horse in the Upper and Lower Miocene formations of Nebraska supplies the proof of a gradual modification of the genus *Equus* from a very different ancestral type.

The analogy of language is brought in with great force by our author to illustrate the origin and development of species. We have here an easy and natural transition to the subject of the antiquity of man, to which this portion of the argument would otherwise seem to have but a remote application. Albeit there is no question as to the existence of diverse species in man, there are sufficiently wide and numerous diversities of type to introduce difficulties of the severest kind into the problem of his origin and antiquity. As well ask the philologist, reasons Sir Charles, whether in the beginning of things there was one, or five, or a greater number of languages, as whether there was a single race or many races of primæval man. It is more to the point to ask, on the supposition of the human race having been raised by gradual transmutation or evolution out of some lower form of animal, where are the links which

should bear witness to the intermediate stages of this progress? How is it that we have no remains of fossil species to show midway between man and the lower primates? Till lately, indeed, no answer at all satisfactory had been given to this question. Few or no remains of fossil quadrumanæ were ever known. Of late years many links of this kind have rewarded the researches of science; whilst the argument drawn from the corresponding absence of gradational forms between the recent and the Pleistocene mammals goes far to destroy the force of this negative evidence. Nor, in fact, have those pages of the recent book of nature been at all adequately searched in which we should especially look for these missing links. The countries of the anthropomorphous apes, Sir Charles Lyell urges, are the tropical regions of Africa, and the islands of Borneo and Sumatra, lands which have been scarcely at all opened to science. Man is an Old World type, and it is not in Brazil, the only equatorial region where ossiferous caverns have yet been explored, that the discovery in a fossil state of extinct forms allied to the human could be looked for. Lund, a Danish naturalist, did indeed find in Brazil not only extinct sloths and armadillos, but extinct genera of fossil monkeys, all however of the American type, differing in their dentition and other characteristics from the primates of the Old World. Recent exploration among the Miocene strata of Europe, which would appear to have enjoyed a much warmer climate than the present, has brought to light not a few remains of the anthropomorphous class. Of these the *Dryopithecus* of Lartet, obtained in 1856 from the Upper Miocene of Sansan, near the Pyrenees, a gibbon or long-armed ape, about equal to man in stature, has been described by Professor Owen, and a single bone of the same ape has been since procured from a deposit of the corresponding age at Eppelsheim, near Darmstadt. The jawbone of a monkey (*Cenopithecus lemuroides*), allied in some points to the Mycetes, or howling monkey of America, and in others to the Lemurs, has been discovered in Eocene strata in the Swiss Jura by M. Rattimayer. But it is not so much in these Miocene or Eocene strata as in the Pliocene and Pleistocene and nearer the tropics, that the doctrine of progression would bid us look for the discovery of some species more highly organized than the gorilla or the chimpanzee, which may serve to span the chasm which separates man from the highest of lower animal forms.

The possible causes to which this chasm may be due are briefly discussed by our author towards the close of his work, the researches of Darwin, Wallace, and other leading naturalists being made the subject of instructive analysis and criticism. The same train of reasoning involves the causes which have kept man from any perceptible change of bodily structure for the vast period during which we have proof of his existence—a period long enough for whole groups of mammals, once his contemporaries, to have died out, whilst others have undergone organic changes of the most extreme kind. Of these causes the chief is doubtless to be sought in the intellect of man, whereby he has been enabled, in the face of changing conditions in nature, to maintain himself in harmony with the world without him and to make nature subservient to his necessities and his will. To fix anything like a date for the endowment of man with the distinctive privilege of this intellectual superiority is a problem as insuperable as to assign the first stage in the evolution of life itself. But there is at all events nothing in the hypothesis of variation and natural selection that compels us to assume that from the highest intelligence of the inferior animals to the improvable reason of man there was an absolutely insensible passage. The birth of an individual of transcendent genius, together with his influence on his age, comparable to the case of a spurt in vegetation, is a phenomenon too well known in history to be lost sight of in calculating the possibility of occasional strides such as to constitute apparent breaks in the otherwise continuous series of psychical changes. By what but a process of partly unconscious selection, asks our author, quoting Mr. Galton, did nature build up within the limit of three or four generations that magnificent breed of human animals, the race of Attica at her prime? Though we consider that in the structure of "Hereditary Genius" the author, as we sought to show at the time, aimed at more than his foundation was at all able to bear, there is much in the origination of new points or qualities in gifted individuals, and their transmission by way of example no less than of blood, to explain the formation of distinct national characters and even races. Through all, as Sir Charles Lyell emphatically urges in closing his work, fortifying himself with the able advocacy of Dr. Asa Gray, it is to be kept in mind that there is nothing in the doctrine of transmutation, any more than in the simple extension of man's antiquity, to weaken the foundations of religion. That all changes, organic or inorganic, in the universe are and have been carried on under the operation of fixed and orderly laws, is a view which, so far from de-throning the Ruler or efficient cause of all things, tends to enhance his wisdom, authority, and glory. If the succession of life is to be explained by transmutation, the perpetual adaptation of the organic world to new conditions leaves the argument in favour of design and therefore of a designer, as valid as ever, if it is not even rendered more cogent and attractive. So far from having a materialistic tendency, the author of the *Antiquity of Man* may well plead that the proofs with which his work abounds of the successive introduction into the earth of life, sensation, instinct, the intelligence of the higher mammals bordering on reason, and, lastly, the improvable reason of man himself, present us with a picture of the ever-increasing dominion of mind over matter.

In his enumeration of the direct proofs of the antiquity of man newly acquired from exploration of the drift and cave deposits,

Sir Charles Lyell has incorporated the important discoveries of worked flints, made as lately as last year in Kent's Cavern, near Torquay, associated with teeth of *Machairodus latidens* and other extinct animals, as well as similar works of man's art from Brisham, Wokey Hole, near Wells, and other ossiferous caverns. For actual bones of man he has had to look abroad to the memorable yields of Bruniquel, Mentone, Tron du Frontal, and elsewhere on the continent of Europe, as well as to those of the coral reefs of Florida, and the Delta at New Orleans. His discussion of the age of these and similar indices of man's presence at remote times is full and judicious. His work was closed just too soon for the incorporation of the recent remarkable find of a bone in the Victoria Cave, Settle, recognized as indubitably human by Mr. Busk and Professor Flower. His candour is shown in withdrawing the opinion he had formerly adopted on the evidence of Mr. Geikie, that there had been a rise of twenty-five feet since Roman times in the central districts of Scotland. In treating of the question of ice-action during the Glacial period both in Great Britain, the Alps, and elsewhere, he has made valuable use of the observations of MM. Nordenskiöld, Richard Brown, Rink, Heer, and others, upon the phenomena exhibited on a remarkable scale by the Continental ice of Greenland, giving a parallel survey of the glaciation of Scandinavia and the Scottish Highlands, with the chronological relations of the Human and Glacial periods. All these lines of evidence lead up to the problem of paramount interest at the present time. Did man witness the striking changes which marked the breaking up and dissolution of the ice-sheet in Northern Europe? Here, though too cautious to dogmatize while the materials for judgment are so imperfect, our author lets us see that he leans strongly towards an affirmative reply. In no part of his work, however, does he more conspicuously give proof of that philosophical temper and that power of balancing evidence which mark his writings throughout.

LIFE OF BISHOP PATTESON.*

IT was on the 20th of September, 1871, that Bishop Patteson was massacred on the island of Nukapu, and only now is the authentic history of his life presented to us. We regret that this has not been given to the world with more promptitude, not because we think that people have lost the impression which his unselfish life and martyr-like death could not fail to produce, but because we believe that, if more expedition had been used, we should have had the story told us in briefer form and with no abatement of anything that could interest us. As it is, Miss Yonge has given to the world two octavo volumes, containing nearly twelve hundred pages. We can quite believe that it has been to her "an almost solemn work of anxiety, as well as one of love." She has written the life of a kinsman with whom it must have been a privilege to be connected, and the history of a work which, it is well known, she has herself done much to advance; but on no reasonable principle can we think it necessary to have given twelve hundred pages even to the life of such a man as Bishop Patteson. A biography is not a cairn whose builders show their reverence for the dead by the number of stones which they accumulate. Admitting that some notice of the home in which a man's earliest impressions are received forms an essential part of a biography, is there any reason for Miss Yonge making us familiar with the whole country-side; for our having accurate details of "the Coleridge kith and kin"; for our being informed that Lady Patteson's cousin, the Bishop of Barbados, was "the son of Dr. Luke Coleridge, one of the thirteen children of John, the schoolmaster"? In fact, Miss Yonge finds it impossible to begin a biography any more than a work of fiction without a genealogical tree in which the remotest degrees of cousinship have a place. We confess to being more than indifferent to the anecdotes which are generally forthcoming concerning the childhood of those whose after-lives have been conspicuous. Patteson was brought up in a home where the atmosphere was healthily religious, but the self-consciousness for which he afterwards took himself to task, and which was always present to him in the shape of a too introspective habit, increased perhaps by the solitary life which he was obliged to lead until it became a morbid feeling, was undoubtedly developed in his early years in the shape of priggishness. It adds nothing to the interest of his biography, as we think, to learn that at the age of five he read his Bible and exercised his brains as to what became of the fish at the Deluge, and that, when summoned to the nursery, he begged to be allowed "to finish the binding of Satan for a thousand years." There seems to us nothing prophetic of the work to which he gave his life in the fact that, when he heard of the exertions of the Bishop of Barbados already mentioned, during the West Indian hurricane of 1833, the lad of six summers exclaimed, "I'll be a bishop, I'll have a hurricane"; especially as in 1835 he reconciled himself to going to school by the thought—"I must go to school sometime or other, or else I shall never be a judge, as I hope to be." Many very commonplace children have made similar statements concerning their future career, which events have shown to have been rash prophecies; and it is with regret we find that a hundred and fifty pages are given up to Patteson's life as a layman, and not merely to his own doings, but to

the doings of his remote connexions, to a description of the Eton Montem, and other matters which are in no degree essential to the story of his life. The same fault runs throughout the book. Unfortunately it appears that all Patteson's letters have been preserved, from the earliest one, which was written in 1834, when he was sent from home to recover from scarlet-fever, to an unfinished one dated September 19, 1871, and the abundance of material has been too great a temptation to his biographer. Scores of letters are given which only prove the ardent affection which he felt for his relatives and friends, a fact to which every single letter bears sufficient witness. Scores of pages are taken up with descriptions of New Zealand scenery, of the manners and appearance of the natives, which are repeated over and over again; and with such statements as that he had roast mutton for dinner at the College at Auckland. And even hundreds of pages are given to chronicles of the mission work year by year, the number of scholars, their studies, their failings, their marriages, and the like, which have already appeared in the form of annual reports, and which, by their repetition, rather divert our thoughts from the man who directed all this complicated machinery.

Having indulged in these complaints, let us add that even a less skilful biographer than Miss Yonge could hardly have failed, with the materials available, to produce a book of no common interest. For John Coleridge Patteson was, in many respects, a very remarkable man. A popular Eton boy, devoted to his school, and foremost in its sports, he on more than one occasion gave tokens of unusual moral force of character. At Oxford he was not happy; one of his friends writes:—"He was a reluctant and half-interested sojourner, ever looking back to the playing-fields of Eton, or forward to the more congenial sphere of a country parish"; but he took a second class from Balliol, and was elected a Fellow of Merton. Before ordination he spent a long period on the Continent, where he discovered much artistic taste, and ever after he was enthusiastic in regard to sculpture and music; but it was at Dresden that, having acquired German thoroughly, he gave himself up to the study of Hebrew, Sanscrit, Arabic, and Syriac, and began diligently to cultivate that marvellous gift by which he was able in after years to acquire from living lexicons and grammars, in the persons of his Melanesian scholars, a knowledge of the many unwritten languages and dialects of the two hundred islands which formed his diocese. Thus prepared, he offered himself for ordination in 1854, and was placed in charge of a district church near his own home and that of his uncle, Sir J. T. Coleridge. Here he was busy in schemes for the good of his people—allotments, school-farms, spade-husbandry, &c.—and specially he was bent on having "a boy's home, two cottages with plenty of room for the F— family and eight boys, with half an acre of garden, at 11l. 5s. the year." But it was not to last long. Bishop Selwyn, who, before going to New Zealand in 1841, had said to his mother, "Lady Patteson, will you give me Coley?" returned to England in 1854, and the subject was renewed. Lady Patteson had died in the meantime; and Sir John Patteson, who had retired from the Bench in consequence of increasing deafness, delighted in the society of his elder son, who was settled so near to him; but when the proposal was made that he should go to the Antipodes, his great grief broke out in the exclamation, "I can't let him go," but even as the words were uttered, they were caught back, as it were, with "God forbid I should stop him." How great was the trial thus voluntarily undergone, few can know, for few have experienced such a one. We can picture to ourselves nothing more affecting than the way in which he turned his back on his home and his family for ever:—

He chose to walk to the coach that would take him to join the railway at Cullumpton. The last kisses were exchanged at the door, and the sisters who watched him out of sight then saw that their father was not standing with them. They consulted for a moment, and then one of them silently looked into his sitting-room and saw him with his little Bible, and their hearts were comforted.

Not less affecting is his own letter written from London on the evening of the same day:—

I write one line to-night to tell you that I am, thank God! calm and even cheerful. I stayed a few minutes in the churchyard after I left you, picked a few primrose buds from dear mamma's grave, and then walked on. At intervals I felt a return of strong violent emotion, but I soon became calm. I read most of the way up, and felt surprised that I could master my own feelings so much.

In Melanesia and among his scholars, whom he would never allow to be called savages, he found his vocation; for six years his time was divided between the College near Auckland and the *Southern Cross*, the schooner in which Bishop Selwyn and himself visited the various islands, in many instances the first white men who had landed on them; and where this was not the case, their safety was not increased by the fact that previous visitors, trading for sandalwood, had too often stirred up ill-feeling by their conduct. Here it was that Patteson's Mezzofanti-like powers were so valuable. Landing on any particular island, he would sometimes find two entirely distinct languages spoken; in adjoining islands the structure of the languages would sometimes show a common derivation, but all the words would be different. Writing after two years' experience to Professor Max Müller on this subject, he says:—

There is a vast amount of confusion caused by the repeated migrations, intentional or casual, always taking place in these islands. Canoes are often drifting about and landing small colonies of people on islands over several hundred miles distant, the trade winds taking them safely along. In this way we find occasionally words introduced to languages quite distinct in their structure and phraseology generally.

* *Life of John Coleridge Patteson, Missionary Bishop of the Melanesian Islands.* By Charlotte Mary Yonge. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

How much these migrations must have puzzled a man who wanted to reduce to a scientific system this Babel of tongues is self-evident. Neither were his living dictionaries and grammars always at hand; the children whom he succeeded in borrowing from their parents could not winter in so high a latitude as New Zealand, and thus every autumn involved a voyage of thousands of miles, during which they were returned to their homes, to be picked up again when summer should return. To avoid such interruptions a winter school was tried on one of the Loyalty Islands; but ultimately the head-quarters of the mission were established at Norfolk Island, Mr. Patteson having in 1861 been consecrated bishop.

Of what nature his manifold labours were we must leave the book to tell. In the many languages which he studied, narrowing down the meaning of each word as at first vaguely apprehended, until by a patient process its English equivalent was reached, he found a congenial study; and how remarkable were his gifts may be estimated from the fact that he could speak fluently not fewer than twenty-three of the languages of the Southern Pacific. But, in addition to this intellectual toil, he was translator, printer, schoolmaster, navigator, builder, gardener, farmer, for there were no servants in the establishment. Life was a communal one; and if Melanesians had to become cooks, or gardeners, or farmers, they could only do so by first seeing their teachers cooking or gardening. The discomforts of such a life were many, although Patteson never referred to them except to say that the fastidiousness of his early years had been conquered; and yet almost at the last he "wondered how any one could go to sea for pleasure; he always felt dizzy, headaching, and unable to read with comfort; the food was greasy, and there was a general sense of dirt and discomfort." On shore in New Zealand his accommodation consisted of "three rooms together 17 feet by 7," and these were often occupied by coughing and sneezing Melanesians during the frequent epidemics of influenza, the Bishop giving up to them his bed and his warmest rugs, and nursing them with the tenderest anxiety. Still harder must his life have been when, as the work extended, it became necessary to reside for weeks together on some small island where there was the nucleus of a Christian Church. Thus in 1860 he spent some weeks with only one English companion in a native hut on Motu, the only furniture being four boxes, which were tables, desks, and chairs in turn:—

As to beds, was not the whole floor before us? Now I saw the advantage of having brought planks from New Zealand to make a floor. We all had something level to lie on at night, and, when you are tired enough, a good smooth plank or a box does just as well as a mattress.

And yet, with all these manifold duties imperiously claiming his time, he steadily maintained habits of study, giving an hour from 5 to 6 A.M. daily to Hebrew, reading also with the young Englishmen whom he was training for ordination, and eagerly devouring all the best books which from time to time were published in Europe. It is instructive to read the comments of an able man removed by half a world from the talk of clubs and societies. Thus he writes to one correspondent about Maurice:—

I don't charge him with heresy from his standpoint, but remember that you have not been brought into contact with Quakers, Socinians, &c., and that he may conceive of a way of reconciling metaphysical difficulties which a far inferior but less inquisitive and *corseherender* Geist pronounces for itself simply contrary to the word of God.

Of Professor Jowett he wrote, soon after the publication of *Essays and Reviews*:—

I hope that men, especially bishops, who don't know and cannot understand Jowett, won't attempt to write against him. A man must know Jowett, be behind the curtains (to) know what he means by the phraseology he uses.

He revered profoundly the author of the *Christian Year*. Bishop Colenso he utterly gave up, and in 1866 he wrote:—

I don't see that men are better men or humbler Christians because they know something of geology beyond what their fathers knew. Here is all the educated world worshipping John Stuart Mill as an idol, and Stanley quoting in his sermon as objectionable a passage of Mill as could well be written.

The secret of Patteson's success—for we presume that no one will say that his labours were unsuccessful—lay more perhaps in the wise and loving way in which he regarded his pupils than in his intellectual powers. He set forth his own idea of a missionary in a letter to a friend in England whom he asked to select for him a suitable recruit:—

A man who takes the sentimental view of coral islands and cocoa-nuts of course is worse than useless; a man possessed with the idea that he is making a sacrifice will never do; and a man who thinks any kind of work "beneath a gentleman" will be simply in the way.

On another occasion he wrote:—

Half-educated men will not do for this work; it is not at all probable that such men would really understand the natives, love them, and live with them; but they would be great dons, keeping the natives at a distance, assuming that they could have little in common, &c. . . . I must not run the risk of the mission being swamped by well-intentioned but untaught men. We must have gentlemen of white colour, or else I must rely wholly, as I always meant to do chiefly, on my black gentlemen, and many of them are thorough gentlemen in feeling and conduct, albeit they don't wear shoes.

A man who could write thus would be likely to declare,—

I have quite learned to believe that there are no savages anywhere, at least among black or coloured people. Savages (so-called) are all Fridays, if you know how to treat them.

We have not space to notice at greater length the wisdom with which he set about the task of teaching these heathen peoples, building up even on the foundation of their superstitions, finding in every slight yearning after something better his *point d'appui*. Nor can we do more than record the way in which he shrank from all publicity; writing as he did hopefully yet fearfully to his relations, he always entreated that his letters might not be published.

I can't write brotherly letters if they are to be treated as public property. . . . No one in England can be a judge of the mischief that letters occasion when printed contrary to my wish by friends.

It is, indeed, a question whether a biographer has the right to publish the letters of the dead, even with the consent of executors and representatives. There are several letters which passed between Patteson's father and himself which we cannot think were intended by either of the writers to be seen by a third person. We forbear from quoting them; they present to us a standard of saintliness such as few can hope to attain, and such passages make these volumes more suitable to take their place with St. Thomas à Kempis and the "Confessions of St. Augustine," and to be read as a devotional exercise, than to lie on drawing-room tables or to be among the attractions of a circulating library. It is a privilege to read such letters, but without them we have before us the life story of a man of no ordinary power, calm and clear of head, warm of heart, patient of spirit. As one of his New Zealand friends described him, he was "fearless as a man, tender as a woman, showing both the best sides of human nature." He turned his back on fair prospects, and though there were many reasons for his revisiting England, if but for a brief time, he steadily lived his laborious life for more than sixteen years, until he fell a victim, virtually, to the rapacity and violence of English traders.

Such a life, with its grand lessons of unselfishness, is a blessing and an honour to the age in which it is lived; the biography which we have here reviewed cannot be studied without pleasure and profit, and indeed we should think little of the man who did not rise from the study of it better and wiser. Neither the Church nor the nation which produces such sons need ever despair of its future.

MOUNTAIN, MEADOW, AND MERE.*

WE have little doubt that, as a rule, it is the keenest sportsmen who have the most intense appreciation of the beauties of nature, and to those who love the country and have a sympathy with sport, there is no more agreeable reading than an unpretending book by a sportsman. By "sportsman," we do not mean the millionaire who plays into the hands of stump orators and cockney political economists; who over-preserves until sport changes to slaughter; whose hares swarm in his covert-like fens in an Arab's burnous, and who massacres his hand-fed pheasants as he sits on the cushions of an easy chair. Our idea of a sportsman is the man who either leaves his preserving altogether to nature, or only assists her sufficiently to counteract the encroachments of poachers and pot-hunters. His game may be great or small; he may follow the chase in tropical forests or in the suburbs of a city. He may bug elephants or crocodiles, gudgeon or sparrows; but so long as he follows the chase fairly, he has a fair claim to be recognized as a sportsman. When such men take the pen in hand, it will generally be found that they have some gift of writing. Enthusiasm of any kind is apt to be eloquent, while it is sure to awaken the dormant sense of poetry which has been nursed unconsciously in a course of solitary sport. Sir Cornwall Harris, the "Old Forest Ranger," Gordon Cumming, and a long catalogue of kindred spirits readily occur to us as cases in point. These men would probably never have taken to the pen had they not been impelled to write a record of their sporting adventures. Some of them at least had no special literary gifts. To single out an instance, the pages of Cumming are for the most part monotonous records of butchery, written while arms of precision were as yet comparatively in their infancy, and hunters still had much to learn as to the anatomy of the beasts they bombarded. Yet Cumming's account of his midnight watchings by the solitary fountains in the desert contain enough of nervous poetry to set up a shool of poetasters of the sickly school, and they might be studied with profit by mannerists of the brush who servilely copy the stock subjects of Academicians. We may refer to this little volume of Mr. Davies as being in its way another illustration of our theory. Its subjects are of course comparatively tame, because he sought his sport in England and Wales. But if the book has none of the dramatic grandeur of the epic, where the hunter's life is staked on the steadiness of his nerves, on the other hand it is pervaded throughout by the graceful melody of a natural idyl, and the details of sport are subordinated to a dominating sense of the beautiful and picturesque. To us the great charm of a book of this kind lies in its reviving so many of the brighter associations of one's early existence.

For an alliterative title, *Mountain, Meadow, and Mere* is very fairly descriptive of the contents of the volume, although it makes no reference to the author's off-days of sea-fishing. Mr. Davies shot and fished for the most part among the Welsh mountains and the Shropshire meres and the streams that meander through the flat meadows of the neighbouring counties. He never shot over properties where a strong staff of keepers was employed, and

* *Mountain, Meadow, and Mere*. By G. Christopher Davies. Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

he seldom fished where the waters were strictly preserved. What he enjoys most in the way of sport is wild shooting, and we thoroughly sympathize in the taste. He likes filling a mixed bag in rough walking through picturesque scenery, or following wild-fowl and water-fowl into their lonely haunts at unseasonable hours. As to the wilder fishing which fills so many of his chapters we are not so sure. Fishing is a sufficiently precarious sport at best, even when you make your casts in the choicest salmon pools, or in the most tempting trout water that ever was watched. It seems to us an excessive strain on the patience to set yourself to circumvent the coarser fish under unfavourable conditions, when they have been made induly wary by persistent persecution. Yet we envy the temperament that is satisfied with little and enjoys difficulties; that can content itself with pike in the absence of salmon, and can fall back upon bait when the flies fail as a lure; that takes genuine pleasure in pulling up night lines and trimmers, and can enjoy a rough day's sea-fishing by way of *pisaller*. What gives sport its zest with men like Mr. Davies is their enjoyment of the scenery and surroundings into which their pursuits lead them. And men who love English nature in her milder and quieter forms, and who dislike being jostled by the crowds of tourists who swarm to the fashionable points of attraction, might do much worse than take him for their guide. His volume introduces us to many a district whose charms to most people are altogether unfamiliar. There are the Shropshire meres, for instance, lying in the beautiful country that surrounds the Wrekin. The little town of Ellesmere, the best headquarters for exploring them, is in the immediate neighbourhood of the greatest of them—*Ellesmere*, the greatest mere—which bears the same name. The depressions in a prettily undulating country have all been filled with water, although from some of them the water has drained away in the course of time. There is much bog and moorland, but the banks of the mere are often richly wooded. Most of them are sequestered from life and cultivation, and as a consequence they are favourite haunts of the shy waterfowl, and are frequently the resort of the rarer birds of passage. The weeds that overgrow their shallow margins in rank luxuriance, the delights of the pike and the bane of the fishermen, are admirable breeding-places. We can conceive few scenes more picturesque in the calm of a summer day than one of these lovely sheets of water, with the flocks of swans floating on the black polished surface, while the divers are picking in the skirts of the weed and the reeds are "alive with the low songs of the reed wrens." Or, by way of change, we may accompany Mr. Davies into the mountainous country beyond the Welsh border. He takes us up to lonely pools and tarns, doubtless the property of some one and supposed to be strictly preserved, yet lying so far out of the beat of keepers that you may poach them in a tolerable sense of security. We must observe, in justice to Mr. Davies, that all the poaching expeditions he owns to were indiscretions of his youth, and he keeps the secret of the precise locality of these exploits. He first came up in one of them on a boyish bird-nesting expedition. The black water, with its tall rushes and flags, was girtled on three sides by a belt of gloomy fir-trees. A heron who had been fishing there before the arrival of the schoolboys rose in his heavy flight on their approach, and they saw "circling about and breaking the calmness of the water, dozens and dozens of big brown back-fins projecting above the surface." The fish belonged to monster carp, and to boys on the ramble the temptation was irresistible. The inhabitants of the pool were protected by the thickets of rushes, and the fishing was by no means free from danger. The carp must be waded for, and the bottom was bog and was covered with a treacherous floorcloth of matted roots. That, of course, enhanced the charm of the sport to the adventurous young scapegraces, who were light weights into the bargain; although a middle-aged angler might consider the chance of a boggy grave a decided drawback on the day's amusement. By way of pendant to the pool of the carp, we have a picture of another that was stocked with tench. The tench pool was surrounded by a wood of mediæval oaks, broken into glades that were scattered over with silver birches, while under the oak-trees was a perfect shrubbery of rhododendrons, loaded in the season of the tench-fishing with their gorgeous masses of blossom. Beyond the rhododendrons were beds of water-lilies, growing luxuriantly in the mud in which the tench fattened, and making it excessively difficult to manage the line and the float. No less beautiful in its way, and even more hard to fish, is the stream which Mr. Davies selects as the representative scene of his "burn fishing." Here the niceties of the craft come into play, for in some places there is no covert at all, and in others there is a great deal too much to be pleasant. Where the brook flows along open meadow, with the bright noonday sun shining on the clear shallow water, you must crouch down at a distance to watch for the dark shadows that come floating up to the surface, and then drop your fly light as a thistle-down right over the biggest of these. But soon the brook goes tumbling downhill in a rapid alternation of pools and cascades, in the deep channel it has worked for itself under the arching boughs of alders and hazels, thickly interlaced with thorny brambles. Then again, there is nothing for it but to wade, picking your way over the slippery stones as you best can in the darkness, pitching a shortened line with a single fly into the bits of broken water ahead of you. And that, too, is glorious fishing for a boy, although by no means the kind of sport that recommends itself to elderly gentlemen of rheumatic tendencies, however sensitive may be their appreciation of the beautiful.

There are some pleasant chapters on shooting—rabbiting, wild-

duck shooting, &c.—interspersed with some avowedly fictitious adventures which we like the least; but decidedly the most characteristic of those which do not treat of fishing is the one which gives the story of a dog-hunt in the Berwyns. The Berwyns are a range of hills to the east of Bala, given up to sheep pastures. Except for the sheep and the shepherds, the upper grounds are almost deserted; the scattered population is gathered into the hamlets and farmhouses in the lower valleys. In such a country, when an intelligent dog once acquires a taste for mutton, he may do incalculable mischief before he is hunted down, and, like a weasel in a poultry-yard, he kills apparently for the mere pleasure of killing. The Berwyn sheep-farmers had been terribly victimized by an animal that long eluded detection. At length she was identified, and proved to be a black and white foxhound bitch; but although every one who could procure a gun carried one, no one had succeeded in getting a shot at her. At last the whole country rose; a regular hunt was organized with twelve couple of foxhounds, and a motley field, mounted and on foot, and armed with all manner of weapons. Mr. Davies describes the scene extremely vividly; the picturesque grandeur of the wild glen, they were drawing, the enthusiastic excitement of a chase in which all were so deeply interested. The sheep-killer was viewed at last, and then all the pursuers went to work in earnest. He led them over mountain and moor, rock and bog, until the hunt began to tail off like Fitzjames's train in the *Lady of the Lake*. But in the hunt on the Berwyns, the villages sent out fresh relays as the chase swept by, and when one set gave over in sheer exhaustion, there was another ready to press on in its place. The first night they were brought to a check in the darkness. The second day they drew everything blank and hunted in vain. On the third, when they were about to give up in despair, news was brought by a quarryman that the object of pursuit was lying on a rock apparently exhausted, and she was stalked, surrounded, and slain. The narrative is told with spirit, yet its chief merit is in the force and faithfulness of the local colouring which Mr. Davies imparts to it. It is that, indeed, which makes the whole of his little volume such bright reading. A vein of poetical description runs through the whole; but Mr. Davies never sacrifices truth of detail to form of expression, and each description is redeemed from the reproach of monotony by a distinct and characteristic individuality of its own.

ELENA.*

WE have seldom read a more melancholy book than this. The whole story is pitched in the minor key, and nothing can exceed the plaintiveness of the somewhat meagre melody that results. Character and circumstance are alike sad; had they been more powerful, they would have had the higher quality of true tragedy, but tragedy presupposes a certain power and passion to which our present author is apparently unable to rise. Weakness indeed is the inherent defect of *Elena*, as it was of *Atherstone Priory*. Well conceived and tenderly touched as is the story of this Anglo-Italian girl, it fails in all that constitutes superior excellence by want of force. It is milk for babes, with water superadded; and though the milk is sweet and the water pure, the diet is not invigorating. The heroine Elena, who gives her name to the book, is a beautiful character enough—seen from a distance; close at hand she would be horribly tiresome. She is not beautiful in person, for, like Percy in *Atherstone Priory* she is decidedly plain, save for her eyes—fine eyes being imperative and part of the furniture of a heroine, and the proper use of them as necessary for her salvation as orthodoxy. But though she is "plain," eyes which are "large, and soft, and limpid, and black as the blackest velvet," will, as we all know, redeem the most homely features, and make even a snub aristocratic. Moreover she is graceful in movement, and with a high-bred air about her which is unmistakable even when she is only "a bit hessie" of fifteen, hungry and shabby and utterly uncared for. In character she is simply faultless. Her patience is sublime, her selfishness angelic, her devotion pathetic; but with all this she lacks the presence of more active qualities to individualize and consolidate her, to make her more than a mere type, and to round her off into living womanhood. She is too much after the pattern of those statues which represent a single virtue or a single sentiment, such as pity, resignation, charity, patience, pity, and the like; statues which express no other emotion or attribute of humanity than this one of which each is meant to be the symbol. Or perhaps we may take her as too misty for firm flesh and blood; a sad Niobe seen all in tears, but seen only as a fidr face among the clouds; a shimmering creature as intangible as the vapours of which she is formed. It is a great mistake in authors to make their heroines too perfect or their stories too melancholy. Everything wants its energizing force, and humanity is no exception to the rule. All saintliness in character, and all sadness in life, are apt to produce a certain vagueness, which ends by wearying the most good-natured and the least irritable reader.

Had Elena been "overlooked" by some malevolent witch, she could not have been more painfully devoted to sorrow than we find her in this Italian tale. In her childhood half-starved, cruelly beaten, neglected, and ill-treated by "la cugina," who hates her for some unexplained cause connected with her black velvet eyes; in her

* *Elena: an Italian Tale.* By L. N. COMYN, Author of "*Atherstone Priory*." 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1873. 7s.

adolescence deceived by the man and defrauded of the love to which she had given herself; in her happier womanhood bereaved almost as soon as it had learnt its happiness; her very maternity but the sad reflex of her widowhood, and the joy of the one never able to heal the heart-break of the other—we wonder why such an unoffending creature should have been so severely scourged, and hold it rather barbarous to lay so many stripes on her tender back. At least she might have been left to live in peace and happiness with her husband after she had "won him to her love." It was hard to shoot him just as he had begun to repent of his folly and to love the light better than darkness, and we owe the author a grudge for this piling up of the agony when we think we might have been let off with a little sunshine.

Growing up and living in such an atmosphere of depression, it is not to be wondered at if Elena is somewhat sickly and without "suff." She reminds one of some delicate plant feebly struggling into life in the damp shade, where no sunlight ever penetrates, and where there are always dank dead leaves and the drippings of over-lunging boughs. Of course the plant must be sickly and colourless in such a habitat; and a woman in Elena's circumstances of ever-flowing tears and perpetual gloom will also as naturally be feeble and depressed. It is a pity she had not so much time of vigorous happiness allotted to her as would have allowed her to become a trifle more robust than she is, or at least have allowed her to be, as it were, dried; for, though she comes into one gleam of sunshine in her miserably clouded life, it is but a watery gleam at the best, and soon passes off, leaving a deeper gloom than that it has illumined and dispersed. The consequence is, that the book is as it were damp with tears, and that we never meet Elena without seeing her cry or being expected to cry for her.

The character of Pauline, whom she calls her sister, but who is only her stepmother's daughter, also wants more "making out." We grant that certain girls are abominably disloyal and treacherous and deceitful about their sisters' lovers, as about most other things; but there ought to be a stronger motive assigned than mere girlish vanity for such a grave amount of flirtation as takes place between Elena's betrothed, Marco, and this pretty brightly-coloured butterfly, this brilliant laughing coquette, who is made to look only light and frothy, but who ought, by all the rules of art, to have been shown as something stronger than froth—bad, not only naughty. Girlish vanity is a reprehensible thing enough, but it has not stuff in it for continuous baseness; and Pauline is very base. That Marco should marry Elena, or rather her fortune, all the same, whether he loves her quasi-sister or not, and thinks he does no harm, but on the contrary that he does his duty like a man, is thoroughly Italian. Our author is too pure-minded to have added what the real Italian would have accepted as the sole solace of his position—the speedily-arranged marriage of Pauline, probably with the lover's dearest friend, and the tears of poor lachrymose Elena forgotten in the laughter of bright curly-headed Pauline. A hint of this kind would have revolted the British public; but it would have been ethnically truer than Marco's conversion to his wife, and Pauline's being suffered to escape into the hands of a detested Austrian.

We cannot help thinking, too, that Marco was wonderfully unwise in remaining at San Cesaro, compromised as he was in the effort of that small town to remain one of the many members of "Italia Una." True, his father was ill; but the smallest amount of reasoning faculty would have told him that it was better for him to save his own life, and leave his father, if needs must, to die without his personal superintendence, than to remain for certain arrest and execution. All his other friends escaped in the breathing time allowed between the collapse of the Liberal movement and the return of the town to its old rule; and the Papal Government had wisely enough connived at this escape of the compromised; but Marco, who was the leader and the boldest spirit of them all, who had made himself the most prominent of all and had most to lose, chose to remain. Nothing can be weaker than the three reasons given for this suicidal rashness. No doubt "the idea of consulting his own safety when his father was dying, the thought of deserting the old man in his last extremity, of leaving his young wife alone with such a charge," may have been "repugnant to every feeling of his warm and generous heart"; but these very reasons would have forced a sounder decision from a sane and collected head. He knew that he would be shot if he remained; and it really seems a rather odd method of calculating virtues and weighing proprieties for a man to do that which he knows will deprive his young wife of his protection for ever because he will not let her bear alone the distress and trouble consequent on his father's death. Men who are so intensely domestic as this do not venture into the stormy sea of politics. If they prefer home to even their own safety, they are not likely to do things by which they will find their necks in a noose unless they make good their escape; and, had Marco thought so much of his family duties, he would have interfered less in political matters. These are the slips in the logical rendering of character which make such books as *Elena* so puerile. Of course as Marco insists on remaining, he is taken and shot; by the "irony of fate" the command of the shooting party devolving on his bosom friend Louis, who, in his turn, has always loved Elena to distraction, though he has been as pure and loyal as he is devoted.

After the death of her husband Elena passes into a kind of clouded state of mind, from which she is only awakened by the birth of her little boy, whom she however regards more as a bit of Marco than her own child. She must have made rather a depres-

sing playmate for the little fellow, for she never smiled when she spoke. "The blow that had fallen on her had been too heavy for her to be again what she had been, and smiles would probably be never hers again on earth"; and "even in speaking to her child, gentle and caressing as were her ways and words with him, her face never lost its expression of sadness, or her voice its touching melancholy." Thus the chord of misery is complete. In the beginning we see her as a girl of fifteen who has "something inexpressibly mournful in the anxious timidity which marked her features," whose "large dark eyes had a sad wistful look, as if for ever pleading for something—for something which she could never have"; in the middle she is a young wife coming to a home where the furniture frightens her and makes her think of ghosts, where she covers her face with her hands and the tears trickle fast through her slender fingers, where she knows that her husband does not love her and that he does love her sister; at the end, after a brief moment of married happiness when she has won Marco's love, she is a widow looking to death as her release.

Why has this author thought it necessary to give his—or her—readers these little lessons in Italian which perpetually break up the page and call the eye down to the foot-note? It is to be supposed that Marco and Elena, "la cugina" and Pupina, speak in Italian all through. Why, then, with two-thirds of the sentence in fair English, must we have here a word and there an exclamation in pure Italian, with the meaning set below under proper numerals? It would have been easier to have written in English from first to last, and then to have thrown in a compact little vocabulary at the end. When Elena binds up Marco's broken head in the beginning, what good end does it serve that she should say when going for water, "I will get you some 'subito' (1)—(1) Directly; in a minute"? When Marco sees that his mare is not injured, why does he say "Meno male" (2) in the body of the book, in large type, and (3) "So much the better" in small type below? When Elena talks to herself after the interview she speaks English, until at the last she bursts out with "Vorrei tanto rivederlo." As her colloquy was certainly all made in Italian, this little bit of lingual patch-work seems unnecessary; and the effect is a curious mixture of pedantry and grotesqueness, not conducive to the harmony of the book. These, however, are adventitious blemishes, and could easily be removed; what remains as the greatest blemish of all is the weakness, in which we include the hysterical sentimentality, of this Italian tale.

WOODS'S HERODOTUS.*

IN a less degree perhaps than any other ancient writer can Herodotus be enjoyed at secondhand. The "Father of History" is such a genuine gossip, so artless and yet so quaint and arch on occasions, that his flavour gets dissipated in translation, and almost disappears in any attempt to represent it by a sketch or summary. For this reason probably the *Herodotus* of the *Ancient Classics for English Readers* Series has always struck us as disappointing; and even the two brighter and more elaborate attempts of Mr. Talboys Wheeler to portray the life and travels of the Halicarnassian sage are a very poor substitute for the undiluted matter of Herodotus himself, whose connecting links between chapter and chapter disclose a method in his seeming garrulity, and whose reflections are so naive as seldom to survive the process of transference into another tongue. It is plain, therefore, that a good handy edition of *Herodotus* deserves a cordial welcome in the interest of students who wish to make as thorough a first acquaintance with him as possible, and also of such as desire an easier and pleasanter recurrence to him than is consistent with diving into the four thick octavos of Baehr, which, till the appearance of Dean Blakesley's two volumes, were the scholar's edition of *Herodotus*. Of the latter it is impossible to speak without respect and approval; for while the text has been well considered, and the explanatory matter is lucid and scholarly, it contains such a fund of illustration from history and travels as perhaps no editor could have so ably brought together as the "Hertfordshire Incumbent." Yet this valuable work is obviously designed for mature scholars, and its limits preclude minute notices of construction and other details, which in its author's view ought to be sought for in books of reference. Mr. Woods aims at furnishing a "multum in parvo" edition, in which a young scholar may find difficulties of the text, points of grammar, historical questions, modern illustrations, all dealt with in turn. It cannot be said that in endeavouring to compass this aim he errs, to judge from the volumes before us, in point of diffuseness; nevertheless the only drawback to be apprehended to his edition of Herodotus in the *Classica Classics Series* is that, if all the Nine Muses are severally put forth in as many neat suits of plain colour, they will take up even more room on a shelf than the octavos of Blakesley or Baehr. But, even so, the fault may be said to be inherent in the original; and any credit to be got from succinctness and compression will be entirely Mr. Woods's own. We should hope that, by due study of the reader's requirements in the first three or four books, it may be feasible to limit the whole work to five or six volumes. When the prefatory matter of the first book, the accounts of Egypt in the second, and of Scythia in the fourth have been got over, there is nothing

* *Herodotus*. Books I. and II. With English Notes and Introduction. By Henry George Woods, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford. Kivingtons: London, Oxford, and Cambridge. 1873.

in the Persian War proper to forbid succinct annotation and limited illustration.

Assuredly it cannot be laid to Mr. Woods's charge that he wastes time or space in long introductions. Indeed we should say that his short chapters on the style and on the dialect of Herodotus, well thought out as they are and put forth with due compression, have tended considerably to relieve the foot-notes from overcrowding. His short life of Herodotus, too, proceeds on the principle of embracing all that is positively known and all that is most reasonably conjectured about it. In opposition apparently to the modern theory that Herodotus was a sort of Oliver Goldsmith who compiled travels in his study, and after the fashion of stay-at-home travellers made his excursions in handbooks and encyclopædias, or whatever served in the place of such compilations in his day, Mr. Woods enumerates the quarters which the historian actually visited, and infers from internal evidence that the order of his travels was first the East, then Egypt, and after that Tyre and Thasos; and that, though this is less decisive, his expeditions to the East and North both date back to the time of his residence at Halicarnassus or Samos, and not at his later Western home. His personal acquaintance with many chief cities and places of Greece cannot be doubted, and there is internal evidence of his travels to the westward as far as Southern Italy. This editor adopts also to some extent the plausible suggestion that Herodotus pursued travels which must have entailed much toil by land and sea, from strange men and from strange beasts, under the guise of a trader; and he quotes Palgrave's recent experiences in Central Arabia to show the comparative safety of the merchant amidst uncivilized nations who regard with dislike and jealousy the professed tourist or traveller seeking information. He does justice to what must strike every reader of Herodotus as one of his finest traits of character—his breadth of view, freedom from local prejudice, and thoroughly cosmopolitan wisdom; and analyses his theological views, which, if severe and, so to speak, ultra-Calvinistic, did not interfere with the cheerful tone of his writings, or lead him to propound or practise a blind and passive folding of the arms as the natural consequence of fatalism. The libels of Ctesias on Herodotus are perhaps too briefly noticed; but this may have been because a larger field is needed for refuting the charge of wholesale falsehood which he brought against Herodotus for his own purposes. Lovers of the old Hellenic story—and there will always be many such—are ready to concede that he was no philosophic historian in the modern sense of the term, and will cherish a secret thankfulness that he was not so far in advance of his generation as to prefer a strict and rigid system of historical composition to the charming discursiveness, gossip, and story-telling which endear him to all who are capable of enjoying him in the original, as the "Froisart of antiquity."

We have already said that only in the original can Herodotus be thoroughly enjoyed. A few notes may serve to show that this edition of Mr. Woods's goes some way towards making this enjoyment more widely available by an intelligent appreciation alike of his author's peculiarities and his reader's needs. How well he has apprehended the former cannot be better shown than by quoting an excellent passage from his chapter on "the Style of Herodotus," which is at the same time a key to the understanding of the Herodotean manner, and a refutation of the unjust imputation of twaddling:—

The happy mean [writes Mr. Woods] between jejuneness and turgidity, which characterizes the greater part of his work, is one point in which the style of Herodotus resembles the conversation of a well informed and well-bred talker. Whether there is any truth in the story of the Olympic recitation or not, his writings remind us much more of a man telling the story of his travels in natural, unpremeditated language to a few familiar friends, than of one who is reciting a studied composition before a large audience. His redundancies and repetitions, his frequent *ἀνακάλυψαι*, his occasional use of the second person singular (with reference to the reader), and his invariable practice of referring to himself in the first person—so unlike the dignified reserve of Thucydides—are all illustrations of this conversational style. Some modern commentators have seen in his redundancies and repetitions the garrulity and forgetfulness of old age. But there is a sustained strength about the work which prevents us from believing that the greater part of it was composed when his powers had begun to decline. And though diffuse, he is rarely—if ever—prolix. When force is to be gained by brevity, he can be brief. The redundancies of his work must be ascribed, not to the old age of the writer, but to the infancy of the age in which he wrote.

One of the features in the style of Herodotus which it takes a shrewd study of the original to appreciate is the undercurrent of fun and humour to which, had he been an oral story-teller, he would have given vent without so much as moving a muscle. Thus, when he is describing how the wise men of Greece flocked to the Court of the millionaire Ctesias, there is a bit of genial sarcasm in the remark that, not only the rest of them, but even Solon himself were attracted to Sardis because it was *ἀκμίζουσα* *λοῦτρον*, rolling in riches. Gold can not only bribe guards, but can command the services and good word of *savans*. In c. 147, 2, of the first book he has a playful and covert hit at the extravagant pretensions of the Asiatic Ionians on the ground of their supposed pure descent, where he says *ἔσονται δὲ καὶ οἱ καθαρίως γεγεννημένοι Ἴωνες*—"let us call them then the thoroughbred Ionians." And again in II. 143, 1 there lurks a quiet touch of irony, where he draws a contrast between Hecæteus the Milesian, as influenced by the Ionian weakness of quoting a god-descended pedigree, and himself who made no such pretence (*ὡς γενεολογῆσαντι ἱμῶντι*). These are instances cited by Mr. Woods, but it would be easy to adduce many other proofs of quizzical humour

—e.g., where in the eighth chapter of the first book Herodotus chronicles, with all apparent gravity, that Candaules *ἡμέτερος τῆς ἰουραῖς γυναῖκος*—"was in love with his own wife"—such a passage being exceptional, as Mr. Woods notes, in an Oriental despot. The same mixture of shrewdness and naïveté in a casual remark, liable sometimes to be taken as mere matter of fact, but at other times provoking a smile from the reader, is also discernible in such passages as Herodotus's hit at Spartan cupidity in I. c. 70, where he suggests that, whereas the Samians attribute their possession of the Spartan cup which was destined for Ctesias to a fair open purchase from the Lacedæmonian envoys, the latter, when they found that his empire had collapsed, would most likely aver that they had been robbed of it by the Samians; and the happy way in which, in c. 79, 1, of the first book Herodotus describes the sudden and unexpected appearance of Cyrus before Sardis and the surprise of Ctesias; *ἔλασας γὰρ τὸν στρατὸν ἐν τῇ Ἀσίῃ αἰὶνος ἀγγέλος Κροίσῳ ἐγγέλλει*. He had not taken the trouble to send heralds or envoys, but had carried his own errand; the use of the pluperfect being, as Mr. Woods surmises, to emphasize the suddenness of his advance.

Another point which Mr. Woods has made duly prominent in his foot-notes is the frequent parallelism of Herodotus with Homer. As one might expect, so early a prose style would have many poetic images and features, and the editor whose work is before us has not failed to make this felt by copious illustration. Does Ctesias dream a dream, it is, in Herodotus's phrase, a dream-spirit, or personified *ἔννεμος*, that stands at his couch's head. Does the same monarch find that his dreams have proved true, but in a sense he never dreamed of, the reflection that Herodotus puts in his mouth, *ἀλλὰ τί ποτα εἰρήσεται καὶ εἶλον ἢ οὐκ εἶρησεται* (I. 88, 4) differs very slightly, if at all, from the Homeric *οὔρα καὶ δὲ μῆλα ἔπεισεν εἶλον εἶναι* of II. II. 116. All such coincidences are, as far as our observation goes, carefully noted by Mr. Woods, so that the student has the advantage of an interesting comparison between an early Ionic prose-writer and a still earlier poet of the same country, with whom his reading has brought him in contact.

In a few instances it has struck us that a note is wanting in this edition, in consequence of the editor's conviction that the learner had better find it explained in the lexicons. In I. 24, for example, there is no note at *ἀνακάλυψαι*, an unusual expression, and the same is the case at I. IV. where it is said of Ctesias's experience of the Delphic Oracle, that, when he was convinced of its veracity, *ἐκτοπῆρα αἶμα* (he took his fill of it; he consulted it greedily, the metaphor being taken from the habits of a glutton). On the other hand, Mr. Woods is so helpful and honest in cases of manifest difficulty, and so satisfactory in his choice of illustrative matter, that we cannot complain of omissions, especially where other helps are within reach of the intelligent and painstaking student. Apropos of the oracular responses, one illustrative note of Mr. Woods's at I. 49, on the correctness of the answer to Ctesias as to what he was doing at a certain point of time, about which there could have been no collusion, has struck us as quite exhaustive in its way, and as an excellent specimen of a model note for such an edition. It gets on one side the oracles which led to their own fulfilment, those which were invented after the event, those which enforce a maxim or religious precept, those which were given under the direct influence of a political party, and those which, like the answers to Ctesias about crossing the Helys, were clearly the result of imposture. All these are capable of explanation, and a study of the samples of each which are cited abundantly proves this. But "here," writes Mr. Woods, "we must either disbelieve the story altogether, or attribute the answer to clairvoyance." He seems to incline to the former solution when he says that "probably Herodotus derived his information from the Delphian priests."

We have examined with interest the solutions proposed in this edition to certain knotty bits of construction which occur in the first and second books, and which have puzzled scholars before Mr. Woods. In the conversation of Bias of Priene with Ctesias (I. 27 § 4) occurs a crabbéd passage of this kind, most of the suggested remedies for which are over-violent. In the sentence—*ἡρώτας δὲ τι δοκίμους εἶχεσθαι ἄλλα, ἢ ἐπὶ τι τάχιστα ἐπιθῆναι αἰνῶνι πηγεσθαι νίαν, λάβαν ἀρόμενοι Λόδου ἐν θαλάσσῃ*—the difficulty is enhanced by the strong manuscript authority for *ἀρόμενοι*. Dean Blakeley would omit *εἶχεσθαι* and *ἢ*, and secure a good sense at the cost of liberties with the text. We prefer Mr. Woods's more conservative resort to an *ἀνακάλυψαι*, the idea of *εἶχεσθαι* being carelessly reiterated in *ἀρόμενοι*, which follows as if the sentence had begun with *νηπῶτας δὲ ἄρ' οὐκ εἶχοντο*; in which case the sense would be—"and what thinkest thou the islanders wished more as soon as they learnt, &c.?" Are they not prying to catch the Lydians at sea? In I. 160 another puzzle is caused by *ἦν* following *ἦν* *εἰ χρόνος οὗτος οὐκ ὀλίγος γενημένος*, but we think that Mr. Woods meets it by showing that *ἦν* is not, i.e. *ἦν* *ἦν*, but that *οὗτος* anticipates *ἦν*; "that was no long time which passed, wherein." In a case of difficulty at II. 22 § 2, where the text is surely at fault, he is led from his usual sound judgment by following Stein into violent omissions and liberties with punctuation.

We may add in conclusion, that, though Mr. Woods is, from the necessity of the case, far more chary of illustration than Dean Blakeley, there is quite enough of it in his foot-notes to enliven the task of following the old historian through his rambling descriptions and episodes; and all that is given in this way is appropriate and well chosen. In the elucidation of the details of

the topography of Babylon in the first book, and of the chapters relating to the Nile, its overflows and its exploration, in the second, he is so careful, full, and exact, as to leave nothing to be required by the intelligent reader.

THE SIMANCAS RECORDS.*

(Second Notice.)

DON PASQUAL DE GAYANGOS is a new editor in the series of Calendars issued under the superintendence of the Master of the Rolls. We therefore in our previous notice of his volume gave more space than we usually do to an estimate of the qualifications which, judging from the mode in which the work was done, he seemed to us to possess for such a task. We do not at all wish to detract from the high praise which we think is his due, or to express any other opinion than that to which we have already committed ourselves—that it would be difficult to find another person who could so well act the part of a successor to the late Mr. Bergenroth. And yet we think it worth while to draw attention to one more fault which is very evident to a scholar, though probably it would pass unnoticed by an ordinary reader, who would skip, or only perhaps just glance at, official documents which are printed in Latin.

We noticed what appeared to us must be mistakes in copying in the two Breves which we described in our previous article, for the dispensation for the Emperor's marriage, and at first we were inclined to suppose that the editor had followed his copy, not noticing the blunders which a contemporary scribe will sometimes make in copying such papers. We attributed the mistakes to the scribe and not to the editor; but upon closer inspection there can be no doubt that they arise from the carelessness of the editor or the want of scholarship of his amanuensis, or perhaps we ought to say from both. When *numero* is printed for *numero*, and when the loss of a few letters in the middle of a word is supplied in so careless a manner as the following—*cla[ri]mus*—and two lines further on *cla[ri]ma*, we naturally turn to the end of the document to see who transcribed it, and we can scarcely think that the rest of the blunders in the document can be attributed fairly to Secretary Perez. Moreover there is a fatal mistake which makes nonsense of one of the sentences of the Breve by beginning a new paragraph in the middle of a sentence, where the separation should have been noted by a comma only. The matter is more important than might be judged at first sight. The Breve is specially difficult to make out, and is needlessly complicated by so many blunders. Perhaps *nequaque obstante* for *nequaquam obstantibus* would puzzle no one; nevertheless it is a disfigurement in so handsome a volume as this.

We now return to the historical matters contained in this volume, and we can scarcely give a better illustration of the mode in which these foreign despatches dovetail into and complete the accounts which may be gathered from papers previously published than by reference to some documents of the first two months of the year 1525. Mr. Brewer, who has analysed every document yet brought to light from any source, has printed only two letters of Wolsey's which belong to the period in question, and which are addressed to foreign Courts. There are two other letters of Wolsey's, one addressed to the King, the other to Sir Thomas More, which we omit for the present to notice, as not touching the particular point we mean to refer to. There are about a dozen documents, nearly all of them analysed from the Imperial Archives at Vienna, which refer to Wolsey's policy during that period of mutual suspicion when it must have been so difficult for either party to fathom the intentions of the opposite side. On the night of Sunday, February 12 (not, as Wolsey's relation of the affair gives it, on the 11th), a man on horseback was arrested as he was riding from London to Brentford. Suspicion having arisen from his evasive answers to questions put to him, he was searched, and some ciphered and other despatches were found upon him. The packet was forwarded to Sir Thomas More, who was informed by the bearer that the letters were written by De Praet, and saw by their superscription that they were addressed to the Emperor. More went off immediately to the Cardinal, who unsealed the packet; or, as the other account gives it, found the packet already broken open, and read the contents.

The story is told in the Life of Wolsey by Dr. Fiddes, who had seen and analysed the Cardinal's letter of February 13, 1525. We know from that and from other sources what Wolsey thought of De Praet. We here learn from his own letters what the Imperial Ambassador thought of Wolsey. They are full of complaints against the Cardinal of York, and probably their contents very much resemble those of the intercepted packet of letters which was presented to Wolsey on the morning of the 13th of February, as he was sitting in Court as Lord High Chancellor. The letters were then read by Wolsey, and so important did he think the charges alleged against himself to be, that he ordered some letters which had been despatched the day before to the Lady Margaret to be seized and opened. The effect of these letters, as described by Wolsey in his letter to Sampson, the contents of which were to be represented to the Emperor, was that "the

King's amity with the Emperor was faint and slender." They also contained "malicious words" touching himself and the Pope, as Wolsey writes, "which are little to be regarded." He also drew the Emperor's special attention to the words used by his Ambassador:—"If we should gain the battle all will be well; our master will escape the danger of such friends and confederates as he has had hitherto; and let me say that he is little obliged to any of them, whoever they may be"; and to another sentence in his letter which ran as follows:—"When matters succeed well he" (Wolsey) "knows not what to say, and when otherwise he talks wonders. I hope one day to see our master avenged, for he is the main cause of all his misfortune." We need not inquire whether the seizure of the first packet of letters led as accidentally as Wolsey represented the matter to the discovery of the secrets which the Ambassador was communicating to the Emperor. Undoubtedly Wolsey carried the matter with a high hand, absolutely forbidding De Praet to write again to the Emperor on the subject, saying that the King and he would advertise the Emperor of all the circumstances of the case, and forbidding him to appear again in the King's presence or his own (p. 52).

Now, though these particular intercepted letters of course cannot now be found at Madrid or Vienna, there is enough in the rest of De Praet's correspondence to bear out all Wolsey's accusations of him, though readers accustomed to modern rules of etiquette will probably wonder that the Cardinal should have so unblushingly paraded the fact of his breaking open a second packet of despatches to the Emperor on a suspicion founded upon the (if so be) accidental discovery of the first packet open. De Praet understood something of the turn things were taking in England, and suspected more than he could see through, but he was no match for Wolsey. He truly observed that, after a long conference with the Cardinal, he was unable to guess what his real sentiments were, as he seemed at one time to disapprove of the Pope's behaviour in seeming to favour the French King, and immediately after said that he did not blame him for what he had done, but that he could have acted better—all which the Imperial Ambassador thought was very much in contradiction to the instructions which had been given to Sir Gregory Cassali when he was sent off to the Viceroy of Naples. But De Praet was certainly wrong when he fancied that

The Legate was very much embarrassed from fear of his past acts and words coming perchance to the King's knowledge; for if they should, it will be found out that they have greatly tended to produce the present evils, and perhaps to have been done and said without the King's sanction.—*l.* 42.

And now, in order to cap this sagacious conjecture of De Praet's, we must recur to Mr. Brewer's last volume, and quote Wolsey's letter to Henry, written just nine days later than the communication from the Imperial Ambassador to Charles—i.e. the very day when the intercepted packet had been presented to him in Court, "and twelve days before the fatal battle of Pavia":—

The result must be dangerous for the French King; bloody if he wins; if he loses, the Imperialists will not fail to pursue him so as hard and almost impossible it shall be for him to escape into his country, the great snows yet lying in the mountain. The coming of Gregory Cassali will encourage the Imperialists, confirm the Venetians, and make the Pope change his mind; by which means, and the grant of 50,000 crowns, it will be known that, whatever good effect arises is to be ascribed to your Highness, "who in time of extreme desperation of the Emperor's affairs in Italy, have been the only reviver of the same." The Duke of Milan will be no less grateful for the methods adopted by the King for securing the investiture, which he could not obtain from the Emperor. Should the Imperialists get the worst, which is not probable, thanked be God! your affairs be by your high wisdom in more assured and substantial train by such communications as be set forth with France apart than others in outward places would suppose.—*Brewer's Calendar, Vol. IV. p. 471.*

What would not De Praet have given to see that letter?

It is extremely interesting to see the Imperial Ambassador's own account of the seizure of these letters, which he asserts, and probably with truth, were broken open designedly. De Praet paid no attention to the prohibition laid upon him, and on the 25th of February gave the Emperor a full account of everything, and then inveighed in no measured terms against the Cardinal of York for his duplicity in playing a game which would answer in either case of the Emperor's winning or losing at Pavia. Of course under the circumstances De Praet had nothing to do but to ask to be recalled. Accordingly he was soon afterwards withdrawn from the English Court and transferred to the Court of France. Whichever version of the story be adopted, the Emperor might easily have made it a *cuius belli*, but he was in no position to do so, and he was obliged to put up with the insult; and, though really upholding his Ambassador's conduct in his private letters to De Praet, bore with Henry and Wolsey in their representations or misrepresentations, whichever they may be called. It was of course necessary for the King and the Cardinal to justify their conduct, and the *Justification des Anglois*, as the document is called, occupies twenty-six pages in the copy deposited in the Archives at Brussels. And on the 8th of March, the day before the tidings of the Imperial victory at Pavia, the King and Wolsey each addressed a letter to Charles. The King accused his Ambassador of being indiscreet, unloyal, and ungrateful, and behaving in a way very different from his own "paternal affection, acts, and proceedings towards the Emperor," and asking for De Praet to be punished accordingly. The Cardinal vindicated his own honour, faith, and loyalty towards Charles, and asked him to refuse belief to the abusive reports and advices of his Ambassador, and not to allow his loyal servant—namely, himself—to be thus treated and made a subject for scandal, without any cause or reason for it.

About a fortnight afterwards, when the news of the battle of

* *Calendar of Letters, Despatches, and State Papers, relating to the Negotiations between England and Spain, preserved in the Archives at Simancas and elsewhere. Vol. III. Part I. Henry VIII. 1525-1526. Edited by Pascual de Gayangos. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.*

Pavia had arrived, De Praet again wrote to the Emperor, and informed him that he had been told "the Cardinal would give anything not to have acted as he has done in the affair, especially since the arrival of the grand and most happy news just received in this capital," adding that "the Cardinal had indeed reasons to repent of what he had done; but his Imperial Majesty is wise and prudent, and cannot fail to make good use of his victory according to time and circumstances" (p. 86).

The proceedings subsequent to the battle of Pavia are at least as interesting and as copiously illustrated as those we have been referring to. The Emperor's replies, both to Wolsey and the King, are dignified, and he does not adopt the haughty and peremptory tone which might have been expected; and, in a letter afterwards addressed to his Ambassador, explains to him that he is seriously displeased, but thinks proper to disguise his resentment, and threatens that he will make the Cardinal suffer for it. In the midst of all these recriminations there is a very pretty letter from Catherine of Aragon to her nephew, congratulating him on his victory. The last instructions issued to the Imperial Ambassador were to the effect that he was to tell the King and Legate that the Emperor was fully determined to follow up his victory. But they never reached De Praet, who had been recalled by the Regent of the Netherlands, and had had to quit London without taking formal leave of either the Cardinal or the King, who absolutely refused to see him.

And here we must take our leave of the Ambassador and of the volume, and shall only add that we consider it to be one of the most important of the whole series of Calendars which are so creditable to the Government in respect to the initiation, and to the Calendarers as regards the execution, of the project.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

v.

MEMORIALS of Wedgwood, by Eliza Meteyard, author of the "Life of Wedgwood," &c. (Bolland Sons). Miss Meteyard here gives us another admirable selection from the works of the great Staffordshire potter. "It will be found," she says, "to include a more miscellaneous assemblage of objects than her previous volume, and a few others more archaic in design, fabrication, and material than those usually received as specimens of Wedgwood's skill as an artistic potter." Not only does she aim at revivifying the taste by the diffusion of such beautiful works of art, but she also seeks to preserve from destruction the designs at all events of this frail kind of work. "The destruction," she writes, "of Wedgwood's finest works has been great; and the time has certainly come when it becomes a national, as well as an individual, duty to gather up and preserve the precious works of this illustrious Englishman." She also seeks to protect the collector against the worthless imitations of Wedgwood which are sold in such abundance. The race of collectors is indeed a credulous one. Who does not know some traveller who, in a visit of a couple of days to Damascus, has chanced to light upon some brass pot of immense antiquity and inestimable value which had escaped the notice of all the local collectors? Who does not know some other traveller who, in his first afternoon in a Dutch town, has found in some back street an undoubted Holbein, and carried it off for a mere song from the unsuspecting dealer? In the potter's art, at all events, Miss Meteyard is doing her best to guard against trickery those who are unwilling to be tricked. The photographs in this collection are perhaps the best we have ever seen. The figures on the medallions so stand out from the paper to the eye that the mind is not satisfied till the touch has convinced it that the surface is flat.

Scarcely inferior is the *Castellani Collection*, a series of twenty photographs by H. Thompson, selected and described by C. T. Newton, M.A., Keeper of the Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum (Ball and Sons). It is in such works as these that the real power of photography is seen. Disappointing as so commonly are the photographs of scenery, or of pictures, where all colouring is worse than sacrificed, in the representation of the art of the workers in stone it stands forth at its best. It is not only, however, in the artistic point of view that the interest of the present series lies. By the antiquary it will be as highly esteemed as by the artist, while by that not inconsiderable portion of the public which, in estimating every book, first considers how it will look upon the drawing-room table, this splendid volume will be valued no less highly.

The *Boydell Gallery: a Collection of Engravings illustrating the Dramatic Works of Shakespeare*, by the Artists of Great Britain. Reproduced from the originals in permanent Woodbury type, by V. Brooks, Day and Son (Bickers and Son). In this magnificent volume we have an admirable reproduction of the well-known Boydell Gallery. This great gallery, which was nearly twenty years in preparation, and which cost, as we read, above a hundred thousand pounds, almost ruined its fine old projector, Alderman Boydell. A few years after he had taken the enterprise in hand, just when everything seemed to promise very well with him, "that Gothic revolution," he writes, "which broke out about this time, and still convulses the whole Continent, soon made an end of those happy days." Instead of presenting, as he had hoped, the original paintings of his Shakespeare Gallery to the nation, the engraver was forced in his eighty-sixth year to apply to Parliament for leave to sell them all by lottery. Leave was granted, but just

as the last ticket had been sold the Alderman died. We hope that the present publishers, free as they just at present are from a "Gothic revolution," may find their spirited undertaking as successful as it deserves to be.

Scenes of Scottish Story, by William Ballingall (Edmonston and Douglas). "The present volume," the author writes in his preface, "is to be regarded as a companion to my larger and kindred work, the *Shores of Fife*, already published." The *Shores of Fife* we noticed last year, but with no great praise. Its companion volume, if it is smaller, is nevertheless by far the better book of the two. Mr. Ballingall has in the present work either found subjects more suited to his pencil, or else—and this we think is the right explanation—he has greatly gained in artistic power and skill. The Scotch do not keep so hoathen a festival as Christmas, we believe. May we advise them to satisfy their feelings of patriotism and gratify at the same time their love of art by presenting to each other on New Year's Day these *Scenes of Scottish Story*?

Thorwaldsen; his Life and Works, by Eugène Plon. Translated by Mrs. Cashed Hoey. Illustrated by thirty-nine engravings on steel and wood (Bentley and Son). The original memoir is well put together, the illustrations are good, and the translation is fairly done. The life of the great Dane was not very eventful, nevertheless M. Plon has made an interesting memoir.

Old and New London: a Narrative of its History, its People, and its Places, by Walter Thornbury. Illustrated with numerous engravings from the most authentic sources. Vol. I. (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin). The illustrations to this volume are certainly not new, though many of them are interesting; but then, on the other hand, 200 new engravings, together with 576 large pages of letterpress, could scarcely have been given for nine shillings. The book on the whole is well done, and will, if it spreads abroad in its weekly numbers as much as it deserves, enable many a lad to people the dull streets through which his daily walk lies with a race of whom he will never weary. It is a pity that Mr. Thornbury will, like all the rest of the compilers, go out of his way to blunder over early history. Why "in Cannon Street by the old central milestone of London" will "grave Romans meet us and talk of Cæsar and his legions"? What had Cæsar to do with London, we should like to know? Curiously enough Mr. Thornbury has read "that most reliable (*sic*) writer on this period, Mr. Freeman," quotes from him largely and praises him highly, and yet, even when he quotes him, writes of Saxon London. Mr. Freeman must be ever feeling the same kind of disappointment as the missionary who, just when he has brought his converted savage to rely on baptismal regeneration, finds that he is still quite ready to dine off his old grandmother.

Lyrics of Love, from Shakspeare to Tennyson. Selected and arranged with notes by W. Daveyport Adams (Henry S. King and Co.). Mr. Adams has this Christmas published two excellent selections from the English poets. We have in an earlier notice already praised his *Student's Treasury of English Song*. No less worthy of praise is his *Lyrics of Love*. The full title, however, is not altogether accurate. No one would much expect with such a title to find extracts either from a poet of Henry VIII's reign or from the younger generation of the poets of the present day. "Lyrics of Love from Wyatt to Swinburne" would have been nearer the truth; but perhaps would not have looked quite so well on the title-page.

Storm Warriors; or, Life-Boat Work on the Goodwin Sands, by the Rev. J. Gilmore, M.A., Rector of Holy Trinity, Ramsgate, author of "The Ramsgate Life-Boat in 'Macmillan's Magazine'" (Macmillan and Co.). Mr. Gilmore has written a very interesting account of some of the most gallant adventures with the life-boat. We have no doubt that his work will render more dear to every Englishman than ever one of the noblest of all Societies—the Royal Life-Boat Institution.

Recollections of a Rambler, by G. A. Simcox, M.A., Fellow and Classical Lecturer, Queen's College, Oxford, author of "Prometheus." With forty illustrations (Chapman and Hall). The forty illustrations to this book are for the most part very poor. The book itself is still poorer. Mr. Simcox no doubt writes with a certain air which might perhaps for a time impose on any one who had learnt to read, but had not at the same time learnt to think.

The *Licensed Victuallers' Year-Book for 1874*, by H. D. Miles, editor of the "Licensed Victuallers' Gazette." In this Year-Book is given a list of members of Parliament with an "arrangement of prefixes that, it is believed, will be found useful to electors and to readers of the debates." Any licensed victualler and any licensed victualler's friend can at a glance tell the course each member took in the vote on the Permissive Bill. Happy is "that 'true Liberal' majority (including Whigs, Conservatives, and Radicals) whose names are honoured with a star!" Less happy are they who "abstained"—ill-omened word!—"or were absent from the test-vote and are marked a"; while hopeless is the fate of those who "are pledged to the Permissive Bill and have a p prefixed to their names." Among these last we notice Mr. Whalley. Could he not by a happy inspiration convince the electors of Peterborough that p stands for Protestant? The editor has not confined himself to politics and drink. He goes into the derivation of words. September, he tells us, "is compounded of *Septem*, seven, and *imber*, a shower of rain." The author *supra* *crispidum*, we would say. Licensed victuallers had better leave showers of rain alone.

Hammond's Good Templar Almanac and Four-Books, &c. A poor show against its powerful rival. It gives no marked list of

members of Parliament, and but six portraits of Good Templars against the nine portraits of Jolly Victuallers. It is, however, edited by the Rev. John Thomas, D. V. T. for Middlesex, and S.D., G.W.O.T. What these letters mean we have not been able to find out, though in a short account of the reverend gentleman with the letters, in his capacity of preacher, written, we suppose, by him in his capacity of editor, we read "that there are many of his congregation who thank God that he has been the instrument in the hands of the Holy Spirit by which they have been brought into a higher and nobler fellowship than that of Good Templarism, even the fellowship of Christ." In the "Good Templar Almanac," while December 29, 1689 (*sic*) is remarkable as the day on which Lord Stafford was beheaded, December 31, 1871, is no less remarkable as the day when "G. T. Battle-cry was preached. Rev. J. Thomas."

Memoirs of Sir Edwin Landseer, by F. G. Stephens, author of "Flemish Relics" (Bell and Sons). Mr. Stephens in this elegant volume gives us "a sketch of the life of the artist, illustrated with reproductions of twenty-four of his most popular works, being a new edition of the *Early Works of Sir Edwin Landseer*." Interesting as are the illustrations, and admirably as some of them—not all—have been reproduced, yet the book itself is a little disappointing. Mr. Stephens is not nearly so happy in his style as in many of his other works on art. We have not a few sentences as clumsy and as inartistic as the following:—"Edwin Landseer was born in 1803, the year before another animal-painter of modern note, Mr. T. S. Cooper, and that event took place at his father's house, No. 83 Queen Anne Street, East (Turner's Queen Anne Street), and he was consequently at his death in his seventy-second year." Edwin Landseer's great popularity, however, and the twenty-four reproductions, will, we have no doubt, cover a multitude of errors in style, and render these Memoirs one of the most popular of Christmas books.

English Sonnets: a Selection, edited by John Dennis (King and Co.). Mr. Dennis has shown great judgment in this selection. "It is designed," he tells us, "for the student of poetry; not for the reader who takes up a volume of verse in order to pass away an idle hour." And yet perhaps the chance reader, if he lights on such a volume as this, may in time become a student of poetry. At all events, as hees— to quote the line of one of our greatest writers of sonnets—"will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells," we do not know why a man who has no claim to be a student may not pass away an idle hour deep in such sonnets as these.

Virtue's Imperial Shakespeare, edited by Charles Knight. With illustrations by Cope, R.A., Leslie, R.A., MacIae, R.A., &c., &c. (Virtue). This is the fifth division of Messrs. Virtue's great reprint of Knight's *Imperial Shakespeare*. The book is on so great a scale, and the print is so large and so clear, that the only difficulty is to get far enough away from it to read it with any degree of comfort. The engravings are of very unequal merit. In the present number we have two excellent ones from pictures by Sir John Gilbert and Mr. Pettie.

Recollections of the Life of Countess Matilda von der Becke Volmerstein, by her Daughter. Translated from the German; with an introduction by the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells (Seeley and Co.). The daughter has done well in writing the memoirs of such a mother—a woman who, while she was a good wife and a good mother, had yet love and strength to spare for the hundreds of orphans who came beneath her care and that of her noble old husband. He shortly after the close of the great French war had founded a home for orphan children. He took in those whose depravity had barred to them the doors of many a charitably disposed household. Before many years had passed he and his wife had a household of 375 to manage. His health was delicate, and on her the chief burden fell. She thus describes her daily life:—"From five in the morning until half-past ten at night I am not free from work. I have to order everything, to see after the meals every day, to give out work and to superintend it, to preserve fruit, to visit the sick, to provide for the girls' school, and out out linen." Add to this that she kept all the accounts, brought up a large family of her own, and had a husband in delicate health to look after. The Memoir is interestingly written, and is not unworthy of such a woman.

Illustrated Games of Patience, by Lady Adelaide Cadogan. Dedicated by permission to H.R.H. Prince Leopold, K.G. (Sampson Low and Co.). In this handsome volume we have the fullest explanations of twenty-four games of Patience, while an abundance of diagrams does all that diagrams can do to clear away difficulties. Of the twenty-four games no fewer than twenty bear French names. Can it be the case that these games have been the invention and consolation of the various factions—Royalist, Republican, Imperialist, Socialist—that have had in turn to pass long years of exile on our shores? To any one who is not well up in the language of Patience, such an explanation as the following is a little strange:—"Marriages may be made in the Zodiac with cards from the Equator (but not vice versa) and from the talon or pack; but cards in the Zodiac cannot marry each other, neither can those in the Equator do so." If, as we doubt not, His Royal Highness, to whom this elegant work is dedicated, understands all this, it is an additional proof to how highly cultivated a house he belongs. Happy for him that, unlike the members of other Royal families, he can cultivate patience as an amusement.

But these more considerable works, we have still left on hand a host of stories for young people, which we would gladly notice

had we time and space to spare. As it is, we must content ourselves with selecting to the best of our power a certain number as typical of the rest.

Thwarted: or, Duck's Eggs in a Hen's Nest (Bentley). This is a very pretty story by the author of *Missunderstood*, of which, by the way, we have received from the same publishers a new edition, with eight very pretty full-page illustrations by George de Maurier. Those who found great delight in *Missunderstood* will find, we believe, no less in *Thwarted*. A story for the young, we would remark, scarcely requires the dignity of two or three blank pages at the end of each frequently occurring chapter, like a three-volume novel. A little compactness in printing would have rendered *Thwarted* none the less attractive.

Pet; or, Puntimes and Penalties, by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A., author of "Music and Morals." With fifty illustrations by M. E. Haweis (Lebister). We cannot say much for this story. The writing is somewhat careless, and the tone is not altogether what we could desire.

In His Name: a Story of the Dark Ages, by Edward E. Hale, author of "Ups and Downs" (Sampson Low and Co.). Mr. Hale is already known to us as an author who can write a simple but interesting story. In *His Name*—the scene of which is laid among the Waldenses—is not inferior to his *Ups and Downs*.

Life in the Red Brigade: a Story for Boys, by R. M. Ballantyne. With illustrations (Routledge). Save that Mr. Ballantyne's words are often a great deal too big, there is considerable merit in these stories. They are full of astounding adventures, and will be enjoyed by those for whom they are written.

The Children's Voyage: or, a Trip in the Water Fairy, and *Katty Lester*, both by Mrs. George Cupples (Marcus Ward). These stories are not nearly so good as Mrs. Cupples's earlier ones; while the illustrations by Edward Duncan and Harrison Weir are altogether spoilt by the colouring process through which they have been put.

A Practical Treatise on the Art of Illuminating, by Marcus Ward. Illuminator to the Queen, seems to be a very complete manual. Young people who have some taste for art would spend with pleasure many hours in "illuminating" the uncoloured devices that are given in this book in great abundance.

In the *Story of the Robins*, by Mrs. Trimmer, and in the *Book of Flowers*, translated from the German edition, both with coloured illustrations, and both published by Warne and Co., we have reprints of old favourites. One story is "designed to teach children the proper treatment of animals," and in the other are shown "piety and truth triumphant." We are ourselves immoral enough to like stories without a moral. However, for moral stories, these are a good deal above the common run.

Easydale: a Story, by Edis Searle, author of "Friends and Neighbours," &c. (Seeley and Co.). We have in this book a story of a model clergyman, who converts a careless squire and makes him all that a modern squire ought to be. The influence that a young child has over this rough man, and the way in which he tames him down and refines him, is prettily described.

The *Three Sisters*, by Mrs. Perring, and *Marian Ellis*, by a "Clergyman's Wife" (Routledge), may be described as highly proper prizes for Sunday Schools. They are full of good teaching, of painfully good fathers and mothers who are always ready to improve the occasion and to deliver a sermon on the shortest notice.

The *Story of Waterloo* (Nimmo). In this little book is given a brief but not uninteresting account of the story of Waterloo. The writer has drawn largely on Mr. Hooper's excellent work, and has drawn with judgment.

Blanche and Beryl, by Madame de Stolz. With illustrations by Emile Bayard (Routledge). The picture of French life given in this book is pleasant enough, while the story itself is pretty and wholesome. Emile Bayard's illustrations are unusually good. The translator's work, however, has not been very well done.

Elsie's Choice: a Story, by the author of "May's Garden." With eight illustrations (Seeley). We do not like this story at all. The author might surely find something better to do than to write about the flirtations of girls who are still children and of boys who are scarcely out of their knickerbockers. When such young people begin to ape the follies of those who are a few years older, instead of having them written about, we would much rather have them—the boys, at least—soundly birched.

Fifteen Glimpses from Fancyland, by Edith Milner. With sixteen illustrations drawn on wood by the Hon. Mrs. E. Stanhope (Holliston). "It seems to me," says one of the children in this book, "that sentiment is a poor morbid thing." If children like to read about such a child as this, they are not what we take them to be.

Tell Mamma, by the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam." With illustrations (Routledge). In this book girls are taught what they should do by showing them at great length what they should not do. It is too old a book for young girls, and too badly written a book, we trust, for young ladies.

Six by Two: Stories of Old Schoolfellows, by Edith Dixon and Mary de Morgan. With eight plates (Virtue). English girls will not like these pleasantly written stories because they are all about foreign school-life. The illustrations, by the way,

as having so little to do with the story that we should regret that they must have served at least once before.

Maggie's Mistake: a Schoolgirl's Story, by the author of "Aunt Annie's Stories." With twenty-four illustrations by L. Frölich (Sooley). We fancy that little maids of nine or ten years old will like to follow Maggie in all her mistakes. Let us hope that they may take warning from her, and be saved from at least some of her blunders. We cannot say much for Mr. Frölich's illustrations.

Miss Moore: a Tale for Girls, by Georgiana M. Craik. Illustrated by A. W. May (Sampson Low and Co.) Miss Moore is the new governess whom all the children dislike and tease, but who ends by winning their love. The story, though not perhaps very original, is well told.

Chris Miller, by Mrs. F. Marshall Ward (Benrose). We have over again in this story the moral of the Idle and Industrious Apprentices, with this important difference, however, to suit the requirements of our age, that in the end both the heroes do well. It strikes us as rather poorly written; but a very youthful critic, to whose judgment we submitted it, differed from us in this.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WE have received during the current month but few American books, and those of comparatively small interest or importance. From a political point of view none is so important as a Blue-Book presented to Congress on the subject of the Cuban Insurrection*, containing a full account of the negotiations which took place between the Spanish and American Governments in 1869, with reference to a possible armistice and ultimate recognition of Cuban independence. It is remarkable that the Spanish Ministers appear to have been more willing than might have been expected to contemplate the abandonment of the most valuable relic of their once vast Transatlantic possessions; probably believing that its permanent retention, in face of the strong sympathy shown by the Americans as a people—whether Democratic sympathizers with slavery or Republican propagandists of abolition might be in power—with every form of rebellion and disaffection in Cuba, and of the immense difficulty which the violent divisions of faction and feeling in the island presented in the way of conciliation, would prove impracticable. But the pride of the Spanish nation was roused to fierce and formidable ebullitions of indignation by the first rumours of such a proposition, and, above all, by the suspicion that the cession was to be brought about by foreign interposition; and ultimately, as our readers know, the negotiation proved abortive, the Spanish Government insisting that it could not treat with rebels in arms—a ground absurd enough if the idea of conceding the independence of those rebels were seriously entertained, but a very troublesome *argumentum ad hominem* for the President, whose party and whose predecessors had steadily maintained the same position in regard to a nation in arms whom they chose to denounce as rebels. The manner in which the United States were hampered by their own extravagant pretensions during the Civil War, and by precedents of their own making, aptly turned against them by Spain, is clearly and often ludicrously perceptible in the course of these despatches: as, for example, when Spain complains that the Cuban rebels, like the Fenians, had set up a pretended "Government of Cuba" in the States, with obvious reference to the expostulations of the Federal Government against the existence of an organized Confederate agency which it chose to call "a department of the rebel Administration," but which never claimed such a title or such powers in England. In a similar way the United States were hindered from recognizing the insurgents as a belligerent Power, or allowing vessels flying the insurgent flag to be built in or to make use of their ports; and Spain gained time to let it appear how feeble the insurrection really was if left to itself. The despatches also afford strong evidence of the antipathy of foreign residents to the rebellion; an antipathy which has, we fear, been very much mitigated by the ferocious cruelties of the Spanish party; not that the rebels are less savage, but that, as the weaker party, they have less opportunity of committing these most useless and impolitic atrocities. The entire collection, however, and the negotiations to which it refers, have now become mere matter of history, and are interesting chiefly in the light they throw on the dispositions of General Grant and his advisers.

Another publication of a different character, and of more lasting interest and value, is the latest volume—at least the latest that we have received—of the United States Geological Survey†, which extends the purview of the Survey over the territories of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and Utah. The most interesting portion of this work—at least to the general reader—is the description of the marvels of the Yellowstone Valley, fortunately secured

as a grand national park on a gigantic scale, which has been anticipated in these columns. We need not, therefore, repeat what we have said of the unrivalled geysers, hot-springs, and sulphur basins of that extraordinary region, the discovery of which has enabled the New World, rich as it is in natural wonders of its own, to outvie some of the most striking marvels of the Old; but may simply refer those of our readers who did not study the volume to which we then drew attention, or who wish to learn more of these strange vagaries of nature, to the chapter in which Mr. Hayden deals with them. The illustrations—a peculiar feature of American blue-books—though roughly executed and of the lowest artistic character—do really illustrate the text, and give a far clearer idea of the appearance of the geysers and springs than could be obtained from the most elaborate verbal description, and not unfrequently bring out in relief important details which are slurred over in sketches of more artistic purpose and perfection. They also exhibit the grotesque resemblances of basaltic rocks to human works; here a ruin which might in England be ascribed to Roman or Saxon; here the remains, the very reality, of a Norman castle; and again, pieces of architecture which recall the remnants of Assyrian cities and fortifications recovered by Mr. Layard. It is important from an industrial point of view to learn how largely beds of lignite, regarded by Mr. Hayden as available if not good coal, extend over the district with which the present Survey deals; from a geological point of view, it is perhaps equally interesting to learn that they appear to extend from the Cretaceous into the Tertiary strata, and with their fossils to form a link between the two, and indicate that, in some cases at least, they have immediately succeeded each other. We leave to men of science the appreciation of Mr. Hayden's views. For us it suffices to mention in conclusion that he requests the scientific Societies of other countries, in exchange for the Reports and specimens which he is willing to send them, to furnish him with works in their possession which may help to form a library for the use of the Survey.

The second volume of the collected works of Count Rumford*—the first, containing his memoir, we have already noticed—is occupied with a number of papers and tracts on topics of natural philosophy, chiefly relating to the nature and laws of heat, several of which were read before the Royal Society and Institutes of corresponding rank abroad. The writer's views are often completely obsolete—as where he supposes that a cold body not merely abstracts heat from warmer neighbours, but actually radiates cold; sometimes, as in the paper on the density of water just above the freezing-point, they contain the germ, or more than the germ, of modern discoveries; but the recent progress of knowledge or of theory on scientific subjects generally, and especially on Count Rumford's favourite topic, has left him so far behind that his treatises have for the most part only an historical value or interest. But his essays on the consumption of fuel and the construction of fireplaces still deserve the attention of a generation which has not learnt, and even under the pressure of enormous prices is not yet learning, to construct its chimneys so as to obtain half the heat given out by the fuel consumed to warm its rooms or cook its food.

A little treatise, in the form of a dialogue between teacher and pupil, on the use of the voice‡ may be serviceable to others besides singers and actors and other professional students, though we doubt whether it will receive much attention in any other quarters. In American schools what is called "declamation" is taught as a necessary accomplishment and an essential part of a complete education; and Mr. Daniell's volume may find more favour there than here. To those, however, who are aware how valuable and how rare an accomplishment is the art of reading aloud, reciting, or delivering the shortest and simplest reply to a toast or compliment in public, the American practice may seem to have its merits, and this slight volume to have claims on popular notice.

Dr. Clarke, in a practical treatise§ which cannot be too earnestly recommended to the attention of those elders of either sex who are guilty of encouraging the younger members of the Woman's Rights sect in the folly of pursuing a masculine education with the aim of following a masculine profession, discusses at length the physiological reasons which render it dangerous to work young girls as boys are expected to work; and he points out how large a share the habit of educating the two sexes on the same system and with the same degree of exacting strictness and emulous competition has had in rendering American women unfit to be wives and mothers, and bringing about that early loss of health and beauty which is their characteristic. He is not bold enough to deny that girls can learn what boys can, or can fit themselves for the same pursuits. But every man who knows anything of school work and college work, and admits Dr. Clarke's premises, must draw that conclusion for himself. Granted that girls from fourteen to twenty—the critical period of education—can only work at the most

* Correspondence between the Department of State and the United States Minister at Madrid, and the Consular Representatives of the United States in the Island of Cuba; and other Papers relating to Cuban Affairs; transmitted to the House of Representatives in Obedience to a Resolution. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co.

† Sixth Annual Report of the United States Geological Survey, embracing portions of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and Utah, being a Report of Progress of the Explorations for the year 1872. By F. V. Hayden, United States Geologist. Conducted under the Authority of the Secretary of the Interior. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

* The Complete Works of Count Rumford. Vol. 2. Boston: Published by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ The Voice, and How to Use it. By W. H. Daniell. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

§ The Fair Chance for the Girls. By Edward H. Clarke, M.D., Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, late Professor of Materia Medica in Harvard College, &c. &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

